

spectator of this simple group. His presence was quickly perceived, and the song and the laughing gossip were hushed, while all eyes were turned wonderingly upon him. Merrily he descended the grassy bank, and with a gay good humor dissipated the momentary constraint which his approach had obviously produced; and so, ere a minute had well elapsed, the merry voices and merrier laughter were mingling pleasantly as before. Good-humoredly he complied with the laughing solicitation of a buxom, barefooted girl, and from the 'noggin' she presented, tasted the warm new milk, and then, with provoking special pleading, affected to resist the unanimous decision, that he must 'pay his footing'; which at last he did, however, and with a liberality which raised him at once to the pinnacle of popularity.

But while all this was passing, the object which alone had interested him, the beautiful girl, ere he had yet exchanged one word with her, while for a moment his eyes were turned another way, had withdrawn—was gone. He looked round in the pettishness of disappointment and mentally wishing the whole party—we need not say where—he climbed the green bushy bank again, and saw a little before him, greatly to his comfort, the retreating form of the graceful girl in the cloak, as she pursued the path towards the castle, among the knotted branching roots and lichen-covered trunks of the old trees, through whose devious arcades the dusky golden light was streaming. In a moment he was at her side.

'Pretty maiden,' said he, with something at once of gaiety and respect, 'are you going to Glindarragh Castle?'

'I am, sir,' she answered gently.

'And so am I,' he continued gaily, 'and, with your permission, I shall walk beside you—that is, if you have no objection,' he hesitatingly added.

She looked surprised, then slightly blushed, and with a gentle smile, which showed a little even row of pearly teeth, she said, with a beautiful embarrassment and simplicity—

'Oh no, sir, I'm sure I couldn't; you're very welcome, sir, to go with me.'

'Many thanks, and true ones, my fair maiden, for saying so,' he replied. 'And what may your business be in that dismal old place, and so near the nightfall too?—are you not afraid to walk alone at dusk among these lonely places?'

'No, sir,' she answered, with a melancholy smile—'no harm ever happened me, and I'm not afraid; I am going up to the castle, to the young lady; she is very good, sir—oh, very good, sir—oh, very good; she was always kind to me, and likes me to be with her.'

'And where does your father live?' inquired he, with increasing interest.

'My father is dead, sir,' she answered, with melancholy gentleness.

'And your mother?' he added, in a softer tone.

'She is dead, sir; I have no mother, and no father,' she answered mournfully.

'An orphan, so young, so very beautiful!' he thought, as he looked with a deep emotion of pity upon the girl.

'And have you no brothers or sisters?' he inquired.

'No, sir; I never had a brother or a sister; my mother died when I was a little child, and my father soon after. I scarce remember them,' answered she, encouraged by the obvious interest with which her replies were listened to. 'This is the way, sir,' she continued, as she turned the key in a little wicket which opened from the orchard into the garden of which we have already spoken.

Entering its shadowy hedges with a sigh, Percy Neville continued—

'And you, pretty maiden, what may be your name?'

'Phebe, sir, Phebe Tisdal,' she answered modestly.

'And have you no kindred, my pretty Phebe—no relations to take care of you and to love you?'

'I have an uncle, sir. I live with him at Drumgunnion, where I was born,' she answered.

'Well, my pretty Phebe,' said he, as they reached the little sally port, which gave admission from the garden to the castle yard, 'I hope I shall often see you while I remain here, and if ever the time shall come when you need a friend remember Percy Neville.'

The young man spoke, perhaps, with a deeper earnestness than he intended, and the girl looked up in his face, with an expression of wonder in her deep, soft, dark grey eyes, and encountering his bold gaze of admiration, she lowered them again with a heightened color, and an expression at once of pain and sadness. Their *tête-à-tête* was now ended, and we shall leave them for a time to turn to that quaint dwelling-house of Drumgunnion, of which the beautiful Phebe Tisdal had just spoken in her own sad, silvery accents.

