

'Have you a harp, Ailey,' demanded Sister Mary Monica.

'Yes, indeed,' she replied, 'just three days. An unexpected present from a lady in London, and my surprise is that poor papa remembers.'

'The harp, Ailey! the harp!' cried old Mr. Moore.

'Oh, yes, by all means cherish the thought that holds its place,' said the Sister.

'Yes, papa,' answered Ailey; and with the aid of the junior Sister, the harp was soon downstairs. It was a right regal one, indeed. Splendidly carved, and richly ornamented. It had been standing before the altar of 'Mary,' in Gerald's room, and to 'Mary's' first sounds had been consecrated.

A little girl appeared at the window—the same blue eyes, and cheek pinarole. She was peeping in.

'Come, come, little darling,' cried the old man. 'Sure she may come in Ailey, can't she, asked the poor old man. 'She's innocent, and 'will do her good to hear Mary's—that is, mamma's song.'

Ailey had sat down—the nuns looked at her as if they were entranced. 'Saint Cecilia,' whispered Mary Monica.

Mary Patrick gave an affirmative look of delight. Ailey swept the strings like a tempest—it was like the outbursting of some imprisoned melody; then her ear fell towards the instrument, and—

'The strains to silence stealing,  
Soft in ecstasies expired;

while she looked as though her ear could hardly catch the whispering lay, that, like a spirit, flitted as soon as it was heard.

'That's my colleen!' cried the old gentleman, clapping his hands.

Ailey, then, in a voice of ravishing sweetness, which the music seemed to wrap in sweet flowers, sang:—

'I love all things old:  
The old oak and the willow—  
The old church in the dale—  
The old rock in the billow—  
The old woods, the old fens—  
The old caves, the old mountains—  
The old streams in the glens—  
The old moss-covered fountains—  
The old bells with their chiming,  
That old memories bring round me—  
Of old friends, in old times,  
Whose old love used to crown me!  
Oh, I love all things old,  
Be their forms still near me;  
When the young world grows cold,  
Their old faces will cheer me!

'But I love all things young:  
The young trees, the young flowers—  
The young May-blossoms, sprung  
Up to toy with the bowers!  
The young infant's glee,  
When its bright eyes are glancing,  
Like light on the sea,  
With a beauty entrancing!  
And the young maiden's smile,  
Whom the angels are wreathing,  
With spells, all the while,  
That her sweet song she's breathing!  
Love all things, and all men;  
Love high land and low land;  
Love Ireland the first—then  
Bear hatred to no land!  
There's wealth undiscovered  
In mine or in river;  
The life's light of joy  
Is to love on for ever!

The song had hardly been finished, when a 'bravo' which astounded every one—even the old man—burst from the next room. All was commotion; the nuns seized their baskets; Ailey flung the harp against the wall, and the old gentleman cried it was 'something.' The small folding doors opened, and wonder of wonders, there stood Frank Tyrrell and Aunt Benn quite at their ease; while Mr. McCann, a trader well known for his 'peace and order' qualities, case in hand, stands behind.

The nuns escaped without taking leave. (To be Continued.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT ROME.

(From the Weekly Register.)

It is a generally received idea, that except by a few devotees or interested persons, the Pope, as a temporal sovereign, is regarded by the mass of the people as being in an exceptional and objectionable position, and that to him, personally, not a shadow of the popularity remains which adorned the first part of his reign as Pius IX. That any apparently popular demonstrations in his favor, which are of frequent occurrence, can have no value so long as the French are in Rome. It is believed, therefore, that French bayonets are the guarantee of the safety and French influence the stimulant to demonstrations in favor of the Pope. A contrary conclusion is evident to any one who has had opportunity of observation in Rome. For if any circumstance could effectually compromise the popularity of the Pope, it would be that of the French occupation, given out by themselves as being in obedience to the will of the Sovereign of Rome for his defence against his own subjects.

