

And certainty it never would have happened, said Hamish, glad that he had roused her, even if only to a fit of anger. 'But though you cannot prevent these things, my mistress, you can at all events comfort the creatures that have to bear them; by showing that you have feelings for their sorrows as well as for your own.'

'I give comfort! God help me, I give comfort!' she answered with a sort of passionate cry in her manner; adding, however, immediately afterward, in a softer tone, 'How can I give comfort, Hamish—I who need it so entirely myself?'

'That is the very thing,' cried Hamish eagerly. 'God love you, madam! Do you not see that the only real comfort you could give them would be the allowing them to try at least and comfort you?'

'Bid them pray, then, for the safe journey of my loved ones,' she answered hoarsely—that is the only real comfort they can give me.'

'And why then couldn't we pray all together?' cried Hamish, struck suddenly by a bright idea. 'Why wouldn't you let them come up here, madam? I warrant you they would pray for the best of them never prayed before, if they only see your ladyship's honor kneeling and praying in the midst of them.'

'I—I cannot even think,' she answered, laying her head once more on her folded arms, like a weary or a chidden child.—'Go you, good Hamish, and pray yourself with them down stairs.'

'In the kitchen, is it?' said Hamish, with a considerable portion of irony in his voice.—'Faix, my lady, and it's queer thoughts we'd have, and queer prayers we would be saying there, with the pot forewent us boiling on the fire, and Cromwell's black rogues of troopers coming and going, and flinging curses and scraps of Scripture (according to their usual custom) in equal measure at our heads. No, no, my lady,' he continued vehemently. 'If you would have us pray at all, it must be here—here where the cross will mind us of a Mother who once stood at its foot, and who was even more desolate than you are—a Mother silent and heart-broken—not because her Child had gone before her into exile, from whence he might any day return, but because she saw Him dying—dying in the midst of tortures—and forsaken so entirely, that it might well have seemed to her (only she knew that never could be) as if God as well as man had utterly abandoned him.'

'You are right, Hamish; you are right,' cried Mrs. Netterville, suddenly touched to the quick by his voice and eloquence. 'Go you down at once, good Hamish, and bid them come here directly. I shall be ready by the time they are assembled.'

As Mrs. Netterville spoke thus, she rose from the floor, and then all at once perceiving the strange disorder of her attire, she began hastily to gather up her tresses, previous to replacing her widow's coil upon them.

Hamish waited to hear no more, but instantly left the room to do her bidding. As he walked rapidly toward the lower part of the mansion, he drew a long sigh of relief, like one who has just got rid of a heavy burden, as in truth he had, for he felt that he had gained his point, and that, whatever his mistress might have yet to suffer, she was safe at all events from the effects of that first great shock of sorrow which had threatened to overturn her intellect.

When he returned to announce that the household was assembled and waiting for her further orders, he found her kneeling at the *prie dieu*, in all the grave composure of her usual manner. She did not trust herself, however, to look round, but merely signed to him that they should come in; and the instant the noise and bustle of their first entrance had subsided, she commenced reading from her open missal.

But the very sound of her own voice in supplicatory accents seemed to break the spell which had hitherto been laid upon her faculties. She fairly broke down and burst into a flood of tears. This was more than enough for the excitable hearts around her, and the room was filled in a moment with the wailing of her people. Hamish was in despair; and yet, perhaps, no other mode of proceeding could have done so much towards calming her as did this sudden outburst, for Mrs. Netterville had a true English woman's aversion to 'scenes,' however real and natural to the circumstances of the case they might be. She instantly checked her tears, and waiting quietly until the storm of grief had in some degree died out, she collected all her energies, and read in a low, steady voice the prayer or collect for those travelling by land or sea, as she found it in her missal. A few other short but earnest prayers succeeded, and then she paused once more. Her audience took the hint, and quietly retired. Hamish was about to follow, but she rose from the *prie dieu*, and signed to him to remain.

'Hamish,' she said, gently but decidedly, 'I have done your bidding, and now I expect that you will do mine. I wish to be alone for the rest of the day—do you understand?—alone with God and my great sorrow. To-morrow I will begin the work for which I have been left here, but to-day must be my own. Come not here yourself, and look to it that no one else disturbs me. Keep a heedful watch upon the soldiers, and see that no mischance occurs between them and any of our people. I trust to you for this and all things. Now leave me—if I have need of anything, I will let you know.'

