

It soon became evident that nature was giving way. A convulsive trembling seized her frame, and her fallen and hueless lips were closed as if her spirit had departed.

"They allowed her some respite, but this was only to have the pleasure of putting her to the torture once more. They brought her back to prison. They were not without hope. Perhaps overcome by suffering, she might sacrifice to the gods. But they knew not the strength of that grace which is given to martyrs. She had but one regret. Her sacrifice was deferred. It would, however come sooner or later, and then her days of trial would be over and she would be admitted into the presence of the Saviour for whom she died. Her wounds were still bleeding, and she took her veil to stop the blood while she continued praying for grace to continue even to the end.

"The next morning she was again brought before the Governor, and she was immovable in her determination to remain a Christian; he condemned her to be thrown naked into a cauldron of boiling pitch.

"A tear glistened in the eye of the gentle virgin. Why should she be stripped of her garments? "O noble Aquila!" she cried, falling on her knees and holding up her joined hands in the attitude of supplication; "O noble Aquila, change that sentence! I conjure you in the name of thy mother—of thy chaste wife, bring me not to shame. I fear not the pain of martyrdom. I can bear myself from my mother's arms and can behold my sisters weeping. I can withstand the agony of a loving father and part with them all, but I cannot brave a death like that. O! spare me to respect the modesty of my sex." As she finished she pressed her hands convulsively to her face and bent her noble form to the ground.

"Aquila was touched with her solemn and earnest appeal and immediately gave orders that she should be executed as she stood. Basilide was charged with the execution.

"Basilide paid her the greatest deference along the way to the place where she was to be executed, and protected her from the insolence of the crowd that pressed around them. "Thanks," she repeated several times to Basilide, "I appreciate your kindly services and when I am in Heaven, I shall pray for the grace of your conversion." Arrived at the appointed place, she knelt down and prayed for forgiveness for all who persecuted the Church. She thought of her past life with its admixture of joys and sorrows, and felt somewhat glad that her career had come to a close. Finally her attention became absorbed in the reward which was promised those who had willingly given up their life for the faith. The brilliancy of the crown was too much for the mental eye to gaze upon and she turned from it lost in ecstasy of joy. She arose, and approached the edge of the cauldron, and raising her hands to Heaven—perhaps again for forgiveness for her enemies, perhaps for grace to pass nobly through the ordeal, she disappeared with a plunge beneath the surface of the boiling element. Thus passed away that fair young creature, whose weak and tender form, was but a poor exponent of the strength and firmness of her soul. She was illumined with supernatural virtues, and the grace of God was poured upon her spirit in rich profusion.

Before her death she received from my hands the adorable Sacrament of the body and blood of the Lord. When she had made her thanksgiving she came to me and addressed me in these words: "Priest of the Lord. I am going now to leave a world in which I have found scarcely anything but sorrow. I have not been born in poverty and slavery. I spent my earlier years with a rich relation and with a beloved sister, the very thought of whom makes me shed tears at a moment when I should give all my thoughts to God. I was stolen by pirates and brought to Alexandria. They sold me as a slave. I was converted by my master and for the first time heard the name of the Christian God. The Bishop of Alexandria accorded me the favor I asked of him and I was admitted into the Church. He gave me that veil which I wore when I appeared before the Governor. Ten years have passed and I have still retained for my celestial spouse that faith to which I had sworn at the foot of the Tabernacle. I was afterwards denounced to the Governor as a Christian, but God was by my side and I had the courage to confess his holy name and now I shall soon receive from his hands the palm of victory. Pray for me, Father, lest at that solemn hour my faith should fail. Bless me again, for your blessing falls upon me like the dew of Heaven. Father when I am about to die, I shall look for you in the crowd. Bless me then again."

"When I am gone, no one will shed a tear over my grave, except perhaps one. She was the beloved sister and friend of my youth. She saw me stolen by the pirates. Her name is Julia. Methinks I hear her piercing cries, and see her fall fainting into the arms of her attendant. If ever you should meet her, Father, let her know that her dear Potamiene died thinking of her, and please give her this veil covered over as it is, with my blood. Let her keep it as an earnest of true and never dying affection. She is perhaps still a pagan, but I hope with the grace of heaven, she may not die without the happiness of knowing the true God."

