

home when sat upon this arrand, and he took the finely-mounted pistol from his pocket. 'May the Maker of the land an' say strike me here an' hereafter, may the living spurn me and spew upon me, and the dead wiper up the green grass in my way. Oh, curse on me!' he cried with dreadful energy, kissing at the same time the barrel of the instrument of death; 'curse on me if I would not kill him, at the foot of the cross of the Lord, the man that would go back of his duty.'

'Amen,' was the universal rejoinder. 'Wasn't the widow to be here?' said one of the men, addressing the young person to whom we have referred, as introducing the last conversation. 'She was, and she is,' answered the person appealed to.

Whereupon he left the room. 'Poor Mick!' said Shaun a Dherk, 'twas a sorrowful day to you!' 'True for you,' replied a man with an accent which marked him as having come from a distance. 'I know'd the colleen well, and him.—The sun never shone upon two more likely to make one heart and home. They looked in one another's face as if their life 'ud mingle, and their souls come out to kiss one another. And they had the Sunday mornin's blessed, peaceful mass, and you saw 'em kneeling side by side at the time they done the Christmas and Aister duty! Well, God is good, and Mick Dowling will have pace and the Ryans will have justice yet.'

'Hush!' chimed the company, with the feelings so characteristic of the Irish peasant.—'They're coming.' And just then tottered across the threshold a woman not old in years, though her hair had whitened—it was said that within one month she had grown grey.

Mick Dowling held her by the hand—indeed, almost supported her. The firmness of the preceding half hour seemed a little shaken. His lip quivered slightly, and his eye was moist.—Poor Mick Dowling was surrounded by sweet and bitter memories; the sweet ones softened his manhood. The tear of a good heart is not the message of weakness, but the pledge of a powerful soul.

Not a word was spoken till they had passed to the middle of the floor. The woman was accommodated with the only chair possessed by the gathering, and Dowling stood behind her.

She, the widow, was very poorly clad—was pale and emaciated. Her hair had escaped, and hung dishevelled on her face. He had fell upon her breast, like one who had lost all memory. The young man came closer. Every eye was bent upon the wreck of human hope and happiness. No word was spoken. The crackling of the turf on the hearth was almost painfully distinct, as if nothing should intercept the communications of the souls that spoke in their common feeling. Even Boran caught the contagion of sympathy, and tears streamed down his face. At length Shaun called the woman by name—'Mrs Ryan.'

She started, looked up, and around from face to face, but did not seem to recognise any one. Her head was falling back upon her breast, when Dowling presented himself. Him she examined curiously, like one whom she should, but could not call to mind. After some time, her look of child-like wonder relaxed—her eyes began to fill with light. She started up, and, seizing Dowling by the arms, she said, whisperingly—'Where's Mary?'

'Sit down, Mrs. Ryan, sit down, you are wake and worn; sit down, and remember you're with friends and neighbors,' said Shaun. Dowling was unable to articulate a word. 'I'll tell you—ab, Mick, Mick!—ab, Mick Dowling! Whisper—come here. Mary, Mary! Oh, sha, on you—don't you remember how her true heart used to bound, and the red blood flash all over her handsome face, at the name of Mick Dowling? Och, shame! Go out of my sight! Mary Ryan isn't the girl for you!—Whisper, Mick—sure Mary is dead. Dead! No; she's not dead! My curse on any one that says—Ab, God forgive me, why should I curse any one? I am a sinner.'

And she paused. 'Mick,' she resumed, 'I won't curse. Oh, no; maybe Mary is near me; and she could not bear a curse—you know my darling, our darling Mary? But, Mick, she got so pale! the cold went through her, Mick, and she hadn't a bit to ate. She sold everything, and used to pretend she ate herself, when she fed her little brothers and sisters—the brave little fellow you loved so, and the bright-eyed colleens. Mick, acushla, Mary fed them all, and watched them in the fever. Cold and lonely—cold and lonely, and hungry was the girl that loved you. They said you went to England for your hire. And Mary was glad you didn't see her in her want. Mick, darling, come here to me. I wronged you. I thought you wouldn't do for my heart's life. Give me pardon for the sake of Mary.'

