

phers, which now gave visible signs of an approaching storm. A sharp wind had commenced to rise, and the sky was being rapidly overcast; a low, rumbling peal of thunder was the first intimation they seemed to have of the change.

They had now reached the bottom of the sloping descent, which here diverged out into a bold and rocky headland. They could see the sea beginning already to chafe under the spur of the breeze, and see the gulls sweeping in long low flights over the surface of the water.

'Come, Rose,' said her companion, 'it would be useless to attempt to reach the house before this storm breaks. I know a place down here where we can get shelter till it passes over. It will only be a short one any way.'

Taking her hand and lifting her occasionally over some rough crag to save her from scrambling, he soon reached the spot he had spoken of. It was a large natural cave in the side of a rock, wide at the entrance, but not very deep. However, it was as good as a grand apartment for the purpose.

'Ah!' said Walter, as he entered the place first, 'some one appears to have taken up their lodgings here. They must have a romantic taste if they are able to pay for better.'

Rose, as she heard his exclamation, looked around, and through the dim light perceived a rough 'shake-down' of straw in one corner of the cavern.

'Oh, Walter, let us leave this!' she uttered. 'How do we know to whom or what this den belongs. I should rather stand out in the storm than stay in here.'

'Calm your fears, my dear. There is no ground for them I assure you. If I thought there was, do you think I would have let you enter. You see there is no other sign of human habitation about the place than that rude couch, and that may have been placed there by some fisherman or schoolboy who resorts here. I know you are not so silly as to think there are any wild beasts around here.'

Rose seemed to be pacified by these assurances, and Walter having rolled in a large stone for her to sit upon, he threw himself on the straw by her feet. There they talked away on many a theme, while the thunder rumbled above them, and they could hear the waves dashing against the rocks. It was evident, however, from the heat that the storm would not last long, and the atmosphere was so close within the cavern that Rose was forced to take off her bonnet and cloak and throw them aside.

'See,' said she, as she released herself from these incumbrances, and pointing out to the distant horizon, where the sun was trying to break through its murky envelope—'see, Walter, it is almost all over now.'

As she stood thus, clad in a white summer robe, and with her arm outstretched in the direction of the cavern door, a form all of a sudden darkened the entrance, but scarcely glanced within when it uttered an unearthly howl, and bounded off over the rocks. The two young people recognised it at the same instant.

'Jonas Hull!' said Rose, trembling all over at the apparition, and sinking to the ground with a sudden faintness.

But Walter was already out of the cave and after the figure over the rocks where he saw it running with the agility of a goat. Following it as quickly as he was able, Walter soon found himself out on the furthest point of the headland alone with the maniac, and almost beside him. It was then that the thought of his indiscretion occurred to him, and he was on the point of turning back, when the maniac flying towards made an effort to grapple with him. Walter managed to beat off his attempt a few times, but this only seemed to enrage the madman more, and make him more desperate, for giving a sudden bound, he wound his arms round the young man's body, and began pulling him towards the edge of the rock, far below which the waves could be heard in noisy dispute with the wind. It was evidently the intention of the maniac to jump off with Walter into the sea, for they were both tightly clasped to each other, the one struggling for release, the other for mutual destruction.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the maniac. 'So you have come back from the bottom of the ocean for Jonas, did you? It was a good revenge though, wasn't it?' he said, glaring into the now despairing face of the youth. 'Killed her, too,' he continued in a whisper, 'for I saw her ghost—saw it twice; once in the lighthouse on the night I sent you to Davy Jones' locker, and now again in the cave. She follows me everywhere. Come, let us go where she won't find us,' and he endeavored again to pull the youth towards the end of the rock.

Just then a wild shriek broke on both their ears close by. The maniac heard the sound with a look of terror, and looking round yelled out— 'There it is again. It is after me everywhere.' In his terror his hold had loosened from the youth, who took advantage of it to spring away from his grasp. But the maniac seemed to have no more consciousness of his presence. His eyes were riveted upon the figure of Rose a few yards distant. She took a step or two towards Walter, but had scarcely made them when the maniac shrieked out— 'She is coming again. She thinks she will keep me here with her white finger pointed at me for what I did. But I will escape her.—Ha! ha! ha! wasn't it a good joke,' and rushing to the end of the rock plunged headlong into the foaming billows below.

