

ed her father from head to foot, brushed off a speck of dirt that stood on his nicely-fitting clerical frock-coat, and with a smile only a shade less bright than usual exclaimed, in a tone of undisguised admiration,

"Dear papa, you do look so nice!" Mr. Leslie patted her on the cheek with a half-grave "silly child." Clara laughed—her light ringing laugh—and taking her father's arm, they reached the door of the church together, between a line of smiling and courtseying villagers.

It is not our intention to tell much more of what passed during the two months that flew rapidly by before Mildred Selwyn's wedding-day arrived. We must merely pass a rapid glance over the scene. There was much preparation going on at Mrs. Selwyn's, and Clara's attention was distracted from dwelling on the one thought of Alan's unhappiness by being continually occupied there in arrangements for the approaching wedding. Nothing could be settled, from the orange-blossom wreath and bridal veil, to the snowy covering of the wedding-cake, which was ordered from London, without Clara's intervention and aid. She liked the employment; it suited her active fancy, and she glided about amid the preparations, insisting on adding a knot here and a bud there, while in secret she was busily occupied in an elaborate embroidery, which was destined to form the pocket-handkerchief of the bride; wherewith her tears were to be wiped, as she maliciously asserted, with a sly smile, whenever Douglas caught her at it. Then there was the new arrangements of the church, which were rapidly proceeding, and which she had set her heart on having finished for the wedding-day; and the projected dinner on the lawn to the poor people, and breakfast in the rectory for the rich guests after the ceremony. And then there was the task of persuading Mr. Leslie to have the marriage in the body of the church, "according to the Rubric," and forming a procession afterwards to the altar rails, chanting the "Beati omnes;" and, last of all, the celebrating Holy Communion immediately after by the newly-married couple, and all this to happen very early in the morning, before breakfast. It was a Herculean task; but Clara, having concerted all this with Mildred and Douglas, undertook to broach the subject; and finally it was arranged, after a great many doubts and hesitations, by Mr. Leslie, to the content of all. Every point was yielded. Mr. Leslie could not find any thing to say to the reasonable arguments used in favor of his children's plan. He could not bear to say "no" to things which gave innocent pleasure, especially at such a time; and he first looked grave, and said he must think about it, and then little by little his reluctance gave way entirely, and he acceded; and then Clara hugged him so warmly, and tripped about so merrily, and carolled so sweetly, and looked so supremely happy, that he would not have retracted and spoiled the magic of her joy for any thing. Alan meantime sat much in Clara's disorderly "den," or walked about the country church-hunting.—Another table was established in the "den" for him, and, to do him justice, it was to the full as disorderly as any other part of the room. The subject which had touched upon that sad night in the churchyard seemed mutually avoided, and Alan gradually roused himself into more liveliness. He seemed to force himself to take an interest in all the plans that were being put in motion, and especially in practising the children in singing the "Beati omnes," to what Clara at first called "a strange, melancholy, old, Latin nonentity," for "it wasn't a proper chant, that was quite certain;" but by dint of hearing Alan play it over, accompanying it with his sweet mellow voice, added to the charm of its being as old as the time of "St Gregory the Great at least," and the magic of practising some Latin words to it (out of the beautiful blue-morocco Breviary Alan constantly carried about him, and which Clara loved to study at odd intervals,) she had learnt to delight in it, and to wonder how she could be so utterly devoid of taste as not to think it beautiful before. She even went so far as to begin to prefer it to its fellow Gregorians even to her favorite Anglican cathedral doubles—to Mildred's unfeigned satisfaction, who all along had secretly wished the introduction of these same "strange, old, Latin nonentities." All this gave Clara hope. She could not bring herself to believe that her own darling Alan would ever be thus lost to her, and separated from his family; and though sometimes she still caught him in the old arm-chair sitting, with his book thrown down, in a reverie, which it required no sister's eye to see was a most painful one, he contrived to hide his depression under the plea of church-hunting and solitary walks, in a great measure, even from Clara. Then, as if by one consent, they spent much of their time in practising some music Alan had brought with him.—It was a new style, and here again Clara was some time before she learnt to love the plaintive beauty and impassioned allegros of Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater;" but when again she had heard Alan play it over, and she had sung with him the dirge-like duet,

"O quam tristis et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater Unigeniti!"  
"Oh, how sad and sore distress'd  
Was that Mother highly bless'd  
Of the sole-begotten One!"

