

to him by a certain air of stately dignity combined with gentleness, and the almost human look of intelligence that beamed from his eyes.

It seemed, when he looked at me steadily and heard me speak, as if he really knew what I said, and more than once I caught myself fancying that he was about to reply.

That is a very fine dog you have, Mr. Mansfield, I casually remarked, as I drew back from the table and saw the eyes of the animal fixed so gently and comprehensively upon mine.

His weight in diamonds could not purchase him, sir, replied the farmer, with enthusiasm.

No, sir; he is one of us—one of our family, I may say—and I would quite as soon think of disposing of my wife, or my daughter Hattie, there, as of selling him.

There must be a very strong attachment between you, certainly, I rejoined.

Indeed there is—a bond of union that nothing but death can sever. A most extraordinary animal, sir, is Bruno; and to him, under God, I am indebted for the life of my darling child.

Only for him, sir, this would long since have been a house of mourning.

You excite my curiosity; will you not favor me with the story?

Presently I will, sir. But first let me show you how much Bruno knows and understands.

Where did you place the candlestick last night, Hattie, when you went to bed?

On the table, father.

Is it there now?

No, sir. I brought it down in the morning.

And the extinguisher?

I left that on the table.

You may go and get it. Stay, he continued as she rose to obey; you may not be able to find it in the dark, and Bruno can. Go and get it, Bruno.

The dog, who had been looking at us and seemingly listening to the conversation, now quietly arose; and going to the door which opened upon a stairway, he stretched himself upward, lifted the latch with one paw, pulled the door open with the other, and disappeared.

In a few moments he returned with the extinguisher in his mouth, which he carried straight to his master.

Give it to Hattie, said the latter.

The dog at once advanced to the girl.

I think mother wants it; laughed Hattie.

The dog immediately went to Mrs. Mansfield, who was busy drying some dishes and placing them upon a large old-fashioned cupboard.

Poor Bruno! said his mistress, with a smile; they are only trying you; but if you will go over to the fireplace, and take a seat till I am done, I will relieve you of your charge.

No human being could have shown a more ready comprehension of everything spoken in an ordinary tone, than did that sagacious brute; and as he walked over with a stately step and seated himself as directed, with the extinguisher still in his mouth, I involuntarily uttered an exclamation of surprise.

I suppose you think this is a very clever trick which he has been taught, observed the farmer, turning to me with a triumphant smile: but I assure you, upon my honor, I never asked him to do the same thing before.

Of course, I was all amazement. What, save the power of speech, was the dividing line between this brute and the human species?

After trying him several times more, in different ways, and thus proving him to have a knowledge of all that was said to him, Mr. Mansfield proceeded to relate the following exciting and interesting incident:—

Six years ago last summer, began the worthy farmer, on a cold, drizzly afternoon, I drove down to the village to get my horse shod, and being detained till nearly dark, Hattie was sent by her mother to fetch the cows from a distant pasture. There seemed to be sufficient daylight for the purpose when she set out; but night came fast and suddenly, and when I got home Hattie had not yet returned.

From the very moment of being told whether she had gone, I felt a strange uneasiness about the poor girl, for the night had then set in intensely dark, and her path lay over a rugged hill, through a patch of woods, and across the neck of a miry swamp, where I had made a safe footpath by sinking some logs in the treacherous ground, and constructing a rude bridge across a sluggish stream.

But should either she or the cows miss this bridge, and get into the swamp, there was danger of their being mired and suffocated; and therefore it was with a good deal of anxiety that myself and wife, lighted by a lantern, hurried over to the perilous spot, hoping to meet Hattie on the way.

A fine, misty rain was steadily falling, and clouds hung about the earth like a fog, so that it was impossible to see only a few feet with the aid of the light, and not an inch without it.

Judging from a careful inspection that the cattle had not crossed the bridge, we went over to the pasture in search of them, calling Hattie loudly all the time. We found most of the animals at no great distance; but two of the animals were missing, and the poor child was not to be discovered. Then we became alarmed in earnest, and commenced a search for her, hurrying from one point to another, and shouting her name and hallooing continually. This we did for a couple of hours; and then my poor wife sat down and wrung her hands in deep despair. I suggested to her that Hattie might even then be at home, and alarmed at our absence; and this inspired her mother with sufficient strength and hope to get there, where she sat down under a new disappointment, helpless as a child.

