

The two representative bodies marched into the place of the rude bowers, artificial caves, and woven-wreathed breastworks of the erst vigilant woodmen, with undigested wonder and amazement—the nest was there, but the birds had flown!

Dermod O'Kelly was the first spokesman; he was well armed with sparthe and spear, and a goodly bow, ready-strung, and a sheaf of arrows loosened in their quiver and ready for immediate action.

"Both on the same mission I guess," he said, with a short laugh, as he made one step and drew up before the leader of the king's soldiers.

"By Jupiter I believe so," grinned the puzzled arquebuser; "it looks as if our friends here have flitted."

"Plant that flag of yours between us," suggested O'Kelly, "and let us have a palaver."

The staff was planted, accordingly, but before any palaver could be originated, an ominous cry, loud, resounding, and echoing of a huge carrion crow over their heads sent a shiver through their frames, and a tingle through their ears, and a foreboding, too, through some of their hearts, for no man's head was ever safe on their shoulders in the days of the bluff King Hal.

"There he is!" cried O'Kelly, "on the low bough of that great oak tree yonder." So saying he fixed an arrow to his bow string. "I see his big beak wide open, and his red throat all arour. Look—his feathers are starting over his whole body and his wings erect—an easy shot even at this distance."

The spectators watched the birds pointed out to them so palpably, and expecting to see it drop in an instant, were considerably taken back by the delay and then by the appearance of the archer—the arrow fell at his feet and the bow into the hollow of his hand, whilst he gazed with a look of uncertainty and surprise at some object which had evidently and suddenly riveted his attention.

"Come on here," he cried, "follow me, all of you—I can't be mistaken—come."

The whole party followed at a rush, and the next moment stood beneath the oak tree where the carrion crow was croaking.

From the very self-same bow was hauging the body of a burly man, suspended by a cord or wythe, his face distorted, his limbs relaxed, and his frame swaying feebly in the forest's blast.

The first act of O'Kelly was to draw his skene and sever the rope—the dead body plumped down heavily upon the sward.

One and all, at the instant, recognised the mortal remains of Bishop Whammond's former henchman, but latterly discarded apostle, the miserable James Dullard. Dermod O'Kelly was greatly moved at the sight; but much more so when raised the placard attached to the breast of the corpse, and read aloud the inscription written in crimson-tinted letters of the elderberry ink.

There was whispering amongst the king's soldiers, and evidently a hasty council, for whilst O'Kelly and his men stood silent and agast at the shocking spectacle before them, the other party coolly turned the stark body over and subjected every part of its garb to a rigid scrutiny.

The Bishop's signet-ring first turned up, and then the pounce-box, next the polished steel pistol, and last of all, the long purse of gold sovereigns, that light coinage of old Hal's declining reign, but not at all the less prized on that account by the men who now exhumed them from the pocket of their dead confere.

This discovery of the precious purse and its valuable contents made a wonderful change in the opinions, and policy of the English diplomatic ambassadors—in fact, they felt puzzled about the step they were next to take, so as to secure to the full their own special interests, and at the same time raise no unpleasant issue with their new associates, with whom they had become so inconveniently familiar.

"Well," said O'Kelly, "what do ye think of this new turn of affairs?"

"Think!" repeated the Saxon leader, with the purse in his hand, and the ring and box, in his pocket, "I think there was a grudge between the two dead men, and there lies the culprit; but the paper, and the box, and the ring are quite enough to prove his guilt, and restore the peace of the town, without troubling the authorities at all in the matter of the purse and its golden contents.—That, I should say, ought to be the finder's perquisite—eh, neighbors, do I speak your sentiments?"

"You do not!" blurted out O'Kelly, promptly.—"We will have no blood-money; settle that between yourselves and your masters; but put the saddle on the right horse with regard to Whammond's death, and that is all we want in the whole matter."

This was a new and unexpected turn of affairs; so new and unexpected that a general peace and quietness seemed very likely to be the sequel of the double visit to the haunts of the "Rapparees of the Wood."

