

them. Compare for a moment the respective treatment of Canada and Ireland. 40 years ago Canada was a rebellious colony...

cally manifest far away, is withheld from Boffin and from the Shannon where the flood and the stormy ocean swept over Irish homesteads...

CURIOUS WILL CASE.—DUBLIN, June 25.—In the Court of Queen's Bench to-day, before Lord Chief Justice White and a special jury, an issue directed by the Court was tried as to the validity of the will of Robert Stapland Byrne...

DEATH OF JOHN DUMAS, ESQ., KILLARNEY.—We regret to have to announce the death of John Dumas, Esq., of Fort William, Killarney, which took place at his residence on the 20th ult...

THE PEACE PRESERVATION ACT FOR CLARE.—It is understood that in consequence of the recent attempt to assassinate Mr. Joseph Hall, J.P. Cloney, and other agrarian outrages of a similar character...

REPRESENTATION OF WATERFORD.—Mr. De la Poer, M.P. for the county of Waterford, has accepted the Children Hundreds and a new writ for the election of his successor...

THE EDUCATION ACT AMENDMENT BILL.—The scheme of amendments to the Education Act which Mr. Forster introduced as we were about to go to press last week has by no means satisfied the adherents of the Birmingham League...

just so much as will enable him to do so, leaving him the choice of the school. Mr. Dixon and Mr. Richard at once expressed their "bitter disappointment" and the London Nonconformist committee...

LORD SALISBURY ON RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.—But that the tendency of the age is in this direction no one who watches the course of affairs upon the Continent of Europe can doubt, and we are glad to see that Lord Salisbury has just called attention to the fact in a speech which he made on Monday at Hitchin...

PENSION TO DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The Daily News thinks the granting of a pension to Dr. Livingstone will be received with signal approval. The impulse is generous which will greet the re-appearance of the mysterious traveller out of the depths of his long exile...

For the benefit of those who won't read the evidence in the trial of the Claimant a brief statement of how much and what kind of work has been done may be interesting. The prosecution has lasted altogether forty days; and there have been about 112 witnesses called in addition to several who have given merely formal evidence...

UNITED STATES. St. Louis, July 9.—A despatch from Laurence, Kas., says that half a mile of the Missouri Pacific Railway track, near Kickapoo station, dropped into the Missouri River last evening. It sunk out of sight in the flooded stream in one lurch and without any warning...

ORIGIN OF A FIRE.—The Cleveland Leader office came "within one" of burning, a few weeks since, the origin of which would have most probably baffled all investigation. A hardwood plug had been put into a hole in a gas-pipe that ran along the ceiling in the job-rooms, several feet from any burner, and in a position where no one could ever suppose it would catch fire...

GREAT BRITAIN. THE EDUCATION ACT AMENDMENT BILL.—The scheme of amendments to the Education Act which Mr. Forster introduced as we were about to go to press last week has by no means satisfied the adherents of the Birmingham League. He has gone, however, to the utmost limit which respect for individual liberty of conscience would permit...

A very touching case of mental alienation in a charming young lady is described by a careful observer. Not long ago her mother found her in her room energetically darning stockings, and soon after she appeared in the kitchen and assisted that wondering dame in making and baking bread and pastry. Alarmed by these fearful signs of intellectual disorder, her fond parents immediately sent for a skillful physician, who watched her through a keyhole while she sewed buttons on her father's garments and mended those of her little brother...

kind father, with a faint hope of rousing her from her sad state, gave her \$200 and told her to buy a new dress. Alas! 'twas useless. She instantly observed that she didn't need a new dress, and if he would let her keep \$25 to pay a poor widow's rent she'd much rather he would take the rest of the money for himself...

SENSIBLE TALK ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA.—The New York Post says: Many people think they are bitten by a mad dog when they are not, and often die solely in consequence of the strength of this opinion. An English physician, who has made hydrophobia the subject of special study, recently read a paper before a branch meeting of the British Medical Association, in which he asserted that there were two distinct forms of canine madness, the one true hydrophobia, very rare and easily communicable to man; the other distemper madness, very frequent but non-communicable...

