

thus I ask you, for the last time, will you become my wife when this siege is over?

'Nay,' returned Mabel, 'it would be indecate of me to consent so hastily, seeing that the siege, as you say, is to come so speedily a termination. So,' she continued in the same ironical tone, 'I cannot grant your request.'

'I have dallied long enough,' muttered Villiers, a frown in spite of himself darkening his features. 'This is to be my final answer, then,' added he, turning to Mabel: 'I am to understand, that in spite of my devotion, and in spite of all your father's commands, you will not consent to be my wife?'

'No,' returned Mabel, firmly; 'for my father will never force me to it.'

'You will not, then?'

'No. And now, Raymond Villiers, let us put an end to this forever. You know I cannot be your wife, and you know also the reason of it.'

'Yes,' exclaimed Villiers bitterly, 'I know it. He is here, and you love him. But we will see to it,—by the breath of my body but we will see to it!' And he stood up, and, bowing coldly to Mabel, took his way down the stairway with a black and revengeful frown upon his swarthy brows.

Mabel Browne, with the sharpness of a woman, noticed the look, and partly guessed its meaning. Coupling it with his demeanor for a long time previous, from which she judged that he would think little of changing sides in the war, she determined, for her own sake, and for the sake of the castle of which her father was warden, to watch his motions narrowly for the future. But for several days afterwards, during which the siege began to grow somewhat hotter, she saw nothing in the conduct of Raymond Villiers to confirm the secret suspicions she had formed of his fidelity to the Irish cause.

A week had now passed away. It was midnight. Beneath the black gloom that shrouded lake and castle and giant mountain, a tall figure, muffled in a long military cloak, glided along the rampart towards a sentinel who stood beside the western turret, facing the water. The sentinel turned, and demanded the watchword for the night. It was given; and the tall figure moved down to the water's edge, and, stepping cautiously into one of the three small boats that were moored beneath the shadow of the tower, took the oars, and shoved it silently out into the lake. By and by another muffled figure, evading the observation of the sentinel in the darkness, stole silently beneath the rampart, and stepping into one of the remaining boats, put it off in a similar manner. The first boat glided noiselessly across the lake, and, at last, landed its occupant upon the shore, above which was situated the camp of the parliamentarians. The second, also, followed stealthily in its wake; but, stopping some distance from the shore, turned back again, after a short time, towards the castle. As it glided in beneath the shadow of the western tower, the figure which it bore left it, and soon gained the courtyard unobserved. It then glided up a stairway of the castle; and, entering a little chamber, the long cloak that muffled it was cast upon the floor, and the lovely face of the Fair Maid of Killarney was revealed in the light of a small taper that was burning upon a table near the fireplace.

'Whoever he is,' she said, as she sat herself beside the table, 'he is a traitor. But I will wait and watch; and assuredly I will find him, or my name is not Mabel Browne.'

Meanwhile let us follow Raymond Villiers; for he it was that had gone upon his dark midnight mission across the lake. After narrowly escaping being shot by the advanced sentinel of the enemy, he contrived to make his purpose known, and was soon conducted into the presence of Gen. Ludlow.

'What dost thou want?' said the stern Puritan general, in a surly tone at being awakened from his first slumbers. 'Why didst thou not come in the light of day with thine errand, whatever it is?'

'For the best reason in the world, general,' answered Villiers. 'If any of my own people saw me, my life would not be worth a silver crown. I come from the fortress yonder.'

'Ha!' exclaimed Ludlow, 'begin to understand thee now. What of the castle? and hast thou any method by which we can take it speedily?'

'You will never take it by your present tactics,' answered Villiers; 'for the garrison is well manned, and they have abundance of provisions, besides the natural strength of the place. I am a lieutenant of musketeers. If I succeed in gaining you a passage across the drawbridge, or point out another method by which you can take the castle, will you give me the same rank in your army?'

'Gladly, gladly!' answered Ludlow, who knew but too well the strength of the garrison. 'And now, in case thou canst not betray the drawbridge to us,—obtain passage over it for us, I mean,—what is thine other method?'

