

'Oh,' said she, panting, 'I've tore my clothes all off my back. Oh, what shall I do?' 'There's ten dollars gone,' says I. 'Now, Peter,' says she, 'I wouldn't have come with you if I thought you were going to talk that way. I wouldn't have stirred a step.'

I couldn't see what she said that for; for I hadn't asked her to come with me, and I didn't want to come. I'd rather gone to bed any minute. But Marthy was smart, she was; she didn't give me a chance to speak back. No—Says she.

'O, Jemmy, it's splendid. You never see any thing go better than that waltzing. Oh, it's splendid. Such a man. He's just as soft and pleasant as a student. Makes me think of the time when Parson Robt's son used to come home from Collidge. Oh, Jemmy!'

And she and Jemmy were pinning and fixing up the torn dress; and I couldn't have believed they'd have got it in order as well as they did. All this time Marthy was going on about the young minister, and the waltzing, and I really began to think her head was turned.

'Hadh't we better go?' says I. 'Go!' said Marthy, 'Pho-o-o-o-o.' Back she went into the room, saying nothing more to me. Then the band played a sort of marching tune, and I heard them all beginning to march along.

'What's that?' I asked. 'Oh, that's the supper,' said Reubin. 'They are going at the vittles now.' 'Want to see them?' asked the cook. 'Certain,' says I. I thought I'd see how they did that.

She took us around to a pantry where we could see into the dining-room, over the heads of the company. The table was really splendid. I never see such things—flowers in the middle, and a kind of pyramid things; and candy fixed up in queer ways, and fruits and birds and jellies, and great platters of meat covered over with jelly, and ice-cream, and sweetmeats in dishes, and oysters in tureens, and fried oysters, and broiled oysters, and sandwiches, and nuts, and raisins, and great dishes full of little colored papers. I couldn't begin to tell you all the sorts of things they had there—enough for a good little army.

Well, they opened the doors to let them in, and in they rushed. You'd have thought they come a-purpose. I never see such hungry wimmin—never. The young ministers took off their white gloves, and went at the catables right and left. They struggled around the table, and almost fit, to get the best things for their girls.—Every one of them had plates of oysters, and candy, and jelly, and meat, and sandwich, and ice-cream, and fried oysters, and nuts, and sweetmeats, and cake. Such teeth I never see; and supper went out of sight quicker than you could tell of it. Then champagne and corjil was poured out, and handed over the heads to get into the wimmin's mouths, and a good deal of it was spilt onto their frocks. But they didn't seem to mind that, so they got their share. Then they had coffee all around twice. I saw Marthy amongst them, doing like the rest. I tried to catch her eye, to wink to her not to eat much that time of night. But laws! you couldn't catch her eye more than you could catch the eye of a hawk after a rabbit.—She was eating at a mark, and meant to win.

Thinks I, 'My lady, that won't wash.' Then the men went at what was left, and they hurried the waters to bring more and more. And in half an hour there was pretty nigh a famine.—Says I to the cook, 'There won't be much left for old Pickles's breakfast.'

'Law,' says she, 'there won't be a spoonful left but 'he ruggess.' 'Says I, 'I guess these people board themselves, and don't like to make a fire more than once a day—eh?'

She kind of laughed. But while the men was eating up what was left, and drinking whatever champagne and corjil there was, some of the older wimmin kept hanging round, and then went to putting oranges and pieces of cake into their pockets; and they all seemed to get handfuls of the colored papers out of the dishes. I thought they was getting ready—preparing—so as not to cook the next day. Says I to the cook, 'What are those colored papers, they hanker to get so?'

'Them? Them is mottose.' 'Mottose? What is mottose?' 'They has candy and poetry inside, which ladies like.'

'They are vallyable, I suppose,' said I, 'for medicine, after you've eat too much—eh?' 'No, no,' said she; 'but a mixture of candy and poetry is consoling when you begin to get old; that's the reason. They always has large quantities to partys, because they'se always a good many old creeturs that want sweetong.'

I see there was no chance for our getting any thing to eat; and so, as I heard the music going, I proposed we should go and get Marthy, and go home, if we had seen the whole of it.

