

shrine, carefully shut it, and discovered that with very little difficulty she could enlarge a hole already therein so far as to be able to perceive un-

seen all that occurred on the beach, besides commanding a view of the path that led down from the town.

Scarcely was the anchor of the Turkish galley dropped, than a boat put off filled with soldiers; and among them she could distinctly perceive there was one of great distinction, from his glittering robes and scimeter. At the same moment, emerging from the town, she saw the venerable form of Monsignore Carga, with Dom Michele and the stranger Bishop, Monsignore de Rigo.

She watched them, her heart beating high against its prison, till they reached the shore; and then, with menacing gestures, the band of soldiers rushed upon them, and they were led into the magazine, where the Pasha had retired.

"Mother," said she, in a stifled voice, "pray well; for Monsignore is in the hands of the infidels."

The never failing companion of Sister Francesca, her Rosary, dropped from her hands at this announcement, and she knelt like a marble statue for some minutes; then, uttering a deep sigh, fell insensible on the floor of the chapel.

Angela heeded it not; she saw, she heard, but one thing; every energy was concentrated on the little white building whither the Bishop had disappeared, and before which the Turks were standing scimeter in hand. Five minutes elapsed, and then she breathed again, for the three were led forth as they went in. He still lived! Drawing a deep breath, she saw Monsignore Carga and Dom Michele led to the beach and enter the boat, which immediately put off to the Turkish galley; while Monsignore de Rigo, having embraced them, remained standing alone on the shore.

The shades of evening were fast drawing round by this time, and Angela, her sight failing her from its eager straining, turned from the door, and saw the good Sister stretched insensible on the floor.

"Mother! dear Mother!" she exclaimed. "He is not dead. They have not killed him. Look up, dear Mother!"

And pouring some water out of the flask she had brought with her, sprinkled her face with it. The door slowly opened as she was doing this, and springing suddenly to her feet she stood confronted at the same moment with Francesco Commenos.

The wretched man did not start; he evidently was not taken by surprise; and doffing his cap with an attempt at a bow, he advanced a step or two, and stopped for a moment, as if transfixed to the spot. Angela had risen to her full height, and now stood before him, screening from view the still insensible form of the Sister, so that he deemed her truly, as he had fancied, alone. Her large dark eyes, which could glow with such seraphic inspiration before the altar, or melt into true Italian tenderness when speaking of what touched the pure chords of her innocent soul, now opened upon him with an expression of such majestic maiden dignity and pride, that she looked as if she saw a serpent before her, and would keep him at bay by the very fascination of the gaze she fixed upon him.

"What may Signor Francesco want here?" she said, in the measured tones of the mingled contempt and indignation that was rising within.

"Why is he not taking care of his young bride this dangerous evening?"

"It is not dangerous to the orthodox Christians," replied Francesco, recovering all his natural bold and subtle Greek manner, and seating himself coolly on a stone. "I heard you were making towards this place; and thinking you were concealed in the chapel, I am come to offer you my assistance and protection."

"I thank you," replied she in the same tone; "but the protection of him who has brought your under infidels here, and betrayed his country-people into the power of the foe of Christ, exposed our maidens to violence, old age and weak childhood to bloodshed, for the sake of obtaining a piece of poor revenge against a defenceless old man and an unprotected girl—were not worth much in the eyes of Angela."

"All is in your power," lady, replied the Greek; "consent to my suit, only promise me your hand, and all that array of infidels shall vanish like an evening cloud, and the Bishop shall be delivered from his temporary prison."

"And dare you," replied the indignant girl, "make a proposition like this to me, when Annetta has only for two months had the misfortune of being called your bride?"

"A divorce were easily obtained; a few thousand piastres to the Patriarch would suffice for that," he replied. "I married her only out of pique, because you scorned me; and, by heaven, he continued, in a deep tone of concentrated rage, as he saw the look of indignant loathing she turned upon him, 'if you reject me again, deep and terrific shall be my revenge.'"

"Miscreant!" she exclaimed; "worse than the very infidel you have called to bring fire and sword to our homes!—out of my sight! or rather, profane not the very presence of her whose shrine this is. If you respect not me, respect her at least whom your own religion teaches you to consider the Mother of God."