Thus the Venerable Bishop terminated the interesting account of his adventures. Often his trembling accents betrayed the emotions of his heart and a tear coursed down his cheek as he related the last moments of the young virgin martyr. But when Julia advanced towards him and knelt at his knees to receive the blood-stained veil of her beloved Potamiene, he was overcome. He blessed it as a precious relic before he gave it to her. She received it with reverence from his hands and kissed it over and over again. She would have testified her gratitude to the holy Pontiff and expressed to him what mingled feelings of happiness and grief she experienced, but her emotion choked her utterance, and she retired in silence.

Thanks were rendered to God and the meeting broke up, each one withdrawing homeward. The next day the aged patriarch left the City to return to Jerusalem in order to resume the government of his Church.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE TOOTHACHE.—A gentleman says, after suffering excruciating pain from toothache, and, having tried in vain to obtain relief, Betty told me a gentleman had been waiting some time in the parlor, who said he would not detain me one minute. He came—a friend I had not seen for years. He sympathized with me, while I briefly told how sadly I was afflicted.

"My dear friend," exclaimed he, "I can cure you in ten minutes."

"How? how?" enquired I, "do it in pity."

"Instantly," said he. "Betty have you any alum?"

"Yes."

"Bring it, and some common salt."

BOYHOOD'S HOME.

I'm sadly gazing at the sun's declining,
Brightly shining in the distant West;
And on airy plumes my fancy's borne,
To that holy place where I fain would rest.
Away, away, o'er vale and highland,
Away, away, o'er the ocean's foam.
My heart glides back to my native island,
My spirit flies to my boyhood's home.

Well I remember that bitter evening,
On the out-bound vessel I took my stand;
Mine eyes were gazing o'er the sullen waters,
Whilst appeared in view my dear old land;
And my heart was beating with wild emotion,
As on the deck I stood sad and lone;
For the foaming crest of the seething ocean,
From my eyes was hiding my boyhood's home.

Years have passed and still I'm roaming,
Neath alien skies on the stranger's shore,
Not one to cheer my dreary spirit,
Or fill the deep void within its core.
Tis here I've hoarded golden treasure,
And, midst fair valleys, may idly roam;
But naught can bring my sad heart pleasure,
Whilst wandering far from my boyhood's home.

I marvel still is fair Annie dwelling,
In the ivy'd cot by the river's side,
'Twas oft we roamed o'er the emerald margins,
To see the salmon leap o'er its tide.
Ah! her fairy form it was joy to see;
Her neck would rival the river's foam,
And her lips the berries on the roan-tree
That blooming grew round my boyhood's home.

I'm sadly gazing o'er the foaming ocean,
Westward, westward, as the sun sinks low,
And praying with deep heartfelt emotion,
For my early home of long ago,
I still hope to aid thee, although I'm grey,
(My heart's fond idol, where'er I roam)
When you'll raise th' old flag 'gainst the tyrant's away,
That holds in thralldom my Island Home.

SHIRAZI GULLION.

FATHER MORLARTY'S SKETCH OF POPE PIUS IX.

In visiting the Eternal City, its magnificent ruins noble monuments of art, and incomparable temples of religion, there is yet another sight which moves our feelings more and causes an ecstasy of delight in the heart of the happy beholder—that is, the sight of the great and saintly Pope Pius IX., the Vicar of Jesus Christ and Supreme Head of the Catholic Church on earth.

One look at that noble, grand, and venerable Pontiff would repay a journey from the extremity of the earth—Pope Pius IX., the most towering figure among the greatest men of the age, "tanquam cedrus inter Libanos, quasi cypressus in monte Sion"—as the cedar-tree of Libanus, as the cypress on Mount Sion." Pope, confessor, and martyr, too, he might well be called, who has sat and ruled in the chair of Peter longer than any of his predecessors, not excepting St. Peter himself. Of scarcely more than medium size, somewhat full in figure, clothed in a plain but pure white woolen soutane; with a face in which benevolence and majesty seem wonderfully blended; an eye full, clear, kindly, yet penetrating and beautiful, silver hair crowning his noble brow; surely he presents an appearance that can never fade from one's remembrance. Then that lovely affability towards all that simple yet charming gaiety and winning kindness, naturally gain the love as well as the admiration of every beholder.