'Oh,' said Reubin, 'they'll be dancing the German now, and that is stupid to all but them that is doing it; so we'll get Marthy, and go.'

'But, bless you, Marthy was in the middle of it, making mistakes and dancing away—she didn't mind, and nobody seemed to care; so we had to stand around and wait.

Old Miss Pickles, and most of the old ladies, I see, was overcome. The supper and all was too much for them; so they dropped off dozing in their chairs, and the fat ones looked fatter, and the haggard ones looked haggarder than ever. But the young ones was flirting, and having a good time; but, Lord, how tired, they were; and their curls and clothes now looked slinky enough.

We had got into the entry now, and was standing looking into the door, and I heard one of the old gentlemen say to another old gentleman, 'It's pretty stupid here for us. Suppose we go over to the hotel and get a cigar, and sit down and be comfortable—eh?'

The other old gentleman, whom I had seen wandering around rather solum all the evening, bowed rather stiff, and said,

'I should be most happy to oblige you, sir; but you see, as I'm the master of the house, it wouldn't be just the thing.'

'Oh, Lord,' says the other one, 'I beg your pardon, I'm sure. But I thought you was like me, enjoying yourself. I see you've got to pay the bills—eh?'

They both laughed a little, and the first old gentleman stuck his fingers into the side of Mr. Pickles, who I thought didn't seem to think it such a very good joke as he did.

Jemmy—that is Miss Plunkitt—snickered a little when she heard that; and old Pickles turned round on us mighty fierce. Said he, 'Go down—stairs, every one of you, and don't you show yourselves here again.'

For my part I wasn't sorry to go. But, Lord—mercy! when we got down it was nigh on to three o'clock. I began to be anxious to go, for, if I was going to bed at all, I wanted to begin. But Marthy didn't come. Says I to Reubin, 'That supper went quick, didn't it?'

'Quicker than lightning,' said he. 'Is it because they are so pious they eat so much?' I asked, for I was curious about things. 'Law, no,' said the cook; 'not a bit of that. No, they have got nothing else to do. Idle folks always kill themselves eating.'

'Well,' said I, 'for my part I'd rather hoe corn all day than go whirling around that way all night.'

'Oh, you are from the rooral districts,' said Reubin; and I think he thought he had said something fine. I didn't answer him; but, my mind being acting, I asked, 'That supper, now, that'll cost old Pickles nigh on a hundred dollars—eh?'

'A hundred dollars? A thousand, the least cent.'

'Bless me,' said I. Then I thought it over, how I could buy twenty nice cows for a thousand dollars, and I was half a mind to propose to old Pickles to go into partnership with me. But what was the use? He had spent his money, and hadn't got nothing for it, as I see. A thousand dollars. That would take the produce of nigh twenty cows the whole year—more than I could make clear with Marthy to help. Dear me, where could he get the money? I couldn't make it out; but I settled down onto 'sweepings.'

'Yes,' said I to myself, 'it's sweepings does it. Old Pickles is in some store, or common council, or railroad, or court, where the sweepings is vallyable. There's no other way of accounting for it. No man would be such a fool as to spend his own money that he had earned this ridiculous way. I begun to see that, in a town like York, 'sweepings' was a vallyable thing; and I begun to see why so many young fellows wanted to get into stores and places in York—it is the sweepings. In the midst of my reflexions, Marthy come in.

'Oh, dear,' said she, 'I am about dead—my joints is jest still, dancing.'

'Why, Marthy?—I begun.'

'Now, Peter,' said she, 'don't you begin. I have had a splendid time—splendid. Oh, cook, couldn't you give me something to keep me up?'

The cook gave her some coffee, and then Marthy revived. Jemmy asked her what I wanted to ask, too.—

'How in the world did you get in with old Miss Pickles that way?'

'Why, she asked me about my family; and when I told her Senator Foot was my relation, says she, 'Dear, dear, delightful.' And then she took me around, and told every body how I was Senator Foot's niece—one of the fust families; and every body said, 'Delightful.' 'So glad.' 'Reely charming.' And then a nice young man wanted me to dance, and I did. Oh, I have had a splendid time. But it seems to me I shall drop, I'm so tired.'