On the same day, at the same sunset hour, a short, bow-legged, square-built man, appeared some years in advance of three-score, with a large, deeply furrowed, and somewhat pimply face, a massive nose of glowing purple, two small grey, squinting eyes, and a countenance expressive, in no ordinary degree, of gloom, determination and ferocity, passed forth into the open country, having carefully latched the gate, which gave admission to his narrow farm-yard, compassed by a high wall and strong stone-built offices on three sides, and closed upon the fourth by a tall, narrow, and massively constructed stone dwelling-house of three stories high, with chimney-stacks as ponderous as watch-towers, rising at each gable, and flagged roof of his snug and well-built tenement.

He was dressed in grave-colored habiliments, somewhat coarse and very rusty, and wore a short black cloak and high-crowned hat, with a very plain and narrow rim of shirt collar, lying flat upon the neck of his doublet. In his broad and muscular hand, which might more meetly have grasped a halberd or a musketoon, he carried a crutch-handled cane; and, as he pursued his way, his pace was firm and deliberate—nay, even pompous—though the masculine and sinister character of his somewhat bloated visage, which carried upon it the legible traces of early intem-

perance, as well as of constitutional daring and sternness, in a very striking and unpleasant degree, effectually qualified any tendency to ridicule, which his consequential gait, and square and ungainly form, as well as his peculiar garb, might else have inspired.

Closing the wicket carefully behind him, as we have said, this figure pursued the winding foot-path which led through the then wooded fields towards the bridge and castle of Glindarragh, which lay somewhere about the long half of an Irish mile away. Ungladdened even for a moment by the rich expanse of sunset scenery which spread before him, the eye of this morose and gloomy man rested, for the most part, upon the ground, as if in sullen contempt of the beauties with which smiling nature greeted his advance—or occasionally darted a quick and jealous glance at either side, as the capricious track which he pursued led him suddenly among closer brushwood, or into the lap of some gentle hollow;—until at last the lonely and shattered ruins of Glindarragh Abbey rose close before him; its roofless gables and tall stone-shafted windows, and grey ivied walls, ascending from among the fern and nettles, and spreading their long shadows over the sward, showed additionally mournful and solemn in the dim glow of evening, whose level radiance gilded the grass-grown summit of many a humble mound, and turned its grey headstone to dusky red, and shone and glittered, flashing and glowing like warm fire upon the burnished leaves of the rustling ivy.

As the old man approached these time-worn walls, through which his path wound its devious way, there arose in his imagination sundry conjectures, in which, from congenial association long grown into inveterate habit, he pleasantly indulged as often as he found himself beneath its melancholy shadow. How much of hoarded gold, of ancient plate, of jewelled reliques, might lie deep and dark under the foundations of that deserted pile, hidden in the season of danger, and deposited by its long-exiled and scattered owners, secure in leaden chests, and deep in the yellow mould, there to rest untroubled by bar or mattock, until time shall be no more.

Such speculations, though woven of the flimsiest dreams of fancy, had yet an interest keen and absorbing, for the sombre being who trod the old ruin, and often would he ponder and pause, as he pursued his lonely way, to calculate in what spot the crafty caution of the old monks would most securely, and with least suspicion, have secreted the buried treasure. Such pleasant, though somewhat tantalising visions, had now again filled his mind, as Jeremiah Tisdal, the puritan proprietor of the grange Drumgunnion, found himself once more among the silent arches of this ancient building. Slackening his pace to indulge still further these intoxicating ruminations, which stole over his senses like the enchantment of opium, Tisdal looked wistfully, now through some gap in the ruined walls, now into the low arched doorway of some narrow chamber, the use of which, unless for some such purpose as the mysterious one with which his thoughts were busy, he could not divine; now peering through some tall ivy-wreathed window, and again under some dark and low-browed vault; and while he thus amused himself, still, though loiteringly, advancing upon his course toward Glindarragh bridge, his attention was arrested, in a sudden, and by him a most unwished-for manner, by the apparition of a human form.

