NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

There died in Bishop street, Dublin, on May 5, Matthew Rourke, at the honorable old age of 92 years. Old Rourke was the last survivor of the "force" of watchmen employed by the authorities to "guard" the streets of Dublin.

A quarryman, named Michael McGinn, from Ticknock, who, with a couple of pounds of blasting powder in his possession, had lost his way and was found in the Dublin Castle Yard, on May 12, was sentenced by Mr. Byrne, one of the police magistrates, to three months' imprisonment.

At the meeting of the Central Committee of the National League, in Dublin, on May 14, several speakers urged the necessity of attending closely to the coming revision of Parliamentary voters, as a general election would probably take place in Autumn, as "the Mahdi was digging the grave of Gladstone's Ministry."

The proselytizing kidnappers are busy at their bad work again in Dublin.

In the Queen's Bench Division, Dublin, on May 12, council applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* against Mrs. Smyly and Mrs. Robinson, well known ladies in Dublin, and Michael Mannion, to bring up three children, aged 15, 13, 9 years, who are alleged to have been kidnapped by the agents of the Irish Church Mission Society, carried away from a Catholic Institution, and detained in a Protestant Home. The application was made by the father, a Catholic, who said he entrusted the children to the care of a priest. The judge considered the affidavits were quite insufficient, as far as the two ladies were concerned. He consequently refused an order against them, but granted one against Mr. Mannion.

Wicklow.

Mr. A. J. Kettle, who was so prominently connected with the Land League, has lately given striking proof of the genuiness of his sympathy with the laboring class. He has raised the wages of all the laborers in his own employment, without even being asked to do so. His farm hands are now enjoying an increase of 10 per cent., and the men following his horses have got an increase of 15 per cent.

Meath.

At Grangegeeth, Slane, a very sad case of eviction took place on the property of Hon. George Bryan, formerly called George Bellew, of Jenkinstown, Kilkenny. Mr. John Weldon, of Ballymacan, holding 60 acres, and Mr. Thomas Dunne, holding 12 acres, in the parish of Grangegeeth, were both evicted on May 12. in the case of Mr. Weldon's farm there were valuable improvements, and the late rent was decidedly too high for such land. Great sympathy is felt for him all through the county.

Evictions have recently taken place also on the property of Mr. Keough (Sessional Crown Prosecutor for the county Meath), at Ratoath. The names of the unhappy tenants evicted are Laurence Lynam, Sr., and Laurence Lynam, Jr. The latter had living with him a younger brother, and two cousins, of tender age, whose parents were also the victims of the "crowbar brigade," as they were, sometime since, evicted by the same landlord. Their father exists at present on public charity, and the mother closed her eyes in death in the Workhouse, shortly after the eviction, with a broken heart.

Cork.

The Cork Examiner says:—"For the past two days two bailiffs have been in charge of the mansion of Lord Headley, at Fossa, near Killarney, in execution of a decree for some £3,000 obtained by an English gentleman. Mr. Jeremiah O'Connor, auctioneer, Killarney, has made an inventory of the household furniture and other effects in order to prepare a catalogue for sale. The furniture comprises various historical and family relics and heirlooms.

On May 12, two brothers named Christopher and John O'Grady, aged nine and seven years respectively, were playing sailors on a lugger near Haulbowline Island. The youngsters were laying out on the jiboom, when they both slipped and fell into the water, where they remained struggling, until their cries attracted the attention of a companion, about ten years of age, named Patrick Connell, son of the foreman cooper of the island. Young Connell, when he beheld the dangerous situation of his friends, with great presence of mind, and without the least hesitation, slipped into a small boat, and picked up the brothers one after another. At the time of the accident there were no adults near the place.

Limerick.

The National League meeting announced to be held at Abbeyfeale, on May 11, having been suppressed by the Lord Lieutenant, a large force of police under the command of two R. M's. was despatched into the town. Some 4,000 persons assembled at the appointed place of meeting, but the Riot Act having been read the people quietly dispersed. The police also prevented a private meeting of the local committee being held, and a question, it was stated, will be asked in the House of Commons, as to the legality of their so doing.

A large quantity of illicit whiskey was seized by the police on May 11th, in an uninhabited house in Abbeyfeale. No arrests were made, but it is stated to be the intention of the Excise authorities to prosecute the owner of the house.

