

less Mary more intimately connected with our tale, and chief among these were Elizabeth and Leicester.

Leicester, the profligate, the poisoner, the destroyer of the innocent Gertrude, how did he end his days? An impartial justice at length visited the blackest of his crimes upon his own head; and he died the victim of poison administered, it is believed, by the paramour of his wife, that wife to obtain whom he had poisoned her first husband, the Earl of Essex.

And Elizabeth, the great, the mighty, the wise, throned high among the nations, how fared it in the latter day with her? Oh, ye who look only at the splendors of her world, and think not that they can by possibility be bought too dear, regard again the regal glories of Whitehall.

There sits Elizabethas of old in her stately closet; but where are the cunning agents of her will?—They who, alas! fostered the pride of her heart, and instigated her to evils not her own, one by one they have dropped by the side of their mistress—they were summoned by a voice more mighty than hers. Leicester, and Burleigh, and Walsingham, are dead. The Queen is alone; her face is full of horror and grief. What dismal thoughts rush over her powerful mind? A sword is on the table before her, her dress even is neglected, her hair hangs loose about her face, and with a wild look she snatches up the sword and runs it through the costly tapestry of her closet. But there is no sound, no cry of a traitor concealed behind those hangings; the Queen shakes her head with a melancholy air, and returns to her seat. The beauty, too, of Elizabeth is departed, she is old and decrepit.

But now the door of her closet was opened, and ushered by a gentleman of the Court, a comely dame of middle age appeared.

These persons approached the Queen, but she was lost in thought, she noticed them not.

"May I please your Grace," said the gentleman, "that lady whom you desire so much to see has arrived, Mistress Lucy Willoughton stands before you."

At these words Elizabeth looked up, her countenance was full of sorrow, she waved her hand to the gentleman to leave the room, then she said—"Your face is changed, fair dame; but mindeth me, it mindeth me yet one that was with me in years long gone, and which of late has sore obtruded on my dreams."

Lucy wept, for a long course of happiness had not crossed from her heart its tender remembrance of her ill-fated cousin.

A golden cup stood upon the table. Elizabeth put it to her lips, but she could not swallow the wine which it contained, and replacing it she smote her breast, and shed tears. Then she said—"Thou knowest, Mistress Willoughton, we did not seek the maiden's death. Oh, no, it was not by our will she died—it was not by our will."

"Gracious madam, I know it," replied Lucy. "Oh, it was a brave girl," said Elizabeth, "and he is gone too—Leonard Dacre has been long dead; and Leicester, Burleigh—they are all dead, all dead."

As she spoke thus the unhappy Queen fell back in her chair. Lucy summoned assistance, and she was conveyed to her chamber; but when there she would have Mistress Willoughton by her bedside.—She had loved latterly to talk only of vexatious and irritating subject, the execution of Essex, or the unpleasing posture of Irish affairs. Within the last few days a new fancy had seized her, and she would send into Cumberland, where she knew Mistress Willoughton resided with her family; and now she would speak to her of nothing but the Rising in the North—of the Percy and the Nevil, of Leonard Dacre and of Gertrude.

The day after Lucy's arrival at the Court was wet and cold. It was the end of January; but the Queen had resolved on that day to be removed to her palace at Richmond, and thither, though much indisposed, she insisted upon going.

Lucy sat near Elizabeth in the royal barge, and as the hollow wind swept round it, and the rain pattered in the river, she often observed the Queen shake her head with a sorrowful air, as if the melancholy of the day, were but too much in unison with the frame of her mind, while ever and anon a tear stole down her cheek.

Who shall say what were the thoughts of Elizabeth during that dismal journey. She knew that the world was fast passing from before her, and was hers the mind that could disguise the mischief of its own committing? Was the poverty in which Norton lingered out the poor remnant of his days—was the axe that terminated the sorrows of Mary, so terrible as was to Elizabeth the dominion of her tyrant thoughts?

On reaching Richmond, she was so ill that she was compelled to retire to bed and to dismiss Lucy, whom she had hitherto kept in constant and fatiguing attendance.