'There is a prophecy regarding Ross Castle,' answered Villiers, 'which the majority of those who now defend the castle believe in with their hearts and souls; and, when they see this accomplished, I will stake my life they will yield the castle to you on the easiest terms. It is this,—that Ross Castle can never be taken till the enemy sail in a fleet of ships upon the lake. Can you not accomplish the prophecy?'

'I think so,' answered the Puritan general, after a long pause, during which he sat thinking intently. 'Ho, there!' continued he to the grum orderly, who stood guard at the door of his tent; 'summon hither Scout-master-general Jones, and say that I want to consult with him on a most important matter.'

In a short time, the scout-master-general made his appearance; and there followed a long consultation, at the end of which Raymond Villiers took his departure, and succeeded in reaching his quarters in Ross Castle unobserved. The result of Ludlow's consultation was, that, in case Villiers failed in otherwise betraying the castle, Scout-master-general Jones undertook to procure and transport from Kinsale to Castleman Bay, and thence overland to the parliamentarian

camp, the materials, ready made, of a fleet of heavy gunboats, with which they could attack the castle from the lake.

Two days passed away, during which Villiers found that there was but small chance of betraying the drawbridge of the castle to the enemy. He therefore finally resolved to leave the place, and go over as secretly as he could to the hostile camp. It was thus, that, about midnight, he contrived to procure a boat as before, and make his way across the lake. This time, however, Mabel Browne, who constantly watched his motions, and who now sat concealed beneath the dark shade of the wall, knew his features as he glided past, and followed him, as she did the other night, over the water. As he stepped upon the land, an unlucky splash of Mabel's oar caught his ear. He stood, and, peering outward through the darkness that overhung the water, caught sight of the boat and the figure that sat therein, which he, of course, thought was that of a man. A fierce frown of vengeance contracted his dark brow; and, drawing a long pistol from his belt, he fired at the indistinct figure. The next moment, a wild shriek of agony and terror rang over the dark lake; and Mabel Browne, with her arm broken between the elbow and shoulder, dropped like a wounded bird into the bottom of the boat. Fortunately, a smart breeze was blowing at the time from the eastward, and floated the boat towards the opposite shore of the lake, else the poor wounded Maid of Ross would have fallen into the ruthless hands of the parliamentarian soldiers.

The report of the pistol, and the wild shriek of Mabel, were followed by loud confusion in castle and hostile camp. Each side thought that the pistol-shot was a signal for an attack of some kind. Men hurried to and fro by rampart and trench. The cannon on both sides opened fire for a short interval; but at length all settled down quietly again, and the night passed away. Little did they know that night, in the Castle of Ross, of the terrible agony their warden's daughter endured beside the solitary shore of the lake, to which the boat was driven by the breeze.

The dawn was faintly tinging the eastern sky, when the Fair Maid of Ross awoke from one of the long swoons into which she had fallen since she had received the treacherous shot of Raymond Villiers. There was now light enough, but she had scarcely sense left to look around her. Her arm was lying helplessly by her side; her dress and the bottom of the boat were all stained with blood; and, as she endeavored to move herself so as to get a view of where she was, a sharp pang shot through the wounded limb, and, with a faint scream of anguish, she dropped back again into her former position in the boat. Then the precipitous, forest-girted shore above her seemed to whirl in a weird and terrible dance before her eyes; and another swoon relieved her for a time from the torture of her wound.

When she next awoke to consciousness, it was with a cooling and somewhat pleasant sensation. She opened her eyes; and the first object they fell upon was the welcome and pitying face of Donogh of Glenmourne. He was standing over her in the little boat, washing the blood from her neck and arm, and sprinkling the cool water gently over her face. All was soon explained. Donogh, who commanded a party of horse amid the woods, was returning from a reconnoitering excursion by the shore, and thus found her whom he little expected to see in such a woful state that breezeless summer morning. When she told him, as well as her weakness would permit her, of the treachery of Raymond Villiers, and now it was from his murderous shot she had received her wound, Donogh swore a stern oath, that, ere many days should elapse, he would avenge the deed surely and suddenly upon the head of his perjured rival. Before another hour was over, Mabel Browne, to the surprise and consternation of her stout old father, was lying in her little chamber in Ross Castle, awaiting the coming of the surgeon who attended Lord Muskerry's army. Under the care of that scientific worthy, her fractured arm was bound up; and, in a few days, the fever that followed her mishap passed away, and she was pronounced out of danger.

