

and Maria and her husband enter the little Gothic chapel, already well-filled by the gentry of the surrounding neighborhood.

It is a solemn sight to stand within a crowded church and hear those awful vows pronounced by two human beings, swearing love and fealty to each other, till death shall part them. Aye, and how lightly do they often utter those vows. But, if this be the case, how doubly impressive and awful, then, are those vows made by her, who in the solitude of the cloister, takes the Lord of heaven and earth for her portion and inheritance, and binds herself irrevocably to His service by vows never, never, to be dissolved.

Such were the thoughts of Maria, as she awaited, with her friends, the arrival of the moment in which Mary would take the Veil, her Profession not being made in public.

But, hark, slowly on the summer air floats the deep tone of a bell; it tolls as for one whose worldly course is ended; it sounds as the knell of a departing spirit, and Maria knows that the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, have been pronounced, and that at this moment the newly-Professed lies prostrate, on the black cloth of serge, in the centre of the choir; she hears, too, the voices of the sisterhood, singing, in glad jubilation, the Te Deum, and yet, ever, ever tolls the bell, announcing that Mary of Innismore has naught to do with this world, to which she is now dead, and the world to her; that she lives henceforth, only as Sister Clare, the humble daughter of Mount Carmel, whose future life must be passed in the practice of the severest mortification and austerity, for great silence, penitential exercises and prayer, constitute basis of the order, its object, being the conversion of sinners.

To this, we may almost say, the most severe order in the Catholic Church, had Mary of Innismore felt an inward attraction. And now she comes forth, clad in the coarse robe of the order she had embraced at the close of her long Noviciate,—her dispositions having been carefully examined, and her temper tried in many ways, for the little world of a Convent would be indeed an unruly world were unfitting dispositions admitted, to mar the happiness of a quiet sisterhood—bearing a lighted taper; then the newly-professed knelt before the grate, whilst the hymn—'Veni Creator—Come Holy Ghost,' floated in liquid strains through the edifice; then the Mass was sung, and at the conclusion, the veil was blessed by the priest,—it being placed on the altar, in a casket of richly chased gold.

The prayer of the officiating priest and the responses of the Nuns concluded, he approached the grate at which knelt Sister Clare, and commenced the Antiphon,—'Veni Sponsa Christi,—Come spouse of Christ,' which was continued by the choir, in these words—'Accipe coronam quam tibi Dominus preparavit in eternum—Receive the crown which the Lord hath prepared for thee for ever.' Then was sung the nineteenth psalm, beginning—'May the Lord hear thee in the day of tribulation, may the name of the God of Jacob protect thee.' At the close of which the priest placed the veil on her head, with these words,—'Receive this sacred veil, the sign of modesty and reverence, which thou must bear before the tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt have eternal life, and live for ever and ever. Amen.' The Nun responded, in a clear and audible voice,—'He hath put His seal upon my countenance,—The sisterhood replying,—'That I may admit no other lover but himself.' Then giving the blessing to the newly-professed, and having recited the customary prayers, the Religious retired, in procession, from the choir, singing the sixty-sixth psalm,—'May God have mercy on us and bless us,' &c.

We will not deny that there were many in the Convent Chapel whose eyes were suffused in tears, as they gazed on the woman, young in years, endowed with no small share of natural grace, and the adopted daughter of an affluent family, who could thus forsake the world and all that they deemed its pleasures.

But ever, ever, had long been present to her mind's eye even in the peaceful solitude, the image of her wretched father, who had cast her from him as some worthless weed; ever, ever, the form of her dying mother; dying amidst the rocks and glens of Innismore. Religion was, then, to her wounded soul, a haven of rest; here there would be none to reproach her with the stigma on her parentage, and gradually the festering wound would heal up, and the Carmelite Nun, perchance, find a store of happiness and peace which the world could neither give nor take away.

But the voices of the Nuns have ceased, the vapour wreaths of incense are dying away, the lights which burn around the altar, are being extinguished, and Maria rises from her knees, and joins her friends, who, entering the Convent parlour, find that a substantial and elegant dejeuner had been prepared for them by the thoughtful kindness of the Nuns.

It cost Maria and Mrs. O'Donnell much pain to bid farewell to the young Nun, whom they had both loved so well, when in the world, especially the former, who felt that on account of the distance that would separate them, it was not likely that their meetings would be otherwise than few and very far between.

