

astonishing, the soothing effect which repeating a grievance has on the sufferer, and this must be my excuse for inflicting my woes on an unoffending reader.

First, then, to introduce myself. My is Codlings; I am short, stout, and middle aged, and I was, or rather (alas!) was a captain in the Targetshire, or death to the Invader Volunteers. — And I may add, that no one could have been a more thorough volunteer than I was. I was proud of the uniform and I liked the exercise.

The 18th of June had long been fixed as the day on which a grand review of the corps was to take place.

As M. P. for the county was to be present, and a bugle was to be presented by the M. P.'s daughter, and altogether we felt that the eyes of Europe would be upon us, and we felt equal to the occasion.

As the day approached, our drill were multiplied to such an extent that most of us feared our uniforms would hardly last so as to be fit to be seen at the review, so great was the strain upon it.

However, practice makes perfect, and after our last drill on the evening of the 17th, we, one and all, considered that we were so near to perfection that our talents would be altogether thrown away upon an ordinary field day, and that nothing short of a grand sham fight, on the exact model of a real one, would do us all justice.

It was in vain for our adjutant—a half-pay officer of the army, who is dreadfully jealous of our progress, I am sure—to object, on battle we were determined.

The only difficulty was to decide which battle of modern times should be honored by our notice. Alma, Inkerman, Solferino, were all discussed; but each presented some objections. — We were nearly giving up the idea and the adjutant becoming triumphant, when Waterloo was proposed, as being appropriate to the day; and moreover, it was added that there was a small clump of trees on our parade-ground, with a cow shed in it, which would do admirably for Hugomont and its adjacent wood.

The next question was to find a leader for the forces to be driven back; no one was desirous of appearing in the light of a beaten general on their first field, till at last I, Codlings, was selected to enact the part of the great Napoleon.

The somewhat secondary part of Blucher was to be taken by our senior first lieutenant, Crabtrees by name.

Crabtrees had been originally in the Hussars, but having been rather too fond of chicken hazzard, had sold out, and retired to his ancestral acres. He was for some time my first rank man, and although, generally speaking, most expert at the Manual, he invariably ordered his rifle on my toes, apologized, smiled at my agonized contortions, and repeated the performance five minutes afterwards.

He it was too, who with malice aforethought abstracted the detonating composition from my percussion caps on the eve of a field day, thereby covering me with confusion; and added insult to injury by exposing the trick he played me at the very moment I was expatiating on the very utter uselessness of the government rifle to a select circle of friends, and stating my belief that it was impossible to make most of them go off.

Again, on the occasion of my firing off my ramrod by accident, Crabtrees was the man who discovered its absence, in spite of my trying to look innocent and unconscious, and presented it to me amidst the jeers of my comrades. Altogether, Crabtrees was a nuisance, and I hated him cordially.

Our Colonel was to command the supposed British army, assisted by the Adjutant, while I was allowed, as a set off to the latter functionary, the drill sergeant of our corps.

The night of the 17th of June was a restless one for me; the thoughts of to-morrow were ever present with me, and prevented my sleeping; even when I had coaxed myself at last into a sort of sleep, I awoke with a start, five minutes afterwards, with the full conviction that I had been omitted to be called, and that the review was over without me, the representative of the great Napoleon, the martial Codlings. A second time I awoke in a fancied attempt to draw my sword (being attacked by two gigantic enemies) the handle turned and twisted in my hands, and seemed to be ringing like a bell-ropes in my grasp, and the whole household rushing to my room to ascertain the cause of the sudden outbreak.

At last, after having looked at my watch a hundred times, I found it was six o'clock and got, rushing to the window, and fates be praised, it was a lovely morning.

How I got dressed that day I know not; for in the excitement of the moment, the buttons flew off from my touch, like needles to a magnet. At last, my toilet was completed; but with my feelings, breakfast was not to be thought of; anything beyond a cup of tea would have choked me outright.

Our rendezvous was to be the railway station, where we were to receive our M. P., who was to arrive by the ten o'clock train, and from thence we were to march to our various positions.

Crabtrees was to remain at the White Hart in the town until sent for, and was then to come up with his detachment to conduct the pursuit.