On May 10th, a novel eviction was carried out by the Sub-Sheriff of the county of Limerick. The tenant is Mr. George Smith, a prominent Protestant citizen and National Leaguer, and the landlord, Mr. Blacker Ponsonby. The agent is Mr. Samuel Murray Hussey. Mr. Smith recently purchased the interest of a man named Roche for £1,200. The landlord refused to accept Mr. Smith as a tenant, it is alleged, because of the stand he made against Lord Clarina during the Land League. The Sub-Sheriff formally evicted Mr. Smith's representative on the farm, although Mr. Dundon, solicitor, tendered in sovereigns, the rent due on the holding. The case is likely to come before the Land Courts.

Tipperary.

The warmth of Ireland's affection for Michael Davitt was shown in a striking manner, on May 11, when he visited Tipperary, for the purpose of attending a demonstration to be held at Drangan. He travelled from Dublin, accompanied by Mr. Mayne, M. P., and, from the time he crossed the borders of the Premier County, his progression was more a triumphal march than anything else. The people flocked in thousands to the various stations to welcome him. Banners were everywhere visible, arches of evergreens spanned the roadways, and the members of the national bands of the county must have felt rather tired after their exertions in honor of the visitor. At Thurles, Mr. Davitt remained for an hour, as guest of his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel. Scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm were witnessed at Fethard, Moycarkey, and Drangan, as the people in their thousands went to greet Mr. Davitt. At Fethard, in reply to an address of welcome, Mr. Davitt expressed his regret that the idea that he was leaving Ireland permanently had been entertained for an instant. The demonstration was one of remarkably large proportions. There was scarcely a district in the county unrepresented in the immense multitude which greeted Mr. Davitt, Mr. Mayne, M. P., and Mr. Healy, M. P.,—the last of whom reached Drangan a short time before the meeting began. Mr. Davitt's speech dealt entirely with the land and labor questions.

Waterford.

The Very Rev. Roger Power, P. P., Tramore, brother of the Most Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, died, on May 11, at the parochial house, Tramore, in the 70th year of his age. He was one of five brothers, all of whom were devoted to the service of God in the Sanctuary. The present Bishop of Waterford is now the only one surviving, though he was the eldest of all.

Edmund O'Shea, Cappoquin, and his mother, who is a bed-ridden invalid, were recently evicted by Mr. Benjamin Deans, agent to Sir Richard Keane. The case appears to be one of unusual ruthlessness; for, after the poor people's little effects had been flung out on the road, the bailiffs hesitated at such an act of cruelty as removing a woman in such a plight as poor O'Shea's mother was. They remonstrated with the agent, and after much difficulty persuaded him to grant her a respite. But this was only for a few days. On the day appointed, he came again and carried out his purpose sternly. The poor woman was taken out on a sheet, the bearers of which could not restrain their tears over the pitiable task they were called upon to perform. The act is likely to hasten the poor woman's death, as she has since been dangerously ill.

Down.

On May 13th, there was an enthusiastic National League demonstration in Newry. The occasion was the re-opening of the National Hall, in Castle street. As the patriotic inhabitants of the sturdy Northern town have been prevented from holding open-air meetings they took advantage of the opportunity to display their zeal in Ireland's cause. Resolutions were adopted expressing implicit confidence in Mr. Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary Party, declaring for a native Parliament, and pledging those present to the best of their ability to support, encourage, and reinvigorate Irish manufacturers in all their branches. The announcement that some distinguished member of the Irish Parliamentary Party will be put forward to contest the borough at the general election was received by the meeting with much satisfaction.

Galway.

On May 11, at Kiltulla, an enthusiastic demonstration was witnessed in connection with the visit of the Bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, to the parishes of Kiltulla and Killimoredaly, relative to the erection of a school at Kiltulla. It appears that for some time past the school, which is in a dilapidated state, and unfit for use, was discontinued, arising from circumstances connected with the Land League agitation. The Bishop announced his intention of erecting a school, and subscribing £25. The people declared that they would leave the entire business in his hands. After ten o'clock Mass at Kiltulla his lordship ascended the altar, and delivered a very powerful discourse. In the course of his observations he referred to the action he took lately in reference to the selection of poor-law guardians. With regard to the selection of individual candidates, he did not interfere—the voters were sufficiently discriminating and intelligent to select those whom they knew to be in sympathy with the feelings and wants of the poor. Immediately after Mass the people collected outside the church, and gave him a grand reception. He was presented with an address from the people of the parishes of Kiltulla and Killimoredaly, welcoming him most cordially, and expressing their devotion and regard. He repeated his conviction that it was a burning reproach to their rulers, as well as to the manhood of the Irish race at home and abroad, that the cycles of mendicancy had not since terminated. The system of State-aided emigration should be sternly resisted. They should all help on the migration scheme now in course of formation. The radical remedy was, of course, contained in the power to manage their own affairs.