She looked around wildly. 'Och, how she laid out the angels, and she pale an' wake herself. An' how she laid 'em in the green churchyard, when I wasn't able to lave the top of straw. An' how pale she came back, an' havin' no fire, no light—nothin' only the cold wather! Where was I? Mick, did Mary die, die of starvation? No, no; 'tis a lie! We owed no rent! 'Twas the other man—his name was in the lase. What! turn me out—turn me out—out of the house my father built—where the father of my children loved me first, an' last, an' died! Turn me out—out of the place that all the labour of the livin' an' the dead is growin'! Turn me, an' Mary, an' all out to die in the ditch! Ochone, Mary—she lay down! Oh may the curse of the great God, and the vengeance of His Holy Mother—'

In a paroxysm of agony the widow Ryan fell upon the floor. 'Well, men,' calmly spoke Shaun a Dherk, 'who is the man to kill Skerin? Who puts the hand of justice upon the neck of the murderer?' He pointed to the woman, and looked around upon his companions. 'All called out—' 'I! I! I!'

'No, it must be the work of one—no more.—Listen, now—I know his road to-morrow. I know where he is to be to-morrow's midnight.—I could draw his shadow upon the ground this moment. A man'll be there wid a gun that never desaved a man's hand. He can put the muzzle almost to the villain's neck.'

'Hurra!' cried the excited outlaws. 'The graves of the three innocent children, and a noble neighbor's child—the broken heart of the poor woman that's lying afore ye, will be in the man's mind!' 'Yes, yes, yes.' 'Fear, nor mercy, nor the dead, nor the livin' won't turn yez from your road.'

'No, no, no.'

'Kneel down around the mother o' the dead, an' join hands by the blood o' the murdered.'

They did so. 'Now, may a curse fall upon the coward that sent to do this deed, pauses on the journey where justice raises up his arm.'

'Amen.' 'Pardon, Shaun,' said Mick Dowling, rising up. 'This ought to be my place. Skerin has killed my love, and broken my heart. I am for the road.'

'No,' replied Shaun. 'I ought,' said Dowling. 'It cannot be,' said Shaun. 'You are the first man to be suspected. You will live to do some good; here you would die almost for nothing.'

'But I don't care for life.'

'Your friends are the best judges, and—you're sworn. Stay, boys, there's one who must do this work. My reason no man here will ax; 'tis a good wan. I never desaved you. Come here, Mr. James Boran: come, sir, you are the man to kill the Cromwellian Skerin.'

'Me!'

'You. And look—your life is gone as Mary Ryan's, if the murderer be not executed before to-morrow's midnight. I'll point the place—an' among the dead—I'll be there to watch you.'

CHAPTER IV.—THE DRAWING-ROOM AT KINMACARRA, AND HOW IT WAS DISTURBED.

The Lord of Kinmacarra was a new-comer, and was ambitious of being considered a good neighbor; so, on the third day after his arrival, he invited a large party to his noble mansion.—His lordship had 'stooped to conquer,' and therefore Mr. Joyce Snapper was of the company. Mr. Snapper being only a land-agent and attorney-at-law, and as law and physic are never, unless wantonly, dissociated, Doctor Creamer, surgeon, came, by special pre-arrangement, in Mr. Snapper's gig. Our former acquaintance, Mr. Salmer, was early in the drawing-room, prepared to perform the usual functions of a guest and parson; while, as it was a well-known resolution of Mr. Salmer never to divide his household, even the Lord of Kinmacarra recognized the domestic attachment which forbade any social indulgence to either in which both the reverend gentleman and his lady were not united. In one word, Mrs. Salmer made one of the number who graced the house-warming of the illustrious heir of the west.

To do Lord Kinmacarra common justice, he had gathered in great crowd every one that was any way presentable, and not tainted with unsound views; and little doubt can be entertained of the influence of such dinner parties, not only in confirming sound views, but even in inspiring them. We would be inclined to lay a wager, if it were not vulgar to do so, that much external sanctity and high political principle are drunk down in good old claret during 'holiday' reunions and disinterested family hospitalities—one reason for 'ministerial dinners' and 'Lord Mayors' feasts.'