"That's rather a surly answer, neighbor, I trow." "Surly or no surly," retorted O'Kelly, "it is the right answer to the straight question. What else would you have?"

"Dom it, mon, the surliness is cheap of the gold," interposed another soldier. "O'Kelly is right; the tin belongs to our side of the house."

"To be sure it does," laughed O'Kelly, "for ain't ye 'The Defenders of the Faith'?"

A roar of laughter followed this apt rejoinder, and the sovereigns were forthwith emptied out on the grass, duly examined, and scrupulously counted. The leader had the lion's share and the filigree purse, but he still offered a few pieces to O'Kelly and his men who only shrugged their shoulders in refusal.

"You won't peach, O'Kelly?" "We haven't learned that trick in Ireland yet," said the Celt sternly; "but when we want to be taught, we'll know where to go."

The taunt was lost upon the persons addressed, who were busy stowing away the gold in the cunning parts of their garments.

"What's to be done with this brute?" asked the first soldier touching the stark dead body with his foot.

"Let him rot there and be—"

"Not so," interposed O'Kelly. "The hapless man's body must be given up to the authorities, and if it makes peace between us all his miserable death will be productive of a great good indeed."

"Will you and your men bear a hand?"

"Willingly." A sort of bier of boughs and shingles was soon rudely woven together, and the corpse being duly deposited thereupon, the men of both parties relieved each other on the road as they carried their lugubrious burden on to the guarded gates of the disturbed "Marble City."

Then with a slight but ready greeting and parting, O'Kelly and his companions wended their way to their general place of rendezvous in the centre of the town, whilst the soldiers conveyed the mortal remains of the wretched stark reformer to the military quarters, there to receive a judgment and a sentence already undergone before the tribunal of eternity.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE ANGLO-NORMAN CASTLES.

Those grand old structures of the past, By time's hand garbed in grey, That stand in all their stately strength, Or slowly pass away;

Types of the race that reared their forms, Its greatness and decay.

Types of the strong, symmetric frame, And the gracefulness of might, That masked its systems, iron clasped, And its legions in the fight;

Types of its power so firmly based, Yet raised to proudest height.

How like it, too, the fragments grim, Of those away that pass;

Like theirs the bond that knit its force, And made it firm as brass— They came not down by slow degrees, But mighty mass by mass.

The sole memorials of their power, In skill and art combined, In them doth Norman genius live, As books enshrine the mind;

Naught truly great e'er passed from earth, But left its stamp behind.

As the tides of Norman conquest flowed, And ebb'd across the plain, They rose as foot-hold, firm and sure, Like rocks above the main;

Round which th' opposing waves of war, Oft roared and dashed in vain.

How long and sombre they appear, Mid lovely landscapes seen, Like shadows thro' the present cast Of ages that have been;

Their dark, grim frown, and nature's smile, What contrast strong between.

Or from our time they seem to stand Apart, in sullen pride, As if the thought of greatness past Might with them still abide;

As conscious that their structure proud Our feeble age deride.

What, tho' they symbolise the power Our lovely land that dyed With native blood, and o'er its fields Spread havoc far and wide,

'Gainst which with effort brave we strove, But fitful unallied.

What, tho' they stand to tell the tale, Accour of foreign sway; The sons of those that nursed it here Are Irishmen to-day—

Then let our fathers' deadly hate Be buried with their clay.

Norman and Gael have mingled long, Have mingled by the hearth, Have mingled in our history's page, And mingled in our earth;

And from their union let us hope An IRISH NATION'S birth.

WILLIAM GAHAN.

RELIGIOUS PARTY NAMES.

