

ever:—"I'll make the gallows-bird stop bating that little girl!"

The cudgel whizzed over his head, just missing it. Had it taken effect, with half the strength exercised by the herculean arm that wielded it, the boy must have fallen dead on the spot. Nelly Carty, pulling the hood of cloak quite over her face, so as to hide her terror-stricken features as well as she could, threw her arms round Neddy, standing between him and her old enemy; Bridget Mulrooney sprang to her assistance; both women began to remonstrate and scold in their shrillest tones; their poor lodgers in the inner den, though not well knowing what was going forward, screamed violently; while the penny-whistle squeak of old Joan Flaherty's lungs chimed in from some corner of her own dwelling.

Still the intruder seemed bent on taking a full revenge. He was tearing away the two potato-beggars from the boy, and his right hand and arm were gathering and knitting all their deadly strength for a better aimed blow of the cudgel, when another hand, and not a weak, although an old one, collared him from behind, and Father Connell's voice, almost for the first time breaking through its usual mild or grave cadence, demanded, while it over-mastered all the hideous noises around him, the causes of the affray.

The expression of Costigan's face instantly and completely changed. His set teeth widely separated—his gasped—his jaw dropped; the murderer's cloud left his brow; and then he turned his head over his shoulder, to observe the features of the new-comer; and after one look at them, twisted, not without an effort, out of the old priest's gripe, the standing collar of his riding-coat, and hastily retreated through the yet open doorway.

It was a long time before Father Connell could obtain any clear information regarding the nature of the scene he had just witnessed. Nelly Carty did not, by any means, wish to be candid. From Neddy Fennell he gained, however, some useful evidence. He learned that the person that he had just seen was the same he had once endeavored to prepare for a felon's death;—and again questioning Nelly Carty, still closely, and more authoritatively, she, with great wringing of her hands, was compelled to admit the fact. Neddy also fully explained the cause of the personal quarrel between himself and the formidable robber; and although his priest sternly reprehended him, it was not difficult to perceive, that he almost excused the boy's act of aggression, for the motive that had prompted it. He passed into the next cabin, Neddy Fennell attending at his heels. The beggarman was not to be seen; but he saw the three wretched children, and he pitied them. He questioned the girl. He asked where she came from?—where was her born? She could not tell.—Who were her parents? She did not know; but Darby Cooney—the name by which she had always known her tyrant—had often told her, while beating her, that she was no child of his; though, indeed, she had no remembrance of ever living with any one else but him. And the wicked boy had been given into her charge, about three years ago, and the infant a few months ago; but where they came from, she could not tell, no more than if they had dropped down from the sky.

It was with great difficulty that Father Connell obtained even this scanty information; and when she had concluded, the poor child, her cheeks streaming tears, earnestly stipulated that Darby Cooney might not be told, "she had informed on him."

"Och!" she added, her tears increasing into passion, "he would kill me stone dead w' the stick; och yes, he wouldn't lave a bit o' life in me."

Father Connell asked her some questions on religious points; she had scarcely an idea on the subject. The good man then contemplated her and the other children, in silent commiseration and thoughtfulness. His little favorite crept to his side, venturing in whispers to plead for his young protegee, and to hope that he was now forgiven for having pelted the old robber from the top of the wall. Our parish priest seized his hand, and although he did not still speak a word, but only squeezed it again and again, Neddy was satisfied with the answer.

"I will be here early to-morrow morning, Neddy, please God, to meet this Darby Cooney, and to see what we can do for the poor children. Now I must go to your mother's bedside."

After sitting a little while with Mrs. Fennell, her visitor informed her that better lodgings had been provided for her and her aunt, into which he would have them removed next morning. He then took his way homeward.

As usual, his little squire saw him safe through the mysteries of the potato-beggars' town. Returning to his lodgings, Neddy perceived the door of Joan Flaherty's abode still open, and ventured in. The girl stood up to meet him.

"May a blessing be upon your road, good honest boy," she said, "for the pity you have to me: no creature ever had pity for me afore."

"What is your name, poor little girl?"

"Mary Cooney."

"And you're not the daughter of that rogue and rascal?"

"Sure he says himself that I'm not, an' sure if I was, he wouldn't be so hard on me entirely."

