

the cavern, Andy looked on with a stupid stare, eyes that, now and then, his eyes scowled over...

Andy, you must take up your post here; if the murderer escapes us, you cannot possibly miss him; shake hands, Andy, he continued, seeing the tears start into the poor fellow's eye...

Mostha, Pierce, a-cushla-machree, replied Andy, making strange faces, to conceal his emotion, and dwelling on the squeeze of the hand that had been afforded him...

Consider wid yourself what sort they are; divil a crooked straw they care about your gun. You talk to no purpose Andy.

What'll myself say to poor old Ned Shea, when I must go home without you?

Let me go, I say again? You won't get so much as Christhen berrin'—struggling to keep the hand—your bones'll be at the bottom of the poochias river!

Let me go, I say again? Mostha!—but since you won't do as a body that's fur your good, ud have you, hell to the brogue's length you'll go; cried Andy, his fears and affection blowing up into a fury, as, more desperately than ever, he clutched Pierce's hand.

Let the gorcoon come on his lawful business, you great omadhaun, you, said Paddy Loughnan, at some distance.

Let you bound your tongue, or I'll break every bone in your unloocky carcase; retorted Andy; 'lawful!—oh, if I was near you!

Do you mean to restrain me by force, Andy? asked Pierce smiling.

Ma-hor-an-douit! but it's myself that will! and, casting the gun from his left hand he suddenly clasped his foster-brother into his arms.

Tut, tut; you are not the man to do it, said Pierce, giving a smart jerk, that at once freed him, and sent Andy reeling among the rocks at a few yards distant; and, before he could recover himself, Shea had disappeared into the cavern, preceded by Paddy Loughnan.

The faithful follower plunged after them. A little way from the entrance he caught a glimpse of candle-light, and, after many prostrations among unseen rocks, came so near as to see it above him, over the barrier already described.

Pierce, a-vourneen, wait, a doochy-bit; only let a body have id to say he was kilt alongside of you, Andy cried out.

Go along out o' that wid yourself, you spri-sau! growled the voice of Paddy Loughnan, 'you're big enough to look at, but you haven't the heart of a sluechen!

Har'n't I?—replied Andy, 'har'n't I?—och!—only lend me one hould o' you the diff'er! and, giving a shout and jump of utter defiance, he cast down, according to irresistible custom, his old hat. But Paddy, progressing as he spoke, had left him to vent his ire, in chill and darkness; while the hat, weary, perhaps of the long ill-usage it had undergone in his service, kept so close and snug, that all Andy's groping and scrabbling to recover it were ineffectual; and, at last, content merely to grope onward to the daylight, he left it, with hearty curses, to the poochias.

Well, God be wid you, Pierce Shea, he said in soliloquy, again sitting down by the entrance to the cave, 'fur there's little hopes you'll ever see Clarah again; an' where's the body that ever set eyes on you bud ud be sorry, not to talk of myself? mattoon-chise! if there was his likes the world over an' over, a farther, if I'd say id; it was a thousand an' a thousand pities he hadn't more o' the gunnion, an' that he was given to go his own will, afore a good adviser like myself;—by the gun in my hand, I'll run for Connaught, or some sich for'n part, sooner nor face how-widout my poor Pierce Shea? and Andy went plentifully.

Arrah, what's the matter wid you, honest boy? asked a commiserating old woman, who had descended in search of a stray cow, and was surprised to see a tall, robust fellow sitting there, bareheaded, and blubbing at some rate.

Enough, an' worse nor enough, replied Andy, and he told her his whole sad story.