It was about a month after this occurrence that the village was all in holiday trim for an event, for which we suppose some of our readers have been waiting with suspense. The day was as beautiful as one could have wished, and so was the bride, too, for the matter of that, as even the crabbest old bachelor out of bedlam would have confessed had he seen her. Her dress was a perfect marvel of mantua-making, and no wonder, for it had been the result of seventeen secret sessions of as many young ladies and cost—none of the young ladies could tell what it really

cost, but I refer you to Walter for its approximate value.

'He was as happy a youth on that day as the gayest prince in Europe, and no doubt, if asked, he would have told you he would not have bartered his little heroine of a wife for a throne.

Old Father Hanlon never performed a similar ceremony with greater pleasure, and when it was all over in the church, he took the party into his own house, and put something into the hand of the bride, which she handed over at once to her husband, at which action the good priest laughed most heartily, telling her humorously, that she had made him 'as much master of the purse as it be had taken the first drink at St. Catherine's well.'

As if not to mar the pleasure of the scene by any unhappy guest, Walter's father who was present at his son's marriage, had been some time previously reappointed to his old post in the lighthouse, and the occurrence seemed to have put new life into him, for none—no one—was merrier that night at the supper-table, or more sprightly in the dance.

We think we have raked all the characters together, and settled them for better or worse before closing the story. If any one we have introduced has not been disposed of in either of these ways, it is very probable that he still remains just as we found him.

THE END.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

IRISH WARRIOR PRELATES AND PRIESTS.—We make these interesting extracts from 'The Irish Hierarchy in the 17th Century' in Duff's *Hibernian Magazine* of this month. The writer states that Bishop O'Brien fixed his residence in Limerick, 'just as Ireton was marching on that devoted city.'

As the history of the siege is too well known to need repetition here, our notices must be limited to such passages as have special reference to the Bishop of Emly, and, indeed, it is almost superfluous to state that his conduct, during that six months' memorable struggle, was honorable and heroic to the last. In the midst of the pestilence which carried off five thousand citizens, he proved himself a man of zeal and charity, and in the council chamber, where a clique of craven traitors from time to time insisted on the necessity of capitulating, he protested energetically against all accommodation with Ireton. It has been said that the latter offered him a large sum of money, with freedom to go where he liked, provided he exerted himself to induce the garrison to surrender, but although such assertions may be gratuitous, there are instances enough to show that he was as true as he was uncompromising.

O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, and Walsh, Archbishop of Cashel, were within the walls during the siege, but neither of them acted the brave and manly part which earned for O'Brien the inexorable hostility of Ireton. The two former dignitaries, indeed, labored unsparingly in the pest-house for the spiritual comfort of the plague-stricken, and in the hospitals, which were crowded by soldiers mortally wounded; but O'Brien, instead of confining himself to hospital or pest-house, made the ramparts the scene of his charity, and there, like Cardinal Ximenes, and other fighting prelates, with whose history his Spanish studies made him acquainted, he filled the double role of priest and soldier, encouraging the faint-hearted, and absolving the moribund as they fell at his feet.

It must also be recorded to his honor, that he sternly opposed Ireton's proposals from first to last, and did his utmost to convince the council of war that the city had abundant resources to sustain a more protracted siege; and finally, that approaching winter, death, and spread of infection, must compel the parliamentarian general to break up his camp, and retire from before the walls. The divisions, however, that grew rife in the town, and, above all, the treason of Fennell, whom Major-General O'Neill so unwisely spared at Clonmel, marred all his patriotic efforts, and gave Limerick to Ireton. The latter, as might be expected, could not but regard O'Brien as his mortal and persistent enemy, and notwithstanding all negotiations which were attempted in his behalf, nothing could induce Ireton to include him in the list of those who were 'received to pardon.'

Knowing the fate that was in reserve for him, when the city surrendered, O'Brien retired to the pest-house, not, indeed, for the purpose of secretly himself, as has been commonly thought, but rather that he might devote the last moments of his life to the benefit of his suffering fellow-citizens, and prepare himself for death. The officers who were charged with his arrest found him thus employed, and they instantly conducted him to the headquarters of Ireton, who told him that he was to be tried by a court-martial, and imprisoned till the sentence was found. O'Brien heard this without moving a muscle; and when Ireton demanded did he want counsel, he calmly replied, that all he required was his confessor. This boon was granted, and Father Harrahan, a member of his own order, was suffered to pass the whole day and night of the 30th October with him in his prison cell. On the following evening the finding of the court was announced to him, as he lay half-stripped on a pallet, and the officer who was commissioned with this lugubrious duty gave him to understand that the sentence was to be carried out on the instant. On hearing this he got up to dress himself, but before he had time to do so, the provost-marshal's guard pinioned his arms, and thrust him out of the cell almost in a state of nudity. It was only natural that his fine sense of delicacy should resent this cruel insult, but finding that all remonstrances were lost on the posse who surrounded him, he passed an instant, as if to collect himself and said, in a solemn tone, that 'the time was not distant when Ireton should stand before God's tribunal to account for his bloody deeds.' Surely they must have jeered him as a prophet of evil!