her eyes would be as full of tears as Alan's, when their melodious voices trembled upon the last long-drawn notes. Little by little too, she learnt to contemplate in that beautiful Catholic hymn more and more the sorrows of that heavenly Mother, and to begin to understand the terms of tender devotion with which Alan spoke of her. Mr. Leslie delighted in this music, and often would call upon Alan and Clara to go through the whole hymn in the evenings, while he, resting in his arm-chair, sometimes even put aside his book to listen with more fixed attention.—Then there were some of Mozart's, and even Palestrina's wonderful Masses in Alan's new collection; and here Mildred and Douglas took their parts; and Callcott's glees, &c., seemed very soon quite forgotten. When Alan was at home, he always played the organ at the church—and

this was another source of distraction. Clara was learning to take his place better; and great was her delight when, one day, she mastered an Anglus Dei so well, that no one discovered she had been playing the parting voluntary.

And so the months flew by. Douglas came back from London, where he had been putting the last finishes to the house he had taken and furnished for his bride in Osanburgh Terrace, not far from the new church of which he had been appointed perpetual curate. The wedding-tour was settled; and it was, moreover, arranged that, about the middle of October, Alan should bring Clara to meet them at Oxford, where they were to spend a few days before they settled down in London; and then, after paying them a short visit, she should return to her father and Ashton-le-Mary. Every thing seemed to prosper; and on the Eve of St. Michael the same party that had inspected the church on the Vigil of St. James were once more assembled in St. Wilfrid's. Mr. Wingfield, too, was there on a flying visit, as he had promised to come and give the bride away. The church was certainly greatly changed; the pews were gone, and replaced by neat benches; the gallery, too, had disappeared—and now the beautiful west window was to be viewed in all its elegant proportions; the screen had been neatly restored, and something very like a cross surmounted it; the Gothic rails from London were in all their glory; and behind them appeared the crimson altar-cloth, adorned with an I. H. S., at which Mildred had been busily working for a long time. The commandments, too, were very handsome in their way—though, by this time, Clara began to wish them farther, and had great designs of displacing them in process of time; and the organ stood by the door, and the modest "reading pew" had actually two desks; while the clerk was left quite out of the question. Clara could not satiate her eyes; Mr. Wingfield smiled, and "saw a great improvement;" and Douglas declared it was arranged very much like his church in London, and he liked it greatly. Alan looked graver than usual; and Clara now knew full well what that look of desolation meant, though she scarcely understood it. It said more plainly than words, "Alas, it is empty!" Mr. Leslie was quietly delighted; and Mr. Selwyn, who did not care much about these things one way or the other, pronounced the church "Certainly very pretty."

And now we must leave our readers to imagine much of what passed on the festival of St. Michael and All Angels; the day being as cloudless and as fair "as if the angels," as Clara said, "had chased away all evil influences from their own day." Clara slept, or rather did not sleep, at the lodge; and at about nine o'clock the carriages were already drawn up at the door of St. Wilfrid's. People must imagine how Mildred clung closely to her mother's side, and Clara, as bridesmaid, shed almost more tears of excitement and sympathy than her friend, in spite of all her playful insinuations; and how, when the moment of beginning the Communion Service came all the assistants retired to their seats, leaving the new bride and bridegroom kneeling still together at the altar-rails. There was but one drawback: Alan remained through the service; but Clara missed him from her side at the altar. She had not much time to think of this, for there came the presiding at the breakfast-table, and the excitement and sorrow of changing the bridal dress, and the affectionate adieu then interchanged.—Mildred came down ready for her journey; wept unrestrainedly as she embraced her mother, and approached Mr. Leslie. She would have respectfully kissed his hand; but he pressed her as a daughter to his bosom, and then, as the young couple knelt before him, solemnly and tenderly gave them his parting blessing. Alan looked inexpressibly sad; and his knit brow and flushed cheek showed the struggle that was within. He handed her into the carriage; the brothers' hands were cordially clasped; there was one parting look; the young couple drove off; and the trees soon hid them from the sight of those who stood at the door, waving handkerchiefs, and sending many a sigh and prayer after the loving and beloved ones.

(To be continued.)

ROMAN LOAN—FORCE OF FAITH.