Ah, sir, that was a time of terrible trial to me—my sweet child lost, my wife utterly prostrated, and not another soul near to give aid and sympathy. I could not stand it alone—I at once hurried to the nearest neighbour.

The man immediately set off to rouse other neighbours, and his family accompanied me home. By midnight quite a party had assembled at the house here, but it was decided not to begin the search for Hattie till the following morning.

At daybreak, seven of us went off in quest of the poor child, taking along a couple of dinner horns, and some three or four rifles, in hope of reaching her by sounds louder than our calls and shouts. We took the regular cow-path to the pasture, and searched through the swamp thoroughly in the vicinity of the bridge. The pasture was highly and much covered with trees and bushes, and we were several hours getting through with that; and then we spread off in different directions, and occupied the day without success. Oh, what a horrible night was that to me which followed!

For four days we scoured the country in every direction, without getting any tidings of the poor child; and then all, even the most sanguine in finding her, gave her up as utterly lost; and, completely worn out and heart-broken, I threw myself down, wishing for death to relieve me of my misery.

It was on this evening that a younger brother, who had been away on a journey up the country, returned with Bruno, who had been his sole travelling companion. The sight of the dog, whose sagacity had long been the wonder of all who knew him, excited a faint hope in my breast that he might yet find his young mistress, either living or dead; and with this idea uppermost in my mind, half insane as I was, I talked to him on the sad affair just as if he were blessed with the understanding of a human being.

Never shall I forget the sorrowful but singularly comprehensive expression of his brown eyes, as he kept them fixed upon mine all the while I was speaking to him; and when I had done, he turned away with a low mourning whine, and suddenly disappeared.

Early next morning my brother shouldered his rifle, and announced his intention of trying his fortune in a fresh search for the poor child; but all the men had gone home, and I was too much broken down with grief to accompany him; and so, calling for the dog, and not finding him, he set off alone.

It was somewhere about the middle of the day that I was sitting by the bed of my nearly distracted wife, trying to soothe and console her as best I could, when suddenly Bruno, whom I had entirely forgotten in the meantime, came bounding into the room, looking soiled and fatigued, as if from a journey, and at once began to bark and whine in a strange, peculiar manner, running to and fro between me and the door.

I do believe the dog has found the child! exclaimed I, starting to my feet with a new hope.

God grant it! cried my wife, wringing her hands.

Try and be calm, at least till I return, said I, feeling a new life in my veins.

I hurried out, the dog preceding me and barking joyously. He then struck off in a direction different from any we had taken in our search for the girl, barking excitedly, looking back at every few steps, and thus seeming to urge me to follow him. This I did as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, running most of the way. Into and through a deep, dense wood, down along a gloomy hollow, and up the steep sides of a wild, rocky mountain, the faithful dog led me a distance of three miles, keeping just as far in advance, and always timing his gait to mine.

At length we reached a spot more wild, rocky and gloomy than I had yet seen; and climbing to the top of a sort of cliff, Bruno gave vent to a series of strange sounds, something between a bark, a howl, and a wail, alternately looking back to me and down at some object evidently far below him. Pressing forward with emotions that I have no language to describe, but which seemed to still the very beatings of my heart, and rendered me sick and faint, I gained a footing beside the dog; and looking down into a pit or basin, surrounded on all sides by precipitous rocks—a strange formation of nature indeed—I beheld my poor child, stretched out on the earth, motionless, and as I then believed, dead. My brain reeled at the sight, and it is a wonder I did not fall. Perhaps I did; for how I got down to her I never knew; but my next remembrance is of sitting on the earth, clasping the poor, bruised, starved creature in my arms, and thanking God with all my heart that I held a living, breathing child.

I took off my coat, tore it into strips, lashed the child to my back, clambered up the rocks and thus conveyed her home, fainting with fatigue and emotion just inside the doorway.

That she eventually recovered, you have an evidence in her presence here to night.