Sister Clare had, indeed, anticipated death, the great dissolver of all earthly ties. But who shall say that her choice was not well and wisely made? Yet with a sharp pang of sorrow that Maria Mainwaring gave one long and last embrace to the fair recluse of Mount Carmel's hallowed shade, whilst the lady of Innismore shed many bitter tears, as she pressed to her motherly bosom the gentle being whom she had snatched from destruction, and reared for God, in the person of one of our 'Two Marys.'

As to those who have figured in our pages, we have, but to say, that the worthy cotton merchant of Fairview, still lives surrounded by a grateful people. He is one of those whose name is held in honor and respect in the great commercial town in which he lives; his saddest moments being those in which he thinks of the wife whose timely remorse, at her past errors, earned for her a premature grave. The happiest he can ever know are those which he spends

with Herbert and his step-daughter, when he, on each recurring season, visits the Metropolis.—Alice, too, is the ever-loved sister, but Millicent has still the old proud feeling clinging to her, and can scarce yet forgive Maria for being so closely connected with herself. The Mainwaring, too, yet reside at Dovercourt; the good old Squire, the beloved landlord of all the tenantry on his estate, his wife and daughters, the latter still unmarried, idolized by the poor for miles around.

Herr Von Alstein leaves to Maria one fourth of his large property, besides a large sum on her marriage day; the remainder, he says, will be equally divided amongst the children of Madame Flohrberg; and Maria did, indeed, find it hard to realize the truth, that she must henceforth look on the latter only as her aunt; the force of early habit often prompting her to pronounce the long accustomed name of mother.

We need hardly add that the liberality of the bachelor uncle, who now resided with the Flohrbergs, effectually banished poverty from their dwelling.

Maria, of course, paid a visit to the good General and his amiable wife, whose honest Irish hearts exulted in her happiness, though we question if she received a warmer welcome than when they knew her only as the poor Maria Flohrberg.

We have now but to bid you farewell, dear reader. In the few lines with which we have preface our little work, we have mentioned that Mary of Innismore, is no fictitious character, her painful story being founded on fact, and as we have led you through the fairy realms of fiction, whilst telling you of the sorrows and misadventures of our other Mary, we trust we have not wearied you; rather may we hope to have beguiled you of perchance a weary hour, so that, well content you shall have borne with us to the end; and should the more youthful reader peruse our pages, may we hope that here and there some good thought, clothed though it be in our own homely language, may have been expressed, and anon laid up in the heart, so that the bright gift of the imagination, shall not have been used in vain; the moral of our tale being indeed a humble attempt to exemplify the stern truth, that even on this earth, and most certainly beyond the grave, virtue is sure to meet with its reward, aye, even if your path here be decreed by an all-wise God to be strewn with thorns, yet, a clear conscience, and a good life, shall not fail to award us a due meed of happiness, and, hereafter, an un fading crown of glory.

May we then hope, gentle reader, that our tale of the 'Two Marys' shall not fail to find grace and favor at your hands.

THE END.

THE CONNAUGHT PROSELYTISERS.

(From the Weekly Register)