(From the New York Stock-Holder of August 7.) The experience gained by a visit to the office of the Roman Loan will prove better than any statistics the great power of a sentiment, and the strength of "faith that moveth mountains." Evidence is to be found there sufficient to convince the most skeptical that, not only is the Catholic Church still one of the firmest of earthly powers, but that it possesses, undoubtedly, a strong influence upon that least susceptible part of humanity—its pocket. We noticed that there were received each mail, communications from all sections of the United States and British Provinces—from Newfoundland to the Rio Grande; from the Red river of the north, the Pacific coast, from the basin of the Mississippi to the everglades of Florida, letters from rich and poor, great prelates, mitred bishops, wealthy princesses, poor paripatetic priests, from devoted sisters of charity, from judges, statesmen, merchants, fine ladies, and mechanics, laborers, artisans, and humble working girls, all of one tenor, breathing devotion to the Church and love of the Holy Father; with such offerings as their means permitted, to aid him to accomplish his wishes and maintain before the children of men the dignity of his high office. The subscription list that was just being made up for Rome comprised some names known to all, and others more obscure but equally pious and equally generous. Thus the Archbishops of Baltimore, New York, Cincinnati and New Orleans, and the Bishops of Savannah, Hartford, Boston, Albany, Natchez, Nebraska, &c., were subscribers for their thousands, while reverend pastors, simple priests and zealous sisters, had sent their funds, some their thousands and some their hundreds. The laity evince but little less enthusiasm than the clergy, including all classes and every age, from the miss in her teens to the aged judge and veteran general. Some of the expressions called forth in reference to the position of the Church and the needs of the Holy Father were highly indicative of the promptness and zeal with which the Pontiff's call for funds was responded to. One reverend father from Syracuse writes: "Immediately upon hearing of the call of the Holy Father, not having any ready money, I went to a real estate owner and placed all my property in his hands to be disposed of as soon as possible. When he has realized something from its sale, it will delight my heart to invest it all in the Roman loan. I know the investment is a safe and profitable one; but more than this I think it a duty to do all in my power to assist in liquidating the

debt which under present circumstances must be so burdensome to our venerable and dearly beloved Holy Father." Another father, the Rev. William Cullinan of St. Bridge's Church, Troy, writes: "Be pleased to consider me good for twenty bonds—not so much for the material aid it may give, as for the moral influence the rapid closing of the subscription will represent and express. Every man may comprehend the absolute necessity for its success; to cheer or to deject, to encourage or to repress, the friends or enemies of the Holy See everywhere, that is the question." Rev. Jno. F. Hickey, chaplain of St. Agnes' Hospital in Baltimore, writes: "This establishment is poor; however, my love and veneration for the Holy Father enables me to send \$100 gold, which I send as a donation and not as a loan." The Most Reverend Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati proposes next Thursday to hold a meeting in the Cathedral chapel in which he will communicate to the assistants the desirability of forming a committee, &c. A gentleman sends the names of all his children as subscribers for bonds, saying that it will be an heirloom and a continual souvenir of the Holy See for them to possess such a token. Those in charge of the loan here note to the credit of Ireland that her sons are among the most prompt contributors. The following were the amounts of some of the subscriptions: Madame L., 14th street, \$1000; Miss Rose Anne C., \$600; M. D. Varriet, Canada, \$10,000; Miss L. P., \$200; Miltenberger, \$2,200; Rev. Anthony Gaurin, Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken, \$1000; Madame R., 97 8th street, \$1000; James D., Dubuque, Iowa, \$7,000, &c. It is not often we have to record a State loan, where any other element than expected profit stimulates the takers. But this one is an exception. It illustrates the force of piety on the pocket in a manner that Wall street has not often the opportunity to witness. The bonds, payable to bearer, are of 500 francs or one hundred dollars (gold), each bearing 5 per cent. interest per annum, in gold, the coupons payable semi-annually, on the 1st of April and the 1st of October, in Paris or in New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans, at the current rate of exchange. The issue being at 66 dollars (gold) will give more than 7 1/2 per cent. interest on the investment. Subscriptions are received and coupons paid at the banking houses of Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., New York.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONVERSIONS IN TEMPLEMORE.—Robert Shaw and Thomas Baley, the former a carpenter by trade, the latter a horse trainer, after having signed their abjuration of Protestantism, were received into the Catholic Church within the last week by the Revd. Patrick Meagher, one of the indefatigable curates of the town.