A dictionary of party names would be vastly instructive. It would certainly prove that there is much in a name; that the prosperity and length of life of many movements have depended largely on the names which were attached to them; that some causes have been made, some squashed, by the felicity or infelicity of their names. This is true in politics, in social changes, in fashions; but it is especially true in regard of religion—or, rather, in regard of all heresy. Take such a word as "Protestant," which has managed to live heartily since the time of the Diet of Spires, and which still shows a power of vitality that promises good life for the future. How comes it that such a horribly ugly word should have attained to such a splendid longevity? We suppose the reason to be that "protest" is very easy; it is also very gratifying to pride; it is, moreover, consistent with almost infinite ignorance, and commits Protestants to no particular belief. If it means anything at all, it means that the Protestant protests against his idea of Catholicity; not against what the Catholic Church really is, but against what he imagines it to be. Not one Protestant in a million has had a reasonable estimate of the teachings of the Catholic Church; indeed, it is impossible for any one who is not a Catholic to understand the Catholic faith. But because it is a splendid thing to "protest"—and, also, the very easiest creed in the world—therefore, the word Protestant has continued to be popular, and will probably last out this century.

Certain nicknames have been fatal to their causes; but "Protestant" could not possibly be one of them. Take the word "Puseyite," which quickly died out; because the habit of affixing an individual's name to a school which was presumed to be "Catholic" was too inconsistent to be continued. "Puseyism" died within twenty years. Its name killed it. "Tractarianism" was another word of the same class, which had not life in it to endure. "Anglo-Catholic" was too ridiculous to take a hold; for the idea of a man being an insular kind of Catholic was felt by every body to be absurd. "Anglican" is, perhaps, a good word; not committing its patrons to anything definite, and, therefore, likely to see a long life. "Ritualist" must be doomed to a very short career; for it savors of sticking to forms and to formularies; and such things are unreal to the soul. Yet all these words are but feeble compared with the word "Protestant" which, besides including all the schools we have named, has a glorious pugnacity of its own.

Let us take the low church names; and first "Evangelical." This was a happy invention. You have only to say that you are Evangelical, and of course it must follow that you are so. The Protestant theologian who first hit on that word deserved the fond praise of all Protestants. It was so capital a word that it has braved scores of party changes, and is even now dying hard amid the respectful regrets of those who believe in good names. "Bible Christian" is a trifle too pretentious; for every one knows that a so-called Bible Christian is one who makes his bible for himself, and who would no more permit interference with his "views" than he would suffer a real Papist to instruct him. So "Bible Christian" has been relegated to the sphere of half-educated or ephemeral sects, and is secretly laughed at even by those who assume it, as being deliciously evasive of creed. A similar fate awaits the "scriptural person," who is only scriptural as far as Scripture agrees with him, and bends its own meaning to his.

The class of words which have been invented by Protestants, to cast discredit on the Catholic religion, are ingenious in their simple vulgarity; and this is their only real merit. "Popish," though intended to mean the same thing as Papal, is really a very different word indeed; and "Romish," though designed but to signify Roman, is equally in bad English and in bad taste. These words have served Protestants a good turn. Give a cause a ridiculous name, and the common mind is content to despise it; hence a religion which is "Popish" and "Romish" is assumed to be positively imbecile. Not one person in a thousand really thinks for himself, or judges a cause by its merits; and the Protestant mind has been poisoned for centuries by this burlesquing of good English words. The "Popish religion" and "Romish priests" have been by-words of ridicule and contempt; whereas, the "Papal religion" and "Roman priests" would have saved much bad English and bad faith.

Recently it has been found desirable to abandon this slang, and to invent more imposing expressions. The high intellects and noble characters which are

acknowledged to be "Catholic" seem to rebuke the employment of vituperation which is, exceedingly small and uneducated. Still, to concede the word "Catholic" as sufficient in itself is more than any Protestant will do; so it is pretended that there are two kinds of Catholics, and one kind is called "Ultramontane." This is a far-resounding word. It seems to be fetched beyond the Apennines, and to have a savor of distance and discredit. Such a very fine word must surely be heretical, or, at least, it must be something out of the common. Not one Protestant in a thousand knows what it means; and this makes the word the more useful. The Times, about a fortnight ago, lamented "the rapidity and completeness with which the old distinction between Catholics and Ultramontanes is everywhere becoming obliterated." It was added, however, that "the distinction was never, perhaps, a very logical one;" but, continued the writer, "men's practice is sometimes better than their logic." Now it happens that there was never any distinction between the meaning of "Catholic" and "Ultramontane," though there was for some time a real difference. The Times surely knows this. But the old habit of calling Catholics by queer names cannot be all at once abandoned. It is quite useless, we are aware, for Catholics to assure Protestants that a Catholic is simply a Catholic; that a Catholic who is not an Ultramontane—in the conventional sense of the word—is not a Catholic at all. The Vatican Council has settled that question. Since every Catholic who is not an Ultramontane—that is, who does not believe in the Vatican dogma—is excommunicated by the act of his unbelief, there is no need to persevere in a quibble which has lost all pretext and all sense.

