

that grim moustache—can human face wear a haughtier, sterner beauty than reigns in his? While she, poor, fluted Grace—her noble brow shaded by the rich curls of her hair—her face so soft, so exquisitely turned—so full of varying smiles as the wimpling, sunny tide that flows so gently by them—flushed with the mantling glow of agitation—hangs on his arm, tremblingly, modestly, yet with the ineffable loftiness of true nobility, and all the pride of artless purity. Thus they move side by side, the very types of sternness and softness, he elaborately attired in all the gorgeous and splendid habiliments of martial equipment, according to the punctilious but magnificent style of those days, and she with but a simple hood and cloak of red cloth thrown hastily over her dress.

They had now reached the centre of the ancient bridge, and the soldier paused, as the dusky towers and battlements of Glindarragh Castle rose in their grim and massive proportions before him.

'Can these be—are they,' he said, after a breathless pause, 'the towers of Glindarragh? The lady assented.

'These—these, then, are the towers of Glindarragh,' repeated the tall soldier, with an expression of deep melancholy interest, as he gazed fixedly upon the ancient fabric. 'Glindarragh Castle, and ancient home and rightful property of the banished O'Briens.'

He paused for a few moments in silent contemplation of the building, and then, with a sigh he suddenly turned to pursue his way.

'Where does your home lie?' he inquired, in a saddened tone. 'I would fain see you in safety beneath its shelter; the times are perilous and the night draws on.'

'Glindarragh Castle is my home, sir,' said the girl, with simple dignity.

'And you?' said he quickly.

'I am Sir Hugh Willoughby's only daughter,' she rejoined, proudly, while she raised her head, and the hood falling backward left her golden ringlets to the rising night wind.

The dark cavalier instinctively withdrew his arm and recoiled a pace or two, while a swartish glow for a moment crossed his haughty countenance; and as the fair girl marked his ungracious action, and looked in his stern and now almost forbidding countenance, she felt, she knew not why, a pang of wounded pride, a feeling something akin to humiliation, disappointment, and even to sorrow. Turning haughtily from her, he drew near the battlement of the bridge, and raising his powerful voice, he called for some one to approach. The summons being answered, and the sound of advancing steps being audible in the distance, he turned again towards the half-offended girl, and said, with the extremest coldness, and even severity—

'I have now done a soldier's duty: you are safe, and here I leave you in the care of your own people. Spare your thanks for those who can accept them; as for me I will not. What I have done, I would do again for you or for another as freely as just now, I ask for it no acknowledgment but this, that you tell Sir Hugh Willoughby, from me, that I neither intended a favor nor accepted thanks—that a long account of a very different kind remains between us still unclosed, and that in these unsettled times, when truth and treason are brought sternly to the test, he may perchance bear again of Turlogh Dhur O'Brien.'

As he thus spoke, the light breeze blew the curls from his forehead, and the grim omen, the triple scar, deeply sunk in his bold and lofty brow, for the first time met her eyes. With a slight and haughty salutation he raised his plumed hat, and as the messenger from the castle reached the spot, he sprang into his war-saddle, struck the spurs into his horse's flanks, and in a moment the hereditary enemy of her father's home was out of sight.

CHAPTER VI.—THE FEUD OF THE COUSINS, SHOWING THAT GREY LOCKS DO NOT ALWAYS MAKE COOL HEADS—AND THAT A BLACK HEART MAY BEAT UNDER A RED MANTLE.

While Grace Willoughby was lightly crossing the old bridge of Glindarragh, upon the eventful ramble whose adventures we have just recounted, and at a distance of some half dozen miles from the scene of our last chapter, there occurred an accidental meeting between persons strikingly contrasted in many respects. Two, old roads, one descending the precipitous front of a furl-clothed, rocky hill, the other sweeping round its base, among the stunted sloes and hawthorn trees, which skirt the banks of a wayward trout stream, converging at a point where the brawling rivulet is overspanned by a steep old bridge, whose grey battlements rustle with a luxuriant mantle of ivy, darkened under the shadow of clustering bushes. Over this stream the united roads are carried by the bridge, and thence along the lower country, under a double row of ash and elm trees. Descending the steepest of these roads, toward the bridge, rode a cavalier, followed by a mounted servant; the gentleman was advanced in years—perhaps a winter or two past sixty, as nearly as one might guess; his countenance was bold, frank, and imperious—his features somewhat high and marked—his eye keen grey, shadowed by a thick, grizzled eyebrow—his figure was portly, but firm and robust; he wore a dark green coat, cut in the cumbersome fashion of the time, with huge cuffs rolled back to the elbow, showing abundance of shirt sleeve and ruffles, and all richly overlaid with gold lace—a pair of huge jack-boots encased his legs, the folds of a laced cravat fluttered upon his breast, and from under his broad-leaved hat the curls of a handsome peruke escaped in masses upon his shoulders. He bestrode a tall, well-trained hunter of iron grey; and his saddle was covered with red plush, trimmed with gold. In a word, his equipment was that of a country gentleman of wealth and worship in his day; and his aspect and bearing those of a man accustomed to be heard with deference; and, perhaps, too little habituated to restrain the impulses of a somewhat fiery and impatient temper.

