

the money? She would have given it to him long ago; if it had been in her power. Now he was not only alive, but would not suffer from want.

A month had elapsed since Peter's disappearance when one day a visitor presented himself before Mistress Bloch. Great was her surprise when she recognized in the well-dressed young stranger her daughter's former suitor, Fridolin. Surprise and curiosity combined to make her receive him more graciously than was her wont.

'Dear lady,' said the young man, after they had exchanged the usual compliments, 'my fortunes have changed, but not my heart; and I have come once more to ask Lucy in marriage. An old uncle of mine has died recently, making me sole heir to his large fortune. I have enough now to live without fear of the future.—See.'

And he covered the little table with gold coin. The sight of the yellow metal had a magic effect on Bess; the frown which the first words of the young man had called on her brow vanished—she became all smiles, and hastened to call Lucy. The gentle girl loved Fridolin, although she had submitted meekly to the adverse fate which had separated them. Her only objection was her father's absence. Bess overruled it peremptorily, and Fridolin begged to be allowed a few minutes' conversation with Lucy; and the request being granted, they passed into the little back room. When they returned, after an absence of half an hour, her face was radiant with joy, and she consented to her speedy union.—Her suitor had given her satisfactory explanations concerning many mysterious events.

Fridolin swept half the gold he had laid on the table in the apron of his betrothed, as her wedding present, and told Bess to take the other half for the expenses incidental to the occasion. The amiable Mistress Bloch was beside herself with joy. She hastened to put the gold under lock and key in the famous safe, and forthwith commenced a general cleaning up of the house, as if the day of the wedding had arrived. Fridolin enjoyed a long talk with Lucy, undisturbed.—What they said to each other is none of our business. We suppose it must have been very interesting, for when, at last, the young man had left the house, he looked very happy, and Lucy ran up stairs to peep through the window, and follow him with her eyes until he disappeared in the doorway of the 'Golden Lamb,' where he occupied the best room.

A week of bustling activity followed. The wedding was to take place with as little delay as possible. The news caused great excitement in the little town, and was an eight days' wonder. Some of the girls felt some jealousy at Lucy's luck, but many expressed their pleasure, for Master Peter's daughter was generally beloved.

A wagoner arrived one morning from Nuremberg, with a heavy load of boxes and trunks, consigned to Mistress Bloch. The good lady opened them without delay, and could not find exclamations enough to express her appreciation of her future son-in-law's generosity and good taste. He had sent everything that could be thought of to commence house-keeping in grand style. But Bess admired, above all, the foresight and uncommon merit of the unknown uncle who had had the happy idea of getting rich and making Fridolin his heir.

The day of the wedding had been fixed, and half the town was invited. As Bloch's house would have been too small to receive so many people, it was decided that the dinner and ball would take place in the 'Golden Lamb's' large rooms. On the eve of the great day, as Lucy was trying on the orange-blossom wreath, she remarked to her mother.

'Oh, how happy I would feel to-morrow, if my dear father was here to lead me to the altar. It seems to me as if I was doing wrong to marry when he is away from us.'

And the loving daughter could not help sobbing at the thought of her father. As comfort returned in her home, Bess had begun to think more kindly of her absent husband. She shed a tear and replied.

'Yes, I would be glad to see him come back. His son-in-law would receive him as a prince.—Besides, I feel as if I missed something in my life since Peter went away.'

And in this Bess spoke the truth, for she missed the victim on whom she could vent daily her abuse. The profound peace which surrounded her since her husband's departure, (Lucy was too gentle to furnish her with even the pretext of a quarrel,) had something wearisome about it.

On the evening of the same day—that is, the evening before the wedding—a man arrived at the gate of the town wheeling a heavy barrow; he declared a barrel of nails, and was allowed to pass after a very cursory examination by the custom-house officer. He pushed straight on to Mistress Bloch's house, and knocked at the door. Lucy put her head out of the window and recognised her father. With a cry of joy she sprang down stairs, pulled the bolt, and was locked in her father's arms. Bess also ran down, and obeying her first impulse, kissed her husband, but her first words of greeting were—

'Come, you old rogue, you are going to amend now, I hope.'

