

present generation of Irishmen are probably the safest judge of what their brethren performed in NINETY-EIGHT.

Better, a thousand times over, to see a gallant fight, and to create the necessity of such with the oppressors of our country, than tamely to lie down at the backs of ditches, and die the death of hunger. Millions of our race have so perished; and, when death on their own soil is to be their lot, a stand-up fight on the field of battle, encouraged and sustained by the conscious patriotism that we are performing our duty to our country, is preferable to death by starvation, in the presence of the fruits of the land being carried off to feed the stranger.

In the confusion that followed the dispersion of the rebels, John Mullan got separated from Cormac, the latter not knowing whether his faithful companion was wounded, killed, or saved. He suffered in consequence a perfect agony of mind. To return to Pat Dolan's was an adventure he cared not to undertake just then. Accordingly, he bent his steps in the direction of Sleamish, in hopes to join McCracken.

It added little to his comfort to behold the ruin and desolation he witnessed on every side. The town he had just left was reduced to ashes; its inhabitants, about two thousand in number, were spread over the country, afraid of falling into the hands of the enraged soldiery. The majority of those who had taken part in the struggle, were either dead or wounded, wandering or concealed, from their bitter enemies—the yeomanry.

Cormac knew the danger he incurred by travelling during the day, and had therefore to conceal himself as much as possible, and travel chiefly at night. The slowness of his progress disheartened him very much, and the fatigue he had undergone rendered him truly miserable.

Lying behind haystacks, sleeping for a few hours at a time in some deserted outhouse, and living on the chance bits and sups afforded him by some one pitying his condition, was all poor Cormac could procure to sustain his remaining strength.

On the third day succeeding the battle of Ballinahinch, he found himself only seven miles on his stolen march to reach McCracken's place of concealment, and not knowing even if he were there, if he should succeed in finding the place.

Tired and footsore, he was proceeding on his way, when he found himself compelled to enter a cottier's house, and ask for a drink of water. He had observed it as a rule to select the poorest looking houses, whenever he wished to obtain any refreshment.

An aged-looking woman was the sole occupant of the kitchen when he entered. She kindly invited him to be seated, and speedily provided him with a refreshing draught of new milk. He drank it greedily, and offered the woman some small payment in return, but which she modestly declined, remarking, that she did not know but her own poor boy was just then seeking some place to rest in, like the stranger.

Hardly were the words spoken, when in dashed a young man, about Cormac's own size and age.

The moment he appeared, the woman uttered a shout of joy, and fell into his arms.

"Alive and safe, my son! Thanks be to God, your preserver, for this blessing!"

The young man replied not, but eyed Cormac steadily. The latter felt anything but easy, and rose to leave.

"Let me not disturb you, young man," said the woman; "my son has been absent for the last few days, and I'm thankful at his return."

"Remain a little," said the young man, "and have something to eat."

Cormac was easily induced to remain, and so resumed his seat.

Cormac fancied he had seen his new companion somewhere during the fight in Ballinahinch, but was afraid to ask him.

Not so the other, who thought he recognized in Cormac one of the leaders. He instantly inquired if his surmises were correct.

Cormac acknowledged he had been so engaged, and instantly the young man held out his hand, which the other kindly grasped in return.

The mother of the young fellow was rejoiced beyond measure at this mutual recognition, and kept repeating a string of prayers and praise while she hurriedly prepared the humble meal.

Every little incident or sound was magnified into approaching danger, and when the quick ear of Cormac heard the sound of approaching footsteps, he went towards the door to have a look out.

The old woman intercepted him, saying she herself would occasion no notice. She returned in a moment, intimating that it was two men just then passing.

As they did so, Cormac stationed himself at a spot where he could see them.

The color came and went in his face as he beheld Fleming accompanied with another man. For a moment or two he could not speak.

The young man was the first to break the silence, and inquired if Cormac knew either of the strangers?

"Yes?" replied Cormac, "one of them is Fleming, a deadly enemy."

"What!" exclaimed the other, "Fleming of the estates?"

"The same," answered Cormac; and the young fellow sprang to the door, but his mother had caught him by the arm.