What a grand central figure he makes in the midst of his Cardinals robed in scarlet, the bishops in purple, and the Swiss guards in picturesque costume; and he, the Supreme Pontiff, the humblest and plainest, yet strikingly grand amongst all! No one, whether Protestant, Catholic, or infidel, ever leaves his presence without being duly impressed with reverence for his amiable and august person. He, I can truly say, is all and even more than my fancy pictured him, and one in whom all my imaginings were realized—the grand old prisoner of the Vatican.

So strikingly remarkable in his appearance, that were he, in an assembly of his bishops and cardinals to wear the same robes as they, without any distinction of color or material, I verily believe that a stranger would naturally single him out as the chief of the whole illustrious band. His style of conversation is natural, easy, graceful, eloquent, and dignified, and is always food for deep reflection. He is, in truth, the most impressive of men.

I had the pleasure of visiting the quaint old town in which he was born, Sinigaglia (the Sena Gallica of the ancients, which was destroyed in the civil war at the time of Pompey). It is a town of about eleven thousand inhabitants. There he was born, on the 13th of May 1792. After making very successful studies at the college of Volterra, he entered the Noble Guards at the age of twenty.

Some time afterwards, being afflicted with severe attacks of epilepsy, he was counselled by Pope Pius VII. to make a pilgrimage to the Holy House of Loreto, where he was miraculously cured, and where in consequence, he vowed himself to the service of God in the ecclesiastical state. Whilst at Loreto, I saw the rich presents which he bestowed on the church in thanksgiving for the great favor obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Loreto.

Abandoning the military profession, he studied theology under the Jesuit Fathers, and, after his ordination to the priesthood, he took charge of an asylum called "Tata Giovanni," which he most generously assisted out of the revenues of his own family estate. He was soon after sent to Chili, South America, as auditor to Mgr. Muzi, Vicar-apostolic and Papal Nuncio. Some time after his return to Italy he was consecrated (in 1827) Bishop of Spoleto, where he labored with astonishing success for five years, when to the great regret of all the inhabitants, and against their most urgent entreaties, he was transferred by Gregory XVI., in 1832, to the important See of Imola, of which Pius VII. had formerly been bishop before being raised to the Papal throne.

In 1840 he was raised to the Cardinalate, and in June, the 16th, 1846, he was elected Pope, and crowned on the 21st of the same month. Notwithstanding the astonishing liberality and almost excessive clemency of his reign, he was exiled from his dominions in the fall of 1848, and after an absence of over sixteen months, he was, to the great joy of all good Christians throughout the world, restored to his throne in April, 1850, through the valor and devotedness of the French army.

Although left comparatively in peace for some years, during which he labored most arduously and successfully not only in improving and beautifying the city of Rome, but also in guarding with most zealous attention the Universal Church, his life has been one of trial, sorrow and conflict. Firm, courageous, and reliant, however, with unshaken trust in God and in the justice of his cause, he stands today the most venerated and venerable object in the living history of the Church—the undaunted Hero of the Vatican.—*Wayside Pencilings.*

Williamsport Gazette.—Starting a newspaper is fun—anybody can do it. But we have known people who had to sit up nights, and bustle around pretty lively to keep one going after it was started.

COERCION, STILL COERCION!

People who are comparatively strangers to Irish affairs often wonder that the Irish people are so persistently dissatisfied with the laws under which they are compelled to live; and, arguing from their superficial knowledge, find it hard to understand why they do not join heartily with England—as Scotland, for instance, has done—and thus become sharers with the larger and more populous kingdom in her wealth and credit at home and her influence and prestige abroad. It is worse than foolish, say such casual observers of European politics, for a small country like Ireland to be constantly opposing itself to one of the greatest powers in Christendom; agitation for legislative independence can only end in defeat, and open defiance of the laws of the Imperial Parliament in the destruction of the disaffected and the permanent injury of the national prosperity.