Fridolin was in the house, and Peter cast on him an inquiring and severe glance; but Bess lost no time in explaining the change that had taken place in the young man's circumstances, his proposal, and her consent to his marriage with their daughter. The old man declared himself satisfied, shook hands with his future son-in-law, and expressed his gratification that he had returned in time for the wedding.

The family then sat down to supper. When the meal had been despatched, Bess could resist no longer her curiosity to learn her husband's adventures, and asked him how he had fared during his absence from home.

'Blessed be my natal town,' said Master Peter, 'I have travelled over a great deal of country, and tried all kinds of trades, and I come back not much richer than when I left. Poorer, in fact, for of my last speculation in iron-ware, all I

bring back is a barrel of nails, which will be my marriage gift to my son-in-law.'

Bess, at these words, commenced frowning; but Fridolin quieted her by making the promise to provide for his father-in-law enough to keep him up in decent style while he lived.

Gentle Lucy's dearest wishes were thus fulfilled. The next morning her old father gave her away to the happy Fridolin. The wedding went off splendidly. Fridolin had bought a pretty house in town; he afterwards purchased many good acres of land, farms and pastures, and surrounded his home with all the comforts wealth can give.

Master Peter led a quiet, happy life, enjoying, as every one supposed, the liberality of his son-in-law, and allowing none to suspect that his so-called barrel of nails was in reality the cornucopia from which flowed the wealth of the whole family.

The wary old man had successfully accomplished his pilgrimage to the Brocken, without communicating his plans to any one. True, he often tarried at the inns where he found good wine, but from the day he perceived the blue summit of the Harz Mountains, he renounced the wine cup, and pushed on steadily.

For sometime it was nothing but marches and counter-marches—no one could tell where to find the little Vale of the King. But luck favored him at last: he discovered Mount St. Andrew, and followed the small stream, after refreshing himself with a draught of its pure and sparkling waters. He reached the excavation, and penetrated to the heart of the mountain, with the aid of the *Open-all*.

But, notwithstanding the assurance given by the spirit to old Martin, Peter could not help trembling when he crawled through the narrow passage and reached the resplendent cave. He expected to see some dreadful form rise before him, and wrench the treasure from his grasp.—He felt his flesh creep, and his hair stand on end.

Without giving a look to the magnificence that surrounded him, he ran to the brazen chest, filled his valise with as much gold as he could lift and, throwing the heavy burden on his shoulder, hastened to leave the silent and dread abode.—He had no sooner got out than he heard the iron door close with a loud bang. He then remembered that he had left the root *Open-all* lying on the floor near the brazen chest, but this circumstance caused him but little regret; he knew that he had enough gold on his back to make him rich for ever, and had no idea of returning again to the cave. As heavy as was his load, he ascended the seventy-two steps of the stone staircase with a lighter heart than when he had descended them.

When he saw the light of day he experienced the feeling of relief of one who, having escaped from the wreck and having long buffeted the angry waves, feels at last the solid ground under his feet. He hastened to cover the aperture with rubbish, and resumed his march.

Master Peter showed here much prudence for a man of his habits. He wanted to enjoy his fortune quietly, and was at a loss how to account for it. He dreaded the sensation it would cause in his native town, and then there was Bess; she would give him no peace until she got full control of the money. He wished her to enjoy the benefits of his change of position, but he did not care about her knowing the source. The poor man was in a dilemma.

Upon reaching the first village, he went to a cooper shop and bought a double-bottomed barrel: then to the blacksmith's, where he procured a lot of nails, and to the wheelwright's where he selected a strong wheelbarrow. He packed his gold in the false bottom of the barrel, covered it up with nails, placed the load on his wheelbarrow, and started quietly homeward. He was in no great hurry, traveled at leisure, and made a halt at every promising inn, where he invariably ordered the best cheer.

He had got in sight of the little town of Ellrich, at the base of the Harz, when he met a traveler going in the same direction. This was a young man of prepossessing appearance, but who seemed the prey of some great sorrow.—Peter recognized Fridolin. Master Peter had tasted of a certain native wine at the last inn on the by-way, and felt exceedingly kind and companionable. He halted the young man, entered into conversation with him, and ended by inviting him to supper. Fridolin accepted with evident satisfaction.

(Concluded on Seventh page.)