"Barney," she said, "remember your promise to your dying father!"

"Oh, that I had never made it!" groaned forth the young man, while his whole frame with excitement.

He turned towards Cormac, and begged to be excused. "But," he exclaimed, "if you knew the villainy of that unchangeable dog, you would pity me for not being able to take his life."

"I know him well, too well," said Cormac; "but there is a hand will overtake him yet;" were he but on the field of battle I would have

sought him out at the risk of a thousand lives, and given him the rich reward of his life. But to-day—"

"I understand you well," said the poor woman; "but an attack upon him now would be nothing short of murder."

She then informed Cormac, that by the intrigues of Fleming, she, and her husband and son, were dispossessed of their comfortable little holding. Her husband never rallied after his change, and died soon after.

"Did you ever hear of a family named Dorrian?" inquired Cormac.

"What! the Dorrians! whose place was given to one Cameron?" said the woman.

"The same," answered Cormac.

"Why, they were friends of our own," she exclaimed.

"The hand of Providence overtook that man Cameron," said Cormac; and he rehearsed to the astonished mother and son, the history of Cameron's death. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of his hearers as Cormac described the burning of his mother's dwelling, her death, and the miraculous escape of Brigid O'Hara.

Shortly afterwards, the old woman prevailed on Cormac to occupy her son's bed. The young man also insisted, as Cormac was so tired, and meantime, having learned Cormac's intention of proceeding in search of McCracken, acknowledged his readiness to start at once on that business, assuring Cormac that he would more readily succeed as he knew that part of the country well.

Matters were so arranged, and Cormac retired to partake of that rest he so urgently stood in need of.

He slept soundly for several hours, and was at length awakened by the sound of voices at his bedside.

The young man had returned, and being commissioned by a person instructed for that purpose, was obliged to create a noise so as to rouse up Cormac, to inform him of all he had learned.

Cormac hastily sprang up; he was in the middle of a dream, and had fancied he heard the order to "advance," just given.

He was quickly put in possession of all the information the young man had learned.

McCracken had been pursued, and fled over the mountains by himself. Munroe was caught that morning, and confined in jail. Mullan had safely made his way to Pat Dolan's, and both were safely concealed in Roddy Flynn's. The yeomen were searching everywhere for Cormac, and Dolan's advice was that he should at once disguise himself, and haste to their quarters with speed.

Cormac eagerly inquired from what source the information proceeded, and by the description he received of the man who communicated it, he at once learned it was no other than his old friend, Israel Milliken.

He at once saw the position in which he was fixed, but could not find the way how he was to better it.

The good old woman at once proceeded to plan a disguise. The old clothes belonging to her husband at once suggested itself as the only remedy at hand.

(To be Continued.)

ROME.

(From the London Tablet of 24th Sept.)

In the absence of any Roman letter this week (the usual communications from our own Correspondent and the Roman journals not having reached us), we must confine ourselves to giving an abridged history of events, and other extracts from the Catholic papers of Italy.

THE ITALIAN CABINET AND ROME.

The *Unita* has the following article on the policy pursued by the Italian Ministry in reference to the Roman question:—

"It is difficult to refrain from indignation when one looks at the duplicity of the declarations made by the Italian Government, in the Chamber at Florence, on the subject of the Roman occupation. On the 19th of August last, Visconti-Venosta, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, told the Deputies that even if there were no Convention of September, the Roman State ought to be respected 'in virtue of the common law of nations.'"

Again, on the 24th ultimo, he made the following declaration in the Senate, (we quote from the *Florentine Herald*):—

"Visconti-Venosta. The honourable gentleman (Giotto-Pinta) asks me if I am prepared to transfer to Rome the Department of Foreign Affairs. I ask him in reply, is he prepared to advise such a course? Is he prepared to go there with a violent and immediate invasion; is he prepared to solve the Roman question by taking action of a decisive character forthwith; action perhaps involving violent and bloody conquest? I may tell the hon. Deputy that such a course must have at least two very serious inconveniences; it is in contradiction to our declared policy, and it places us in antagonism with the public opinion of the whole of Europe [L'inconveniente di porre contro di noi l'opinione di tutta l'Europa]. There is no one I am sure in this House who is prepared to urge such a course upon the Government. The difficulties with which the Roman question is beset, are real, and inseparable from it, the concurrence of many conditions is needed to ensure a success that shall be lasting; we must not commit the country to a policy of chance—a policy subject to events which we are unable to direct or foresee."