There was that in Mrs. Netterville's tone and manner which made Hamish feel he had gone quite far enough already; so, without another word of remonstrance or expostulation, he made his reverence and retired.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Netterville waited until the echo of his retreating footsteps had died away in the corridor and then, fastening the door so as to secure herself from any further interruption from the outside, she once more fell on her knees before the crucifix, and buried her face in both her hands. How long she remained thus she never knew exactly, but the shades of a short January evening were already gathering in the room, when, with a start and a look, as if her conscience smote

her, she rose suddenly from her knees. 'Christ pardon me,' she muttered half aloud, 'that in my own selfish sorrows I have forgotten others. Poor wretch! By this time he must be well nigh famished, if, indeed, (though I trust it will not,) the delay has not worked him deeper mischief.'

As these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, she opened a cupboard close at hand, and drew from thence a bottle of wine with some other articles of delicate food, packed carefully in a wicker-basket, and evidently left there for some especial purpose. She then sought through the gloom for a cloak, which she threw upon her shoulders, and drawing the hood down over her face, and taking the basket on her arm, she hastily left the room. Not, however, by the door through which Hamish and the servants had retreated, but by another at the opposite end, and which was almost invisible, in consequence of its forming one of the panels in the black oak wainscoting of the chamber. It led her directly by a short stone passage to another door or low wicket, on opening which she found herself in the private grounds of the castle. Before her, at no great distance, stood an old ivy-covered church, half hidden in a group of tall Irish trees, which sheltered its little cemetery. This was not the parish church, but a private chapel, built by the Netterville family for their own private use; and here their infants had been baptized, their daughters, married, and their old men and women laid reverently to their last slumbers, ever since they had established their existence in the land.

Mrs. Netterville could not resist a sigh as she glanced toward its venerable walls. It seemed as if it were only yesterday that she had gone there to lay down her husband in his lowly grave, hoping and praying out of the depths of her own great grief, that she might soon be permitted to sleep quietly beside him. And now, even this sad hope was to be hers no longer—this poor possession of six feet of earth was to be wrested from her—strangers would lay her in a distant grave, and even in death she would be separated from her husband.

The thought was too painful to bear much lingering upon it, and turning her back upon the church, Mrs. Netterville followed a path which lay close under the castle walls, and led to a courtyard a considerable distance. Round this courtyard were grouped stables and other offices, which, having been built at different periods and without any consecutive idea as a whole, presented rather the appearance of a collection of stunted farm houses, than of the regular out-buildings of an important mansion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR FUTURE.