Why, then, it'll be God's hand, an' God's hand alone, that'll bring him out alive again; and, p'ofessing sorrow that she could not stop, she hobbled off after her cow. But, meeting this body, and that body, the story was repeated and repeated; and one peeped down, and then another and another; and gaining courage as their numbers increased, they at last came down, and Andy saw himself surrounded by a crowd of old men and old women, young girls and boys, all violent in their condolence. In return for his agon-told tale, they gratified him with many a frightful anecdote of the cave, and the inhabitants of the cave; and then they turned to Crohoore surpassing every former horror by accounts of his well-known intimacy with the good people, and of his very latest appearances under the most appalling circumstances, and in the most bewitched places.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH CRIMINAL STATISTICS. (From the Dublin Telegraph.) It is too much the ordinary rule to estimate a country's importance and value by the amount of its wealth, possessions, material progress, and prosperity, whilst the moral and even physical condition of the vast bulk of its people are either not taken into account at all, or regarded as a secondary consideration...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN BROTHER.—It is with feelings of the deepest pain that we have to announce the death of James Francis Broderick, Superior of the Christian Brothers of Dungannon. After spending a life in the services of religion, discharging with zeal the onerous duties of his sacred calling, he departed his pure spirit to Him who gave it, on the night of the 15th of August (the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary). Thus passed away from time into eternity a man who was an ornament to his order, an honor to the age, and a noble type of true Christian perfection.—Waterford News.

At the Convent of Mercy, Ennisville, on Monday, August 18, Miss Harrison of that town, and Miss Maguire of Newtownbutler, made their vows of profession, and received the black veil, at the hands of the venerated Prelate of the diocese, the Right Rev. Dr. McNally.

THE LAMB GARAGE AND ITS REMEDY.—Is there no remedy for this state of things, so disastrous to the farmers of Ireland? There is; but it will not come from England's legislature. The remedy is in the farmers own hands. There is not a rickstraw estate in the country, the tenants on which have not full power to obtain a large reduction in their rents just by simply going in a united body to the landlord and demanding it. That is all that is necessary. It is an easy task, and those who perform it faithfully will accomplish their desires. We have the highest authority for stating that those who seek shall find. And, on the other hand, those who do nothing to help themselves will find, in these days, difficulties closing round them, and by neglecting to obtain justice for themselves, they are driven from the country; whilst a bold, united, manly call for lower rents would enable them to remain in the land of their fathers. This is the fourth year, in succession, which has come with unusual disasters to the farmer. Hundreds of thousands who hold farms in the country cannot escape distress, owing to the indifferer crops. The high rents, and unpaid accounts for seed obtained last spring will, we fear, prove overwhelming in the coming season. They should, therefore, look to the difficulties before them in time, and seek to have these terrible rack-rents lowered. If they do not, we dread the consequences. This, however, they may rely upon; that no one can effect a reduction of their rents but themselves.—Dundalk Democrat.

CLEARING OUT THE IRISH.—Depopulation is certainly the rule on the Lansdowne estates in the Keshmire district and in the barony of Iveragh. It is frightful to think of the number of people that have been sent to America off the Lansdowne estates in the baronies of Glanorrough and Iveragh since Mr. Trench became agent in 1859. We cannot state the exact number. Mr. Trench can. But who can tell of the sufferings, the hardships, the ultimate fate of the entire number. How many are consigned to the deep on their voyage across the Atlantic? How many perished of the diseases peculiar to the climate of the United States? In short, how many are alive to-day? No mortal man can answer. We only know that they are gone, and that four-fifths of the population of the parish contained about 7,000 souls. We have good authority for stating that there are now only 500 families in the parish. Take the 500 families, at an average of 6 to each family, and this is rather a high average, and you now have a population of 3,000 souls, or less than half of what the number was before the famine. And this number will yet, we fear, suffer a considerable diminution.—Kerry Star.

The Cork Constitution states that the number of passengers coming from America by the return steamers touching at that port has latterly been much increasing. The Asia, which arrived here on Sunday, brought 139; the City of Washington, on the Wednesday previous, 253; and the City of New York, on the Wednesday preceding that, 272. The Etos, which arrived on Wednesday, brought 561, of whom 255 landed here. A great majority of those coming are young, able-bodied men. It is a strange circumstance that the greater proportion of those who arrived by the Etos, on Wednesday, although from Northern States, are thoroughly Southern in their feelings, and they dwell with pride on the fact that the Northerners have been beaten in every stand-up battle.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN CORK.—A fire of a very serious nature, involving the total destruction of a house on the Grand Parade, took place on Sunday morning. The immediate scene of the occurrence was the haberdashery establishment of Mr. William Bennie, Grand Parade, which was stocked with a large quantity of light and inflammable articles. The fire occurred at about twenty minutes after two o'clock, and about a quarter past four o'clock, nearly two hours after the discovery of the fire, it was got under, but not before the house was completely gutted. Mr. Bennie, it is stated, was fully insured.—Cork Constitution.

