

his boots, his beautiful nature, that he discovered her poorly concealed aversion.

What was her surprise then to hear him avow his passion for her in his rough, uncouth way, and pledge her all his possessions, with a promise of anything and everything she wanted if she would only consent to add the light of her presence to the lighthouse.

Rose was inclined to be angry at first, and a feeling of pride, a new feeling to her, made her draw up her form for a moment, and a flash came into her eyes. But it faded away at once, for the scene was too dull to reach the spirit of merriment that was uppermost in her, and presently a half-suppressed smile passed over her features.

It vanished in an instant, however, as she turned to answer the old fellow's protestations. 'Indeed, Mr. Hull,' she said, with as serious a look as she could call up, 'You have taken me quite by surprise. I never had any anticipation of the honor intended for me, and the little acquaintance we have had leaves me quite lost to know why you should come to me on such an errand.'

It was the first time she had ever used so many words to him at once, and sound of her voice, and the consciousness that she was speaking to him, seemed to make him forget the tone of her answer.

'Rose,' he replied—she started at being called so familiarly by him—'you may get many a finer figure than mine, but there's not many can give you the fortune I can give you.'

He tried to throw a knowing wink at her as he said this, but only succeeded in squeezing one side of his face into a horrid contortion.

Rose was ready to laugh outright at this facial effort, but smothered the feeling with the greatest difficulty.

Taking her silence in this regard as an encouraging sign to his suit, he went on: 'I have seen better days than you would suppose. To look at me now, I am not very comely, but that's only the covering, lass. There is a soft spot for somebody somewhere here with all my rough tumbling through life, slapping his heart, and giving another of his facial developments, with a laugh that came from his chest with as rusty a sound as if it had not been disturbed for forty years.'

Rose took advantage of this to let off her suppressed mirth, for it was really becoming painful to keep in any longer.

'Mr. Hull—' She endeavored to say something else, but the words died away in another laugh.

Jonas, taking all this glee as a tribute to his own witty remark, and never suspecting for a moment that the girl was what they call 'making game of him,' actually took a position on one knee at the bench by her side.

'At this, and the comical expression which his features assumed with a familiarity, Rose could no longer contain to any propriety her laughter. Such an expression had never been seen on his face before, and perhaps on any other human countenance. It can be compared with nothing that comes to mind at present. Whoever has seen the little glue and gutta-percha heads which are frequently vendued on a board through the streets, and has taken one in his hands, perhaps has squeezed out of it something like the expression. However, it is only a chance, and there are nine other chances that no one ever saw it.'

'Rose, love,' he said, edging nearer to her on his one knee, 'you are too lovely to throw yourself away upon any of the poor chaps of this place. What could you ever expect from any of them but the same common life that your mother and grandmother have led before you?—But with me,' he said, 'ba, ba, people know little of the old lighthouse-keeper's locker. I did not sail the Sally Ann from Brussels and Bordeaux to this country for five years, never paying a stiver on the cargo, without laying a good bagful by for my old days.'

'Twas clear that the warmth of his speech was melting away his discretion. 'Come Rose,' said he, 'with me; you can cut a higher figure than in an Irish cottage with one of those clod-hoppers.'

This was going too far with his vulgarity and impertinence, and the fair maiden felt it. Rising from her seat and drawing herself away from him, she said, while her eyes flashed fire with the speech—

'Mr. Hull, enough of this. What I looked upon at first as amusing, is now verging on rudeness. You mistake me entirely, if you take any encouragement from my manner to continue in such a strain any longer. Now, that I see its consequence, I am sorry that I treated your ridiculous offer with such levity, but I did not spurn it with contempt at once. I hope you have your answer now. Allow me to pass, sir.'

Wretch replied, 'but you know the inlet over there is not very easy to enter on a dark night, and if I don't mistake you'll hear a little noise overhead before to-morrow midnight.'

'Well! God will take care of him,' said the young girl more calmly, 'for the lighthouse—' 'Ah! I will take care of that,' said he impudently mocking her, and with that he took his departure.

