

In a moment Pierce was beside her, and would have taken her hand, but that she stoutly resisted, drawing her seat away from him with a look that was partly fear, partly anger.

She was sorry for the word almost before it had passed her lips, but she made no effort to recall it. Its effect on Pierce was like that of a stunning blow; he was struck dumb, and for a moment could only look at the terrified girl with eyes of blank bewilderment.

When he raised his head again, there was a ghastly smile on his face, and he looked more like a corpse than a living being; his hands were clasped tight across his breast, as though to restrain its wild throbbings—it was some moments before he could speak, gasping for breath the while.

Well! now, that's what brought me here the night.

Why, you know the promise of marriage that's betwixt us—well, I came to give mine back—it'll soon be all over with me, and I don't want to have you afraid of me coming back on account of the promise—when—when—I'm gone.

Celia Martin leaned forward and looked into his eyes with a wild, searching gaze—as she looked, her features gradually relaxed, her lips parted with something like a smile if a smile could come at such a moment.

Jerry Pierce sprang to his feet with an energy that frightened poor Celia. A gleam of wild passionate joy flashed across his features like red lightning over the black thunder-cloud.

I have my answer, an' I'll go! he said in the subdued tones that caution required; I have my answer, an' I'll go! Now I can face death, an' shame an' all that's before me; for I know there's one true heart—that love's me still—black and odious as I am! God be with you, achorra macree!

Whisht! whisht! said the girl earnestly, how dare you name that holy name?

I can dare more than that! was the answer. He stopped towards her, and, before she could prevent him, kissed her pale lips once, twice, thrice. Don't be angry, Celia, that's the first kiss, an' maybe, the last, but it isn't the kiss of a murderer—you'll think of them words, darlin' an' they'll comfort your poor heart when I'm maybe swinging on the gibbet!

He was gone before Celia could make herself conscious of what he had said.

This superstition is common in all parts of Ireland. If one of two betrothed lovers die, it is considered as certain as anything, not of faith, can be, that he or she will haunt the living party to the promise, until it be cancelled between them.

HENRI MARTIN ON IRELAND.

Les Antiquités Irlandaises. Notes de Voyage. Par Henri Martin. Paris.

M. Henri Martin, of Paris, a distinguished author and scholar, visited Ireland last year, and has just published his reminiscences and observations—a general, learned, and interesting essay, devoted principally to the subject of Irish antiquities.

M. Martin's object, however, was not specially to study the social condition of our country; that had already been ably elucidated by several distinguished French writers. It was the fame of the wonderful antiquarian remains to be found in Ireland that attracted him to our shores.

One day M. Martin was able to fulfil his wish. He embarked for Ireland; and the two great Celtic scholars of the age—O'Donovan and O'Curry, the men he had so longed to meet—were then no more. Zeus, too, had passed away.

Few countries present so agreeable and imposing an aspect as Ireland to the traveller who first enters it by the magnificent Bay of Dublin, with the grand promontory of Howth to the right, and to the left, the pretty, bright town of Kingstown, crowded with an amphitheatre of mountains—Kilnyne, Bray, and Wicklow—

of the common Celtic type, by the two nations is most remarkable after so many ages of divergence. M. Martin came to seek Irish science, but he found also Irish hospitality. He was "received like a brother," and every facility afforded him to study in detail the precious objects he had so long desired to investigate.

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From a careful study of all that is as yet accessible to the student of ancient Irish history, M. Martin has come to the conclusion that the succession of races affirmed by the early annalists, in their mixture of half truth, half fiction, is clearly established, and he believes that Ireland is the only existing representative of that primitive Aryan race which, first entering Europe from Upper Asia, and driven on and on by the impulsion of successive tribes, traversed the whole of Great Britain, till it found a last and final resting-place in Ireland, which in the mythic and bardic appellations of "Eire," still retains, alone of all the nations of Europe, the primitive name of the race "which science has proved to lie at the basis of all European history."

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M. Martin analyses the authorities with much learning from which he has drawn these results, and considers them proved incontrovertibly. He then passes on to an investigation of Christian Ireland, and starts the question—Why, if Ireland received Christianity from St. Patrick, the envoy of a Latin Pope, was the primitive Irish Church, both in spirit and exterior form, essentially Greek? He says:—There are many yet unsolved problems in Celtic antiquity. Who were the Christians prior to St. Patrick? or it is certain they existed. The early architecture, sculpture, and alphabet of the Irish all betray a Greek origin.