"And why don't you run away from him, and never go next or near him again?"

"Och! och! where in the world could I go to?"

"I'll give you half of my breakfast, and half of my dinner; and when I'm a big man, and have money, as my father used to have, I'll give you half of that, too."

This very plausible and very practicable plan, seemed to open, for a moment, to the mind's vision of the poor listener, a new and dazzling vista of hope and happiness. Her beautiful eyes glowed with momentary delight, and looked intently forward, as if she, even materially, enjoyed the fairy prospect. But

suddenly all changed in that young face, and she moaned out:—

"Och, my good and my tender-hearted boy; but I couldn't hide anywhere from Darby Cooney—och, he knows where every body is; and he'd find me out if the earth covered me; and if I thry'd to hide from him, it's then he'd murder me!"

"I wouldn't let him murder you, and Father Connell wouldn't let him murder you."

"An' och," she went on, suddenly clasping her hands and starting aside from her young champion—"if he kem back upon me now, an' found the childer not washed and put to bed, and the babby's cap not washed, an' myself not washed—och, och, it would be a sore night to me!—an' you here, would be the worst of all! Good-bye to you, tender-hearted boy." She sprang back to him, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him. "Don't stay here any longer—don't, don't come with me over the threshold—an' may the blessing o' the motherless an' the fatherless be in your road!" she ran into the hovel and shut the door. Neddy Fennell turned into his own resting-place, full of plans for the emancipation and future happiness of his new acquaintance.

The next morning Father Connell came, according to his promise, to converse with Darby Cooney. But neither Darby Cooney, nor any of his motherless charges were anywhere to be found; nor could the most minute inquiries supply the slightest information regarding the hour at which they had abandoned their lodgings, or the route they had afterwards pursued.

(To be Continued.)

Written for the TRUE WITNESS.]

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY "TIENNA-NOËE."

IRISH POETS.—MOORE.

Ireland is a land of song. From immemorial time her bardic fame has been world-wide. In modern times, despite her woes and tribulations, she still maintained a worthy position, and of all those whose fingers have swept a recent harp one arises in proud pre-eminence, not indeed as a truly national poet, touching the chords of a nation's heart, and in the gust of poetic fancy sweeping away the dross of earth, of time-serving, of pusillanimity, and ascending to the position of the poet of a people, whose limbs were bowed with chains, and yet strode on ever and always towards the goal of emancipation; but as the sweetest of lyrist, from whose lips, in beautiful cadences flowed the most charming of sentences. Moore occasionally sung as if he were not the lord-following creature which undoubtedly he was; at times he sung as if he had not forgotten the days, when through the groves of Old Trinity he walked and listed to the magic of the eloquence of Emmet; now and again it would seem as if he remembered that he was a "mere Irishman;" but the reader of Irish poetry often turns from the satiety of Moore's similes in his half-told nationalism, to feel upon and be strengthened by the plain but wholesome food of Davis or of Duffy. Moore, with all his genius, fails to touch the inner chord of the Irish heart. He wrote so as to avoid the offending of the great man—a foreigner generally—to whom he intended to dedicate his production. He was Irish born, but he was not of the Irish; he was a Catholic by profession, and yet the talent which God had given to him rarely offered fealty to its liege Lord. We have been frequently amused at the blunder committed by many persons who, fond of comparisons, compare Moore and Burns. As an artist, Burns is infinitely inferior, but as a man the Scotch child of the plough is immeasurably superior. Moore is seldom an Irishman; Burns is always a Scotchman. Burns could not write Lalla Rookh, and Moore could not sing of his trampled land as he could. In thus hastily showing our likes and dislikes of Thomas Moore, we are far from intending to do an injustice towards the memory of one of the sweetest poets in the English language. We would wish that he had been more Irish, but we freely give homage to his genius; and though few, if any, could write with such variety, grace, ease and gaiety, as he did, wine, we would be better pleased if the fragrance of his powers lingered more often and longer around the vase of religion and country. In truth "Mr. Moore has composed exclusively for the pinnacles of pretty women." Some exceptions there are, but they merely prove the rule. One of Moore's best efforts is "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave."—It is the ring of true metal in the second verse:—

"Mononia! when nature embellished the tint  
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,  
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print,  
The footsteps of slavery there!  
No! Freedom, whose smiles we shall never resign,  
Go tell our invaders the Danes,  
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at the shrine  
Than to sleep but one moment in chains."