We got her home to Reubin's house as soon as we could, and to bed. But not a wink did I get that night. She just rolled and tumbled round, and woke up twice with nightmare, screaming out that somebody 'must not pull her around so; that she's married fair, and he'd no right to,' and all that. I always supposed that she was dreaming about the young minister.

The next day I had to buy her a dose of Lee's pills, and to rub her head four times with 'Davis's Pain Killer,' and she was not much for a week. And that's what Marthy got from old Pickles's party.

I ventured, once or twice, in my softly way, to hint—jest to hint—how parties like old Pickles's would not wash; but Marthy spoke quicker than a flash.

'Sho! it was not that made me sick. No; I tasted the butter on the sandwich I eat, and that was the whole of it. I never could abide bad butter.'

I saw that moral reflexions wouldn't do no good, and so I said no more. But I took a Bible oath that I'd never go to another of them, and I never did.

But I think Marthy has had a hankering that way ever since.

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

The following is a translation of the Papal Allocution delivered in the secret consistory held on the 22nd June last:—

'Venerable Brethren—We should never have imagined that after the convention agreed to nearly thirty years ago between us and the Emperor and Apostolic King of Austria, to the great joy of all well-minded men, we should be obliged to lament over the miseries and serious misfortunes which, by the machinations of evil-disposed men, now afflict and annoy in a deplorable manner the Catholic Church in the Empire of Austria. In fact, the enemies of our divine religion has been unceasing in their efforts to destroy the said convention, and to do the greatest harm to the Church, to us, and to this Apostolic See. On the 21st of December last the Austrian Government passed an odious law to be carried out and strictly observed in every district of the empire, even in those districts where the Catholic religion exclusively prevails. That law establishes free liberty for all opinions—liberty of press, of every faith, no matter what confession or doctrine, it grants to the members of every confession the right of establishing public schools and colleges, and members of every confession are allowed to be admitted on the same footing with the members of the State. Although we felt great grief on being informed of the fact, and wished to raise our voice

against it, we nevertheless gave proof of forbearance, and we deemed it advisable then to keep silent, chiefly supported by the hope that the Austrian Government, lending a docile ear to the just complaints of our venerable brethren (the whole prelates of Austria), would return to more wholesome ideas and adopt a sounder determination. But our hopes have been frustrated. In fact the same Government on the 25th of May of the present year, issued another law, which extends to all the subjects, even the Catholic ones, of the empire, deciding that sons born of a mixed marriage must follow the religion of the father, and the daughters that of the mother. Moreover, the same law suppresses entirely the validity of the promises which the Catholic Church, which reason and with the greatest justice, exacts and prescribes absolutely before the celebration of mixed marriages. It makes apostasy itself a question of civil law, both as regards the Catholic religion and the Christian religion generally; it suppresses all authorities of the Church over cemeteries, and Catholics are bound to allow the bodies of heretics to be buried in the churchyard if they have not any of their own. Moreover: the same government on the said 25th day of May of this present year, did not hesitate to promulgate a law on marriages which entirely cancels all the enactments agreed to in the convention already alluded to. This law restores the former Austrian laws, which are contrary to the laws of the Church; it admits and even confirms that form of marriage, when the authority of any confession whatsoever refuses the celebration of the marriage on grounds which are not admitted as valid by civil authorities. By this law, this same Government has suppressed all the authority and jurisdiction of the Church on matters relative to marriage, as also competent ecclesiastical tribunals on the subject. It has also promulgated a law on education which suppresses all the influence of the church over education, decreeing that the whole superior supervision of education literature and science, as also the inspection of schools, appertains to the state; which finally decrees that religious teaching in the public schools must be placed in the hands of members of each separate confession; that any religious society may open private or special schools for the youth of its faith; that these schools shall also be subject to the supreme inspection of the State, and that the school books shall be submitted to the approval of the civil authorities, with the exception, however, of such books as are meant for religious instruction—books which must be submitted to the approval of the competent authorities of each confession.