The Queen lay in her bed. She had ordered her attendants not to draw the curtains over her windows, and she watched the leafless trees waving to and fro before them, and the ruddy flame of her fire dancing upon the tapestry. Elizabeth had sunk into that partial torpor in which, though the mind has not altogether yielded to the influence of sleep, the memories, the visions that pass over it, have the indistinctness of a dream. A long train of shadows flitted before the mental eye of Elizabeth. There was the fair face of Gertrude Harding, and another face as fair; the features, too, of the ill-fated Essex rose to blight her in her sleep; but there were those female faces present even when the others had passed away. Suddenly Elizabeth started up. She was wide awake, but an unutterable horror had seized upon her soul. Anything to escape from that bed; and when her dismal shriek had summoned her attendants to her apartment, they found her standing in her night dress on the floor, her hands clinched, her eyes fixed as in a convulsion, and specks of foam upon her parted lips. It was a frightful spectacle, the strongly marked but weathered features and stony, blue eyes of the miserable Queen.

But what needs it to prolong the description of scenes so horrible, the struggles of a soul which had used its greatness only to destroy, and which, summoned to quit that world it had too much loved, shrunk from the contemplation of its past career. No entreaties could prevail upon the wretched Queen to return to her bed; she raved, screamed, and wept at the proposal. Cushions were brought, and upon them she was extended, bitterly bemoaning her miserable fate, and refusing all refreshment and consolation.

Who does not know that for ten days the unhappy Queen thus remained, still refusing to enter the bed. The Bishops and the Lords of the Council alike in vain entreated her to alter this resolution. To Lucy Willoughton, whom she still detained in attendance, she expressed strong indignation against Secretary Cecil, the son of her old favorite, Burleigh. "He telleth the people, Mistress Willoughton," said Elizabeth, "that I am mad, but I am not mad; oh, would to God that I were!"

"Gracious madam, be comforted," said Lucy, who was moved by the pitiable condition of the Queen. "Do not thou mock me, fair dame, with such empty words," replied Elizabeth. "Had thy poor cousin seen thee thus, she had known me better than to talk of comfort. Alas! alas! why does her face still pursue me? God knows how bitterly I mourned her fate; but it cometh, it cometh forever, and still accompanied by another which my soul sickens to behold."

While Elizabeth spoke entered Sir Robert Cecil, with the Lord Admiral, a relation of the Queen.—They came to entreat that she would suffer herself to be conveyed to bed.

Elizabeth looked around, shuddering at her costly

couch. "Oh, never, never!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Cecil, if thou hadst seen there what I have seen, thou wouldst not drive thy mistress to that couch of horrors."

"What has your Grace there beheld?" said Cecil. "Have you seen the dwellers of another world?"

"Nay," answered Elizabeth, "assuredly that is an idle question, and beneath our notice."

"In sooth your Grace must retire to bed," persisted Cecil, "if it be but to satisfy the affection of your people."

At these words the embers of an almost extinguished fire again blazed in the heart of Elizabeth, and lighted up her worn features with something of the dignity of old. She raised herself on her cushions.

"Must I?" she exclaimed; "is must a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man, thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word. But alas, alas!" continued the Queen, wringing her hands, and speaking in tones of deep dejection, "thou art grown presumptuous because thou knowest that I shall die."

"Good madam, be comforted," said the Lord Admiral, again approaching the Queen.

She again raised herself with Lucy's assistance, and grasping him by the hand, she looked piteously in his face; then bursting into tears, she exclaimed—"My Lord, my Lord, I am tied with an iron collar about my neck; I am tied fast, and the case is altered with me."

From this time the Queen gradually sank, falling into a lethargy which released her from those mental torments which it had wrung the compassionate heart of Lucy to behold. During this lethargy she was placed in her bed. As her end was evidently fast approaching, the Lord Keeper, the Admiral, and the Secretary Cecil, were deputed by the Council to learn Elizabeth's will with regard to her successor. Lucy Willoughton, whom the Queen during her intervals of consciousness had commanded to remain near her, stood by the side of the royal couch. The Queen took no notice when the Kings of Scotland and France were mentioned by those Lords; then they spoke of the heir of the House of Suffolk—the Lord Beauchamp, the son of Lady Catherine Grey and the Earl of Hertford, to whom Elizabeth had always borne a strong antipathy.—At this name she started, and the dulness of death seemed to vanish for a moment from her wild blue eyes, while she fiercely exclaimed—

"I will have no rascal's son in my seat; none but a king shall sit upon the throne of Elizabeth; and who should that be but our cousin, the King of Scots!"