There was no doubting that the villain meant by these words, and it was with a heavy and sinking heart that Rose passed the rest of the evening.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF VEN. ARCADEAON BARDEN, V.G.—We (Wexford People) regret to have to announce the death of this estimable and venerated Clergyman, which occurred at his residence, Kinnagh, on Thursday, March 31st, at the advanced age of 72 years. Father Barden devoted a long life to the labours of the holy Mission for which he was ordained. He was appointed Curate of New Ross in the year 1817; Curate of Tintern in 1827; and Curate of Hook, in 1834. In 1835 he was promoted Parish Priest of Tintern, which parish he resigned in 1862. He was created Archdeacon in 1836, Vicar-Foraig in 1857, and Vicar-General in 1863. His life was marked by the pious zeal ever evinced by him for the salvation of the souls placed under his charge, whilst by his amiable disposition he won the affection of his flock. —May he rest in peace.

OPENING OF THE NEW SCHOOLS OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS, HARRINGTON STREET, DUBLIN.—We are convinced that we bring tidings of great joy to many Catholic hearts when we announce that these new schools are now fully completed. On Monday next, the 11th instant, they will be opened to receive pupils. This day will mark an epoch in the educational and religious history of Dublin, as it will at once proclaim the zeal of the Catholic Church in the glorious cause of education, and the determination of a Catholic people to secure for their children a truly Christian and national training. Although these schools are capable of accommodating 700 children, we have reason to think that parents who wish to secure admission for their sons must be prompt in their application, as even already large numbers are candidates for that favor. We understand that the exhausted resources of the parish will compel the good Brothers to commence their new career under a great personal inconvenience; but we are sure the Catholic feelings of our wealthy citizens will shortly place these devoted men beyond the reach of such discomfort.

COADJUTOR BISHOP OF MEATH.—On Tuesday last, at Mullingar, his Grace the Primate presiding, the election of a Coadjutor Bishop of Meath was proceeded with, and the result is as follows:— Rev. Father Nulty, Dignitarius; Rev. Father McCabe, Dignior; and Dr. O'Hanlon, Dignus. The Rev. Dr. McElroy and the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Plunkett also received votes.

THE CATHOLICS OF DONEGAL.—The jury panel for the Spring Assizes of Donegal is before us, and we find it contains 164 names of jurors, summoned for the trial of all issues, civil or criminal (except special jury causes) at said Assizes. Of this number fifteen only are Catholics—and of these Catholics the first name we find is twenty-first on the list, the second is twenty-seventh, and the third is thirty-third—a fact which we beg our readers to bear in mind. Is this a fair jury panel?—is the list from which this has been compiled a fair list?—do they contain a fair representation of the respectability and intelligence of the county? We shall see. The population of Donegal is 237,396, of which 62-7 are Catholics, or, in round numbers, 178,182, as compared with the other sects put together. Can it be possible, therefore, that whereas the Catholics are considerably more than one to one of the population, they are fairly elected by being put in the fearful minority of one to eleven on the grand jury panel; or in other words, that whereas they are 62-7 of the population of the county they are duly represented on the jury panel by being 10 per cent. of the jurors summoned? We are well aware of the specious answer generally given in explanation of this injustice. We are gravely told that the jury must be intelligent and respectable, and that although in particular localities the Catholics may be in a numerical superiority, they are lamentably inferior to Protestant neighbors in education and position. The assertion reminds us of a state of things that was, but that happily no longer exists. It reminds us of the days of persecution, when Catholics were driven from their homes and possessions, and forced to find a refuge in the recesses of the mountains. It reminds us of the times when education was denied the Catholic, when he was refused knowledge except he wished to exchange for it the precious inheritance of his faith, and when his teachers were hunted like wild beasts from the land, and he himself was compelled by merciful and enlightened rulers to grow up in ignorance, and bring forth his children to a doom of intellectual bondage. It reminds us also that hardly a generation has passed since this state of things underwent a change, and it would, indeed, appear rash to suppose that in thirty years the Catholic population of the North, living in the midst of persecution, heirs of suffering and misfortune, have advanced with such giant strides that they can now stand side by side with those who are the favoured children of a powerful Government and supreme oligarchy, their equals in intelligence, if not in wealth, and their proud rivals in the best and noblest attributes of humanity. And here, too, we find the truth-telling returns of the census sustaining our position. We presume that education may now-a-days—particularly as regards the rural population—be taken as a test of intelligence and respectability, and therefore as an indication of the qualification necessary for an enlightened juror. Well, then, in the county Donegal, of the male population that can read and write, (this being the highest standard of proficiency given us by the Census Commissioners), 19,312 are Catholics, 7,473 are Presbyterians, 6,824 are Protestants, and the remainder, including Methodists, Baptists, &c., amount to 897. So that the Catholics of Donegal are the majority of the educated population of the county, exceeding Protestants of every denomination by something like four thousand! If, then, they constitute the majority of the educated class, by what right are they excluded from the jury-box? If they are more than a-half of the population, and more than a-half of those qualified by intelligence to serve on juries, is it not an outrage upon justice to find them in the contemptible minority of 15 to 149 on the panel, a minority which nothing can excuse or justify.—Ulster Observer.