Intelligence has been received from a private source that the election of Dean Kieran to the Roman Catholic Primacy has been confirmed in Rome.—From his long connection with Dundalk the appointment has been looked upon with great satisfaction. DEATH OF THE VERY REV. DR. KILLEN, D.D., V.G., BALLYMACRETT.—At twelve o'clock on Sunday night this amiable, accomplished, and distinguished clergyman breathed his last. This sad intelligence, which it is our painful duty to announce, will not produce more sorrow than surprise throughout the diocese of Down and Connor. It is only a short week since Dr. Killen took ill; and up to Sunday no apprehensions were entertained of his recovery. He was in the very prime of life, full of strength and vigor; and in the first stages of his fatal sickness his constitution seemed to set the virulent disease which attacked it at defiance. In a few hours, however, the malignant complaint under which he succumbed—typhus fever—assumed the mastery, and the good priest was carried away almost before his flock or friends knew he was in danger. It is no exaggeration to say that in his death the whole Catholic community of Belfast has received a sudden and trying shock. He was so loved and so revered, so well known to all, to young and old, to rich and poor, so endeared to all by his rare qualities or amiability, and his precious gifts of charity and kindness, that his death sounds like the announcement of a great bereavement for which it is vain to offer consolation. A volume might be written about the goodness of this man's life. His superiors trusted and admired him. He was Vicar-General of the diocese, and the old bishop, whom only a few days ago he assisted to bury and to whom he administered the last rites of the church, had for him the deepest affection and regard. The present bishop of the diocese entertained similar feelings towards him, while the laity literally looked up to him as one who deserved their boundless veneration. It seems hardly possible to believe that he whose sturdy form was seen to share the burden of bearing to the hearse the remains of the Most Rev. Dr. Denvir should himself be now laid low, called away in the vigor of his years and in the midst of the laborious occupations, from which he never allowed himself to be free. On last Sunday the children whom he prepared for the sacrament of confirmation received it in his church, and there was little thought that the voice which had made them acquainted with so many tender lessons of piety and love, was about being hushed for ever. But the reaper who goes forth at all hours and at all seasons—who gathers his sheaves in the sunshine and the storm, and who selects his harvest from amid the young and the old—had marked him for his prey. Sudden as the summons was, it did not find him unprepared. His life was full of merit, and his end was that of the valiant and the just. We cannot, at this late hour, do justice to the qualities which need no record of ours to be known, and no praise of ours to be appreciated. Amongst all classes and creeds Dr. Killen was highly esteemed. His refined and polished manners—his well stored and well-toned mind—his integrity, but, above all, his kindness, his amiability, and that wonderful urbanity which we so like to associate with the priest, and which aids to, rather than detracts from, the dignity of his station, made him hosts of friends wherever he went. For twenty-three years he ministered in Belfast and Ballymacrety, and the testimony to his labors must be sought for in the reverence in which his name is held. No man was ever more admired by his colleagues in the ministry. They had a filial devotion towards him, and his advice was eagerly sought: in any difficulty, and acted upon with unwavering confidence. Like many other clergymen of the diocese of Down and Connor, the deceased received his classical education from Dr. Neilson, was ordained in '39, and from the first hour that he entered upon the functions of his sacred office up to the last of his life, it may be truly said that he discharged his duty to the church and to society not only with rare fidelity, but with rare distinction. So great was the respect in which he was held by those who knew him best, that although the disease of which he died was a most virulent and malignant form of typhus fever, the clergy of Belfast were in constant attendance upon him. In his last moments he was attended by the Rev. Messrs. Blayney, Hickey, Power, and Kelly. The Sisters of Mercy had also visited him previously, and any consolation that the Church could give him was administered to him. There will be deep and lasting regret for his loss, not only amongst his flock and the large community to which he was so well known, but throughout the diocese of which he was such a distinguished representative. A teacher has departed from us, but even in our fresh sorrow we mourn him not as dead, for the memory of his good and honored life will long be fresh in the minds of men.—R.I.P.—Ulster Observer.