With sadness we read of the unmerited fate of the Taunton boy who lately perused for the first time the story of Putnam and the wolf. Fired by the tale, his glorious boy seized his grandmother's ancient and most amiable cat, and thrust her into the cellar. Then armed with a torch and a bunch of deadly fire-crackers, he bravely entered the darkness to meet the fearful animal...

The thriftiness of Mrs. Weller, whose first husband's garments so fortunately fitted the elder Samivel is equalled, if not surpassed, by that of a widow of Portland, in the county State of Maine. Perceiving that her adored departed's silver coffin plate was lying about generally in the way, and desiring very much a pair of handsome new gold-bowed spectacles, she invited a passing peddler to a barter of the same...

In Arizona editors are treated by the public with great consideration and liberality. The conductor of the Record, published there, has received two invitations to act as second in a duel, another to an Indian hunting raid, a pair of bear skin pantaloons, a three pound nugget of silver, two lottery tickets, a free pass on a stage route, three Apache scalps, a call to act as postmaster and justice of the peace, and \$27 worth of furo checks! "Here's richness," as Mr. Squere observed.

CINCINNATI, July 7.—Seven deaths from cholera were reported at the health office to-day. MEMPHIS, July 7.—There were twenty-two interments to-day, only three of which were from cholera. NASHVILLE, July 7.—The total number of deaths Sunday was twelve, of which seven were from cholera. The total number of deaths to-day was four, none of which were from cholera.

A special despatch from Chattanooga reports thirty deaths there during the last forty-eight hours, fifteen of which were from cholera.

AN INQUIRING SUBSCRIBER IN DANBURY. A MAN VISITS THE EDITOR TO FIND "WHO PRINTED THAT PIECE."

He came in with an interrogation in one eye, and with a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief and one arm was in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

"It was to see," said he, "the man that puts things into this paper." We informed that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well, I want to see the man which crabs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand." We explained to him that there were seasons when the gifted among us driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges...

"Just so, I presume so. I don't know much about the business, but I want to see a man, a man that printed that little piece about pouring water down a drunken man's spine of his back and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him."

"Then he leaned his stick against our desk, and spit on his servicable hand, and resumed his hold on the stick, as though he was weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added in a somewhat louder tone: "Mister, I came here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad."

"Just so, I presume so. They told me before I came that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I've walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down, and wait."

and throws the hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife, and sometimes he gets his gun and goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant.

"Not that I want to say anything about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk yesterday and broke all the kitchen windows out of his house, and followed his wife around with the carving-knife talking about her liver, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece, it want much of a piece, and I thought if I could pour some cold water down the spine on his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife, and a square thing all around. So I poured a bucket of spring water down John Smith's spine on his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?" Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick and replied with increased emotion: "Just so. I suppose it did make him sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson; but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever see, and Mister John Smith is a bigger man than me, and stouter. He is a great deal stouter. Bl—bless him, I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday, and he's handy with his fists, too. I should suppose he is the handiest man with his fists I ever saw."

Then he went for you, did he? we asked innocently. "Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew, but I don't hold no grudge against John Smith; I suppose he ain't a goodman to hold a grudge against. I want to see the man who printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as though it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him how a drunken man feels when you pour water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for."

Our visitor, who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back, remained until 6 p.m., and then went up street to find the man who printed that little piece. "The man he is looking for started for Alaska last evening, for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September, 1873.—Danbury News.

REMINISCENCES OF KILCULLEN. To the Editor of the Leinster Independent:

Sir—Would you be good enough to give a history of Old Kilcullen in your valuable paper, and to say who was the Patron Saint of the Parish.