Moving towards the same point, at the same time, by the lower road, and, unlike the gentle-

man, in the green suit, unattended by a servant, rode a lean, athletic man, with a hooked nose, dark prominent eyes, of piercing black, a sallow complexion, and a certain unpleasant expression of mingled energy and meanness, it might be treachery, in his face, which gave it a character at once repulsive and intimidating. He wore a mantle of dusky red, which seemed to have been much service; and in all respects, except in the quality of his steed, had he been studying how best to mark his contempt for those properties of fashion which the elder cavalier seemed so carefully to cultivate, without descending into absolute slovenliness, he could not have succeeded more admirably. This is the identical sallow, sharp-featured man, who, three years before, upon a certain moonlight night, was leaning over a map in that rich, London saloon into which we have already looked.

As the elderly gentleman cautiously walked his horse down the steep descent, he suffered his eye to wander moodily over the broad landscape, an undulating plain of many miles extent, bounded by a range of blue hills, softened and dimmed in the haze of the evening, and clothed with misty wood in many a sweeping line, and irregular mass, while the winding river, between its bosky banks, shone like burnished gold in the sunset glow, in which all the broad scenery was steeped; and while thus listlessly employed, his attention was arrested by the ringing tramp which announced the approach of the other horseman. He looked first carelessly towards the advancing figure—then again more jealously—and at length, with a darkened brow, and a scornful smile, he averted his gaze, and muttered—

'My pious, mass-going kinsman;—so steady my fortune, I had as lief meet his brimstone-master, the honestest devil of the two; if he have any shame or grace left, he'll try to avoid me.'

Had the speaker been able to dive into the bosom of that ill-favored cavalier, he would have found within the polluted and fiery depths of that moral Gehenna, somewhat to kindle into fiercer flame the smouldering fires of bygone feuds—and, mayhap, to darken his bold heart with the shadows of dismay—he would there have read the fearful records of subtle, deep-laid, deadly schemes, even now ripe for execution, and already moving towards their purpose—of which he, the unconscious, proud old man—he and his fortunes were the fore-doomed sport.

The recognition, as it seemed, was mutual;—for the object of this not very complimentary soliloquy checked his steed, as if in momentary indecision; but in that brief interval, a thought which had often before occurred to him, but never until now with practical effect—a strange and sudden thought, smote with the vividness and power of lightning upon his mind. As if he resolved that the meeting, from which the other so scornfully and bitterly recoiled, should actually occur, he spurred forward, so as to reach the bridge before the arrival of the elder horseman; who, observing the manoeuvre with profound contempt, haughtily determined, upon his part, neither to seek nor to avoid the interview, which his hated kinsman seemed resolved to thrust upon him. It was thus that, as he descended the farther side of the deep bridge, at a leisure walk, he found himself riding beside the cavalier in the red cloak.

'Sir Hugh Willoughby?' said the latter, raising his hat, with a doubtful smile, and stooping with an almost servile salutation.

'Yes, Miles Garrett,' said Sir Hugh, turning full upon him with stern abruptness; and fixing himself more firmly in his seat, while he eyed his companion with a look of fiery scorn and defiance, which seemed to threaten the possibility of a collision much sterner than one of mere words; 'here I am, sir, what do you, or what can you desire with me?'

Sir Hugh had not raised his voice unduly, and his companion was too cool a diplomatist to notice his looks or his emphasis; he, therefore, continued calmly, but cautiously—

'It is a long time, Sir Hugh, since we have met—'

'Would it were longer—what then?' rejoined the knight, curtly.