It was five days after the utterance of these sentiments—namely, on the 29th of August—that Visconti-Venosta addressed to the diplomatic representatives of Italy abroad a circular, in which, amidst a mass of official verbiage and bitter charges of misgovernment and other delinquencies against the Holy See, he announces the intention of his Government to repudiate the Convention of September, and to occupy the Roman States. Another diplomatic circular, dated the 7th inst., followed, more clearly developing the intentions of the Florentine Cabinet; and on the 11th the following announcement appeared in the *Official Gazette*:—"The King, upon the proposition of the Council of Ministers, has this day issued his commands to the army to enter the Roman provinces."

THE SUMMONS TO THE POPE.

On the 8th instant Signor Lanza, the Italian Prime Minister, addressed to Signor Ponzani of San Martino a letter, informing him that he is charged by the King of Italy with a letter to the Pope, "in the solemn moment when the King's Government is called upon in the interests of Italy and of the Holy See, to take those measures which are necessary for the security of the national territory." After a great deal of the usual cant about the Italian Government's anxiety to secure the spiritual inde-

pendence of the Holy See, the document concludes thus: "Your lordship will take care to represent to the Holy Father how solemn is the present moment for the future of the Church and of the Papacy. The Head of Catholicity will find in the Italian populations a profound devotion, and will conserve, on the banks of the Tiber, a See honoured and independent of every human Sovereignty. His Majesty addresses himself to the Pontiff with the affection of a son, with the faith of a Catholic, and with the soul of a king and an Italian. His Holiness will not repel, in these times so threatening for the most venerated institutions and for the peace of nations, the hand which is loyally held out in the name of religion and of Italy."

Religion and Italy! What crimes have been committed against both in those two names!

The Count de San Martino went to Rome. He sought an audience of Cardinal Antonelli, who conversed with him an hour and a half, and promised to present him to the Pope on the morrow. He also repaired to the Gesù, where resides his venerable brother, the Padre Ponzani. But the religious was out, or was not visible, and, in his absence, the Count was received by the General of the Order, who spent some time in conversation with him, and (we cannot doubt) must have endeavoured to convince him of the evil and danger of the miserable errand on which he had come. The day following, that is, on the 10th of this month, the reception took place. What occurred at the interview has not fully transpired. Of course San Martino presented his missive. Stripped of conventionalities its purport is said to have been as follows: "I can remain no longer at Florence. The Revolution pushes me onwards to Rome. Rome I must enter by fair means or by foul."—When the Re Galantuomo left his paternal city of Turin, he is said to have uttered the words: "Andremo al fondo;" "we shall go to the bottom." He seems nearly to have reached it. The Pope's reception of San Martino was not prolonged. It is stated to have lasted "two minutes." When the Count handed to the Pope the King's letter, the Holy Father said with great dignity of manner: "In the name of Jesus Christ, I tell you that you are a whitened sepulchre." He then dismissed his unwelcome visitor. The accounts that come from Florence about the interview may, with very little risk, be taken to be fictitious; they proceed from pens that never have written or can write truth on these subjects; they are not worth reproduction in our columns. The *Unita* says that San Martino brought with him 100,000 francs to aid in securing the success of his mission. The bank is known which had orders from the Government to pay the above sum.

DEVOTIONS OF THE HOLY FATHER.

