

'Do not let us talk of that,' he said gently; 'compose yourself, and then you shall see your father. He is expecting you.'

There was a gentle authority in his manner. Clara yielded to it at once, without knowing why; it seemed to give her strength; she cast one grateful look at him, and then said,

'I am ready. I will go and see him at once.'

Mr. Wingfield gently detained her.

'Do not go unless you are sure you can control all emotion. His recovery may depend on this.'

'I think I can,' said Clara earnestly; 'let me go and see him. Where is he?'

'We have not moved him,' said Mr. Wingfield, as Clara went towards the staircase.

Mrs. Wallis was already gone to announce her arrival. She breathed a fervent prayer as she entered the room; there was a night-lamp burning, the table was covered with medicine-bottles, and the curtains were drawn on the side next the door, so that before she saw his pale features she could hear his labored breathing and frequent cough. He held out his arms to her with a smile, and she threw herself into them, in vain trying to restrain her tears, though they flowed quietly and silently.

'I am glad you are come,' said he with difficulty, and almost in a whisper, 'dear child; I have suffered a great deal, and I have longed for you very often.'

'Oh, why did you not send for me before, dear, dear papa,' said she, surveying in a sort of agony his altered countenance. 'I only got Mr. Wingfield's letter this morning, when we arrived in London, and we came directly.'

'Is Alan here too?' inquired Mr. Leslie, with an expression of eager hope on his countenance.

Clara's heart felt as if it was like to break.

'No, not Alan, dear papa; Douglas and Mildred came with me; but I hope Alan will come to-morrow. We will write to him.'

Mr. Leslie looked disappointed; Alan was his favorite son.

'He must not come away from his studies,' said he; 'he will be working hard just now. I shall see him at Christmas, I hope.'

It was evident he did not think himself in danger. Clara gazed again in an agony at him, and then slid out of the room. Mildred was standing at the door, and received her as she threw herself sobbing into her arms.

'O Mildred, I never saw him look like this—And he asked for Alan!' she added, redoubling her tears.

'Douglas did not know his direction in London,' said Mildred, 'but he wrote to where he thought he was most likely to be found. We will write again immediately. Trust in God, Clara.'

'Yes, for there is no help but in Him,' said she, weeping more composedly. 'What should we do if we did not trust in Him? Thank God, Mr. Wingfield is here; somehow his very look gives me strength.'

'Go down and speak to him, then,' said Mildred. 'Ask him yourself to tell you all that has happened. I will go and watch by Mr. Leslie. Tell Douglas to come up, and I will talk to him about Alan.'

Clara obeyed in silence. She found the two gentlemen talking earnestly together, and on giving Mildred's message she was left alone with Mr. Wingfield.

'Do you find him much changed?' said he, in a voice of kind sympathy.

'Oh, very, very much,' said Clara. 'I have never seen death,' she added, in a broken voice. 'Mr. Wingfield, tell me truly, is there hope?'

'There was this morning,' said Mr. Wingfield; 'but the doctors seemed to think any relapse, however slight, would be fatal; but there seems to me to be a slight amelioration on the contrary since then.'

Clara sank on a sofa; her hands trembled, the tears seemed to have dried up; she leaned her head on the table, and every now and then a convulsive sob escaped.

Mr. Wingfield now addressed her with words of consolation.

'This is a cross God has given you to bear; it is a great cross, but it is sent to wean you wholly to Himself, to teach you to love Him alone. Say but that one word to Him, 'Thy will be done.'

He knelt down, covered his face with his hands, and while Clara, calmed and soothed, knelt by his side, in a few simple words he commended the loved sick one to the care of the Most High, accepting for them and him all that God willed in His good providence to appoint.

'Now you must really go to bed at once,' said he, as he rose and she placed her hand in his with a look of grateful affection; 'there are plenty of people who will take care of your father. You have worn yourself out, and we shall have you quite ill to-morrow. I promise to wake you if he is any worse.'