She never spoke again.

TWO END.

HENRY GRATTAN ON THE DUTY OF IRISHMEN.

Breaking the Chains of Irish Slavery.

The right of the Irish Parliament to make laws for Ireland, uncontrolled by the Parliament of England, was first invaded by an act passed in the reign of Henry VII., since known as "Poyning's Law." At a subsequent period the rights of the Irish House of Lords, as the highest Court of Appeal in such cases, were infringed by the English House of Lords, who, in several cases which had been taken before them, reversed the decisions of the Irish House.—The latter body, however, refused to acknowledge this usurpation, and directed the civil officers in Ireland to abide by the Irish authority and ignore the English. To end these contentions an Act, the 6th of George I., was passed in England declaring that Ireland was a subordinate and dependent kingdom; that the King, Lords, and Commons of England had powers to make laws in Ireland, and that the Irish House of Lords had no legal jurisdiction. Thus was the independence of the Irish Parliament struck down. England, however, got into difficulties, and Grattan, recognizing the fact, afterwards proclaimed by O'Connell, that "England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity" commenced that struggle to recover the legislative independence of the Irish Parliament, which was crowned with success in 1782. On the 15th of April, 1780, he opened the campaign in the Irish House of Commons in a magnificent speech, from which we extract the following passages:—

Sir, I have entreated an attendance on this day, that you might, in the most public manner, deny the claim of the British Parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice to lift up your hands against it.

If I had lived when the 9th of William took away the woolen manufacture, or when the 6th of George I. declared this country to be dependent, and subject to laws to be enacted by the Parliament of England, I should have made a covenant with my own conscience to seize the first moment of rescuing my country from the ignominy of such acts of power; or, if I had a son, I should have administered to him an oath that he would consider himself a person separate and set apart for the discharge of so important a duty; upon the same principle am I now come to move a declaration of right, the first moment occurring, since my time, in which such a declaration could be made with any chance of success, and without aggravation of oppression.

Sir, it must appear to every person that notwithstanding the import of sugar and export of woollens, the people of this country are not satisfied—something remains; the greater work is behind; the public heart is not well at ease. To promulgate our satisfaction; to stop the throats of millions with the votes of Parliament; to preach homilies to the volunteers; to utter invectives against the people, under pretence of affectionate advice, is an attempt, weak, suspicious and inflammatory.

You cannot dictate to those whose sense you are entrusted to represent; your ancestors, who sat within these walls, lost to Ireland trade and liberty; you still owe the kingdom liberty; she calls upon you to restore it.

The ground of public discontent seems to be, "we have gotten commerce, but not freedom." The same power which took away the export of woollens and the exports of glass may take them away again; the repeal is partial, and the ground of repeal is upon a principle of expediency.

Sir, expedient is a word of appropriated and tyrannical import; expedient is an ill-omened word, selected to express the reservation of authority, while the exercise is mitigated; expedient is the ill-omened expression of the repeal of the American stamp act. England thought it expedient to repeal that law; happy had it been for mankind if, when she withdrew the exercise, she had not reserved the right! To that reservation she owes the loss of her American empire, at the expense of millions, and America the seeking of liberty through a sea of bloodshed. The repeal of the Woolen Act, similarly circumstanced, pointed against the principle of our liberty; present relaxation, but tyranny in reserve, may be a subject of illumination to a populace, or a pretence for apostasy to a courtier, but cannot be the subject of settled satisfaction to a freeman, an intelligent, and an injured community. It is, therefore, they consider the free trade a trade *de facto*, not *de jure*, a license to trade under the charters of Ireland, as a tribute to her strength; to maintain which she must continue in a state of armed preparation, dreading the approach of a general peace, and attributing all she holds dear to the calamitous condition of the British interest in every part of the globe. This dissatisfaction, founded upon a consideration of the liberty we have lost, is increased

when they consider the opportunity they are losing; for if this nation, after the death-wound given to her freedom, had fallen on her knees in anguish, and besought the Almighty to frame an occasion in which a weak and injured people might recover their rights, prayer could not have asked, or God have furnished, a moment more opportune for the restoration of liberty, than this in which I have the honor to address you.