#### DIOCESE OF SOUTHWARK.

PASTORAL OF THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK ON BAD BOOKS, AND ST. ANSELM'S SOCIETY.

THOMAS, by the Grace of God, and favour of the Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Southwark, To the Clergy, Secular and Regular, and Laity of the said Diocese, Health and Benediction in the Lord.

On a cheerful and blessed day, after our souls had been hallowed in Baptism, over each of us the words were pronounced: 'Receive this burning light, and keep thy Baptism so as to be without blame; keep the commandments of God, that when the Lord shall come to the nuptials, thou mayest meet Him in the company of all the saints in the heavenly court, and have eternal life and live for ever and ever.' How earnestly did our good angels answer Amen, praying that the wish of the Church might be fulfilled, and that the white robe of innocence might be ever without stain, and that the light of our faith might never be quenched, or even dimmed. They saw us washed in the all-saving stream, sanctified by the baptism of the Lamb of God, and they repeated in admiration: 'Thou hast made Him a little less than the Angels; (Ps. viii. 6). Gifts of intelligence were bestowed upon us, and graces, flowing ever from the Cross, through the hands of Mary, were provided, that these gifts might be used for the glory of our Heavenly Father: One of our own race, pure and immaculate, was to be ever our model, and the faithful guardian of our heart and mind. Our earthly parents were invited to share in this holy working of tending the flowers that were created for the garden of the unchangeable Eden.

Even to human sight the vision was beautiful. As we look upon it, renewed, year after year, before us, we linger upon it, and hope that it may not disappear. We see children around us, arrayed in the freshness of their baptismal spring-tide, and we do not wish to believe that it will ever depart. We have striven to enlarge their sphere of knowledge, that the mysteries and truths of faith might become their joy and their inheritance, to the end that caring for no other treasures, they might say with the

Macabees, 'We needed none of these things, having for our comfort the holy books that are in our hands.' (1 Mac. xii. 9). When they are growing up and are gradually withdrawn from our care, we still endeavor to persuade them to find their happiness in the same books and in the wisdom that is in harmony with their inspired teaching. No science can be sound that does not come from the Holy Ghost, who dwells amongst us that He may reveal all truth to the Church. The science that begins with the fear of God is the only source of wisdom. When speech was given to man, he was told to use it for the service of his Creator. When speech was reduced to writing, its increased power was still directed to His honor. When it became possible to spread written words and thoughts over many lands, the claims of Our Divine Master became stronger and clearer in proportion to the increase of our means of promoting His honor, and of conveying far and wide the impressions of our gratitude and affection towards Him.

In the fifth Council of Lateran, held just after the art of printing had become extensively known, the Church described it as tending to the Divine glory, to the spread of the faith, and the advancement of the sciences. She has always fostered the diffusion of learned and instructive books, and has urged able men to devote their talents to the composition of such books, and has endeavored to promote a love of them amongst her children. On the other hand, she has watched with maternal anxiety over the employment of this useful invention, lest, in its unceasing activity and pervading influence, it should work against the very purposes for which it had been granted to mankind.

Whilst books were multiplied by the slow and persevering toil of years, it would have been easy to check their progress if they had been found unworthy of their writers, and detrimental to the souls of their brethren. But when they are scattered over the world in thousands of copies, it becomes difficult to recall them, or to stay their rapid spread. It is, therefore, a duty on the part of the authors, to leave nothing written which at their last hour they will wish unaid, and not to add to the bitter and perplexing recollections of that time the feeling that they may have undermined the hold of faith, and weakened the sense of duty, in the hearts of the youthful and unwary. Would that some in our days would imitate the many, who, converted by the Apostles, brought together their books, and burnt them before all, although their sacrifice must have been great, for, the text adds, 'counting the price of them, they found the money to be fifty thousand pieces of silver.' (Acts xix. 19). Amongst the good seed grew up the thorns that choked it. Amidst the works of varied lore and real knowledge that enrich the libraries of the learned, are other works that impugn the doctrines of revelation and the principles of truth, and these works may be adorned with all the graces of style and all the charms of imagination and eloquence. Faith is essentially the gift of God, and we may not expose ourselves to the risk of losing it.