The scheme for perverting the peasantry in the highlands of Ireland, and at the same time serving the personal ends of the leading Proselytisers, has been hitherto known under the expressive name of Soupism. The term was most appropriate. It indicated at once the vileness of the object and the baseness of the means employed to accomplish it. For forty years the system has prevailed in Ireland. When famine raged in parts of Ireland about the commencement of the period we mention, the late Lord Farnham conceived the bright idea of bribing the starving creatures about him into a profession of Protestantism by a plentiful supply of bacon and cabbage on Fridays. It struck him that if he could once succeed in inducing them to break through the rule of abstaining from flesh meat on Friday, the second reformation as it was called, would be accomplished. For two months hundreds of hungry men, women, and children might be seen flocking to Farnham every Friday about noon, and there regaling themselves upon savoury fitches with an energy that showed they liked the fare, and that seemed to imply a contempt for the precept of the Church. We forget whether or not any portions of the Protestant Bible were read on these occasions; our impression is that after the second or third week, when the poor silly Lord thought the gulf was made sufficiently wide between the Priests and the bacon eaters to prevent the possibility of a reconciliation, he did venture upon Scripture reading as the next stage in the road to their complete perversion. This, we should observe, all occurred in the months of June and July when the old potatoes are usually exhausted in Ireland and the new crop has not attained maturity. During all these proceedings, though the Dublin Evening Mail and the other Protestant newspapers were blowing the trumpet in triumph at the prodigious progress of the second Reformation, it was remarked that the Parish Priests were silent. No allusion was made from the altar to the success that appeared to crown Lord Farnham's zeal in the work of proselytism; but when one good and zealous Priest was asked by a Protestant neighbor and friend who had a great horror of the crime of making the relief of the starving the price of their apostasy, why did not denounce so disgraceful a system, he replied,—'Wait for another week or two and then you will have the laugh at these fools. My poor people were dying of starvation and they have got leave to eat meat whenever they can get it. But the moment the new potatoes come in, you'll see how many of them will present themselves within that demesne wall to eat Lord Farnham's bacon.' And in a fortnight there was not one—not even one found to barter his soul for the flesh-pots. Still the same game has been kept up in different parts of Ireland from that time, and in the terrible famine years after the outbreak of the potato disease in 1847, it was pushed on with great vigor in Conamara, which has ever since been the head-quarters of soupism. To keep it from flagging by keeping up the delusion in this country that the work of perversion is going forward, the knaves who are most interested in collecting funds for the ostensible purpose of bribing poor half-starved Catholics in the mountains to renounce their religion, have resorted to various clever contrivances. The most notable of these has been the introduction upon the scene of some English Bishops who have been fitted with all manner of false impressions and induced to bear testimony to the progress of Protestantism in Conamara. These Prelates, being mere strangers in the country and knowing nothing themselves of the real state of the case, could, of course, only repeat what had been told. Their testimony was, therefore, entirely worthless, and the influx of funds was running very low. In this emergency what was to be done? Why, catch an Irish Bishop of Irish extraction but of English habits and with an English celebrity, and make him the voucher for the efficiency of the Proselytisers, and the eulogist for their services. Who could work their purpose so well as the new Anglican Archbishop of Dublin? Dr. Trench belongs to a Galway family of rank who have not been remarkable for the bigotry that has distinguished the Trenches of Garbally; and as Dean of Westminster he had acquired considerable prestige in this country. To get him to join the Soupers under their more euphonious name of the Connaught Church Endowment Society was a grand object with the Proselytisers. It would be sure to bring in money

which is what they have been all along labouring for.—Last year they failed, this year they succeeded, and the Queen's Archbishop of Dublin is now the leader of the 'Soupier gang.' It is his duty to 'be long' in the land he will live to regret the hour when he put himself at the head of the basest conspiracy that was ever formed to effect a base purpose by base means. We are aware of Dr. Trench's hostility to the Catholic religion, and that he has often gone out of his way to circulate a calumny or throw out a sarcasm against Catholic doctrines and Catholic institutions. So inveterate are his evil propensities in this respect that he could not write upon philology without reviling Catholicity. But we should have thought that a regard to decency and prudence would have saved him from the contamination of an association with the Soupers. He has judged otherwise himself, and it must be allowed that his first exhibition among them has proved him a fitting colleague for the ambulatory ravers who crade upon the gullibility of English fanatics and make proselytism a cloak for personal aggrandizement. All the old offensive phraseology was as put upon his tongue as if he had been educated by Mr. Tresham Gregg and had graduated at Exeter Hall. But though the Catholic religion were all that he so coarsely describes it that would be no evidence of the success of the Soupers in Conamara, which is what he has undertaken to maintain and what is known to every one who lives in Conamara to be absolutely true. The number of the perverts has been grossly exaggerated, as we can take upon ourselves to assert, and we challenge Dr. Trench to point out a case of perversion that has not been the result of foul influences alone. The Catholic Clergy repeatedly challenged the proselytisers to fair public investigation of the boasted success of their schemes, and the Parish Priest of Clifden has offered once more to submit the question to the test of an enquiry by two or more trustworthy commissioners and to abide by the result. Will Dr. Trench take up the gauge. He will or he won't. If he will we shall get at the truth and the world will know what a swindle soupism is. If he will not the world can be at no loss to comprehend why he refuses the challenged investigation.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE POPE'S DESIGN IN THE ENCYCLICAL.—Here, as we venture to surmise, is in part the significance of this Encyclical, in so far as it vindicates various prerogatives of the Church, which have long been generally dormant, or in so far as it stigmatises various modern errors which have very largely influenced legislation and administration. The Pope's primary object, indeed, in its promulgation was (no doubt) to fulfil the commission he has divinely received, of maintaining doctrinal purity; for many of the errors condemned deny truths immediately revealed by God, and all the rest tend inevitably to such denial. But there is an important social end also to be attained. No one can say how soon the time may arrive in large portions of Europe, when the argumentative issue will be between Catholicism, as a whole, and the revolution as a whole. The Holy Father is, therefore, reasonably anxious that loyal Catholics should be trained, not to defend this or that particular institution against this or that particular assault, but to support the old body of Catholic truth in its full integrity, against the new mass of revolutionary error. It may be added that various Catholic doctrines appear to great disadvantage if considered separately from the rest. One instance here will be a sample of many. Considering the great tendency of civil rulers to selfishness and oppression, the doctrine of non-resistance may well appear to give society inadequate protection against such evils, unless you take also into account that salutary influence spoken of in the Encyclical, which the Catholic Church, according to the institution and command of her Divine Author, should freely exercise to the end of the world over nations and their rulers.