England now smarts under the lesson of the American war; the doctrines of imperial legislature she feels to be pernicious; the revenues and monopolies annexed to it she has found to be untenable; she has lost the power to enforce it; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection; you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy.

Besides, there does, of late a certain damp and spurious supineness overcast her arms and councils; miraculous as that vigor which has lately inspired yours; for with you everything is the reverse; never was there a parliament in Ireland so possessed of the confidence of the people; you are the greatest political assembly now sitting in the world; you are at the head of an immense army; nor do we only possess an unconquerable force, but a certain unquenchable fire, which has touched all ranks of men like a visitation.

Turn to the growth and spring of your country, and behold and admire; where do you find a nation who upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind, expresses herself with more truth or force, perspicuity or justice? not the set phrases of scholastic men, not the tame unreality of court addresses, not the vulgar raving of a rabble, but the genuine speech of liberty, and the unsophisticated oratory of a free nation.

See her military ardor, expressed not only in 40,000 men, conducted by instinct as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every young member of the growing community. Let corruption tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety and this redemption. Yes; there does exist an enlightened sense of rights, a young appetite for freedom a solid strength, and a rapid fire, which not only puts a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one. Eighteen counties are at your bar; they stand there with the compact of Henry, with the charter of John, and with all the passions of the people. "Our lives are at your service, but our liberties—we received them from God; we will not resign them to man."

Speaking to you thus, if you repulse these petitioners, you abdicate the privileges of Parliament, forfeit the rights of the kingdom, repudiate the instruction of your constituents, blige the sense of your country, palsy the enthusiasm of the people, and reject that good which not a minister, not a Lord North, not a Lord Buckinghamshire, not a Lord Hillsborough, but a certain providential conjuncture, or rather the hand of God seems to extend to you. Nor are we only prompted to this when we consider our strength; we are challenged to it when we look to Great Britain. The people of that country are now waiting to hear the Parliament of Ireland speak on the subject of their liberty; it begins to be made a question in England whether the principal persons wish to be free; it was the delicacy of former Parliaments to be silent on the subject of commercial restrictions, lest they show a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation. On the contrary, you have returned thanks for a partial repeal made on a principle of power; you have returned thanks for a favor, and your exultation has brought your characters as well as your spirit in to question and tends to shake to her foundation your title to liberty; thus you do not leave your rights where you found them. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone far not too far; you have brought yourselves into that situation, in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country, or publicly restore them. It is very true you may feed your manufactures, and landed gentlemen may get their rents, and you may export woolen, and may load a vessel with braize, serges and kerseys, and you may bring back directly from the plantations, sugar, indigo, speckle-wood, beet root, and panella. But liberty, the foundation of trade, the charters of the land, the independency of Parliament, the securing, crowning, and the consummation of everything, are yet to come. Without them the work is imperfect, the foundation is wanting, the capital is wanting, trade is not free, Ireland is a colony without the benefit of a charter and you are a provincial synod without the privilege of a Parliament.

Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination, we may sicken with addresses, but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease—never! so long as the Parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country; so long as this shall be the case, that very free trade otherwise a perpetual attachment, will be the cause of new discontent; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage; it will furnish a strength to bid your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character; had he intended to make Ireland a slave he should have kept her a beggar; there is no middle policy; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland—they judge of us by our nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty; they judge of us with a true knowledge of, and just deference for, our character; that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

I shall her of ingratitude; I name the argument to despise it and the men who make use of it. I know the men who use it are not grateful, they are insatiate; they are public extortioners, who would stop the tide of public prosperity, and turn it to the channel of their emolument; I know of no species of gratitude which would prevent my country from being free, no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude, except the thing stolen, the charter spoiled. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasures, be mated and parcelled out in gratitude; no man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honor, nor nation of her liberty; there are certain unimpaired inherent, invaluable properties, not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says that Ireland is insatiate; saying that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain has robbed her of, her rights and privileges; to say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty, because she is not satisfied with slavery, is folly. I laugh at the man, who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with any less?