On looking through a narrow slit into a small chamber, whose roofless walls fully admitted the light, he beheld, seated near the door, and busily discussing some crusts of bread and an onion, and with a leather-cased flask beside him a man whom he instantly recognised, and at sight of whom he felt for a moment so overcome with horror and dismay, that, had the fiend himself risen up before him in that awful place, he could not have been more overwhelmed and paralysed with terror. The man whose sudden appearance had wrought this terrible revulsion in the feelings of the proprietor of Drumgunnion, though not very prepossessing in his outward aspect, was by no means hideous enough to dismay a man of Tisdal's firm nerves. He sat upon a low stone by the chamber door, his provisions in a blue handkerchief between his knees, and his flask by his side; his clothes were not of the coarse cloth used by the Irish peasantry, but like the cast-off finery of gentility in make and texture, and reduced, by overwear and exposure, to a mass of rags and squalor. This tattered figure was that of a man of middle stature, pale and spare, and rendered peculiarly remarkable by a broad deep scar, which, traversing his visage from the right eye to the corner of the mouth, crossed the nose in its passage, and had reduced the bridge of that prominence to a distorted and unsightly level. Such a countenance, with its ineffaceable furrow, and partially flattened vry nose, was too remarkable to be easily mistaken or forgotten, and Jeremiah Tisdal, in full recognition, gazed upon it with an aspect almost of despair; while from his red face—nay even from his purple nose—the blood receded, leaving nothing but a straggling net-work of livid threads, streaking the sallow cadaverous flesh, from whose every pore the cold sweat was starting, to indicate the region where the fiery purple of his visage had most fiercely predominated. With unutterable horror Tisdal continued for a full minute or more to gaze upon the sitting figure, who, wholly unconscious of the absorbing contemplation of which he was the object, continued with undiminished attention and unabated good-will to address himself to the homely rinds before him. It was an effort such as that with which the victim of nightmare at length dispels the frightful illusion which has held him its fascination, that Tisdal withdrew himself from the narrow aperture through which he had beheld this, to his eyes, most terrific spectre, and instinctively pressing his hat down upon his brow, so that the broad leaf shaded his livid features, and muffling the lower part of his face in the folds of his cloak, he strode with rapid and noiseless steps along the pathway.

'O God, merciful and terrible,' he muttered in an agony of desperation, when three or four hundred yards had interposed between him and the scene of his appalling discovery—'is there, then no escape—no pardon for me? What fearful curse pursues me, that even here, buried in the wild inhospitable recesses of a savage and perilous country, I cannot escape the dreadful doom that pursues me. Gracious God, is not the anguish of remorse; are not the pangs of fear, and the terrible images of memory, torment sufficient, that thou must send thine incarnate avenger, after ten long years, to dog me—to destroy me? Yes; I am accursed of God—for-saken—struggle as I may—given over for ever and ever to the evil one.'

He gnashed his teeth in unutterable anguish, and then stamping furiously upon the ground, he abruptly stopped short, and turned fiercely toward the mouldering ruin, which lay in all its solemn and melancholy repose behind him.

'Yes, the die is cast,' said he, while the fearful agitation of the moment before gradually subsided; and his face assumed its wonted character of firmness, gloom, and severity; 'he has at last driven me to the wall, and one or other of us two must go down. I cannot escape him;—the question is merely who strikes first. But—but, after all, it may be but accident: But it is; I shall bring it to the test—anything but doubt. Let the crisis come now.'

He paused again, opened his cloak, and from a buff leathern belt which enriched his doublet, he successively drew two pistols, tried the loading of both with the ramrod, touched the flints, and added a little fresh priming; then replacing them in his girdle, he slowly said—

'He may not know me, changed as I am;—he may not seek me—well for him if he do not. I will enter the chamber, and confront him, and if it prove otherwise—'

He said no more, but retraced his steps toward the ruined pile, not quite so rapidly as he had left it, and with a countenance, though less agitated, fully as pale as before, and charged with the black and condensed ferocity of a dark and deadly purpose. Thus resolved, Tisdal walked heavily into the silent ruin, and diverging a little from the beaten path, he entered that part of the building upon which the door of the small chamber, into which he had so lately looked, directly opened. For an instant he paused as he approached the narrow portal, and drew one long breath, like a daring swimmer who stakes his life upon one bold plunge into the prevailing sea, and then firmly and collectively he entered the roofless apartment. But the decisive interview he courted was not then and there to be. The man whose presence had wrought so fearful a revulsion in all his feelings, was gone; and with a strange sensation, at once of disappointment and relief, he looked around upon the deserted walls, and up and down through the long passages and mouldering chambers of the old building. The search, however, was vain; and tho' he climbed the winding stair of the tower, and looked down from the ivy-bowered windows, like some ill-omened bird shrouded from light, and peering forth with malignant eye in search of its proper prey, his scrutiny from hence was alike unrewarded.