But the Lord of Kinmacarra was a wise as well as a noble man, and therefore was not going to be 'bored' by the vulgarity which he might benevolently tolerate. His lordship had a select circle of guests who had accompanied him from England—few, but select—and who were very much charmed with the opportunity of seeing some phases of Irish life which would raise them to the position of critics upon 'travels,' stories, and plays. It is something to see life—even Irish life,—provided you are not obliged to live in it. People will talk of it, and write about it, and one must be able to open one's mouth; so we would recommend all gentlemen of enlightened views, and ladies of decided literary taste to go over to Ireland, if, however, they have courage enough to do so.

We will spare our readers the description of the drawing-room. Every one knows what a drawing-room is. The carpet was very rich, and so were the sofas, ottomans, and lounges.—The magnificent tables bore many magnificent things that sorely puzzled some of the well-informed persons who stood near them. There were three most complicated chandeliers depending from the ceiling, and there was—a crowd.—All the above, and twice as many other things, were seen twice over in the mirrors—two majestic ones—which put every well-dressed gentleman and lady there in a most self-complacent tone of mind.

There is a gentleman leaning over the back of a curious Gothic chair, which contains a curious Gothic lady. The gentleman wears many rings, which appear most dazzling when he twigs a moustache that very likely will grow on his upper lip—in time; time is required for everything, particularly for every great thing. That is the Hon. Hyacinth Wilkins. Evidently he had very nearly been a tall man, and a dignified man; indeed, he was a dignified man, though not tall.—In fact, the Hon. Mr. Wilkins's body grew very long, as far as the hips; but, somehow or other, the lower part of the system would not stretch in accord; he therefore was a short man with a long back; and, moreover, he was of a sulky, sallow look, and he squinted. The lady is an Honourable, too. Her dress is a great protection to her person; for no one can come within any distance of her in front. There is a semicircle of silk, in fact, spread all around her like a little field, and of course, that is ground on which no one dares to tread. She wonderfully avoids treading upon it herself. The Hon. Miss Felman is the worthy person alluded to. She is only

about thirty—a period at which she has stood still for many years—a thing not to be surprised at, when we reflect that the sun and other luminaries appear to stand still at a certain point of their periodic course. She is a very plain person, with very thin hair, to which the *coiffeur* has added some other poor body's, a countenance rather bitter, and a nose rather *trousse*. The lady has for some time been settling into a species of misanthropy—that is, a dislike of men and of things in general. She has serious notions of joining Miss Sellon—'Ye Reverend Mother'—and, therefore, she looks with much pity on the weakness of the world, and the contemptible vanities of fashionable life.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

LOUGHALL MISSION.—Yesterday was the closing day. Well may the parishioners rejoice that their parish priest brought amongst them the pious and the good, the gentle and the mild fathers belonging to the Oblate order. Many a sinner has turned from the erring path and followed the one of mercy and goodness: many a drunkard too, has abandoned the ale-house and the tap-room at the call of the holy missionaries, for the society of his wife, and children, and friends; many a sensualist also has ceased from frequenting the haunts of impiety and sin to mingle his groan of supplication with hundreds of repenters in and about the little chapel of Loughall. And this is their reward—and what a reward! As already announced the mission commenced on Saturday, the 29th ult, and every day since crowds have attended, and several persons have been sadly disappointed not getting forward, as they had hoped for to make a general confession. Every day from an early hour Fathers Fox and Ring have attended to hear the sad tales and repentant words of the unfortunate offenders; every evening, too, have they lectured, and warned, and besought the people to avoid this vice and that; often too, have they taught little ones the dogmas of their faith and what their religion demanded from them and how they were to behave themselves in after life. We ardently trust that they will practice well the good work they have so well begun. Yesterday, as we before said, was the closing day. From all the neighbouring parishes, and from Armagh and Portadown, numbers thronged to the mission, and the chapel, at the morning service, was full to excess, so full, indeed, that several were unable to get entrance. But when evening came the throng increased aye, doubled, and each moment as the hour for commencing the devotion approached, people still came and swelled the numbers. Many clergy too were present. A little before the appointed time, it was found that scarcely half of those present were able to enter the walls, and it was arranged that all the windows be uplifted, and the Father preached his farewell sermon in the body of the church. It was really an imposing sight to see the immense concourse of people that were present listening to the words of the Gospel—coming for miles to hear the words of the Oblate Fathers—to see them in one of the most Orange districts in Ulster, where some short years ago it was a crime to do what they were doing. We cannot but rejoice at the change. Bigotry reigned, and still does reign, with supreme sway in Loughall, but this July, for so far, has passed off quietly; at least, as yet, we have heard of no outrage. We are sorry, that Father Fox and his colleague cannot be forced to stop for a week or so longer, and have continued their work of goodness, for we understand, in some portions of the parish they were sadly needed. The missionaries departed on Monday, accompanied by the Rev. P. Hanratty, P.P., as far as Armagh. The mission is now ended, and we hope that it has brought grace to many an evil one, and repentance to many a sinner.