Meanwhile the siege went on. The parliamentarian general pushed his approaches nearer to the castle; and the cannon and small arms on both sides rattled away most industriously every day from morning until night. About ten or a dozen days after the occurrence of the foregoing events, two horsemen might have been seen riding in wild haste over the mountains, and approaching the north-western shore of the lake. It was Donogh of Glenmourne and one of the dragoons belonging to his troop. Leaving his horse to the care of his orderly, Donogh descended into a secret nook by the water's side, and was soon rowing a little boat he had taken therefrom, across the lake to the Castle of Ross. The news he brought was, that Scout-master-general Jones, with a skilful engineer named Chudleigh, had just landed in Castleman Bay with a vast quantity of timber ready hewn for large boats, and was now on his way across the country to the camp, escorted by a strong convoy of the parliamentarians, horse and foot.—After giving this news, he again crossed the lake, and soon joined his troop, with which he hovered upon the track of the approaching convoy. As the latter passed through a narrow defile, he fell upon it, sword in hand, with his men, and had a sharp skirmish. He was, however, finally repulsed, but not till he had the satisfaction of knocking Raymond Villiers on the head with his own hand, and thus ending the new career that gentleman of an easy conscience intended running under favor of the parliament.

The convoy arrived safely at Ludlow's camp; and the boats, under the superintendance of Chudleigh of Kinsale, were soon put together and fit to be launched. One fine morning, when the garrison of Ross awoke, they were not a little astonished to see a fleet of ships, or, in other words, large gunboats, floating upon the lake, with cannon ready pointed at their bows, and colors jauntily overhead. All cried, with one voice, that the fatal prophecy was fulfilled, and that the castle could hold out no longer.—

Lord Muskerry, seeing the despondent spirit that pervaded his little army, demanded a parley with his enemy. The end of it was, that, after a long debate, a capitulation was drawn up; and Lork Muskerry yielded the Castle of Ross, on very honorable terms, however, to the parliamentarian general. This put an end to that terrible war which had devastated the country for so many years.

Immediately afterwards, Donogh MacCarthy rode over the mountains with a score of his bold horsemen, and dispossessed the Puritan undertaker who held his House of Glenmourne. The Puritan, perhaps, seeing plenty of estates, far larger and richer, going almost for nothing around him, prudently made no noise about the affair; and thus our young captain of cavalry entered once more into possession of his home, in which he and his descendants were confirmed after the restoration. Some months after the yielding of the castle, Donogh of Glenmourne was made doubly happy by his marriage with the Fair Maid of Killarney; and with the light hearted pair, it is said that the stout old warden, Capt. Richard Browne, lived afterwards, for the rest of his days, a life of jovial ease and contentment.

UNION—THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(From the Freeman.)