'You see, consequently, venerable brethren, how necessary it is to strongly condemn those abominable laws sanctioned by the Austrian Government—laws which are in flagrant contradiction with the doctrines of the Catholic religion, with its venerable rights, its authority and its divine institution, with our power and that of the Apostolic See, as also with our Concordat, already quoted, and with natural right itself. In virtue, then, of the care of all churches entrusted to us by the Lord Jesus Christ, we raise our voice in your most illustrious assembly; we reprove and we condemn, by our apostolic authority, the laws which we have enumerated, and everything, general or special, in those same laws, or in matters which refer to ecclesiastical right, which has been decreed or attempted unjustly, in any manner whatsoever, by the Austrian Government or its subordinates, whomsoever they may be. In virtue of the same authority which appertains to us, we declare those decrees null and powerless in themselves and their effect in, both as regards the present and the future. As regards the authors of those laws, especially those who congratulate themselves on being Catholics, and have not feared to propose, establish, approve, and carry out the above laws and acts, we conjure and entreat them not to forget the censures and spiritual punishment which the ecclesiastical institutions and the decrees of the Ecumenical Councils inflict, as having been deserved *ipso facto* by the violators of the rights of the Church. Meantime, we rejoice greatly in the Lord, and we give our well-deserved praise to our venerable brothers, the archbishops and bishops of the Austrian Empire, who with true episcopal energy have not ceased to warn their flocks of their duties boldly to defend and protect by speech as well as writing the cause of the Church and the said Concordat concluded with us. We also desire from our hearts that our venerable brothers, the archbishops and bishops of Hungary, following the example of their colleagues, will show themselves disposed to display the same zeal and the same ardour to protect the rights of the Church and defend the said Concordat against the attacks which are directed against it.—Nevertheless, under the calamities which in these sad times afflict the Church everywhere, we do not cease, venerable brothers with the deepest fervor and humility of heart, to pray to God that He may upset all the designs of His enemies and the enemies of His Holy Church; suppress their impious efforts, and in His mercy lead them back into the paths of justice and salvation.'

HOW WE GOT INTO MAGDALA—A SOLDIER'S NARRATIVE.

With the detachment of the 33rd Regiment, which on Monday arrived at Portsmouth from Abyssinia, were the two men who first forced an entrance, and turned the gate at Magdala—namely, No 3691, Drummer Michael Magner, and No 949 Private James Bergin—accompanied their regiment. The account given by Magner of his adventures throughout the engagement are somewhat amusing. He was attached to General Stavelly's staff as a bugler, and he states that, during the action of the 10th, the general gave the order 'Bugler, tell them to cease firing,' for the purpose of getting the attacking party in order. Bugle was sounded, and then the general said to his side-do camp, 'Saunders, go and tell those men to unfix their bayonets. Where's your 4th now? Quick! Those devils are used to fire, but if they had all the devils in hell there, they couldn't stand against them.' Magner (under the influence, as he says, of some excitement) then left his regiment, ran up the hill, and made a clear breach through the stockade. He succeeded in getting in, and was followed by Private Bergin whom he assisted. Ensign Connor then said, 'Bugler, please help me through,' and that officer was accordingly assisted into the fort. Some other officers followed, and the whole at once gave three hearty cheers for the Queen, and were preparing to hoist the colours, when they were met by some forty of Theodore's troops. Fortunately, however, for Magner and his followers, the attention of the enemy was at this juncture attracted to the gate, and only a few of the natives prepared to attack the party of the 33rd. One native in particular appeared to be determined on mischief, and Magner observing that he was levelling his musket, said, 'Mr. Connor, there's a good shot for you. Shoot that con, as I have only this cheese knife (referring to a sword.) He's got a good firelock and cartridge bag, and that'll be of service.' Mr. Connor accordingly shot the native with his revolver, and Magner at once proceeded to the dead body, took possession of the firelock and cartridge pouch, and with these fought against his enemy. The man is proud that he still retains these articles in his possession, and his comrades are equally proud that one of their number should be the first to enter Magdala. Magner is an Irish man somewhat diminutive in stature, and has been fourteen years in the army. Various opinions were expressed as to the fate of Theodore, but the majority on board were adverse to the conclusion that he committed suicide. The King is said to have been wounded in four places—the leg, chest, mouth and neck—and when found he was on his face, his horse, which was gorgeously adorned, being by his side. In his hand he was holding a revolver—the same that was recently recovered by Her Majesty—and this is now in the