I am in a position to give a few particulars respecting it myself. The original name of the place was Penciloye; and it appears in former ages that it was a city of some extent, and its records extend to, perhaps, two thousand years ago. There is no trace of its original greatness now remaining. There are at present only a few peasant's houses on the edge of the fair green, or Commons of Old Kilcullen, where there are two fairs held in the year, on the 23rd of June and 2nd of October. The name has been changed several times. It was first called the City of Penciloye, then Pencilun, then Clencullen and now Old Kilcullen. In the old churchyard there was formerly a church, which existed up to the year 1815. It is believed that St. Patrick once officiated in this old church. It was thrown down in the year 1815 by one of the Burroughs family, who owns the estate of Giltown. That vandal desecrator was a minister of the Protestant Church, and after its destruction he got a new church built in the Yellow Bog, convenient to his own residence. In the middle of the churchyard there is a round tower, and also, at little distance, two square granite stones, one about 12 feet high, and the other about 6 feet, both carved in relief. There is also square granite stone, about 3 feet, with a square hole in the top, about 12 inches each way, and about 6 inches deep, which is full of water in wet weather. There was formerly a stone effigy of Roland Fitz Eustace in the churchyard, which was removed by a family claiming relationship with him. The churchyard at present occupies about three roods of land, but appears to have been formerly of much larger extent, reaching from the vale on the north side down to the road, about 14 or 15 perches, in the form of a triangle, as the bones at present testify. This was bought by a gentleman's steward about 50 years ago, and removed by him for top-dressing on land. About a quarter of a mile northwest of Kilcullen lies the Hill of Knockavin, on the top of which there is an embankment of about 20 acres, in the form of a ring, faced with stone. It is supposed to have defended the City of Penciloye. There are a number of small bits of land around Kilcullen called Bull Grounds. It is believed that when the Catholics were put out of Kilcullen Church at the time of the Reformation, they built a Chapel in the ruins of the Old Abbey, in New Abbey, which stands at the present time, and is used as a place of worship until the new church is finished in Kilcullen Bridge. About a mile from Old Kilcullen is Kilgovan, on the top of a hill, where there is a long stone set upright on the breast of the hill; about 10 perches from this stone, and about 4 perches in length by the same in breadth, there lie a great number of human bones. It is not known whether the place was used as a churchyard, or whether the bones are the unburied remains of persons slain in battle. By giving a history of both Kilcullens and Kilgovan in your excellent journal you will oblige, Yours, &c., J. K. K.

ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS INJURE THE BRAIN.—No matter whether drunk in large quantities, or small, if drunk habitually the effect is ruinous in proportion to the quantity taken. Not a teaspoonful, nor half a teaspoonful, can be taken once a week, regularly and habitually without impairing the healthful condition and the functional action of the brain. One spoonful taken into the calculation can so hurt the brain that it may not recover from the harm for weeks, though thereafter none be taken. And when alcohol is taken, though in very small quantities, quite frequently and at regular intervals, the brain soon becomes dependent upon it, and will not act without it. Then the process of organic ruin begins. In what way the injury will show itself is not always to be predicted. In many instances it comes in the loss of bodily health. In as many and perhaps more instances it comes in the perversion of mental faculties. Who drinks alcohol, though in the smallest quantity, till it becomes addicted to it, is hurt in his intellect. His mind can never reason with clearness, nor can his moral sense back up and endorse the decision of his intellect, with anything like the certainty that would be shown, other things being equal, were the subject abstinent from liquor. The intellectual, moral and spiritual faculties of man really constitute those parts of him which ennoble him. To have a body as huge as a giant's without a heart or mind to appreciate how to put its vast powers to use, would be very unfortunate for any one. Only as the body can be made to execute high purpose which the mind and spiritual faculties of man have to conceive, can there be any personal benefit of public good arising from having such a body. To drink liquor, therefore, so as to lessen the clearness of one's perceptions, the profundity of one's reflections, the comprehensive insight into things which his spiritual faculties alone can confer is to be very unhappily related to life and its large and useful results. The use of alcoholic liquors, even in moderate quantities, is, therefore, very much to be deplored because of the ruinous effects which are observable upon all persons who are addicted to the habit. Will all the young men who desire to have large capacity for business, clear insight into the truth, a degree of self-respect which shall induce from their fellows a power to take in truth and work it out into practical forms, put away for ever the use of every form of beverage where there is a particle of alcohol.—James C. Jackson, M. D.