And in "Erin, oh, Erin" he gives another evidence of the national fire burning within his breast, enough perhaps to cause his countrymen to accede to his request in the following:—

"Oh, blame not the Bard if he fly to the bowers  
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame  
He was born for much more, and in happier hours  
His soul might have burned with a holier flame  
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre  
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,  
And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,  
Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's heart."

"But, alas! for his country!—her pride is gone by,  
And that spirit is broken which never could bend;  
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,  
For 'tis treason to love her and death to defend.  
Unprized are her sons till they've learn to betray;  
Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires;  
And the torch that would light them to dignity's way,  
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires."

The greatest dignity, because it is the truest,

upon earth, is the dignity of fame amongst one's own, and while it is hard to hesitate a moment when the "poet of all circles" asks a favor, still we believe that the memory of Moore would to-day be held in greater respect, if he had had lived comparatively "undistinguished" rather than bear the faintest appearance of catching his torch from his expiring country. As a lyrist Moore is unapproachable. "Believe me if all those endearing young charms" is one of the most engaging melodies of which we have knowledge; and there is a knightliness of thought in "Go where glory waits thee." The clinging dame of medieval times proud of the prowess and yet anxious for the fidelity of her knight, is shown:—

"Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends care thee,  
All the joys that bless thee,  
Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh! then remember me!"

Of the few sacred songs which were written by Moore, "This world is all a fleeting show" is most commendable because it emanated from him whose lyre was turned to the applause of the "fleeting show." Although Mr. Moore did not devote himself to what would in our opinion be most praiseworthy, still he has left behind fragments of poetic philosophy which it were well his countrymen should learn and profit by. True, true it is that,—

"Erin thy silent tear shall never cease,  
Erin thy languid smile ne'er shall increase  
Till like the rainbow's light  
Thy various tints unite;  
And form in heaven's sight,  
One arch of peace!"

Until our factionism is driven away there can be but little hope, and Erin, until Ribbonism and Orangeman and every man but Irishman is crushed in Ireland, we believe with Moore, that,—

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,  
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
Till thy masters themselves as they rivet thy chains  
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE SPIRIT ABROAD.—There is a national spirit abroad in Ireland which, if wisely used, is sure to conduct the nation to freedom.—What we mean by freedom, is the right of the country to govern itself, enact its own laws, and dispose of its own revenue. The whole population appear to be imbued with this spirit. They have exhibited it in Dundalk at the recent meeting; they have displayed it in Cork the other day, they have shown it in Dublin, in Meath, at the election of John Martin; in Westmeath, at the election of Mr. Smyth; and it has been exhibited by all the corporations and boards of town commissioners which have pronounced for Home Rule. The spirit to which we allude is a national spirit. It embraces Irishmen of all creeds; it fosters union, as was displayed at the Dundalk meeting, when the Catholic priest and the Protestant minister shook hands; and it will ultimately lead the nation to the achievement of its long-lost liberty. For seventy dreary years we have seen the stranger making our laws and striving to govern us; but a glance at the census returns, and a look at the condition of our commerce and the state of our cities and towns, will at once show the prostrate position to which the stranger's rule has reduced us. Some people affect to believe that the end and aim of this spirit is rebellion and separation from England, but such an idea is groundless. The United States rebelled against her, and succeeded by the aid of France in shaking off her power. Canada rebelled against her, and succeeded in winning native rule. But although there may be a small party amongst us who are anxious for total separation, the great bulk of the Irish people will be satisfied with native government, and a real union with England. Home Rule will content them, as they are convinced that a native parliament will enable them to be the sole law-makers for their native country, and that it will extricate them from the blunders of English government, which has been so disastrous to Ireland. It is the duty then of every Irishman to perform his part in the great movement now spreading over the land. He should sustain it by his contributions, uphold it by cogent argument, and serve it in every proper manner. In the election of poor law guardians and members of corporate and municipal bodies, care should be taken to have none elected but supporters of Home Rule. Members of parliament claim more than usual attention at present. We see what has been done in Meath and Westmeath, and how the electors returned men devoted and pledged to the cause of home government. Let it be the study of the Irish people to follow these examples, and show by their labours that they are in earnest in their country's cause. The great business to be discharged just now, is to enroll members and associates, and forward their names and subscriptions to the Home Rule Association. Every town, every village, and every parish should have its Committee for this purpose. The humblest man can serve the good cause. He can advocate conciliation amongst men of different creeds. He can urge his neighbours to join the Association. He can collect their subscriptions, and hand them to the Committee of his native town or parish. We give this advice, because we are confident that it requires the aid of every man in the land, to achieve the victory which the nation so ardently desires. We tell the people that in vain do we strive to better our condition without a native government. No nation governed by men of another country has ever achieved prosperity. Unless we win Home