The ten o'clock train arrived, and with it the M. P., who shook hands with all the officers, and complimented individually every non-commissioned officer and private on his soldier-like appearance.

The M. P.'s daughter, who was to present the bugle, was lovely, and I burned to distinguish myself, and obtain, perhaps, an approving smile, or even a crown of laurels, which she might—who knows?—have secreted in her pocket. The laurels, not the smiles, I mean.

We marched off, our band playing one of our favorite airs. I regret not being able to state which it was; but unfortunately, the first cornet, who always played the melody, was ill with the toothache, and was unable to attend parade, so we were obliged to march with accompaniments only, but the big drum did his duty nobly, and we did not miss the first cornet so much after all.

At length we reached the parade ground, I stole a glance at the M. P.'s fair daughter as I marched my men off to take the position of the attacking French army, and my heart throbbled suitably through my uniform.

When we arrived, imagine my chagrin at being told by our drill sergeant, who appeared quite to ignore me, that my position was to be a stationary one, and that in imitation of Napoleon and his look out tower, I must climb a tree and from thence watch the proceedings. I was never good at climbing, but with a little assistance, and—I am sorry to say, for the credit of our discipline—an occasional reminder from some of my men's bayonets, I reached the second bough.

Our fellows behaved splendidly. Hugomont, or the cow shed, was taken and retaken, and at length the time arrived for the last grand charge. Hugon nature could stand it no longer. I had been doing patience on a monument for two hours, and was thoroughly sick of it, so I determined to depart from history and my tree, and lead the charge myself.

I had some difficulty in getting down, and when I had succeeded my men were already charging, and just as I was running after them at my best pace who should I see coming up between us but that confounded Crabtrees and his supposed Prussians.

They had evidently lunched at the White Hart, and appeared to have taken more drink than was good for them. However that might be, they no sooner caught sight of me than they raised a shout of—

'There's Bonaparte himself! Let's take him prisoner!'

I turned and fled. It was in vain. My figure was not calculated for running, and they gained upon me at every step, but I still held on—I scrambled over hedges and through ditches, but still felt that they could catch me at any moment. I unclashed my sword-belt, in hopes that that trophy would be sufficient for them. But no one picked it up, and others still pursued they evidently looked upon me as the representative of invasion, and were determined on revenge.

I ran until I could run no longer, and then in spite of all my protestations and struggles, and explanations that I was only Codlings, and not Bonaparte, they dragged me to a duck pond. I heard a 'One, two, three, and away!' and the next moment I was floundering in four feet of black mud.

I struggled out as best I might. The first man I saw was Crabtrees, who apologized for the behaviour of his men with a smile on his countenance, for which I could have slain him then and there.

When I recovered myself a little, I crawled rather than walked up to the parade ground, and arrived just after the bugle had been presented.

My appearance was the signal for a general shout of laughter. Even the M. P.'s pretty daughter—whose semi-official condition should have kept her quiet—laughed. The more I stormed and swore, the more they laughed; and well they might, for I presented the spectacle of a dripping pigger.

The next morning I went to the Colonel and lodged my complaint against Crabtrees; but it was of no use, he only laughed at me, and I then expressed myself in the words with which I began my sad tale.

I have, since writing the above, just seen the Gazette, in which I perceive the following:

TARGETSHIRE VOLUNTEERS—F. Crabtrees, Esq., to be captain, vice Codlings, resigned. Imagine my disgust.

THE MINISTRY AND THE IRISH CHURCH.

The Orange party are wont to boast that, if let alone, they could sweep their Celtic and Catholic antagonists into the sea. But history shows that no important rising of the native Irish has been suppressed until the mother country has come to the rescue, nay, on more than one occasion, until all her available strength had been put forth. Down to the end of Elizabeth's reign the required reinforcements commonly came in the shape of bands raised by adventurers, who got large grants of forfeited lands for their services. The gloomy tracts of blood, famine, and pestilence cost the crown of England no less than £1,188,717—a sum in those days enormous.