When the French shall be withdrawn from Rome, a convulsion may be excited from without fraught with extreme peril to the temporal position and even to the person of the Pope. But it is equally certain that such result will be utterly contrary to the feeling and disposition of the mass of his subjects. The active minority may for a time triumph over the passive majority. Those who witnessed the scenes of 1848 in Rome, and were intimately acquainted with the circumstances of that time, have declared that a few energetic men acting in combination could have totally changed the course of events.

The agents of the 'Italian'—or rather, the 'Franco-Italian'—party are very active in Rome. Their object is to render the Government odious, and many of them, concealing their opinions, are in the Government itself. They endeavor by every means, direct or indirect, to compel the people to join their party. They excite disorders, have recourse to various measures of annoyance and terror to induce the belief amongst Romans and strangers that they are omnipotent, and that the Government is powerless against them. They try to touch the people by their interests; and the great source of interest being the presence of strangers, they endeavor to alarm and disgust these, and drive them from Rome.

During the last winter, occasionally by assassinations, at other times by shells thrown in the streets, menaces to those who were known to be devoted to the Pope, warnings of danger, to those who should take part in the Carnival, or in any popular demonstration, it was endeavored to convey to residents in Rome the belief that the Government was powerless; the Pope held in no consideration, and the revolution imminent which was to establish a United Italy.

During the last winter, there were several attempts made to create terror and disorder towards the above objects. A case containing gunpowder was exploded in the day time at the door of a bookseller's establishment frequented by strangers. Much damage was done, and much alarm excited, but happily there was no injury to any person. On the night of the illumination a miscreant in a by-street threw an Orinal shell which exploded, happily, causing no essential injury, except to the wretch who did the deed. The result of the trial which took place on the 30th of September, proves clearly that this and other similar acts were the work of foreign Governments. Several arrests were made by the police of persons with shells of the Orinal description in their possession, and during the carnival one or two were thrown in the crowd, but failed to explode.

We publish below a letter from a gentleman well known to us, who has been frequently a resident in Rome. It was first sent as a matter of courtesy to the journal on whose remarks it animadverts. The journal in question, has from its fairness to Roman Catholics, been suspected, though falsely, of a connection with the Church of Rome. It will be evident to our readers, however, that in the present state of things it was utterly impossible that any journal could insert such a startling contradiction of that which every Englishman feels himself bound to believe. For the demonstrations witnessed by our correspondent were an unmistakable contradiction by the people of Rome of what everybody asserts about the Pope.

Sir,—An observation which occurred in a recent number of a daily newspaper, intimated that the demonstrations of loyalty and affection manifested towards Pius IX. on his return to Rome from a summer excursion, did not originate in the sentiment of the people, but were prompted and organised by the authorities. If you do me the honor to accept my testimony, as an eye-witness of many demonstrations in that city, and especially during six months lately spent there, I shall indicate a different conclusion.

I might allude to various occasions, on which I was witness of popular manifestation of feelings towards the Pope on his visits to churches or institutions when there was no circumstance to attract as a pageant, nor, beyond the presence of the Pontiff, to render them interesting. Crowds poured into the streets on his way, and filled the large piazzas of the S. S. Apostoli, or the Gesù. I particularly noted that all classes were represented, and all equally demonstrative.

One of the greatest and most picturesque demonstrations was made on the annual visit of the Pope in state and procession, on the 25th of last March, to the Dominican Church, in the Piazza della Minerva, where, according to an ancient custom, he bestows marriage portions on a number of young women.

