

light was beginning to wane, he saw two women enter by the principal door, and walk straight to the tombs of the Apostles, where they both devoutly knelt. He watched them as they passed along the nave, with the sort of anxious sick curiosity which so often attends incipient disease. After losing sight of them, he rose and slowly went towards the entrance door. As he was lifting up, with an effort almost too great for his strength, the massive curtain which hung before it, he saw, close by his side, the two women he had been watching a moment before, and he drew back to make way for them. Alice turned round to thank the courteous stranger, and their eyes met. She saw him stagger, and held out her arm to support him. 'Lean upon me, Andre,' she quietly said.

'Come with us,' Mdlle. de Tournefort added. 'The carriage is close at hand.' And hurrying forward down the steps, she made a sign to the coachman to advance. Andre passed his hand over his eyes and brow, and murmured in broken accents, 'If this is a dream, for mercy's sake do not awaken me.'

'It is no dream,' Alice whispered, and then with great simplicity said, 'It is for you we are come.'

They slowly descended together the long flight of steps in front of the church. The glories of the sunset sky were fading into twilight's grey, and the cold chill of evening pervaded the air. Mdlle. de Tournefort was waiting for them in the carriage. When her companions had joined her, she bade the coachman drive to their hotel; and Andre leant back exhausted with emotion and scarcely able to speak. As they drove by the obelisks in the Piazza of St. Peter, Alice's eyes fixed themselves on one of the sentences, written in letters of gold on the Egyptian marble:—'Vincit Leo de Tribu,' the Lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered. She repeated these words in a low voice, as if speaking to herself; and they remained impressed in her recollection as a memento of Christ's eternal triumph over suffering, persecution, and death.

Andre accompanied Mdlle. de Morlaix to the hotel where they had engaged rooms, and spent the evening with them. Alice, who had been struck from the first moment she had seen him again with his paleness and the alteration in his appearance, was still more uneasy on noticing the feverish excitement which succeeded the languor she had at first observed in his manner. Wearing by the emotion he had gone through, the look of his eyes and the tone of his voice betrayed the restless uneasiness of disease. It was evident that he was taking pains to disguise his weakness, and to deceive himself as well as them as to the state of his health. In taking leave of his companions that evening, he begged to be allowed to call upon them early the following day, in order to escort them in the first visit to the Vatican.

During the night the weather became rainy and cold. One of those sudden changes in the atmosphere took place, from which even the climate of Italy is not exempt. This, however, did not keep Alice at home on the following morning. At an early hour she was on her way to mass, at the church of the Trinita del Monte. The sky, so bright and so serene the evening before, was now obscured with clouds, and a cold sharp wind blew from the mountains partially covered with snow. The beggars followed her with loud clamorous vociferations. She felt oppressed with a grief which resembled remorse, and kept asking herself if it had been right to come to Rome, and awaken in Andre the hope of earthly happiness, at a time when his earthly career was tending to a close, and his thoughts ought rather to be directed to the happiness of heaven, than to the joys of this life. 'And yet,' she mentally ejaculated, 'is it not possible, if disappointment and sorrow have had their share in causing this illness, that it may not be too late for happiness and peace of mind to save him?—Ought I to have abandoned him to loneliness and depression, in order to detach him from existence? and is it wrong to run the risk of riveting the links which bind him to earth by cheering his remaining days with the light of love and happiness?'

This trying question, so important in its practical results, so difficult to solve by the dictates of human prudence, was in her mind all the time she was in church, and fervent were her prayers for light and guidance. When she came out upon the steps which command the magnificent view from the heights of the Monte Pincio, the majestic spectacle which displayed itself before her eyes took her by surprise. Dark masses of clouds were rolling along the sky in the direction of the sea, and the sun shined brilliantly the while on the intervening plains. Gleams of stormy light were illuminating here and there domes and cypresses, the old walls, the towers, the broken columns, and the palaces of the city which was lying before her at the feet of St. Peter's glorious shrine, the outline of whose cupola stood out in matchless grandeur against the blue sky on the opposite side of the horizon.