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He comments, with surprise, on the immense number of stone and bronze Celts, the elegantly-shaped Celtic swords, the huge bronze trumpets—some six feet long—the rich beauty of the crosses and episcopal remains of later times, and finds throughout a peculiar ornamentation, distinctive of Celtic Ireland, and entirely different from that of other Celtic nations, or of the Germanic, thus confirming by his extensive observation the assertion of Kemble, and our own native antiquarians, as to the existence of a true opus Hibernicum, clearly traceable from the earliest Pagan period, and carried on through many centuries of Christian art.

Having made a pilgrimage to the Druidic monuments of the Phoenix Park, the Bois de Boulogne of Dublin, and the Round Tower of Clonsilla, "one of the mysterious monuments of Irish antiquity," M. Martin proceeded on an extensive tour through Ireland. "Of Killarney," he says, "the Irish may be justly proud. Nothing on the Continent can surpass its blended softness and grandeur. Mountains of harmonious form, cascades tumbling down into abysses of verdure, islands of picturesque ruins and historic memories, rocks hidden under the luxuriance of a Southern vegetation, arboreal trees finer than those of Provence—all these make the celebrity and the glory of unrivalled Killarney."

The scene changes as he passes westward. He had seen Ireland in eternal beauty at Killarney—he now beheld her utter desolation as he traversed the plains of Galway:—"No words can describe the sombre aspect of these dreary plains, dotted and unroofed, deserted cabins. Death and desolation seemed over all things from nature up to man. In other parts of Ireland one has occasional glimpses of the ruined, deserted homes of the poor emigrants, but here the entire land was desolate. It was as if a whole people had arisen at once, and fled away from a misery that was no longer endurable."

Next week we shall give some further extracts from M. Henri Martin's very interesting remarks on Ireland and her people.—Dublin Nation.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, laid the foundation for a convent for the Sisters of Charity, in Tramore, on Tuesday.

DEATH OF THE REV. W. MURTAGH, P.P., CASTLE-ROLLAND.—After three weeks' illness, this pious and exemplary minister of the Gospel resigned his pure soul into the hands of his Creator on Monday evening last, surrounded by the consolations of the religion of which he was so distinguished an ornament and defender.

DEATH OF THE REV. FRANCIS O'NEILL, C.C., LANGFIELD.—Died, at his residence, on Monday evening, the 20th ult., the Rev. Francis O'Neill, C.C., Langfield. Father O'Neill laboured for many years in the parish of Langfield with all the zeal and devotion of a faithful pastor. He was especially beloved by his flock, and highly respected and venerated by all who knew him, without distinction of class or creed.

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DISTRESS IN CONSUMMARA.—It is not alone that the people are suffering to a degree unknown since the famine of 1847, but they are suffering with the silence of despair, as if they had lost the will or the voice to make their privations be heard, as such harrowing privations should be heard in any Christian or civilized country.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—Fine spring weather brings with it hopeful anticipations. The dry winds of March have produced their happiest results, and enabled our farmers to make great progress with their spring work. We have had many bushels of that invaluable commodity, "March dust." A large breadth of potatoes has been planted and other spring work is in an unusually advanced state.

wet springs and water harvests have stripped them of their stock, their provisions and their clothing;—they have been living on their little capital, were such a thing existed, or more generally upon eleemosynary aid—and having lost all hope in the return of better times, they are flying while they retain the physical strength necessary for their long journey. To those who have put faith in the bold assertions of the Irish Secretary that the distress in Ireland was partial, and that there was no extraordinary destitution, and that the cry of want was an imposition upon the feelings of the benevolent, it will doubtless appear strange that at the present moment there should be anything like a revival of the exodus of a period when all admitted that famine and fever were doubly decimating the population.

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AWFUL DISTRESS IN GALWAY.—The following letter has been received by an English gentleman in the country, who has sent it to us. It was not written for publication:—

Honored Sir—May I beg leave most respectfully to approach you thus, and to solicit at your hands, or at the hands of some dear friend of charity (through you), any little aid or assistance to help me to save the lives of my perishing and starving poor?

I cannot depict their deplorable state of misery and suffering. For the last four years their crops failed here. The poor worked and tilled the lands. But worked in vain. God refused to give the produce. His holy will be done. Constant rain and frightful weather, such as no living man ever saw in this doomed country. The poor reduced to the utmost misery and destitution, and compelled to sell and pawn all their available articles to save their lives; such as clothes, beds, boxes, chairs, pots, &c. &c. The poor father sells his jacket and his shoes for two stones of Indian meal, to save the lives of his nine poor children. In this doomed parish there are upwards of 500 destitute families without means, without food, without credit, struggling for the last three years, their misery increasing. Now on the brink of death.