From the Papal residence to this Piazza, the streets were hung with flags and devices, houses were decorated, and green leaves and flowers were strewn on the procession, and loyalty and devotion were evinced by the people in every form of Italian grace and fervor. But it happened on this occasion that through certain streets inhabited by the working classes there was more than ordinary excitement. For the agents of the anti-Papal party, who all the winter had, to our great edification at their voracity, proclaimed through their organs in the press of North and South Italy which were echoed by our own—the dangerous illness and approaching death of the Pope, now circulated a report that he was actually dead, but that the fact was carefully withheld. They affirmed that in the procession which would equally take place, the Pontiff would be personated by a Cardinal or other individual got up in character. When, therefore, these people saw their real Sovereign in his own person, they became wildly excited. Long before the cross-bearer, at the head of the procession, arrived on the Piazza, we distinguished the shout, 'Viva il Papa Re.' The scene was strikingly impressive and beautiful—full of life, movement, and color. Tapestry hanging from the houses, devices of varied design, groups with flowers at every window. At length there was startling transition from comparative tranquillity to enthusiastic animation. The Pope appeared, and like the full burst of an organ, all the joys of popular feeling were drawn out in the loud joyous roar of that great Roman crowd beneath. There was animated and sparkling movement over the dense excited mass, fluttering of handkerchiefs, waving of flags, showering of flowers, and the long continuous shout which rose to the dignity of a prayer, 'Life to the Pontiff King.'

Later in the spring the Pope made his annual visit to the ancient church and convent of St. Agnes two miles beyond the gates of Rome. The road was thronged with carriages, and the footway with people, and in the crowds assembled there was a repetition of the enthusiasm of the last-mentioned occasion. At night there was an illumination of the whole city, and its universality proved it the result of popular impulse, and showed unmistakably how general were the sentiments of attachment to the Pope. My long acquaintance with Rome and with the people enables me to appreciate the value and sincerity of these demonstrations. I shall only add that the observations made to me by many of our countrymen and visitors to Rome, men of every variety of creed and opinion, were in perfect accordance with my own. I am, &c., VERITAS LIBERABIT.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Archbishop MacHale has, out of his own private purse, funded the sum of £500 to the credit of St. Jarlath's College, thus establishing in that seminary the first free bursar which, since its foundation, now nigh half a century, it has received. From the interest of the funded money the college will be in receipt, annually, of £20. The Archbishop has appointed young Master John Costello to the free place in St. Jarlath's College, as a reward for his general proficiency in all the classes taught by the Christian Brothers, not less than for his advanced knowledge in speaking and writing the Irish language. Rev. Peter Conway, the zealous pastor of Headford, has given £5, and his Grace the Archbishop, has added £5 more, to be awarded to the most deserving pupils of the neighboring parishes. Father Conway challenges the pupils of the Tuam Seminary, and declares that those of Headford under his eye and watchful training, are superior, and are likely to be victorious.

DEATH OF THE REV. PATRICK BOYLE, C.C., LANGFIELD.—In common with a numerous host of sympathizing friends, we regret to learn the early demise of this excellent clergyman, who, on the 3rd Nov., fell a victim to typhus fever caught in the discharge of his sacred ministrations in Langfield, diocese of Derry. Though comparatively a young man, the deceased gave evidence of the possession of rare abilities, and held out ample promise that in time, if spared, he would add to the lustre of a diocese proverbial for ecclesiastical distinction. His term of probation had, however, expired; and, now that he is gone, the faithful of Langfield as well as of West Ardara—the scene of his first missionary labors—will, we are certain, join with us in the humble but fervent prayer that he may now be in the enjoyment of the rewards of a virtuous, useful, and well-spent life.

A CALUMNY REFUTED.—It has, we believe, frequently, if not always, fallen to the lot of the most virtuous to become the objects, and very often the victims, of malice and calumny. It is in the recollection of our readers that some time back two zealous Nuns visited Tuam and other parts for the purpose of soliciting pecuniary aid for their convent on the Continent. Our beloved and generous-hearted Archbishop of Tuam gave them his name and a subscription. While on the quest in this town they

found a home and a shelter in our Presentation Convent with the pious and devoted Rev. Mother. After some time a false rumor about them was circulated, which was calculated, if not designed, to give annoyance to our zealous Sisterhood. The Rev. Ullis J. Burke, Professor St. Jarlath's College, when on Sunday, last he was preaching eloquently on the temptations of the devil, the world, and the flesh, made a feeling allusion to the holy Nuns who were grossly calumniated; and then read the following letter in evidence of the self-sacrificing zeal of the ladies who had been so maliciously traduced. Now they have their triumph, truth its vindication, and Religion its victory.