It was a long way from the prison to the place of execution, and as the cortege proceeded it was encountered at every step by sights more appalling than that of a man going to the gallows. For two days previously Ireton's troops had been allowed to pillage and slay as they liked, and there was hardly a house that did not bear witness to their fierce licentiousness. Windows shattered, doors wrenched from the hinges, corpses of men and women lying stark in the kennels, wares of every sort scattered and trodden under foot, showed that destructiveness had reigned to satiety. No living thing appeared along the route of that sad procession, and the universal stillness would have been unbroken were it not for the heavy tread of the doomed man's escort, and the ringing of their weapons as they clinked on the pavement. O'Brien, however, conducted himself with his accustomed firmness, and though distressed at being obliged to parade the deserted thoroughfares on that winter's evening in a state little short of absolute nakedness, his step was as steady and his bearing erect as either could have been on that memorable day when he followed the trophies of Benbrin to St. Mary's Cathedral.

Arrived at the foot of the gibbet, he knelt and * In 1509 he commanded the expedition that was sent to take Oren, and when the Spanish troops disembarked, he rode along the lines with a sword at his side, and made an animated speech to the soldiers, declaring that he had come to see his own life in the cause of the Cross, as his predecessors had done before him.—See Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, v. iii., p. 298.

prayed till he was commanded to arise and mount the ladder. He obeyed, seized the rungs with a vigorous grasp, and turned round, as if anxious to ascertain whether any of the citizens had ventured abroad to witness his death-scene. Having satisfied himself that some few of them were present, and within reach of his voice, he exhorted them to continue true to the faith of their fathers, and hope for better days, when God would turn in mercy on unhappy Ireland. A few moments more, and his soul was with the just. Thus did Terence Albert O'Brien pass out of this life, on All Saints' Eve, 1651. As soon as life was extinct, the executioner lowered the body to the ground, and after the soldiers had discharged their muskets at it, he hacked off the head, and impaled it on the tower of St. John's gate, where it remained for many a day a ghastly evidence of Ireton's vindictiveness.

O'Brien's execution was speedily followed by that of many priests of the Dominican order, among the most distinguished of whom were Fathers Wolf and Collins. The one belonged to an ancient Limerick family, which had already given a hostage to the Church in the person of the celebrated legate of the same name; and as for Collins, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader that he was he who led the storming party at Bunratty. Both were sentenced by a court-martial, and both died as became them, with Christian courage and Christian hope. Ireton, indeed, dealt unsparingly with the Dominicans, for he knew that they were the Nuzio's most faithful and uncompromising adherents, and that every member of the order, with one solitary exception, advocated his policy, not only while he was in Ireland, but when he was far away in his principality of Fermo. Persistently heroic during the siege, they exhibited the same undaunted composure on the scaffold, and their conduct in the latter instance contrasted strongly with that of the temporizing Major-General Purcell; who swooned at sight of the halter, and had to be assisted by two musketeers while mounting the ladder.

It was on the 10th of November, when all this cold-blooded butchery was done, that Ireton was seized with the epidemic (dysentery) which had been ravaging the whole island for nearly an entire year. Betaking himself to the tall, old gabled house, close by the Tholsel, he grew gradually worse and more faint, and at length inflammatory fever supervened. 'In his delirium,' says Sir P. Warwick, 'he shouted repeatedly: "Blood! blood! I must have more blood!" and, if we may believe other writers who had similar opportunities for informing themselves concerning the last moments of this cruel man, the Bishop of Emly was so palpably before him, that he had to turn his face to the wall to avoid the horrid sight. In the wild outbursts of his frenzy he over and over again repeated that he was guiltless of the bishop's death, that he had no hand in it, and that the court-martial alone was responsible for the sentence and execution. These however, were nothing more than echoes of a guilty conscience, unsoftened by a single expression of regret or repentance—unavailing protestations and arguments thrown away on the bloody sceptre that never quit his bedside till God called him to judgment, after sixteen days of unmitigated suffering. Need we say that O'Brien's prophecy was fulfilled, and may we not suppose that he confronted his murderer at God's tribunal!