It was the first and earliest temptation that led our first parents to desire to become as Gods, knowing good and evil. (Gen. iii. 5). We do not possess their understanding, and we are weaker than they were when that temptation was craftily presented to them. We must not imagine that it is safe or lawful for us to trust ourselves, and to presume upon our power to withstand the dangers that have been fatal to others. Where Tertullian and Origen fell, it is not wise for us to venture. How easily is the poison swallowed, and who will bring the antidote that is to counteract it? All wish that the memory could lose the remembrance of the sorrowful passages of their past history, and could cease to hold the impressions that have remained from the wilful, and even the chance, reading of pages that they have not seen for many years. 'I will be mindful and remember, and my soul shall languish within me.' (Lament. iii. 20). But if we are bound to guard ourselves from the evils that are found in indiscriminate reading, the responsibility that falls upon parents and superiors, and masters, is still more marked, and is still more serious.—Whilst we have seen blessings descending upon mothers who protected their children alike from dangerous friendships and dangerous reading, and who had not meditated in vain on the desire of Our Heavenly Father to gather His little ones under His wings, it is a painful truth that this clear and positive duty of watchfulness over the souls of their children and servants is very often neglected and forgotten. When your children become wayward, you ask your pastors to undo the insubordination that they have been learning under your own eyes; when their hearts are estranged from you, you will remember that you left in their hands the very books that represented all authority, even that of parents, as harshness and severity. You will recollect, when it is too late, that you did not attempt to direct their choice to books and journals that were free from harm. Poison is often concealed under the brightest and most attractive semblance of good, and under the apparent admiration of virtue and truth. If you believed that any books or periodicals would tempt your dependents to attempt your life, or even to steal your property, you would sternly exclude them from your houses. Will you be less earnest and less firm, when our Divine Saviour may be deprived of the souls for which he died, and when the fair flowers of innocence and purity will fade away from souls that are entrusted to your keeping? Your children were given to you, that you might have the merit of so training them that they might never be separated from Christ, who is the vine, and in order that in His own time He might gather grapes from them, and take them to His kingdom. The privilege was vouchsafed to you that you might be like guardian angels to those of your household. You have suffered their souls to perish, when timely caution would have guided them to sound and better books and thoughts, and you will hear the sentence pronounced against yourself: 'But if any man have not care of his own, and especially of those of his house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.' (1 Tim. v. 8). You cannot reply that you do not know what they are reading, for you measure strictly every moment of their time according to the requirements of your service. You know full well how much of it is spent in other occupations, and you see, week after week, the papers or books that engage their attention and completely absorb them. We entreat the clergy to notice any publications that they find to be dangerous to their flock, and to place before parents and masters the reward which they will secure in heaven if they warn their children and others of their household against the poison that may bring death to their souls.

And who can refuse to work for our dear God, who gave His Precious Blood for these little ones, and who ransomed us all from bondage and death? On this day the Church adores Him who became a victim and a sacrifice for our salvation, and who was crushed under the weight of our sins in the garden until His Blood flowed upon the earth. As He lay amongst the olive-trees, He witnessed the ruin of souls through the very dangers of which we have spoken, and He sought for friends who would feel compassion for him and tender solicitude for His flock. He prayed that the infinite treasure of His sufferings might not be made void.

We, therefore, beseech Thee, O Lord, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed by Thy Precious Blood, and bless us all, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Given at St. George's, on the Feast of the SS. Peter and Paul, and appointed to be read on the sixth Sunday after Pentecost, 1866.

THOMAS, Bishop of Southwark.

The highest panegyric that private virtue can receive is the praise of servants.—Dr. Johnson.

#### IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

LOSS OF THE MISSION IN ARDEB.—The Mission of the Vincentian Fathers in the parish of Ardee, lasted for a month, and was brought to a close on last Sunday. It has been of vast benefits to thousands of the people, who crowded round the confessionals, and attended morning and evening to hear the sermons of the good Fathers.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

DEDICATION OF ST. MALACHY'S CHURCH, DUNDALK.—We find by an advertisement in another column that the new Church of St. Malachy, belonging to the Dominican Fathers, will be dedicated to divine service, on Sunday, the 5th of August. The Coadjutor Bishop of Meath will perform the solemn ceremony. High Mass will be celebrated by the Lord Bishop of Clogher, and the sermon on the occasion will be preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy of Drogheda.—*Id.*

The *Newry Examiner* states that the Very Rev. Dean Kiernan will be the new Catholic Primate of Ireland.