CONVENT IN CASTLETOWN-BERRHAVEN.—The erection of a convent in this remote but interesting district of our county, has been undertaken by the good Parish Priest, the Rev. Mr. Enright, and it is hoped that the pious labours will be seconded by the charity of Cork. The name of this locality cannot be unfamiliar to our readers, as the scene of unwearying efforts directed against the faith of the people. Munificent charity has already been at work in favor of this project. The excellent Bishop of Kerry has contributed £100 towards it. Mr. Thomas Leahy, of the South-terrace, who is connected by property with the district, has made it the splendid gift of £300. Mrs. Geran has granted a long lease of the site free of rent, beside giving a money subscription of £10. The Parish Priest has himself subscribed £20, and each of his Curates £10. We announce other generous subscriptions to-day, and we have no doubt will be able to publish many more before Mr. Enright has closed his visit to this city.—*Cork Examiner*.

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT.—The first stone of the O'Connell Monument will be laid on the 24th of August in a manner worthy of the Liberator, and worthy of the people who he made free. The Committee have, with good taste and equal judgment, requested our present popular Chief Magistrate to perform the sacred function of laying the corner stone of the structure that is to commemorate during all future ages the genius and the matchless services of the greatest Irishmen. To that request the Lord Mayor can, and we are sure will return a cordial and accepting response.—*Freeman*.

MONUMENT TO WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.—The citizens of Dublin propose erecting a monument to the memory of William Smith O'Brien; and signs are already manifested that the sympathies of Ireland are united in the movement. This is well; and shows that the country is not ungrateful to those who have struggled nobly, though, alas! unsuccessfully, in her cause. William Smith O'Brien was amongst the noblest of Ireland's patriots; and it would be a miserable thing indeed were she forgetful of the memory of her true and faithful son.—*Irishman*.

THE NEWRY PROTESTANT BOYS.—The *Newry Telegraph* has made a feeble attempt to reply to our article of last week, relative to the sayings and doings of 'the brethren' of that town on the 'glorious twelfth.' It is feeble, because sophistry cannot be a match for truth, nor Protestant claptrap a reply to sound argument. But no matter how wicked a cause may be, there are persons found to espouse and defend it. And so it is with blood-stained Orangeism, which has the audacity to raise its head in this Catholic land, and open its big mouth and brawl like a wild savage. The *Telegraph* would have us believe that this monster is an innocent and kindly thing, full of noble sentiments, and exalted feelings, and that it is a lover of liberty, and is always willing and ready to defend it. As to its innocence, if William the Third be free from the bloodstain at Genoa, then it is free from guilt. But the voice of history and the testimony of living men proclaim to the world that this Orangeism is the most blood thirsty thing in the world. It has the mark of Cain on its brow, and its footsteps are clothed with Catholic blood. There is not a corner of Ulster in which its ferocity has not been displayed, nor a highway on which it has not marched, intent upon slaughter. Its greatest glory is to insult a Catholic, and its proudest boast to wade ankle-deep in Popish blood. The *Telegraph* is so much in love with this vile thing that he calls it 'the protector of liberty, and the friend of Ireland!—Well, if that be the case may heaven protect us from such a friend! But when was it the protector of liberty? Can any one reply to this simple question? Was it when Orangeism clattered from platform and pulpit in the south as well as the north, for the Treaty of Li-