'Dear Rev. Mother,—I hasten to relieve your anxiety respecting the two zealous and devoted members of our community who are collecting in Ireland for the Infirmary for consumptive females attached to our Convent in Nice. May I request that you will not only accept my grateful acknowledgments to yourself and community for the kind hospitality given to Mother M. Augustine and Sister M. Magdalen, but convey to his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam our deep and grateful sense of his noble act of charity, which will bring its blessings in due time, notwithstanding the present and inconceivable persecution against the good work? Mother M. Augustine, in her holy profession, took for her title 'of the ignorance of Jesus, and her Divine Spouse has accepted of the offering. Should you like any more details of these two religious Sisters, a letter just sent to the Sisters of Mercy, at Ballinasloe, can be forwarded to you on your applying for it; and I will therefore close and send this off without delay.'

'I remember, with esteem and edification, the several Convents of the Presentation Order that I visited during my stay in Ireland, twenty-five years ago; then in the unclioistered life of a Sister of Mercy also the tomb of your saintly foundress. May her holy spirit be ever with you all, praye your obliged Sister in the love of our Divine Spouse,

'ELIZABETH MARY CLARE, &c., O.S.B.,  
'De Vaux Agnew.  
'Nice, Convent of the Most Holy Sacrament,  
'17th October, 1864.  
'To the Rev. Mother, Presentation Convent, Tuam.'

—Connaught Patriot.  
The Connaught Patriot furnishes a pleasant and highly interesting report of the late examination at the schools of the Christian Brothers, in Tuam. His Grace the Archbishop, presided, and exhibited throughout the deep interest he takes in the progress of the institution, in which there are now 350 pupils. Master John Costello read a very elegant address to the Archbishop, who expressed himself much pleased.

The new residence for the Christian Brothers, at Mount Zion, Waterford, is fast progressing; the walls are already several feet high. The principal entrance will be right opposite the street. Through the centre of the building will run, from end to end, a very fine corridor, at each side of which will be several rooms. From this building there will be an extensive view of the country and a considerable portion of the city. The doorways and windows, especially, seem very well executed. The entire work appears to be composed of the most durable materials, and altogether very creditable to the builder, Mr. John Fitzpatrick, of Parliament street. —Waterford News.

FUND FOR THE AID OF CLERGYMEN.—It is with much satisfaction we are enabled to announce that a committee, with the full approval of the Archbishop, has been organized to establish a new clerical fund for the diocese of Dublin. This much-wanted association will assist worthy clergymen when sickness and debility overtake them. It appears the rules will be published at next day of meeting. Very many Clergymen of the diocese have become members already, and several lay people have contributed to the good work. The committee meets once a month at the presbytery, Marlborough Street.—Nation.

The Trades Chronicle of the week ending Nov. 5, says:—We have great pleasure in announcing that now all the arrangements are completed for the commencement of operations by the Flax Co. They will be ready next week to purchase and prepare flax at the mill of Ballymullen. Mr. Wilson, the overseer of the company, has been to the north of Ireland for scutchers, and has returned, and a portion of the machinery has been started and tried already with the utmost success. The directors announce under these circumstances that next week and after they will be in a position to receive, at their premises at Ballymullen, flax straw, which they will either scutch on reasonable terms for the owners, or, if the latter prefer, they will purchase the flax straw for their own account.

