

"But the picture for the Chapel of Santa Maria dell'Orta, brother?" "The hand which has brought it thus far, will carry it on to the end."

"That is to say, Dominic, that you reckon on my finishing it?" "Your penetration is truly astonishing, Marietta."

"And your assurance truly incredible. But it is impossible for me to finish this picture, and I will tell you why. I am taking a likeness of the Countess Grimani, and she has advanced me some ducats of the price."

"Pie, fie! Marietta. I am ashamed of you. You ought not thus to anticipate your earnings."

"How much did you borrow on your picture, Dominic?" "I Oh, but that was quite different. I had debts which I was obliged to pay."

"And I, Dominic—I had to support my father, my grandmother—and—and—yourself. Our father gains no more than just covers his expenses, and you know that we must live."

"You should have told me all this, Marietta, and I would have acted accordingly."

"I told it to you a hundred times."

"Yes, but at such cross times, Marietta; always at the very moment that I was either going to, or coming from my friends."

"But at what time is it ever otherwise with you, Dominic?" "By this time the brother and sister had arrived at home; they entered and found that no one was yet up in the house. Marietta had scarcely put her foot on the first step of the staircase leading to her brother's workshop, than Dominic, catching her hand, pressed it affectionately and whispering, 'Good-bye, dear sister, I am going to bed,' disappeared inside the door of a small room which he occupied on the ground floor."

Marietta remained for a moment as if bewildered; then with the air of one who resigns herself to an evil she cannot remedy, she was turning towards her brother's workshop when she heard herself loudly called by her father. (Concluded in our next.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE REFORM AGITATION IN ENGLAND.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

Since the battle for Free Trade in England, the depths of English popular feeling have never been stirred from the very bottom with such earnestness and power as by Mr. Bright's late mission on Representative Reform. An increase in the number of Peers in the House of Lords has been ever the sure forerunner of an attempt to crush or circumscribe popular rights, while an extension of members in the Commons has never failed to enlarge and consolidate constitutional liberties. This question, in the possession of Englishmen, possesses an innate attraction, which combines millions of men in its support: its very name, its sound on the ear acts like magic on the multitude: and in fact, makes the people think there are more advantages to be gained from the successful accomplishment than beyond doubt are contained in the premises.

If this popular enterprise (as it may be called) were undertaken solely on its own individual merits, there can be no doubt of its vast claims on the adherence and active support of the vast majority of the Liberals of England: but when it is ushered into public view accompanied by a second question of still more thrilling interests, namely—"vote by ballot," men's hearts are roused by the suddenness and novelty of these achievements: and England seems preparing for some mighty conflict. It is like the assault on Malakoff: great spirits always spring up when great actions are required: and as certain as Bright and his chosen band will measure their ground, take their distances, and sink their mines, these two questions will be carried, with a triumphant success. The forces of the old House of Commons have been so often in the field: their strength has been so often measured by anti-reform ministries: and they have been so often beaten, too, by an experienced old tactician, that some addition to the Liberal forces is essentially necessary in the present posture of English affairs, to check aristocratic encroachment, and to treat with justice the popular claims.

Although Mr. Bright takes care to present to his audiences only the two questions of parliamentary representation and vote by ballot, yet it is evident that a third question of perhaps more vital importance than the other two appears in the background: and that in the hour when the pressing present demands shall have been conceded, the church temporalities question cannot be long delayed. Through all history popular success has never stopped short in its race of triumph: and the accumulated hatred of the church fraud through all England, combined with the grinding oppression of the case itself, will not endure this huge swindle longer than the forms of law will enable the Liberals to carry out its total and final extinction. When it is remembered that the Protestant Church is at present only one-third of the population of the empire: and when it is known that the Methodists and the Independents, and Mr. Miall's party have organised at this moment a most formidable opposition to all state endowments, there can be no doubt the popular cry of reform will never be silent till the last vestige of this ancient robbery shall be turned from the perversion of extravagance and luxury to purposes of public and virtuous utility. The Catholic party are the least hoisterous in this public attack on the revenues of the Protestant Church: it is the English sectarians who are loudest in their denunciations: who clamour most for the just distribution of this ancient spoil, and who insist on its speedy and final extinction.