possession of the Commander-in-Chief, and will be brought to England. Magdala is described by the troops as a place with some pretensions to grandeur, and possessing an abundance of costly decorations, particularly in the chapel, in the rear of which, in stone tanks, was a supply of water equal to the demands of Theodore and his followers for six months. Throughout the whole country the natives treated the troops kindly, and were ever ready to render to them the most cordial assistance. A story is told us affecting the disposition of the troops before Magdala. The Commander-in-Chief, in giving directions to Gen. Stavelly, intimated that he had intended to place the 4th regiment in the position afterwards occupied by the 33rd: but, upon the General saying 'I had intended to place the 33rd there,' the Chief said, 'Very well; as you please.' But, said one of the men, 'the result of this was, that while the 4th were doing nothing on the plain, we were admiring Theodore's ruses! Several curiosities were brought home in the 'Crocodile,' including some of the shields, spears, and other weapons; but the great object of interest was Theodore's horse, which was taken from Magdala by some of the 33rd, and afterwards found its way into the possession of the Adjutant, by whom it was brought to England. It is a small but well proportioned horse of bay colour, but it was seriously disfigured on the passage, in consequence of the sea-men having pulled out portions of its mane for *suivants*—a practice which was resorted to by several of the visitors on Monday. The saddle, harness, and trappings were decorated with gold and the bridle was of curiously wrought silver. Of the hardships endured throughout the march the men spoke somewhat reservedly one point only forming a subject of special remark. After having been for three days and nights without water, a heavy hailstorm came on, and collecting the fallings in their waterproof sheets, by means of pegging them to the ground, the men in this way sustained life and renewed their march up the hills. This circumstance was generally regarded as a providential interposition, and one which spared the lives of a great proportion of the army. The scenery from the heights of Magdala is said to be something beyond human conception, the foliage in the valleys, and the views on and around the summit of the sloping mountain, combining to render the effect picturesque and sublime. The drummer, Magner, was not a little surprised upon landing to find that his name had been mentioned in the despatch from the Commander-in-Chief; and when the fact was communicated to him he said, 'Well, now, that's what I never expected at all; and when I was sent for, after the battle was over, I thought I was going to get into the devil's own row for running away from my regiment!'

HOW POLAND STILL LIVES.

The following extracts from Russian papers illustrate the continued vitality of the Polish element in the Polish province of Russia, notwithstanding the rigorous efforts made by the Government to suppress it. The St. Petersburg Gazette says:—

'During the late holidays, the peasants of the United Greek Church at Miedzzyetz sang Polish hymns in the churches, which caused several arrests. The same thing occurred, it is said, in other districts, and the peasants excused themselves by saying that they did not know how to sing Russian. A battalion of the line was sent to the Radzyn district to put down the indomitable peasants, 200 of whom remained for three days without intermission in a church singing Polish hymns. The governor, an officer of general rank who had arrived from Warsaw with some police agents, some Cossacks, and two companies of another battalion, assembled on the spot, the soldiers surrounded the church, and then, by order of the commandant, rushed with shouts into the interior of the building. In an instant the men were seized, bound, and thrown on the ground, and the women disappeared. The Governor ordered those of the men who were penitent to be released; they all declared they would go on singing Polish hymns as before. Numbers of them are now being pursued by the government, having assembled in the woods to sing their Polish hymns.'

In the same paper we read as under:—'Before the Polish insurrection, the Wilna Courier was the property of the college of the Wilna nobility, and although the paper was official, it was published in the Polish language, and had a sufficient number of subscribers. After the insurrection, during the administration of General Kaufmann, it came under the immediate authority of the Governor General. In order to make it appear in the Russian language it was necessary in the first place, to provide a subvention of six millions of roubles from the government, besides forcing one thousand persons, among whom were a great number of Catholic priests, to subscribe to the paper. Notwithstanding these measures, the Wilna Courier, after an existence of two years in its Russian form, has only 300 voluntary subscribers who are not sufficient to make it pay even with the assistance it receives from the government. . . . It is therefore probable that the Russian official journal of Wilna will have to disappear.'