merick? Was it when it set a price on the head of a Catholic Priest, when it strangled Archbishop Plunkett, who had done no wrong, or when it burnt the houses of Catholics, at the time of the 'Battle of the Diamond,' and directed them to clear out of Ulster, and go to hell or to Connaught? Oh, glorious Catholicity! how we pride in its benign and kindly influence, which, although three times in power since the days of the monster who lapped into heresy because he could not prevail on a Pope to commit sin—has never persecuted in Ireland, but on the contrary, when Protestants suffered in England, Catholics opened an asylum for them in Dublin, and sustained them till the storm blew over in their own land, when they sent them back in safety. And this toleration we still practice, and Protestants are treated in the most kindly manner by Catholics. But in Ulster how are Catholics dealt with by the Orangemen? Why in the most barbarous manner. On certain days bands of infuriated savages march out playing insulting tunes, and carrying arms to slay any one who will not bow down to their idol. That is the way they act the part of friends of justice—they slaughter all who will not permit to be trampled in the dust. And in Newry, the other day, some of them assembled in the Orange Hall, to tell the world of their folly, and to threaten and insult their Catholic neighbors, in a town where Catholics tolerate them. And they give their 'charter toast,' a sentiment as blasphemous as anything we have ever heard uttered. To call the memory of a 'murderer,' 'pious,' to describe the memory of a 'royal ruffian,' 'glorious,' is like paying homage to Cain, and offering the incense of praise to the traitor Judas. In our opinion these two persons were as worthy of regard as the Dutchman; and now let the Orangemen behold the character of him for whom they, poor dupes, profess such admiration! We have no hope of shaming the Ellises, the Wiers, and other unfortunate creatures, into an abandonment of their folly. They may have perverse minds, not willing to hearken to good counsel. But we tell the Orangemen that if they could only see themselves as others see them, they would be shocked by the exhibition. They would then behold a disloyal and lawless crew, despised by the men in England of whom they are the fawning slaves. They would observe what monsters they are, in having no country, no land they can call their own, for it is useless to say that Ireland is their country, as it disowns them, and repudiates them as foes. The savage is superior to them in this respect for we are told that 'he loves his native shore,' but the Irish Orangemen detests and does all he can to injure the country in which he was born. If the *Newry Telegraph* has any respect for itself, let it cease to defend such disloyal characters, who plotted against the present monarch of England; but at all events let it tell the Ellises and such creatures that the Catholics of Ireland despise the Orange faction, and look upon them as the most degraded beings on the face of the earth.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS.—The *Liverpool Daily Post* makes a poor attempt to draw conclusions unfavorable to Ireland from the criminal statistics of the 'United Kingdom' lately published. It quotes the following table, the period referred to in which, as far as it relates to the crime of murder, extends over seven years.—

	England & Wales.	Ireland.	Scotland.
Committals for murder.....	691	548	257
Acquitted.....	246	174	43
" as insane.....	80	11	19
Convicted.....	153	30	17
Hanged.....	96	15	5
Committals for manslaughter.....	127	148	48
Committals for concealment of birth.....	85	45	29

On this table the *Post* remarks—'The population of Ireland is not quite one-third of that of England and Wales, and the murders, &c. done in England and Wales, divided by three, present a result by no means flattering to the people of Ireland.' Let us see. The convictions for murder in England, as shown by the foregoing table, were 153. Divided by three, that number gives 51 as a result. But the convictions in Ireland were only 30. How does this bear out the remarks of the *Daily Post*? Again, the number of executions in England were 96. Dividing that number by three we get 32 as a result. But the executions in Ireland were only 15. 'Oh, but what of the committals?' our *Liverpool censor* will ask. To which we reply that the committals in Ireland afford no indication of the number of crimes. The proportion of committals to crimes is different in England and Ireland. In England the police rarely arrest more than one or two persons for the commission of any murder; in Ireland a different system is proceeded on, and their first act after having received intimation of a murder, is to sweep a large number of persons into prison, from whence they are released at leisure, according as it is ascertained that they could not possibly have been implicated in the deed. This different mode of procedure in the two countries is easily accounted for—firstly, by the greater recklessness of the authorities in Ireland in all that concerns the lives, liberties, and character of the people; and, secondly, by the difference of the motive which in most cases underlies the English and Irish crime. In Ireland murder is generally of the agrarian type, and as it is supposed that any one out of many of those who have felt the landlord's oppressive and cruel power, may have done the vengeful deed, the police think they are bound to lay hands immediately on some dozens of persons, perhaps upon the whole male population of the neighborhood in which the offence has been committed; in England, on the other hand, where murders generally have their origin in a desire of robbery, in jealousy, and in others of the vilest passions of human nature, the circle of suspicion is narrowed, and the arrests in proportion to the number of crimes are fewer. Thus it happens that the committals for murder in Ireland are in excess of her proportion as compared with England, while the crimes themselves are far below it. These are facts that the writer of the *Daily Post* should keep in mind when next he turns his attention to the question of criminal statistics in the 'United Kingdom.'