What a same anxious policy was pursued by James I., who, taking advantage of a fresh rising provoked by his Deputy, confiscated nearly the whole of the six northern counties, and granted them with the avowed purpose of forming a province, excluding the old inhabitants, and introducing a new religion. The Ulster settlement of 1611 may be regarded as the prelude to the Ulster rebellion of 1641. During the great rebellion, some times fighting for the monarchy and more frequently on their own account, the despised Hibernians proved irresistible till the arrival of Cromwell with an English army, who (to use Lord Macaulay's words) 'subjugated Ireland, as Ireland had never been subjugated during the five centuries of slaughter which had elapsed since the landing of the first Norman settlers. He resolved to put an end to that conflict of races, and religions which had so long distracted the island. He resolved to put an end to that conflict of races, which had so long distracted the island, by rendering the English and Protestant population decidedly predominant. For this end he gave the reign to the fierce enthusiasm of his followers, snote the Catholics with the edge of his sword, so that great cities were left without inhabitants, drove many thousands to the West Indies, and supplied the void thus made by pouring in numerous colonists of Saxon blood and Galvanistic faith.'

During the whole of the next century both English and Irish legislation was peculiarly directed to depress and impoverish the Irish Catholics, whilst the Irish Protestants, besides being favoured in every possible way, were trained to arms, disciplined, and formed into corps of regiments. They alone took part in the Volunteer movement of 1780. How happened it that the first sparks of the rebellion of 1793-1799 were not trodden out by the yeomanry, militia, and volunteer, to say nothing of the regular troops? That rebellion in which the leading Irish Catholics remained loyal, lasted beyond a year, is computed to have cost the lives of 20,000 English soldiers, and was not put down till the Lord Lieutenant in person took the field at the head of an English army. Plowden computes that 150,000 men were in arms for its suppression.

A single episode may suffice. The only French troops landed were about 800 men under General Lambert, who was joined by about 2,000 Irish. With this small force he marched 150 miles, held out for 17 days, and did not surrender till he was surrounded by twenty times his number. He put completely to rout a body of 6,000 men, comprising the Galway Volunteers, with the Kilkenny and Longford Militia who ran away so fast that the affair popularly went

by the name of the Race of O'Connell. The colonels, Lord Ormonde and Lord Granard did all that men could do to stop the fight; and the reputation of the Irish militia for courage was redeemed by the Limerick regiment, which made a gallant though ineffectual stand against the French at Colony.

With such facts as these staring us in the face, it is a little to much to be told that the Orange faction may be safely trusted with the defence of Ireland either against foreign invasion or domestic treason. A mounted troop of them would probably ride down double or treble their number of Celtic Irish armed with scythes and pikes, but the united Catholics of Ireland would pass over them like an inundation or a hurricane.

The improvement in the Irish Catholics since they have been treated with an approximation towards justice is immense. They have acquired wealth and consideration. They are distinguished in the professions and in commerce. They hold a large proportion of offices, civil and military. A contest between them and Irish Protestants would take place now under widely different conditions from all former contests. If the Irish Protestants could not hold their own without English aid in 1689 or 1798, would they have a better chance in 1869? — [Fraser's Magazine.]

IMPORTANT LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE

The following letter from Mr. Gladstone has been received in reply to a memorial from the Independent Orange Association of Ulster:—

Downing street, July, 1869.

'Sir—I am directed by Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, transmitting the memorial of the Independent Orange Association of Ulster relating to the Irish Church Bill now before Parliament. Mr. Gladstone desires me to request that you will assure those on behalf of whom you write, that her Majesty's Government, anxious above all things for the success of the great measure which they have taken the responsibility of introducing, will give no countenance either to a direct proposal of concurrent endowment or to any plan for the pre-emption of those provisions of the bill which relate to the ultimate appropriation of the residuary property of the church. They regard any such proposal, independently of the incalculable mischief of keeping alive the controversy for an indefinite period, as the almost acknowledged road to concurrent endowment at some future time. With respect to the last paragraph of the memorial relating to the laws affecting land in Ireland, I am to inform you that her Majesty's Government have already declared their intention, as soon as the Church question shall have been settled, to frame a measure for the improvement of those laws which will aim at placing them on a footing of justice to all parties whom they may affect. — I am &c,

Wm. B. GURDON.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

A RECORD OF FORTY YEARS.