That there are precedents against us I allow—acts of power, I would call them, not precedents; and I answer, the English pleading with precedents, as they answered their kings, when they urged precedents against the liberty of England; such things are the weakness of the times; tyranny of one side,

the feebleness of the other, the law of neither; we will not be bound by them; or rather, in the words of the declaration of right, "no doing, judgment, proceeding, or anywise to the contrary, shall be brought into precedent or example." Do not then tolerate a power—the power of the British Parliament over this land, which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God—do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind.

Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century, that power which shattered your loom, banished your manufactures, dishonored your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woolen or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity.

Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland; do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice and the high court of parliament; neither imagine that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting with their curses in your grave for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history—your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden re-orientation, commercial redress, and miraculous armament—shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe that here the principal men among us fell into mimic traces of gratitude—they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people changed, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar, and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go—assert the law of Ireland—declare the liberty of the land.

I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his legs; he may be naked; he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, and declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.—*American Gael.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Mother Mary Ryan, of the Sacred Heart Convent, Roscrea, sister to the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese of Kilkaloe, died on the 7th ult., in the 48th year of her age, and 21st of her religious profession. A Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul, was celebrated on the 9th ult., in the Convent, at which her brother, Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Coadjutor Bishop of Kilkaloe, presided. Immediately after Mass had concluded, his Grace pronounced the absolution, and the remains of Mother Ryan were deposited in the little cemetery of the Convent, amidst the prayers and tears of the sorrowing Community, amongst whom she had labored for the long period of 18 years.

The new Dominican Church, Drogheda, is now nearly completed, and for beauty and finish and style of architecture is one of the finest structures in the town. Two altars have just been erected, built by Meyer & Co., Munich, and gorgeously painted and gilt in the highest style of art. The Rosary Altar in the west transept shows on the front panel in relief the Blessed Virgin and Child, figures of St. Dominic and St. Catherine in kneeling postures on either side. The carvings of these figures are magnificent. The Altar of St. Joseph in the east transept is also of great beauty—the carved figures representing the death of St. Joseph, Christ, and the Blessed Virgin, with Angels surrounding.—The Hon. Miss Preston, Gormanstown Castle, and Miss Mathews, Mount Hanover, have presented elaborately worked altar cloths.

The Very Rev. Canon Patrick Vincent died at the parochial residence, Carrickmore, Termonamungan, on the 7th ult., at the great age of 90 years.

Mrs. Mitchell-Henry, who was on a tour through Egypt with her husband, Mr. Mitchell-Henry, M.P., died at Cairo on the 5th ult., after 16 days' illness of dysentery.

The Hon. Mrs. Latouche, died on the 2nd ult., at her residence, near Dublin, at the great age of 92 years. The deceased lady was fourth daughter of Cornwallis, 1st Viscount Hawarden, by his third marriage with Anne Isabella, daughter of Mr. Thos. Monck, and sister of Charles Stanley, 1st Viscount Monck. She married, in 1806, Mr. Peter Latouche, of Bellevue, county Wicklow, who died in February, 1820. Mrs. Latouche's mother died in July, 1851, aged 92 years. The funeral took place on the 8th ult.