Rule we shall see Ireland even more prostrate than she is to-day. Our landlords are generally absentees; secure native rule, and they will come home and work for Ireland. Our money is carried away at the rate of £20,000,000 a year; obtain a native legislature, and this terrible drain will have an end. Our people are leaving at the rate of 100,000 a year; secure Home Rule, and the exodus is ended. We call then upon every man, rich and poor, old and young, to give all the assistance in their power to the national movement, and they will be amply rewarded, by seeing, at no distant day, the strides of their native land to greatness and prosperity.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

STATE OF IRELAND.—It is asserted, says the *Globe*, that matters are by no means in a satisfactory state in some of the southern districts in Ireland. The spirit of Fenianism exhibits far greater vitality than it has been given credit for, and those who think, or affect to think, that it has been stifled, or even reduced to the condition of smouldering, may find themselves grievously mistaken.

The report has reached the *Army and Navy Gazette* that one gallant regiment has threatened to sack the town of Kinsale. With a view of securing the observance of law and order, a troop of cavalry has been ordered from Bandou.

The *Times* believes that the reception of the French deputation in Ireland will be utterly void of practical consequences, as have been all the false comforts and treacherous encouragements France has offered to Ireland for more than 200 years.

The letter of Mr. John Martin, M.P., on Orange processions, has drawn out a letter on the same subject from the Rev. Professor Galbraith, T.C.D., to whose opinions, Mr. Martin, in his letter referred with approval. Professor Galbraith says he quite approves of Mr. Martin's view that the best policy for Catholics to pursue with regard to these processions is to let them alone. He advises the Catholics of Ireland to "take warning from Johnstone of Ballykilbeg, and not ask for repressive acts. They are double-edged weapons, cutting both ways, and destructive of the liberties of all. The history of their country ought to teach them that the policy of division was the guiding star of Pitt and Castlereagh. Let it be their honor and glory to break down this infamous policy by doing what magnanimous men only can do—overlook offence when offered."

ENGLISH AND IRISH EMIGRATION.—Recent statistics exhibit a very remarkable fact with reference to the emigration from England and Ireland. For many years statistics have shown the unexpected result of an increasing emigration from England side by side with a decreasing emigration from Ireland. Last year, for the first time in the annals of British emigration, the actual number of persons who left the English shores exceeded the Irish emigrants, the exact number being—England, 68,935; Ireland, 67,897. The fact is that low wages, commercial depression, the monopoly of land in the hands of a few, and the general dissatisfaction of the people with their political institutions, are daily driving a larger proportion of Englishmen away from their native land.—*Dublin Freeman.*

A FATAL ACCIDENT.—On a late occasion while a small farmer named Terence Farrelly, of Castlekieran, was engaged in removing a steam thrashing machine belonging to Mr. Doughty of Moate, near Kells, his horse sulked, when the shaft attached to the machine struck him in the throat. Farrelly died in about fifteen minutes after the accident. He leaves a wife and large young family. The body awaits a coroner's inquest. In connection with which it may be mentioned, that no successor has as yet been appointed to the late Mr. Martin, coroner, who died about four months ago.