The London Star of July 14 says: If the action of the House of Lords during the last 40 years were surveyed it would be found that on every important question it has pursued a constantly illiberal and retrograde course.

THE FIRST REFORM BILL.

Every school-boy knows that the hostility of the Lords to the first reform bill brought the country to the verge of revolution. Twice this measure was practically rejected by that House, and even when they yielded it was from a fear of being swamped by new creations, or by more revolutionary measures.

ROMAN CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

On this subject the Lords had been equally obstinate. Various attempts which the Commons made to procure relief to our Catholic fellow subjects, were persistently frustrated by the Upper House; and in 1828, they refused to concur in a resolution, to the effect that it was expedient to consider the laws affecting Roman Catholics with a view to a satisfactory adjustment. It was only when, a year later, the choice lay between a rebellion and the removal of a just cause of dissatisfaction that they yielded, and then only by the private influence of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

In 1833 the Liberal Ministry introduced the Tithes commutation Bill the principle that Parliament was entitled to appropriate the surplus funds of the Irish Church to national purposes. It was the House of Lords which in defiance of repeated votes compelled the withdrawal of the Appropriation clause; and, although the battle raged fiercely till 1839, the bill time after time was rejected by the Lords, and the Whigs were finally compelled to pass their measure minus the principle which in Ireland was regarded as a pledge of justice.

THE CORPORATION AND TESTS ACTS.

The Lords were equally inimical to the relief of Dissenters as was shown by their rejection of a measure authorizing Dissenters to solemnize marriages in their own places of worship. When they passed Lord John Russell's bill for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts they insisted upon the introduction of words which excluded Jews from the benefit.

JEWISH DISABILITIES.

So long ago as 1833 Mr. Grant's bill for extending civil rights to the Jews was adopted by the Commons but thrown out by the Peers. In 1841, Mr. Druitt succeeded in carrying through a bill admitting Jews to corporate offices. The Lords rejected it, and did not give way till 1845. In 1849 the Commons were willing to admit Jews to Parliament. Year after year the bill for removing these disabilities was passed by increasing majorities, but the Lords persistently withheld their assent. It was not till after two years had elapsed that Jews were permitted to sit in the Commons; but the Lords still reserve the right to exclude Jews from their own Chamber, should the Crown desire to create Jewish peers.

DISSENTERS AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

In 1834, a bill removing the disqualifications which barred the Universities against Dissenters passed through the Commons by large majorities; but the Lords rejected it by a majority of 102. If it had not been for this vote the Dissenters would have enjoyed the full advantages of the universities on terms of equality more than a generation ago. Similar bills have more recently met the same fate.

CHURCH RATES.

In 1852 the House of Commons passed Sir John Trevelyan's bill for the abolition of Church rates. The same measure was repeatedly carried in the one House, and as often rejected by the other, until Mr. Gladstone's compromise put an end to the strife.

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

In 1835 the House of Commons passed a bill purging the corporations of the kingdom of their worst abuses, but the Lords interfered for the protection of the 'freemen' who had been the cause of much of the corruption.

THE CORN LAWS.

The hostility of the Corn Laws is matter of history. On the eve of their abolition the Duke of Wellington, who at all times commanded a majority, wrote these words: 'I am one of those who think the continuance of the Corn Laws essential to the agriculture of the country in its existing state, and particularly to that of Ireland, and a benefit to the whole community.'

EDUCATION.

When, in 1839, Lord Melbourne's Administration placed the management of the education funds in the hands of the Privy Council, in order that aid

might be dispensed to schools of various denominations, the Lords, avowedly influenced by a fear that the ascendancy of the Church would be endangered voted an address to the Crown against the measure.

LIFE PFERAGES.

In 1856 ministers advised the issuing of letters patent conferring a life peerage on Sir James Parke. This exercise of the royal prerogative was successfully contested by the Lords, and Baron Parke was raised to the hereditary peerage by the title of Lord Wensleydale.

PAPER DUTIES.