At that moment she felt the sublime moral greatness of Christian Rome. She understood the sort of influence that it is capable of exercising on men's hearts and minds; and into her mind came at once the thought which threw a light on the path she was about to tread. A deep feeling of thankfulness took possession of her soul. Leaning against the wall, but prostrate in spirit at the feet of Him who had led her to His chosen home on earth, she blest Him for the mercy which was disclosing to her at the same time the nature of the task she had to perform and the means of accomplishing it. 'Yes,' she murmured, as her eyes lingered on the wonderful scene before her, 'yes, here it may be possible to enjoy life and prepare for death; to love as Christians only can love, and to part without overwhelming anguish; to learn from the saints how to live, and from the martyrs how to die. To inhabit Rome, to study and to love it, must bring the soul into close communion with the other world.'

Her eyes fixed on the holy places of the eternal city, whose silent lessons she had already laid to heart, she inwardly pledged herself never to swerve from the line which in that hour her

faith and her love, her duty as a Christian and her tenderness as a woman, led her to adopt. On her return to the hotel, Alice found Mdlle. de Tournefort sitting over the fire, and bitterly complaining of the far-famed climate of Italy. 'Andre is not come yet, I suppose?' said Mdlle. de Morlaix.

'I have written to him on no account to venture out on foot to-day. Going backwards and forwards from one house to another would be the worst thing in the world for a young man whose lungs are in a most delicate state.'

'Indeed I have been thinking so ever since we arrived,' answered Alice, with a sigh. 'It might have been wise to remain at home,' said Mdlle. de Tournefort, in a gruff kind of voice, which was evidently put on in order to disguise the feelings of sensibility which she did not wish to give way to; 'but as we have been guilty of the folly of coming to Rome, I cannot but think...'

'What? what do you think?' said Alice, anxiously watching for the next word.

'Well, I think that M. de Vidal should move into this hotel. We can be of some use to him then, and he sadly wants looking after.'

'Oh, my dear aunt, you will suggest it to him, I hope. He would not perhaps venture to propose it.'

'I have suggested it,' the old lady testily replied; 'you don't suppose he made any objection, do you? They are at this moment getting his room ready.'

'I am so glad,' said Alice, turning her head away.

Mdlle. de Tournefort held out her hand to her. Both were deeply moved, and there was no need of words to express their feelings.

From that moment Alice and Andre began to lead a life which partook of the soothing influence which belongs to the scenery and climate of Rome. It was wholly independent of the habits and social cares of a worldly existence, but in perfect harmony with the disposition of their hearts and the tone of their minds. To those who enter into the spirit which pervades Christian Rome, prayer becomes almost as habitual as thought. Sensible objects are continually calling into play, without fatiguing or overburthening them, the intellectual powers and the imaginative faculties. A keen perception of the beauties of nature and of art mingles itself with religious emotions, and lends a charm to the various and daily recurring practices of piety, which seem to arise out of every object which the eye rests upon in this strange city, where memory and faith are continually bringing the reminiscences of the past and the thoughts of the future to bear on the present; where Christian and Catholic tradition holds its unbroken course through the lapse of centuries, from the catacombs to the basilicas, from the tombs of the martyrs to the galleries of the Vatican.

The betrothed lovers were often seen in the churches where the devotions of the Stations and of the Forty Hours attract a numerous and fervent crowd, kneeling amongst the beggars on the rough uneven pavement strewn with leaves and flowers, and offering up prayers at the privileged altars.

'How young they are! How pretty she is! How ill he looks,' whispered the old women, who paused a moment, with their beads in their hands, to gaze on the youthful strangers.

'Ah, poverello!' they sometimes ejaculated; 'he has not long to remain in this world; that is evident. But he is so devout; he loves the Blessed Virgin so dearly. No doubt he will go straight to heaven; and that santarella, who follows him like his shadow, or rather like his guardian angel—she looks much more like a spouse of Christ than a fianzolata of this world.'

'Do not forget us! The beggars cried out as they passed, shaking their tin boxes at the same time. 'We will pray for you, signora, and for the young signora, that be may recover his health.'

'Oh, yes, pray for us! Do not forget to pray for us!' Alice would say, turning back to make her petition to the poor of Christ, after a generous distribution of the heavy Roman copper coin, which drew down on her and Andre's heads a profusion of blessings.