It is possible to regard Mr. Gladstone's recent speeches on the Irish questions as the mere play and trick of a statesman out of place. Some men, perhaps, really take that view of them, and others pretend to do so. They wish it to be understood that Mr. Gladstone, for the sake of a party who hunger for the sweets of office, is preaching up a policy which he will not seriously attempt to realize if he should succeed in his design of becoming First Minister of the Crown. He affects they say, political virtues that are all very fine to talk about, but which no English Premier ever yet endeavored to put into practice; and he appeals to principles of honest application of which to England's political affairs would simply mean ruin to the British Empire. He speaks of justice, of honesty, of reparation for past misdeeds, of amends for tyrannies, robberies, and persecutions perpetrated by the strong hand of England in bygone times; he thinks of cleansing the blood-stains from that hand, and sweetening the consciences of the English nation. But they say, it is all nonsense. He may make speeches on such ideas, or he may make songs on them if he pleases;—the British public like to be talked to as a highly moral, justice loving, and straightforward sort of people—but neither he nor any other Englishman will dare, when in office, to act upon them. Honesty and justice had nothing to do with the founding and extension of the British Empire; honesty and justice are solvents that would soon loosen the cement which binds its parts together, and cause the entire conglomeration to go presently to pieces. If the English statesmen are to grow virtuous with regard to Ireland, why not with regard to India, and China and Japan? If considerations of equity are to prevail, if national susceptibilities are to be consulted for, what English treaty will stand good, what English possession will be secure? No! the process of cleansing and purifying the British concern would be simply destructive to it; Mr. Gladstone knows the fact well, his countrymen thoroughly understand it, and therefore it is argued the professions in which that gentleman is now indulging are nothing more than a sort of palaver which he is free to talk upon the hustings, but which he will take care never to remember upon the Treasury Bench. That is not exactly our view of Mr. Gladstone's conduct. We form a higher estimate of his personal honesty, and believe that, with regard to his country, he does, in fact, contemplate the introduction of certain measures calculated to act beneficially on the social condition of the people. A careful perusal of the series of speeches which, up to this time, he has delivered in the course of his electoral campaign, leaves us with the impression that he has proposed to himself a great experiment, intended to eradicate the feelings of aversion and enmity now existing between the peoples of Ireland and England, and to promote a cordial and hearty union between the two countries. But while we believe this to be Mr. Gladstone's desire and intent, we have still a strong conviction that his party, and all parties in England, will forbid his going far in that course of proceeding. The greed, the selfishness, and the pride of Englishmen will operate at all times to bar the realization of a policy of justice towards the country. Some concessions may be made to us; but never while Ireland's laws are made in London will the people of Ireland have complete justice done them, or enjoy real freedom. Mr. Gladstone's programme, even if it be partially carried out, will unquestionably put the strength and permanency of Irish national sentiment to a test. As an idea is more or less diffused in England and Ireland that if the more material grievances which press on this country were removed or mitigated, if the Church Establishment were abolished, the Land Laws reformed, and the Education System rendered less objectionable than it is at present, the Irish people would rest content under the rule of the English Government, and cast to the winds those aspirations for national independence which have been characteristic of their race through all its past history. It is not wonderful that such an idea should have found place in the minds of some men. All can see oppression has fallen to subject the spirit of Ireland to the will of England, and in such circumstances it is but natural that many should ask themselves whether a different line of action might not be more conducive to the social and political unification of the two countries. Conciliation is certainly a more effectual means than coercion for

establishing friendly relations with a brave and high-minded people; and there are amongst our countrymen those who think that when approached in that less disagreeable way the Irish nation may abide certain of the claims which she would never yield in obedience to the tyrant's lash. We hold, however, that there are some things which a nation should not yield either to the arts of tyranny or the arts of seduction; and for Ireland one of these things is her nationality. That, we have no doubt, is the feeling of our countrymen generally, and we therefore believe that whatever may be the course of English policy, the honour of Ireland will be maintained. A few of the weaker souls may fall away from the National ranks if once they find the flag of concession raised on the other side, and observe that professions of good-will are followed up by substantial acts of justice. But the Nationalists of Ireland will have compensating advantages, and their ranks instead of decreasing, will grow more numerous, more hopeful, and more resolute. Many of the evil influences which hitherto have kept Irishmen apart, and caused one section of them to act as an English garrison against the other, will, under the new order of things now promised to us, be abolished, and a healthier and more decidedly national tone will spread through all ranks of Irish society. The share of success, the instalment of right won, so far, by Irish courage and Irish perseverance, will but strengthen and inspire the people for the achievement of the full measure of their liberties. That is the view of the present situation which seems to us most consonant with the traditions and character of the Irish race; and so we think the future of our country, whether Mr. Gladstone succeeds or fails, redeems his promises or betrays them, is assured. —[Nation.]

We subjoin some extracts from the inaugural address of the Reverend Dr. Woodlock at the opening of the 15th Session of the Catholic University in Dublin on the 28th ult.:

'The year just passed, like many which preceded it, has been a year of disappointment; but hope disappointed is not a new thing to the Catholics of Ireland. How often were our fathers disappointed in their hopes of Emancipation, before there at last wrested that meed of justice from an unwilling Parliament and a bigoted King! How often have we, as well as those who went before us, cried out against the monster grievance of the Established Church, and thought our cries were about to be heard; but the evil continued, and it was reserved for the present time to see that iniquitous institution crumbling to its fall. And so also in vain have we expected that justice in the matter of higher education would be done to Irish Catholics; that the educational ascendancy so long maintained in the University of Dublin would be done away with, and that we would be given educational privileges on Catholic principles, such as have been so long enjoyed by our Protestant fellow countrymen. In vain have we heard, on the one hand, the late Chief Secretary for Ireland declaring that 'University education in this country is in a most unsatisfactory position; and on the other hand, to no purpose, so far, as the present distinguished leader of the Opposition (Mr. Gladstone) said, that the state of higher education in Ireland is such as to call for a speedy interference on the part of Parliament.' In vain have we listened to the declaration from both of the great parties which by turns rule this empire. Nothing has been done to remove the admitted grievance, and another precious year has been allowed to slip away, while the admittedly just claims of our Catholic youth, and the claims of their parents and the claims of their Catholic country, remain unheeded. Neither can it be said that the number of the claimants is small. Were they but two or three they ought not to be treated with injustice. But their number is, under the circumstances, considerable. We have heard a great deal of the success of the Queen's Colleges and of the large number of students who frequent their halls. Now, the Vice-Chancellor of the Queen's University informs us that the number of Catholic students who attended lectures in the three Queen's Colleges during the last session was 181. And in our one University College the number of students who frequented our halls during the same period was 161. I make no mention of 100 young men who during the same period passed our matriculation examination before a University examiner, and pursued their highest studies in one or other of the numerous Colleges, 27 in number, connected with this University. Now, what is the *status quo* unjustly maintained to the injury of the vast majority of the rising generation of Irishmen and of their families? They, and many other young men of great promise, are refused all University privileges, unless they seek them at the risk of most important spiritual interests,—in other words, at the sacrifice of conscience. Our Catholic country is deprived of the advantages she would receive from the encouragement of an educational system which the great masses of her sons could use without religious qualms. All this time the Protestant University of Trinity College is maintained in its position of proud pre-eminence with landed property to the extent of 199,573 acres, or about the hundredth part of the acreage of Ireland; property valued according to a very reduced standard as over £92,000 a year. The members of the Established Church in Ireland have their University, with a net income of over £64,000 a year. These vast resources are applied to the maintenance of an essentially Protestant University, an institution of which all the heads—the provost, vice-provost, fellows, scholars on the foundation, &c., are, and must be, members of the Established Church, nearly all of them being Anglican clergymen. Two of the Protestant clergymen thus placed at the head of education in Catholic Ireland enjoy an income greater than the whole sum expended annually upon this Catholic University, which, because it is Catholic, and in accordance consequently with the feelings of our people, will not be given one shilling of the public money. And here in this public place I may be allowed to say that when we complain that no great public money is made to this University we do so, not as if to assert the principle of educational endowments. For my part, I believe it is the duty of an enlightened Government to encourage learning by pecuniary grants and other rewards, such as under every Christian Government have been the appanage of knowledge; and I believe that even in a mixed community like ours this rule is applicable. But our complaint is not precisely that this rule is not applied to us. We complain that the rule is not applied equally to all classes; that the Catholic University of Ireland, which represents the feelings of the great mass of our people, is unrecognized, while the Anglican University is richly endowed; and we say either place both on a footing of equality, or leave both to their own resources. Again, when there is question of the endowment of a Catholic University it must never be forgotten that we do not ask the State to aid us in the ecclesiastical or religious departments of our work, for we are willing to carry on entirely in our own way, and solely at our own expense, the theological and dogmatic teachings of our University. But literary and scientific learning, we maintain, the same right to encouragement in our Catholic University as elsewhere. However, I may be asked what right have we of this institution, more than others, to complain? I answer, because this institution is a University, and the favours lavished on the other University of this city, while we are treated with neglect or contumely, render most difficult the progress or even the existence of an institution such as ours; and still that we are labouring as a University ought to labour, in the cause of higher education, cannot, I venture to say, be denied. For instance, in the one faculty of medicine, which is less embarrassed by obstacles than on other departments, our medical school, since its opening in 1855, has sent out 164 medical practitioners, of whom 33 are serving in the army; 13 in the navy; eight in

the Oriental and Peninsular and other services, and 110 are engaged in civil practice at home in the colonies or in America. Assuredly it is hard that these young men should, at their very entrance into life, find civil disabilities imposed upon them on account of the religious opinions held by themselves or their parents. On the other hand, it is hard that the sense of justice inherent in the hearts of our English fellow subjects, and now exhibiting itself in the general outcry against the monster grievance of the Established Church in Ireland, should be estranged from us and from our demands for educational equality, by the statements of persons who are unacquainted with the true state of things.'