A HARD CASE.—We have received from Skibbereen a communication regarding the case of a man named Michael Burke, including a petition which he is exhibiting in order to procure charitable assistance. That petition states the circumstance which he asserts have reduced him to beggary. The substance of the petition is this. He held a considerable farm on the estate of Lord Bandon, for which he paid his rent punctually. Without being in any respect in arrear, the agent of Lord Bandon thought it right to put another tenant into a choice and very extensive farm in the midst of the best land. Burke resisted and refused to quit; but his house was thrown down and he and a large family were exposed to the inclemency of severe weather by a ditch side. The petition does not state that he was expelled by legal process, but we presume that it was so. He goes on to say that after a few days he made a temporary sod hut, and covered it with furze and briars. This was discovered by the agents, and they caused it to be pulled to the ground, while Burke and his wife were arrested, manacled, and brought before a magistrate by whom they were committed to jail. The petition, with the witnesses with which such documents are often drawn up, does not state upon what charge Burke was committed, and we can only guess that it was upon that of resisting the execution of the decree to possession. While Burke and his wife were being taken off as prisoners, his children were left without care in a neighborhood full of hogs, on the verge of one of which the youngest child, two and a-half years old, was found by a kind neighbour who had heard its wailing and probably saved its life. The charity of the people in the neighbourhood kept the children from starving. Dry grains of meal were brought to them in the hats and pockets of the donors, who, it is said, were afraid to do it more openly. Burke and his wife were subsequently liberated through the intercession of two gentlemen, but they came out of jail absolute beggars. He was tried at Bantry Sessions, but through some defect in the indictment was acquitted. By the communication accompanying the petition we are informed that Burke rebuilt the hut again after leaving jail, and holds it with a separate mountain lot of 15 acres, of which he obtained possession through some settlement. The agents and those who got his land off for £14 for giving this up peacefully. His petition is subscribed to by the Protestant Rector and Catholic priests of the parish, and by Dr. Hicks, a Justice of the Peace. We have preferred to give the substantial part of this statement in our own words, because the language, both of the petition and the communication which accompanied it, is not of that simple and plain character which best befits a narrative of this kind, especially when made *ex parte*. The following letter from Mr. McCarthy, Downpatrick, which we are informed by the sender of the petition (who is not Mr. Downpatrick) that we are at liberty to publish, seems to indicate a substantial belief on that gentleman's part in the truth of Burke's statement:—

August 14th. "Michael Burke.—I don't see any objection to your going to see Colonel Bernard. Indeed, I think it is better that you should go, for I am convinced that if he was aware of the way that you have been treated he would not sanction it. If you get as you say, £40 to take you and your family to America, I advise you to accept it, although I know how hard it is for an Irish peasant like you to leave his land. "M.C. Downpatrick."

Now, assuming the facts in the petition to be correctly stated, we find it difficult to believe that they could have occurred with the knowledge of Lord Bandon. We scarcely imagine it possible that his lordship would knowingly suffer an industrious tenant who owed no rent, or, at all events, was not in arrears, to be, as it were, picked out of his land in order to give place to somebody else. On behalf of this poor man, therefore, we do appeal to a nobleman, who, from his position, ought to be an example to

the humble proprietors, to inquire into Burke's case, and see whether or not he has been harshly treated. If his story be a fabrication, then, by all means, leave him to the beggary he deserves; but if, on the other hand, it is proved to be in the main correct, then, we confess we shall be very much disappointed in our estimate of Lord Bandon's humane character, if something be not done to alleviate the misery into which Burke has been plunged.—Cork Examiner.