'EMANCIPATION' IN SLIGO.—We have it on the authority of the Census Commissioners, that the religious denominations stand as follows:—

IN SLIGO COUNTY.

Catholics	112,526
Protestant	11,832
Majority for Catholics ..	100,694

IN SLIGO BOROUGH.

Catholics	10,493
Established Church, &c. .	2,465
Catholic Majority .. .	8,028

It will be seen from this, that Sligo County and Borough are, as we have heretofore stated, essentially Catholic the population belonging to that church being nearly ten to one of all other religious denominations. Starting from these premises, let us see the 'Religious Equality' vouchsafed to the Catholic people, thirty four years after the passing of the Emancipation Act:—

Sligo County.—In the Magistracy, the Protestants are ten to one Catholic. The Parliamentary Representatives are both Protestant, owing to the tenants being at the mercy of their landlords. The Board of Superintendence of the County Jail is composed exclusively of Protestants. The County Surveyor is a Protestant, the Clerk of the Crown is a Protestant, the Clerk of the Peace and his deputy are Protestants; the Secretary of the Grand Jury is a Protestant, the Court Keeper is a Protestant, and nearly all the Petty Sessions Clerks are Protestant. Sligo Borough.—The 'Member' is a Protestant (having been converted some years ago); the magistrates count nine Protestants (including the Mayor) to four Catholics; the Mayor is a Protestant, the Town Clerk is a Protestant, the street inspector is a Protestant, the head of the night watch is a Protestant. It would be an oversight to omit recording that this is the fifth year in which a Protestant has been elected Mayor of this Catholic Borough, owing to the Tories having managed to be in the majority in the Town Council, and we need not add that it would never occur to those 'friends of civil and religious liberty' that it would be only fair to allow a Catholic to be Chief Magistrate of the Borough even one year out of five! Besides the Corporation, we have a body called the 'Town and Harbour Commissioners,' numbering twenty-four members, who are elected for life! Out of the entire number there are just two Catholics! The Secretary of this body is also a Protestant, and his deputy is also a Protestant.

The 'friends of Italy' in London have given Garibaldi an ovation, as the 'champion of civil and religious liberty' all over the world—what would the hero of Aspromonte think of such religious liberty for Italy as that to which Catholics are subjected in Ireland? We have instanced the County and Borough of Sligo, but the same exclusive system obtains throughout the entire of Catholic Ireland—at least in every county, city, and town where the power of the Church as established by law can be brought to bear upon the people: To that Church we owe the exclusive dealing of which we complain.

THE TAXATION MOVEMENT.—We understand that Colonel Dunne, M.P., and Sir Edward Grogan, Bart, M.P., both of whom have heart and soul, taken up the subject of taxation of Ireland, have, during the recess, had interviews with those gentlemen who are most conversant with the important, though rather abstruse subject, and that they are now only waiting government, having issued the returns which were asked for in order to commence the sittings of the committee. There is a growing feeling in England in favor of some remission, and we believe in the present temper of the British people there is more probability of redress than might at one time have been expected.—*Waterford Mail*.

* Three days after this bloody transaction, Ireton wrote to Speaker Lenthall thus:—'It hath pleased God since the surrender to discover and deliver into our hands two persons of principal activity and influence in the obstinate holding out, the Bishop of Emly and Major General Purcell, whom we presently hanged, and have set up their heads on the gates.'

† The author of the 'Aphorismal Discovery,' speaking of Purcell, says, with less reverence than sarcasm, 'that he was always a prime factious, and in his last moments he became the good thief at the right side of the Saviour's cross.'

‡ It is still standing, and for the knowledge of this fact, the writer returns his thanks to the Rev. Michael Malone, St. Mary's, Limerick—the most distinguished literary ecclesiastic in that diocese. § He died Nov. 26, 1651.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.—The *Cork Examiner* of 19th ult. announces that the Triennial Visitation was held at the Queen's College, that day. The visitors present were—the Lord Chancellor, the Right Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Killaloe; the President of the College of Physicians, and the President of the College of Surgeons. As it was known that the Kane and Bullen controversy would come on for consideration before the Visitation, the Examination Hall was densely crowded with the students and the public, and the great interest was taken in the proceedings.