The Commons in 1860 resolved to repeal the paper duties. The House of Lords for the first time in its history, rejected a money bill, and that, too, by a majority of 89. As is well known, the Lower House after an angry controversy, succeeded in vindicating its privileges.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The annual exhibition at St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, recently took place in presence of His Grace the Archbishop. His presence was the signal of a grand cheer from the youthful alumni, by whom His Grace, as their spiritual father, is loved, and as the patriarchal prelate of native piety and patriotism is esteemed and revered. Master O'Flaherty, a native of the island blessed by the footsteps of St. Brannon, St. Ronan, St. Enda, recited in the Irish language the splendid version by the Archbishop of Tuam, from Moore's song, 'O Arau More, loved A. an Mrs.' Master Daly showed his acquaintance with the Irish and English languages in the natural, effective, and pleasing manner in which he delivered, 'Let Erin remember the days of old,' translated by His Grace the Archbishop; Masters Hughes and William Walsh proved plainly they were not unskilled in rendering the sense of the original Greek selected from the third book of Homer's Iliad. Then commenced the distribution of premiums. The students who per-sons most distinguished themselves in recitations were B. O'Flaherty, scholar in Greek composition; Joseph O'Connell, in Latin; John Healy, in Irish; Walter O'Connell, in French, and Master Edward O'Flaherty, in English. It is right not to pass over without some mark of commendation the remarkably able manner in which Messrs. O'Malley and Adamson recited with energy, combined with grace and rhetorical accuracy of feeling and expression, the selection from Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar,' the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. Master Lavan, from Savannah, Ga., with judgment and naivete of manner, recited a Latin ode. Masters Anthony Waters, and William Walsh, Kilkenny, were rewarded for their uniform observance of discipline during the past year. The company were entertained in one of the college halls at a splendid dejeuner; and thus, with the good wishes of all, the closing scene of the academic year was brought to a close.

RETREAT AT ST. JARLATH'S, TUAM.—The annual retreat for the clergy of Tuam and Clonsilla was carried out during the past week at St. Jarlath's College with the usual solemnity. During retreat the temporal comforts of the clergy (about 100 in number) were indefatigably and most successfully attended to by the Very Rev. U. J. Bourke, the worthy president of the college.

The Rev. Laurence McKenna of New York, has arrived in Ireland on a visit to his friends, and on Wednesday honoured us with a visit. We were glad to see the Rev. Gentleman in the enjoyment of good health. He spoke in the warmest terms of Catholicity in the Great Republic, and the prosperous career of the Church. He has left for Londonderry to visit some friends of his in the 'Malden City.' — [Dundalk Democrat.]

Recently, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Hea Bishop of Ross, laid the foundation stone of the new church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, at Leslie, Burregoe. The ceremony was an interesting and imposing one.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN FITZSIMONS, P.P., OUSSENDALL.—The demise of this much revered priest took place at Ashbrook, near Ousendall, on Friday, when the coffin was borne by the clergy from his late residence to the junction of the avenue with the main road, and from thence his own faithful Glensman carried his remains a distance of two miles, to their final resting place in the little graveyard at Redbay—a touching proof of their veneration and affection for the memory of their late pastor. On the arrival of the funeral at Redbay Church, the coffin was placed before the altar, and the Rev. James Young, U.C., offered up the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass for the happy repose of the soul of him whose inanimate remains lay there in the midst of the people whom he had loved and served so faithfully, unerringly, and unvaryingly, as friend, pastor, and guide. And thus, in his winding sheet, the good pastor preached his last sermon to his beloved flock, though death had stilled the beating of his heart, and had rendered inaudible the voice that had so often thrilled through their souls. Even in death he was faithful to them, having, a short time before his departure to a better world, expressed a desire that his remains should be interred at Redbay, where, for many a year to come, the pious, innocent, and virtuous Catholics of the Glens will pray for his happy repose, and that their departure from this weary world may be like his, consoling and hopeful—the natural termination of an unblemished, irreproachable, zealous life. — R.I.P.