The strangers in Rome who frequented the galleries and the studies more than the churches, noticed also the pale blue-eyed girl, and the youth leaning on her arm, whose life seemed to hang on a thread. They were seen lingering before Raphael's frescoes, and Fra Angelico's pictures, or standing in contemplation opposite to the Last Communion of St. Jerome, that sublime farewell to earth, or to the Madonna of Foligno, that first enraptured glimpse of an opening heaven.

(To be Continued.)

"EDUCATION" v. FAITH.

The Spectator says, 'The fiction which attributes superior chastity to the country districts is rapidly dying out. Mr. J. Percival, in a long letter which has been published, states that out of every 100 children born in Cumberland and Westmoreland, 11 are illegitimate, and that a modest dress on among the population.' He recommends that the periodical fairs should be discontinued, that farm servants should be watched like 'servants in a gentleman's family,' and that employers should enquire into the chastity of those whom they employ, both male and female. These suggestions, except that of abolition of annual fairs, seem exceedingly feeble. The true remedy is the education of the people, which will ultimately produce that terrible dread of dishonor among women which is the first guarantee of chastity in the middle and upper classes. As for the men, religious feeling is, we believe, the only restriction which has the slightest effect. The Spectator is always worth reading because what it says really means something. We may, and very frequently, indeed, do differ from it, *loco cælo*, or rather let us say as far as Heaven is from hell. But one at least says that it means and that it means something. And that is a great thing. Of all things deliver us from having to fight about a wet blanket or fire into a mud bath. The theory is, men are to be controlled only by 'religious feeling'; women may be controlled by shame, and shame will be enkindled ultimately by education.

But first it is well that the fiction of 'the country' is given up. We write with a considerable knowledge of almost all the agricultural districts of England, and we can say from personal knowledge that what O'Connell said about the marriage baked meats coldly furnishing out the christening feast, is strictly,

and would be true without exaggeration, universally true of the agricultural peasantry. The exceptions are so exceedingly few as only to prove the rule. Unquestionably no Protestant country clergyman, if he is an honest man, will say that there is one upon a hundred marriages. It is the universality of this evil practice which leads to the numerous cases of illegitimate births.

It is the same elsewhere. Oleridge, no bad judge, speaks of the 'free independent inhabitants of the interior of Norway.' He adds, 'I don't include the people of the seaports in my praise of the Norwegians. I speak of the agricultural population. If that country could be brought to maintain a million more of inhabitants, Norway might defy the world.' Perhaps so. But meanwhile the morality of that 'free agricultural population' (tested by the fact of illegitimacy) is lower than that of any other part of Europe, with one single exception. This fact was published years ago by Mr. Laing. Alas! if that eating cancer of immorality could only be cured, Norway might justly be placed among the highest of European populations. But what boots that a land is able to 'defy the world' if it be the slave of the flesh and the Devil?

And what of the Spectator's remedy—education? Of its good effects it speaks confidently, yet is obliged to insert the condition 'ultimately.' A fortunate qualification: 'For one country in Christendom there is which, we believe, ranks in respect of purity even below Norway, and that is exactly the one in which education (in the sense in which the word is used by the Spectator) is most universal, and it must be admitted, most successful. For no man gets on in the world better than the Scotch peasantry.'