The feeling that it is essential to the prosperity of this country that her inhabitants should be allowed the exclusive management of their own local affairs is spreading daily, and, if we read the signs of the times aright must shortly be looked boldly in the face by statesmen and legislators as being the question of the day *par excellence*. Fairly and honestly regarded, there is nothing in this proposition either to alarm or to alienate any section or party either in this country or in England, while, on the contrary, there is much that should induce honest politicians of all shades of opinion heartily to support it, as being eminently conducive to the best interests of both countries. Without desiring unnecessarily to rake up the memories of the past, or to attempt to enumerate the countless wrongs and grievous acts of injustice which have marked the course of English legislation for Ireland since the Conquest, it is indisputable that, from this and other causes, there has never been that *entente cordiale* between the inhabitants of the two countries so necessary for the progress of Ireland if governed by Englishmen. Differences of race, of religion, and of national temperament have all assisted to produce this result, and thus it has come to pass that even in those instances where her intentions were most praiseworthy England has not succeeded in governing this country to the satisfaction of her inhabitants. Englishmen as a body have proved themselves incapable of even comprehending the wants and wishes of Irishmen, and, as a consequence, they have, according to their invariable practice, condemned as foolish or mischievous what they could not appreciate. Although possessing an spirit for colonisation unapproached by any nation, ancient or modern, it is undeniable that the Anglo-Saxon does not succeed in reconciling other races to his rule, and assimilating them, as did the Romans in the olden time, and as do the French of to-day. The reason for this may be found in the fact that wherever the Englishman goes he carries with him his own peculiar insular ideas and prejudices. The same characteristics which make the English traveller the laughing stock of foreign nations have impeded the English conqueror even in his honest efforts to reconcile the conquered to his dominion. The great article of faith of Englishmen is that whatever is good for them, and whatever succeeds in England, must be right and proper for every other person and every other nation, and thus, instead of adopting, or at least countenancing, whatever is good or found to suit the conquered nation, they try, sometimes the reverse, to force their constitution, their religion, and their own political doctrines on those for whom they are all equally well suited. The examination of this tendency is more the province of the student than the journalist; or the politician, but its consideration is necessary to all who wish to understand the present position of the two countries. It is to his policy, carried out fully and relentlessly, that Ireland owes the countless sufferings she has undergone at the hands of England, and that England owes the permanent discontent and disaffection of Ireland. It is these facts, also, that have contributed to build up amongst loyal Irishmen the feeling that, so long as our own proper and exclusive business is managed in England and by Englishmen, it will never be done so well as if we were allowed to do it ourselves. The very proposition requires indeed only to be stated to be acknowledged. The fact that England has lately shown some disposition, not indeed to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas, but at least according to English ideas of what is best for us, and to some extent to sacrifice her own prejudices in so doing, give hope that she may eventually be induced to grant to us liberty to relieve her of a responsibility which, while it is a burden to her, would prove a blessing to us. The feeling of a necessity for this change, if we have lately had some reason to believe, not confined to any one party in Ireland, and certainly not to those who are opposed to connection with England, or who are not thoroughly loyal to her Majesty. On the contrary, it is shared by some of the most loyal, who are anxious to secure a thorough, real, and lasting union between two countries whose interests are bound indissolubly together. Such men, besides the firm conviction that the advancement of this country depends upon her having, herself, the government and management of her own internal affairs, are anxious thereby to replace the present distrust and dissatisfaction by a thoroughly good feeling, founded upon mutual respect and community of interests, between different parts of the empire and different subjects of the same sovereign. We have marked with pleasure growing symptoms of a feeling, amongst those who were heretofore the strongest opponents of home rule, of a change in their opinions in this respect, and may, we think, point with a justifiable pride to the part we have taken in bringing about that result. The decided position we took in the movement which eventuated in the overthrow of the Established Church is perhaps too fresh in the minds of some of our opponents for us fairly to expect that all feeling of bitterness has passed away, or that the prejudices we then excited against us have yet been altogether dispelled. Even during the excitement of the contest, however, we always stated what we now repeat, that no feeling of animosity against the Protestant creed animated us to our determined opposition to the exceptional privileges and insulting ascendancy they then enjoyed. Through good and evil repute—from the days of the Liberator down to the present—we have always advocated union amongst all classes of Irishmen, and have felt that the union was impossible until all Irishmen were equal in the sight of the law. Apart from the abstract feeling of right and justice, therefore, our strongest motive for our uncompromising opposition to the Establishment was the hope that some day from its ruins the phoenix of cordial union amongst all classes of our countrymen would arise. We felt convinced that patriotism was not dead in the breasts of our Protestant brethren, though it had slept so long, and that, once placed on an equality with their fellow-countrymen they would remember that, though Protestants they were Irishmen, and as such would recognise the claims their native land had upon them. We are glad to see and to welcome any evidence that this is the case, and that our pre-