When one remarks the triumphant passage of Bright through England, what a contrast does it afford to what would, of late years, occur in Ireland under similar circumstances. Wherever he went he was surrounded by his own equals co-operating with him, cheering him, applauding him. Members of Parliament, Merchants, Professional men crowded in his path, and joined the multitude in giving the sanction of their names,

and, if necessary, their purses, in the support and encouragement of their champion. From the commencement to the end of his career and oration, no ever heard the treacherous remark of a deceitful friend, the gibe of a concealed enemy, or the wounding mean jealousy of a rival leader. The Liberal Press was all in his favour; there was no nibbling at his imaginary faults; no cowardly insinuations of his motives; no bilious colouring of his most generous conduct. England chooses her Leader, adopts her Leader, follows her Leader, and will support him and die at his feet till some public fact, on which a jury of his country would find him guilty, breaks down his character; and puts an end to the public confidence. How different in Ireland! Our contentions have armed us against each other, have banished our friends from our councils, and annihilated our party! The results of these suicidal bickerings are easily told, namely—scattered forces, wasted strength, hopeless recovery, and a powerful enemy. In these remarks I have no idea of performing the impertinence of setting myself up as the spotless Censor of my less perfect countrymen! No, no. I am rather the Historian than the Critic. I am laboring to improve rather than to censure: and to the old observer of Irish parties, it is at once humiliating and heartrending that the popular machine of Irish liberties is so badly appointed, that at one time it will stop of itself, at other times it will be turned out of way by a single pebble, and not unfrequently it has run into a boghole, while the Drivers were disputing about the right direction.

Considering, therefore, the just excitement in England, and beholding in the distance the manifold advantages which the success of Mr. Bright will confer on the country, how can it be explained that not one voice is heard in Ireland in support of this popular movement? I will recollect the past time when our able and departed Leader not only joined every judicious advance made in England, but also held correspondence and communication with every foremost man in the empire on the subject of popular rights and Irish grievances. Ireland of late has lost her voice, her tongue, her heart, her courage: she is like Lord Byron's Greece, a beautiful figure but dead: possessing all the outlines of strength, vigor, and a divine stamp, but wanting the spirit to give life to her form, vitality to her actions. Ireland never wanted the aid of a friend more than at the present moment: and what more powerful friend can she secure than the hero who once humbled the aristocracy of England in the dust and compelled the House of Lords, the Barons of Runnemede to strike their colors in the presence of the Cotton factors of Liverpool, the Jenny-spinners of Manchester, the miners of Scotland, and the steel workers of Sheffield. If ever there was a time for Ireland to secure a powerful advocate, the past year has been the period, when our co-operation, our zeal, and our fidelity would have attached to our cause a Goliath of political strength, and the practised successful hero of the hardest fought battle known in the Parliamentary annals of English history.

Of all the parts of the empire Ireland would derive more advantages, one hundred-fold more advantages than any other section or class of the community, from the successful measure of vote by ballot. Biblical persecution, landlord cruelty, extermination, and many of our social and religious disorders would, I believe, disappear in Ireland, if this one healing measure were conceded. There never was a measure which before God and man could pacify and sanctify Ireland more than this prudent and just enactment. Why, therefore, the Irish members or the Irish leaders have neglected to join Mr. Bright in his late mission becomes more and more inexplicable: more and more culpable on every nearer view one takes of this paramount question.

Many persons refuse to join the old association, for fear, as they assert, of being dragged into a newspaper controversy, or being entangled in personal dispute. Some silent men, but whose presence would add much to the strength of any movement, will not even meet certain persons of former societies, from preconceived notions of their impracticable character; and an overwhelming mass of most valuable members will decline any intercourse with almost every one of those who have guided the late political affairs of this country. These statements are not made in censure; they are mere matters of fact, and are introduced here as such; and if they be rigidly and critically true, it is idle ever to expect an efficient leading party in Ireland, unless the National Council be constructed entirely on new principles, conducted by new men, and containing the element of distinguished talent, well tried experience and probity, a generous endurance and forbearance with the honest opinions of others, and an unhesitating submission to the decisions of official authority.