Nicknames will always be employed to cast obloquy on those whom we dislike; but it is time that this foolish word "Ultramontane" be obliterated from respectable writings. It really has no meaning; and Protestants know it has no meaning; and, therefore, it is not educated to use it. No doubt it is very difficult for Protestants to acknowledge the unity of the Church; for in that acknowledgment is their self-condemnation; and this is extremely disagreeable. Yet since the fact is so glaring, the affectation of not seeing it can only make matters much worse; for every one understands that the word Ultramontane is but the affectation of ignoring the truth. As the Times confesses, the "distinction is not logical;" it is, indeed, simply nonsensical; and it is time that it should be put on one side, as making those who use it seem silly.—Catholic Standard.

"GOD'S POOR."

FLOWER GIRLS OF LONDON—IRISH AND CATHOLIC—THEIR TEMPTATION—"WE NEVER MISS MASS."

There must in London be upwards of a thousand girls who earn their livelihood by selling flowers in the streets. As a rule these girls are Irish, and consequently Catholics. Were it otherwise they would rarely pass unscathed through the lives of hardship which generally fall to their lot, and the temptations to which they are exposed. The chief of these temptations perhaps lies in kindness, these poor girls are sometimes offered drink—an offer more tempting, perhaps, than we can easily realize. They are already tired out yet must trudge for weary hours until midnight, before their flowers are sold; nor will there be any fire to welcome, or supper to refresh them, when they return to the cellars and garrets which we hardly dare to call by the sacred name of home; and they are shivering, and wet to the skin; and the drink, they are told, will warm them. And thus, perhaps, little by little, a fatal habit is contracted, in whose train, as we all know, walk misery and crime and death. But instances like these are the exceptions, and will, let us hope, become more and more so in the future. There are six or more girls to every one boy engaged in the flower trade; and the ages of the girls range from six to twenty, while the boys are usually much younger. The flower-sellers rise early to purchase their supplies at the markets, and with the help of what they arrange flowers, with marvellous rapidity, into little button-bunches, which fetch a penny in the streets. It is estimated that over 100,000 bunches of violets, 200,000 of wall-flowers, and three times that number of roses are disposed of in this way every year.

A Protestant gentleman, Mr. Henry Mayhew, who some years ago made many interesting investigations among the poor of London, tells us that he formed the acquaintance of two flower-girls, sisters who lived in one of the streets near Drury-lane. The elder was fifteen and the younger eleven years of age, and they were orphans. The walls of the room which along with their brother a lad of thirteen, they occupied, were bare and discolored with damp. The furniture consisted of a crazy table and few chairs, and in the centre of the room stood a large four post bedstead. In answer to Mr. Mayhew's questions, the elder girl said:

"I sell flowers, sir, so does my sister; all kinds, but it's very little use offering any that's not sweet. I think it's the sweetness that sells them. I sell primroses when they're in, and violets, and wall flowers, and stocks, and roses of different sorts, and carnations, and mixed flowers, and lilies of the valley, and lavender, and mimosa. We do best of all with moss-roses—young moss-roses. Primroses are good, for people say: 'Well here's spring again to a certainty!' Ge'tlemen are our best customers. I've heard that they buy flowers to give to the ladies. Ladies have sometimes said: 'A penny, my poor girl? Here's three half-pence for the bunch!' Or they've given us the price of two bunches for one; so have gentlemen. I have never had sixpence given to me in my life—never. I never go among boys: I know no one but my brother. My father was a tradesman in Michelstown, in county Cork. I don't know what sort of tradesman he was, I never saw him I was born in London. Mother was a char-woman, and did very well. She died seven years ago. I've got myself and my brother and sister a bit of bread ever since, and never had any help but from the neighbors. We've always good health. We can read; and this statement they proved by producing and reading from a Catholic book or devotion. 'I put myself,' continued the girl, "and my brother and sister to school—the Catholic school. My brother can write, and I pray to God that he'll do well with it. I buy my flowers at Covent-garden on Farington street. I pay a shilling for a dozen bunches of whatever flowers are in season; out of every two bunches I make three, at a penny a piece. We make the bunches up ourselves. The two of us doesn't make less than sixpence a day, unless it's very ill luck. But religion teaches us that God will support us, and if we make less we say nothing. We never pawned anything; we have nothing they would take in at the pawn-shop. We live on bread and tea, and sometimes we don't eat a bit all day when we're out; sometimes we take a bit of bread with us, or buy a bit. We never miss mass on a Sunday."

Never miss Mass. What a secret lies in those words? And from what we have ourselves witnessed of the labors of the Catholic clergy in the districts where flower-girls mostly dwell, we cherish a hope and expectation that this secret will ere long be brought home to every one of these children of toil and poverty—the secret of how a hard life may yet be a happy one—of how seeds sown in sorrow, and matured in patience, bloom with an evergreen fragrance upon the eternal shore!

A Pennsylvania printer who is the father of twenty-six children is puzzling himself to account for the bard times.

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

"Tis no use talking to me, mother, I will go to Mrs. P's party to night, if I die for it—thats fact! You know as well as I do, that Lieutenant N—is to be there, and he's going to leave town to-morrow—so up I go to dress."

"Charlotte, why will you be so obstinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week, and Dr. — says late hours are the worst things in the world for you."

"Pshaw, mother! nonsense, nonsense."

"Be persuaded for once, now, I beg! Oh, dear, dear, what a sight it is too—it pours with rain, and blows a perfect hurricane! You'll be wet and catch cold, rely on it. Come now, won't you stop and keep me company to-night? That's a good girl!"

"Some other night will do as well for that, you know; for now I'll go to Mrs. P's, if it rains cats and dogs. So up—up—up I go!" singing jauntily.

"Oh she shall dance all dressed in white. So ladylike."

Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner in which Miss J. expressed her determination to set in defiance of her mother's wishes and entreaties. She was the only child of her widowed mother, and had, but a few weeks before, completed the twenty-sixth year, with yet no other prospect before her than bleak single-blessedness.

A weaker, more frivolous and conceited creature never breathed—the torment of her amiable parent the nuisance of her acquaintance. Though her mother's circumstances were very straitened, sufficing barely to enable them to maintain a footing in what is called the middling genteel class of society, this young woman contrived by some means or other to gratify her penchant for dress, and gadded about here, there and everywhere, the most stowily dressed person in the neighbourhood. Though far from being even pretty-faced, or having any pretensions to a good figure, for she both stooped and was skinny, she yet believed herself handsome; and by a vulgar, flippant forwardness of demeanor, especially when in mixed company, extorted such attentions as persuaded her that others thought so.

For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor, the tallowiness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evidenced the existence of a liver complaint; and the last visit I had paid her were in consequence of frequent sensations of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some organic disease of her heart. I saw enough to warrant me in warning her mother of the possibility of her daughter's sudden death from this cause, and the imminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, &c.; but Mrs. —'s remonstrances, gentle and affectionate as they always were, were thrown away upon her headstrong daughter.

It was striking eight by the church clock, when Miss J., humming the words of the song above mentioned, lit her chamber-candle by her mother's and withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant-girl by the way, for not having starched some article or other which she intended to have worn that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborious business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in their little parlour, reading some book of devotion that the church chimes announced the first quarter past nine o'clock without her daughter's making her appearance. The noise she had made over-head in walking to and fro to her drawers, dressing-table, &c., had ceased about half an hour ago, and her mother supposed she was then engaged at her glass, adjusting her hair, and preparing her complexion.