dictions and aspirations show some signs of realization, even sooner than we could have hoped. There are those who say that the sudden patriotism of the Conservative Party is a sham, prompted partly by plique and vexation at the downfall of the Church, and principally by a desire to embarrass the Liberal Government, and if possible oust them from the sweets of office for their own benefit. This may be partly true as regards the regular politicians of the party and some of their organs. But we believe that, underlying these party manoeuvres, there is a strong feeling amongst independent thinking Protestants that their interests would be served by a cordial union with their Catholic fellow-countrymen, an oblivion of past differences, and a united effort for the benefit of their common country. It is in the hope that the movement of a Federal Parliament will be supported by such men, to the exclusion of mere party tricksters, that we write in its favour. The attitude of Catholics since the disestablishment of the Church has been such as to show to all honest Protestants that their fears of 'Ultramontane ascendancy,' to use the offensive language of the Tory Press, were myths conjured up to terrify them by those whose interest it was to induce them to reject the friendship offered them by their Catholic fellow-countrymen. To such men we address ourselves to-day, and say that our hearty sympathy and active aid will not be wanting in any movement which has this end in view and which appears to us to offer reasonable hopes of its attainment by proper and legitimate means. Having said so much, we now feel it our duty to offer a few words of caution and advice to all who think of joining the movement which we have been informed in about to be initiated for a Federal Parliament for Ireland. It will be one of the most solemn importance, pregnant with much good or much evil for the country, and should not be lightly undertaken or without a due appreciation of the responsibility incurred and the difficulties to be overcome. It is an object not to be achieved in a day, and those who undertake it must do so with the resolution to persevere in the face of discouragement of every kind, and perhaps of oft-repeated repulses, if not actual defeats. Above all, it is an object impossible of attainment save by thorough union of all classes of Irishmen. In itself, it is neither a question of party or of creed, and if any such considerations are allowed to enter into it, ignominious failure and irreparable injury to the country can alone be the result from it. If those who join it do so with any *arrière pensee*, or with any hope thereby to injure or to benefit any individual or any class or any creed, they are traitors to their country and to their interests. Like the youths of old before receiving the insignia of knighthood they should fast and pray, and purge their souls of all sordid and base motives, and purify themselves for the conflict to come. The responsibility of those who initiate a movement such as this is heavy, and heavy should be their punishment if they betray it for the sake of self or party.

PROGRESS OF IRISH OPINION.

From the Dublin Evening Mail.

Mr. O'Neill Daunt has addressed a letter to the Nation, in which he discourses upon a text taken from a letter recently published by Mr. King Harman:—'A great change has taken place in popular opinion, especially among those classes who, a few years ago, would have been most hostile to the notion that Irish men alone are qualified to manage Irish affairs.' The sentiment thus tersely expressed is unquestionably true. There is no doubt that very great change has taken place in the direction pointed to by Mr. King Harman. Another maxim put forward by the same gentleman is equally undeniable—'Ireland united, is Ireland free.' The difficulty lies in the obstacle that impedes a union of Irishmen. To the work of removing this difficulty Mr. Daunt addresses himself. Irishmen have so long been trained to hate each other in classes, creeds, and factions that it has become very hard to prevail upon them to trust in their mutual sincerity. Yet they do confide in one another without hesitation in trade, in professional relations, and latterly, to some extent, in social intercourse. Men sit together upon the same railway boards, in the same bank parlours. They mingle in private partnerships. Lawyers and doctors are employed without discrimination of creed. They eat at the same table, and drink out of the same bottle, untroubled by fears of poison, or of quarrelling in their cups. Why should they not take counsel together in regard to interests which as Mr. Daunt truly says, 'affect every class and every creed in Ireland—Catholic, Protestant, patrician, plebeian, commercial, and agricultural.' Mr. Daunt sees two preventive influences in the way—one extrinsic, the other, unhappily, intrinsic. English factions dread any union among Irishmen, and strain every nerve to frustrate attempts to combine; there are Irish classes whom those factions are able to use to effect their purpose of division. The sincerity of Conservative Repealers (he says) will be denied by the Gladstonian newspapers, and the people will be told not to trust them. Attempts will be made to govern Ireland through Rome in the interests of the Union. It will be sought to bribe the priests with gables and masses, and with the help of Whig bishops, to constitute the Irish clergy into an English police, charged with the task of stifling popular hostility to the accused system that plunders Ireland of her money and hunts her inhabitants into exile. The ruling powers do not forget that Doctor Tror, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and eight or nine of his episcopal brethren, had the ineffable baseness to give their assent to the Union in 1800. 'Other instructors inform them that Repeal would sever the Protestant community from English sympathy, and demolish their last chance of freedom.' The exact truth is stated in both these propositions. But a difficulty even greater than that indicated in them lies in the treason to the National cause to which we have called attention lately as being committed by the so-called National journals. Men, of any creed, who possess property shrink naturally from revolution by violence. Men who have been reared in the belief that the British Constitution includes principles that are the bulwark of civil and religious liberty will not go to war with England; they desire to maintain close friendly relations and federal union with her; the very strength of their national aspirations makes them abhor foreign interference in their national concerns. All these instincts are shocked by the expression of sympathy with such anti-national enterprises as the so-called 'Fenian' invasion of Canada. Their judgment tells the stable classes who constitute what can be rightly called the people, that it is only by the progress of an enlightened public opinion and by peaceful and sober methods that Ireland can be brought to union, and thereby to so much rational freedom and prosperity as would be insured by Home rule. To our apprehension there is reliable evidence that such a progress of opinion is advancing, and further, that it can only be checked by such alarms as the 'National' Press labors to create. This latter fact is well known to the Gladstonian newspapers: it was pointed out by the 'Times' in its notorious aphorism—'Ribbonism is the natural prophylactic of Fenianism.' Fenianism, as the 'Times' understands the phrase, is a disposition to union with the object of securing Home-rule; Ribbonism is correctly explained by the same authority to be a dissolution of society; a mistle of brigandage. It is most true, generally and particularly, that concord of political sentiment is the surest bond of social peace. There was no Ribbonism in Ireland in '82. The brigandage of Greece and of the Papal States is the offspring of agrarian outrages at home and filibustering enterprises from abroad are the most certain means of preventing such an approximation of political sentiment as culminated in the peaceful triumph of Charlemont and Gratian.