In Scotland, we presume, the 'ultimate' effects of education have not had time to develop themselves. That is certainly unlucky, because in it the experiment has not only been tried longer than in any other country of Europe. Hitherto the morality of Scotland has gone on declining more and more in each generation since the system of national education was instituted. The Spectator assures us that 'ultimately' it must produce a contrary effect. It is much to be hoped. But one would be glad to know when the 'ultimate' effect is to begin to show itself. And meanwhile it is an unpleasant prospect for other countries if they have only 'education' to trust to, because it would appear that they will have to sink to the abyss of immorality in which Scotland is now plunged before the 'ultimate' effects begin to be seen. At least one thing is certain, that however confident the Spectator and the modern theorists whom it represents may be in the success of their plan, it is impossible to mention any one country in the world in which it has yet succeeded. Not a pleasant consideration for a generation which boasts of bringing everything to the test of experiment. Specially because all the world knows that there are countries where another experiment has been tried with perfect success. The purity of the Irish peasantry is the marvel of the world. It is far more beyond the average of European population than that of Scotland is below it. Now to what cause will any one attribute this? I will give the answer of Sir Charles Forbes, late Physician to Her Majesty's household. He was a Scotchman and a Protestant, without the least leaning towards Catholicism, and he published, some years ago, a tour in Ireland. He speaks throughout as every other traveller has spoken of the marvellous purity of the Irish peasantry. Upon that he is no stronger than others—for instance, Sir E. Head, one of the most anti-Catholic writers we know. But Dr. Forbes, not content with facts, gave reasons. He tells us, that before he went to Ireland he had heard much of the morality of the peasantry; that in Dublin he saw some statistical returns of the proportion of illegitimate births, and was disappointed, he tells us, to find it so large. But when he knew more of the country he understood that. In Ireland, he says, there are a few Protestant districts, many Catholic districts and some where the two religions are mixed. Then he says that he ascertained that where the whole population is Protestant there the illegitimate births are as numerous in proportion, as in England. Wherever it is wholly Catholic, there are none at all. In mixed districts the proportion of illegitimate births varies exactly with the proportion of Protestants to Catholics. This, he says, is the state of facts for which we have to account. He examines several theories proposed for the purpose—the theory of race—of early marriages—of education, &c.—and after showing that none of these will agree with the notorious facts, he says that he is convinced the real cause is the effect of the confessional. If he had said of the Catholic Religion instead of one most important part of it he would no doubt have said true.

And the same is borne out elsewhere. There is a general notion that purity is a Northern virtue. This it was so (comparatively) in the time of Tacitus seems certain. But in our day Catholic Italy ranks in this matter with Catholic Ireland. Here we can speak personally. We have made somewhat particular enquiries in several districts in the north of Italy from persons of different classes, and the state of facts which we ascertained was just the same as exists in Ireland. We are well aware how general the contrary opinion is in England. But with all possible respect for our country we cannot admit that the general opinion of English people upon a subject of which they know nothing is to weigh more than the testimony of every one (what-ever may be his own politics or religion) who has any means of knowing the facts. We obtained the testimony, among others, of Protestant Clergymen of high character, but without the least tendency to the Catholic Church, and they spoke of the morals of Italian peasants exactly as Sir Charles Forbes speaks of the Irish.

Against this there is only one fact to be set. There is no doubt a class of Italian nobility who seek the acquaintance of English travellers; because they have lost caste among their own countrymen, and who have as little morals as they have religion. If there were any proof against the morals of Italy it would be easy to apply the argument to Ireland itself, as indeed Sir Charles Forbes shows. It is not the Irish but the Irish Catholics whose standard of morality is so high. The facts then stand thus. Purity as a virtue which the world highly prizes as the cement of society. It has been obtained upon earth, and obtained not by a few exceptional individuals, but by great communities, say by whole nations, and maintained for many centuries together. But, as far as experience goes, it has been obtained only by one means, i.e., by the Catholic religion. Where that has prevailed the people have been pure. Where it has been swept away the national purity has gradually declined and corrupted, as Catholic traditions and Catholic discipline surviving Catholic Faith have gradually died out.

The Spectator trusts to shame produced by education in women, and 'religious feeling' in men. Alas! both have been tried in Scotland, and both have failed—'religious feeling' as signally as 'education.' Perhaps there is no country where there has been more 'religious feeling.' Witness the superstition about the Sabbath; as well as mere education. Is it only 'ultimately' that 'religious feeling' is to produce its results?

Let us not be misunderstood. That terrible dread of dishonor, to which the Spectator trusts, has great influence. But it is a mere worldly feeling; and if in the higher classes the world is often stronger than the flesh both for evil and for good, there is no doubt that among the poor, the flesh is much stronger than the world. This truth might be illustrated by numerous other examples. Neither do we attribute to 'education' the steady decline in the morality of Scotland; except so far as it has helped to root out whatever remained of Catholic tradition. On the whole, probably, the morals of the Scotch peasantry would have corrupted sooner and faster than they actually did if they had been as completely Protestantized as they were and at

the same time less educated. The fact is, Scotland and the Reformation has been a conundrum. The father it has reaped from the sun, the colder and colder it has got. Where it is hastening to it is hard to say, unless, please God it should turn towards a perihelion by the revival of the Catholic Religion. God grant that it may, as they tell us sometimes happens to comets, fall into the sun and be absorbed by it.