The Lord Chancellor said the Visitation had nothing to do with the criminal aspect of the affair, but would simply inquire into the matter as involving a breach of discipline of the College.

Mr. Barry, Q. C., who appeared as counsel for Sir Robert Kane, then rose and said that he was happy to say that the painful investigation would have a result that would be satisfactory to all parties who had the interest of the College at heart. He held in his hand a letter from Dr. Bullen, which reflected much credit on that gentleman and his advisers. Mr. Barry then read the letter. In it Dr. Bullen stated that the two memoranda sent by him to the Lord Chancellor, and purporting to represent conversations held between him and Sir R. Kane, were not committed to writing for a considerable interval after they were held, and he believed that the lapse of time had effaced from his mind an accurate recollection of them, and that he had substituted erroneous expressions for what had passed. He was now satisfied that Sir R. Kane was perfectly justified in his denial of the statements attributed to him, which he (Dr. Bullen) now entirely withdrew. The letter went on to say that the charges he (Dr. Bullen) has since made against Sir R. Kane owing to excitement were entirely unfounded, and he begged to retract them in the most unqualified manner. The letter concluded by tendering the writer's most ample apology for any annoyance the transactions may have occasioned Sir R. Kane. The Lord Chancellor said he would forward the letter to Government, who would deal with the case. The proceedings then terminated.

CORK HARBOUR.—A Sketch.—The *Exodus*.—A person having a few leisure hours at his disposal might not devote them to better use than in scanning the busy scene which this fine harbor presents at the present moment. It is the grand focus of emigration for the three provinces, since the cessation of the Galway line, and the placing on of the third competing line. The steerage passage has risen to £7 7s, and is likely soon to attain to £8 8s, if the present mania should continue. Thus, in his final exit from the land in which the Celt was not permitted to live, the heartless English speculator must have his pound of flesh. The transition now taking place here is wonderful in the extreme. It is not merely the innumerable crowds actually passing away, but the irresistible determination that has taken possession of the greater portion of the entire population to effect their departure with the least possible delay. It seems quite incomprehensible—a mysterious change, as if ordained by the will of Divine Providence for the accomplishment of some great end. The tribes of Judah yearned not with more longing for the promised land than our poor fellowmen look forward to the great West for their deliverance from Saxon bondage. So eager are they throughout the country, that they seek to leave as if in anticipation of some stupendous events, of which this devoted land was to become the theatre. I have been informed that the only business transacted in country towns is purely that intending emigrants do, in the purchase of sea-stores, clothes, &c. As I write, the crowds on the quays move about with some bustle and animation. A shot is heard in the distance, soon a second, and the City of Glasgow appears. A third shot, to which a loud cheer responds, and a scene ensues which is utterly indescribable. The crush and bustle, the hurry and anxious precipitation of the immense crowd, with trunks, boxes, and parcels brought into incessant collision, presented a scene of interminable confusion. The struggle is not as to who may be first, but who will not be last. Soon, however, by the arrangements of the agents, the full quantum are on board; the human freight looks pleased at the fortunate transfer; a signal gun presages her departure; another lusty cheer, and the frail craft with her cargo of virtuous young men and women are hurried out of sight to diffuse their faith and morals amongst the war-scourged denizens of the great but weakened Republic. 'Tis a sad picture this, and evokes painful reflections.

EVICCTIONS IN MEATH.—Ardee, March 28.—The 'destroying angels' of the law are not idle in Royal Meath, the stronghold of bullockdom. On last Saturday there were ten families, numbering some forty-three inhabitants, unhoused by the sheriff's officer, on the townland of Drumgill, in the barony of Lower Slane. The ejection was for non-payment of rent, the landlord being Mr. Thomas Willet Donaldson, of Dancesort, Athboy, a gentleman long known to be most indulgent and considerate to his tenantry. The fact, however, of the property being advertised for sale in the Landed Estates Court may serve to explain the necessity for the sad proceedings, the 'state of the law' requiring that the shortcomings of one shall occasion the infliction of the greatest amount of ruin and punishment on the many. On the lands of Newstone, adjoining the above, there will be other 'clearances' after the Kells Quarter Sessions this week, the landlady, Mrs. Forbes, of Colton, having served the necessary legal documents. Singular to state, two Scotchmen, introduced, it would seem, into this locality on the 'model' principle, have recently succumbed to 'hard times,' and experienced the tender mercies of the bailiffs. Whatever their agricultural excellence may have been, punctuality in rent-paying was not among them, as their landlords soon found to their cost. So much for Scotch enterprise in connection with Irish land lawst—*Communicated*.