On Sunday the Franciscan Church of this town was the scene of a ceremony solemn and impressive, as it was novel, interesting, and grand; such a ceremony as Wexford, and probably, Ireland, (since the so-called Reformation at least) never witnessed, that of depositing the precious remains of a martyr beneath an altar erected specially for their reception in this beautiful church. A large number of clergy not only from this county, but several from distant parts of Ireland, assisted in carrying out the ceremonial. The attendance of the laity was highly respectable, the congregation comprising many of the rank and fashion of the town and country. The high and side altars were superbly decorated for the occasion, and a throne, beautifully draped, was erected for his lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Furlong; bishop of the Diocese, who assisted at the high mass in *cappa magna*; high mass commenced at twelve o'clock. The deacons at the throne were the Very Rev. W. Murphy and the Rev. J. Devereux, D.D.; assistant priest, Very Rev. Canon Lacy; Very Rev. P. D. Kehoe, O.S.F., was master of the ceremonies to his lordship; Very Rev. Thomas Roche, P.P., was celebrant; Rev. Thomas Olooney, C.C., being deacon, and Rev. Mr. Furlong, C.C., sub-deacon; Very Rev. W. E. O'Godd, O.S.F., officiating as master of the ceremonies at Mass. At the conclusion of high mass a procession was formed of the clergy and some hundred of little boys and girls dressed appropriately for the occasion, in which his lordship the bishop walked in full pontificals. The body of the saint, encased in a beautiful shrine, was borne by four priests in procession also round the grounds of the church. It was a beautiful and imposing sight as the procession wound its way round the grounds and re-entered the church—one which must have called up devotional emotions in the hearts of all who beheld it. When the shrine of the saint had been deposited beneath the side altar destined to receive it, the Rev. Sir Christopher Bellaw, S.J., ascended the pulpit, and delivered an impressive discourse suited to the occasion.—Wexford People.

PRESENTATION TO THE MOST REV. DR. GILLOOLY.—On Saturday, 16th ult., after the annual retreat, the clergy assembled in the Diocesan College, Summerville, and presented to the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly a very valuable mitre and crozier. It is not often that we see, in these days, such specimens of Christian art as this pastoral staff presents. The gift of a devoted clergy to a devoted bishop, this staff embodies at once the expression of the affectionate obedience and submission of the one, and of the wise and thoughtful direction and guidance of the other. In itself it has the merit of being a work which unites the perfection of Christian symbolism to the purest forms and types of ancient Irish art, when the *Opus Hibernicum* was universally prized and sought after throughout Europe. The materials are black bog-wood, silver, and precious stones with enamels.—The crozier is carved in Runic knot-work, and bound together by a richly engraved enamelled cross, of which an embossed Malachite forms the centre; on the straps, connecting the cross with the embracing circle, are fine specimens of caruncle and chryso-phrasus. Below the crozier, the upper stem is set with Irish diamonds, and dispersed with the shamrock leaf and the crozier is sustained by a bracket of silver knot-work, elaborately pierced. The upper knot is splendidly adorned with those quaint devices, half animal, half knot-work, so commonly found in the superb Irish manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries; those are executed in translucent enamel of the finest description, and form a broad band, studded with crystal. On a flat strip of silver, below this, is engraved the following appropriate text:—"Et succubito super eas Pastorem unum; ipse pascat vas, et ipse erit eis in Pastorem."—Ezech. xxvii, 23." A lower knot is engraved with interlaced Runic work on silver, and set with corallians. Above and below it are two broad bands of silver; on the upper one are engraved the arms of the diocese of Elphin; on the lower is the following inscription:—Clerus Elphinensis me fecit, et Ilmo, et Remo. Laurentio Gillooly Episcopo suo habere donavit. The staff is terminated by a point of silver. The whole takes to pieces and packs into an oak box, richly mounted in brass, and lined with crimson velvet. The work has been executed from the designs and under the immediate superintendence of G. Goldie, Esq., who kindly requested to be allowed to unite with the clergy in offering this tribute to his lordship.