But supposing that we admit the cogency of such reasoning, that we acknowledge that the people of Ireland are and ought to be willing to become in fact as well as in theory an integral part of the British Empire, Law is to be changed, so desirable in the opinion of many well-meaning persons, to be effected? There is a trite phrase that it takes at least two to make a bargain, and clearly England, who ought to be one of the principal parties to any equitable, lasting contract of international unity, shows no disposition to enter into a fair, honest agreement with the sister country for mutual protection and advantage. Even if Ireland to-day were willing—as we are far from admitting—to lay aside her claims to a separate government, and to join, heart and soul, with her ancient enemy, that enemy would not, could not, meet her advances in the same spirit. England must rule Ireland or give her up altogether. She will suffer no equality with a nation which, though vastly beneath her in population and material wealth, is infinitely her superior in brains, spirituality, versatility and all that goes to make a country respected by its opponents and beloved by its friends. Ireland may and does hate England collectively as her oppressor and malignant, but England hates the Irish collectively and individually, as a standing reproach at home and abroad to her much-vaunted boast of fair play and free institutions.

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong— They never do forgive who do the wrong."

If any one doubts the truth of this assertion, we have only to refer him to a recent speech of Mr. Disraeli, the present Premier of England, delivered at the annual banquet of the Lord Mayor of London on the 4th inst. That orator statesman, for the time being at least, is supposed to control the policy of the British Government, and to reflect the opinions not only of the Queen and the aristocracy, but of the majority of the popular branch of Parliament. His remarks on that occasion, as is usual at such periodical festivities, were understood to be a review of the acts of the Ministry and a foreshadowing of its future course. Alluding to Ireland, he is reported to have said:

"For some years it has been necessary to govern Ireland by laws which, so far as the personal rights of the subject are concerned, are manifestly and avowedly a deviation from the principles of our Constitution. Now, all these laws were about to expire when we acceded to office, and we had to consider what, under the circumstances, we should do. Ireland was tranquil—tranquil, as some would say, and perhaps justly say, in consequence of this exceptional legislation; but it was tranquil. It was in the power of the Government to have taken advantage of that condition of affairs. They might have exempted themselves from that odious position of acceding to office and recommending coercion bills for a great portion of her Majesty's subjects. No doubt they could have lightened their labors, no doubt they would have gained, especially in Ireland, a transient and feverish popularity; but that was not the view which we took of our public duty. (Cheers.) We examined into that case with the utmost deliberation, and with no other desire, I am sure, but to do our duty to our sovereign and our country. (Cheers.) We believed that the tranquillity of Ireland could not be secured without measures of an exceptional character—that they should secure at least two great results—the protection of life and property, and the due administration of justice. (Hear, hear.) We believed that these laws, if renewed, would effect these objects; but we thought that these laws, at the same time, involved many questions which it might be expedient not to revive, such as the restrictions upon the public press; therefore ours was a measure which, when we brought it forward, was a measure of necessity, conceived as I said, in the House of Commons in a spirit of conciliation. (Cheers.) I do not blame any Irish gentleman in the House of Commons for opposing our measures. It was a fair occasion for him to offer opposition to a Government which proposed exceptional legislation for that which, I hope, will some day, and even soon, become in feeling and interest, as well as in law and state, part and parcel of the United Kingdom. (Cheers.) But you must feel at once that this was no ordinary struggle. Considerable time elapsed, but the result is this, that we did pass a law adequate to the occasion, which has secured the tranquillity of Ireland for years, and when it ceases its temporary but prolonged existence, we may hope that the Government which then exists may not have to ask Parliament, from the beneficial results it has attained, to continue such exceptional powers. (Cheers.)"

Now, strip this extraordinary statement of its diplomatic verbiage, and reduce its cautious circumlocutory phraseology to common-sense language, and what does it mean? Simply this. Under the pretence that Ireland was in a disturbed condition, the ministry of Mr. Gladstone introduced a vile, slavish, and tyrannical Coercion Act, disarmed the people of Ireland, and suspended the great writ of habeas corpus in several districts. These are the measures that are "manifestly and avowedly a deviation from the Constitution," according to the Premier. The Irish people, still some five and a half millions, thus deprived of the benefits even of English law, despoiled of their natural weapons of defence, and left the prey of hiring spies, magistrates, and policemen, remained patient and refused to be goaded into insurrection by such accumulated insults. "Never was the country more peaceful nor crime less rife. Judges went their circuits generally as a matter of form, juries were summoned only to be addressed and discharged, and criminal lawyers found business very dull indeed.