Buried in his own stormy and remorseful reflections, this grim and brawny personage seated himself upon the worn steps of the spiral stair, his elbows resting upon his knees, and his heavy chin propped upon his clenched hands, while his eyes, gazing vacantly through the arched window of the internal tower which he thus occupied, wandered slowly and gloomily over the narrow cloisters and the spreading yew tree beneath, until gradually the mellow blush of sunset melted into the cold grey of twilight, and that in turn gave place to the misty light of the spectral moon. The solemn ruin, with its buried dead, slumbering in the silence of the night, and under the broad cold moonlight, might well have awakened in the heart of the solitary occupant of the abbey tower some feelings of superstitious awe.

The substance of fierce and angry passions is accompanied with a depression and gloom more painful far than the more agitating emotions which have preceded them. In Tisdal's case the stormy feelings of wrath and terror had acquired a sterner and deadlier character from a thousand thrilling and appalling remembrances associated with the apparition which had evoked them, as well as with the black and revengeful suggestions of his own desperation. As these terrible emotions which had so fiercely shaken him, slowly sank to rest, leaving a awful stillness and blank dismay behind them, he felt in his solitude a horror and a fear he had scarcely ever known before. It was as though he had been for an hour and more unconsciously holding close communion with the tempter himself—yielding up his soul to the powers of the evil influence; and had on a sudden emerged from the awful presence, and was alone. With a chill sense of undefined fear, which he in vain attempted to dispel—the Puritan arose—glanced quickly and fearfully around him, and descending the narrow stair of the tall grey tower, entered the shadowy cloister, and accidentally encountered, as he did so, the old woman whom Miles Garrett had so lately commissioned with the sinister message which she at once proceeded to deliver.

Tisdal, however, with his constitutional suspicion and shrewdness, pressed her sternly but unavailingly with close and searching interrogatories; but seeing that the woman obstinately persisted in an entire disregard of his further questioning, he moodily turned from her, and pursuing the solitary pathway toward Glindarragh Castle, he left the ivied chambers of the ruin to the more congenial occupation of the bats and owls, as well as of the scarcely less ominous sample of humanity with whom he had just held such strange and inauspicious intercourse.

(To be continued.)

A GENUINE ANGLO-SAXON CALUMNY.

From the Irishman.

The *Times* is universally accepted as the gigantic representative of the English press. If English journalism recognises its claim to represent it, then English journalism is a very base and dishonourable thing, indeed.

The rule of conduct with the *Times* is this:—to publish any calumny, however atrocious, against all who are too weak to resent the outrage, especially if they be 'Popish priests, or foreigners, and then sternly to reject all answer, remonstrance, or explanation.

We have before us now, even as we write, a recent example of this infamous newspaper morality by which the *Times* guides its conduct. Our readers will hardly fail to find it instructive.

It is well known that, of late, that journal has been daily filled with the most unscrupulous misrepresentations of the affairs of Italy—falsehoods unmitigated by Italian priests, Italian people, Italian politics. Very recently it published a shocking slan-

der about a Roman religious house, the Convent of St. Ambrogio. Priests, nuns, pupils, were accused of the most abominable crimes, and deeds were attributed to them for which the vilest stew in London itself could not furnish a parallel.

Of course the whole thing was an utter falsehood, base and unscrupulous. A Catholic gentleman, Mr. Lee, a merchant and magistrate of Manchester, wrote to the *Times*, contradicting the abominable libel, and offering proofs of its falsehood. The Editor deliberately refused to insert it.

This thing seems at incredible at first thought; but it is painfully true. The representative journal of England publishes a statement charging humble priests, meek nuns, and pure young girls just parted from their mother's side, with crimes most revolting. The horribly indecent charge is proved to be utterly false—adequate proof of its falsehood is offered—and the journal which circulated the calumny refuses point blank to publish a refutation of the slander, a vindication of the unoffending persons so outraged.