In searching for the missing cows, she had lost her way, and becoming frightened, she had wandered off, she knew not whither, and had fallen over the rocks during the night, injuring herself so severely as to be unable to escape from the pit, where she had remained for five mortal days without food. Only for this noble animal, her bones might have been bleaching there to this day, and myself and wife been crushed with calamity that would have left us childless. By what strange instinct, reason, sagacity, or what you will, the dog had found her, I am unable to say; but the fact itself would have been sufficient, had I ever been a doubter or a sceptic, to have made me a firm believer in the watchful care and inscrutable ways of a Divine Providence. Do you wonder now, sir, that no money can purchase Bruno?

The next morning, when the stage came along, in good repair, and I took leave of the worthy farmer and his family, I held out my hand to the noble dog, who placed his paw in it, with dignified gravity, and gave me a parting look of intelligence that haunts me to this day, and which were I an artist, I should long since have drawn upon canvas. Had that animal a mind and soul?

Some times, when I compare him with the human brutes I meet almost daily, I am tempted to believe he had both, and that the latter had neither.

Envy is the most inexcusable of all passions.—Every other sin has some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse; envy alone wants both. Other sins last but for awhile; the appetite may be satisfied; anger remits; hatred has an end; but envy never ceases.

NAPOLEON AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.—THE POPE TRIUMPHANT IN ITALY.

All good Catholics will rejoice at the deliverance of Rome and of the peaceful and contented subjects of our Holy Father the Pope from the Garibaldian, or rather the gorilla-baldian bands, composed of the ruffians of Italy, of England, and of France, which recently threatened to overthrow the temporal sovereignty of the divinely great and good Pius the Ninth. Those bands were formidable, not because they had that brainless tool of revolutionary impiety, Garibaldi, for their chief, and his silly son for their captain, but because they were known to be secretly subsidized, armed, and pushed forward by the Cabinet of Florence; plentifully supplied with money by an influential party, with the connivance of high officials in England; and hallooed on in the work of pillage, murder, and the subversion of all Papal power by the political and Protestant press of England, and by the infidel and revolutionary portion of the press of France and of Italy.

But ever since it pleased God, in answer to the prayer of His infant Christian Church, to send an angel to deliver the first Pope from chains and from prison, the power of prayer in the protection of the person of Christ's Vicar has not failed to be divinely manifested. We need not remind our Catholic readers of the confidence with which the Archbishop of Westminster, in a recent pastoral, predicted what would be the result of such an observance of Rosary Sunday as the Catholic Hierarchy then recommended to the adoption of the Catholic populace throughout the world. Since that time prayer without ceasing has been offered by the universal Church for the deliverance of the Pope, and we as reverently as gratefully recognise the answer to such united invocation in the premonitory language addressed by the Emperor of the French to King Victor Emmanuel and his ministers, under the dire pressure of which the Rattazzi Cabinet was on Saturday last forced to resign and the King compelled to give such pledges as satisfied France that henceforth no Garibaldian marauders would be suffered to cross the frontier. At first, the Emperor of the French, yielding to infidel impressions and the solicitations of his fat and infidel cousin, the son-in-law of Victor Emmanuel, was disposed to leave to the revolutionary party in Florence the carrying out of the treaty of September, by which the two powers had guaranteed the non-invasion of the territory of the Pope. That party's plan was to fill Rome with secret agents, supplied with money, to corrupt the needy among the Romans, to organize secret societies, as was done in Tuscany and Parma, and, as was plotted to push forward Garibaldi and proceed abroad that King Victor Emmanuel was powerless, not to preserve the inviolability of the Papal frontier, but to save Rome and the Holy Father from the revolutionary fury of his own subjects.