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF REV. PHILIP LYON, D. D., O. S. A.—On the 26th ult.—It is my melancholy duty to record the demise of the above amiable and distinguished divine who departed this life on the 24th inst., in the 70th year of his age, and 41st of his sacred calling. It would be impossible to portray the heartfelt emotions which all classes evinced, not in this town but in the surrounding districts, on hearing the sad tidings of his dissolution. Though he had been absent for some time, it was fervently hoped that many years of labor and usefulness were before him. However, as God in his inscrutable wisdom decreed otherwise the people bow their heads in submission, and many were the prayers offered to the throne of justice during the last two days for the repose of his immortal soul. The rev. deceased, who was brother of the Rev. William Lynch, P. P., of Rathdowney, was descended from an old and much esteemed family in this neighbourhood, and received the greater portion of his education in the Augustinian Convent, of which he subsequently became so bright an ornament. Having finished his novitiate here he proceeded to Rome, where he was ordained priest in the year 1827, and shortly afterwards, in company with several colleagues, returned to his native land, which he loved most dearly. In the midst of his missionary labors he was again called by his superiors to the Eternal City, and on returning from thence through Paris witnessed the discomforture and dejection of Louis Philippe. Though an eloquent and impressive preacher, it was in the confession that he shone conspicuously, and of him it may be truly said that he never tired converting and leading souls to his Divine Master. Plain and unostentatious almost to a fault he was accessible to all, and few, if any, ever left his presence without being relieved and consoled by his sage counsel and tender solicitude. On yesterday the body, which was enclosed in an splendid coffin of polished oak, studded with brass nails, was laid on a catafalque before the high altar and long after the shades of night had closed in, troops of mourners, might be seen wending their way to the sacred edifice for the purpose of offering the most ardent supplications in behalf of their beloved and ever to be lamented pastor. Shortly after day-break this morning low masses were celebrated on the middle and side altars, and continued uninterruptedly until noon, when high Mass commenced. Celebrant—The Rev. John P. Hanrahan, O. S. A.; deacon and sub-deacon, Rev. John Lynch, diocese of Dublin, nephew of the deceased, and Rev. M. Moran, O. S. A., New Ross; master of the ceremonies, Rev. M. O'Grady, Oatbedard Kilkenny.

We deeply regret to announce the demise of the Very Rev. Michael Bellow, S. J., after a lingering illness, borne with Christian resignation. For ten years nearly he has been connected with Galway and much of the progress of his Order of this city is due to his efforts. A magnificent church and college are some of the results of his labours. He was most indefatigable in discharging his clerical duties, and was endeared to every one who knew him. He belonged to one of our best country families, being third son of the late Sir Michael Bellow of Mounbellew. He, as well as his late lamented brother, Sir Christopher, became distinguished members of the Jesuit Society. He was about twelve years a priest. After solemn High Mass at Gardiner street, Dublin, where he died, his remains were interred in Glasnevin Cemetery. He was in the 45th year of his age.—R. I. P.—Galway Vindicator.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, DUBLIN.—Great alterations have been made in the buildings of the School of Medicine. The front range has been, for the greater part, rebuilt, the interior refitted, and a new and commodious reading-room, well stocked with standard British and foreign authors, opened for the use of the students. Great changes are likewise being effected in the chemical laboratory, which is one of the finest in Dublin, and promises, when the improvements are carried out, to leave nothing to be desired. The school is in a most flourishing state, having last year one hundred and four students on its roll. What is most gratifying still to be able to record is, that this number included students from all parts of the globe—India, Australia, England, the Mauritius, and even the United States, contributing their quota to swell its ranks. Great difficulties had to be contended with; but they have been surmounted. This school furnishes, by its success, a splendid proof of what unflinching Catholic talent can achieve.