But if thinkers would but suppose the Church permitted freely to exercise these her divinely-given prerogatives, they might learn to see that no more perfect security could well be imagined against tyranny and despotism. It is of vital moment then, we repeat, that their full consistency and harmony be mastered in their full consistency and harmony, and not merely apprehended in detached fragments. Thus, and thus only, will the Church's children be enabled to fight, when the day of battle arrives, clothed in her full and impenetrable armour. Thus, thus will their success bear any kind of proportion to their zeal. That by such means indeed they will be able indefinitely to withstand and retard the triumphs of revolutionism, is abundantly clear: whether a resistance can be put forth which shall be fully effectual, inasmuch that a reaction may set in towards better and higher principles—this is an issue which is in God's hands alone, and on which it would be absurd to speculate. Only let Catholics do their part: when the crisis arises, let it find them at their post; well acquainted with their doctrine, loudly professing it, and prepared to act or suffer in its behalf. Thus they will have fashioned themselves to be their Creator's serviceable instruments, of which he may make such use as to Him seems good.—*Dublin Review.*

Died, on Wednesday, April 19, of malignant typhus fever, the Rev. David Barry, C.O., of Kilmartara, Macroom. Possessed of rare natural abilities, he turned them to the best account during a creditable career in college. Subsequently, with unassuming piety, Christian and enlightened zeal, he worked most diligently and disinterestedly in a laborious cause, whence he was summoned to his reward in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and the second of his ministry. His death is a source of much regret, not alone to his relatives, to whom it has brought the deepest affliction, but to all who knew him, especially to his brethren in the priesthood, by whom he was held in the highest esteem.—*Cork Examiner.*

The meeting held in Cork to protest against the law under which the Dominican Fathers were lately mulcted was a great success, and eventuated in a large subscription to defray the costs of the action.

The number of scholars receiving tuition in the Christian Brothers' schools in Ireland is, at the present time, about 30,000.

Since 1800, Catholics have expended over £5,000,000 in Ireland in building their churches.

Scarcely ever has there been such excitement caused in Dublin as that produced on the publication of the assassinations in Washington. It would be quite impossible to give you even the most remote idea of the terrible effect which it produced on all classes.

The National Association has issued a very able and valuable document, 'Suggestions for the Amendment of the Landed Property (Ireland) Improvement Act, 1860,' pointing out under sixteen sections the leading points in relation to compensation for improvements, and a copy of which I enclose. You will perceive that it is just and moderate in its demands, judicious in its suggestions, and conciliatory in its tone and spirit, while the numerous and high opinions which are excited in favor of compensation, thus, economists, as Mill and Longfield; jurists, as Justice Shee, Smith, Master of the Rolls, Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor, and Westbury, Lord Chancellor; practical agriculturists, as Laird; and statesmen, as Burke, Derby, and Palmerston, must silence the calumny which would represent the claim of the Irish occupier as confiscatory or one-sided in its character.

The *Limerick Chronicle* says:—The spirit of Fenianism appears to be rife in our country. On last Thursday night, notices were posted in three districts of Pallaskey—'Men of Kercy, be ready—the Fenians are coming!' On the following morning the police tore down the announcements.