"Well, I wonder what can make Charlotte so very careful about her dress to-night!" exclaimed Mrs. J., removing her eyes from the book, and gazing thoughtfully at the fire! "Oh! it must be because young Lieutenant N—is to be there. Well, I was young myself once, and it's very excusable in Charlotte—heigho!" She heard the wind howling so dimly without, that she drew together the coils of her brisk fire, and was laying down the poker when the clock of — church struck the second quarter after nine.

"Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?" she again enquired. She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and ask."

She rung the bell, and the servant appeared.

"Betty, Miss J.—is not gone yet, is she?"

"La, no, ma'am," replied the girl, "I took up the curling irons only about a quarter of an hour ago, as she had put one of her curls out; and she said she should soon be ready. She's burst her new muslin dress behind, and that has put her into a way, ma'am."

"Go up to her room, then, Betty, and see if she wants any thing; and tell her it's half past nine o'clock," said Mrs. J.—The servant accordingly went up stairs, and knocked at the bedroom door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss J.—have fallen asleep? Oh, impossible! She knocked again, but unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; and after a moment's pause opened the door and entered. There was Miss J.—sitting at the glass. "Why, in, ma'am!" commenced Betty in a petulant tone, walking up her, "here have I been knocking for this five minutes, and—" Betty staggered horror-struck to the bed, and uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J.—, who instantly tottered up stairs, almost palsied with fright—Miss J.— was dead!

I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy night in March; and the desolate aspect of things without—deserted streets—the dreary howling of the wind, and the incessant pattering of the rain—contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the intelligence of the awful event that had summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness. On reaching the house, I found Mrs. J.— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbours who had been called in to her assistance. I repaired instantly to the scene of death, and beheld what I shall never forget. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass, hung with a little white drapery; and various paraphernalia of the toilet lay scattered about—pins, branches, curling-papers, ribands, gloves, &c. An arm-chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss J.—, stone-dead. Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned towards the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with a frightful fidelity the clammy fixed features, daubed over with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw—and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold dull stare, that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self complacency, which not even the paling touch of Death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision; and the skinny hollow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death thus leering through the tinsel of fashion—the "vain show" of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

Indeed it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle. Poor creature! struck dead in the very

act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity! She must have been dead for some time, perhaps for twenty minutes, or half an hour, when I arrived, for nearly all the animal heat had deserted the body, which was rapidly stiffening. I attempted, but in vain to draw a little blood from the arm. Two or three women present proceeded to remove the corpse to the bed, for the purpose of laying it out. What strange baseness! No resistance offered to them while straightening the bent right arm, and binding the jaws together with a faded white riband, which Miss J.— had destined for her waist that evening.

On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death, as mangled and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a corpse dressed for a ball!

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Patrick Cook, C.C., Innismacraich, has been appointed bursar of St. Patrick's College, Kilmore, Cavan.

John Myles, Esq., eldest son of the late Thomas Myles, Esq., of The Crescent, Limerick, has been called to the Bar.

Richard Henry Copinger, Esq., second son of William Richard Copinger, of Webbsville, county Cork, Esq., solicitor, has been called to the Bar.

Henry Arthur Blake, Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary, has been appointed a resident magistrate, and will be stationed in the King's County.

RECEPTION.—On Jan. 4, in the pretty little chapel of the North Presentation Convent, Cork, Miss Nora O'Brien, in religion, Sister Mary Magdalen, was received.

The police station at Toam, Blacklion, Cavan, has been abolished, and a joint station formed at Belcoo, and a new station has been established at Currough, parish of Templeport.

Constable Heron, of Kiltaleck, and four men under his command, proceeded recently to the townland of Drumkilly, where they captured a still and upwards of one hundred gallons of poteen.

The Castlebar Quarter Sessions were opened on the 11th ult., before J. N. Richards, Esq., Chairman, who congratulated the Grand Jury on the peace and good order which prevailed and the lightness of the calendar.

At Tulla, Co. Clare, on the 9ult, a respectable man named Patrick Neylan, while in the act of pointing scollops, accidentally cut an artery in his thigh, which caused his death in a very short time after.