But the earnest, devotional attitude assumed by the episcopate, the rural population, the old nobility, and the great bulk of the inferior clergy in France alarmed the Emperor, and even warned him that the preservation of his own dynasty was at stake. He had been expelled in Germany and in Mexico and it would hardly do to have it proclaimed throughout France that he had been duped by the helpless and despised Government of Florence. And duped he would have to appear to be, since he dare not avow that he was secretly in league with the revolutionists to betray the Pope.—He did, therefore, what he could not help doing—he ordered an expedition of six iron-clads, carrying ten thousand troops, to be quickly followed by other troops to the number of from forty to fifty thousand, to be got ready at Toulon, with steam up and ready to start at a moment's notice; and in this attitude he dictated to the King of Italy the terms upon which only France would forego the faithfully carrying out, sword in hand, the convention of September. In the pressure of such a force there was an end of the revolutionary jugglery. Victor Emmanuel saw at once that either his Government must put an end to Garibaldian rapine, ruffianism, robbery, and bloodshed in Italy, or France was able and prepared to do it and compel the red dragon and his brood (who have hitherto so strangely escaped the prophetic vision of Dr Oomping) to slink back to his goat abode in the Mediterranean. The King besitated, but the Emperor was imperative and pressed for an immediate answer; whereupon, alarmed for his throne, the King yielded everything and promised everything. In most of the large towns in Northern Italy and in Naples the Garibaldians had opened recruiting offices, were idle, dissolute, and disorderly ruffians were invited to enroll themselves, and were supplied with means to join the bands engaged in invading the Papal territory. These offices Victor Emmanuel pledges himself to close forthwith to put an immediate stop to the further progress of Garibaldian incursions across the Papal frontier, and to issue a proclamation recalling the Italians to the duty of giving prompt effect to the engagements entered into by their own Government. There is not a doubt of the fact, that if the French expedition had landed in Italy there would have been a dissolution of the Italian Kingdom. Instead of the good old Pope, it would have been the worthless descendant of the formerly grand old ducal House of Savoy—the royal debauchee painted in such odious and revolting colours by that hopeful youth Ricciotti Garibaldi—that would have been driven to seek an asylum among the exiled Princes of Europe. In fact his kingdom is at this moment, in a much sorer plight than it was when the Austrian flag waved over Milan and Venice, and the Bourbons swayed the sceptre of the Two Sicilies. Neither the robbery and pillage of the Church has supplied for the Italian want of industry, commercial enterprise, and fidelity to national engagements. The system adopted by Cavour for revolutionizing Italy has completely demoralized the great mass of the people; and a whole generation must pass away before the mischief done to them in every relation of life can even partially be eradicated. His weapons were not open force and the sword, but treachery, subordination of perjury, forgery of public securities, and wholesale bribery. In a Blue Book, presented some years ago to the House of Commons, despatches from the late Marquis of Normanby and the English diplomatic agents in Turin, Parma, and Lucca set forth how Count Cavour, while pretending to be on the most friendly terms with the then several Italian governments, had established and maintained paid secret societies in their capitals, and had purchased by promised promotions the swords of the very officers in command of the troops of these Sovereigns. In this way he was able to effect revolutions without bloodshed; but at the expense, and by the sacrifice of every principle of honor, of fidelity, of honesty and of truth. He created everywhere an atmosphere of corruption, of licentiousness, of distrust, and of falsehood. The victories fairly won by the sword in Italy contrast favorably in their results with the sneaking advantages gained by the crooked, thievish policy of Cavour, and his tool Garibaldi. The expulsion of the Austrians from Milan, Venice, and the Quadrilateral are exploits which leave behind them ennobling memories for those by whom they were effected, but not so the corrupting and ignoble expedients which compelled the flight of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duchess of Parma, and treated from the Pope the fairest of the States of the Church. The Garibaldian system of warfare is a combination of treachery, bribery, theft, lying robbery, pillage, murder, and usurpation. None but bad men and cowards could engage in it; nor could it triumph without ultimately demoralizing the population succumbing to the British soil. The Yankee Irish Fenians here are counterparts of Garibaldi and his confederates in Italy. If there be any difference between the two the advantage is certainly on the side of the Fenians, many of whom were driven from their country by British oppression, whereas neither Garibaldi nor his ancestors were subjects of the Holy See.