ORANGEMEN AND WIG-LIBERALS.—The *Tablet* may depend upon it that the *Warder* will continue to sound a loud and distinct note of warning whenever any attempt is made to betray the Protestants of Ireland, and their interests, into the hands of the Romish faction. If the Protestants of this country are not eager to place the party the *Tablet* has chosen to fraternise with in power, it is because they distrust and fear those who have assumed its leadership. That distrust, of course, is vastly increased by the testimonials to Mr. Disraeli's character as a politician which the *Tablet* seizes every opportunity of promulgating, side by side with vehement denunciations of Lord Palmerston. Before the party which Mr. Disraeli's management has depraved can hope to have the sympathy of Irish Protestants it must honestly earn condemnation from the *Tablet*, and must be declared Anathema by the Dublin Review. When that change occurs, when that act of purification and restoration is effected, the ultra-Protestant, no-Popery, Cromwellian, Williamite *Warder* will not fail to apprise its readers of the startling conversion. Until then, it will continue to marshal the Irish Protestants against Ultramontane alliances, however subtly disguised, convinced that as long as Irish Protestants reject such monstrous compacts, and separate themselves from those who attempt to establish them by whatever party name known, their interests will be safe, and their constitutional position unassailable. At the General Election the representatives returned for Irish Conservative constituencies, will, we have great hope, be more Protestant in the 'Williamite' sense than ever before; for the ambition of Ultramontanism to lord it over Ireland, and put its iron heel on all principles besides, is now more clearly defined, and all men see that it must be crushed, if we are to live henceforth in peace, under the Constitution for which our forefathers bled. The way to crush it is to return men to Parliament who will hold no parley with it. There is no mystery about this line in politics; and the *Tablet* well knows it is one which has elements of power in it. Already, as represented merely by the protests of the press against treacherous intrigues, it has disconcerted the plans of the Ultramontanes, and it will visit them with discomfiture finally. Our humble part in defeating their designs will be performed at least straightforwardly, and we take the article of our contemporary, whose courtesy and ability we gladly allow, to be a tribute at once to the honesty and success of our course.—*Warder.*

On May-eve the Belfast rioters, emboldened doubtless by the failure of the late trials, resumed their old bad practices in a meadow near the town, where they assembled to gather yarrow, of which there was an abundance for all. Dislodged by the police from the meadow, the insane factions renewed the fight in their old quarters of the Pound and Sandy Row, and several quiet people were much hurt by the stone-throwing. Ultimately several of the disorderly were arrested and by the active exertions of the stipendiary magistrates order was restored.—*Weekly Register.*

The meeting of the County of Meath, announced in our last, was held on Wednesday. The resolutions were as follows:—

1. That as agriculture is the principal industry of Ireland we hold that whatever impedes the development or progress of this industry must necessarily paralyse the energies of the people and mar the prosperity of the country.
2. That the want of security and protection by law of the tenant's right to the proceeds of his own capital and labor is the cause of most of the evils which now, as hitherto, afflict the tenant farmers of Ireland and have brought this country to its present prostrate condition.
3. That considering the magnitude of those evils at the present time, and fearing that the speedy ruin of all classes of Irishmen will be the sad result if a remedy be not promptly applied, we are of opinion that it is the duty of parliament to make at once such a change in the laws affecting the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland as will put an effectual stop to those evils.
4. That the numerous convictions occurring in this country afford a melancholy proof that the law affecting the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland confer an amount of irresponsible power most disastrous to the occupiers when placed in the hands of bad landlords.
5. That we are more convinced than ever that the policy of independent opposition to every ministry that refrains to make the tenant question a cabinet measure is the only parliamentary policy to save this country.
6. That our county members, Matthew E. Corbally and Edward M'Evoy, Esqrs., having proved their fidelity to the interests of Ireland, by always holding themselves independent of every ministry and every party, in accordance with their declared principles and the wishes of their constituents, are entitled not merely to our confidence, but also to our lasting gratitude.
7. That a permanent and efficient committee be appointed to watch over the interests of the tenants in this country, and to take such steps as may be necessary to bring before the public the various facts bearing on tenant right, which may come under their notice in their respective localities.