The following sales took place in the Landed Estates Court, Dublin, on the 5th ult.—Estate of Lydia Pim, owner and petitioner.—The lands of Ballymurnmore, barony of Arklow, containing 194a. 1r. 25p., held under fee-farm grant under the Renewable Leasehold Conversion Act; profit rent and estimated annual value, about £256 15s. Sold at £5,850 to Mr. A. D. Kennedy, in trust. Estate of Arnold William White and Robert John Porcher Broughton, trustees for the sale of the estate of William Wilson Campbell, deceased.—The lands of Tomnahealy, Clonsilla, and Barrage, containing 326a. 0r. 18p., or thereabouts, situate in the barony of Gorey, held under fee-farm grant; net rental, £313 8s. 9d. Sold at £6,300 to Mr. J. Hogan, solicitor, in trust. Estate of Netterville E. Abbott, owner; Theobald Billing and Rev. Charles Townsend, petitioners. Houses and premises (in owner's possession) in the town of Athlone, held with the other premises under fee-farm grant (indemnified from head rent); estimated letting value, £30. Sold at £405 to Mr. Burgess.

The tenant's interest in the valuable farm of Kilkannadon, situated one mile from Eaniscorthy, was set up at public auction in the Market House, Eaniscorthy, on the 4th ult. The farm contains sixty Irish acres, over 98 statute measure, and is held under lease from the Earl of Portsmouth, dated 1st of August, 1869, for the life of Lord Lynton, or the concurrent term of 31 years, from the 25th of March, 1869, at the yearly rent of £75. There is a good dwelling-house and out-offices on the land. It was knocked down to Mr. Armstrong, for Samuel Deathe, Esq., of Ballinacolin, at £1,040. On the 7th ult., Mr. H. Owen Lewis, M.P., for the borough of Carlow, addressed a vast concourse of the electors and townsmen in the hay-market, the chair being taken by Patrick Bourke, Esq.; T. O. The Foresters and Grange bands were in at-

tendance, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, but the weather was rather unfavorable. Mr. Lewis's address gave much satisfaction. Speaking of the Gladstone pamphlet, he said—"I have been invited by Mr. Gladstone in my country as an Irishman—my religion as a convert to the Catholic Church—my political honesty as a member of Parliament—my loyalty as a faithful subject of Her Majesty. I have spoken strongly; but no words can express the score, the indignation, the anger, the contempt with which I hurl back upon Mr. Gladstone's unworthy and calumnious assaults upon my country, my religion, my political honesty, and my loyalty."

The Mayo Telegraph, of the 5th ult., says—"Mr. O'Connor Power's lecturing tour in the North has proved a complete success. All classes and creeds, attracted by his great fame for eloquence, flocked in numbers to hear him, and the patriotic Catholic clergy of the diocese of Belfast showed themselves anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them of listening to so brilliant an alumnus of the famous Seminary of St. Jarlath's. All sections of the press are alike unanimous in expressing unqualified admiration for Mr. Power's lectures. Mayo has a right to be proud of her distinguished representative."

The deaths registered in the Dublin Registration District during the week ending 5th of December, represent an annual mortality of 26 in every 1,000 of the population by the census of 1871. The births registered during the week amounted to 173, and the deaths to 153. The average numbers in the corresponding week of the previous ten years were—births, 165, and deaths 169. In the suburban district of Rathmines the annual ratio was 15 per 1,000; in Donnybrook it was 26; in Blackrock 14; and in Kingstown 11 deaths per 1,000 of the population by the census in 1871.

A despatch dated Ennis, Dec. 11, says—"The storm and floods of this morning and throughout the night, reached the highest climax of the season. At early dawn the inhabitants were amazed at seeing the whole country one broad sheet of water. The mountain floods had come down in torrents, filling streams and rivulets, which, combined with the force of an incoming tide, strengthened by a strong north-west wind, covered the fields, and banks of the river in every direction. The town of Ennis was inundated in several parts to an extent of 3 feet deep. Mill Street, Church street, the Club House, Constabulary Barracks, Victoria-road, Mill View, and other places, were for hours impassable. To-night, owing to the State of the roads, none of the mail cars arrived in time, and it is rumored that in and about Tullagh much damage has been done."

On the 6th ult., the remains of Miss Ryan, of the Island Gardens, St. Mary's, Limerick, were conveyed for interment to the new cemetery of Mount St. Lawrence, accompanied by a numerous and respectable funeral procession. This aged woman resided all her life in that locality, and at the time of her death, she had reached her 102d year.