Mayo.

It is now generally understood that the Rev. Isaac Nelson, who was elected Member of Parliament for Mayo at the general election, is in feeble mental condition. This was brought out in a recent debate in Parliament, on an amendment to the Franchise Bill offered by Mr. Anderson, a Scotch member, which provided that when a member becomes insane or feeble-minded his seat should be declared vacant. One of the members from Glasgow is in much the same mental condition as the Rev. Mr. Nelson. It can be said in charity to the latter that while in the full possession of his faculties he was an active Irish Nationalist, in spite of many potent influences to the contrary.

The Ballina Western People, of May 17, says:—"Evictions are still the order of the day. On Wednesday and Thursday last families were evicted in the neighborhood of Ballyhaunts. Yesterday on Lord Dillon's estate, several evictions were threatened and, we understand, carried out. Sir Roger Palmer's name appears also in the list of exterminating landlords, several families on his estate being threatened with eviction, on the 19th, at Derryhilla. On the same day a family of the name of Reilly expect to be cast on the roadside, at the instance of those in charge of the "Jones' Minors" estate. Next week promises to be a memorable one in Erris. There will be evictions on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. These "death sentences," as Mr. Gladstone accurately termed them, are daily executed, and the sooner they cease the better for both the evictors and the country. The continued drain from Ireland of its life-blood is at present appalling in its magnitude. Let some step be made to preserve our country from the ruin which will inevitably follow the tracks of the sheriff and his men.

Roscommon.

A large and influential National League meeting was held at the Fourmile House, Roscommon, on May 11. After subscriptions for the O'Kelly testimonial had been received, the committee of the local branch of the National League retired to a house for the transaction of business. Two policemen demanded admission, but were refused by a unanimous vote of the committee, upon which they beat an ignominious retreat. A large number of new members were enrolled.

A Modern Martyr.

A recent writer in one of the religious journals tells the following story of Sister Simplice, a nun of the Order of Bon Secours: Five years ago she had in charge the little children of a gentleman near Paris. She was walking with them in the garden, when a sound in the shrubbery near by caused her to start and turn pale. She knew that the fierce dog which the owner of the chateau should have kept chained had freed himself. There was still time enough; she could easily reach a place of safety. Ah, but the children! she will not leave them. She gathers them about her hurriedly and perhaps gains a few yards toward the house. It is too late. The huge creature is in sight, bounding towards them with red eyes and foaming mouth—mad. What did she do? There was but one thing for a Sister of Good Help to do. With one grand sweep she thrusts the children behind her, and crying aloud for aid, but never yielding an inch, faces the brute without a quiver. He springs upon her; her little white hands are entwined in his long hair, while the savage, cruel jaws open and close viciously. Perhaps the children cried; perhaps you could hear nothing but the fierce, mad snarl of the dog as he bit, and the cries of the poor little Sister now growing very weak, but she would not let go her hold, for there were the children. I wish you could hear the story as we heard it, in tremulous, broken English, from her who herself nursed Sister Simplice during the month of agony through which she lived. Just before her death she turned to those by her bed and said: "I am so glad—I—could do it. I would do it, it—again—again."

A DECIDED ANSWER.

Mobile Register.

One more story in connection with Miss Sallie W—— I must relate. I will preface by remarking that rouging thirty years ago was more uncommon than it has since become, and that there were straight laced people who considered it a heinous offense. On this account it was that bets ran high one summer at Saratoga among W——'s friends, that the lovely blush which mantled her cheeks was of nature's own bestowing. To end the controversy, which was becoming exciting, one gallant gentleman, less timid than the rest, proposed to ask the beauty for a proof that would settle the dispute. Rash man! In an unfortunate moment, and, perhaps, trembling at his own temerity, he said: "Miss W——, do you paint?" and how much more freely he must have breathed when, instead of the box on the ear he half expected to receive, the siren said sweetly: "Bring me a glass of water, and you shall see." The water was brought, and she handed him a spotless cambric handkerchief. "Now dip that in the water and rub it on here," she proceeded, presenting him a peachy cheek so temptingly near that his heart stood still as he gently and deprecatingly chafed it.

"Now look at the handkerchief," she said, somewhat sternly. It was as spotless as before. "Are you satisfied?" she demanded, more sternly yet. "Yes," quavered he, "I am satisfied." "And so am I!" said the insulted beauty, as she dashed the water in his face.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to write the beginning of an article, in an elegant, interesting manner,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

"Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness

"And ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable"

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters." A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

ONLY ONE FAULT.