'Maybe nothing—and maybe a great deal, Sir Hugh,' replied his kinsman tranquilly. 'Sir Hugh, will you bear me patiently? nay, pardon me when I say it, you must hear me. Condemn no man unheard; least of all one who, however remotely, claims kindred with yourself; one, besides, who respects you, who honors you, who wishes you well, and means fairly by you. Sir Hugh, I will be heard in my own defence. You have wronged me deeply, wronged me for years; if you but knew how much, your generous spirit would grieve for the injury, and atone for the injustice. But I seek not to inspire remorse—I ask for no concessions; though, as you will one day learn, I alone, have everything, in this to me most deplorable quarrel, to forgive. But enough—let us look to the future. I am willing to serve you, willing to be your friend—your humble friend if you will; but try me; you shall not need to repent of it; on the faith of a Christian man, you shall not—'

'Which faith do you swear by—your old one, or your new?' responded the old man, with a grim sneer.

'If I have changed from what I have been, Sir Hugh, and in more respects than one,' rejoined he, 'I may not be the worse man now—'

'Truth for once, at least,' replied his companion, suddenly.

'I am altered thus far at least for the better, you will allow,' replied Miles Garrett, with untroubled but earnest calmness, while he stealthily scanned, in the lines of his companion's countenance, the effect of his words: 'I am, at all events, improved in this, that I can now command the self-denial to seek an interview like this—the humbleness to bear with whatever reception you may please to accord me—and the patience to submit to suspicion and affront from you, without resentment. This, Sir Hugh, you will acknowledge is a change—and an alteration for the better too.'

'Well, and what then?' rejoined the knight, in a tone which, though far from courteous, was still somewhat less austere.

'Merely that I am prepared, come what may, to try this one case more for peace,' rejoined Miles Garrett; 'that I am willing to encounter the mortification and disgrace of repulse and rejection, rather than leave one chance of reconciliation untried.—Did I court your favor or friendship, Sir Hugh, when your friends were in power, your prosperity unclouded, your prospects secure. No—but now that matters are in some sort reversed—now that your star has set, and mine burns high and unclouded—now that I have, I care not to conceal it, powerful friends, and prospects which were I an ambitious man, might well have dazzled me, in this my hour of fortune—when malice cannot conceive, nor ingenuity invent a motive for the act, but the single purpose of having all the past forgotten and forgiven—variance reconciled, and discord reduced to harmony—I come to proffer you the free use of whatever interest I command—to tender you my services, whenever and however they may stand you in need—and to offer you—' he was on the point of saying 'my hand,' and of suiting the action to the word; but fearing to hazard so bold an experiment so soon, he checked himself, and concluded—and to offer you, in a word, my poor friendship, and all that such an offer can imply.'

'Miles Garrett, you are my kinsman, as you say,' replied Sir Hugh, speaking hesitatingly, and for the first time in a tone which did not indicate actual bitterness of feeling; 'there is no denying that—I am your cousin in the second degree; and I will go with you so far as to say, that it were better that peace were between us, if so it may be, than strife; nay, more, it seems to me your offers look fair, and if you mean not fair as well as speak so, I profess I cannot comprehend thee;—but—and the old man paused. (To be continued.)'

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DIocese of Kerry.—The Very Rev. J. Mawe, P. P. Tralee, has been just appointed by the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, his Vicar-General for the diocese of Kerry, in the room of the venerable Dean M'Enery.

DEATH OF ARCHDEACON LAFAN.—We regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Archdeacon Laffan, P. P. V. G. Fethard, (Tipperary,) which took place suddenly on Friday morning last, at his residence in that town. The Rev. gentleman was universally beloved, and his death has caused the greatest sorrow throughout the whole district.

NEW CATHEDRAL FOR THE DIOCESE OF CLOGHER.—On Tuesday next the foundation-stone of the new Cathedral, which the present most revered occupant of the See founded by St. Patrick has projected, will be laid under circumstances of peculiar interest. The site of the Cathedral will be the most suitable which the town of Monaghan or its neighborhood affords, and the church will prove one of the most attractive objects in the surrounding scenery. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the Lord Bishop of Clogher for his exertions to invest his pontificate with occasions of patriotic as well as religious interest. The commencement of the Cathedral will afford an admirable opportunity for the practical display of those feelings which must be entertained towards his lordship for the support which he has ever given to religion, and for the proof he has afforded of the abiding love which animates him for our country. Of course, it need scarcely be mentioned that enormous expense will attend the building of the Cathedral; but we, who have been so often called upon to record the generosity of the Irish people, feel no doubt that ample means will be forthcoming. His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Tuam will be the preacher on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone.