Let us hear what the reply was to which insertion was refused. 'Having in my possession,' says Mr. Lee 'the evidence which gave a complete refutation of the scandal, I wrote to the Editor of the *Times*, furnishing him with all particulars. True to his character as a calumniator of the Holy See, ignoring every principle which regulates honour in good society, fearing to destroy the credit of his employe, he refused to give insertion to a denial of the lies invented by his 'own correspondent,' and permitted, as far as he was concerned, the imputation upon the character of virtuous and defenceless ladies to go unchallenged.'

But were there any grounds for this atrocious calumny? None whatever. The female school had no existence; the wicked female pupils were never born; the nuns never had any pupils; and the priests who, the *Times* said, were obliged to run away for their crimes, are respectable ecclesiastics, still living in Rome. 'Your readers,' says Mr. Lee to a contemporary, 'will not be surprised to learn that the story is from beginning to end a fabrication, and that there is not a shadow of foundation for any of the statements. The convent of St. Ambrogio was never an educational establishment, nor had it anything to do with the teaching or instruction of young ladies. The only two priests connected with the *religieuses* (*de Cappucine*) were the two confessors. One a Jesuit Father, is now living at the Roman college; and the other, Canon Patrizzi, (a member of the same family as Cardinal Patrizzi, the Pope's Cardinal Vicar), is also in Rome. So much for the monk and priest who have fled.'

And, after all, it is natural and consistent that the *Times*, having foully libelled these unoffending nuns and priests, should refuse them all remedy and reparation in its lying columns. They are mere Italians—mere Popish Priests—mere Popish nuns; and, of course, the magnanimous Anglo-Saxon journalist may treat them as he pleases. He would not dare so to malign a crossing-sweeper in a back slum of London; for even the crossing-sweeper might, with the help of the law of libel, and the services of an enterprising attorney, obtain swiftness damages; but these poor priests and nuns are beyond the remedy of English law; and so the Anglo-Saxon bully insults them at his pleasure. Mr. Lee puts the matter well:—'Since I addressed the great English organ of public opinion, an official contradiction of the report has appeared in the *Giornale di Roma*, but no declaration, however powerful, no proofs, can convince the Editor of the *Times* of his duty towards his neighbour, nor awaken him to loftier views of the obligations imposed upon a public teacher by truth and justice, religion and morality. He has a duty to perform, whether for a political party or the English nation, he does it consistently and well. He has the Catholic religion to bring into contempt, nations to defame, and no writer uses his theology, his history, his politics more brilliantly and less scrupulously. The history of the *Times*, unfortunately, is the history of the country. It rivets the attention of the people to foreign governments, in order to blind them to the evils of their own.'

Just so. Falsehood and foul play are the essence of English policy; and the atrocities of the *Times*, merely reflect the iniquitous character of England's dealings with all foreign nations who are too weak to resent insult and outrage.

POLAND.

From the Irishman.

Whilst the days go by and their issue is calculated as teeming with results, great in relation to the fate of the world, it would almost seem that men had forgotten Poland. They look to the East—they scan the West with busy glance. If a sergeant's guard is moved in Italy—or a merchant's skiff in Danish harbours, there is an elaborate calculation published of the probable consequences; but the fate of Poland, as events go, would seem to be decided by the last charge of the Cossack savages upon her unarmed people—by the last gun-shot which sped a bullet to the heart of one of her children.

We have long held to the creed that a nation cannot be dragged into extinction—we believe that Heaven and natural law are stronger than the necessity of sovereigns—or the skill of diplomatists—we have trusted that when the Divinity raised up a people to possess the land which He gave them, that He never contemplated the balance of power as being a matter for which that people should be blotted out; but we have clung to it as a holy faith, without which the world would be a place of utter despair and terrible suffering—that one day, it is decreed by Him—the wrong shall be set right. Thus we have hoped in peoples, as we have trusted in God; and from the scaffolds where there patriots perished under the handsman's stroke—from the fields of carnage where they were spurned beneath the hoof of power—from the dungeons where they have lain in chains—from the tribunals where they have been condemned to ignominy, our hearts have been lifted with an unfailing trust in Eternal justice—that the earth is not yet a chaos, to be ruled only by the cunning of Cabinets—the imposition of Parliaments—or the Councils of Kings; but the spirit of wisdom is yet potent to dispel the darkness which broods above the world.