The only aspect of the silence of Ireland in Mr. Bright's movement which is most distressing, is the idea which presents itself at every turn—namely, that the noble Irish Freeholders are betrayed. If no effort is being made in their favor by the men whom they return to Parliament, at such incredible sacrifices, they are, beyond doubt, most perfidiously deceived. If the men who swore at the hustings that the noble Freeholder should be sustained, now present to their constituents broken promises, deluded hopes, visionary results, and an immovable apathy, most certainly the Irish Freeholder has been the bleeding victim of a treachery unparalleled in Irish history. There is no stain on the honor of the Irish Freeholder. From the year of Catholic Emancipation the courage, the disinterestedness, the fidelity of the Frieze coat is written on the dismantled village, the uprooted homestead, the lessened Congregation, the deserted Chapel, the depopulated County. Through the years of Emancipation, of Repeal, Tenant-right, does not the Poorhouse, the Emigrant ship, publish in their dismal statistics the miseries of the tens of thousands of Freeholders who battled for their Country, were banished for their courage, and perished for their fidelity. There are Counties in Ireland where every voter, without exception, who voted against his Landlord has been banished, his house levelled, and his wife and children, in several distressing cases, buried for ever in the prisons of the

Poorhouse. Now, if it be true that these glorious martyrs are palpably abandoned; if their cause is shelved by their champions, as can be proved from incontestible documents, would it not be common honesty to put an end to this cruel delusion, to publish before the Nation the necessity of each Freeholder voting for his Landlord at the next Election, and generously extinguish the National mockery of a National party. The noble Freeholders are decidedly betrayed; and I firmly believe that if a vacancy occurred tomorrow in the representation of any County in Ireland, there could be no man found so utterly destitute of shame as to dare to address the Electors in the deceit of the old National tactics, or to venture to make them a promise in the teeth of a perfidy which has never been surpassed.—Tens of thousands of the most valuable men in Ireland share these sentiments with me: I know they do: and let them only have an opportunity of meeting in the Rotundo, and the voice of Ireland will repeat one thousand times over these honest convictions forced on the mind by the neglect and betrayal of the cause of the people. D. W. C.

January 6th, 1859.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ARRESTS IN THE COUNTY KILKENNY.—Last week we announced that no city in Europe could bear comparison with Kilkenny, and what we said of the city was equally true of the county. The Assistant Barrister congratulated both grand juries on the total absence of crime, and even remarked humorously, in a private way, that if things progress in this manner in Kilkenny there will soon be no necessity for a barrister at all! To-day we have a different story to tell. Five "stat" prisoners in our county gaol form a startling contrast to the peace and order of last week. And strange to say the prisoners are universally admitted to be amongst the most peaceable men in the community! Who are the peace-breakers? What crime has been committed? What has broken the silence of our goals, and threatens to fill them with "criminals"? As far as the public can see nothing has happened to produce this extraordinary change. But the British Government has a mission to fulfil, in Ireland as well as in India, and all we shall say is that we hope it is not—to fill goals! We regret to hear that some arrests, in connection with secret societies have taken place in Callan. Before the break of day on Monday morning, Mr. Coyne, a respectable shopkeeper, was arrested in bed, and removed to the Callan Barracks. Some time afterwards on the same morning, two men named Kavanaugh and Manning, millers, were also arrested and have good authority for stating that three better conducted men could hardly be found in the town of Callan. The little valley of Finnolin, on the road from Mullinacree to Killeenaula, was also disturbed by the tramp of constabulary, and a young man named Sullivan, the teacher of the National School of the village, was arrested on a similar charge. A great hubbub was, of course, made about this business, and we have no doubt that our local Tory contemporary will spin out three or four dreary columns upon the subject, but the plain facts are that these young men were arrested by the police of Callan on Monday morning; that there was a private gathering of county magistrates, Lord Desart, Mr. Hort, Mr. Poe, and some others, in Callan; that Mr. Lowe, solicitor, applied for admission on behalf of the prisoners—and was refused; that there was what is called an "investigation," and that the prisoners were lodged the same evening in our county gaol.—These are the simple facts of the case. A young man named Howe, belonging to Callan, but engaged in the leather trade in Kilkenny, was also arrested on Monday morning, and this is the fifth of the "stat" prisoners in our county gaol. People were getting on very quietly, and this proceeding, instead of perpetuating the peace which characterized Kilkenny, will, we fear, only lead to a state of alarm, insecurity and disaffection. Even the "Royal Rifles" paraded the streets at an early hour yesterday morning, headed by their band, for the purpose of striking terror, the "men" tramping with redoubled ardour, and the big drum sounding its most uproarious note! But people understand all these things now-a-days. We are so accustomed to them in Ireland that both their novelty and effect have passed away. We have been informed on good authority that there is no evidence whatever against the prisoners, and the "informers" who is, we believe, undergoing the process of "pumping," is already retracting all his statements. The defence of the prisoners has been entrusted to Mr. Quin, and it could not be in better hands. Kilkenny Journal.