The following passage, from the speech of the Rev. P. O'Reilly, can't be quoted too often:—

'Independent opposition did not consist in asking places; neither did it consist in making fine speeches in Parliament upon popular questions that they might be read in Ireland, and then voting next day for the Minister, who was sworn never to grant one of those measures; neither did it consist in abusing the Minister occasionally, *per licentiam*, but sure to answer to the call of the whipper-in when the official division took place. Independent opposition did not consist in any of these, or all put together, no more than the moon consisted of green cheese (hear, hear.) Independent parliamentary action consisted in holding the balance evenly between all the great parties in the state, whether Whigs, Tories, or Radicals, always, however, keeping an eye to that scale which went down to the counter, not loaded by good measures for Ireland, but by the gold of the Treasury. He was sure no one suspected him of leaning to Toryism; that being the case, he told them that the essence of independent opposition consisted in opposing the Whigs. He did not urge independent opposition to the Tories, for he knew it was unnecessary. The Tories did not give a shilling to the Whigs, God bless them for it' (laughter.)

The Tenant Right Meeting held yesterday, in front of the Court House at Navan, was an immense success, being one of the most stirring and spirited demonstrations on the land question, that has ever taken place in Ireland. Many circumstances, some local, others external and national, concurred to elicit the great burst of popular feeling which the Clergy and people of Royal Meath sent forth on yesterday. The evictions in Rathcrove, in that county, the trial which followed, in Tuillamore, the verdict, by an exclusively Protestant jury, against the landlord, and the deep interest felt throughout the whole county in that remarkable case, tended to prepare the people for the opening of the agitation. A meeting of the coadjutor Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Nulty, and the Clergy was held in Navan, before the trial, in the Rathcrove case, and funds subscribed to support the suit of the unfortunate tenants against Mr. Knox. Not content with this, in order to diffuse full knowledge of that flagrant case of unjust landlord oppression, the whole report of the trial, including Mr. Butt's magnificent speech, is being brought out as a pamphlet. The High Sheriff, P. J. Kearney, Esq., a Catholic, occupied the chair, at the meeting on yesterday, and the whole proceedings were of the most gratifying and hopeful character.—*Cur. of Weekly Register.*

W. P. Bond, Esq., of Ardglass, co. Westmeath, has given a lease forever to the Rev. James O'Reilly and his successors.

THE O'DONOGHUE AND THE FENIANS.—The Dublin correspondent of the *Post* writes, April 26:—The O'Donoghue has, every one knows, always sympathized strongly with the Federals, and consequently, it is not astonishing that he should now rejoice in their success. In a letter to the *Freeman*, he engages that a public meeting should be held in Dublin for the purpose of congratulating the Government and the people of North America upon the happy prospect of the restoration of peace and the triumph of the Union cause; but here, as elsewhere, society is divided upon the point whether or not the war was a just one, and if such a demonstration be held, it will not represent the weight and respectability of the city, which are decidedly Southern in their tendencies. It looks suspicious, too, that one of the heads of the National League, many of whose members sigh for the promised descent of the Federal Fenians upon the shores of Ireland, should be the first to propose such a meeting. In the North itself, to take up another ground of opposition to the scheme, all good and sensible men are endeavouring by every means in their power to obliterate the traces of the awful struggle that has just closed, and to bring all classes into friendly communion again, but the course advised by The O'Donoghue, as can be readily seen, would encourage the virulent faction of which General Butler is the type, and imperil the reign of reason and humanity which Mr. Lincoln has inaugurated by extending terms lenient to his defeated countrymen. This is no time to boast about the 'triumph of the Union cause,' although it may be fair enough to exult over the happy prospect of the restoration of peace. It is not a little singular that Mr. John Martin, who is recognised as The O'Donoghue's henchman by the League, has often defeated the right of the South to secede, so that should this untimely demonstration come off, its platform will hardly be occupied by both of these patriots.'