CONVERSION.—Mrs. Constable, widow of the late Robert Constable, Esq., Rock Lodge, was received into the Catholic Church on Monday last by the Rev. Edward Maher, C.C., Mullinahone. This is the third member of the Church of England, belonging to the parish of Mullinahone, whom Father Maher has received into 'the one true Church' within a very short period.—Cor. of Nation.

The Rev. John Nangle C.C. denounced Ribbonism recently in Sligo. The Very Rev. Malachy Brennan, P. P. Abamish and the Very Rev. P. Kelly, Drumcliffe, also exhorted their respective flocks on the evils of secret societies, at the same time warning them against joining with any disturbers of the peace in the shape of a fight.

THE REV. P. MACNAMARA, P. P., GLANK, AND THE POOR LAW COMMISSIONERS.—Mr. Maguire, M.P., has called for, and has been informed that he will receive a copy of the correspondence which took place between the Rev. gentleman and the magistrates of the Dublin Custom-house. The honourable gentleman, when the documents are printed, intends to make a motion on the subject, and the O'Donoghue, with the O'Conor Don, and other members, have pledged themselves to sustain Mr. Maguire in his motion. The Rev. Mr. Macnamara ought to be prepared with all that is necessary, to make out a good case against the Commissioners. It is really too bad that three irresponsible, ignorant Englishmen should be invested with the power of setting at naught the appointment of a Catholic chaplain by his Ordinary. The anticipated motion will be an interesting one.—Connaught Patriot.

EVICTIONS—CALLAN WORKHOUSES.—The names of the three occupiers of the lands of Red House, near Callan, who were evicted last April, are John, Thomas, and William Cantwell. John Cantwell and his wife and seven children, entered the Callan Union Workhouse, on Wednesday last. The case of the Cantwells is a hard one. They met sickness in their families, and nothing runs away with the means of their people so much. The wife of one of them was five years bed-ridden. They paid £12 for seed potatoes last year, and besides that sum, which was a mountain to them, what an amount of labour in putting down that crop, which failed, and they had not a meal of potatoes in October. Every one recollects how much the poor farmers lost in the spring of 1860, by the scarcity and dearness of fodder. I know some careful and provident farmers, who thought they had a penny for the rainy day, and who required all their means to support their stock at that time. The poor Cantwells met their share of that calamity, and badly they were able to bear it. They lost cattle. They were industrious and saving and all their misfortunes came from Him, whose will be done. One of the tenants was in a better position than the others, on account of getting some help from his family in America. He paid rent last winter, and sowed a crop of wheat, and very recently erected some buildings. It must be painful to one who wishes that Irishmen, however they differ in religion, should live in peace together, to have to speak harshly of the clergy of any portion of our countrymen. But it is not notorious that one who wears a mitre in Tuam finds no pictures so refreshing for his contemplation as desolate home-steads, shrieking widows, screaming orphans, groaning invalids, broken-hearted wretches, and pale-visaged starvelings.—Cor. of Kilkenny Journal.

THE MAYORALTY OF DUBLIN FOR 1862.—Alderman Denis Moylan, J. P., was on Wednesday unanimously chosen by the Liberal members of the Corporation as their candidate for the civic chair in the year 1862. A deputation, consisting of Aldermen Roe, Campbell and Carroll, and Dr. Gray, was nominated to convey to Alderman Moylan the decision of the committee. It is stated that Alderman Moylan has acceded to the request to allow himself to be put in nomination. The mayoralty for 1862 has been rather coveted, from the circumstance of the Prince of Wales coming of age in that year, and the consequent bestowal of dignities, among which are baronetcies for the Lord Mayor of Dublin, London, and York, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

The Cork Examiner is to be issued daily, commencing with the number of June 15.

THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS AND THE TRADES OF LIMERICK.—The congregated trades of Limerick through their intelligent and active secretary, Mr. Charles J. Carrick, have had the honour of addressing the illustrious Bishop of Orleans, and expressing to him, as will be seen, in admirable terms, the feelings of gratitude, respect, and admiration produced by his noble appeal on behalf of the persecuted and evicted people of Partry; and furthermore, it may be thought for his glorious vindication of the liberty of the Church which he adorns. The letter from the trades conveys to the eminent and eloquent French prelate the renewal of the assurance that the bond of sympathy between the Celtic races, which the prelate leads and loves in his country, and the one to which the trades belong in this, is inseparable and indissoluble. And the trades have had the additional honour of the subjoined reply, in which the great-hearted and generous prelate reciprocates with truly Christian kindness and condescension the expression of warm respect and regard which were opportunely and well conveyed to him:—

Mechanics' Institute, Limerick, May 12, 1861. My Lord.—The members of the Limerick Mechanics' Institute are anxious to convey to your Grace their profound feelings of gratitude—for the noble and generous advocacy of the Irish Celt, together with the able and eloquent appeal for the poor and persecuted victims of landlord misrule in this country—made by your Grace under the dome of St. Roche, that touched the heart-strings of your countrymen in the cause of the distracted and ill-used children of St. Patrick. The recollection of such devoted charity shall never be erased from the breasts of honest Irishmen; and by us, as a congregation of working mechanics, shall for ever be held dear and sacred. We are actuated by no other desire than to express before the world that we are not forgetful of the good rendered to our poor by the illustrious Bishop of Orleans, and the generous people who responded with such munificence; for gratitude is a quality in which the Irish heart was never deficient. We trust that your Grace will not look on this as presumption, coming from an organization of the sons of hardy toil in this City of the Violated Treaty and particularly as this historic spot was the cradle of Irish valor which shown resplendent at Fontenoy and Landen. But my Lord, French sympathy is not a matter of yesterday, for it has in a variety of shapes given token of its existence. France at all times had a tender regard for the Irish Celt and the links that bind glorious France with Catholic Ireland can never be severed, and the thought thrills through us that we have still in France a flower of Irish valor in the 'hero of Magenta.' Nor can we be unmindful of the era when the French squadron was tossed on the angry waters of Bantry, nor of the years of famine, when starvation struck down in this land our purest and bravest. French sympathy was not then found deficient. No, my lord, it was not; and the recollection of such humane and charitable feelings vibrates through our souls, and tells us not to fear that the day is near hand when the mighty arm of glorious France shall emancipate those long persecuted peoples of the earth that sigh to Heaven for deliverance, and when that day comes we earnestly hope that poor Erin shall not be forgotten. I shall abstain from recapitulating events belonging to the past, as the history of this country and the spirit that all times actuated the Irish Celt are too well known in France; and I beg to assure your Grace that for the truths you have spoken we shall ever feel indebted, and that your illustrious name shall be held sacred and immortal by every true Irishman. With profound veneration, and wishing your Grace length of days, and a happy death when God shall call you to Himself—I have to be, my lord your very humble and obedient servant.

CHARLES J. CARRICK, Secretary of the Congregated Trades.

Monsieur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, Paris. Sir—I am deeply affected by the letter which you have had the goodness to write to me. Assuredly I do not merit all that you are kind enough to say to me, but I am only the more grateful to you; and whenever it shall be in my power to serve your holy cause I shall do so with great pleasure. Please to accept for yourself and to present to all your dear brothers the homage of my profound and religious devotedness.

FELIX, BISHOP OF ORLEANS. Mr. Charles J. Carrick, Limerick, Mechanics' Institute. —Munster News. THE NATIONAL PETITION.—The O'Donoghue, M. P., has published the correspondence which has taken place between himself and Lord Palmerston and the Home Secretary, relative to the presentation of the National Petition. The documents are merely of a formal nature, and with the exception of the last, which we give below, possess no feature of interest. The O'Donoghue asks Lord Palmerston what are the proper steps which he should take in order to have the petition presented to the Queen, and Lord Palmerston tells him to apply to the Home Secretary. The O'Donoghue then makes application to the Home Secretary, when he is informed that if he sends the petition to Sir G. C. Lewis it would be presented to her Majesty at an early opportunity. The O'Donoghue forwarded the petition accordingly, and after the lapse of three weeks received the following letter, which, as he says himself, 'contains all we are to get in the shape of a reply'—

Whitehall, June 4th, 1861. Sir—I am directed by Secretary Sir George Lewis to inform you that he has had the honor to lay before the Queen the petition (which was placed in his hands for that purpose) of a large number of natives of Ireland, on the subject of the restoration of their Native Parliament and their Legislative Independence. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant, F. WADDINGTON.