The local organs which give countenance to the abominable spy system, and justify the nefarious doings of the vile informer, have been for nearly a month past doing all they can to impress the opinion on the public mind that the men who were arrested on the 12th of December last, in a public-house in Great Edward-street, Belfast, on a charge of being members of an illegal secret association, are connected with the Ribbon Confederacy—that, in point of fact, they are Ribbonmen, and that they have aimed at those objects for the attainment of which Ribbonism was called into existence. Deploring and denouncing as we do those secret and foolish combinations, which generally end in the ruin of the persons who engage in them, we cannot avoid calling public attention to the impropriety and want of candour evinced by certain local journals in their efforts to make it appear, if possible, that the late arrests have taken place directly in connexion with the Ribbon association. This has been done for an object. The aim of the papers that write up the spy system is to disgrace, if they can, those who are opposed to them in political and other sentiments, by trying to prove that the latter are aiding the Ribbon conspiracy, which, along with the Orange organization, should be extirpated from the country, for both are wicked and dangerous. Ribbonism is the offspring of Orangeism and never would have got a footing in the land but for the aggressive and outrageous character of that secret and illegal association, which, displaying "a conditional loyalty," detected in an attempt to change the succession to the English throne, which it professes to support, is a plague to Ireland, and the main cause of the Ribbon confederation. We think this conveys an accurate idea of the relation which Orangeism bears to Ribbonism. We believe that if there were no Orangeism there would be no Ribbonism; and while it is admitted by every impartial man that under the Orange system the most desperate deeds have been committed in this country, the government suffer that system to exist, and are honored by the journals which champion the spy system to track out those whom the said journals call "Ribbonmen," forgetting that if Orangeism, the cause of Ribbonism, were removed, the effect (which is Ribbonism) would soon be destroyed. But the papers to which we refer in shouting "Ribbonism" in connexion with the late arrests are misleading the public.—We will prove this. Though there has been an examination of the prisoners in the jail—a private examination, as the public have heard—what fact has transpired from the star-chamber that would justify journals in stating that the accused are Ribbonmen, or even Orangeism? Not one. We venture to say, notwithstanding the heaps of rubbish, and supposition which local papers have written on the case, there is not a single man in Belfast, or elsewhere, except the authorities and the informers, who knows one iota more of the real nature of the charge against the accused than he did at the moment of their arrest. How could it be otherwise? Suddenly arrested in a public-house—hauled off to the police-office in the