IRISH TENANT-RIGHT.

To the Editor of the London Times. Sir,—Ireland is certainly the country of anomalies. It is moral, and yet it is the only country where murders are fostered by the people on principle. It is always whispering rebellion, and yet when the Queen embarked at Kingstown the people threw their hats into the sea in the excessive zeal of their loyalty. The rents of good land are very low, and the rents of bad land are very high. The Roman Catholics in important cases, almost invariably employ Protestant counsel, deeming them the most able, as indeed the chances are they ought to be, seeing that the great majority of the Bar is Protestant, and the Protestant Government almost invariably appoints Roman Catholic Judges, intending thereby, but, vainly, to cajole the multitude. But of the anomalies the greatest is what is called 'tenant-right,' or the sum paid by the incoming to the outgoing tenant-at-will. Strange as it may seem, under a liberal landlord this in some cases, equals in

the barrack, and said he did not care for the magistrates. It appears that the Frankfort Obier has more power than a magistrate, and a stipendiary magistrate, too. He said that we were playing party tunes, and that if we were in the North of Ireland we would not do so. We then returned to the chapel-yard and satisfied ourselves. After twelve o'clock we got leave from the magistrate, and played through the whole town; everything was carried on with the greatest quietness!

ANARST OF RODY KICKHAM.—The Fenians don't fight. There was a great opportunity given at Mullinahone the other day to all lovers of physical force to begin the battle that is to free us from the yoke of the cruel-hearted and merciless Saxon. Mr. Rody Kickham, a real Fenian hero, was deliberating with some others in a public house, on the best and surest way to liberate Ireland, and having suspected that those around him were not true men, he said if the time for fighting came they would not fight; and the reply he received was, 'yes, we will fight.' But let us see if they performed their promise. Constable Hogan, whose sense of hearing must be very sharp, heard the conversation from without, and he resolved to ascertain who were thus devising and plotting the destruction of the British empire. He knocked at the door. The heroes inside, believing that there were invaders striving to gain an entrance at once took to their heels, the valiant Rody amongst the rest; but Hogan and his men were too smart for him, and so Rody was captured without a struggle; and his companions, who said we will fight, were no where to be found! Thus taken by surprise, Rody made no resistance, and he was searched and locked up, and some cards found in his pocket, on which were printed the oath of fealty to the 'Irish Republic.' A council of magistrates and other wise men were quickly assembled. It was evident that a great capture was made; and the justices and all who assembled to save the state, resolved to send Rody Kickham to Clonmel gaol. The people heard of the news, they assembled in large numbers, they followed the car on which their friend was sitting, guarded by 30 policemen. Now here was an opportunity seldom given for a noble display of heroism in the cause of fatherland. But it was given in vain. The police could be easily overpowered, and their arms captured. Rody could have been rescued from the car on which he sat and placed as General at the head of the little army, to begin the grand work of Irish Liberation! But nothing of the kind was attempted. The Fenians only talk of fighting. They have no appetite for cold steel; no desire to die for their country. They permitted their friend and neighbor to be carried off to Clonmel gaol without making a single effort to save him, and since then he has been committed for trial at summer assizes, when he may be found guilty and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. We call attention to these facts, not to ridicule any of our fellow countrymen, but to prove to those deluded people who are doing England's work in Dublin and elsewhere, that they are engaged in one of the greatest absurdities imaginable. They tell the country that nothing will free the land but fighting; but when the hour for fighting comes, they will not risk limb or life to give an example of heroism to the people. We ask then, is it not time to give up this folly of deluding the young men of Ireland? A small section of the population will never be able to emancipate the country. They may annihilate themselves, but they need not expect to damage the enemy. In '98 there were great men in the land, and they failed to make an impression on the foe, because division left them powerless. In '48 there was a martial spirit pervading the country, but the people would not enter the combat to get themselves slaughtered, and the leaders of the movement were scattered over the earth. When such disasters befel men of great prowess and influence, of what use would pigmies be now in calling the Irish to arms? They would have Europe and America laughing at them, and we would be set down for another half century as the greatest cowards on earth. Let the Fenian leaders, then, have pity on us, and spare our character. Let them look at the history of the past hundred years, and see if the sword has done anything for Ireland. It was moral force emancipated our altars and trampled on Protestant Ascendancy. It was moral force reformed the Corporations and extended the elective franchise. And if the efforts of '52 had been wisely directed, and a few of the traitors discarded, moral force would have won tenant-right for the farmers. O'Connell, no doubt, told us to watch England's weakness, and make it our opportunity. This we are bound to do; but it is only the widest folly to be talking of physical force when England is strong, and keeps clear of difficulties with her powerful neighbors.—Dundalk Democrat.