Clara looked up imploringly. 'Must I?' said she.

'Yes, you must,' he replied, with a smile, 'good night.'

And Clara, without another word, moved away. She was utterly done up, and before half an hour had elapsed she had fallen into one of those deep, unbroken sleeps which only those can understand who know what it is to have been literally 'sleeping for sorrow.'

CHAPTER X.—A BREAK-UP AT THE RECTORY.

'We raised our heads to look on thee—

Raised, and dropped them down again

With a sudden shock of pain.

Three were watching round the bed;

One was leaning over his head,

When the nurse arose, and said,

'He is dead!'

'He is dead indeed; but we—'

—*Zubrey de Vere.*

A touch and a gentle voice roused Clara the next morning. She started up, a kind of horror on her mind, and saw Mildred, sad and silent, standing by her side.

'We promised to wake you, Clara,' said she, 'and now there is a change for the worse.'

Clara threw on her clothes—she did not speak—and hurried to the chamber of death. Even she could observe the change; death had placed his terrible signet on the features; all pain was

seemingly gone; he lay perfectly still, in an apparent slumber. The breathing was strong and regular, but awfully distinct, and the countenance had assumed quite a different expression. There was something indescribable in it, which even a person who had never seen death would at once tell as the sure sign of his approach. Clara seated herself at the bed's head, and gazed in awe; even her sorrow was drowned in this new feeling. Her mind seemed stunned, feeling seemed gone, and she could gaze on, to her astonishment, as if without emotion. Mr. Wingfield presently softly entered, and stood silently and sadly by her side, looking at the dying man. Clara rose, and ventured to ask in a whisper whether he was the least aware of his state. It weighed heavy on her mind to think that he was not.

'We have just been speaking about this,' said Mr. Wingfield, 'and your brother begged me to try and break it to him as soon as he awoke, as, he says, he feels himself unequal to it.'

Clara looked up gratefully through the tears that filled her eyes, and turned back to her father. She saw what a proof of friendship he was giving.

Some time elapsed, and then Mr. Leslie silently opened his eyes, and looked first at one and then at the other. There was an expression of half anxiety in his features as his eyes wandered over the sad faces beside him, and he whispered, 'Is the doctor come?'

'Not yet,' said Mr. Wingfield; for Clara shrunk away to a position where she could see without being seen, for she could not trust herself to speak; 'it is not his hour yet. You have suffered much during the night, and you must feel much exhausted.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Leslie faintly; 'exhausted—weak—but no pain.' He closed his eyes, then said still more faintly 'Read.'

Mr. Wingfield immediately took out a small Prayer-Book, and began reading the 23rd Psalm stopping between each verse. Mr. Leslie seemed to enjoy it; and he repeated faintly the words, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'

'We must always be prepared to walk through that dark valley,' said Mr. Wingfield. Mr. Leslie opened his eyes and fixed them on Mr. Wingfield with an inquiring look. 'We know not when we may be called upon to tread it,' he proceeded, still more gently, taking the long thin hand that lay on the sheet in his. 'God alone knows what is in store for you, my dear sir; but we think it but right you should know what the doctors believe your hour is approaching.'

(To be continued.)

## IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF CARDINAL CULLEN.—Cardinal Cullen arrived in Dublin on Wednesday morning. He was received at the Westland row terminus by a number of persons, amongst whom were several Church dignitaries. On leaving the station he drove off in a carriage which had been waiting for his arrival at his residence in Eccles-street, amid the cheers of those assembled in the vicinity. At a subsequent period of the day he presided at the ceremonies held in Marlborough-street Chapel on the occasion of the festival of the Assumption.

The priests and people of the parish of Macknoe Castleblaney County Monaghan, have erected a very handsome testimonial to the memory of their late lamented curate, Rev. Patrick Cunningham, who, it will be recollected, died a few years ago of fever. The testimonial (from Farrell's Glasnevin) consists of a pile of stone, surmounted by a beautiful cross of the same material. In the niche are placed a chalice and cross entwined with vine leaves and grapes, and underneath the name and age of deceased—a name which decorates the tomb far more than cost, or the skill of the artist, however great.