On the 27th ult., the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford, assisted by his clergy, performed the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a new college, at Grange Lower. The ceremony was witnessed by some thousands of spectators. The site selected for the new college is situated in a commanding and healthy locality, about half a mile beyond the precincts of the city. The building will be large, and will afford accommodation to a great many students. The college will be erected under contract for £11,000, by Mr. B. McMullen, of Cork, in accordance with the plan of Mr. G. Goldie, the eminent London architect.

With feelings of sincere regret we have to record the demise of the Rev. Laurence Power, which took place at his father's residence, Tinballis, county Waterford. The deceased gentleman was one of the noble band of missionary priests sent out by St. John's College to keep alight the torch of faith amongst our exiled countrymen. He labored zealously in his sacred calling for five years as one of the priests of St. Vincent's church, Liverpool, and his health falling him, he was obliged to return to the paternal roof, beneath which he calmly expired, on the 20th of October, at the early age of 30 years. On the 22nd instant, a solemn High Mass and Office, for the soul of the deceased, was celebrated at the parish church.

PRESENTATION OF A BELL.—We are informed that the Right Hon. Lord Anson, has purchased and presented to his Burren townshanty, a splendid bell for the new Catholic church at Ballyvaughan, county Clare. We rejoice at this act of generosity on the part of Lord Anson, following, as it does, on his principal donation of £100 towards the fund for the erection of the church, and which owes so much to the labors of Father Ryder, P. P., and his curate, Father Forde, whose exertions in collecting funds in Australia are beyond all praise. The present parish priest, the Rev. Father Hanrahan, will, we have no doubt, soon have all that is incomplete in the building finished, and thus an additional interest lent to the remote but beautiful valley of Glensanga.—[Clare Paper.]

On the 25th ult., Rev. Thomas Roche, P. P., Lady's Island was visited by a deputation of his late parishioners of Ennisconry, who presented him with an address and testimonial—the latter a Davenport of exquisite workmanship, bearing a suitable inscription together with the sum of 100 guineas. The deputation was composed of Messrs. William Moran, Luranc Doyle, J. S. O'Flaherty, P. J. O'Flaherty, Thomas Sinnott, Peter Dixon, J. A. Sinnott, the Chairman, P. O'Rourke, M. D., and the

Secretary, William Murphy. They were accompanied by the Rev. J. L. Farlong, Father Roche's successor as Administrator of Ennisconry.

By permission of the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrinan, the Passionist Fathers have established one of their houses in the vicinity of Belfast, and are about erecting a sacred edifice to be called 'Holyross Chapel,' on the district committed by the good Bishop to their care.

The 'Tyrawley Herald' of a late date says—We regret to announce the death of Rev. P. Kelly, Administrator, county Mayo, from a fall received while driving a blind horse. He was only in his 55th year.—Mr. Kelly was a hard-working and zealous priest, and was beloved by his parishioners, and respected by all who knew him, his friends being not a few.

The ceremony of blessing the foundation-stone of the new College of St. John, Waterford, took place on the 27th ult. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien officiated. A number of priests, the students, and a large number of laity assisted.

A influential deputation, including the Lord Mayor of Dublin, has had an interview with Colonel Wilson Patten, M. P., Chief Secretary for Ireland, to urge through him upon the Government the purchase of the Exhibition Palace Buildings and grounds in the Irish metropolis for the proposed Royal Irish Institute of Science and Art. Colonel Patten has promised to take the subject into consideration.

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE PIGOTT.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. George Pigott, father of Richard Pigott of the 'Irishman.' The deceased gentleman endured a long and tedious illness (believed by his medical adviser to have been in a great degree aggravated by the lengthened imprisonment of his son) with exemplary patience and resignation. Mr. Pigott died at his residence, Mockstown. He was connected with the 'Nation,' old and new series, for a period of over twenty years, and was universally respected.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—There died in the New Ross Union Workhouse, a few days ago, a venerable man named Thomas Doyle, who had attained his 105th year. Up to six months previous to his death his memory, and in fact all intellectual faculties, were surprisingly sound and active. He could relate interesting stories of the stirring scenes of '98, in which he himself took part, and would show, with no small degree of pride, the marks of three gunshot wounds which he had received in the neck at the battle of Onalt hill, in that eventful year.