The new altar which has been erected in the Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, Sandymount, through the generous munificence of Michael Meade, Esq., was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God on Saturday, the 7th inst. The Most Rev. Dr. Quinn, Lord Bishop of Bathurst, officiated, assisted by the venerable pastor of the parish, the Very Rev. Monsignor O'Connell, the Rev. Thomas Leahy, senior curate, and other clergymen. An event so gratifying to the parishioners could not fail to bring them together to join in praise and thanksgiving to God, and, accordingly, throughout the consecration, the beautiful little church was thronged with a numerous congregation. All the imposing ceremonies prescribed by the ritual for such an occasion were observed by the officiating prelate. They lasted for over three hours, during which the attention of the large and edified congregation was never withdrawn from the service. The altar, which is in perfect harmony with the remainder of the interior, is of Oasen stone and marble, and displays great taste in design and skill in execution. It is a magnificent gift; but the donor will be rewarded by the reflection that he has done some little towards the glory of God's house, which has been commended to us, and that years hence, when he has long since ceased his earthly career, his name will be gratefully remembered in the earnest prayers of the worshippers who contemplate the symbol that surmounts the altar. On Sunday, at twelve o'clock, the altar was solemnly inaugurated by a Grand High Mass, at which the Rev. Father Doyle, of Haddington-road, was celebrant, the Rev. Father Keane, deacon, and the Rev. Father Byrne, sub-deacon. The Rev. Father Leahy acted as master of the ceremonies. The Very Rev. Dean O'Connell preached an impressive sermon after the gospel, and in the course of his discourse warmly thanked Mr. Meade on his own behalf, and on behalf of the parishioners, for his generous offering. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concluded the ceremony. An efficient and special choir was present on both days. In addition to the adornment of the altar, the church has been newly painted and decorated, through the zealous and untiring exertions of the Rev. Father Leahy.—*Freeman's Journal*.

CATHOLIC NEWSROOM IN BELFAST.—The want so keenly felt by the temporary closing of the Catholic Institute News-room, is about shortly to be remedied. A number of gentlemen, who for a long time had been receiving the benefits to be derived from so valuable an institution, have formed themselves into a committee with the object of re-opening the above room. We understand his lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrinan, has placed the room in Hercules-place at the disposal of the committee, rent free, and that vigorous exertions are at present being made to have it opened at a very early date.—*Ulster Observer*.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY SCHOOL.—The distribution of prizes and honours to the successful pupils of the school of the Catholic University for the session 1865 took place last week in the Church of the University, Stephen's-green. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen to witness the proceedings, which were highly interesting. The Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Rector of the University several of the professors, and a large body of the clergy were also present. The pupils, numbering 110, who were to receive the well-merited distinctions which they had achieved at the recent examinations, occupied seats on the altar platform. At two o'clock the Rev. Rector, wearing the academic robes, entered the church and took the chair. The pupils having been presented with the prizes awarded to them, the Rev. Rector thanked the company for their presence.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. DENNIN.—This venerable prelate breathed his last on Tuesday morning at eight, at his residence, Donegal-street, Belfast. For a series of years the venerated Bishop of Down and Connor was an honour and an ornament to the illustrious order to which he belonged. Remarkable alike for his piety and profound erudition, he carried into the exalted sphere in which he occupied a conspicuous position those high attributes which show that the most dignified and splendid faculties of the mind can never be better employed than in the service of God and in the promotion of the social happiness and welfare of mankind. Few men have lived who, under the guise of a stern exterior, possessed more of all that was kindly, generous and philanthropic. Born of highly respectable parents, he was sent to Maynooth College at an early age, where he displayed his extraordinary capacities as a philosophical thinker and profound theologian. He was remarkable for his intimate knowledge of natural philosophy, and his process of inductive reasoning earned for him the respect of some of the most learned societies who become aware of the result of his labours. After having occupied the position of Dean of the Dunboyne Establishment for considerable time, he was appointed to the chair of natural philosophy, which he filled with high honour to himself and with great benefit to all who had the privilege of availing themselves of his instructions. In the year 1835 the Most Rev. Dr. O'roly having been promoted to the Primacy of Armagh, the Rev. Dr. Dennin was consecrated Bishop of Down and Connor, and from that time to a very recent period he had taken an active part in the administration and management of the church in Ireland, of which he was such a distinguished ornament. Full of years and labours and requiring a little relaxation in the decline of his life, the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrinan was consecrated Bishop of Galilee and Coadjutor of Down and Connor in the year 1860, and the now present bishop of the diocese succeeded on the resignation of Dr. Dennin, in 1865. In common with all Ireland, we deplore the loss of the illustrious deceased. This venerable prelate had attained his seventy-fifth year, after having been for thirty-one years a distinguished member of the hierarchy of Ireland. By his death vacancies occur on the Boards of National Education and Charitable Bequests.—*Freeman*.