On the evening of the 9th instant, the Pope, who had probably heard of the arrival of San Martino with the summons from Victor Emmanuel, went down after dark to Saint Peter's. He was escorted only by four of the Swiss Guards; but when he was seen to enter the Basilica, several priests and laymen who happened to be on the spot accompanied him. Having entered the church he knelt at the foot of the Altar of the Blessed Sacrament, and remained a long time in silent prayer with his eyes fixed on the tabernacle and his arms extended. Then he ordered the chapel of the Blessed Virgin which is shut up by the enclosures forming the Aula of the Council to be opened, and having entered, and the persons present being grouped around him, he intoned the Litanies of the Saints, all present making the responses devoutly. Then, rising from his knees, he went before the statue of S. Peter, placed for a moment his white head under the bronze foot, kissed it, and then went to kneel at the tomb of the Apostles, and there said the hymn of S. Augustine inserted in the Breviary by order of Pope Urban VIII., beginning, *Anle oculos tuos, Domine*. He uttered with great emphasis and with deep emotion the words: *Gregem tuum, Pastor eterne, non deserat*; to which those present said the response: *Sed per beatos Apostolos tua perpetua defensione custodias*. And the Pope continued: *Protege, Domine, populum tuum ad te clamantem, et apostolorum tuorum patrocinio confidendum*. Response: *Perpetua defensione custodias*. The scene was deeply impressive, and reminded some who were present of the vision of Saint John Chrysostome, who heard our Lord speaking to SS. Peter and Paul, and committing to their especial charge the guardianship of the Christian Zion.

"GOD AND COUNTRY."

With these words the venerable and beloved Archbishop of Paris begins the pastoral letter which he has addressed to his clergy in view of a present of anxiety and suspense, and a future of sacrifice and peril.

"God and Country!" These words are the grandest of the human tongue," writes the great and patriotic prelate of the Capital. He is a scholar to whom the deeply-studied page has told what causes have moved men to do the grandest deeds. What impulses have taught them to forget themselves, to scorn delights, to welcome toil to sigh for sacrifice, to spend rich blood and precious treasure, and spare nothing of all the things that are dearest to the natural man, in the pursuit of truth, the championship of right, the struggle after Justice? He is a man to whom youth is of the past, and from whose mind the rosy mists of fancy have faded away in the pure white light of reason. He is a priest, a preacher of the Gospel of the Lord, a servant of the Prince of peace. He is a prelate of the Church, the guide of those who are named to be the guides of many.

And it is he, the man of learning and of years, the consecrated priest, the mighty prelate, who stands forth in the hour of darkness to speak the truth as a duty imposed by his high position, to associate the names of God and country, and to pronounce these words, the grandest which the human tongue can utter.

He speaks of the salvation of his cherished country as ardently as one might speak of the salvation of a perilled soul. He defines the duties now imposed upon his people. The work of the layman is to fight. The work of the cleric is to minister. The work of all, one in which the most lofty spirits can join with the most pious hearts, is to pray to the Almighty.

This is the genuine wisdom. This is the true religion. The conduct of this prelate is a reproof and an example to those who say that love of God should be dissociated from love of country, or that the one forbids the other. They are inseparable, not incompatible.

All shepherds are not without reproach. There are priests who speak as if they had no country, and prelates whose writings are alien, or perhaps cosmopolitan, but by no chance patriotic. These good men cannot see, like their venerable brothers of Paris, that countries are to be saved as well as souls, but for all that their error cannot affect the truth, nor their blindness make sight the less a blessing.

THE EX-EMPEROR.

A VINDICATION BY HIS SECRETARY.

(To the Editor of the London Times)

Wilhelmshöhe, Sept. 15.

Sir,—Since the occurrence of the sad events in France the Emperor Napoleon has been the object of the most violent attacks and of calumnies of all kinds, which he will doubtless only treat with contempt; but it is right in him to remain silent under such circumstances, it is impossible that those persons who are attached to him should permit the daily publication of these reports in French and foreign newspapers to pass without contradiction. Among