The annual concert and distribution of prizes at the Loretto Convent, Omagh, took place on the 26th of July. The grounds are now ornamented with flowers and shrubs, and under cultivation. In a field close by, workmen are busied completing a parochial house for the excellent pastor, the Very Rev. M. O'Kane, P.P., under whose auspices the chapel, the schools of the Christian Brothers and the Loretto Convent have arisen, to evidence the sincere esteem in which the worthy gentleman is held, and the piety and zeal of his parishioners of Drumrah and numerous friends elsewhere.

The consecration of the new Catholic Church of SS. Mary and Patrick, Aughinish, took place on the 3d of August, Rev. Dr. Slane, P.P., and V.G., Dungannon, officiating as acting bishop. A most eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Harbison. The attendance was very large.

On Monday morning, July 30, when the caretaker of the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Waterford went to open the edifice, he found that the sacristy had been visited during the night by some party or parties, intent on burglary. On investigation, it appeared that the robbers got into the precincts of the building over a wall, next a small lane, at the right hand side, and thence by a ladder, through a window over the door, into the sacristy. Several doors leading from the sacristy to the body of the Cathedral, and other rooms, were forced open, in the diligent search that had been made for the plate, but the burglars were foiled in their design, and were obliged to decamp without any reward for their trouble. Strange to say, they overlooked one small folding door, which led into a recess, or closet, in which were deposited the whole plate, sacred vessels, &c., worth, it is estimated, at over £1,000. There was also in this room a large quantity of silver coin—the collection for the week.

OPENING OF DOONAROCK NEW CHURCH.—On the 19th of August the beautiful Church of the Most Sacred Heart shall be solemnly opened by His Eminence Cardinal Cullen for its sacred purposes; and throughout all generations shall the gospel therein be preached, the sacraments administered, and the great sacrifice offered. Who would not assist at such a service? It shall be the first public function of our own Cardinal; the first popular preacher of our race shall worthily announce the august grandeur of the occasion, and the most eminent musicians, vocal and instrumental, amateurs and professionals, shall effectively render the magnificent *Messe Solennelle de Gounod*. Moreover Dean O'Donnell hopes to be enabled by the generosity of the public to pay off the heavy expenses he has incurred for the accommodation of the public and the decencies of Divine worship. Now, perhaps, in the whole world there is not a man who has a stronger claim on Catholics of every race and clime than the Very Rev. Monsignor Dean O'Donnell, as through his untiring zeal, as the prime mover of 'The Association for the Propagation of the Faith,' millions have been brought within the folds of Christ and the gospel preached to the poor from the rising to the setting of the sun. He has been a great and a holy ambition, and truly and nobly has he wrought it out. He has been the means of planting the cross in the desert, having the gospel preached to the heathen and savage, and having the comforts of religion borne to his exiled fellow-countrymen to the

remotest quarters of the globe. There are other deserts besides those of the uncultivated waste in which the cross has never been set up—deserts in the very midst of social life, in the hearts of men. The good Dean now seeks to set up the cross in what has been but a short time since a moral desert. As rose above the ruins of a Pagan and brutal dispensation, the mild and holy way of Christian faith, rose the new Church of Doonabrook. Where once the shout and revel of the insane crowd filled the air with blasphemy, and where profligacy and drunkenness had their head quarters, the new church will not only be a place where God's creatures will worship Him in spirit and truth, but will also be an enduring monument of a nation's progress. 'Stones set up to show where God's people passed on their journey onward through the desert.' The people of Dublin and its vicinity shall, we are sure, on the 19th, prove by the manner in which they rally round the Dean their appreciation of his earnest services to religion.

THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH, WATERFORD.—There was a very interesting ceremony at the Franciscan Church, last Sunday. It was the unveiling of the magnificent new marble altar of Our Lady, erected for that church by Mr. Henry Kennedy, of the Irish and Italian Marble Works, Beresford-street. There was an extremely large congregation present at the High Mass. At Vespers, in the evening, there was a sermon by the Rev. F. Slattery, O.S.D. The Franciscan Church was crowded with the faithful for the greater part of Thursday, which was the Feast of Portiuncula, or St. Mary of the Angels, one of the greatest of those observed by the Franciscans. First Mass was at six o'clock, and Masses were celebrated up to twelve, when there was a High Mass, at which a large number of secular clergy, as well as priests of the Franciscan and Dominican orders, attended. After Mass, the Rev. Father Farrelly superior, was occupied for more than an hour investing people of all ages and conditions with the scapular of Our Lady at Mount Carmel.

A great many strangers visited the church in the course of the day, and all spoke with admiration of the beauty of the interior, with its marbled pillars, the rare excellence of the painting and decorations, and the rich and graceful appearance of the splendid new marble altar.

There was vesper in the evening, and a most eloquent sermon by the Rev. Father Horan, O.S.F.—*Waterford Citizen.*

CONFIRMATION IN THE DIOCESE OF RAPHOE.—During the past few weeks the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan has been engaged in the visitation of the western division of his diocese, and administering to the children who were presented to him the sacred rite of Confirmation. He arrived in this town on Monday last from Ardara, where there was a large number of the clergy to meet him on his arrival. The number of children confirmed at Killybegs was near to 500.

Next morning being favorable for an aquatic excursion, the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, with a number of his priests, left for Killybegs, in the pleasure boat of Mr. Robert Coane, kindly given for the occasion, which gave them an opportunity of seeing the Bay of Killybegs to advantage, and appreciating its adaptation for large commerce and naval purposes. They were also enabled to explore the coast scenery of this part of Donegal, which is so attractive to tourists. The view of Finis, with its sandy beach, and of Cronard (1,400 feet), with the little bite of sun-clouds chasing one another along its rugged sides, was very pretty. On arriving at Towry Bay, near Killybegs, the bishop met with a gratifying reception from the noble-hearted peasantry of the parish, who crowded down to the shore in large numbers to meet him, and convey to him in the true Celtic form of a *Ceol muidle* their congratulations. After confirming 450 children in the chapel of Killybegs, and receiving the generous hospitality of the Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, P.P., the bishop accompanied by a large number of the clergy, left for Glenties, a place so interesting to the archaeologist and the admirer of the natural scenery. A few days ago the late Dr. Petrie, Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, Sam Ferguson, and Dr. Stokes spent the greater part of a month exploring this most interesting portion of the Donegal Highlands. Sketches of the most striking features of the scenery, and the time-worn stone crosses since the days of St. Columbkille, were taken by Miss Stokes and Dr. Petrie. It is to be hoped that they will turn up in the posthumous works of Dr. Petrie, with the interesting details of their tour in Donegal. The bishop expressed himself much pleased with his visit to the wilds. During his stay in Glenties about the same number of children as at Killybegs, were confirmed. The Rev. Chas. McNeely and the Rev. Mr. Madden exercised the usual hospitality. The bishop and the clergy, who accompanied him returned from Glenties on Friday to Killybegs. He afterwards proceeded on his tour of confirmation to Killybegs, Inver and Donegal. The largest number confirmed was at Glenties, 700, and at Inver 590. It was very gratifying to both clergy and people to find, notwithstanding those heavy duties, the Most Rev. Prelate in such robust and excellent health, which, it is hoped, he will continue to enjoy.—*Derry Journal.*