THE NEW LORD-LIBERTANANT OF IRELAND.—Dublin Nov. 9.—The programme for the public entry of the Lord-Lieutenant was accomplished almost to the letter. The arrangements made by the authorities were excellent, and the effect was marred by no unpleasant incident. There was nothing unfavorable but the weather. A heavy atmosphere, drizzling rain, and very dirty streets kept many persons indoors who would have otherwise swelled the crowds in the streets, or joined the more respectable spectators in the windows of the houses along the line of the procession. If the weather had been fine, and if the day had been Monday instead of Tuesday, Lord Wodehouse would have had a much warmer reception from the working classes, who are the people that cheer on such occasions. It might be supposed, from the recent discussions on the abolition of viceroyalty that advantage would be taken of this occasion to make a special demonstration in favor of the office; but nothing of the kind occurred. Employers did not give a holiday to their hands; the shops were not closed; no exhortations were delivered from the altars, or the pulpits, or the press, urging the people to show their patriotism in this way; no exhortations were delivered from the altars, or the pulpits, or the press, urging the people to show their patriotism in this way; no procession of the trades was organized or even suggested, nor did the nobility and gentry and learned professions take part in the procession or indicate in any way that the inauguration of the new Viceroy was a matter in which they were at all interested. Very different was the state of things when a new Lord-Lieutenant came over in the times of political and religious agitation. It was made the occasion of a great political demonstration either for or against the Roman Catholics, or in connection with some Irish question which excited the masses and had, perhaps, just broken up a Cabinet. The public entries of such Viceroys as the Marquis Wellesley, the Marquis of Anglesey, and Lord Mulgrave formed stirring episodes in the history of the country, for the coming or going of a Viceroy indicated the victory or defeat of the party to which he belonged in the long-continued war against Protestant ascendancy in Church and State. The quietness of the citizens in presence of yesterday's pageant proved that party spirit has greatly subsided among us. Not the least significant fact connected with the ceremony is that, perhaps for the first time during the history of the office, the students of the Dublin University were absent from the scene. The gates of Trinity were shut, and after the Lord-Lieutenant passed up College-green to the Castle there was no procession of collegians round the statue of King William, as had been the custom, from time immemorial. When we consider that there are official men and others of much experience in Dublin who believe that in order to manage parties and hold the country the office of Lord-Lieutenant is necessary, and that the existence of a Court here involves, one way or another, an expenditure of £200,000 a year in the city, the wonder is that the citizens did not bestir themselves more generally on the question of abolition. There was, however, evidently great good-will shown to Lord Wodehouse on the part of those who witnessed his entry. He was cheered at several points in the procession, and in

passing through the crowds one could not help bearing the general utterance of very complimentary expressions regarding his personal appearance and bearing as he rode past on his black charger. Thus favorably impressed, and having the prospect of a brilliant Court, presided over by an Irish lady, the people of Dublin will put the best interpretation on the acts of their new Chief Governor, and will be content and grateful if he be active in the encouragement of Irish industry and in the removal of obstructions to social progress.—Times Cor.

BELFAST RIOTS.—The Commission sat to-day at 12 o'clock. Mr. Barry, Q.C., opened the Commission and read the warrant. He stated that the enquiry would apply only to the reason why the riots were not suppressed and to adopt measures for the prevention of future disturbances. This was the object of the Commission. It adjourned till Monday.

Further Particulars.—Mr. Rea and Mr. M'Lean, solicitors for the Catholic and Protestant parties, applied for an adjournment of the Commission for three weeks, as neither were prepared with witnesses. In reply to Mr. M'Lean, Mr. Barry said the enquiry would not be on oath, as the Commissioners had no power to administer oaths; and in reply to the same gentleman Mr. Barry said they had no power of compelling witnesses to attend, but would receive all evidence, which, in the most remote degree, could bear on the scope of the Commission, as detailed in the warrant. In reply to Mr. M'Lean, Mr. Dowse said the Commission would not investigate on what side the riots had commenced, or what side carried them on, but why they were permitted to occur and continue, and what measures should be adopted to make certain they never could occur again. Mr. M'Lean said the scope of the enquiry was very different from what was anticipated, and he was not prepared with any evidence, and really did not know now where to go look for evidence. Mr. M'Lean subsequently handed in a protest to the holding of the Commission on behalf of Mr. McCormick and others, who were returned for trial for alleged participation in the riots, for the reason that the Commissioners could not compel the attendance of witnesses, and that parties who came forward voluntarily might be tainted, in some cases, with suspicion that they could not be prosecuted for perjury, and that the statements made by them might prejudice the cases of the persons protesting.—Northern Whig.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.—Commission of Inquiry.—As we anticipated some time since, Charles R. Barry, Esq., Q.C., of the Munster circuit; and Richard Dowse, Esq., Q.C., of the North-East circuit, have been appointed to conduct the Commission of Inquiry in relation to the Belfast riots. It is but justice to the Government to state that the task could not be committed to able or more trustworthy hands. Now that the Quarter Sessions are over, we believe that no time will be lost in speeding the Commission.—Evening Post.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.  
(To the Editor of the News.)  
St. Mary and St. Nicholas, Commercial Road, East, London, Nov. 1, 1864.