THE NEW AGITATION.

(From the Kilkenny Journal.)

It is now over a quarter of a century since the loyal National Repeal Association was formed under the presidency of the late Mr. O'Connell. The agitation then proceeded but from one party in the country, and it may be affirmed practically that the Conservative and Protestant section of the nation held aloof—if not in opposition to the movement. The condition of the Established Church of Ireland then rendered the existing connection with England of paramount importance in the Protestant mind. But since the disestablishment act of last Session, the current of opinion has set in and run in a contrary direction. A movement is now on foot, taking its rise in Dublin, that promises to enlist the National sentiment and to form a bond of Union for all Irishmen. A purely agricultural country finds itself unusually drained of its only source of wealth by the non-residence of its proprietors and the spending of their incomes in the sister Isles or foreign countries. The home commercial market thus paralyzed, exhibits our towns fast falling into decay, and that the inhabitants of our island reduced to a mere land of tenants, are rapidly melting away into foreign lands. Dublin, seventy years ago, enriched and enlivened by the presence of a House of Lords and Commons, not merely by the aristocracy and gentry of its parishes, but by the tide of residents and expenditure which all the occupants of a legislature attract, city of a final struggle to resume its old position—desire expressed by monster meetings, in 1843, throughout Ireland, for a native parliament, is again more hopeful auspices. The great National Land Conference held in Dublin—Lord Bellew presiding—may be said to have launched the question. As his lordship graciously observed, 'it was the most representative assembly held in Ireland since the Union, and he hoped it was a precursor of the future.'

Kilkenny, with its historic associations, will not be backward in making its pronouncement. It is over five centuries ago, since the 'black act'—the 'Statute of Kilkenny'—cast its dark shadow over the island. It is but a couple of centuries past since the grand Parliament of the Confederation held its sittings in Kilkenny, and its supreme council issued its edicts under its celebrated seal. 'Twas issued, and in its centre was a large cross, the base of which rested on a flaming heart, while its apex was overlapped by the wings of a dove. On the left of the cross was a harp, and on the right the crown. The legend was at once happy, novel, and classic.—*Pro Deo Rege et Patria Hiberni unanimes!*