DEATH BY DROWNING OF THE REV. MR. CAROLAN, P.P., CLOUGH.—On Thursday last an accident occurred in the pretty little bathing-place of Bnodoran which resulted in the death of the Rev. Mr. Carolan, parish priest of Clogher. The deceased went into the sea to bathe, the sea being rough, and afterwards he was heard shouting for help. A young man named Cleary, who was not far off, proceeded to his assistance, and succeeded in catching him, and holding him for a time, but they were separated by a huge wave. The brave young man again went to the relief of Mr. Carolan, but was told by the deceased gentleman to go to the shore as quickly as he could, else he would also be carried away. Another young man named Burke, and two policemen named Fox and M'Sherry, rushed into the water, but the reverend gentleman having then disappeared, they returned with great difficulty to the shore with the young man Cleary, who was in a very exhausted state. Every aid possible was rendered by Drs. Hamilton and Shiels, and they succeeded in restoring consciousness, but he still remains in a very precarious state. The body of the deceased reverend gentleman was not recovered for some time after, when life was extinct. His remains were removed to Ologher. This accident occurred opposite the horsepool, on Single Street Strand, which is greatly frequented by parties wishing to bathe. Another account states that the reverend gentleman, after being in the water for a minute or two, was thrown with great violence against a rock, his head coming in contact with it, and he was thereby greatly incapacitated from using the necessary exertions to regain the shore.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BELFAST.—On Sunday, immediately after last Mass there was a meeting held of the heads of families who usually attend St. Peter's Church. The Most Rev. Dr. Dorrien occupied the chair. The object of the meeting was to inaugurate a fund to pay off the debt incurred by building a parochial residence for the priests attached to St. Peter's. In consequence of the meeting having been only partially announced the attendance was limited but the amount subscribed was nearly £200; but a further opportunity will be given to all parties interested in promoting Catholic objects, and we have no doubt but that a sum will be realized which will reduce the debt on the building to a very moderate figure.

A COMMENT ON MURDER IN BALLYJAMESDUFF, COUNTY

CAVAN.—A community of six nuns of the Order of Mercy have lately arrived in Ballyjamesduff from Worcester, England, where they were for some years engaged in educating the Poor Irish Catholic children of that town, whose parents were employed at expensive works, which were abandoned on the failure of Overend, Gurney & Company. That catastrophe caused the Irish labourers to seek their daily bread elsewhere, and at the same time, so narrowed the 'sphere of usefulness' of these religiouses as to induce them to seek a larger field for their labours, which they have found in Ballyjamesduff, where the Most Rev. Dr. Conry has given them every encouragement towards the establishment of a branch of their Order there. The Rev. Mother (Mrs. Maguire) was formerly Superioress of St. Paul's Convent, Belfast.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The session of 1868-69 was closed on last Tuesday with unusual solemnity. Shortly before twelve o'clock the professors entered the University Church in their robes and proceeded to their respective stalls, while the students filled the space set apart for them under the sanctuary. Directly the clock struck the hour, High Mass was commenced by the Rector, and the University choir, under Mr. Barraclough, rendered the fine old Gregorian chant, now so rarely heard in our churches, most impressively. After the Gospel, the Rector descended to the rails of the sanctuary, and delivered a very able discourse on the connection of religion with education. Having drawn, in the clearest manner, the distinction between knowledge and education, he pointed out that education does not consist merely in furnishing the mind with the knowledge of geography, arithmetic, engineering, medicine of law; but, in cultivating those powers which will enable man to guide and control this knowledge—for we all know that many of the most learned men in these branches of secular knowledge exhibit in their lives the saddest examples of human frailty. He dwelt upon the nature of the ceremony in which they were then engaged, and said that it was by ceremonies like this at the beginning and closing of this session in their Catholic University, proof was given of how faithfully the Catholic Church guarded the trust confided to her by her Divine founder. After the High Mass the Te Deum or hymn of thanksgiving was chanted in alternate verses by the choir and the University staff, and thus the sixteenth session of Ireland's University was fittingly closed with all the solemnity of religion. — Freeman, July 7.