The Moscow Gazette contains the following:—'It is positively stated that the Government has placed at the disposal of the Governor General of Lithuania one-fifth of the Crown domains (consisting of the confiscated estates of the Poles), to be distributed by him, and of his own initiative, among Russian officials. The remainder of these estates will be also given to Russian officials on the recommendation of the provincial governors. It is also stated that proposals of similar distributions, made by the predecessor of the present Governor General, are approved, and will be carried into effect.'

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop left Dublin on June 25, by mail train for Carlow, to be present at the annual academic exercises in St. Patrick's Lay College, in which venerable institution he himself had been in early years a student, this being his first visit since his elevation to the high dignity of Prince of the Church. His Eminence, on his arrival at the station, was enthusiastically received by the assembled thousands, and as he entered his carriage, and drove beneath the arches of evergreens and flowers erected in his honour, the cheering was most vehement.

An extraordinary spectacle was witnessed on Sunday, the 23rd ult., on St. Brendans Mountain, Kerry. The Right Rev. Bishop Moriarty celebrated mass on the top of the mountain, which is about 3,000 feet high, and is especially dedicated to St. Brendan, the patron saint of the county. There is a holy well at the top which is held in great veneration by the peasantry. An immense congregation assembled from all sides to witness the service. The people brought refreshments with them, but no tents were allowed to be erected.

The Catholics of Nenagh have presented a heavy purse of sovereigns to Father Martin Cleary, late Administrator of that parish, as a testimonial of their esteem. Saturday the 13th ult., will be long pleasantly remembered in the annals of Elphin; upon which day the good Sisters of Mercy arrived there—some from Roscommon, some from Sligo—to enter into possession of their splendid and spacious new Convent of the Sacred Heart. We have to add that the Elphin Convent of Mercy was built on a site generously and gratefully given by A. O'Connor, Esq., J. P., Elphin House, and was entirely erected at the expense of Mrs. Archbold, relict of Robert Archbold Esq., for many years M. P. for Kildare, and only daughter of O. D. J. Craze, Esq., V. L., Mantua.—Roscommon Messenger June 20.

The Messrs. Gradwell, of Drogheda, have placed the disposal of the Rev. Andrew Carney, P. P., piece of ground near the Court House, Ballybay, for the erection of a National School. In addition two efficient existing schools this want is now about to be supplied.

A tablet will be erected in the church of Kilkenny in memory of the lamented parish priest, Rev. Timothy Breen, and a sum of money is already subscribed for the purpose, to which some respectable residents have subscribed liberally. The Protestant Rector of the neighboring parish, who co-operates with the reverend deceased in an effort to forward the local interests of occupiers, has presented a token of his personal friendship.—Munster News.

DEATH OF THOMAS MCSHEEHY, Esq. M. D.—We regret to read the death, at Vevay, Switzerland, on Sunday, the 21st, on his way home from India, of Thomas McSheehy, Esq., M. D., Staff Surgeon, late 7th Royal Fusiliers, and brother of J. T. McSheehy, Esq., J. P., Shannon Linn, Limerick, a young gentleman universally beloved by his brother officers as well indeed as by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. His loss will long be deplored by his deeply sorrowing relatives.—Limerick Reporter.

DEATH OF THOMAS BURKE, M. D., Sheriff and Kill also.—We regret to record the death of the above much respected gentleman at his residence, Scariff, on the morning of Saturday, after an illness of about five weeks, resulting from an accident on his attending the poor, leaving a widow and thirteen children to deplore the irreparable loss of an exemplary husband and father. He was highly esteemed during his professional career, which extended over a period of many years, and in a wide district, the population of which fully appreciated his anxious and active services among them. He was prompt to the call of duty, eager to render assistance within the wide range of his circle, careful everywhere to show his zeal, attention and skill and kindness of heart. He was brother of the Rev. John Burke, P. P., Broadford, of the Rev. Michael Burke, P. P., Killealy, and of the Rev. Patrick Burke, C. S. S. R. His remains were yesterday conveyed in funeral procession from Scariff to Killealy, and were interred in the Hurley family vault at Killealy among the immediate relations of his mourning widow. The funeral was attended by the Right Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of Killaloe, a large concourse of the clergy, the members of the medical profession of the district, and a vast number of sympathizing people.—R. I. P.—Ibid.