With a fearful execration Francesco arose from the ground; and in his blind rage kicked again and again; the prostrate form of the old nun, who still clung with an almost supernatural force to his clothes. Uttering not a word of complaint, though the blood gushed in torrents from her nose and mouth, she lay, her face half concealed on the ground, but her hands clutched so tightly round him that he could not escape, though he dragged her after him to the very door of the chapel. She had recovered her recollections during the altercation, and the Bishop's message coming over her, to guard his lamb from the wolves, the very force of her obedience gave her strength to hold on as long as she did.

"Will you let me go?" he shouted at last, drawing a knife from his belt, "or I will kill you."

She raised her face one moment from the floor, and uttered the one word "Francesco!" Shame came over even the hardened Greek when he found out whom he had thus been ill-treating, which, in his blind rage, he had not discovered before.

A thought, too, crossed him, that he might secure his prize by surer means.—He ceased struggling, and said doggedly, "Let me go, Mother; I won't touch her."

"You promise it?" she replied faintly; but her strength was failing, and truly her work was done, for Angela was already beyond immediate pursuit. He tore himself from her hands, and disappeared down the hill towards the town, as she inarticulately uttered, "God forgive thee!" She had strength left to rise and look towards the town, to which parties of Turkish soldiers were making their way from the beach. She saw that Angela was no longer in sight, and feeling too much in pain to attempt to hasten after her, closed the door, crawled towards the altar, and there, laying her bruised head on the steps, which was covered with blood, fell prostrate, in a state of insensibility.

Francesco, meantime, hastened to the seashore, brooding on revenge. He was known, and immediately admitted to the presence of the Pasha, who was still in the house where Angela had seen the Bishop and his companions brought by the soldiers. Seated on his divan, smoking a long pipe, with his followers around him, sat Ali Pasha, the emissary sent by the court of Constantinople to take summary vengeance on all the inhabitants of the island for their supposed intrigues with the Neapolitans and the Pope, and on Monsignore Carga in particular.

"Well, ghaour," said he, "what of thy country-folk? Report says they have all fled to the mountains."

"May it please your Highness," said the miserable so-called Christian, prostrating himself at the Pasha's feet, "they only obeyed the orders of their head, the Frank Bishop. He bade them fly, and would suffer none to remain."

"He shall bid them come back again then," replied the Pasha, "and that before to-morrow's sun be set. Meantime he is safe in prison on board our galley, the arch-traitor!"

"May it please your Highness," said the Greek, "there is one culprit who braves your wrath still—the tool of the Frank dog, and his adopted daughter."

"And where may she be?" said the Pasha. "I recollect—the girl that led the Maltese knight to the fountain. Bring her before us.—She, too, shall suffer for her bold bearing."

"If it be your Highness's pleasure," returned the Greek, "I can point out where she is hiding; for it is but this instant I have met with her."

"Then why did you not bring her to us at once?" said the Pasha; "thou deservest the noose likewise for thy treachery, ghaour."

"May your Highness's faithful slave speak?" returned the Greek, kissing the ground; "but she escaped me, while I tried to detain her; but if some of these soldiers will go with me, I will show them her hiding-place."

"Give orders that some follow him, Mustapha," replied the Pasha; "and see, ghaour, there be no treachery in thee, or, by the head of the Prophet, a running noose shall be thy speedy reward. Vile traitor to thine own faith!" muttered he, as Francesco left the room. At any rate, sooner or later, it will be thy recompense!"

(To be Continued.)

INFANTICIDE.

(From the Weekly Register.)