evening amid a body of constabulary—hastily examined before a magistrate and some police officers, the prisoners are thrown into a jail at a late hour at night, and from that moment they are kept in custody for three weeks before the authorities attempt to examine them, and when the examination takes place it is in a private room of the jail from which the press is excluded, and all means out of letting the public know one word of what occurred in that secret chamber. These facts we would wish to bring specially under the attention and grave consideration of parties who "rile" up when they hear a single word uttered in disparage of the British Constitution, which has been heaping disgrace on itself in Ireland more than ever for the last two or three months.—The particular nature of the charge against the prisoners is not known, except, as we have said, to the authorities, who will not tell it, and, therefore, we say, it proves an utter and entire want of fairness on the part of any journalist publicly to set forth that the accused are members of that wicked and foolish association of Ribbonmen, which, as we have already stated, has been brought into existence by the hated presence of that illegal and secret Orange confederation which has been publicly and solemnly condemned as such by more than one of the great councils of England. No doubt the Orange journals have been trying to scent out with vigilance that would do credit to detectives every statement and rumour in connexion with those arrests which could by any possibility damage the cause of the people, and give the government a pretext for the introduction of measures that would accord with the ideas of those men who call for the extermination of the peasantry and the slaughter of their clergy. But those Orange prints will be disappointed. The whole business has proved that there has been nothing but a fishing for evidence from the commencement. It would seem that if there have not been willing informers, efforts at least have been made to compel men to become approvers against those who, it is alleged, had conspired along with them. By whom such efforts have been made we cannot say. We leave the public to judge.—Ulsterman.

A SHAMEFUL BUSINESS.—Despotic and brutal as was the fashion in which all the late arrests were made and the subsequent proceedings conducted by the Government officials, the treatment of the poor young girl who was arrested last week at Fethard surpasses all. From the suddenness of the seizure made upon her, the hurry with which she was sent off to the county jail, her detention for nearly a week in prison, the secret examination held on the case—the remand—and the re-examination, secret also—one might have imagined that the authorities had in their hands an able conspirator; one who united the daring of a man to the glowing enthusiasms of a woman: one of those dangerous political enemies who, though individually weak, are yet to be dreaded by their foes because of the inspiration they can give to those around them. Patriotism always looks beautiful, but never more enchanting than when seen in that pure and holy shrine—a woman's heart. Well what manner of person did the Government so determinedly capture in Fethard, and convey to prison under armed escort, and bolt and bar in securely, and try by a solemn and secret inquisition? Was it one of those very dangerous characters? God help us! All this clashing of arms and banging of doors, and secret consultation, was about a little Sunday school girl of delicate constitution and disordered intellect! She is charged with having written seditious letters, calling on her Majesty's forces to rebel and mutiny—but to whom did she address those letters? Was it to some colonel or captain whom she fancied she could influence, was to some sergeant or corporal was it to any one of the privates even, who wear her Majesty's livery? No. Those letters, written by herself, were addressed to herself, posted to herself, and received by herself, and to complete the round of harmlessness fully, it was she herself who gave the information which ultimately led to her own arrest!—And this was the poor creature who was so bravely captured and, so closely imprisoned by the officials of the high and mighty and securely established British Government!

A local Tory paper gives the following sketch of the little girl who has thus alarmed the 'authorities' and been subjected to so much cruel treatment.—'The young woman, Irwin, alias Walton, lived on the Green, at Fethard, with her sum and her grandfather an old grey-haired man—a pensioner from the constabulary. She was brought up a Protestant, and was also the members of her family, and was a constant attendant at the Sunday school, where she was always greatly liked. Of late, the child had contracted the idea of tracing the family history and seemed constantly bent upon following up this genealogical research. This seemed to render her somewhat peculiar in her habits, and, while labouring under this—what perhaps might be termed monomania—she became attached to a sergeant—now serving with his regiment in India—whose release from military life she endeavoured to effect, by some means or other. Some months since she told a respectable party in Fethard that, by the possession of a million of cancelled postage stamps, she would attain the object she had in view, and accordingly she commenced to collect them, in the idle hope of thus effecting his return to Fethard. At another time she waited upon a boy named Larkin, assistant to the postmaster in that town, Mr. Frederick Sayers and requested him to address some envelopes to her Majesty the Queen, which he thought well to decline doing, and in a few days afterwards he was surprised at receiving a letter, which he recognized to be in the handwriting of the girl, Walton Irwin, addressed on the outside to "Sir Jeremiah Larkin," but at foot to "Sir Henry Cole." This letter was received by the clerk at the post office about two months ago, and was written in a very incoherent and mysterious manner." Poor girl! She was arrested by the British officials on Tuesday, December 28th, and was kept in prison until Monday last, when it was found utterly impossible to make out a case against her, and she was discharged on her own recognizances! We ask the panegyrists of British institutions to match this case in France or Naples, if they can.