An extra Innan steamer, City of Limerick, called at Queenstown on Saturday, and embarked about 480 passengers for New York. The Glasgow of the same line will sail to-day, taking a similar number, thus making three vessels of the one line within a week, taking about 1,200 passengers from this port, and the latter almost exclusively of the agricultural class.—*Cork Herald*.

Emigration seems to be no way on the decline in this locality. On the contrary, America is the rage. Every week at the railway station numbers of young men and women may be seen with their luggage ready to depart, many of them leaving in agonising tears, the grey-headed parent whom they fondly cherish. On last Wednesday no less than sixty left by the seven o'clock train for Cork, thence to sail for America. To-morrow, I am informed, a similar number are about to leave, and the appearance of the country for miles around here is a dreary waste, apparently uncared for and devoid of cultivation. No peasant seems at present to take an interest in his native place, and I believe, no inducement that could be held out to his class would make them contented. Sooner would they face the land of fratricidal warfare and embark on a new scheme of life, than cultivate at home the soil which I dread must soon go to waste, or become the property of strangers. The natural owners, the unfortunate Irish, will be dispersed throughout America, both North and South; grieving, perhaps many of them for the once peaceful, and comfortable homes and holdings which they had to part.—*Munster News*.

The diminution in the population, occasioned by the emigration, is already observable in the thinness of the attendance at fairs, and even at some of the country chapels. Every day may be seen crowds of emigrants hurrying towards the various railway stations, en route to America. The ordinary lines of passenger vessels, though the fares have been raised, are unable to carry the emigrants as fast they apply, and large numbers at almost every port are obliged to wait for the succeeding vessels.—*Western Star*.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.—A correspondent writing from Westport says:—'I am a resident of this town for the last fifty years, and such a depression in trade I never witnessed; and no wonder, as not a day passes there are no less than twenty individuals leaving this town and vicinity, all for America. I do not exaggerate when I state that over 500 have left this town and neighbourhood since Christmas last, all young and well-to-do people.'

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.—The National Steam Navigation Company's steamship Virginia, called at Queenstown from Liverpool, and embarked 420 passengers, principally steerage, for New York.—*Cork Herald*.

AMERICAN AGENTS.—It is extensively rumored here that for some time past a 'gentleman,' representing himself to be an agent to a railway company in America, has been inducing young men in the neighborhood of Caheriveen to go to the States, on the promise of paying their passage, and on their arrival at the other side giving them immediate employment on a railway at a high rate of wages. He has thus succeeded in getting five young fellows, who are to be placed aboard a transatlantic vessel without delay, and borne to a land to realise the horrors of war. It is likewise broadly hinted that the 'stranger' is a Federal agent, and that the object of his visit is to entrap unsuspecting young men by the inducement of a free passage to America and high wages. As to the accuracy of the statement I cannot, in any way, hold myself responsible, as it is only a report, which I have heard rather freely and confidently circulated.—*Tralles Letter*.

BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS.—While evidence of the prostrated condition of the country is presented on all sides of us, while every interest suffers, except those which receive an unhealthy development by assisting emigration—while the wholesale flight of the people—in itself the surest sign of a decaying state—is telling visibly on the trade of the towns, Drogheda may well congratulate herself on her brightening prospects. The cry throughout the country is for manufacturing industry to be created. But where are the men to come from with the energy, ability, and means—the will and the way to do it? Here we have already got them. Our Iron Works Company, as we lately noticed, are making extensive additions to their business, our flax mills are all at full work, and to crown all, Mr. Whitworth will soon actively come upon the scene to introduce a new and most extensive branch of industry—that of cotton weaving. He will solve a problem not only important to Drogheda, but to Ireland—that cotton can be woven here as cheaply as at the other side of the Channel. Mr. Whitworth's engineer, Mr. Cleiton, has been here this week making the necessary preparations for commencing the building of the weaving sheds. The site on which it was first intended to erect them has been disapproved of, and Mr. Whitworth has obtained possession of a more eligible one at Greenhills, adjoining Mr. Terman's residence. The looms are already in progress of manufacture, and the cost of the manufactory which will be erected on the chosen site is estimated at £100,000. This is of course, exclusive of the sum that will be expended in erecting suitable trim cottages for the artisans. It is proposed to lay the foundation stone on the same day that the first stone of the Whitworth Hall will be laid. The twin events will be celebrated early in the ensuing month. Well may Drogheda congratulate herself on having found such a friend as Mr. Whitworth promises to be. Well were we justified in writing some short time since—'A Whitworth to every town in Ireland would be a God-send, indeed.'—*Drogheda Argus*.