Such was the halcyon condition of affairs when the Disraeli Ministry assumed office. What did it do? According to its chief, it might have refused to re-enact the coercion bills. "It was in the power of the Government," he says, "to have taken advantage of that condition of affairs"; "to have gained, especially in Ireland, a transient and feverish popularity; but that was not the view we took of our public duty." Of course not. The public duty of a prime minister of England is to oppress the Irish in every manner, shape, and form. When that people are orderly and law-abiding, as it is acknowledged on all hands they then were, his public duty was to grind them still further into the dust. If any measure that might be introduced was likely to meet with popular approval, that was sufficient cause why it should not be proposed or entertained for a moment. The idea of a Tory ministry, or indeed any English ministry, supporting a law that would find favor with the Irish people, evidently seems utterly ridiculous to supercilious Mr. Disraeli. His public duty is not to conciliate or placate "a great portion of her Majesty's subjects," but to defy, harass, and coerce them.

And yet Mr. Disraeli is a man of very sanguine temperament. This "exceptional legislation"—that is, this disarming, coercion, public espionage, and

magisterial petty tyranny—will, he hopes, induce Ireland "some day, and even soon, to become in feeling and interest, as well as in law and state, part and parcel of the United Kingdom." Surely it must be the most ungrateful country on earth, if such favors are not received with all-gratitude and affection. If they are not, if the Irish people still persist in claiming even the meagre privileges afforded to other subjects of the British Crown; if they obstinately insist on their right to use arms in defence of their homes and families; object to have their personal liberty at the beck of every insolent policeman and arbitrary justice of the peace; and presumptuously assume that they are not wholly slaves, we are afraid that, humanly speaking, they are beyond redemption.

At all events, it matters little to Mr. Disraeli and his associates what they do, his policy will not change. His "public duty," as far as they are concerned, is plain, and that is coercion. The Irish, he says almost in terms, were turbulent and seditious, hence the necessity of coercion acts. Now that they are tranquil and well-disposed, those outrageous measures must be continued in force. Thus, whether quiet or disturbed, law-abiding or malcontent, the only true way to govern them is by coercion. This plan of the English statesman has the merit of simplicity, if no other; the only defect in it is that it may not always be successful. Even the most patient people may get tired of too much coercion, and instead of becoming "in feeling and interest" a part of the United Kingdom, they may cease to be a fraction of it even in "law and state," as they now unfortunately are. Should such a catastrophe occur, they will be able to quote Mr. Disraeli's late speech as one of the strongest justifications for their revolutionary acts, and to show to the world that no choice has been left them but tame submission to the absolutism of the British Ministry, or complete national independence.—*New York Tablet.*

THE CHRONICLE OF THE GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE.

The following, which is circulated in thousands in Dublin and other parts of Ireland, is the great sensation of the day. From the Chronicles of the Land of Ireland.

III CHRONICLE XXXVII, XL.

Paulus, James, and Patheus. Seek to lead the people astray.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

NOW, in the seventy-fifth year of the captivity of the land, certain of the friends of the governors thereof took counsel together, and said one to another:

- 1. Come to, now, and let us honor the mighty Daniel in all that he did that is not now displeasing to the governors of the land;
- 2. And perchance the people of the land may forget their sorrow, and their captivity, and their brethren who are in chains, and in all respects incline themselves to their taskmasters;
- 3. And we will be made tetrarchs over them, and they shall bow down to us as our golden chariots pass by;
- 4. So Paulus, the governor of the chief city, and James, the scribe, and Patheus of the useful countenance, considered together, and they proclaimed a feast throughout the land;
- 5. And they called the people thereof from the north and from the south, and from the east and from the west, and from mighty Babylon of the gentiles, and from the isles, and from the land beyond the mighty deep, and divers persons speaking strange tongues;
- 6. And they erected a lofty tower of beams of the fir tree and the oak, wondrously compacted and curiously joined together, saying:
- 7. We will therefrom speak words of wisdom to the people, and to the sons of Isaac, and to the sons of John, who is now beyond the deep;
- 8. And we will turn them from their evil ways unto the paths of peace and forgetfulness;
- 9. And they likewise called into their counsel Thomas, surnamed the silken, he being of sweet speech and well favoured;
- 10. And he entered into their thoughts, lest happily he might not only consort with the governors of the land and dwell on the fat thereof, but also again enter into the hearts of the people, by whom he was once beloved.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AND the appointed day came. And the people assembled in their thousands and tens of thousands,