the most odious of them it is necessary to point out one in an English journal which has not hesitated to rank among the causes of the war an embarrassment of the civil list, and the necessity resulting from it of borrowing yearly fifty millions from the Budget of the Minister of War—loans all traces of which were made to disappear by merging them in the expenses of a great war. So absurd an imputation convicts the writer either of ignorance the most profound as to the laws which in France regulate the finances of the State, or of extraordinary bad faith. Malversations are hardly possible in France, for the auditing of the civil list involves a strict examination, under the supervision of the Legislative Body and the Court of Accounts. Another journal asserts that it is known to all the world that the Emperor Napoleon has invested at Amsterdam a sum of ten millions in Dutch railway shares. I positively contradict the assertion, and what is more, I affirm that the Emperor Napoleon has not a centime invested in foreign funds. A German journal has represented the state of the Emperor in quite a different light, for it alleges that so destitute was he of resources that the Prussian staff at Sedan had to advance him 2,000 thalers. This story is, like the rest, totally unfounded. I have limited myself to pointing to these assertions, so entirely contrary to the truth, not in the hope of putting an end to attacks upon a sovereign who, under the misfortunes that have befallen him, ought to be safe from attack, but in order that all may know how very slender their foundations are, and to how small an amount of faith they are entitled. I trust, sir, you will give this letter insertion in your journal, and, in thanking you by anticipation, I beg you to receive the assurance, &c.

G. PATER,

Private Secretary to the Emperor Napoleon.

STATE OF PARIS.

The following is a copy of a letter from Mr. Edward Blount, the well-known English banker in Paris, to a private friend in London:—

Paris, Sept. 13.

"My dear Sir,—If I have not written to you before, the reason has been that I feel it totally impossible to convey to anybody the state we are in here. The past seems like a frightful dream; the present is, without personal observation, impossible to describe. To-day we have a grand review of at least 150,000 men if not 200,000, the greatest portion Garde Nationale of Paris and Garde Mobile of the provinces. The former are well clothed, well armed, and look in famous order and spirits. The latter are admirable. Exercised in 10 days, they have learnt their trade, and are far superior in appearance to the regular troops that left to meet the Prussians. They are well behaved, quiet; no drunkenness. The churches were full of them on Sunday; and I have had twelve of them in my house for the last eight days, and I never saw a more respectable corps. They are now all armed and disciplined. They have the spirit of obedience, which the army lacked completely. Can they defend Paris? I believe they can for some time to come—and that the Prussians will find them tougher to deal with than what they have met with as yet.—

Negotiations are going on for peace, but, remember what I say, the French will not accept dishonorable conditions. I mean by dishonorable, cession of territory or ships. They would rather fight to the end, and when Paris is lost, retreat to the last fortress in France. They would pay money, as public opinion acknowledges the last government began an unjust war, but more than this neither the government nor constituted nor any other could make this people accept. Indeed, no peace would be lasting if France cedes territory; for no time would make either the present generation or the future accept the cession. It would be eternal war. The *Times* writes the contrary; but I have been forty years in this country, and know the people better than the *Times* or the French people themselves. I have in general no overweening confidence in my own opinion, but from the beginning of this war my anticipations have always been realized, and you may be sure that what I say above will turn out as I tell you. Now, what is doing about peace? I believe that the foreign ambassadors are doing all they can. Our ambassador, Lord Lyons, knowing, as I do, the qualities that adorn his character, must be using every effort to stop more useless bloodshed, ruin, and devastation; but what is our government doing? Has the Queen written to the King of Prussia? What is Lord Granville doing? Does he think that the majority of the English nation will ever pardon a government which shows culpable apathy at such a moment? You may be sure that a continuation of this war is fraught with danger to every constituted government in Europe, and to none more than our own. Has France for the last 20 years ever been false to England, and will she ever pardon those who abandon her in her direst moment? Let Mr. Gladstone ponder on this. Staring in the provinces is necessary for singers and actors, but is it worthy of a Prime Minister at such a moment? Pray pardon me if I pour out my indignation upon you. I owe something to this generous and valiant nation, and if a forty years' residence in the country can give any weight to my word, it will be but a poor return.

Most truly yours,

Ed. Blount.

THE REPUBLIC AT LYONS.