Father Delay has issued an appeal on behalf of the families of the five fishermen whose drowning at Bantry Bay has been reported. Their names were—Cornelius Murnane, John Lynch, Jeremiah Leyhane, Edward Flynn and Wm. Cronin.

The criminal business of Ennis Quarter Sessions opened Jan. 10. His worship addressed them in congratulatory terms on the peaceable state of the county. At Kilrush neither at the last nor previous sessions was there a criminal case to be disposed of.

At the Knockmahon Mines, Waterford, the copper ore raised in the past half year amounted to 954 tons, as compared with 1,122 tons in the previous half year; and the sales were 1,199 tons. There has been a loss at this establishment of £1,732 5s. 7d. during the half year.

As a farmer's wife of the name of Cloney, who resided at a place called Foreststown, was returning home from Ennisecorty, the car on which she sat was overturned, and she was almost instantly killed.

DEATH OF A PRIEST.—We regret to learn by the Mayo Examiner that the pious and indefatigable Father Griffin, P.P., Park, has been served with an ejectment. Father Griffin has expended an immense deal of time and money in making his house a beautiful residence, and in bringing the lands to their present state of fertility.

Joseph Skelly, Esq., merchant, died at his residence, Longford, after a short illness, on the 27th December, aged 35 years. Deceased was widely respected for his integrity and honest dealing in his business, and his early demise is deeply regretted by a large circle of relatives and friends. He was a brother-in-law of Messrs Peter, William and John Donovan, of Leagan.

The Drogheda Corporation, acting as a sanitary body, have given orders for the closing up of the National schoolhouse of St. Mary's Parish, in James street. The Very Rev. Mr. Allen, Administrator, has been served with the necessary notice to that effect. The Rev. gentleman has just completed the building of a splendid school on the Dublin road, to replace the unsightly one which drew down the ire of the Corporation.

At Westport Land Session on the 8th ult., an important claim was heard by J. H. Richards, Esq., Chairman, V. O.C. Blake claimed the amount of £580 from Lord Clanmorris, respondent, for improvements on the lands of Park and Ruane, which were held under a lease made by Lord Clanmorris to G. Mahon, after demise to C. G. Mahon. After a prolonged hearing of the claim, the court adjourned the case, reserving the question of costs. The case concluded the session.

A meeting of the committee appointed by the subscribers and parishioners of Maryborough, to prepare the address and presentation to the Rev. Thomas Morrin, C.C., met on the 10th ult., in that town. It was announced that the amount received for the object was now about £285, and it was decided that an address be ordered, and a list of the subscriber's names published. During a residence of nine years Father Morrin has won the full esteem of the entire parish.

At the Silevradah Collieries, Co. Tipperary, the output of coals and culm in the past six months was 11,201 tons, and the sales were 11,227 tons, showing a substantial diminution in the large stocks of culm. In the corresponding period of 1874 the output was 18,803 tons, and the sales were 18,490 tons. The profit during the half year at these collieries has been £1,178 15s. 9d., after expending a further sum of £335 13s. 11d. on the "fitting" at the new pit at Lisnamock, which is now finished, and capable of raising a large additional quantity of coal and culm of excellent quality.

On the 9th ult., a meeting of the parishioners of Queenstown was held to make arrangements for raising funds for carrying on the works of the new cathedral at Queenstown. Dr. McCarthy, Bishop of the diocese, presided. Resolutions were adopted carrying out the objects of the meeting, and a subscription list was opened. The handsome sum of nearly £1,000 was subscribed on the spot, including a subscription of £100 each from Mr. Ronayne, M.P., and the Bishop, and a similar sum from the workmen at the building. It appeared from the statement of accounts £50,000 had been already expended on the structure.

THE O'DONOGHUE AND TENANT RIGHT.—The O'Donoghue made a strong speech in advocacy of Tenant Right before the Tenants' Defence Association at Tralee, Jan. 10. He said: "I have never oppressed a tenant. Although the value of my property is not large, I have a large number of tenants in Kerry and Cork. Not one of them can say that I