One of the most revolting traits in the Chinese character is the utter disregard of human feelings and natural instincts evinced in the murder of infants so common in the Celestial Empire. But are the Chinese the only people to whom that horrible reproach attaches? Is there no Christian nation nearer home where the fearful crime is prevalent? Read the report of the trial of Charlotte Winsor, at Exeter last week, for the murder of Thomas Edward Gibson Harris, and then say whether England is in a position to reproach the Chinese with infanticide. A more revolting case than this was never exposed in a Court of Justice. Imagination cannot conceive incidents more horrible. The darkest fancy of the dramatist never prepared a more terrible spectacle for the stage. The Greek Sorceress and the Druid Priestess, according to the poet's fiction, resolved upon the murder of their offspring in paroxysms of vengeance. But in Devonshire infanticide seems to be a trade, and mothers bargain with the murderers for the destruction of their infants, as a farmer does with a butcher for the slaughter of a calf or a lamb,—to save the paltry expense of their maintenance. Unchaste young women become mothers without being wives, and to rid themselves of the burden entailed by their licentiousness, they employ ruthless wretches of their own sex to destroy their offspring as they would kittens. It is indeed an awful and a frightful state of society in England which this Exeter trial reveals. Disregard of chastity and illegitimate birth are common characteristics of Protestant nations in colder latitudes, where the sensual passions might be supposed to be more under control. In chill Sweden this vice is as prevalent as it was ever imagined to be in the glowing atmosphere of Cyprus. And if statistics do not egregiously misrepresent, and mislead, Calvinistic Scotland has also a great deal to answer for on the same score. That in Babylonian London immorality should abound is hardly to be wondered, for here all the incentives to vice and all the opportunities for its indulgence abound. The population of a moderate sized kingdom gathered within the precincts of one city, from all quarters of the globe,—enormous wealth and an inordinate passion for luxuries of all kinds, among all grades of society, sufficiently ac-

count for the depravity of morals, that undoubtedly prevails in this vast capital. For years the prevalence of infanticide in London has been a theme for the coroners, especially those chosen from the medical profession. We have not the least doubt that abortion and the murder of infants, the issue of unallowed intercourse, have long been the besetting sin of London. If, however, these crimes were confined to this huge reservoir of all the concurrent peoples and passions of the earth, the national character would not be injuriously affected. England could not in fairness be held responsible for the vices of a city peopled from all nations, and overflowing with wealth and with destitution. But unfortunately the country rivals the town in depravity.—Bastardy and infanticide are as common in the rural villages as in the great city. Amid the sylvan glades of Devonshire, and, we fear, many other shires, the readiness to commit licentious sins and still greater crimes in order to destroy the living proofs of such sins is as common as in the crowded purlieus of London. Of this the trial of Charlotte Winsor affords only too positive and too copious proof. It also supplies evidence of a demoralisation and perversion of the female character and nature in England which is most horrible, most lamentable. The facts as detailed by an approver—the mother of the murdered infant—are few and simple, as the attendant circumstances are terrible.

Mary Jane Harris, aged 23, has carried on an illicit amour for nearly seven years with a farmer named Nicholls, in the neighbourhood of Torquay. She became the mother of two children. Of the fate of the first we are left in ignorance. The second was born last October, and the mother being anxious to go into service, sought some person who would undertake the nursing of the infant. Having failed in two or three quarters, she fell in with Charlotte Winsor, the wife of a cottager; and it having been arranged that she was to pay three shillings a week for the support of the infant, it was taken to Winsor's cottage on the 12th December. On the way a most extraordinary conversation took place between the mother and Mrs. Winsor, according to the testimony of the former, who was tried with Charlotte Winsor for the murder, at the spring assizes, when the jury were discharged without agreeing to a verdict, and who was now removed from the dock to the witness box to supply, as an approver, the missing links in the chain of evidence that failed at the former trial to bring guilt home to the actual murderers. 'As we were talking the child to the prisoner, I said there had been one child picked up (found murder) in the country. The prisoner said, I wonder I had not got myself into it once before. She had put away (gaspated) one for a girl who was confined at her house, who promised to give her £3. I asked her how she did it? She said she had put her finger under the jugular vein. She said she had stifled one three weeks old for Elizabeth Darwin, and thrown it into Torbay—that she had put away one for her sister Poory, as her sister said that she would give her £4. I then went on with her to her house and we had tea.'