THE HORRIBLE OUTRAGE AT AUGHAGALLY.—About two o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 11th ult. the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Aughagally Catholic Church were thrown into the utmost alarm and consternation on being suddenly awakened by the continuous discharge of firearms, and on getting out of bed to ascertain the cause of so unusual a disturbance a large mob of armed men was seen making their precipitate retreat from the direction of the Catholic Church. It was then discovered that the demons of discord had been abroad. Difficult as it is to conceive that anything in human steps could be so demoralised as to attack unprovoked at two o'clock on Sunday morning a house dedicated to the worship of God, it was discovered on examination of the premises, that the large window which is opposite the altar had been literally riddled with gun bullets some of which after carrying away portions of the framework, lodged in the opposite. Had these cowardly Vandals of the nineteenth century ended here, the record of Orange Ruffianism and blind bigotry might have had one crime less to stain its pages. But no. The destruction of inanimate matter was not sufficient to satiate the descendants of the celebrated 'wreckers of exorcised memory—a human life must be thrown in to make the sacrifice complete, and who so fitting as that of the 'Popish priest'? To effect this diabolical design they proceeded to the parochial house where the Rev. Mr. Magee, P.P. lay asleep and discharged their deadly weapons at his bedroom window. Fortunately none of the bullets struck the glass and thus, under Providence the life of the Rev. Gentleman was preserved. On the above it is needless to offer comment. Let the civilized world be the judge. It must, however be added that if anything could intensify the barbarity of this latest raid of the County Antrim Kibbois, it is the fact that Mr. Magee is distinguished in an eminent degree for his urbanity of manner and gentlemanly conduct to men of all creeds and never by word or precept gave reason to be treated otherwise than the refined gentleman and worthy citizen.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.—Another serious attempt is reported from Ireland. Captain Lambert, of Castle Lambert County Galway, was shot in the head on Sunday night. It is not stated whether the wound is mortal or not; nor is any information given as to the motive which prompted the commission of this attempt at assassination.

ARREST OF A GANG OF ROBBERS.—A gang of robbers after a search of six hours in the dense wood of Kilmur near Belliver County Meath were captured by the police at a place called 'The Black Shades.' A considerable quantity of stolen property was discovered by the police in a gravel-pit adjacent. The parties were sent for trial.

Arthur Hamill, Q.C., has been appointed to the chairmanship of the West Riding of York, vacant by the promotion of David Pigott, Esq., Q.C., to the Mastership of the Wexborough. Mr. Hamill is a member of the North East Bar. He was made Crown Prosecutor on the death of Sir Thomas Staples and got his silk gown in January of the present year.

THE WEATHER.—We have had some very warm weather during the week which enabled the farmers to get a hay in excellent condition. Wheat and barley look very well except in poor soil but oats will be short. Potatoes and turnips are much in need of rain. The fax crop will be ripe and fit for pulling in about ten days. The crop is short in most districts. — [Dundalk Democrat.]

The county Clare Assizes opened on the 6th inst., at Ennis, before Mr. Justice O'Brien, who congratulated the Grand Jury on the extreme lightness of the calendar and the satisfactory state of the county generally. He learned from the report presented to him by the county inspector that there had been only twenty-four cases since last assizes. There was not a single record for trial. Nor was there a single case of compensation for malicious injuries at the present Clare assizes which shows how peaceable the people are notwithstanding the prognostics of the increased Establishment advocates that the agitation on the Irish Church had worked a socialistic and revolutionary spirit hard to appease.

A Wexford correspondent says under date 7th ult:—Intelligence was received here last evening by telegraph of the death of Patrick Walter Redmond Esq., D.L., which sad event occurred yesterday at Wexbadan rather unexpectedly. The deceased gentleman was brother to the late John Redmond, Esq., who represented this town in Parliament for several years. The late Mr. Patrick Walter Redmond made several purchases last week through Mr. Woodruff of lots of his deceased brother's estate, which was sold in the Landlord Estates Court, before the Hon. Judge Elanagan. His death is greatly regretted in Wexford.

At the Monaghan assizes notwithstanding that the Crown lawyers had arranged that all the political trials arising out of Orange riots, should stand over till a new and impartial panel of jurors could be had by next assize the Orange prisoners (David Baird, John Clarke and John Baird, sen.) insisted that they should be put on trial or discharged. They were then arraigned and the form of a trial gone through verdict Not Guilty! The other Orange prisoners followed suit, till all walked forth free to renew their black deeds on the first opportunity. This terminated the business of the assizes.