During this eventful year, fraught with the fate of the tenantry of Ireland, Kilkenny maintained its old prestige, and took its foremost place in the grand struggle of the nation. The ever memorable meeting of Kilkenny men on the 18th of October last was worthy of their ancestors who, in 1643 sent Owen Roe O'Neill to raise the standard of independence. The tenantry have sought now to expect from the British Parliament. The tenant bill may be assumed to have practically passed into law in the most favourable shape that it will ever come out of a British House of Commons, and it will be the melancholy duty of the Kilkenny Tenant League to demonstrate that its provisions are utterly delusive—that their practical working, the difficulty of proving the existence of usage, and the strict nature of the legal proof of custom required in the absence of any statutory definition thereof being applied to the country, will render the apparent protection of the bill nugatory, even towards the Northern tenantry, and that the intentions of the friends of the tenantry like Mr. Bryan and Sir John Gray, as evidenced in the latter gentleman's able and lucid exposition of the framework of the measure, will unhappily be frustrated in the law courts. It is time then for a national movement to arise to take the management of our affairs into our own hands, which by a union of all Irishmen, seems to foreshadow success.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

NEW CHURCH AT BALLYCASTLE.—The proceedings at Ballycastle, in the County of Antrim, on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the new Church of St. Patrick and St. Brigid, possess a more than ordinary interest, inasmuch as they mark an evidence of Protestant liberality and generous landlordism which are well calculated to diffuse friendly feelings amongst the people of all denominations in that county, at least. The respected parish priest, the Rev. P. McAlister, after referring to the fact that, 1,400 years ago, St. Patrick, within view of the site of the contemplated new structure, remarked that he was indebted to the generosity of a Protestant lady, the late Mrs. Keels Bord, for the site, and for a donation of £50 to assist in building the church. 'But in giving us this site,' said Father McAlister, 'she only followed the liberal tradition of her family; and I am happy to inform you that that tradition is likely to be kept up. I hold in my possession a document which I have received from the present worthy agent of the estate, and which gives me the permission of Sir Harley Hugh Boyd to take and free of cost for the building of this house. I esteem that permission not on account of its money value, but because it is a sign that the young heir of the Boyd Estate intends to walk in the footsteps of his predecessors. We trust that the generous conduct of the Boyd family will act as an incentive to the Catholics who do not belong to the parish, to give material aid to the Rev. Mr. McAlister in his endeavors to erect a church where it is much required, as appears from his able address previous to the commencement of the ceremonies.

A charity sermon was preached in the Catholic church at Knockmoyle, on Sunday last, by the Rev. Father Haggarty, P.P., in aid of the fund for repairing the school at that place. The collection amounted to £75, a sum at once eminently indicating the active and earnest sympathy of the parishioners, and of the many generous friends of the esteemed pastor, the Rev. C. M'Donohy, P.P., in Omagh and the other adjoining localities, and one that securely places him in a position to realise a glowing victory after many hard-fought battles and untiring exertions in promoting the cause of education amongst his people. This generous response at once commends the undying gratitude of the good pastor and the admiration of all earnest friends of a safely-conducted education.

The Dublin correspondent of the 'Echo' says:—'The rumor grows again that Cardinal Cullen is not to return to Ireland as Archbishop of Dublin, but that he is to be kept in Rome as a special adviser. If true, perchance this foreshadows his advancement to the Papacy itself, an event which many here consider probable.'

The following is a copy of an autograph letter which has just come to hand from his Holiness Pope Pius IX. to the proprietor of this journal, conveying the exceedingly high and profoundly felt honor of the expression of the thanks of his Holiness, as well as the inextinguishable favor of the Apostolic benediction in acknowledgment of a copy of Lenihan's History of Limerick, gorgeously bound in white satin, ornamented, richly gilt, and having the Pontifical arms on both sides, and bearing a suitable Latin inscription inside, which has been presented to the saintly head of the Universal Church by the author's kind and respected friend, the venerable and Very Rev. Monsignor Kirby, President of the Irish College at Rome. In writing on the subject Monsignor Kirby states:—'The letter of the Holy Father will be a precious monument in your family