So we have turned to Poland ever with a passionate faith in her future—so we have listened for her voice to break from the silence of that prison where in the nation is guarded by German and Muscovite—sure that that voice would awake the echoes of Liberty! We have heard the cry which marked the travail of the nation—but no response echoed back. No response though the world is filled with the claims of nationalities—though the lips of princes are loaded with them and the tongues of diplomatists are glib in their utterance, as ever they have been declaratory of sovereign rights or popular fallacies. Clearly the day of justice is not yet come! With the last sob of the latest Polish rebel, as it broke the silence around some death bed in Warsaw—the interest of Europe would seem to have ceased in that heroic but unhappy country. Yet, surely the contest between the nation and its oppressors has not ceased, although now it may assume another form. Stern unrelenting enmity upon the one side—despairing endurance upon the other. Poland is down to-day—trampled and fettered—she is in that epoch of her destiny marked by the reign of law—Russian law and Polish submission. Symptoms of this state of things break upon us. We desecrate them not so much in the publication of these edicts, which proscrib Polish Nationality in proscribing Polish customs, as we trace them in efforts to deprive the Nation of sympathy from without. It is not long since it was told that the Russian Government had applied to the Pope to compel the clergy to leave out of their religious usage in the Churches, certain hymns which were not acceptable to the Czar, because of the patriotic feeling which they kept alive, and that the Pope had most firmly refused to accede to such a request. We are now informed that Russia has pro-

mulgated reforms which it is supposed, will amply satisfy the country.

Behind these meagre details of facts of Russian Government there is more than we hear of, although not more than we can conceive. There is the supremacy of Russian authority; there is the supremacy of Russian officialism; there is the daring of the tyrant, the danger of the patriot and the prostration of the land. The Russian sword is at the heart of the Nation; and his gripe is on its throat. But at such a time he attempts to cut away one of the moorings by which Poland has held fast to liberty. Before its altars the Nation is reminded of its vanished glory—in the sacred chants of its worship, it has mingled its love for Heaven and its prayer for liberty with the same breath. To aid in his task of trampling Poland, the Czar has sought of the spiritual authority to whom the Polish people look for guidance, look for refuge, look for council—that he would command the silence of the Church even to beseech the aid of God for the consolation of its children. Denied of this outrageous demand, rebuked for its sacrilege, Europe is told by the oppressor that reforms are promulgated with which the Poles ought to rest contented. We cannot but inquire for what fresh iniquity upon the liberty of this people is this announcement the herald? What new violation of their rights—what preparation for new sacrifices is foreshadowed by it? We know not, indeed; but we fear the worst.

The rule of the despot never changes any more than injustice ever becomes right, or falsehood ever becomes truth. Here in Ireland, with the memories of as bitter a struggle for Faith and Nationality as that which weighs down Poland, to her sympathy with the sorrows which are hers. To her endurance—to her effort—to her heroism—we have nothing to give but the barren testimony of our love, our regard. Ireland has no sword to lift in behalf of the noblest chivalry of patriotism in the world ever beheld—she has no voice in the councils of nations—she has no armies to back her sympathies.

By a hand as merciless—and as iron as that which has stricken Poland—we have also alien! Sister nations in suffering, we are allied by a common hope, Faith in that natural belief in the designs of Providence, in the creation of our Nationality, we possess in common with the gallant Polish people. Ours has been a struggle of longer duration, indeed, whose noblest episodes have been lost, or perverted by calumny; but whose memory cheers us still, when we look away to an example of national heroism which brings back the reflection of the gallantry of our fathers' contest with their oppressors. Honour to Poland, then—honour to the patriot cause wherever a patriot heart lives with its impulse!

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

NEW CATHEDRAL, MONAGHAN.—The first stone of the Cathedral of St. Martin, Patron of the diocese of Clogher, was solemnly laid by the Lord Bishop of Clogher, on the 18th inst. The sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Clonfert.