'The O'Donoghue.' From the correspondence of The O'Donoghue with the English officials, which we publish, it will be seen that the National Petition has been presented to her Majesty, and that a notification of that fact constitutes the only reply she will give to it. The O'Donoghue will now bring the question before the Parliament, and thus try what the Ministers will say to it. When we learn their reply, then the people of Ireland will have something to say to it.—Nation.

CLERKSHIP OF THE PEACE, COUNTY GALWAY.—Robert Power, Esq., solicitor, has been appointed Clerk of the Peace for the county of Galway, in the room of James Kelly, Esq. deceased.

AGENT FOR THE SEAVOY ESTATE.—William Parsons, Esq., J. P. formerly agent for Hugh Montgomery, Esq., Greynabey, has been appointed by Colonel Forde, M.P. to the agency of the Seavoy estate, vacant by the death of the late Arthur King, Esq.—Downpatrick Recorder.

THE POSTAL SUBSIDY.—In the house of Commons on Monday, petitions were presented by Mr. Blake, for the restoration of the Galway postal subsidy, from 104 inhabitants of the parish of Ardmore, county Waterford; 116 inhabitants of the parish of Newtown and Killy, county Waterford; 900 inhabitants of the parish of Killinagh, county Caron; 355 inhabitants of the parish of Donoughmore, county Tyrone; 126 inhabitants of the parish of Loughroe, county Antrim; 47 inhabitants of the parish of Portrush and Bushmills, county Antrim; 250 inhabitants of the parish of Ballymacnab, county Armagh; 64 inhabitants of the parish of Brut, county Down; 158 inhabitants of the parish of Drumshan, county Monaghan; 122 inhabitants of the parish of Glogh, county Down; and 90 inhabitants of the parishes of Camberuppar and Leamont, county Derry; by Mr. C. Fortescue, from the Parish of Bromiatee, county Louth; by Lord John Browne, from Westport, Claremorris, and Swinford Board of Guardians; and by Mr. Sullivan, from the mayor and corporation of Kilkenny.

SOMETHING LIKE A PETITION.—Among the petitions presented to the House of Commons on Tuesday night in favour of the restoration of the Galway subsidy, decidedly the petition of the evening was that presented by Mr. Blake, M.P. for Waterford, signed by the Right Rev. Dr. Denir and many of the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Belfast. It measures fully 40 yards, and bore upwards of 5,000 signatures. The honourable gentleman having read it through, proceeded, by direction of the Speaker, to bring it to the table, and, as he did so, whether by accident or design (many strongly suspect the latter), left behind him, somewhat after the fashion of a spider, a long thread of what appeared to be a never-ending web of paper—for, by a process which would have done credit to an Indian juggler, the more the document was gathered up the more appeared to come, though he turned to the members around him for aid. Dr. Brady and others on the lower benches came forward and gathered up the precious manuscripts in armfuls—still more came—until at length it looked doubtful whether the tail could ever be made to reach the table. As might be expected, the entire house became enormously amused at the transaction, and peal after peal of laughter greeted the apparently sincere efforts of the member for Waterford to discharge his task. At last the Speaker evidently considered the joke had gone far enough, and repeatedly called order, but to no effect—the member was not out of order, he was labouring hard like a sailor hauling in his cable, but there seemed to be no chance of his realizing the adage of 'the longest tether coming to an end.' Yard after yard of the document had been rolled up, but long coils of it still lay like the great sea serpent along the floor. The bearer after some time approached the bag for the reception of petitions, and was proceeding to drop the protest of Belfast, yard by yard, into it, when one of the clerks, anticipating that this process would be nearly as lengthy as the previous one, rushed rather angrily forward, and to the infinite amusement of the spectators, gathered up the numerous folds as best he could in his arms, and marched off.—Freeman's Journal.