- 1. From the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, and from the mighty Babylon of the gentiles, and from the isles, and from the land beyond the mighty deep, and divers persons speaking strange tongues;
- 2. And also came the sons of the land dwelling in the parts of the east, led by one of a rudy countenance and by a mighty captain;
- 3. And couches were not to be found for the multitudes; and they slept upon the grass, and under the green trees, and in rooms herded together as it were like unto swine;
- 4. And seeing that some were like to be famished and die, the High Priest of the land put forth an ordinance permitting them to eat of animals which on the appointed day would otherwise be unclean;
- 5. And Paulus came forth in his golden chariot, and James the scribe, as it were drawn by his mule, and Patheus upon his charger, wondrously caparisoned and leading his trained bands;
- 6. And the people passed by in their thousands and tens of thousands, with the sound of music, and of timbrels, and with all manner of wind and stringed instruments; and a shout went up unto heaven as it were of a mighty rushing tempest;
- 7. And the young men and the maidens rejoiced in their gay attire, and the elders said one to another:
- 8. Verily such things have not been seen in the land since we called a feast, and passed by in mourning for our three lost brethren, who fell at the hands of the sons of Babel.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AND James the scribe, and Patheus of the rufous countenance said: Hal hal where are ye now ye sons of Isaac and of John?

- 1. And Paulus laughed unto himself, and said: Peradventure the rulers of the land will now exult and honour me;
- 2. But their laughter was soon turned into mourning;
- 3. For Patheus the little had gathered together the sons of John, and they took counsel together;
- 4. And appeared with mighty banners, and with footmen and with horsemen, and with chains like unto those with which the brethren were bound;
- 5. And the sight was hateful unto Patheus of the rufous visage, and he gnashed his teeth;
- 6. And he cut the chords by which the horses dragged the chariot of the sons of John;
- 7. But the sons of John attached themselves unto the chariot and drew it as it were in triumph;
- 8. Patheus' countenance fell still more;
- 9. And those who played the timbrels, and all manner of wind and stringed instruments, played in a manner that was hateful unto Paulus, and unto James the scribe, and unto Patheus;

CHAPTER XL.

NOW when the mighty multitude reached the tower which had been compacted and built of the fir tree and the oak,

- 1. Patheus and James the scribe, feared to ascend thereunto, for they said:
- 2. Peradventure the sons of Isaac, and of John and of Patheus the little, should stone us, and we should die;
- 3. And they departed secretly to their homes.

5. Howbeit Paulus ascended the tower; and the players upon the instruments played, and the bearers of the fetters as it were clanked there together, and the multitude shouted: A way with him. And he trembled with fear, and departed secretly to his palace, and shut the door thereof.

8. And Thomas, surnamed the silken, was not there, for he had taken counsel with himself and departed far into the country.

9. Then the mighty multitude called upon Isaac, and upon John of the tribe of Judah, and they expounded unto them words of wisdom and of truth.

10. And the people hearkened thereto and were glad.

11. And they thought of the captivity of their land, and their brethren in chains in a far country.

12. And Alexander came down from the housetop and also spake to them: words of comfort and of wisdom.

CHAPTER XLI.