We understand that the maps and plans of the proposed naval dock-yard in this harbor have been received at the Admiralty Office in Queenstown. They are accompanied by an order to proceed with the preliminary part of the work at once, subject to the Admiralty's approval of the plans. The first work to be done is what we may term the laying the foundations of the dock-yard, upon which convict labor will be employed, the estimated expenditure being, we believe, £5,000. The docks will extend from the eastern end of Hawblowine, on the Spit Bank, and over Ratty Island.—*Cork Examiner.*

At a late meeting of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, a Carlow member presented an ancient instrument of torture now totally disused—the brack, or scold's bridle, devised for the punishment or restraint of voluble females. It was constructed of iron bars, formed in the shape of the head, with a large piece of spiked iron, to be inserted in the mouth and keep down the tongue; the bars of the back being hinged, and so fashioned as to be reduced or expanded, according to the size of the head, and locked behind. Several specimens of the brack, occurring in England, have been noticed and engraved in the Archaeological publications of the sister country, but this appears to be the first instrument of the kind discovered in Ireland.—*Universal News.*

The *Freeman* says.—A complete relapse has taken place in business notwithstanding the easy rates for money. It was precisely the same this time last year, when business progressed by fits and starts alternately, with weeks of complete stagnation. Though the bank rate is now 4 per cent against 7 per cent last April, the stagnation is greater this year. It is to be hoped the Exhibition will assist some branches of industry by bringing Irish manufactures under the notice of foreigners. The great decrease in the population is, no doubt, the primary cause of the falling off in trade, as the wants of five millions must be far less than those of eight millions.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—Emigration has within the last few days experienced an unwonted intensity. Notwithstanding the numbers carried out by the last National and Luman boats, there are supposed to be 1,500 at this moment waiting in Queenstown, hundreds of whom will, even after the next despatch, have to wait still further. They come from Galway, Mayo, Limerick, Clare, Kerry, and the west of this county.—*Cork Constitution.*

According to the *Cork Reporter* there are about 700 emigrants scattered through the lodging-houses of Queenstown, awaiting steamers to convey them to America. Formerly a large proportion of the emigrants were families and women with children going out to their husbands; but this class appears to be exhausted, and the emigrants are chiefly young men and women, or more correctly, boys and girls.

The *Western Star* says:—The old adage, 'that the king and the beggar, the prince and the peasant, are liable to the misfortunes of life,' has been almost verified by the following singular story.—There is at this moment in a western town not twenty miles from the 'Clife of the Tribes,' an individual whose occupation is that of a messenger or porter, and who besides frequently executes commissions of a much lower calling; but strange, yet true, this now humble individual was at one period of his life a Privy Councillor, and during the latter part of the Russian war, was one of those distinguished personages whose humanity, amounting almost to eccentricity, led him to volunteer his services out there, as M. D., and during the memorable Crimean campaign, took much pride in affixing the euphonious appellation of M. D., L. R. C. S. to his cognomen.

With regard to the raising of flax in the county Clare, the *Clare Journal* says:—We are glad to see that the joint flax committee, in connection with the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, have decided on sending to this county three flax instructors. Mr. George Mercer has been appointed instructor for the unions of Ennis and Corofin; Mr. James Kanasghan for Kilmash and Kildare; and Mr. John Smith for Ennistown and Ballyvaughan. The farmers need have no fear now, but that with the able assistance of those gentlemen, they will be able to lay down their land properly and sow the seed so as to be able to produce a good crop. When it comes to maturity they will be provided with additional assistance for the pulling and steeping of it. And when we recollect that with those very great advantages, the people of this district will have convenient to them an excellent mill which will prepare the fibre in the best possible manner for market, so as to ensure for it the very highest price, we have no doubt but there will be extensive sowings made of this valuable crop. Every person who has any influence over the small farmers of our country should induce them to sow flax this year, as there cannot be the slightest doubt but it will prove a most profitable and remunerative crop.

The question of the Established Church is occupying the serious attention of the heads and pens of many a dignitary, from the Prime to the youngest Curate in the establishment. Mr. Whiteside lectured in the Young Men's Society, in defence of its position, revenues, and work, and this morning, Rev. W. M. Brady, D. D., Rector of Donaghpatrick, Meath, has come out with a pamphlet, about the sixtieth that has been published within the past year, claiming mercy for the monster.

The *Fermanagh Mail* of the 27th ult. says:—Yesterday morning about half-past eleven o'clock Mr. Sroughton, a well-known teacher in this locality, residing in Preaching-lane, East Bridge-street, was found burned to death in his bed-room. From some bottles smelling strongly of whiskey being near the body, it is thought he was drinking the night previous. He was a very eccentric old man not allowing any one to enter his room, which he used to clean himself; no one lived in the house with him. We believe he was, also, subject to epileptic fits, and had attained the advanced age of nearly eighty years.