MISS WALTON'S CASE.—Monday last, Miss A. Walton, otherwise Irwin, the young lady whose arrest, on the charge of having written seditious letters, was reported in our last issue, was re-conducted back to Fethard, where an investigation was instituted into the charge alleged against her. The proceedings—which were presided over by the Hon. M. J. French, Mr. Millet, and Mr. Barton, J.P.s—were held with closed doors, the press and the public being refused admittance. The following facts, however, have been elicited.—The only witness examined to prove the charge was Constable McMahon, who deposed that on the day of her arrest he observed the accused standing at the post-office window, close to the receiver; whilst watching her movements he saw her extend her hand in the direction of the receiver, and his suspicions being aroused he apprehended her, and with her entered the office. The letter box being opened, on the top of the pile of correspondence lay a letter as if recently dropped in, and addressed to Color-sergeant King, of a militia regiment, informing him that the time for action had arrived, and that at the end of a fortnight he and his companions would be compelled to deliver up their arms. The constable refused to swear that he had seen her place a letter in the box; and there being no clue to the identity of the handwriting, the magistrates agreed on dismissing the prisoner.—Typewriter Examiner.

THE GOVERNMENT ARRESTS.—From the commencement of those arrests the rights and persons of Irishmen have been flagrantly violated. Young men have been treated as guilty before investigation or trial. Their imprisonment was arbitrary. They were left in ignorance of the charge brought against them. There were no copies of information furnished them; and the Cork jailer came out with a letter in the newspapers in which he endeavoured to show the spirit of clemency which animated him with regard to the prisoners: and how does he prove that

humane quality? Why he says he put them to pick oakum! Picking oakum is the punishment of a convicted offender. By what authority did this jailer take upon himself the office of judge and jury, and set the criminals within his prison walls to pick oakum! We perceive that at the close of the investigation, Eugene McCarthy, James Stack, and Jeremiah Driscoll were discharged on their own recognizance. It would be matter of interest to the public to know whether these three young men were compelled by the fiat of the merciful Cork jailer to pick oakum in that respectable asylum, whilst the two stipendiaries were in communication with Dublin Castle and receiving their private instructions.—Galway Vindicator.

HOW ENGLAND RULES IN IRELAND.—There have been more arrests since last week, one in Tipperary, and four or five in the county Kilkenny. The arrest of these persons is a government trick. The case against the parties previously taken up having been found to be so weak as to be perfectly ridiculous, the Castle authorities think to save their character by making some arrests in new localities so as to give the appearance that they are dealing with "a wide-spread conspiracy." Of course if they choose to go on arresting persons against whom it is impossible that they can prove anything, they can go the round of the thirty-two counties. And if it be a charge against a man that he is not well affected to the rule of England, the authorities had better begin to consider how they can enlarge their prisons so as to take in six-sixths of the people of Ireland. The secret investigation at Belfast has ended by the committal of all the prisoners for trial.—Nation.

The Ulsterman, of Belfast, publishes the following statement, and the Northern Whig calls it mischievous and deplorable folly.—"Disaffection in the Militia.—Sergeants of Militia in the Secret Society.—The great cause of uneasiness with the Government, and the reason why they have carried on their proceedings with so much secrecy, is the fact that they have discovered the connection of the militia with the secret organizations! This explains everything; for the terrific fact that the militia of Ireland cannot be relied on as a defensive force against foreign aggression may justify the widest alarm. The Secret Club arrested in Belfast is connected (it is affirmed) with the Phoenix clubs of the South; and already it has been discovered that several sergeants of militia were members of the secret organization. This startling fact, which the Government officials have hitherto endeavoured to conceal, is extremely significant."

General Thompson in a letter to the Bradford Advertiser on the supposed designs of the Philibusters on Ireland, says that England need not be surprised; she by sending piratical expeditions against feeble nations, has set an example. He says that the successor of the Stuarts is alive in America, and though at present ignored by their 'sanguacious managers' will not be so when 'he has a French or American three-decker under his foot.' We don't know that the successor of the Stuarts would be received in much favor in any of Great Britain or Ireland.—Westford People.