I was riding through a country town in Vermont, when I noticed a concourse of people in the church-yard, evidently encircling an open grave.

It was a warm day, and I drew rein under some trees to allow the horse to rest. Presently a villager came toward me and I said:

"There is a funeral to-day."

"Yes—Stephen. He was one of the largest-hearted men I ever knew. We all owed something to Stephen."

Then he added in a tone of regret: "He had but one fault."

The light fell in pencil rays through the trees. I sat enjoying the refreshing coolness.

The man resumed the subject: "He had great abilities, Stephen had. We sent him to the legislature three times. They thought of nominating him for Governor. But," he added softly, "Stephen had one fault."

I did not answer. I was tired and watched the people slowly disperse, leaving the sexton to his solitary work.

"A very generous man Stephen was. Always visited the sick—he was feeling—when anyone was in trouble. The old people liked him. Even the children followed him in the streets."

"A good man indeed," said I.

"Yes, he had only one fault."

"What was that?" I asked. "Intemperance?"

"Yes. Somehow, he didn't seem to resist it at last. He got behind and had to sell the farm. His wife died on account of it, kind of disappointed. His children not having the right bringing up turned out badly. He had to leave politics. We had to set him aside from the church, and his habits brought on paralysis, and we had to take him to the poor-house. He died there, only forty-five. None of his children were at the funeral. Poor man, he had only one fault."

The ship had only one leak, but it went down.

"Only one fault."

The temple had only one decaying pillar, but it went.

"Only one fault."

Home gone, wife lost, family ruined, honor forfeited, social and religious privileges abandoned, broken health, poverty and the poor-house.

One fault—only one.

Blanker Than Blank Verse.

"Here is a poem, which you may publish in your paper," said a young man with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling as he entered the editorial door. "I dashed it off rapidly, in an idle moment, and you will find it in a rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."

"Ah, much obliged," said the editor, "I will give you a check for it at once."

"You are very kind," said the contributor; "I will be delighted."

"There you are," said the editor, handing him the check.

"Many thanks," exclaimed the young man, "I will bring you some other poems."

When he got to the door he suddenly paused, then came back.

"Excuse me," he said. "But you forgot to fill up the check. You have not written the date, nor the amount, nor have you signed your name."

"Oh!" said the editor, "that is all right. You see I have given you a check in its rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."—People's Paper.

Miniature Trees.

The dwarf trees of China are the great curiosities of forestry. Every child knows how the Chinese cramp their women's feet by bandaging them when they are infants, and thus render it impossible for them to walk. It is, however, wonderful to see miniature oaks, chestnuts, pines, and cedars growing in flower-pots, 50 years old and yet not a foot high. A friend of mine, who is an invalid and confined to his room, has been, during several years past, amusing himself, among other matters, with the cultivation of dwarf trees, and he has succeeded admirably. He takes a young plant, cuts off its tap-root, and places it in a basin in which there is good soil kept well watered. If it grows too rapidly he digs down and shortens in several roots. Every year the leaves grow smaller, and the little dwarf trees make interesting pets, just as some people raise canary birds, and others, squirrels.

Misdirected Mail Matter.

People in general have but a faint conception of the enormous amount of misdirected mail matter which passes through the mails annually. In the Boston office last year there were 49,000 letters wrongly addressed, and in all these cases the proper addresses were ascertained and the letters forwarded to their destination, and yet the people wonder why their letters are delayed, although it is owing to their own carelessness. Of course the post-office officials are not responsible, but many people fail to see where the trouble lies. In further evidence of the want of care on the part of the public, it is stated that the number of letters sent to the dead letter office during the last year was nearly 4,500,000, or an average of 14,500 per day. These letters contained no less than $40,000 in cash, and checks to the amount of $1,500,000.—*Ex.*

Saved From the Scalpel.

A Toronto lady, Mrs. Berkenshaw, contracted a disease of the knee joint and was advised to submit it to a surgical operation by the best physicans attending; all other treatment having failed, when Hagyard's Yellow Oil was tried and speedily effected a cure. It is the unfailing remedy for accidents and emergencies, and is for external and internal use.

Danger in the Air.

The recent strange planetary movements and electrical phenomena have developed the fact that the earth is passing through a dangerous period when atmospheric influence will seriously affect human health. Fortify the weakened system with that grand tonic regulator, Burdock Blood Bitters, and avoid malarial blood poisons.

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