The Very Rev. Monsignor M. Tucker, V.G., in the name of the assembled clergy, read the address. His Lordship made the following reply:—"My Very Rev. and dear friends—I accept most gratefully the beautiful and valuable presents, by which you are pleased to testify to my continued esteem and attachment. This crozier, the emblem of pastoral authority and solicitude, and this jewelled mitre, typical as well of the lustrious virtues which should adorn the bishop as of the Divine Power, which,—like a helmet,—covers him against the attacks of his spiritual enemies, will remind me, I hope, not unfrequently nor without fruit, of the holy and sublime duties of my office. The very models from which they have been shaped, taken as they have been from the most graceful and venerable of their kind in Ireland and Rome, and the rich and varied materials from which they have been so artistically wrought, will of themselves suggest holy thoughts and revive sacred memories. The inspired words of the inscription, whilst admiring me of my nothingness, will animate and sustain my confidence, by telling me of the infinite power and inexhaustible love of the Supreme Pastor of Souls, and of the abounding helps He has so mercifully granted them to my weakness. Amongst these helps, none shall be more frequently and thankfully remembered by me, as none have been more constantly and effectually experienced, than the earnest piety, the untiring zeal, and the perfect unity of mind and heart with which you, my dear friends, have devoted your time and energies to the discharge of your sacred duties. It is by these virtues that a new spiritual life has been infused into your flocks; without their edifying influence my ministry would, doubtless, have been altogether fruitless, and I should be myself an unprofitable steward. You will continue to encourage and assist me; your charity will still overlook my faults and supply for my deficiencies. I can only promise, in return, that your welfare shall ever be the dearest object of my solicitude, and that I shall endeavour to transmit to my successor, with this mitre and crozier, the memory of my deep devoted attachment to the good priests and affectionate friends who have this day presented them to me. Mr. Edmund R. Digges La Touche was sworn in Secretary to the new Lord Chancellor immediately after the oaths of office were administered to the Chancellor. One hundred and sixty men have been thrown out of employment by suspension of the Six-mile drainage works. This has occurred through the withdrawal from the works of the contractor. Lord Naas, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, has appointed Mr. R. Wingfield to be his private secretary. INHIBITORY APPOINTMENTS.—The Times says—We have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. Napier has declined to accept the post of Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland, and for reasons which do him the highest honor. A letter was read from Mr. Napier in the House of Commons, in which, while expressing his own opinion, and that of many friends, that his infirmity is not such as to disable him from the discharge of duties which consist almost exclusively in the examination of written documents, he declares that he is unwilling his appointment should afford the slightest ground for a suspicion that justice will not be adequately administered, and accordingly declines the high office which Lord Derby has offered for his acceptance. Baron Fitzgerald will probably be the new Lord Justice of Appeal.

An action to recover damages laid at £100, was lately brought up in the Record Court, Galway, in which the Rev. Patrick Walsh, a Catholic clergyman, was the plaintiff, and the Rev. Charles Campbell, a Protestant clergyman, the defendant. Both parties were stationed at Clifden, in the county Galway, and the case arose out of a dispute as to which of the parties was entitled to attend the death-bed of a man named Burke, who was a convert from the Catholic religion, and belonged to a class known as "jumpers." It appeared that Burke had for some years labored under a severe disease, and had about three years since become a convert to the Protestant religion. Finding his end approaching, his wife, according to the case of the plaintiff, went for the plaintiff to administer the last rites of the Catholic Church to him, and while the plaintiff was hearing his confession, the defendant, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Fleming, entered the man's room, and then the dispute occurred which led to the alleged assault. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with one farthing damages.

A deputation of gentlemen, representing the inhabitants of Tuam waited on the Very Rev. James Waldron, P.P., V.F., Aughagower, on Monday last, and presented him with a magnificent gold crozier, a beautiful suit of vestments, alb, altar cloth, &c., a massive gold chain, and an exquisite snuff-box. The presentation address was read by William Gannon, Esq., J.P. Father Waldron was completely surprised and deeply moved at the numerous and substantial proofs of friendship from his late parishioners—who he loved as a father—whose welfare he rejoiced in whose grievances he mourned over—which showed the close and intimate relations existing between them, and the reason why there should be love on both sides. The rev. gentleman replied briefly, but with warmth and emotion. When the time arrived that they had to say farewell to their beloved pastor they could scarcely restrain their feelings. Father James takes with him the best wishes of all classes and acce for his future welfare and happiness.—Father Waldron entertained with his wonted hospitality the gentlemen who formed the deputation, and had many of the neighboring gentry present to meet them.

It is stated that Mr. Clancy, nephew to Chief Justice Whieside, will be his registrar, and that there is no foundation in the report which was circulated, that another gentleman had been appointed. The Limerick papers state that, in the neighborhood of New Pallas a few potato beggars show symptoms of the blight, but not to any extent calculated to excite the slightest alarm. In fact, the crop never appeared so promising or healthy as it now does. We are glad to learn that a company is being started in Belfast for the purpose of carrying on sugar refining here, and that already it has obtained a large amount of most influential support.—Belfast News-Letter.