The *Univers* publishes a letter from the Abbe Marie Gabriel, of the Trappist Monastery of Aiguebelle, dated September 10, which gives some account of the state of the city of Lyons at that date. The Abbe says:—

"I left Aiguebelle on Monday, the 5th of this month, with a newly professed brother. I was not aware that the Republic had been proclaimed at Lyons, where we arrived about 10 o'clock at night. The next day I intended to continue my journey with the Abbe of the Monastery of Vaise to attend the general chapter of Montague. When I sought to leave the Monastery at Vaise, two men, of repulsive appearance, armed with muskets, stopped me, exclaiming: 'We shall not allow you to remove.' I spoke to one who was blackened with coal dust, and asked whether he intended to prevent us from proceeding. His reply was, 'Go on, then; but you must go by the Rue St. Pierre.' I did not comprehend the meaning of that direction, and allowed myself to be taken where they pleased. The carriage then set off, escorted by these two men, who, with violent threats, insisted upon our proceeding only at a walking pace, while a yelling crowd surrounded us. In the Rue St. Pierre we found a post of the National Guard. The carriage was surrounded, and I was submitted to a ridiculous examination. It was insisted that we were bearing arms, and, having compelled us to alight, we were locked up in the guard-house and our luggage closely examined. At last we were permitted to leave, but the train by which we had intended to proceed had gone, and therefore we had to wait for the next train. About 5 o'clock we returned to the Croix Rousse, but scarcely had we reached the station when four men, armed with muskets, and two members of the committee which has assumed the government of the Department of the Rhone, surrounded us, and required us to accompany them to the Hotel de Ville. All objections were useless, and the only answer vouchsafed to my declaration that we had already been examined was a repetition of the command, 'Follow us.' We then had to walk from the railway station to the Hotel de Ville like malefactors in custody in the midst of an enormous crowd, which applauded our capture and hurled incessant insults towards us. When we reached the Place des Terreaux the uproar was deafening. One of the Commissaries endeavored to obtain silence, but a voice from the crowd exclaimed,

'Let the people express their joy.' We entered the Hotel de Ville amid the vilest insults, and were kept for an hour in a corridor still guarded by the four armed men. At last the committee thought fit to grant us a hearing, but we found in the President's language cause for regretting even the courtesy of the mob. When a preliminary stage of oaths and imprecations had passed, which was not very speedily, our affair was seriously considered. I could wish that all France had been there to witness the conduct of these dictators of a great French and Christian city. With the exception of three, who were polite and well-disposed towards us, the committee was simply composed of men who seemed incapable of anything beyond the most absurd wickedness. We had to endure for a full hour all their insults to ourselves, to the Holy Church, and even to the Holy Virgin, which caused us to shudder. The most violent—two old white-bearded men—declared that we ought to be locked up, but happily their advice was not adopted, and we were allowed to leave at half-past seven. I besought one of the three well-disposed members to grant us a safe conduct, but he could only do so upon the condition of our returning to Montelimart instead of pursuing our intended journey. This time we were allowed to leave unattended, but the apprehension of having a second time to experience the 'people's joy,' caused us to address a prayer, to God which was speedily answered, for a tremendous fall of rain had cleared the streets and we were enabled once more to reach the station. But our troubles were not yet over. Scarcely had we entered the writing-room when a detachment of National Guards entered, and once more arrested us. I was worn out with fatigue, and I said to the officer, who ordered me to follow him, 'No, Sir, I will not go. I have been arrested already twice to-day and that is enough.' 'Follow me.' 'But I have a safe conduct.' 'What of that?' exclaimed all the men together. 'You must come!' I declared I would not go, and then, leaving two men to guard us, the others went off with the safe conduct to seek their captain. After some time the captain appeared and told me that I might proceed, and I returned to Montelimart at one o'clock in the morning."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONSECRATION OF THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CEMETERY AT THE FALLS ROAD, BELFAST.—On 8th September, at eleven o'clock, the new Roman Catholic Cemetery at Milltown, on the Falls Road, was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dorrian, Roman Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor. A very large number of the Roman Catholics of the town assembled to witness the ceremony. A marquee was erected in the centre of the ground, in which a temporary altar was placed. In accordance with the prescribed rules five wooden crosses were erected in the cemetery, one about twelve feet high in the centre, and the others about six feet high. One of the four was placed at one extremity of the cemetery, in front of the large cross, and another in the other extremity, behind the middle cross; the third in the third extremity, to the right; and the fourth in the fourth extremity, to the left of the middle cross. Three lighted candles were placed on each of the crosses—one at the top, and one on each of the extremities of the arms—and remained burning till the conclusion of the ceremony. Shortly after eleven o'clock a procession of the clergy was formed, who proceeded from the marquee to the centre cross, and thence round the boundary of the entire grounds. The usual ceremony, which consisted of sprinkling the crosses with holy water, was gone through. Afterwards Low Mass was celebrated in the marquee by the Rev. Mr. Ryan, of St. Malachy's Church; and after the Gospel, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Grimley, Roman Catholic Bishop of the Cape of Good Hope, preached a sermon from Hebrews ix. 27. There was a charge of six pence admission to the grounds, and upwards of £300 was realized from the service.