I have mentioned above what Oleridge said of Norway. It is worth remarking that the special object of his praise was the religion of the agricultural districts of Norway. He referred to it as a case in which he would persecute 'a parcel of fanatic missionaries; if they should attempt to disturb the fervent and undoubting Lutheranism of the free independent inhabitants of the interior of that country.' But then, to be sure, he seems for the moment, at least, to have been thinking of 'religion' only as it affects worldly interests, and enables a country to 'defy the world.' For that purpose it should seem a religion which is able to control the morals and rule the heart and life is not necessary—the fervent and undoubting Lutheranism of that free country seems to be somewhat akin to 'muscular Christianity' as we know it nearer home.—Weekly Register.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONSECRATION OF THE COADJUTOR BISHOP OF KILLALOE.—On Sunday, June 22, the imposing ceremony of the consecration of Most Rev. Dr. Power as Coadjutor Bishop for the Diocese of Killaloe, took place in the Catholic Church, Nenagh. In order to convenience those who might wish to witness the proceedings, special trains were started from some of the surrounding towns to Nenagh, of which a good many persons availed. Long before the hour appointed for the commencement of the ceremony, the sacred edifice was crowded almost to excess.—The attendance of clergymen was exceedingly large, nearly two hundred being present. There were also ten bishops assisting at the ceremony, namely: Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Lord Archbishop of Cashel; Most Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert; Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry; Most Rev. Dr. Butler, Lord Bishop of Limerick; Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Lord Bishop of Waterford; Most Rev. Dr. DeLaney, Lord Bishop of Cork; Most Rev. Dr. Keane, Lord Bishop of Cloyne; Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Lord Bishop of Galway; and Most Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Lord Bishop of Ross. The Very Rev. Monsignor Woodlock, Rector of the Catholic University, was also present. Almost all the parish priests and Catholic clergymen from the neighboring parishes, and for several miles around were present. The Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel, officiated.—The ceremony was not entirely concluded till about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Immediately after the first gospel of the High Mass, Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry, ascended the altar and delivered a most impressive sermon, in which he traced the history of the episcopacy from the time of the first Apostles down to the present moment, and in which he eulogised the coadjutor bishop elect with his usual eloquence. At 4 o'clock P. M. all the clergy present were entertained at a splendid *déjeuner* by the Most Rev. Dr. Power, the new Coadjutor Bishop of Killaloe.

His Grace the archbishop of Cashel has been pleased to transfer to the Rev. John B. Hanly from the curacy of New Inn to that of Caherconlish, and to send Rev. John Clancy as coadjutor to Rev. John Ryan, P. P., New Inn, Caher.

The Limerick Reporter announces that the Hon. and Very Rev. William Plunket, who has been attached for several years to the Convent of Mount St. Alphonsus, and who, since the lamented death of the late Very Rev. Father Ross, had been Rector of that magnificent convent, has been removed to the Convent of Bishop Eaton, near Liverpool, of which he has appointed Rector. The hon. and very rev. father took his departure on June 14, en route for Bishop Eaton. The Very Rev. Father Bridget is appointed Rector of Mount St. Alphonsus.

The Rev. Thomas Fenelon begs most thankfully to acknowledge the receipt of £5, the generous contribution of John Grace, of Gracetfield, towards the improvements now being made in the chapel of Ballylisan. His amiable and charitable lady likewise subscribed to the same object on a recent occasion.

His native town Monaghan, will honor the Hon. C. G. Duffy with a banquet on the evening of the 5th of July. From every part of the country—as well as from neighboring counties—many will be present to co-operate in paying this tribute of respect to the genius of Charles Garrahan Duffy. The banquet will be provided in the Western Arms Hotel.—Ulster Observer.

Numerous excursions have been made to visit the Niagara and Sacramento at Queenstown. About five hundred persons from Cork went together to view the ship. On approaching the Niagara some of the passengers raised a cheer. Immediately after triple hurrahs sprang up the shrouds and gave three hearty buzzes, while the band played up 'Patrick's Day.' The steamer was provided with a German band, but the performers did not know any American national air, and so they complimented the strangers by playing 'Garryowen.'—Munster News.

It is stated, generally in Queenstown, that a fleet of 12 or 15 of the largest vessels of the United States' Navy will visit different ports in Ireland during the month of August. They are expected, in the first instance, to rendezvous in Bantry Bay.