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EMIGRATION.—The tide of emigration flows on with increasing volume from all parts of Ireland. Travellers declare that they have seen whole villages in Connacht utterly deserted, the people, old and young—grandfathers and little children, being met in hundreds on the road, making their way to the emigration ships. The clamorous grief of relatives parting is seldom witnessed now; on the contrary, the emigrants are quite cheerful. Speaking of those who sailed by the City of Glasgow, the Cork Examiner says that they seemed as joyful as if they were embarking for a picnic on a summer lake. The booking-offices in Dublin have all the berths engaged in the Atlantic steamers for weeks to come. Even in some of the best counties, in Leitrim and Ulster, the small farmers are giving up their unavailing struggle to live on their small holdings, and are going in great numbers to the country where they can have farms without rent. In many cases the peasants have their passage paid by their relatives in America.—Times.

At the present rate of emigration the population of Ireland will very soon be less than it was at the time of the Union.—Dublin Irishman.

Many of the emigrants who came to Sligo this week were from the county of Mayo, and some of them mentioned a strange circumstance.—'When,' said one of them, 'passing through Erris, we saw houses open and deserted, with the furniture left in them.' And on asking why they did not sell the furniture? The reply was, 'Who would they sell it to; the people about were all gone, and there was no one to buy anything.' We have ourselves heard from a gentleman who has lately been in Belmullet and other portions of Mayo, that whole districts are depopulated.—Sligo Champion.

DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS.—The affecting scenes which we were accustomed to witness on the quays some time ago, when the steamers of the Atlantic Company were plying between this port and the New World, now takes place almost every day at our railway station. Scarcely a train leaves without bringing with it a number of emigrants, about to embark in Queenstown or other ports, chiefly for the United States of America. They are accompanied to the railway platform by their friends, who, when the shrill whistle of the engine announces the departure of the train, give vent to their feelings in cries of the most heartrending bitterness.—Galway Vindicator.

The Galway Vindicator says:—A most heinous outrage was committed on Sunday night (3rd ult.) at a place called Poppy-hill, near Kilkilke. A man named Healy had made some arrangement with a refractory son of his, and gave him a sum of money to enable him to emigrate to America. The young man felt dissatisfied that he should not obtain a portion of his father's property; and after purchasing in Loughrea the necessary outfit for leaving the country, he returned to his father's residence at midnight, and having made the door fast on the outside, set fire to the dwelling-house wherein the old man and his daughter slept. They fortunately escaped destruction, and the police caught the criminal in a neighboring village.