IRISH SCENERY.—After a sufficiently long sojourn in the east of Kerry, I left Kenmare for Killarney. In leaving the town you ascend for some time the course of a 'Blackwater,' which rushes bluffly down from the neighboring heights over a calcareous and creviced bed. It is a long and noisy stream, of sinuous and capricious windings, which delays and disports itself in the valley before it is lost in the sea. The road ascends continuously for, at least, an hour and a half, and passes through a country barren and naked of verdure, but not of grandeur; it is furrowed by streams which change into torrents in the rainy season. A little gallery hewn in the rock, at the place where the mountains unite to form an enormous crescent, announces, at length, the end of the ascent and the beginning of another valley, which descends to the Lakes of Killarney.—If Irish imagination strove its utmost to want the splendors of the spectacle offered to traveller's vision from this gallery to the Lakes, I defy it to exaggerate anything, or even to find terms grand enough, expressive enough, worthily to describe the beauties, surpassing imagination, of those valleys, and those peaked and crested mountains, dove-tailed into each other like a labyrinth embellished by the genial of an unknown world. Lakes, rivers, streams, isles, woods, and hills appear to be the work of fairy artists, so complete are they with grace, seductive charms, and poetry. These isles and woods are distributed with natural art, most tastefully and harmoniously, which renders this celebrated part of Erin one of the most ravishing paradises of our planet. Unfortunately most tourists only speak of the Lakes, which you go by rail to see, and are silent concerning the surroundings; while to me it seems that the frame is more beautiful than the picture, and that without it, the picture would not merit the hyperbolic figures with which it has been decorated. Besides, all this country is enchanted and fairy in the extreme, each rock, each tree, each water-course reveals a legend and conceals a fay; if Killarney were not eminently the elfin land, it should be so.—The upper lake, of a thousand changing aspects, like an image of the changeableness of life, is the first you see coming from Kenmare; it is small, narrow, winding, enshrined in very lofty and steep mountains; but it is, above all, remarkable for the wild magnificence of its banks. When I saw it for the first time I looked down upon it from a height of many hundred yards; a thick mist was then spread over all nature; above the lake the rain formed moving, slender and brown columns, whose feet touched the water, whilst their summits were lost in the cloudy vault, composed of Gothic pendants, joined by intended arches, which gave the valley a surprising resemblance to some antediluvian temple in grey marble veined with black. The road branches in two when you pass Mayberry Cottage; the way to the right is the old Kenmare road that to the left plunges into plantations of oaks, and on to the foot of Torc, which seems to bar the passage. Having come close to this mountain, I crossed a pretty, picturesque torrent, which loudly rushes down thro' a ravine formed by Torc and Mangerton. In one place it falls in a cascade eighty feet high, admirably framed in magnificent woods. The trees are very rich in thick foliage, as you approach the middle lake, and have the effect of a virgin forest.—The state of the atmosphere not allowing me to stop on the way, I descended rapidly towards Torc lake, passing almost continually under an arch of foliage formed by the oaks, birches, hickens, and ash-trees, whose feet were concealed among vast plumes of fern. Oloughven village, situated in the plain, I passed through at a gallop, cast a look at the lower lake, and went to Killarney to rest. Indeed, the clouds forced me to this momentary repose, for, having contented themselves till then with discharging their superfluous moisture, in the form of a fine, drizzling rain, they began to make a demonstration in earnest; and completely hindered me from seeing any object ten paces before me. If Moore has said, in speaking of his country:—

'Erinn, the tear and the smile in thine eye, it is frightful how the clouds weep over Killarney, to which one might apply the Breton proverb: 'When it rains every day, it's too much; every second day, it's not enough.'—*Abbe Domenech's Tour through Ireland*.

Rugene Downing, Esq. of Prospect House, Skibbereen, has been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county Cork.