THE FENIAN PRISONERS IN BELFAST JAIL.—During the Fenian agitation more than half of the prisoners arrested in Ireland under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act were lodged in Belfast jail. There were at one time no fewer than 160 political prisoners in the county Antrim prison. Since then, owing to a number having been discharged on giving security for the future, and others having left the country on condition of getting out of prison, there are now only about fifty Fenian prisoners in custody in Belfast.—*Northern Whig.*

TIPPERARY, July 27.—This town has been made the scene of disgraceful rioting daily since Tuesday. On that day a public meeting was held to consider the advisability of placing the town under the Towns Improvement Act. The meeting was brought to a close in an orderly manner, but it appears that the holding of the meeting gave great dissatisfaction, and at a late hour of the night a mob assembled in the main street, and smashed every pane in Mr. England's windows with stones. Next the mob attempted to fire his house by placing a lighted tar barrel against the door. Mr. W. Hurley removed the barrel, but was pelted with stones without injury. The mob remained after this outrage opposite Mr. England's house, till Mr. McCarthy, S.I., arrived from Bancha with a strong force of police, and removed them, but not till they had to charge with fixed bayonets. The mob resumed the same conduct on Wednesday and Thursday nights, and the streets were only cleared by charges of the police, who were received with volleys of stones on their appearance, several of them being struck. Some of the rioters have been arrested. On Friday night, anticipating a renewal of the disgraceful conduct of the previous night, John Massey, Esq., J.P., Kingswell, directed the houses in the town to be closed at seven o'clock; and his order was, except in a few instances, complied with. The mob again assembled, lighted a tar barrel opposite Mr. Gutter's house, and commenced again breaking windows. The police from the out-stations, numbering about eighty, charged the mob with fixed bayonets. Several of the police were knocked down, and Mr. Massey, J.P., thought it necessary to read the Riot Act. The police then made a second charge and succeeded in clearing the streets. Several of the police again received injuries from stones and missiles. The Rev. Father Quirk and Rev. Father Mathew went amongst the crowd and advised them to retire to their homes.—*Both Rev. gentlemen were struck by rockets. About eleven o'clock the riot ceased.*

The Dublin Freeman's Journal of the 4th ultimo, speaking of the new Vicar of Ireland, says: His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant will arrive by special steamer at Kingsdown on the morning of the 26th of August. The household staff will be in waiting, and the entry will be in state.

A few rockets were sent up on Saturday evening, but there was no assemblage of the people. Everything passed off quietly on Sunday evening, though a few rockets were discharged. There was no manifestation of public excitement. About twenty men of the constabulary were stationed through the town, but they were not under arms. The conduct of the constabulary in this proceeding has been very generally canvassed. Several complaints have been preferred against them by civilians, and I believe, a regular investigation will be entered upon at the Petty Sessions on Thursday.

THE CHOLERA IN BELFAST.—We regret to state there is no longer any doubt that Asiatic Cholera has shown itself in this town. Three cases occurred on Sunday, one of which proved fatal after 12 hours sickness, and in the other two cases the worst results are anticipated. In this emergency it is satisfactory to know that the Town Council are making the utmost exertions to confine the disease as far as possible, as they have given to the Sanitary Committee full powers to employ as many men as may be required for sanitary and cleansing purposes.—*Northern Whig.*

THE CHOLERA.—Four new cases of cholera have been reported since Friday, which are as follow:—Thomas Doran, of 58 Wellington street, who had recently returned from Liverpool. He was conveyed at once to the temporary hospital in Green street, where he was promptly treated, and he is now progressing favorably. Edward Lynch, 58 Wellington street, exhibited all the symptoms of Asiatic cholera, and was removed to Green street. It appeared that this man had only returned from Liverpool when he was attacked. He continues in a very prostrate state. Michael Byrne and George Brown were conveyed to the hospital in Green street, from the Night Asylum, Bow street, suffering acutely from cholera. All that skill and care could do for them was done.

We regret to say that five new cases of cholera, all occurring amongst the poorer classes, and in the same district, embracing the neighborhoods of Cooke street, Winsters street and Bridge street, were reported on Tuesday. One death only has taken place. The other patients are under treatment in hospital.