Sir,—On Saturday, October 22, 1864, I arrived at the Broadstone Railway Terminus, Dublin, in time for the Navan afternoon train, in order to be present next day at the consecration of the Conductor Bishop of Meath. I saw on the platform a number of working men, who, as I afterwards found out, were Connaught men on their way home from the harvest work in England. I saw them enter one of the carriages, out of which they were driven, and were again prevented from entering the Navan carriages. Entering into conversation with them, and inquiring about their success in England, I asked them why they seemed so unhappy as they were no longer in England, but in their own country. 'Our own country, Rev. Sir—Whilist in England we were treated with great kindness and supplied with through tickets to Castlebar, but here in our own country we are treated worse than dogs. We don't know which is the train for Castlebar, or if there be a train at all to-day or even to-morrow; they won't give us any information.' I procured for them the requisite information, for which they repeatedly expressed their gratitude. A few minutes before the Navan train started, I saw one of the guards drive these men into a compartment of the Castlebar train as if he was driving a lot of pigs. On my way to England in the beginning of March, 1859, with seven Sisters of Mercy, and one servant, purposing to travel by the night mail, I was accompanied as far as Kingstown by the Vicar-General of Meath. When we arrived at Kingstown it was too late to take the ladies to any hotel for refreshments. They entered the ladies' waiting-room, and opened a hamper containing sandwiches, at the same time shutting the outer door of the waiting-room.—They had only four or five minutes to spare before starting for the packet. Suddenly, however, the chief official came up, and threw open the door with considerable violence, and said he could not allow it to be shut, and in the most rude and insolent manner ordered the whole party out of the room. Remonstrance was useless. When we arrived at Holyhead one of the chief guards came to me, and said:—'The ladies with you are Religious, I said, Yes.' 'Well,' he replied, 'as you would not wish any one in the same carriage with them, you can put six in one carriage, and take the others in the next compartment with yourself, and nobody during the journey to London will be allowed to enter either carriage.' When the train arrived at the refreshment rooms at Holyhead the conductor of the train came and asked us if we wished to get out, to which all assented. On re-entering the carriage he had water bottles put into the carriages for the ladies' feet. When about half way he inquired if any of them wished to get out, and offered to supply fresh hot water bottles. When arrived at Euston Square we experienced the same civility as at Holyhead.—Yours obediently,  
WILLIAM KELLY.

The Dublin Morning News of November 11, has the following:—A few days ago we commented on a case in which a man was sentenced to three days' imprisonment for the grave crime of having seven gun caps in his possession. It seems, however, that the crime of having a few percussion caps in one's pocket has not been checked by this exemplary decision. We find that, at the Thurles petty sessions, on Saturday last, a man named M'Elhoney was brought up charged with having one gun cap in his pocket. The offence was of too heinous a nature to be dealt with by a bench of magistrates, and Informations were returned against M'Elhoney to the Neagh quarter sessions. Are we writing of Warsaw and the rule of Mouravieff?