The attendance at the Dublin International Exhibition on Saturday, June 24th, (though 'half-crown day') was most numerous, and many who had stopped away in consequence of the amended catalogue not being published, visited the exhibition for the first time. The corrected and enlarged catalogue is now in the hands of the public, and we are happy to say that it has been brought out in excellent style, and that the errors in it are few and far between. The arrangements in the several departments are now completed, and the Exhibition may be said to be in perfect working order. On Saturday the splendid band of the 11th Hussars was in attendance, and performed in excellent style.—Miss Linda Scates, on the concertina, assisted by her father, Mr. Joseph Scates, on the pianoforte, played a serenade by Regondi, a fantasia on airs from 'Marta,' and selections from 'Faust,' in the concert hall to the delight of a crowded auditory.—The total number of persons who visited the Exhibition on Tuesday was 5,953.—Freeman's Journal.

On June 27th C. H. Hemphill, Esq., Q. C., Chairman for the county Louth, held his Quarterly Sessions Court here. In his address to the Grand Jury, it was his pleasing duty again to congratulate Drogheda on the continued immunity from crime which each recurring quarterly calendar exhibits. In the criminal business there was only one case—for larceny—to dispose of.—Drogheda Argus.

A man named McMahon, who resided in the vicinity of Patrick's well, and who attended on Saturday, June 24, at Rathkeale Court house as a witness for his brother in a seduction case, dropped dead in the hall of the court just as his name was called.

A man named Leahy was lately drowned in a small lake at Kiltarne, situated within about three miles of Killarney. He entered the water to bathe, and was lost in a spot the depth of which was greater than he expected. A wife and four young children were dependent upon him for support. On Friday evening, June 23, his remains were recovered by Mr. Doran, agriculturalist to Lord Castlerose, and Sub-Constable Sberman.

During the week ending July 1st, 71 persons were admitted provisionally into our union; 15 into the house hospital, and 37 received outdoor relief.—Waterford News.

The barque 'Canada,' from Quebec, with timber, anchored in Passage Beach, on Saturday evening, June 24, opposite the Rowing Club quay. The crew were making all things snug for the night, before proceeding to rejoin their friends ashore, when one of them who had been employed aloft, fell from the yardarm of one of the masts and was instantly killed. The poor fellow who thus lost his life, just on arriving at his own door, was by birth a Dutchman, named Andrew Swanson, but had been living at Queenstown, where he had been married in the early part of this year. Coming up by Queenstown he waved his cap in response to his wife's handkerchief from shore. In half an hour afterwards he lay on the deck a corpse.—Cork Reporter.

By an official return just issued, it appears that there are now confined in Irish prisons under sentence of penal servitude, 1,423 males and 476 females; total, 1,899. Of these thirty-eight are for life; twenty seven of the prisoners so sentenced having committed crimes less than murder or manslaughter.

EVICTORS.—The Tralee Chronicle of Yesterday has the following:—'On yesterday, being the Feast of St. Peter and Paul, the town presented an unusually crowded appearance. At about 11 o'clock, all the available police in the district were marched, *cap a pie*, through the streets. For a while their destination was a secret, and the current gossip was that the Fenians landed in Dingle. Later in the day it was discovered they went to Dingle, where a steamer waited to convey them to one of the Blasquet Islands, for the purpose of assisting in the ejection of about 60 families. The island is situated about 11 miles from Dingle, and on the demise of the late Miss Clarissa Hussey, became the property of Samuel M. Hussey, Esq.'

The number of civil bill cases entered for hearing at the late Tralee Quarter Sessions was 256, of which 140 were defended. There were ten ejectments, four insolvent petitions, and was twelve criminal cases.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WYNN, OF HAZLEWOOD—Tuam, Tuesday, June 10.—At ten o'clock, last night, the above-named gentleman departed this life at the Palace, Tuam, the residence of Lord Plunket. He arrived there in the afternoon of Friday last, from Boyle, accompanied by his two daughters, and appeared to be in the enjoyment of excellent health, but on Saturday morning he was found in bed quite insensible and completely prostrate from a sudden and severe attack of apoplexy, which had seized him during the night, and from the effects of which he never rallied.