NEW CHURCH OF ASSUMPTION, BATHANGAN.—Much gratification and delight is felt throughout the parish of Bathangan, on account of the rapid progress which is being made in the erection of the new Church of the Assumption, which was recently commenced at the instance of the justly-beloved Pastor, Very Rev. Canon O'Toole, who has generously undertaken the responsibility of so vast a project. None but those who have entered upon similar undertakings can fully appreciate the anxiety and incessant labour which is imposed on one who commences such a task. The close supervision over the numerous and important details which is required in carrying out the building of an ordinary edifice is very great indeed but for the building of a church, it is sufficient to tax the best energies to their utmost tension. It is highly gratifying to see this Church rising symmetrically day after day, its tri-coloured stone giving its exterior that elegant appearance which will attract every eye. The following is the acknowledgment of the Very Rev. Canon of sums received by him towards its erection.—John Ryan, a native of Bathangan, from America, £1; a Child of the Parish, residing in Dublin, £1; Hugh Connors, Clearystown District, £1; Rev. Martin Fortune, Ansberrua, £1; Patrick Donegan, Dublin, £1; Richard Clancy and his brother Nicholas, both residing in America, and natives of this parish, £10 each.—*Wexford People*.

FREMLETOWN NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.—The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new Roman Catholic Chapel, about to be raised in that town by the Catholic congregation of Fremletown, will be performed on Sunday, 25th inst., by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher. The site for the building has been granted for ever by Hugh De Fallenburg Montgomery, Esq., lord of the manor. Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated at twelve o'clock, and the sermon will be preached by the Rev. Father Smyth of the order of Dominicans.

PROLIFIC PARENT.—There has died here within the last few days an old woman, in Water street, named Sarah Brady. She was the mother of fourteen children, the grandmother of no fewer than fifty-seven, and has fifteen living great grand-children.—*Enniskillen Correspondent*.

THE IRISH AMBULANCE CORPS.—The call of volunteers for the Irish Ambulance Corps, made by the Committee for the Aid of the Wounded Soldiers of the French Army, has met a ready response. Mr. A. Lesage, Lower Sackville-street, is already in receipt of over five hundred applications from persons desirous to volunteer, and more, properly authenticated as the conditions of taking service require, are coming in hourly.

THE MAGISTRACY.—ANTHEM AND DERRY.—The Lord Chancellor has appointed Captain A. M. Armstrong, of Culmore House, Kiltrea, to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Antrim, on the recommendation of the Marquis of Donegal, K. P., Lieutenant of the county. Captain Armstrong has also been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Londonderry, on the recommendation of R. Peel Dawson, Esq., M. P., Lieutenant of the county.

BOROUGH MAGISTRATE FOR ENNISKILLEN.—At the monthly meeting of the Enniskillen Board of Town Commissioners, held in the Town Hall on Friday, the following resolution was proposed by Anthony Cassidy, Esq., and seconded by R. Pakenham Walsh, Esq., M.D.J.P., and passed unanimously:—"That the board present a memorial to the Right Hon. Baron O'Hagan, Lord Chancellor, praying that the chairman of the board, James Coaklen, Esq., be appointed to the commission of the peace for the borough of Enniskillen, during the term of his office."

THE NATIONAL TEACHERS.—On Saturday a public