The Irish Times of the 7th ult., says—"The scarlatina epidemic which some two months ago made itself felt with fatal severity in a considerable number of cases amongst children, but which it was hoped had been almost banished, has again broken out with alarming virulence. The gentleman who is acting for the Dispensary Doctor (laid aside from overwork) reports that the health of the town was never since the last cholera so low, whilst it most also admitted that the country districts are not in a much better condition. No special cause why the neighborhood should be visited with disease has been pointed out, but that it is present in an aggravated form just now cannot be doubted. A few cases of scarlatina have made their appearance in the Coleraine Workhouse, which has for a long time been kept singularly free of disease in almost any form, and fears are entertained that it may spread."

The Cork Examiner, of the 12th ult., says—"A few days ago, there passed through Kilkenny one of the most imposing and novel funeral processions which has been witnessed for many years. The remains which were borne to their last resting place were those of Jeremiah Mangan, who had been sportsman to Sir John Godfrey, D. L. of Kilkcolumbkille Abbey, Milltown, for the last dozen years. After the hearse, the remains were followed by the horse which the deceased was in the habit of riding when attending the meets. On the back of the horse were placed by Sir John Godfrey, the deceased's scarlet coat, the hunting-cap, the whip, the boots and spurs. Next, followed by Sir John Godfrey and his brothers, were a few of the Milltown beagles. Then came the deceased's son and a host of gentlemen and inhabitants of Milltown and Kilkenny. Conspicuous amongst those present were several gentlemen who attended at the meets, or at the stag hunts in Kilkenny, at which "the red coated" deceased was ever known to be present in the chase. Altogether the cortege, which was as respectable as it was extensive, was a novel and an affecting one. The remains were deposited in Kilkcolumbkille graveyard."

The census of Ireland for 1871 has reached as far as Galway, which forms the subject of the portion of the returns last issued. There were in Galway Co., in 1871, a total population of 248,468 persons, against 440,698 persons in 1841. The number of inhabited houses in 1871 was 45,564; in 1841 it was 73,326. The total valuation of houses and land in Galway County in 1871 was £439,521, and in Galway Town £24,452. The town of Galway is tenanted by 4,102 families, living in 3,365 houses.—The total population of the town of Galway in 1871 was 19,843, and of these 8 were between 85 and 90 years of age. No centenarian is recorded, but the unusually large number of 64 persons, including 19 males and 36 females, are enumerated in the county population as having attained the age of 100 years and upwards.—As the total population of the county Galway, excluding the county of the town and comprising a total of 228,615 persons, the enormous proportion of 228,615 persons were of the Roman Catholic religion. Protestant Episcopalians are set down as numbering 6,549; Presbyterians, 443; Methodists, 223; all other denominations not exceeding 85. The capital of the county exhibits pretty much the same proportions in the religious differences of its population. No less than 30,239 of the people could speak Irish only in 1871, while 109,464 spoke Irish and English. From 1851 to 1871 nearly 90,000 persons emigrated from Galway.—The number in 1870 was 2,845. The total area of the county is 1,565,352 statute acres, of which 230,902 are under tillage, 794,740 under pasture, and 23,910 under plantation; while 426,690 acres are classed as waste, bog, and mountain.—There are in the county 21,784 farmers, occupying 39,427 holdings. Of these 7,965 are under five acres; 7,433 are between 5 and 10 acres; 10,230 are between 10 and 20 acres; 4,893 are between 20 and 30 acres; 1,410 are between 40 and 50 acres; and 1,644 are between 50 and 75 acres. There are 18 holdings above 1,000 acres in extent; 22 above 1,200; 22 above 1,500; and 13 above 2,000.

Two very important actions against railway companies for alleged negligence were decided adversely to the defendants. In one case Slattery v. the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Company, the Court of Common Pleas affirmed a verdict for £1,250 damages, obtained by the widow of a law clerk, as compensation for the death of her husband, who was run over while passing over the line near the level crossing of the Landed Estates Court Station, by a locomotive engine from Westland, which had been two trials of the engine, and in both the plaintiff succeeded. The finding for the sum mentioned