STEAM NAVIGATION OF LOUGH ERNE.—A highly influential and numerous attended meeting was held in Enniskillen on Saturday, for the purpose of deciding about placing a steamer of light draught on Lough Erne. Lord Erne and many of the local gentry were present; also Mr. Scott of the firm of Rogerson and Co., and Mr. Wm. Kernaghan, who has been so active in the matter. Lord Erne, who has subscribed £500 to the enterprise expressed himself sanguine as to its success. His lordship consented to be appointed chairman, and the Rev. J. G. Porter, who has invested £1,000, to be vice chairman. Mr. Kernaghan entered into some details and explanations relative to the boat, and the anticipated traffic which he expects to be large. Mr. Scott, whose firm invests £500 in the enterprise, spoke in glowing terms of the scarcely equalled loveliness of Lough Erne, and expressed himself certain that once the lake has got fair play in respect of facilities for seeing and navigating it, there will be quite a rush of tourists to its waters. He made a number of calculations as to working expenses, receipts, &c., and decided that the profits would be unusually large. He believed, and so did many others present, that a second boat would soon be needed to supply the demands of the traffic created or developed by the first. Several other gentlemen expressed themselves in favor of the enterprise, which, they believed, would be very successful. The requisite amount of money is now subscribed, but considerably more local help is expected. The boat is to be on the lake in August, and to cost about £4,000 when afloat here. This meeting, which will be fully reported in the local paper, seems to have turned that which has been so long spoken of into an accomplished fact. Lough Erne will no longer be the sleeping beauty of Ireland.—Cor. of Nation.

The Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company, which has for many years enjoyed an enormous monopoly, appears to be at length threatened with the fate which usually in the end overtakes all voracious monopolists. They will now have to contend with a serious opposition from a company just set on foot for establishing a line of steamers to ply between Dublin and Kingstown, concurrently with well-appointed omnibuses to ply by the road. No one seems to sympathize with the railway company, which appears to have given to the public the least possible accommodation for the highest possible fares and I have little doubt that the new project will prove successful and remunerative.—Cor. of Weekly Register.

THE O'DONOGHUE AND JOHN BULL.—The O'Donoghue has attracted the malice of John Bull by his open declaration in reference to Cavour; but the Kerry chieftain disdains to learn from the Saxon 'the art of trimming;' freedom of thought, without freedom of speech, would be of little value. The anticipated course has but fallen on the principal foe of St. Peter's See, somewhat sooner, perhaps, than was expected; yet sooner or later it was to come—else the history of the past might be deemed little better than a sham. The newspapers say that Cavour died in one true faith, after receiving all the rites of the Catholic Church: let us hope, then, that Heaven will forgive the repentant sinner, although the evil, of which he was the instigator, will live long after him. In beautiful Italy, before the revolution, might be realised the poet's dream of happiness; if Dante were now living he need not go below, to depict the infernal regions. Lady Louisa (daughter of the Marquis of Normandy), who has been resident in Italy for the last fifteen years, powerfully contrasts its past and present state but while apollonia and the sacrifice of national and private rights seem there the order of the day, the boast of England, the old champion of legitimacy, is non-intervention.—Tipperary Free Press.

STRIKE OF LINEN WEAVERS AT LURGAN.—Lurgan 8th June.—A strike has taken place among the linen weavers of this town. Picnards signed by members of the body have been extensively posted, calling for a meeting of the trade, with a view to laying a case before their employers. No disturbance of the peace has occurred.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has, by an order in council, dated 29th May, 1861, appointed the following gentlemen to be governors of the Sligo District Lunatic Asylum, viz.—Joshua Kell, Esq., J. P., Dromahaire; John Johnston, Esq., J. P., Friarstown, county Leitrim; John O'Donnell, Esq., Larkfield, Minihonhamilton; and Hugh O'Beirne, Esq., D. L., Drumana.

SERIOUS RIOT AND EXCITEMENT.—PALLASKENNY, 11 June.—I am sorry to say that a serious riot took place in this town, in which the Rev. Mr. Waller received a severe blow of a stone on the head. It appears the reverend gentleman is Rector of Castle-town and connected with the Irish Church Mission Society, who have sent Scripture readers to Pallaskenny, and who are in the habit of hanging outside their houses, on boards and picnards, what appear to have excited the people to an awful pitch. The psalmist appeared in larger numbers, and were it not for the interference of the police, serious consequences would have occurred. As it is, both the police, Mr. Waller, and Scripture readers, and their houses, were all smeared with mud; and on Mr. Waller leaving, and under the protection of the police, he received a blow of a stone in the head, of a serious nature. The place continues in a great state of excitement. Over forty persons have been summoned by the Police for the next Petty Sessions.

THE ORANGE SOCIETY.—NEWTOWNLIMAVADY, June 7.—William Ross, Esq., of this town, gave an entertainment on yesterday, on the grounds attached to his house, to several Orangemen to celebrate the appointment of S. Blacker, Esq., to the office of Grand Master of the Orange Society of Ulster. Drums and files continued playing during the day, but within the grounds.