THE IRISH ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—We (Northern Whig) understands that a petition, got up by the Protestant Defense Association, and of so bulky dimensions that it with difficulty got through the Post Office, has just been sent to the Home Secretary for presentation to her Majesty Doubtless Mr. Gathorne Hardy will, by and by, assure the senders of this memorial or petition in behalf of the Irish Establishment that it has been presented to the Queen, who has 'been graciously pleased' to accept it. Then it will be heard of no more; and probably few will know or think of the trouble, toil and worry which have been endured in gathering up from the highways and byways signatures for this formidable looking roll, only in the end to become useless lumber in the Home Office.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE YEARS OLD.—On Sunday evening, June 21 a woman named Margaret Roche died at Buttevant, having reached the authenticated age of one hundred and twelve years. Mrs. Roche was, for her age, of quite remarkable physical vigor, and had been, up to the access of her brief death sickness, engaged in customary domestic duties. She retained entire possession of all her faculties to the end, and died calm and collected. Her reminiscences extended into the middle of last century. The principal events of this period she held in intelligent remembrance, and loved to converse on. The memorable year 1732, with the national agitation which attended the Volunteer movement, she remembered distinctly; and of 1793, the events of the great French Revolution, and of 1793, she talked as if they had only ended last January. Of the latter convulsion she retained an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, having been an eye witness of some of the chief incidents which mark it. Mrs. Roche was in receipt of a pension from the family of Sir D. J. Norreys, for services rendered three-quarters of a century ago.—Cork Examiner.

An unfortunate accident occurred yesterday morning, between four and five o'clock, at the bathing place, Williamstown, adjoining the railway station. At that hour a young gentleman named Edward O'Flanagan, who resided in that locality, went by appointment to bathe with some young friends. It would appear that being older and a better swimmer than his companions, he went out for a considerable distance, and having got a cramp, he was drowned before the fact became known to his companions. When at length it became apparent to them that he had disappeared, every effort was made to rescue him but unfortunately, by the time the deceased was got to shore, life was extinct. The unfortunate young gentleman was only twenty-three years of age.—Dublin Freeman.

We learn by a report of the proceedings of the Sligo Board of Guardians, published in the Sligo Independent of Saturday last that Mr. Gubbins came before the meeting and called their attention to the present disgraceful state of the Emlafad graveyard. He represented the matter in a most awful, yet, we believe, truthful light. He said he was informed that pigs go into the graveyard and root up the dead bodies, and in a case which occurred lately, the remains of a respectable young man interred there, were frightfully mutilated by dogs eating off the arms.—Roscommon Herald, June 20.

IRISH EXILES IN POLAND.—It is not generally known, but it is an ascertained fact, that descendants of Irish exiles of the Cromwellian era, settled in Poland, and that there are now in the frightful captivity of Siberia, Irish clergymen and laymen compromised in the last and antedated an efforts to shake off the Russian yoke. Two of the clergymen were, we believe, priests of the metropolitans diocese, and had their exact from the late Archbishop Murray; and there are hundreds of Polish priests and poor nuns wasting the remnant of their lives in the same hideous enslavement—banishment.

ST. JOHN'S EVE.—Yesterday being the eve of this saint, as customary the city and country round blazed with bonfires. From an early hour in the evening the city was clouded with smoke from the bonfires which were burning in all directions.—Cork Examiner, June 24.

The premises on the Temor road, known as 'Sheep's Mill,' adjoining Waterford city, have been taken by the eminent firm of Donny and Son, Queen street, the great bacon merchants, as a scutching mill. This new enterprise of the Messrs. Denny will be the means of giving a large amount of employment to the poor people.

A considerable quantity of rain has fallen since our last issue, and the appearance of the crop has, in consequence, been much improved. Copious showers are still required for the progress of vegetation.—Newry Examiner, June 24.

Lately a very perceptible increase in the import of tourists to Killarney has taken place. A considerable number of them have been Americans. who are now coming here in large numbers immediately after the arrival of the steamers in Queenstown.

The Prince of Wales has presented £50 to William Dargan's widow.

James Killeen, Esq., has been re-elected chairman of the Town Commissioners of Kells.

William Hagie, Esq., has been unanimously appointed chairman of the Commissioners of Cavan.