Three deaths from cholera occurred on Wednesday in Dublin, and three new cases are reported. Two persons, while travelling on the Great Southern and Western Railway on Tuesday, were suddenly seized with the cholera. They were taken out of the train at Athy station, where they died in the evening. No new cases have occurred in Belfast. In London the last returns show a considerable decrease in the number of cases.

It will be a consolation to temperate persons to learn that cholera invariably singles out those who have enfeebled their constitution by tipping in the first and most violent instances. And in those cases of attack where the application of alcoholic stimulants is restored to them, they only have any chance of success where the patient has not hitherto been accustomed to them. But recourse to brandies or rums is never had now by skillful physicians. They recognize the nostrum to be nothing more or less than sham. Fear is the most potent auxiliary of cholera; cleanliness and pure water the most reliable forces with which to guard against it. The dastard is almost certain to be attacked, where the brave Christian escapes. If it should please God to visit Ireland with its ravages, in God's name let us meet the visitation in the proper spirit, and if Irishmen are to die let it be from veritable disease, and not from disgraceful quails or spasms of cowardice. Let the feeble hearted think of the Empress of the French, that delicate royal lady, coming from the splendors of a court, and entering fearlessly into the hospitals of Amiens, and sitting beside the couches of the pestilence stricken with bold heart and smiling brow! O man, with that example before him, harbor fear?—*Tipperary Advocate.*

On the 10th ult., a man named James O'Donnell, aged about 70 years, died of cholera, in Trench's Market, Belfast. Dr. Corry said the case was a malignant one.

THE POTATO BLIGHT IN CLARE.—Some alarm is beginning to be felt for the safety of this crop, owing to symptoms of the old hereditary blight having manifested itself on the stalks. Whole gardens are, undoubtedly, seared, and the stalks are fast presenting a withered appearance. It is asserted that the growth of the bulb has been considerably checked in consequence of the disease coming on the stalk, but time alone can solve in the question, and it is hoped that the excellent itself will not be marred in its progress of development any more than it was during other seasons by the premature decay of their green crops.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

THE SOWNEY OF CONNEMARA.—There is not to be seen grandeur natural scenery than what may be viewed in Eris, Achill, and Ballycroy. In these localities nature displays her mighty hand and reveals the awful majesty of her works in all the grandeur of magnificent primitiveness. The contemplation of the numerous and varied objects contained in the fossil, mineral, and animal kingdoms, may here be indulged in by the scientific tourist or antiquary to the fulness of his heart's content.

There is an indescribable charm a weird prestige associated with the theatre in which the gifted Maxwell passed the halcyon days of his life, which cannot fail to inspire all who have read his inimitable delineations in "The Wild Sports of the West," and "Dark Lady of Doona," with an ardent desire to perform a pilgrimage into these districts, and explore the haunts in which he and other admirable men of his day enjoyed life, health, recreation and pleasure unattainable elsewhere. There is, besides, and infinite variety of objects in the geological character of this country, which could not fail to attract tourists anxious to pursue their investigations and researches in a science which has but recently been cultivated to any degree of perfection. Here, then, there is an exhaustless field in the bold precipitous cliffs against whose iron front the wild blue Atlantic wastes its mighty strength; within the weird caverns and antique grottoes that bound the storm beaten coast, revealing to the curious visitor their myriad subterranean wonders, in the depths and surroundings of the many awe-inspiring precipices and prodigious chasms; on the sides of cloud-capt mountains and hills, and gently undulating slopes vested in rich robes of purple heath; among solitary glens and enchanting vales bedecked with brushwood, flowering broom, willow, and dwarf birch, which enhance the romantic beauty of lake, river, stream, meandering rivulet; raging over the prairies and vast sand hills of Eris, Achill, and Ballycroy, or surveying nature's sublime landscape from the summits of their towering heights—whithersoever the exploring and enlightened tourist directs his attention he will find something to command his admiration and excite his interest. The varied and striking phenomena of Nature's storehouse are so beautifully diffused around, and discover facts of curious and extraordinary character as renders them alone sufficient to afford abundant material for intellectual energy and research. And can the world present a parallel to emulate the beauties of the Clare? A writer in the London Times—by the way, no friend to anything favouring our Emerald Isle—in a narrative of his peregrinations among the Western Highlands, declared that nothing he had ever beheld could rival the enchanting scenery of Clare Bay and its 366 islands—studded over the deep and glittering like emeralds in the sheen of the blue waves—save only the Bay of Naples—and had it been favoured with the cerulean sky and brilliant sunshine of Italy, it would have surpassed even that.—*Connacht Patriot.*