One should imagine that so full a supper of horrors would have taken away all appetite for tea in the house of a confessed wholesale murderer, from a mother who was about to entrust her infant to the monster's keeping. But Mary Jane Harris was possessed of stronger nerves—if she too were not bent upon having her illegitimate child 'put away'—and she took tea made by the hands that scientifically stifled infants, and a further colloquy upon infanticide took place. 'I asked her if she was not afraid?' She said 'No' with you; its doing good.' Such are the ethics of the West of England. Murdering illegitimate infants is doing good. It relieves the parents or the parish of a burden, and it removes the innocents from a sinful world. So no doubt thought and felt and reasoned Charlotte Winsor while chatting over the tea cups with Mary Jane Harris and probably contemplating the performance of her 'good' offices for Mary Jane Harris's infant. Indeed, that such were her meditations at the moment must be inferred from the next sentence in the reported evidence. 'She said she would help any one that would never split upon her. I was leaving and she said, 'I'll do whatever lays in my power for your child. I said, 'All right,' and went away.—After such a preface we can hardly be surprised at the following history of as foul a deed, coolly, deliberately, and atrociously done, as was ever recorded or imagined. 'I saw my child a fortnight after this in Mrs. Wansley's (the witness's mistress) kitchen. The prisoner brought it. She said if I would give her £5, she would do away with the child.' What was the mother's reply to this diabolical proposal? 'I said I did not get £5 to give her. She asked me to give her a note to the father of the child. I said I could not do that. She said 'Get it any how else, I'll put them all by for thee if thee has forty.' Upon two or three subsequent occasions the amiable pair met,—infanticide forming on each occasion the burden of their discourse. At last the moment for action arrived. 'She (the prisoner) said if I would give her £5, she would do away with the child, and I said she might if she liked.' This was on the 8th of February, and on the following day the mother, the accomplice and the approver, called at the prisoner's cottage to be witness of the murder of her infant. The following is her own description of the scene:—'On the 9th February I got there (Winsor's cottage) about half-past 3. The baby was tied in the chair, and the grand daughter playing with it. After a little, the prisoner sent the little girl out.—After she was gone, the prisoner said she had not done it before I came out, because if I told on her I must tell on myself, for one would be as bad as the other. I said I would never tell if we were not found out. She asked me if she should do it. I asked her how she would do it. She said she put it between the bed-ticks.' And thus did an English mother discuss with an English matron about the mode in which the latter should murder, in her presence, her own innocent prattling babe, tied in its little chair like a lamb for the slaughter. It was not in such cool mood that Medea or Norma contemplated the sacrifice of their illicit offspring upon the altar of a terrible revenge. The Pagan nature was more human, than the Christian in the 19th century in England, with its reformed religion and its indiscriminate abuse of the Bible. The history of infanticide in China does not probably produce a parallel for the following cold-blooded narrative of brutal, deliberate, cruel murder in Devonshire.—The prisoner then took the child into the girl Pratt's bedroom. I did not go. She stayed ten minutes and then came back without the baby. She asked me to look in; she said it would soon die. I looked in and saw the bed made, but no child. The prisoner's husband came in and asked, 'Where is Tommy?' She said her aunt had taken it away. He then went out with a pail, and the prisoner said to me 'Did you hear the child cry?' I said 'No.' She said 'I did, and it was afraid my husband would hear it.' After this she went out of the room and returned with the baby. It was dead. She undressed it and opened a box. I took out the things it contained. She wrapped the child up in newspapers, and then put it in the box. I put down the lid and she locked it, and put the key in her pocket.' And so ended the plainest tale of horror that was ever told. The calmness, the coolness, the indifference of the witness when divulging how she and her accomplice murdered her own child, is absolutely appalling. It evidences a state of social demoralisation which should make Oburchmen and Statesmen tremble for this country. Charlotte Winsor has been convicted and will be hanged upon a gibbet for her manifold crimes,—but it is to be feared that there have been and are thousands in England as wicked as she and Mary Jane Harris. What, then, is to be done? How is this infanticidal system to be suppressed or checked. In Ireland, where they don't read the Bible as a class book, and where they don't frequent the Confessional, such crimes are almost unheard of. But as we fear the time is still distant when Great Britain will have

the grace to follow the Irish example in this respect, some less potent remedy should at once be applied. On the Continent there are state institutions for the reception and education of deserted illegitimate children; and in the United Kingdom we have founded hospitals upon a small scale. Why not adopt the Continental system? Weak-minded, unreflecting people are opposed to it as an encouragement to vice. But vice is rampant and universal here without it. Even if it had the bad effect apprehended, still infanticide is a greater evil and a greater crime than sensual indulgence, and reason and revelation both tell us that in so lamentable an alternative we should choose the less. A dreadful moral plague threatens us, and bold measures must be taken and without delay, to arrest its progress and if possible, drive it out of the land.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Wednesday, the 26th of July, the Rev. James Hamill, of Maynooth, received the order of priesthood in St. Malachy's Church, at the hands of the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian. The Rev. Mr. Hamill's course in Maynooth was short but distinguished. He is the eldest son of Murty Hamill, Esq., Grange, Cross Keys, county Antrim.