The following appointments have taken place consequent on the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Brahan, P. P. V. G., Newcastle.—Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, succeeds the Very Rev. Dr. Brahan, as Parish Priest of Newcastle, and Vicar General of the Diocese. Kilsnane and Ardpatrick, become separate parishes: The Rev. John Halpin, C. C., St. John's has been appointed P. P. of Kilsnane. The Rev. Thos. M'Inerney, C. C., Newcastle, has been promoted to the parish of Ardpatrick. The Rev. Patrick Lee, C. C., Kilsnane, has been removed to the Curacy of Bruff. The Rev. Mortimer Fitzgerald, C. C., Bruff, has been appointed to the Curacy of Kilsnane; and the Rev. Michael Ryan, C. C., Kilsnane, has been appointed to the Curacy of Ballingarry.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL IN TEMPLEMORE.—The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel and Emlu, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to over 500 children of both sexes, from the united parishes of Clonmore, Killes, and Templemore, in the Parish Chapel of Templemore, on Saturday last, 12th inst. His Lordship felt highly pleased at the proficiency of the children in the Christian Doctrine, and before conferring the Sacrament addressed the vast multitude in an eloquent and impressive manner on the nature and effect of the great Sacrament. It was truly edifying to witness the piety and decorum of the female children, who were all tastefully and becomingly attired for the great occasion. His Grace was assisted while administering the Sacrament, by the venerable pastor of the Parish, Rev. Dr. O'Connor and his exemplary Curates. His Lordship remained at the residence of the Rev. Dr. O'Connor till next day (Sunday) when he held his triennial visitation in the Chapel, which was thronged by thousands of the faithful, all anxiously waiting to see and hear their beloved pastor. The Rev. T. O'Connor having preached a most classic and soul-stirring sermon on the Gospel of the day, and the mass having terminated, Benediction of the most holy and adorable Sacrament was given by the Archbishop, after which he ascended the pulpit and briefly addressed the congregation expressing his entire satisfaction at the state of religion in the parish, and his comfort at the piety and sense of religion which pervaded the vast assemblage. His Lordship alluded to the necessity of a new chapel and asked the prayers of the people for Sir John Gaden, who very generously gave a suitable site for a chapel and also the magnificent subscription of £100 towards its erection. His Lordship concluded his very learned discourse by exhorting the faithful to follow in the footsteps of their beloved and good shepherd, Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor. His Lordship before leaving placed the parish under the new Sabbath temperance law, prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors, which he has already established throughout the diocese with such salutary effect.—*Limerick Reporter*.

THE CHURCH OF ST. COLUMBKILLE, TORRY ISLAND.—We perceive with much pleasure that the consecration of the church lately erected in this heretofore spiritually destitute locality will take place on the 30th inst. About the middle of the sixth century, the glorious Irish saint, Columbkille, obtained possession of the Island of Torry, and there established a monastery, which continued to flourish until destroyed by George Bingham, English Governor of the Castle of Sligo, in the year 1595, during the war of Elizabeth with O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell. John Mitchell, in his 'Life of Hugh O'Neill,' informs us, that, 'Torry was then illustrious by its Seven Churches, and the glebe of the saint; and the English burned and ruined both houses and churches, plundered everything, carried off the flocks and herds, and left no four-footed beast on the whole island. Torry never recovered that hideous wreck. It is now bare and dismal, lashed by the howling Atlantic, and inhabited by wretched fishermen; but still, by its round tower, its stone crosses, and the mouldering walls of its many churches, attests the piety of holy men, who in days of old made a sanctuary of that lonely isle.' Such is the desolation and sacrifice has bequeathed to that sacred place, where for nearly eleven hundred years the incessant voice of prayer, and the harmonious chant of choirs, ascended, amidst the eternal murmurs of the Atlantic, in praises to the Most High. Torry, which lies to the north-west of the county Donegal, is nine miles distant from the main land, and at present comprises upwards of five hundred inhabitants. These five hundred poor Catholics were, up to a short time since, without a chapel and without a resident priest. They depend for their spiritual ministrations on the Clergy of the parish of Tullaghbeg, to which the island is attached. The sea, which separates them from the main land, and at present comprises upwards of five hundred inhabitants, is the roughest and most dangerous along the rock-bound coast of the county Donegal. In winter, and especially in stormy weather, all communication between the