FUNERAL OF A FRANCO-IRISH SOLDIER.—On Wednesday, August 30, Private Timothy Conroy, Irish Brigade in the French service, arrived in Dublin from France, and on Saturday he died, as was his wish, in his native land, notwithstanding that tender, loving friends surrounded his bed of illness in the country for which he fought and gave up his life. Private Conroy, who was a native of Roseallis, Queen's County, was about twenty-one years of age when he volunteered to serve with the Franco-Irish Ambulance which proceeded to France in October, 1870. When the number of that body was reduced, and the alternative given to many of the men to return to Ireland, Conroy determined to serve France in a military capacity, and took service in the Irish Brigade which was then being organized at Cuen by Captain Kirwan. This gallant little corps was soon attached to the army under Bourlinski, and French authorities ungrudgingly bear testimony to the hereditary gallantry the Irish soldiers of France displayed in every one of the combats in which they took part. Amongst the Irish soldiers no one displayed better military qualities than Private Conroy. He was brave, modest, and obedient, and in the attempt to raise the siege of Belfort and at the battle of Montebard displayed courage of a high order. The fatigues undergone by the army during the terrible combats and marches of the French forces in March broke down a constitution originally not strong, and Private Conroy had to be conveyed to the Ambulance hospital at Besancon, where he remained for some time, and was then removed to the Civil Hospital of Bourg, which is under the care of the Sisters of Jesus, an order which is devoted to the care of the sick. The desire to revisit Ireland was so strong that notwithstanding the fact that death was rapidly approaching Conroy set out for his native country, which he reached on Wednesday, and in which he died on Saturday, at the residence of a brother-in-law, who lives in Paradise-row.

HOME RULE FOR TORY ISLAND!—Ireland is just now engaged in a serious international quarrel with a neighboring State. On the coast of Donegal there is a little islet inhabited by a few score fishermen, and called Tory Island. It will be in the recollection of our readers that some time ago it was communicated to the Grand Jury of Donegal that the Tory Islanders positively refused to pay one penny of the county cess. Their objection was based on the very reasonable ground that, as they had no roads, no police, and had never benefited a farthing by the county expenditure, it was hard to expect them to contribute to the county purse; but they capped this sentiment with a claim which we fear the authority of Puffendorf and Vattel would scarcely confirm, that Tory Island was a kingdom *per se*, that it had elected a king, that it paid no allegiance to the British throne, and that Tory Islanders "never, never would be slaves." We learn from our contemporary, the *Derry Journal*, the sequel of this serious international dispute. It appears that the

grand jury did not acquiesce in the Tory Island declaration of independence, and during the good weather at the beginning of this month, one John O'Donnell, armed with an important document bearing the autograph of the County Treasurer, employed a boat and proceeded out to this island kingdom, which is ten miles from the mainland. The wind being favorable, and the bay calm, this envoy and retainers made a good passage, and landed in the "King's Port," under the shades of the Round Tower, which is still in good preservation. He made his way to the Imperial Hotel, where he and followers refreshed themselves, and then, with all the importance due to the representative of the Donegal Grand Jury, presented his credentials to "Patrick 1st, the King," this being the title of the island's fisher sovereign. The King, who is a constitutional ruler, immediately summoned a "Cabinet Council," and after mature deliberation they gave this important messenger "from Ireland" half an hour to leave their dominions in peace. The messenger unfortunately resented, and the result was that the women of this island kingdom resorted to physical force, and put aboard the Irish messenger without much ceremony, stating at the same time that they would not contribute taxes for the support of any "other nation." On the messenger's return he consulted the Falcarragh Petty Sessions Clerk and some of the neighboring magistrates, who, we understand, addressed a sharp note to the "Prime Minister" of Tory touching the indignities their envoy received. We fully concur with our Northern contemporaries in hoping these nations who have hitherto been at peace, will not now come to any serious misunderstanding for a few paltry pounds.—*Dublin Freeman.*