Writing in times when every day changes the face of events, it is difficult to so express an opinion upon

any question of public policy as not to expose one's self to the chance of a contradiction as to facts even before the written words can be published. But, however the policy of Cabinets may change, and whatever may be the fate of individuals, we entertain no fear as to the stability of the chair of St Peter. The living rock upon which that throne stands is unassailable in its divine durability by even the combined assaults of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel.—Northern Press.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Nov. 2.—The trial of 'Colonel' John Warren the first Fenian prisoner indicted at the Commission, ended yesterday in a verdict of Guilty Sentence was deferred. The simultaneous convictions in Manchester and Dublin may have a salutary effect upon the dupes of the conspiracy. Warren's case presented some remarkable features, which would have attracted a larger share of public interest had not other occurrences happening at the time diverted attention. At the outset one of his counsel, Mr. Heron, Q.C., put forward a plea in abatement on the ground that it did not appear that the witnesses whose names were endorsed on the indictment had been sworn before they were examined by the grand jury. This was fully argued, and was overruled by the Court. Mr. Heron then handed in a suggestion that the prisoner was a citizen of the United States and applied for a jury to try him composed in part of American citizens. This bold proposition was discussed at some length, and was rejected by the Court, the Chief Baron pronouncing a prompt and confident judgment against such a claim, the law of England being clear and administered without variation from the earliest times—that the man who was once a British subject, as the prisoner admitted that he was, remained so for ever. A jury was then empanelled, and the prisoner, having been formally given in charge, protested, 'as a citizen of the United States, against being arraigned, or tried, or adjudged by any British subject.' The Court reminded him that he was represented by counsel and had pleaded 'Not guilty,' and that he could not be heard unless through his professional adviser. He replied, 'Then I instruct my counsel to withdraw from the case, and I now place it in the hands of the United States, which has now become the principal.' Mr. Heron stated that, under such circumstances, he had no alternative but to withdraw. In answer to a suggestion from the Bench, he added that it was not a hasty determination. Mr. Dowse, Q.C., his colleague, asked the prisoner whether he adhered to his resolution to withdraw instructions for counsel, and the solicitor for the defence having replied that they did most positively, *ex parte* both the learned gentlemen, and enter on the scene another counsel, Mr. Adair, who added to the interest of the situation by stating that he had been instructed by the Consul of the United States' Government to watch the proceedings so far as certain cases were concerned. He wished to know how far he was entitled to act in this matter, and what course he would be justified in taking. The Chief Baron told him that if he were not counsel for the prisoner the Court could not allow him to interfere. Judge Keogh observed that if the prisoner wished to dispense with the assistance of the other counsel, and accept Mr. Adair's he was at liberty to do so. Mr. Adair replied that he had not been instructed by the prisoner. Judge Keogh rejoined, 'Then your interference is irregular and unprofessional.' Counsel said he thought the observation uncalled for, as he only wished to discharge his duty. After this lively little incident, which closed the first act of the proceedings, the Attorney General (Mr. Warren) stated the case for the prosecution, and gave an interesting narrative of the circumstances under which the prisoner appeared at the bar. He emigrated to the United States some years ago, and entered the American service, in which he rose to the rank of captain. In 1862, from some cause or other, he was dismissed. He then became a prominent member of the Fenian conspiracy, and was appointed head centre for the State of Massachusetts. On the 12th of April, 1867, a party of 40 or 50 men, all officers or privates who had been in the American service, dropped down from Sandy Hook in a steamer and there went on board a vessel which had been purchased for an expedition to Ireland. Among the party were the prisoner, who was called a 'Colonel' in the Fenian service, and a 'General' Nagle, who would also be put upon his trial. They sailed without papers or colours or luggage, but had on board a quantity of arms of various kinds, packed in piano cases, in cases for sewing-machines, and wine casks, all consigned to some merchant in the island of Cuba. After steering south for a while they veered towards Ireland, and whenever they met a ship they hoisted English colours. Gaining confidence as their voyage seemed to prosper they resolved on Easter Sunday, the 21st of April, to celebrate the festival in a becoming manner. The vessel had borne the unromantic name of the Jackall Packet. This they changed and called her the Erin's Hope—a title more congenial to their poetic taste and patriotic feeling. Kavanagh, another prisoner, who had charge of the ship, performed the baptismal ceremony, and having then read his orders, signed by Captain Powell, 'chief of the navy,' and by 'Colonel' Kelly, to land the arms in Ireland, distributed commissions to the officers on board. The arms of which Buckley, the spy prover, swore that the vessel was 'reasonably laden,' consisted of Spencer's repeating rifles, seven-barreled Enfields, Austrian rifles, Sharp's breech-loading rifles, and Bursard's breech-loading rifles, together with some smaller arms, a million and a half rounds of ammunition, and three pieces of unmounted cannon, which threw 3lb. shot and were frequently fired during the passage. On the 20th of May the Hope reached Sligo, and kept coasting along the shore, occasionally dipping into the bay. A boat was sent ashore containing two men, named Shea and Doyle, who had not since been heard of. Two others, named Smith and Nolan, who had been accidentally shot by Buckley's revolver, were also put ashore with a man named Nugent, and the three fell into the hands of the police. A pilot named Gallagher boarded the vessel, and was told that she came from Spain with a cargo of fruit. He was compelled by Warren and Nagle, another prisoner, to take an oath not to describe the vessel when he went ashore. On reaching land, however, he put himself under the protection of the Coastguard. The vessel was next visited by one 'Colonel' Burke, who informed the officers that they could not land the arms at Sligo. They accordingly left Sligo, and steaming southward coasted about until the 1st of June, when they reached Dungarvon, and after holding a council of war as their provisions were running out, they resolved to land some of the officers and let the rest return to America. A fisherman named Whealan happened to come near in his boat at this juncture and agreed to land two of the officers for 2l. When he went alongside, however, 28 men jumped into a little craft, and, fearing the Coastguard, insisted upon landing at a certain spot which is not a usual landing-place, and jumping out into 2ft. of water waded ashore. The omen of Erin's Hope was not fulfilled. Nagle and Warren hired a car to take them to Youghal, but were arrested on the way, and the remaining 26 who broke up into small parties, were captured in different places by the police within 24 hours of their landing. Daniel Buckley was the first witness produced by the Crown. He deposed to the above facts, and identified Colonel Nagle, Captain Costello, Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, Patrick Nugent, and James Coffey, *alias* Nolan. Michael Gallagher the pilot was also examined.—Times Corr.