It is with much regret we record the demise of Mr. John James Cassidy, of Carrickmacross which took place on Saturday last, after a week's illness. Mr. Cassidy was well known in this part of Ireland as a sporting character, and was so much the life and soul of those social meetings of which he formed a part, that it is quite unnecessary to point out the blank which his death has caused, and which will not be filled up for a long time by any one possessing such a fund of genuine wit and humor. He was so much a portion of the every day life of Carrickmacross, that people never thought that death had anything to do with one like him, and they can hardly yet credit the fact, that he passed to that bourne from which no traveller returns. But gay and generous, and amusing though he was, death has visited him, and claimed him as his victim. Mr. Cassidy had been aiding Mr. Kenney's movement to collect a monster meeting at Mullacrew on last Saturday, and had travelled over a good deal of the country in forwarding the good cause. He was expected to be at Mullacrew, stating that he had been on the hill on that day 39 years, when his friend Alexander Dawson had first appealed to the men of Louth to assist him in breaking the chains that bound them. But Mr. Cassidy expired on the very day on which the meeting assembled. He had been just a week ill, and he received every attention from Dr. Fleming, and the consolations of religion were administered to him by the Rev. Mr. Hughes. He was exceedingly pious, and when he found his end approaching he bowed in humble submission to the will of heaven, and died a most edifying death. May the turf press lightly on his breast, and may God have mercy on his soul.—Dundalk Democrat.

The Attorney-General has made the following legal appointments, consequent upon the death of the late lamented Mr. Edward Johnstone:—Mr. Charles Coates, Crown prosecutor for the county of Wicklow, has been transferred to the county and city of Waterford; Mr. William Ryan and Mr. William Anderson have been appointed Crown prosecutors for the county of Wicklow; Mr. Henry Devitt has been promoted from the office of supernumerary Crown prosecutor for the county of Wexford to that of permanent Crown prosecutor for that county.

We are glad to learn from a statement made in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel, in reply to a question of Mr. Blake, that Dr. McClabe, medical officer of the Mullinawat district, has been appointed resident physician and governor of the Waterford District Lunatic Asylum, in the room of Dr. Barton, appointed to the Castlebar Asylum.

Patrick Murray, aged about 26 years, a very active and useful quay and river watchman, was drowned on Monday last, whilst swimming on the Ford, whether he had been promoted recently to the works there by the Harbor Commissioners. Singular to relate, Murray was an excellent swimmer, although he was drowned in five feet of water, within view of seven or eight persons employed at the dredge boat, the engineer of which vessel came speedily to the rescue, and diving, brought up the body before it was cold. Medical aid was sent for, but life was found to be extinct.—Waterford News.

The progress of the woolen manufacture in Ireland has lately attracted much attention, and become an object of great public interest. We are, therefore, gratified that the entire process is illustrated in the Exhibition, whence it forms one of the greatest features of the magnificent display opened to the public this year. We have the greater pleasure in making this announcement from knowing that the hitherto comparatively unsatisfactory position of this branch of industry in Ireland has been mainly owing to the absence of the improved machinery which has worked so great a revolution in the trade in England and Scotland.

On Tuesday morning, an infuriated cow belonging to Mr. Michael Mulcahy broke loose, and running down Mary Street, upset a woman named Catherine Devlin, and a boy named Patrick Kane, inflicting considerable injury on both, especially on the latter. The animal then proceeded along the Mathew Bridge up Patrick street and George street, followed by an immense crowd, many of them policemen, some of whom had their bayonets drawn, but were at such a distance from the object of their pursuit that there seemed more likelihood of their doing injury to the bystanders than of their succeeding in arresting the career of the infuriated animal. The chase continued up William st. (the cow upsetting numerous apple-stalls, and coming into unpleasantly near contact with some of the superintendants) and along toward the Fair Green, where a capture was effected. The Kane and Devlin were taken to Barrington's Hospital, where their wounds were dressed. No other person sustained any serious injury.—Limerick Chronicle.

For the past few weeks fever has been very prevalent in Killarney and the surrounding country. The malady is not of an aggravated type. Dublin, with its immediate suburbs, contains 350,000 inhabitants. The calendars are exceedingly light, affording marked contrast with the records of guilt and violence published in the London newspapers.