On the re-assembling of Parliament, Mr. Maguire is pledged to bring before the House of Commons a motion to the effect that the House do resolve to take into consideration the expediency of instituting such a federal arrangement between the different portions of the United Kingdom as would enable Ireland, through an Irish Parliament, to legislate upon all matters of a purely Irish nature, while reserving to the Imperial Parliament, while complete control over all questions of an Imperial character. So long as the two great Irish questions of the press on the late police outrage in Phoenix Park is a proof that, now-a-days, so long as Irishmen have right and justice on their side, so long will there be honest English voices to cheer them on to success in their endeavours to right their native land—despite the stereotyped charge of dishonesty and corruption which would sweep the whole English press into the depths of one great infamy. It is no small victory to have gained a fair hearing. We can realise its importance by considering that it would be in the power of England still to follow precedent in the ill-starred connection, and make the old, brutal and selfish reply, that conquered Ireland must submit to the conqueror's "rights." We are evidently progressing towards civilisation. It has been discovered that a bayonet-thrust will not settle a claim, though it may dispose of a claimant; and that the chances of war might transfer the layonet into the hands of the claimant's irreconcilable son. But then, on the other side, the dignity of the British lion has been respected. There has been no bluster, no insano—because hopeless—threats to physical force. The case has been well brought before the public, and the motion which Mr. Maguire will introduce, and which other hon. members are pledged to support, will fairly place the question of Home Rule at the bar of that educated public opinion which has given Ireland more remedial legislation in a few short years, and done more to establish internal peace, than was effected by seven centuries of angry contention, marked throughout by brutal attempts to achieve the impossible—to prove an inextinguishable nationality. The people of England—the masses—are not responsible for the atrocities of the past. The extension of the franchise, which has secured them direct parliamentary representation, has made it impossible to govern Ireland by brute-force. As the Irish contingent added to the Imperial Parliament by the Act of Union, destroyed the good old compact between Whig and Tory who agreed to disagree, so there is now another party admitted to the council of the empire that fully appreciates the "flesh and blood" theory propounded by Mr. Gladstone in his Lancashire addresses. The hopes of Ireland are built on the honesty of this reformed Parliament, which is now fairly representative of a fair-dealing and generous people. We cannot doubt that the energy and intellect enlisted in the effort to make Ireland, so rich in natural resources, other than the fruitful mother of hewers of wood and drawers of water, will eventually secure to her the blessings of Home Government. The first step has been gained on the road to success in the conviction brought home to all sensible people, that federation does not mean separation, but the consolidation of the empire by something more reliable than parchment agreements. Mr. Maguire follows the policy of Daniel O'Connell, the greatest of Ireland's sons. He may be taken as typical of a party who will be found in the right place at the right time.—*Catholic Opinion.*

ORDINATIONS BY HIS GRACE THE LORD PRIMATE.—On the feast of St. Bartholomew, His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McGeigan, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, held an Ordination at the Chapel of the Marist Fathers, Dundalk, at which the following gentlemen, members of the Society of Mary, received orders. Rev. John Duignan was raised to the priesthood. Rev. J. Brady, Thomas Maguire, and Michael McCaughey received the order of deaconship; Messrs. P. Grice, J. McNamara, P. Kerrigan, and Wm. Maloney were advanced to sub-deaconship; Messrs. Francis Tuile and Felix J. Walters were promoted to minor orders.

FINDING OF AN ANCIENT BELL IN THE RIVER SHANNON, IRELAND.—A large and beautiful wrought metal bell was found in a branch of the Shannon, near Limerick, on Friday the 25th August. It weighs 1½ cwt. and bears the date of 1181—it is supposed that this bell belonged to St. Mary's Cathedral and that it was thrown into the river during the memorable siege of 1691.

At Crookhaven, on a promontory, overlooking the harbor of Queenstown, there is being erected a magnificent Gothic church, from the designs of Mr. Pugin, the total cost of which will be not less than £6,000, towards which sum the greatest portion has been collected by the parish priest, Canon McSwiney.

DUBLIN, Sept 19.—John Daly, Esq., the Mayor of Cork, has been presented with the Cross of the French Legion of Honor, in recognition of the humanity shown by the municipality and people of that city in sending succor to the French wounded during the recent war.

The steamship which has been lately placed on the station between Donaghadee and Portpatrick was run down in mid-channel in a thick fog by the Royal mail steamer Prussian bound from Quebec to Liverpool. She sank in five minutes in twenty fathoms of water, but hung to the Prussian long enough to allow the passengers and crew to escape. No lives were lost.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—Though for the last twenty years the potato fields did not present a more disheartening appearance at this period of the season than they do at present, still the tubers so far are comparatively sound. No doubt, owing to the prevalence of milder weather during the growing season, they are yet prone to be very soft and destitute in general of that flavour to be met with in a healthy crop, produced under the influence of favourable weather. There is a prospect of improvement at present; the atmosphere has cleared up, the air is light, and things look more promising than they have done for some time past. Should a fortnight