A Dingle Correspondent of the Tralee Chronicle says:—"The side of emigration has commenced with fresh vigor in our too thinly populated district. Car after carload of men, women and children, have been passing through the town en route to Cork and to catch the Limerick steamer at Tralee. Business in this town is at a stand still. The streets are deserted; that busy throng which once filled our shops are gone, alas, to return no more. The Leinster Express says:—"A strange disease is making sad ravages amongst the pigs in the neighborhood of Naas, a large number having already fallen a prey to it. On its first appearance the animal loses all power of its loins and hinder parts, and gradually sinks away, refusing to eat its food. Henry Cahill, Esq., who for many years discharged the duties of accountant at the National Bank here, has been promoted to the Mullingar branch of that establishment. In this appointment to a sphere of more extended usefulness, the directors have only given an additional proof that character and length of service is recognised and rewarded. Mr. Cahill during his sojourn in Galway endeared himself by his many excellent qualities to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.—Galway Vindicator.

We are informed that in several streams in the neighborhood of Fermoy the fish are found dead in large numbers. It is supposed that the waters are poisoned, but how this has occurred is not known.—Cork Examiner.

SUICIDE OF A GENTLEMAN EIGHTY YEARS OLD.—Much excitement was created in Ballycunna on Thursday by the announcement that Mr. Powell, a well-known resident of the neighborhood, had hanged himself. On Thursday, during the absence of the coachman in town, he contrived to get at the key of the stable, where he found a new halter. This he appears to have fixed to one of the joists, and, mounting upon the manger, he trust his head through it, and then hung himself off, in this manner but too successfully accomplishing his purpose.—Id.

The Mail announces on authority that Mr. Morris, Q.C., Member for Galway, has accepted the office of Solicitor General for Ireland under the Tory administration. Our Tory Contemporary adds that Mr. Morris has taken this step with "the entire concurrence of his political friends and supporters." The most remarkable portion of the announcement of the Mail is a general notice that all Catholics who sympathize with Lord Derby will be as eligible for office "as if they were Protestants." The writ for Galway has not been moved for.

At the opening of the Commission for the county Fermagh, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas addressed the Grand Jury and congratulated them on the quiet and orderly state of the county.—He said he was glad to find that the cases to be tried before him were few in number, and that none of them were of a serious nature. The calendar was, in his estimation, a sufficient proof of the state of the county. THE RECENT COURT-MARTIAL AT KILKENNY.—Private John Mausing, of the 14th Regiment, who was recently tried by Court Martial at this barracks, for conduct prejudicial to military discipline, for having on the night of the 27th of February, 1866, violently assaulted two of the artillery men at that time stationed in this garrison, and with having, at the same time and place, cursed the Queen and declared himself a Fenian, was on Thursday sentenced to five years' penal servitude, but her Majesty was pleased to remit it to two years' imprisonment. On Thursday morning he proceeded under escort to Cork military prison.—Kilkenny Journal.

The owners of the new and powerful steamers, Earl of Belfast and Countess of Eglington, now plying between Belfast and Ardrossan, have completed their arrangements for the speedy conveyance of passengers, and the rapid and safe transit of merchandise, by this well-known and quick route. At Ardrossan steam cranes have been constructed, by which the cargo is at once removed from the steamer and placed on the railway trucks for conveyance to Glasgow, Paisley and all parts of Scotland, and the north of England. A powerful crane of the best description has been erected at Belfast to secure the safe and expeditious loading and unloading of machinery and heavy goods; also of eggs, butter, glass, earthenware, starch, and such traffic as requires special care and attention.—Belfast News.

The vacancy created in the post of Medical officer of Quain Dispensary district, by the death of Charles Healy, Esq., M.D., is being canvassed for, by, it is stated, several candidates. Amongst those whose names are mentioned are—Dr. Brew, son of the Rev. Mr. Brew, of Tuils; Dr. Henry Moloney, son of O.B. Moloney, Esq., solicitor, Ennis, and Dr. Hayes, of Shanagolden, county Limerick. Indignant remonstrances are being made on every side against the appointment of Mr. Napier as Chief Justice of Appeal. The members of the Irish Bar are called on to resent it as an insult offered to their body.