The Earl of Fingall, Custos Rotulorum of the County of Meath, has appointed A. D. Nicolls, Esq., Navan, to be Clerk of the Peace for the county of Meath, vacant by the death of Robert Chambers, Esq.

The Guardians of the Tallamore Union, King's County, have unanimously placed the Workhouse hospitals under the entire charge and management of the Sisters of Mercy. There was a large number of Protestant gentlemen present when the question was put by Mr. Going, the chairman, yet there was not a single dissentient voice raised against it.

OBITUARY.—By a late steamer, the announcement is made of the death, on August ninth, of Terrance Ingoldby, Esq., formerly of Baniskillen, and brother of the highly esteemed and honoured Felix Ingoldby, of this city. Mr. Terrance Ingoldby died at his late residence, Kennilworth Square, Rathmines, Dublin, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was loved as a man by his family and friends. He was greatly respected as a citizen. As a Catholic he was looked on as an example of what an Irish Catholic gentleman should be. He was worthy of the brother that all Catholics in this city, and thousands elsewhere, know, or know about as ready in all good works, and trusty in all honorable purposes.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

On the morning of the 3d ult., the troops quartered in the Royal Barracks, Dublin, were paraded on the Esplanade, and Corporal Chambers and Private Cranston, both of the 61st Regiment, were brought from the Military Prison, Arbour hill, to have the sentence of the court martial, recently held on them, read. The troops having formed up, the prisoners were brought forward, and Captain Knife, Brigade Major, read the sentence, which was penal imprisonment for life. A Sergeant then cut off Corporal Chambers's stripes, after which the prisoners were re-conveyed to the Military Prison.

The Fenian prisoners, McCarthy and Kelly, of the 53d Foot, were formally handed over to the civil authorities on Saturday night, July 28. They were removed from the military Prison, Arbour-hill, to Mountjoy Prison, in the prison van, under a strong escort of police.

A Mrs. Phillips recently died in the vicinity of Castlecomer at the very advanced age of 103 years. Her husband was killed by the insurgents of '98, so that she has been a widow for the long period of 68 years. On the very night of her interment her house was maliciously burned down by some unknown incendiary.

At the late Kilkenny assizes Judge O'Brien sentenced Thomas Patten, of Mile Post, who pleaded guilty, to six months' imprisonment from the date of his arrest, and to keep the peace for seven years, for having concealed on his premises, at the Mile Post, near Waterford, a quantity of ammunition and arms.

The Cork Examiner of a late date says: Within a short period four vessels which ran between Queenstown and New York have brought back about 260 passengers each, the majority of whom were Irish. This Irish 'immigration' is chiefly artisans of the lower grades and laborers who left Ireland lately, and who have not succeeded in finding in America the well paid employment they expected. They state that if wages are higher in the United States the price of provisions has much increased, as compared with the period preceding the civil war, and that their position would consequently not have been improved by remaining there. Emigrants are still leaving Cork, however, in considerable numbers.