In the case of Mr. John McAllindon, who died suddenly in Drogheda, lately, under very suspicious circumstances, the jury who were appointed to examine into the cause of his death have returned the following verdict:—'We believe that the deceased, John McAllindon, came by his death from the effects of drink, and that deceased believed such drink was poisonous, but by whom administered there is no evidence before us.' One of the thirteen jurors is denied.

On the night of Saturday, Nov. 5, a disastrous fire occurred near Athy, resulting in the loss of four lives. The scene of the fire was a small cabin near the outskirts of Athy, owned by a laboring man named Roach, and occupied by his family, consisting of his wife three sons and a daughter, besides a hired woman. The fire broke out about ten o'clock in the night, and the cabin being a thatched one, the flames spread with such alarming rapidity that most of the inmates were burned in a terrible manner before they had time to escape. Four of them subsequently died—Roach, his wife, his eldest son, and the hired woman. Much credit is due to two men named Curry, father and son, who perilled their lives in order to save the unfortunate inmates of the burning cottage.

A correspondent of the Dublin Freeman, writing from Limerick, on November 9th, says:—'Some time in the month of September last, an unoccupied house near Patrick's Well, in this county, belonging to a farmer named Patrick Laffin, was burned to the ground. At that time it was considered an accident, and no further steps were taken; but recently a man named William Madigan was arrested on a charge of larceny, when he confessed to the incendiarism of the above house. He was brought before Mr. Collins, R.M., who took his confession down in writing, and committed him for trial to the county jail on both charges. Madigan is a returned convict.'

A most fatal accident occurred on Monday, Nov. 7. A man named Patrick Walsh, aged forty years, who had been residing in the neighborhood of Donnybrook, met his death under the following circumstances:—He had been engaged during the day in sinking a channel on the Sillorgan road. When he had sunk to the depth of about nine feet both banks gave way and fell upon him. The unfortunate man was about fifteen minutes under the clay before the other workmen succeeded in extricating him, and life was then extinct. Dr. Pollock, of Sillorgan, examined the body, and stated that the under jaw and one of the legs were broken, and that death resulted from suffocation.

On Monday night, October 31, about ten o'clock, a fire was discovered in the out-offices of Mr. Maguire, Esq., at his farm of Daladdick, near Newgrange, co. Meath. The neighbors of Mr. Maguire, who is a gentleman highly esteemed, promptly attended, and vivid with each other in zeal to render every assistance they could to extinguish the flames, which they eventually succeeded in doing, but not until considerable damage was done. The offices and stables were completely destroyed, also two racks of straw. Fortunately the haggard escaped, as also the cattle. The damage done is considerable; but we understand that Mr. Maguire is fully insured. The general impression is that it was the work of an incendiary. Suspicion attaches to a man named Nevin, formerly a ploughman in the employment of Mr. Maguire, who dismissed him some time ago, and who was known to have threatened that gentleman. He has been apprehended by the Slane police, and on comparing his shoes with marks in the place of the fire, the marks agreed with similar ones in his shoes. He has been committed for the offence.—Drogheda Argus.

A correspondent of the Dublin Morning News writing on November 7, relates the following dreadful occurrence:—On this morning the body of a man was found in a limekiln, on the bank of the canal, near Clonsilla, which had been on fire during the night. On the body being raised out of the kiln it presented an awful spectacle, the flesh had entirely burned, with nothing remaining but the skeleton. On the police making inquiries it was found that the unfortunate deceased, whose name was stated to be Martin Hackett, from Rosinalla, Queen's County, had come to Tullamore, on Sunday, for the purpose of seeing his sister, who resides with Thomas Stirling, Church street, publican. After the body had been recognized by the afflicted girl it was removed to the workhouse to await the coroner's inquest. This has been the third life that was lost in the same kiln during the past few years; and it is most astonishing that cognizance of the fact is not taken in the preservation of human life, it being situated by the side of a popular thoroughfare, without any guard, being quite on a level with the road.