In every parish or district in the South of Ireland there is a committee for the protection of the tenants, and for the regulation of matters connected with land. This committee is a sort of Court, which receives charges, examines witnesses, pronounces sentences, and provides funds for the execution of those sentences. How far the committees are controlled by a central authority does not appear. They aim at a sort of rough justice, according to their notions of right and wrong. They do not execute their code rigidly on persons of their own class, except in extreme cases. It is said that a just, kind, and considerate landlord has nothing to fear from these secret tribunals. Mr. J. O. Woulhouse, chairman of the Town Commissioners of Portadown, in the county of Armagh, gave an entertainment on Tuesday to his brother commissioners, on which occasion he gave remarkable statistics as to the progress of that place. In 1820 the population was only 820; now it is 6,000. He found that the money turned by the banks in the town was the enormous sum of 2,000,000. At the conclusion of the proceeding the chairman proposed 'The Tenant Right of Ulster,' and expressed his opinion, as a landlord, that the tenants should receive leases. He said:—

I would give the tenant some guarantee that his labour should be his own, and that when he would be departing this life he could turn to his son and say 'There, I have left you something which will not leave you liable to be put out on the world.' (Applause.) That, gentlemen, is the view I take of the question. Perhaps some landlords are afraid of giving political freedom—political independence—and thus deprive the farmer of his security against an evil day.—Times Cor.

Very encouraging and gratifying information as to the good condition of the crops is received from most parts of the country. In all places farmers are busily getting in their hay, the sowing of which has been satisfactorily effected. A large breadth of the grain crop still presents a green appearance, but with such weather as we at present enjoy this cannot last long. The potato as yet shows almost complete impunity from the dreaded blight and is of the most excellent quality. An Armagh correspondent writes:—'The oat crop in this county is a splendid one; the grain is large and coloring fast, the straw will also be abundant. Wheat has greatly improved latterly, the dry warm weather being most favorable, causing the grain to fill and harden, and should the weather continue favorable we shall soon see reaping general. The potato crop is keeping its ground well; few complaints are made of the appearance of disease, and still fewer traces of it are seen. The bulbs are growing rapidly, and there is a firmness about them which has not been noticed for some years. The price ranges from 3d to 5d per stone. The flax crop is abundant, and promises well both in quantity and quality; a good many fields have already been stripped, the owners appearing satisfied with the yield; the breadth of land occupied is larger than last year, and the price will, nevertheless be firm in consequence of stocks being short and the cotton supply extremely limited. The turnip crop which was at one time regarded as a complete failure, is now spoken of as healthy and abundant; the late rains have been very beneficial to it. The hay crop is not so good as was anticipated, the weather being unfavorable; still it may be calculated on as an average, and the deficiency will be made up by the abundance of green crops. Garden produce has suffered from the damp weather, and vegetables generally were little better than a failure. The small fruits were about an average in quantity, but the quality was inferior. The greatest failure will be in the crop of fuel, which is the worst we have had for many years.'

The Northern Whig describes a great revival in the linen trade of Ulster:—'The past week has been one of unparalleled excitement in our local manufactures. Linnens, which for some time were heavy and uninflected by the extraordinary rise in the prices of yarns, have, during the past 10 days, experienced a decided and substantial improvement, prices having advanced 10 to 15 per cent, and demand keeping pace briskly with the advance. In the Armagh market the low sets of roughs are eagerly bought up at full improved rates; and, as the yarn used in the manufacture of these goods have advanced during the last four weeks not less than 20 to 25 per cent, a still further rise must take place if manufacturers would save themselves from actual loss. In the Ballinacorney market, after a lengthened period of depressing inactivity, a happy revival of animation and spirit has taken place, and prices, although by no means in proportion remunerative to the manufacturer, are responding in some degree to the enhanced figures at which woft and warp yarns are now so firmly established. Orders are again beginning to come freely forward from London and Manchester houses at the advanced prices, the feeling appearing general that no reduction can take place in the present position of the trade.'