NOW when the evening was come, Paulus gave a great feast, with closed doors, and as he thought to none save his adherents;

- 1. But the sons of Isaac and of Patheus the little made a violent commotion;
- 2. And ran to and fro, and shouted: Go to, thou grey beard;
- 3. And James the scribe, and Patheus of the rufous countenance, caused the lights to be removed, and left their guests in total darkness;
- 4. And upon the morrow the sons of Isaac and of Patheus the little came together in the field of the Blacksmith, by the tombs of their fathers, and of the mighty Daniel;
- 5. But the windows of heaven were opened, and the floods descended and the winds blew;
- 6. And the multitude was dispersed, and went sorrowing to their homes, like as it were unto swined rats;
- 7. And he of the sons of Isaac who kept the bag, was left alone upon the field; night was to the tombs;
- 8. And he returned unto the city with a rufous countenance, bearing the banner of the sons of Isaac, and like unto one not in his-right mind;
- 9. And the rest of the wondrous doing of that time, are they not written in the Book of the Kings, and the Chronicles of the Isles.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The potatoe blight is rapidly spreading throughout the county Limerick, destroying the crops wholesale.

Alexander Scarlett, a printer, was prosecuted at the Enniskillen petty sessions, August 9, for having enlisted in the 10th regiment while an apprentice. He was sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

A young man named Hely sey has been awarded £50 damages, in a suit against a farmer and solicitor named Earken, at the Wick Low Assizes, for injuries sustained through having been bitten by defendant's dog.

John Hamilton and Samuel Kyle, of Omagh, Orange-bands, which visited and disturbed the peace of Enniskillen recently, were prosecuted by Sub-Inspector Boyce for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. A fine of £2 each and costs was imposed.

The Corporation of Waterford, in response to their memorial, asking for a remission of the sentence on Mr. E. Freeman, who was fined £300, in addition to two months' imprisonment, for sending an unseaworthy ship to sea, have been informed that the law must take its course.

ORANGEISM IN FOREIGN POWERS.—On August 13, an Orange demonstration took place in this town at the opening of an Orange hall in Carlton street. There was an immense attendance.

HIGH PRICE OF LEAD.—Prime old meadow land, the property of Mr. H. M. Lloyd, at Skebanna, near Templemore, was sold at £11 11s. per acre, exclusive of auction fees, a few weeks ago.

The masons and laborers engaged in Waterford and Central Railway at Maryborough have struck for an increase of wages. The former demand 5s. and the latter 4s. 6d. per week. Mr. Delahunty, chairman, and Mr. C. R. Galvey, engineer of the company, decline to accede to their demands.

Patrick Harty, farmer residing at Knight, near Nenagh, who is recently returning home from Norway, fell from his horse, sustaining a severe injury on the head. He was subsequently found lying on the road, with the horse standing quietly beside him. He is in a precarious condition.

Patrick Power, while sitting on a cliff, August 3, at Tramore, witnessing the regatta, was so startled by the discharge of a large gun on the rock that he slipped and rolled down a height of forty feet. His left leg was fractured in two places, and his right knee was severely cut.

Rev. Michael Bulger, Birm., contradicts the rumor of his being deputed by his bishop to proceed to America to collect funds for the erection of the Christian Brothers' schools; but states that it is true he is engaged in the work of erecting the schools, which with a residence for the Brothers, will cost £7,000.

The annual fair at the Old Cross, Arbroath, Co. Tyrone was held August 2, with more than usual gaiety and pomp. There were upwards of 10,000 persons assembled. The Home Rulers, taking the advantage of the occasion, held a large and imposing demonstration, and passed resolutions in favor of an amnesty for the political prisoners.

Bishop Dorrinan laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Newtownards, August 3 (the gift of the Marchioness of Londonderry), in presence of a large assemblage of various denominations. Amongst the clergymen present were:—Rev. P. McConvey, P.P. Newtownards; Rev. Rev. Dr. James Killen, P.P. Portaferry; Rev. Father Magee, Mourne; Rev. Father McCabe, C.C., Newtownards; Rev. James McIlvenny, C.C., Saul; Rev. Father Ferris, C.C., Kirkcubbin; Rev. Edward Connor, P.P., Crossgar, etc.

Mr. Michael Dawson, aged 64 years, a native of Naas, died at Melbourne, Australia. Deceased emigrated to that country in 1840. During the gold fever he realized £1,000 a day. In 1854 he retired from the grocery business and devoted himself to freehold investments, by which speculations he secured immense wealth. His affairs were so extensive and complicated he could never be prevailed upon to make a will, consequently he died intestate. He leaves a widow and six children.