On Monday, the 25th ult., the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, paid his third yearly visit to the little parish chapel of Aghnacloy, Tyrone. On that occasion there were two hundred little boys and girls prepared for confirmation. His Grace expressed his gratification at finding the little children so perfect in their knowledge of the Christian Doctrine; and, after some further observations, he expressed how consoling it was for him to be informed by the much esteemed pastor, Rev. Father O'Toole, P.F., of the satisfactory state of the parish.

The Rev. Patrick Dardis, Parish Priest, of St. Mary's, Athlone, lately died suddenly, in the 49th year of his age. On the 16th of July, as he was proceeding to the workhouse, Athlone, he was suddenly taken with a fit and expired before any assistance could be rendered to him. Father Dardis had been Catholic curate to St. Mary's twenty-five years. The cause of his death was disease of the heart, from which he had been suffering for some time. Father Dardis was a great favorite in and around Athlone and the greatest grief was manifested at the announcement of his death. On Monday and Tuesday, July 17 and 18, the shops were kept closed, and grief was manifested as well by Protestants as Catholics. On Tuesday morning, from an early hour Low Masses were said in St. Mary's; and at twelve o'clock there was a High Mass de requiem, at which the Most Rev. Dr. Kilfidin presided in pontificalibus. The church was crowded, and amongst those present were Lord Castleblayney, Hon. Robert Hancock, Hon. George Hancock, and most of the Protestants of the neighbourhood. The remains were deposited to the left of the grand entrance door, and to the right are laid the remains the Rev. Father Kilroe.

The imposing and edifying ceremony of the profession of Miss Fitzpatrick, in religion Sister Mary, of St. Francis Xavier, and the reception of Miss Looman, of Neogh, in religion Sister Mare, of St. Clare; Miss Hickey, Myles Park, Wexford, in religion Sister Mary, of St. Stanislaus; and the reception, also, of two lay Sisters, took place on Tuesday morning, July 25th, in the beautiful chapel of the Good Shepherd, Limerick. The friends of the young religious from Carlow, Wexford, Nenagh &c., were present. The ceremonies were presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Butler, Lord Bishop of Limerick, and a very large number of clergymen were present, amongst them several friends from the diocese of Killaloe and the county of Wexford. After the ceremonies a grand déjeuner was given by the nuns.—Reporter.

On the 19th, 20th and 21st ult., in the Letterkeny Seminary, Donegal, the examinations of candidates for a place in the College of Maynooth was held. The first day was taken up with English and Latin composition; the second with the Latin and Greek authors; and the third with mathematics. His lordship, the Right Rev. Dr. McGittigan, assisted by a number of his priests, conducted the examinations. The successful competitors were Messrs. H. Gallagher, Gilgar, Kennedy, F. Gallagher, and Boyce.

The grand bazaar of which Archdeacon O'Brien is the head, and which was to have come off lately in Limerick, has been postponed until September. Valuable presents and donations are constantly arriving, and already quite a number of articles of great value have been collected. One present which has lately been received is quite a curiosity. This ingenious piece of workmanship is called 'The Queen of India's Work Basket.' It arrived per the Asia, from her Majesty the 'Queen of the Micmacs,' North America, who placed it for its present destination, in the hands of a Catholic missionary, the Rev. Peter Danagher, late of Limerick diocese—a clergyman who studied theology under the Venerable Archdeacon, in All Hallows. The gift which is woven like a basket, bears the form of an inn, and is one of the most elaborate examples of patient Indian ingenuity ever imported.

On Sunday, July 16, a mission was opened in the beautiful new Catholic Church of the parish of Balladagga, county Wexford. It is conducted by the Very Rev. Dr. Cooke, assisted by three of the missionaries of his order—Rev. Fathers Redmond, Nolan and Chevallier.