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—The following timely suggestion we readily extract from a Galway paper, and we beg to call the earnest attention of the Commissioners of Public Works to it, as the work will be of great importance and incalculable benefit to the public at large:—'A project of great importance to the counties of Galway and Mayo is now in contemplation, which, if carried out, will establish direct communication between Connemara and those districts east of the lake, which will render it unnecessary for parties travelling in vehicles to make the circuit of the Corrib as at present. It is proposed to erect a viaduct in the vicinity of Knock Ferry, which can be effected at comparatively little cost, as there is no engineering difficulty to be overcome. We are certain that the money could be raised by way of loan, and a small toll would pay the interest and create a sinking fund for the final liquidation of the debt. The advantages that would accrue to the inhabitants of Tuam, Ballinacorney, Headford, Claremorris, Duncannon, Castlerea, and other towns, are so obvious as to require no comment from us. Apart from the facilities for travel which it would confer, the erection of the bridge would afford considerable employment and create a circulation of money in the district where it is always required. We believe the idea originated in the active and fertile brain of the Rev. Peter Conway, parish priest of Headford, whose exertions, in connection with the sufferings of the poor of his neighborhood, are deserving of all praise. The landed proprietors of the districts, which will be immediately benefited by a work of such utility, should enter warmly into the project. We do not see even why a presentment should not be obtained and operations commenced with as little delay as possible. Ireland must be up and striving, and pushing forward improvements, even of the smallest kind, else she will soon be gone—gone with a vengeance that even her grimmest enemy could not hope for.'

A REMINISCENCE OF THE SPROUCEL COMMISSION.—At the Borough Petty Sessions on Wednesday last, an aged female named Ann CroTTY charged John Hayes, blacksmith, with assaulting her. Hayes—Your Worship, I consider my life in danger; she's reporting everywhere that I got ten pounds to oil the trap for Halloran at the Commission; I'm afraid to go a mile outside the town for fear of being 'sacrificed'; I have Mr. Quin, the jailor, summoned to prove that I refused the job (laughter). [To Mr. Quin]—Did you come to me, like an honest man, and offer me the job, and advise me to take it, as I had a large family, Mr. Quin—I did. Hayes—Did I refuse to do it? Mr. Quin—Indeed you did. Chairman to complain-

Did you ever say to any person that Hayes oil the trap for you if you did not act very improperly. Complainant—I never did, your worship; on my oath I never did. Anne Gorman, for the defence, deposed:—I went into Hall's shop to buy tea and sugar, and Anne CroTTY was in the shop, and they were talking about 'oiling the trap to Hall, or Halloran'; 'Who oiled it?' says I; 'oh, says she, 'how innocent you are; don't you know better than I, that it was Johnny Hayes oiled it, and he got his fist well greased for greasing the trap for Halloran.' Complainant—Your worship, you are listening to her (laughter)? Chairman—Indeed we are (laughter). Mr. Kenny—There is no imputation before us of your having agreed to oil the trap (loud laughter). You must be fined one penny and costs for the assault. Hayes—Thank your worships; may God bless you; I'm satisfied now that my character is cleared before the public.

HARBORING HAYES THIS MURDERER OF MR. BRADDELL.—At the Borrosleigh (County Tipperary) Petty Sessions on last Monday, before Gore Jones, R.M., J. W. Cooke, and R. M. Curdun, Esq., John Ryan, a deeree, and his son-in-law, were brought up charged by Sub-Inspector Mullahey with harbouring Hayes, the murderer of the late Mr. J. W. Braddell. The Sub-Inspector said he arrested the defendants on information in which he placed implicit reliance; but the giver of which he would not publicly for obvious reasons. When he searched Ryan's house for Hayes, he did not find him there; but he had no doubt in his mind that the murderer had been in shelter on the night previous to the search, and left in the morning.—A man named Murphy had been summoned by the Sub-Inspector to give evidence; but the fellow swore utter ignorance as to the parties in Ryan's house on the night in question. Another witness, named Dwyer, who is servant boy to the accused, was examined as to who were in his master's house on the night in question. He admitted that two men came to John Ryan's house on the night in question; one was a namesake and a friend of his master's; the other man's name was Kennedy, and that he was 'on his keeping' [hiding from the police]. Food was procured for the two men, and they slept that night in the house. Mr. Valentine O'Meara, of Templemore, who acted as attorney for the prisoners, said this was his defence. He admitted that Kennedy had been 'on his keeping' for assaulting another Tipperary man; that when that man was declared 'out of danger' by the medical attendant, Kennedy would surrender, and then get himself killed to take his trial at Quarter Sessions or Assizes. Ryan, the man who brought Kennedy to the house of the accused, being examined, corroborated, on oath, Mr. O'Meara's statement. The court then dismissed the case against the prisoners. Mr. Gore Jones gave them a wholesome caution as to difficulties in which they would involve themselves, should they or any of their neighbors harbour Hayes, or characters like him.