As regards the figures relating to 'concealment of birth,' the writer cannot be serious if he means to imply that they indicate in the faintest degree the extent to which the crime of infanticide is practised in England. If he wishes for more accurate information at that point we would refer him to Dr. Lankester, Coroner for the City of London, whose estimate of the annual loss of life in that way is already on record; or he might consult the 'Society for the Prevention of Infanticide,' which was founded in the year 1863 in London. Of this Society the *London Review*, in its number for September 26th of that year, said:—

'The Society for the Prevention of Infanticide has not been established a day too soon. The evil has, indeed, reached alarming proportions. Not only do the statistics of proved child-murders increase with fearful rapidity, but disclosures like those at Whitechapel give us too much reason to believe that the number of undiscovered cases is still more appalling.'

The *London Press*, in its number for October 3rd of the same year, said:—

'That the crime of infanticide is frightfully on the increase is a fact too well attested by a great variety of evidence from different sources to admit of any doubt. The tables of mortality exhibit a per centage upon the number of births of forty-five infant deaths under the age of two years throughout England and Wales. In one year alone—the year 1861—inquists were held in the metropolis upon upwards of 1,100 children under two years of age.'

If the editor of the *Daily Post* does not like to be referred back to September, 1863, he can look to the

Morning Star of Thursday last for the proceedings of a meeting for the suppression of infanticide, held on the previous day at the Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn, London. In fact, we might quote largely on the subject from the English journals, but the work is distasteful to us. The prevalence of crime in any country cannot be a source of gratification to any Christian heart; and our references to the subject is only made when the wholesale libels of British journalists on our people render it necessary that, in their just defence, we should adduce the facts and put the whole case in its true light. There is too much crime in every country; our hope is that it may decrease everywhere; but we would again warn the journals that seem to find a hideous delight in picturing this country as a land of blood and the home of a race of assassins, that their conduct is immoral and demoralising, that it is akin to the crime of the murderer, and that instead of wantonly and wickedly slandering the people of Ireland, they might better employ their talents in endeavoring to correct the evils that have attained so fearful a development amongst themselves.—*Dublin Nation*.

DUBLIN, July 22.—Mr. William Kemmis died on Wednesday night, at his house in Kildare-street, at a very advanced age. For half a century his name was familiar to the Irish public as Solicitor for the Crown. He conducted the State prosecutions from 1798 to 1848, having been actually present and assisting at all the great State trials of his time. He was at the trials of the Sheares and others in 1798, of Robert Emmet in 1803, and many others which took place under the Duke of Richmond's Administration, and was directed by the Attorney-Gen. Saund. When the Attorney-General Plunkett prosecuted the Orange rioters who flung a bottle at the Marquis Wellesley in the Theatre Royal, the case was prepared by Mr. Kemmis. He performed the same duty at the prosecution of Daniel O'Connell and others in 1844, and of John Mitchell and Smith O'Brien in 1848. He was appointed Crown Solicitor for Dublin, for the Leinster Circuit, and for the Treasury in 1801. He resigned the former office in 1852 and the latter in 1859, since which time he has been in retirement. During all those troubled times Mr. Kemmis discharged his difficult and delicate duties without giving umbrage to any party, while from every Administration during the half-century he received in private the strongest testimonials as to the skill, discretion, and integrity with which his important services were performed. But it is remarkable that, although attorney-generals praised and viceroys approved the manifest ability and rectitude that distinguished his long official career, and though by the public of all parties he was universally respected he never received any public recognition of his services from the Government. Yet baronetries were bestowed upon Crown Solicitors who were certainly not more meritorious, but who, perhaps, took more pains to make their merits known, or had more political interest to enforce their claims.—*Times Correspondent*.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT.—It is very widely rumored in London that the Earl of Carlisle is likely to yield to the opinion of his medical advisers by withdrawing for a time from the fatigues of public life. In that case it is said that the Duke of Devonshire will probably be his successor in the viceroyalty. In the contingency of his grace declining, the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Earl of Besborough are talked of as probable aspirants for the office.—*Evening Mail*.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT'S PROCLAMATION.—At the Cork Assizes, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald referred to a proclamation that has been issued by the Lord-Lieutenant on the subject of the Foreign Enlistment Act:—