ANOTHER FATAL OUTRAGE.—To the catalogue of fearful crimes which had their origin in intemperance, may be added the murder of Thomas Hanrahan, laborer, Oldtown, near Stoneford, on last Thursday night. The particulars of the melancholy occurrence are briefly these:—Hanrahan, (deceased) Patrick Sullivan, William Shea, and Thomas Fitzgerald, all neighbors of his, went to Thomastown on St. Patrick's Day. They, as almost all country people do, 'drowned their shamrocks' by drinking some beer in that town. Early in the evening they proceeded towards home, but at Jerpoint they partook of more drink, which was given them in a public house in that locality. After leaving Jerpoint they began to trip each other as they went along the road. This amusement (if such it can be called) was kept up until they were nearing Lord Carrick's gate (Mount Juliet) at Oldtown, when the deceased was tripped up by one of the party, whom he did not catch but Sullivan was blamed for it. Fitzgerald then said that whoever would again trip Tom Hanrahan should trip himself also. At this juncture of affairs Sullivan retreated to the rear, and in a few minutes poor Hanrahan was struck on the right side of the head with a stone; he was knocked down and became insensible. Fitzgerald raised the stone which had been thrown, and found it to be a half-burned lime-stone. He then accused Sullivan of having killed the man, to which the latter replied, 'Did I, and walked away. Information was at once conveyed to the Stoneford Constabulary station, and Captain Ivory, accompanied by Sub-Constable Murphy (they were the only men in barracks, the others being out on duty) lost no time in visiting the apparently dying man. When they were made acquainted with the facts they pursued Sullivan, and succeeded in capturing him. Fought Quaney, of Thomastown, also hastened to Mount Juliet, but as Hanrahan was unconscious, he could not administer the sacraments. On the following morning, however, the rev. gentleman was enabled to perform his sacred duty, Hanrahan having revived a little. But as soon as he received the administrations of the priest he began to work in the throes of death; and although Dr. Bradley, of Kells Gares, was in constant attendance on him he died on Saturday morning at nine o'clock. The coroner having been communicated with, held an inquest on the body on Saturday evening last, which was adjourned until last Monday. The coroner carefully summed up the evidence, and the jury disagreed as to their verdict.—Mr. Hort, R.M., and Mr. J. S. Blake, J.P., were present during the examination of the witnesses, and when the inquest had terminated it was resolved to hold a special sessions at Stoneford on Tuesday next to receive further testimony. It is stated that Sullivan was observed by his comrades to pelt the stone, whose blow has now resulted in depriving an athletic young man of life, and an aged mother of a dutiful and good son. Fortunately deceased was not married.—Kilkenny Mail.

GRANTS OF MONEY TO PUBLIC PARKS.—Some time since Sir Colman O'Loughlin moved for a return of public money expended in the formation and purchase of public parks and recreative grounds in large and populous places in Great Britain and Ireland since the 8th day of December, 1857. The return has now been made, and but two names, both English, appear on it. Battersea Park cost the State £15,000, the balance of former grants of Parliament, and the produce of sales of old materials, &c. On the purchase and formation of Chelsea Hospital grounds there was expended £4,168, granted by a vote of Parliament. No money whatever was granted for Ireland.

At the Tralee election, in May, 1863, the distinction was clearly drawn between those Catholics who 'prefer beyond all comparison a Liberal to a Tory administration,' because, 'under a Liberal Government, those who accord, in sentiment and feeling with the mass of the Irish people, have a fair chance of attaining influence and power,' and those Catholics who were described as 'wretched factionists, who howl and rave against the friends of liberty and Ireland, and fawn like spaniels on a party which despises and abhors, but condescends to use them.' But even this ground, as it seems to us, is not strongly held in 1864, and in the present condition of Ireland, with a 'Whig' Government, steadily refusing all remedial measures, and with the population flying from the land, those material interests of Ireland which were once held so cheap, in comparison with the distribution of places among the Catholic supporters of the Whigs, begin to seem worthy of attention. At the present moment there is, we rather think, a pretty general feeling amongst Catholics (the immediate expectants or actual holders of place being of course excepted), that the sooner the Whigs are turned out the better it will be for all parties, even for themselves.—Tribune.