THE CONVICT WALSH.—On Friday the governor of the county jail received a letter from the Lord's Justices, directing him to convey to the convict their final determination—that, on considering his case most fully and conscientiously, they could not find any single point in it which would warrant them in altering the sentence pronounced upon him, and that, therefore, the law should take its course. The governor read this letter to the unhappy man in the presence of the Catholic chaplain of the prison. The sad intelligence was received by Walsh with a becoming spirit of firmness and resignation. He is deeply impressed with his awful position, and will, he says, meet his wretched fate with becoming firmness and respect for public feeling. The Rev. M. Fitzgerald, P. P., chaplain of the prison, is most attentive to him, and also the Sisters of Mercy, whose good offices he received with evident earnestness, and is much consoled by the spiritual consolations awarded by these good ladies.—Limerick Chronicle.

Patrick Hayes, son of Michael Hayes, the alleged murderer of J. W. Braddell, Esq., memorialized the Lord Lieutenant, and sought to be discharged from Limerick jail, where he is at present confined under a sentence of six months' imprisonment for threatening the life of a tenant on the Hon. Col. Hayes's property. The grounds of his petition were—that he was suffering from bleeding from the lungs and general delicacy of health; also that he had been already four months in jail, and that further confinement would only endanger his life. This memorial was sent to his Excellency immediately about the time that Mr. Braddell's murder was perpetrated. It was based upon complete misrepresentation. The memorial was returned to the jail to be reported upon by the governor and doctor of the prison, who reported that Hayes's life was in no danger, that they had noticed no spitting of blood, but that he was a dangerous character. The prayer of the petition has since been refused by the Lord Lieutenant.—Clonmel Chronicle.

The ship 'King Oscar,' from Belfast to Montreal, came into collision with a vessel unknown, between Mulholland and Torpoint, took her bulwarks, forward port anchor, and 15 fathoms of chain; broke the jibboom, tore fore top gallant mast, main top gallant gear, split the foresail, and fore and main top sails.

A curious instance of the fine toleration which Catholics receive at the hands of their enlightened English brethren is afforded in the facts we subjoin. A notorious mountebank of the Gavazzi school has been going about England, and creating a great success by uttering foul slanders against the Catholic religion and its professors. His latest exhibition, one of the most disgraceful he has made, was at Wakefield, near York. What it was and what came of it is narrated in the following letter, written by a member of the religious community attached to a lady in Cork:—

'St. Joseph's Convent, Wakefield, York, August 21st. "My Dearest—How religious are the present moment in such a position as this finds us in—I can scarcely write, but a few words will tell you all. A man named Baron de Camin came to the town and got leave from the Mayor to address the public on 'No Popery.' He dressed himself as a nun saying, 'What better are they now than I am?—they are bad women keeping a bad house; go down, drunk then out! Down they came in hundreds—a drunken English mob—and made a smash of our pretty convent every window, every sash, and even the hall-door. They threw bricks, great stones, and spang anything. We rang the big bell for help, and at last it came; but alas! air, wind, and rain have free access to our room. They were returning again last night (Wednesday) but were met by some of our brave Irish who returned from harvesting, at which all of them had been out of town. When they heard of the attack on the Convent (God bless the Irish) they drove the brave (I) Numbers from one end of the town to the other. Numbers of them were guarding us all night, together with ten policemen. The chapel and priests' house are left quite exposed. The pictures and windows in the chapel are all in smash. We fear another attack to-night; it has been quite a civil war. Oh, how our poor people, our poor Irish are made to suffer, and how they fight for religion. They said to the English—'Why not meet us arm to arm as men, in the streets, and with half your number we will meet you; but to attack a lone convent at night, when you know not an Irishman was here to meet you—oh, you cowards!' The facts of this simple narrative need no enlargement. The exhibition of brutality described is its own best comment, and on the toleration which England so ostentatiously preaches to the world. The assault upon the dwelling of a number of inoffensive women speaks loudly for the chivalry which John Bull so meekly arrogates to himself.' The 'heavily obnoxiousness of the crowd to the command of a low, ignorant adventurer, is an admirable proof of the spiritual independence gained by a people who have thrown off the yoke of priestcraft.—Cork Examiner.