IRISH SCENERY.—By Abbe Domenech.—After leaving Maam the road ascends to the summit of a mountain lavied by the southern extremity of Loch Corrib. Having arrived at the top of this ascent on a fine summer evening, you behold a landscape smiling under floods of light; the waters sparkle in the sun, and the distant horizons are lost in transparent cerulean vapors. From this spot the lake, the hills, and the mountains form an entrancing picture, which recalls the Lake Maggiore in the Borromeo islands, and pervades one with a feeling of unspeakable happiness, augmented by the contrast with the mournful district left behind. On the first island, called Castle island, which arises above the surface of Loch Corrib, you perceive the ruins of Caistelean na Ceirce, or the 'Castle of the Hen,' built by the son of Roderick, the last King of Ireland—it is one of the most ancient military buildings in Ireland. This castle was partially destroyed in the year 1233, by Felim, after his victory over the sons of Roderick. Afterwards it became the property of the O'Flaherties, who repaired and occupied it down to the time of Cromwell, who caused it to be dismantled. When we got down by the shore of the lake we skirted it for a long time, passing delightful villas, and scenes of rapturous beauty, then we ascended a level upland or plateau, from which we could get a glimpse of a portion of Loch Mask; afterwards we descended anew towards Cong. Next day, I set out on an early hour to examine all the curiosities of Cong and its neighborhood. The village is picturesquely situated at the northern extremity of Loch Corrib, four miles from Loch Mask, on a little peninsula on the confines of the county Mayo and the county Galway. It was formerly the favorite residence of the Kings of Connaught. Roderick O'Connor, the last monarch of old Brian, founded here a magnificent Abbey, the ruins of which are still the admiration of all archeologists—here it is supposed that he was interred, although it is almost proved that his remains were laid in the Abbey of Clonmacnois. It was in the year 1183 that he retired into this Abbey, he died there at the age of sixty-two, after many years' penitence; his mortal remains were afterwards deposited in Clonmacnois, on the right side of the high altar of the great church. He was a brave and upright prince, more enlightened than any one of his times, with exception of St. Laurence O'Tuathail, his contemporary. The doors and the windows of the Abbey are ornamented with chevrons and zig-zags; two ogival doors have shells on the capitals of their columns. The Abbey was frequently pillaged during the wars of the Middle Ages which desolated Connaught; but these acts of Vandalism in no wise diminished the veneration of the people or the princes, as the donations, which they made, prove. In an open place of the village arise the ruins of a stone cross, on which is a Celtic inscription, which I had translated in my notes in the following manner:—'A Prayer for Michael and Silbert O'Duffy, Abbots of Cong.' In the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy (Dublin) I saw a great cross, which came from the Abbey of Cong, in silver, gold, and precious stones. It was made in the beginning of the twelfth century, under the reign of Torloch O'Connor, the father of King Roderick. The description of this cross, of itself, fills several pages, very interesting to the antiquarian. The greatest natural curiosity of Cong is the grotto, called the 'Pigeon's Hole.' It lies two miles from the village in the middle of a meadow. You descend into it by a rustic stair about thirty feet in depth, half concealed by luxuriant fern and ivy. At the foot of the stair you perceive to the right and left a sort of natural channel some six or six miles long, which sheds into Lough Corrib the surplus waters of Lough Mask. The subterranean river, which thus unites the two lakes, is rapid and of a very remarkable clearness. Above our head the azure of the sky feebly showed itself as over the office of a well, encumbered with verdurous pendants. On the right, the vanit of the channel was formed of enormous blocks of uneven rocks; one would say it was the ruins of a Titan's cave, fearfully shaken by an earthquake.

A correspondent writing of the weather and state of the crops in the county Tyrone, says:—'The last three weeks have been very fine, and the crops are now all safely secured in the homesteads.' Potatoes are for the most part raised; that description called 'Skerry Blues' or 'Blue Skerries' are perfectly free from disease, whilst all other varieties have suffered more or less, but in no case have I heard of anything of a serious nature.'