We (Catholic Telegraph) have reason to believe that the year about to dawn upon us will be distinguished by a most vigorous agitation against the overgrown Establishment. The eyes of Ireland are fixed on the great Archbishop of the West as the uncompromising leader of the onslaught. The war that now rages in the camp can, and must be, turned to advantage. The scramble for the plunder must be brought to a close by forcing the monster to disgorge. Let the friends of religion be separated from the friends of Mammon. The time has arrived for the conflict, and we trust every good and true man in the old land is even now determined to fight the patriotic fight to the last."

STATS OF THE COUNTRY.—Reports, rumors and suggestions to the contrary notwithstanding the country, we are happy to say, continues most peaceable and orderly. The first of the quarter sessions for the Midland District as yet holden, were those of Longford; and, on reference to the report of the proceedings, which we publish elsewhere, it will be seen that there were but four custody and three bail cases, all of the most trivial character, and in no way connected with agrarian crime. It is also a remarkable circumstance that there was not a single conviction—if we except the case in which a soldier pleaded guilty to a charge of personating a soldier, and thereby obtaining a sum of seven-and-sixpence. We have no doubt the calendars at the calendars at the approaching quarter sessions for the neighbouring counties will be equally light. From what we hear, the country generally was never more free from crime.—Midland Counties Gazette.

DISMANTLING OF CHURCH.—In contrast with the exaggerated ideas of the state of Ireland, which prevail in the sister country, we may mention that at the Killarney Sessions were yesterday opened by Mr. Coppinger, the new Assistant Barrister for the county Kerry, when the whole business of the Grand Jury was found to consist of two bills of indictment arising out of one occurrence. Of these two, one, for riot, was ignored, and the other, for common assault, found. Considering that the sessions for the district take place but twice a year, we should think this was not a very terrible criminal calendar, nor can the people of the district be the lawless, truculent savages they graphically described in English writings.—Cork Examiner.

IRISHMEN IN INDIA.—A citizen of Dublin has received a letter from his son, Mr. Richard Vicars Boyle, one of the gallant defenders of Arrah, stating that Government has authorized a grant to him of land to the value of £1,000, per annum British for life, free of all charge, with a reversion to the value of £500, per annum to his heirs; accompanied with a recognition of his "very valuable services" rendered in his fortified house at Arrah in July, 1857.

CORK AND YOUGHAL RAILWAY.—We have learned with much satisfaction that the works for completing the line of railway between this city and Youghal are about to be immediately commenced, and they will be proceeded with till the undertaking be finished. This must confer very great advantages on the extensive and important district to the east of the city through which the railway will pass, and the branch to Queenstown must give further impetus to the trade and progress of this locality.—Reporter.

THE SUB-INSPECTOR AND HIS HAIRCUT.—In the course of last month a rick of hay, belonging to Sub-Inspector Caulfield, of Bantry notoriety, was burnt, and at the same time the windows of his neighbor, the Rev. Mr. O'Halloran, Protestant curate, were broken. Of course this double "outrage" was put down to Ribbonism and the Phoenixes. The Cork Examiner of Wednesday, however, gives a very startling account of the matter. It states that Margaret Moran, who was charged with having committed both offences, is the servant of Sub-Inspector Caulfield, and the wife of his orderly. It appears further that a fellow-servant of the said Mrs. Moran had declared upon oath that the said Mrs. Moran broke the window and set fire to the rick of hay, remarking afterwards that "it would be thought the Phoenixes did it." The Examiner introduces its very pertinent observations on this singular case, by saying that Sub-Inspector Caulfield requested the editor to refrain from comment upon, till some decision had been come to with regard to Margaret Moran's guilt or innocence. With this request the editor complied, until the Stipendiary Magistrate of the district decided the other day to take informations against her. The whole affair is another instance of the misrepresentation and calumny to which the Irish people are subjected. The breaking of the Curate's windows, and burning of the Sub-Inspector's hayrick have, of course, figured amongst the Ribbon outrages of the last month, in the Orange journals, from which they have been copied and commented upon in the English papers. We shall have to revert to this case when it has been properly sifted before a competent authority.—Dublin Telegraph.