The removal of the Rev. Geoffrey J. Bourke, P.P., Keelogue, for many years the venerated and beloved curate of Dunmore, has awakened everywhere throughout the locality, feelings of the most intense sorrow. Words fail to describe the heartfelt anguish of each member of our congregation. On Sunday last, as our holy priest, with quivering lips and brimful eyes, spoke these sad words, which fell like a knell on the listeners' ears: 'Yet, a little while and I shall be with you no longer.' Yet, a little while, and he, who had been for so many years the idol of our hearts' affection—the devoted father of his flock—'he who was ever willing to smile in our gladness, and to sigh in our sadness—will leave us; and who can supply his place?' As we looked on that face, beaming with pious pleasure from the soul within—as we listened to that reverend voice, speaking now, for the last time, from the altar where its pleading tones were so often heard in warning and entreaty, and as we gazed on the church—where it was his

greatest pride to ornament in a manner suitable for the worship of the Most High—our hearts were stirred to their lowest depths, and gloom and sadness were visibly depicted on every countenance. Some, it may be remembered, experienced the effects of his soothing words of consolation, as they had been hitherto applied to their wounded spirits. No sacrifice was too great, no obstacles too difficult, to deter him when duty called. He was always alive to the corporal, as well as to the spiritual, welfare of his flock. His purse and assistance were ever at the disposal of the poor and unfortunate ones of Christ. Would that I could paint his character in the glowing terms it so well merits; but though willing, I am impeded by my own unworthiness to the task, which requires a more gifted pen than mine. As to social life, he was in every respect the perfect gentleman, a welcome guest in each home circle which he graced; smiling face, and a hundred thousand welcomes ever greeted Father Geoffrey. Persons in affliction's darkest and most trying hour have, too, under God, to thank him for the peace they now enjoy, as they shudderingly remember the yawning precipice from which his earnest and ceaseless exhortations rescued them. He never waned until he had, like a Magdalen, led the lost one to the sacred feet of Jesus, there to receive mercy and forgiveness for the past. The Rev. Geoffrey J. Bourke was, in the true sense of the word, a really good and zealous priest. His burning ardour for his Master's honour knew no limits, and indefatigable were his exertions for its promotion. His fervour in the service of his Maker, and his devotion to Sweet Mary, endeared him. His coming was always the herald of peace and joy. His was the beaming smile that drew all hearts with a holy spell. Go where he may, his memory shall ever be enshrined in the grateful hearts of his devoted children in Dunmore.—*Cor of Connaught Patriot*.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new church about to be erected at Blessed Paul's Retreat, Harold's-cross took place on Friday, the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul. It was celebrated with marked solemnity and splendour, in accordance with the requirements of the Roman ritual, and in the presence of a numerous body of clergy and a large and highly respectable assemblage of the laity, whose attendance testified their warm appreciation of the self-deny and unostentatious, but not the less devoted, usefulness of this community of Mount Argus. Comparatively few days have passed since the priests of the order of Blessed Paul commenced their labours at Harold's-cross for the advancement of religion and the salvation of souls, and in that time their exemplary piety and unwearying efforts have done more for both those sacred objects than it would be possible even to indicate, much less to detail, in the columns of a newspaper. The generous assistance of the Catholics of the city and suburbs of Dublin enabled them to raise one of the noblest of the religious houses, the erection of which in this country, of late years, strikingly proclaims that the opportunity afforded for the revival of Catholicity—for the restoration of its ancient grandeur and beauty—has not fallen to the lot of an unworthy generation.—*Dublin Freeman*.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. THOS. FINN, OF GRANGE, CO. WATERFORD.—The very flattering addresses from the people of the parishes of Grange, Ardman, and Ballybacon, to the Rev. Thomas Finn, and his very beautiful and eloquent reply, will be read with pleasure by every Catholic. Nothing can be more pleasing to every one who wishes well to faith, and fatherland than a solid proof, such as the people of Ardman have given, of the respect and love entertained for the priest by those amongst whom he discharges the duties of sacred calling. Father Finn is peculiarly fortunate in winning the good will and affection of those to whose spiritual wants he ministers. When removed from Killybegny, after a sojourn of nine years in that parish, he was presented with an address and testimonial; and now that, after ten years' missionary labour in Ardman, he has been removed to Ballyknoch, in this county, it must be with no ordinary feeling of gratification that he found himself waited upon by a numerous deputation from Ardman, and presented with a purse, the offerings chiefly of the poor, and an address breathing sentiments of the warmest esteem and gratitude for his spiritual services amongst them. Long may Ireland present the happy spectacle of a people so identified in feeling with their clergy.—*Waterford Citizen*.