'They might be sure that Lord Carlisle had not issued this proclamation without sufficient foundation in fact for the statements it contained. No doubt crowds of young men were daily leaving these shores for America, who after their arrival, some voluntarily, some by fraud, some by actual violence, found their way into the Federal army and were ruthlessly sacrificed. It had been stated upon authority in the House of Commons that young men arriving in New York had been imprisoned, kept without food, and plied with whiskey until they had consented to join the ranks. In that country, through which the stream of emigration passed, it was legitimate to call attention to this act of the Administration, and it was the duty of them all by every means in their power to endeavor to prevent the young men of this country from taking part in that gigantic and profligate quarrel, which had now assumed a fiendish character in which no glory was to be gained, and in which they had no interest except to promote peace. They would tell them that they would be exposed where danger was most rife, that all honors and rewards would be seized by those who despised while they used them, and that the few who might survive plague and pestilence would in all probability leave their bodies on some of those battle-fields which had been well described as slaughter-pens. Even the survivors would bear with them the guilt of murder in the eyes of all Christian men for having interfered in a quarrel in which they had no part.'—*ib.*

DOCKS IN CORK HARBOR.—The following is the portion of the report of the Dockyard Committee which relates to Cork:—'In this commodious and accessible harbor there are no government docks, but there is a small naval establishment at Haulbowline Island. It has been stated to your committee that successive governments have had in consideration the enlargement of the establishment, and the construction of docks; that, no less on the ground of general policy than for the advantage of the navy, the establishment in Cork Harbor should be increased. Your committee received much evidence as to the capabilities of the Haulbowline island for a dock. It is said that the Spit Bank offers an eligible site, and that the establishment of convicts at the neighboring Spike Island would facilitate the work. Two other alternatives have been suggested; one, to construct a dock at Marino, about two miles higher up the harbor, where there is an eligible site, with deep water close to shore; the other, to deepen at the public expense, and on fair terms with the proprietors, one or more of the private docks at Passage, to which are attached all the requirements for the repair and building of ships. The evidence, however, shows that the private trade at Cork gives full occupation to the present mercantile dock accommodation. Your committee feel the full force of the advantage of a first-class dock in so western a port as Cork, and they advise the immediate construction of a first-class dock in some convenient site in that harbor, and also an arrangement, if practicable, to deepen one of the existing private docks for occasional naval requirements.'

A UOMMON STORY.—A little incident in connection with the American war has just come under our notice. About a month ago a poor woman living near St. Luke's, in this city, received a letter from her son in America, sending her money to procure her passage. The poor fellow was in the Northern army, and had saved this out of his pay. In the letter containing the money, he sent her word that he could hardly be sure of meeting her at New York, as he was ordered to the front. But he bade her not feel the least alarm, as he had been in many a skirmish before, and there was no reason to fear now. A few days ago, as the mother was preparing to embark, she got a letter informing her that this gallant son had been shot through the heart.—*Cork Examiner*.

SQUIDS BY A WOMAN.—On Monday afternoon, a woman named M. Bride, the wife of a publican on the Antrim road, begged herself. The woman had been addicted to drink for some time; and on Monday afternoon she went into her bed-room, as if going to take a sleep, taking with her a bottle of porter. Some time afterwards she was found suspended by a handkerchief from a hook about five feet from the floor. She was dead when discovered.—*Northern Whig*.