On the 27th ult., an address and valuable testimonial of plate were presented by the citizens, commercial, professional and manufacturing, to Mr. Francis Power, late Manager of the National Bank, Cork, on the occasion of his promotion to the management of the bank's head establishment in Dublin. The inscription on the articles presented was: 'Presented with a service of plate to Francis John Power, Esq., by his friends in Cork and its neighbourhood, to testify their approval of his management of the National Bank in this city, and to mark their appreciation of his personal worth and character.—Oct., 1868.' The presentation, amongst other articles, comprises large and small salvers, claret jug stand and silver gilt; large sized soup tureen, vegetable dishes, dish covers, four centras, fruit stands after the newest design, cake basket, sugar vase and cover, ewer stand (richly chased), fruit press, table spoons, dessert spoons, grape scissors, apparatus, fine single stone diamond ring, inscribed; grand piano (Erard), with an inscription on silver plate.

The Dundalk Democrat of October 31st, says:—About ten years since Ireland rang with the story of John Byrne, of Iniskeer, who was evicted from his farm by Colonel Lewis, because he would not send his children to a school erected by the landlord, where they would be instructed as the landlord thought proper. Men of all creeds denounced the proceedings, and contributed to a fund for the purpose of providing John Byrne with a new farm.—Some hundreds of pounds were contributed, and a farm of 29 statute acres were purchased, the yearly rent being £35. Here he lived pretty comfortably till about four weeks since, when he died after a painful illness. His widow, in accordance with his will, offered the farm for sale, and about ten days since it was sold by Mr. Gilmer at £160. The widow and children, we understand, intend emigrating to America.

The Dundalk Democrat suggests the O'Connor Don, lineal descendant of the Milesian king of Ireland, as a candidate for the throne of Spain.

The Cork Herald has the following:—Three yearling heifers were driven into the Mallow fair, held there on the 6th of October, for the purpose of being sold. The owner, not having sold them, put them into a yard attached to a house in the main street, and left a little boy in charge. The yard door being open, the heifers strayed into another yard and went into an outhouse. Some person closed the door of this house, leaving the cattle within. The owner came to drive his cattle home, and not finding them where he left them, searched for but could not find the cows, and he was absent for seven days through the country, but got no trace of them. On the 13th they were found in the outhouse, into which they were 7 days without food; they were not so weak as a person would expect after such a long fast. They were fed then with bran mash, which they ate greedily, and are now going on very well.

THE BALLYCOBBY TRAGEDY.—A ballad singer, of Limerick, named Hannan, was brought up for singing an inflammable ditty on the celebrated Ballycobby tragedy through the streets, to the admiration of a considerable crowd. The constable, who had charge of the prisoner, quoted the following verses of the composition, as a sample of the production:—

Did you hear of Willy Scully?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
Oh! he lives at Ballycobby,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
'Tis there we had the fur,  
With our double barreled gun,  
How we made the bobbies run,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
It is the tyrant Scully,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
He has steel upon his belly,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
He got plenty of the lead,  
He got wounded on the head;  
What a pity he's not dead!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

(—laughter.) The constable added that the prisoner, who was evidently a poet, as well as vocalist, occasionally varied the song by impromptu additions of his own, which seemed to add immensely to the effect of it. The prisoner contended that there was nothing inflammable in the ballad. The prisoner was ordered to find bail, himself in £5, and two sureties of 50s. each, or go to jail for a month. The prisoner was obliged to accept the alternative.

The Galway Vindicator of a late date says:—Mr. De Costa has been in town for the past few days.—Mr. De Costa inspected the harbor in company with several of the Gladdagh fishermen, whom he engaged to take soundings about mutton Island, so as to represent to the Government of America the advantages which Galway geographically enjoys for becoming the high road between the United States. Mr. De Costa feels assured that he will accomplish his purpose—that is, that he will place a line of ocean steamers between Galway and America. In doing this, he believes he is performing an act of restitution, as it was the treachery and jealousy of Liverpool that annihilated the Galway Packet Station.

On the 26th ult., the third annual sale of fat cattle and sheep, the property of Moses Taylor, Esq., took place at Morristown-Biller, near Newbridge. The sale was conducted by Mr. Robert J. Goff.