THE IRISH BILL.—With Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone has fallen the latest, the ablest, and the honestest of the many efforts which have been introduced into Parliament within the past twenty years to amend the crying evils of the existing system of Irish land tenure. The temporary collapse of Mr. O'Connell's Bill is not the least of the many evils which the triumph of the reactionary party upon the Reform question has brought into being. That measure, thoroughly Conservative as it was in its principle, yet approached justice too nearly in its chief provisions not to excite the bitter animosity of the English and Irish Tories, and of their new ally, Mr. Lowe. It awakened, at the same time, the hopes of the tenant-farmers of Ireland, so long hampered and bowed down under the most unjust and absurd of all agricultural systems, while in this country it moved the warm sympathies of every true Liberal, and earned the nobly-uttered praises of Mr. Mill. With such foes and such friends, Mr. Fortescue might have hoped for the success of his measure if it were to be struggled for in fair and open fight. It was evident from the first, however, that the Irish Land Bill depended for its safety upon its Reform Bill. Those, therefore, who threw out the latter measure dealt an indirect, but not the less keen and effectual, blow at the former. It now leaves the people of Ireland to consider to whom in special they owe the defeat of their long-deferred expectations, and the rejection of the fairest overture of peace that has ever been made by the British Government to the disaffected masses of Ireland.—*Star*.

DUNDALK AND GREENORE RAILWAY.—The tenants over whose land this railway runs were settled with a few days since, and this week the landlords were to be paid the amount of their claims.

Newry is famed all over the world for its splendid granite quarries; and the exportation of stone of this description has for many years formed an important element in the wealth of the town. The quantity of granite forwarded annually from our local ports is sufficiently indicative of the value attached to it in the sister country, and we believe we may safely anticipate that the excellence of the stone will continue to bring it into universal use.—*Newry Telegraph*.

THE PIG DISEASE.—A correspondent of the *Cork Examiner* mentions that the pig disease is very prevalent in Tracton, Kinsale, and states that half a wingless of spirits of turpentine in a wingless of sweet oil is an effectual cure if given at the commencement of the disease, and repeated the following day. The writer has given this mixture to his pig, and has escaped any loss, although many persons in his neighborhood have lost all their pigs.

Mr. Crawford, foreman of the jury which tried Edward Gray on a charge of murder, has commenced an action for libel against the *Ulster Observer*, which will be tried at the county Down sittings.

IRISH EMIGRATION.—The 103,096 emigrants from Ireland in 1865 comprised children under 5 years of age amounting, in number, to 6,4 per cent. of the whole emigration; young persons 5 years of age and under 15: 1 per cent.; 15 and under 25: 4.1 per cent.; 25 and under 35: 23.5 per cent.; 35 and under 45: 6.6 per cent.; 45 and upwards: 3.8 per cent. The ages of the remaining 8.4 per cent. were not specified.

White gloves have been presented to the judges in several counties, and everywhere, without exception, absence of serious crime is the subject of congratulation by the assize-going judges.