In the late House of Commons there were 57 Tories and 48 Liberals from Ireland. In the new House the numbers will be 57 Liberals and 48 Tories.

Capt. Richard and Jonathan Morgan, men of family and fortune in the County of Cork, have been sentenced to two years imprisonment at the Fermoy sessions. A gentleman of the name of Hunt, when out riding with Lady Louisa Morgan, daughter of the late Earl of Mountcashell, and wife of Captain Richard Morgan, replied to a remark of that lady upon the excellence of his horse's legs, that they were 'not so good as hers,' meaning, as he afterwards explained, as those of the horse she was riding. The lady putting another interpretation on his reply, complained to her husband, who accompanied by his brother, proceeded at 5 a.m. to the residence of Mr. Hunt, roused him out of bed, set upon him and beat him with sticks until he was insensible.

Mr. Hartly, county coroner, held inquests on Monday, July 17, at Kingstown, on the remains of Beidag Murray, aged sixty years, and Mary Leonard, aged twenty-six years, who died suddenly at their respective residences, York street and Goff's Court, on Saturday evening. Died of apoplexy was returned in both cases.

The Admiralty Director of Works arrived at Queenstown on Tuesday, July 18th, and gave instructions to Mr. Joyce, clerk of the dock yard works, to commence operations at the naval dockyard forthwith. A large quantity of timber has been ordered, as well as piling machines, quarrying implements and other materials. The plans for the works have been forwarded to Mr. Joyce.

DUBLIN, Aug. 1.—Prince Napoleon arrived at Kingstown yesterday morning from Beaumaris in his screw corvette Jerome Napoleon. He proceeded early in the day by the Kingstown Railway to the city, and visited the International Exhibition. He was the quietest character, as he was not recognized by any one until he happened to meet the French Commissioner, who conducted him through the building. Prince Napoleon subsequently visited various establishments in the city and made several purchases, especially of Irish poplins from Messrs. Atkinson and Co. of College-green.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.—The Irish assizes approach their close, and in almost every instance the grand juries upon the peaceful state of their districts and the general absence of crime. Indeed some of those learned persons would appear to be like a beauty just returned from a race-meeting, whose admirers have been betting and losing gloves to her. Even in very large and populous counties the sheriff has had the pleasure of presenting the judge with the white gloves, emblematic of the innocence of the district. Some few Whiteboy offences have come to light, but they are very few, and in one instance at least, although the trial takes place now the offence was committed four years ago. In one or two localities, also, the elections have occasioned riots nearly as disgraceful as our own, and the county of Monaghan is unenviably distinguished for outrages of a character so truculent in their brutality and so fatal in their consequences, that no amount of political excitement could furnish the slightest shadow of palliation for them. But, on the whole, the condition of Ireland is decidedly peaceful, and we fear that if we compare the records of our own Criminal Assize Courts with those of the Sister Isle, the result will be far from favorable to ourselves. Our best wishes for Ireland are so often discouraged that we hardly dare to found any very sanguine expectations of the future upon a passing token of progress and contentment. It unfortunately often happens that just as some gratifying circumstance occurs which we would fain to seize upon as an illustration of the improving condition of the country our bright theories are rudely knocked down. But we think we may discern in the many accounts that reach us of the state of Irish affairs an indication that the future of the country will be happier. It so happens that most of the turbulence that has been lately shown has occurred in the northern, and by far the most prosperous province. Old traditional party antagonism and religious animosity are, we need not say, the cause, and it is a sad reflection upon the weakness of human nature that those Irishmen, who in the ordinary affairs of life, are conspicuous for their prudence, and who show all these qualities which run side by side with good conduct, should be especially marked out for their violence and brutality when anything occurs to disturb their political or religious equanimity. Why sensible people should continue to be Orangemen is inexplicable. Orangemen is as much out of date as a sailing man-of-war. No one can contend that the persons and property of the Protestants in Ireland are not as safe under the protection of the Executive as if they were in Middlesex and in the recent outrages there was not the slightest pretence that defence was at the bottom of the assaults and murder that were committed. It is a matter of shame to the northern population of Ireland that, while we can honestly applaud the good conduct of their countrymen of the other three provinces, we should be compelled to hold up their proceedings as an exception the generally satisfactory condition of their country.—Globe.