DUBLIN, Nov. 5.—The sittings of the Commission Court were resumed yesterday. Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed before the Judges took their seats by the jurors, who had been summoned for a quarter before 10 o'clock, and were kept waiting two

hours their lordships having been engaged in consultation upon some matters, the nature of which did not transpire. The impatient jurors manifested their annoyance by stamping with their feet as gallery audiences do in theatres when the drop-scene remains too long down. At length the demonstration became so loud and general that the Sub-Sheriff was obliged to interfere and to threaten if the conduct was repeated to bring the offenders before the Court. The jurors bitterly complained of not having been apprised that their presence would not be required at so early an hour, but that they had been taken unnecessarily from their business. At the sittings of the Court at a quarter before 12 o'clock the names on the panel were called over. 'General' Louis Octave Fariola, *alias* Liebhart, was then indicted for treason-felony. When called upon to plead he seemed nervous and excited, and in a scarcely audible voice pleaded 'Guilty.' William Halpin, the alleged Head Centre for Dublin, was then put forward. When called upon to plead he made a long statement to the effect that he was not represented by counsel, and that a conspiracy had been entered into by the Crown lawyers and the Governor of Kilmahon to deprive him of the common rights of justice. He said he had not received a list of the jury or witnesses, and papers belonging to him had been kept back until the last moment. On Saturday week the Crown had given him the name of a witness in America who alleged certain acts which he could not obtain witnesses to disprove. He observed that he was no lawyer, and perhaps might not be entitled to the papers, but he thought that in common justice they ought to have been given to him in time to get witnesses from America; and he added, 'If the law is such as to cover the delinquencies of the Crown Solicitor in the case, and many others, which I think I will introduce during the progress of the trial, I am glad it is only English law.' The Chief Baron said the Court could not allow him to impeach the law of the land and assail the character of individuals, unless he was prepared with evidence to support his statement. He replied, 'I am prepared with evidence to support what I say.—I only make this statement to justify the course I am about to adopt. In consequence of those defects, which I claim to have been with; I most respectfully decline to plead to any indictment founded on the law which sanctions them.' The Chief Baron informed him that it was competent for him to show by affidavit good reasons for not being prepared to go to trial. He was not entitled to a list of the jury, but would have received a copy of the panel if he had applied for it. His Lordship warned the prisoner that if he refused to plead, the Court would be bound to try him in the event of a verdict found against him in the same way as if he had pleaded. The prisoner replied that he intended to act as his own counsel, and did not want a longer postponement of the trial than a few days. Mr. Anderson, the Crown Solicitor, stated that copies of the informations had been given to the prisoner after being sworn, and the paper which he recently received was not on oath. The Chief Baron said that if he were so the Crown had done what they were not bound to do, but what was proper for them to do in all fairness. The prisoner intimated that he would be ready with an affidavit in the morning, and was then removed. In the case of 'Colonel' Nagle, the Attorney-General stated that he would not proceed with the trial at the present Commission, but would send the prisoner for trial in the county of Sligo, where the overt act was committed. Augustus E. Costello was next arraigned. Mr. Heron, Q.C., his counsel, handed in a plea of abatement, which was overruled after argument. He then applied for a postponement of the trial until this morning, which was granted.