There is at present living in the neighborhood of Buttrane a woman named Roche, who has almost, if not entirely, completed her 110th year. Notwithstanding this extraordinary age she enjoys the perfect possession of her mental faculties, and scarcely one of her senses is seriously impaired. Up to within a very recent date she read without spectacles, and long after she had numbered a century performed physical labor with as much freedom as a female of half her age, a period of life which her whole appearance presented no indications of her having exceeded. Her power as a raconteur, which were unusual, was aided by a memory of great tenacity, and her recollections of past times are very interesting, and include anecdotes of events, and personages her contemporaries, but fixed in history before the grandfathers of our generation were born.—*Cork Examiner.*

On a recent night, as Mr. Roberts, of Carrigaline was returning home, he observed flames issuing from the lower windows of the Carrigaline Mills, owned by the Messrs. Savage. He immediately gave information at the police station. One wing of the building was totally consumed. Fortunately, the stock of wheat and flour was small. The premises were fully insured.—*Cork Reporter.*

On the night of the 31st July, about twelve o'clock, Mr. Treston, R.M., accompanied by Head Constable J. Sullivan, of Newcastle, and a large party of police, proceeded to the neighborhood of the Rock Chapel, county of Cork, and, after a very harassing march and search through that wild part of the country, they succeeded in arresting three men, charged with the murder of David Sheehan, upon whose corpse an investigation and post mortem examination was held by Mr. Treston and Mr. Bodkin, R.M.s. The names of the prisoners are Michael Deely, Daniel Curtin and Martin Murphy. They were committed for examination.—*Limerick Paper.*

The Mayor of Limerick, P. Tait, Esq., has kindly presented a beautiful Killarney Arbutus Davenport Cabinet, exquisitely inlaid with a harp, an eagle and a wreath of shamrocks, as a prize for the grand bazaar to be held in the Rotunda on the 22d and 23d of October next, in aid of the St. Vincent's Female Orphanage, North William street, Dublin.

Mr. John Frith, aged about fifty years, was recently found dead in a kneeling position, in the house of his brother, Dr. Frith, Charlotte's Quay, Limerick. It was the opinion of the latter that death was caused by apoplexy.

At the Nenagh Assizes, a servant girl, named Jane Robinson, indicted for the wilful murder of her mistress, Judith Broderick, of Ballypatrick, near Borrisoleigh, on the 10th of May last, was acquitted on the ground of insanity.

On the 28th ult., Mr. James Everard, borough rate-collector, Clonmel, was arrested on a charge of not delivering up the rate books in his possession to John T. Luther, Esq., Town Clerk. He has since been detained in custody, pending the examination of his accounts, &c.

Acting Constables McKenna (Clonmel), Moffat (Carrick-on-Suir), and F. McCoy (Oingheen), have been promoted to the rank of Constables. Sub-Constables Wells and Clarke, of Cashel, have been promoted to the rank of Acting-Constables.

Thomas Madigan, who had been arrested in Carrick, on his return from America, and imprisoned in Clonmel since the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, was on the 30th July, liberated by an order from the Castle, and accompanied from Clonmel to Queenstown by Constable Hughes of the Albert Barracks, who saw him en route to America.

THE HON. JOHN O'SHAUGHNESSY.—This highly distinguished Irishman, and native of Tipperary, who has attained the loftiest position in the great and prosperous colony of Victoria, and with whose public, patriotic and successful career as a statesman, &c., our readers are familiar, has just arrived at the residence of his uncle, the Rev. R. O'Shaughnessy, the venerable Parish Priest of Clonmel and Drangan. He intends, we believe, to remain some few months in Ireland, and to revisit those scenes which always possess an indescribable charm for one like the Hon. J. O'Shaughnessy, who has spent many years in a far distant land, where he had gained fortune and fame, with every credit to his reputation. Mr. O'Shaughnessy labours under slight indisposition, the result of long and arduous toil in public affairs, particularly in constant and unremitting attention to Parliamentary duties in Melbourne, and in the conduct of great and momentous political business in the Colony of Victoria.—*Limerick Reporter.*