The most brutal rioting was created by the Orangemen of Monaghan during the late elections. They came into Castleblayney in procession armed with guns and pistols, and goaded the police and their political opponents into a fight by the murderous use of said firearms. Five of the Catholic party were reported as dangerously wounded. Foremost amongst the murderous Orangemen was a youth named Edward Warren Gray. He now stands charged with murder, as the following verdict was rendered by the jury empanelled by the coroner to pronounce on the cause of death of one of his victims:—"We find that Edward Warren Gray is guilty of the murder of Peter Shevlin, and that John Steene and John Glen aided and abetted said murder." The names of two others of the injured Catholics are, Francis Maguinness and Bernard Taylor.

A shocking murder has been committed upon a Catholic in the County of Monaghan by a party of Orangemen, the ringleader of whom is a person named Gray, the son it seems of the notorious 'Sam' of Ballybay, who had often imbrued his hands in Catholic blood with impunity, but was at last convicted of a felonious homicide for which, if we remember rightly, he was condemned to transportation for life. From the evidence given at the coroner's inquest which led to the jury's finding a verdict of wilful murder at Castleblayney on Tuesday last, it appears that Gray shot his victim, a man named Shevlin, through the back, with a pistol when standing within a few feet of him, and while the cowardly murderer's two accomplices, John Glen and John Steene, also Ballybay Orangemen, were brutally striking the unfortunate man on the head.

It is stated by a correspondent of the Freeman's Journal that ever since the murder at the election in Castleblayney, as if to celebrate that shocking event, Orange arches have been erected across the public road at Aghnadamp, near that town. Two or three were removed by the police on the 24th.

The war of factions in Ulster, which raged so fiercely during the elections, is being carried into the courts of justice and into social life. The Ulster Observer, a Roman Catholic journal, states that 20 or 30 of the Dunganon Orangemen have been arrested and brought before Mr. Coulson, R.M., who committed each of them to the Quarter Sessions for their conduct on the 12th of July, bail to the amount of 40l. being taken for their appearance. The same journal states that the Orangemen "filled with anger and dismay" swore informations against an equal number of Roman Catholics, some of whom were 20 miles from the scene of action on the day in question, and that they involved in the charge the Rev. P. Quinn, C.O., who had been instrumental in saving some Orange lives on the 12th. But the magistrates refused to receive the informations against the priest. It is further stated that the Orangemen, not being permitted to march through the town of Dunganon, came as near to it as possible, and treated the inhabitants to the grating music of their fife and drums from dusk till morning.

During the past week, ending July 22d, the town of Clonakilty has been the scene of a series of tumultuous gatherings, commencing with an attempt to burn in effigy William III, which was frustrated by the energy and vigilance of the local magistrates and the police. This has been followed up by lighting tar barrels at night, and otherwise obstructing the public streets; but happily one of the ringleaders was caught, by an active member of the force, in the act of making the fire, on the evening of Wednesday last, and summoned by him before the magistrates at the petty sessions held here yesterday, when it was unanimously agreed, notwithstanding a most able defence by T. R. Wright Esq., solicitor, to inflict a fine of ten shillings; but some extenuating circumstances having been brought forward in the defendant's behalf, it was reduced to five shillings, and a severe caution was given to all concerned, that if they ever came before the magistrates in a like manner, they would be more severely dealt with, for the magistrates are determined to uphold the law, and put down everything tending to produce disorder and any bad feeling in the town and neighborhood.—Cork Examiner.

As in other counties, the judge (Mr. Justice Keogh) presiding at the assizes for the county of Cork, remarked on the lightness of the calendar as regarded both the number and nature of the offences to be tried, and congratulated the grand jury upon so satisfactory a state of affairs. Chief Justice Monaghan, at the opening of the county of Kildare Assizes, had similar congratulations to offer the grand jury on the peaceful state of their county.

A man named Jones who gave himself up to the police, for being the cause of the death of a car-driver named Plunkett, during the late election excitement in Drogheda, and against whom a coroner's jury found a verdict of 'Manslaughter,' has been fully committed for trial at the next assizes, not being able to find bail.