The police are actively pursuing the inquiries respecting the recent murderous attack on two members of their force. The two Deeganas, who were arrested on suspicion, were brought up yesterday at the Head Police-office, and remanded until Monday, three suspicious-looking persons were arrested yesterday in a public-house in Marlborough-street. One of them attempted to draw a loaded revolver, but his arms were caught before he could use it. He gave the name of Francis Quid Murray M'Haile. He had the American Eagle on his coat buttons, and his wristband was like an American soldier's. On his person were found a six-chamber revolver, fully loaded, a breech-loading pistol, 16 rounds of ammunition, and a quantity of detonating caps. He is said to answer a description given by two females, who state that they saw the man who fired the shots. The other two men gave the names of Thomas Rooney and Peter M'Donnell. They were taken to the Lower Castle-yard. On M'Haile being interrogated by Mr. Superintendent Corr, he said, 'I have already proved that I was a man. I can shoot with both hands and I would be a still man only that you came so suddenly.' This man is the person who the police charge with the attempted murder of the constables. At a later hour last night two other men, named O'Loughlin and O'Connell, were arrested in Lower Abbey-street. The former had in his possession a six-chamber revolver, fully loaded. All the prisoners were charged to day at the Canal street Police court, and thence having been handcuffed, were conveyed to Mercer's Hospital where the wounded officers are lying. Kenna said he was unable to identify any of the prisoners as the man who fired the shot; and Killy, looking at M'Haile, said, 'If that was the man who fired, he must have changed his clothes.' They were taken back to the police-office and remanded, with the exception of M'Donnell, who was discharged. Bail was accepted for O'Connell. The wounded constables are still alive, but Kenna is reported to be sinking.

The following singular letter appears in the Irish Times:—

'SHOOTING AT THE POLICE.
To the Editor of the Irish Times.

Sir,—You will permit to place before the public a true version of the late shooting case. There was on that evening a meeting of the Fenian officers for the purpose of closing up the month of October accounts. I was deputed by my superior officer to deliver up the papers and accounts to the branch office, south city, with instructions not to surrender the documents to any one. When on my way, and in performance of my duty, I was rudely interrupted by a constable at the corner of Blessington street. After crossing the water I was about turning up a street when another policeman had the audacity to interfere with me, doing what is called by the enemy his duty. In a few seconds after I was again interfered with by another constable. In obedience to my orders I did my duty, and trust always to do it whenever so importantly engaged. The policeman at the corner of Blessington street is silent on the matter, possibly through fear of his superiors; but if he has the pluck to assert what occurred his statement will plainly show that there was none of the assassin in me. Please insert this in your next publication—allow the public to judge for themselves. None of the Fenian army seems to have the slightest complaint of your conduct as a journalist; the only thing any one should require is fair play. As the soldier of another Power, whether on or off duty, I shall always obey that Power, and vigorously carry out its commands.

I am, 'A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF THE FENIAN ARMY.'

The journal adds:—The above letter, written in a disguised hand, was left at our office yesterday. We publish it without in any way vouching for its authenticity. It may possibly be a true explanation of the motives which prompted the deed.

The Catholics of Waterford recently held a meeting to solemnly express their sympathy with their Pope. Bishop Walsh presided, and in a very short space of time 2160 were subscribed as the initiation of a sum to be presented to the Pope for the alleviation of the miseries caused by the Garibaldian invasion.