I am on a mission upwards of 40 years. I never witnessed such symptoms of utter poverty, destitution and want. It is truly heartrending to see weeping fathers, melting mothers, more than half naked, with their dying emaciated naked children, craving for God's sake the smallest morsel to eat or a rag to cover their naked limbs. Oh, would to God that the good and charitable people of England would come and see the frightful state of abandoned orphans, death-despair and pangs of hunger and misery. I think that the hardest heart would be moved to pity and would not refuse to extend the hand of charity to help to save the lives of one or two perishing poor families from death and starvation. God would reward them: alas! I cannot.

Honored and respected Sir, it is with pain and with trouble of mind, that I make this my sad appeal to you from the far West, for a crying and perishing poor; soliciting at your sacred hands or at the hands of any dear friend of charity (through you) the smallest aid to help me to save the lives of one starving family from death and God will bless you.

With sentiments of profound respect and esteem, I am, respected and honored Sir, your most obedient and humble servant, in Christ Jesus and Mary.

Williamstown, Ballymore, Co. Galway, Ireland, March 20th, 1863.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—Fine spring weather brings with it hopeful anticipations. The dry winds of March have produced their happiest results, and enabled our farmers to make great progress with their spring work. We have had many bushels of that invaluable commodity, "March dust." A large breadth of potatoes has been planted and other spring work is in an unusually advanced state.

Lancashire of Irish butter during the year, which closed on the 30th March, by which it appears that the arrivals were as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Year ending March 28, 1861; 1862; 1863. Values: 656,622; 581,509; 522,758.

During that period the area under grass had largely increased. It is apparent that since 1861 the arrivals of Irish butter in London have diminished by 133,867, worth at least £500,000. This fact is very suggestive to those who would encourage a further depopulation of Ireland, and a further increase of the grazing head of this country.

EMIGRATION.—It is really fearful to contemplate the vast numbers that have already emigrated, and are now preparing to emigrate, from the counties of Cavan and Leitrim this spring, principally for the United States of America. Many also have gone, and are preparing to go, out of Queen's and Antrim. The great majority of the emigrants are composed of young men and women. On Monday morning no less than thirteen families from the parish of Annaghlin and Urney (in which the town of Carrick is situated) took their departure from the Carrick terminus.—Ulster Observer.

The drain still continues, and the great number of those leaving their native land are young and vigorous men. From Newport (Tip.), on Monday fifteen young men took their departure; and since several have gone from the County Clare. In fact, the drain is excessive, and some remedial measure is demanded to stop it.—Limerick Reporter.

Emigration continues to increase as the season advances. A few are bound for Australia, but the great majority are sending their way to the "sea of war"—America. The Liverpool steamer, Zephyr, left the river to day, having, as usual, a large quantity of cattle on board, and also one hundred and twenty of the "bone and sinew" of the land, composed principally of small farmers and stalwart agricultural laborers. There were several well-dressed and beautiful daughters of Erin among those self-expatriated people. One respectable family left our own city on Tuesday last for the more distant land of Australia.—Waterford Mail.

It seems strange, but it is the fact, that notwithstanding the state of things in America, the tide of emigration has again set in from parts of the South of Ireland. It is stated in the Cork Examiner that the number of persons who have left Kerry for the United States during the last fortnight exceeded all that had emigrated during the two previous years. Almost every morning crowds of persons principally of the farming class, are seen taking their departure from the railway-station, Killarney, en route to Queenstown for America. We are told that the unsettled state of affairs in that country does not deter them. They rush out from the country as they would from a contagion, fearing that by remaining in it they may be reduced to pauperism, and then become permanent inmates of the workhouse. It appears that large sums of money have been sent over from America lately by the relatives of persons in that part of the country, and in many cases tickets have been enclosed in the letters for the passage across the Atlantic.—Times Cor.

The exodus has commenced in earnest in the west of Ireland. From an early hour on Friday morning a large number of men, women, and children arrived in this town, from the neighbouring counties of Leitrim, Roscommon, and Mayo, en route for America. The men were generally fine muscular fellows in the prime of life, the majority of whom seemed to have belonged to the small farming classes.—Ulster Observer.

The emigration from Dandalk is astonishing, if not alarming. Upwards of 600 of both sexes left last week by the steamers for Liverpool, and this week the number who sailed could not be less than 500! At present only a few of them proceed to America, the greater number being resolved to try their fortunes in Australia and Queensland.—Ulster Observer.

About 200 emigrants left Tralee and Killarney this week for Australia and America. From Thurles station to that of Mallow, we learn, the several stations were 'black' with emigrants on Wednesday last. Were the American war over, the numbers, we fear, would be cut up.—Ulster Observer.

The weather, on which so much depends, is, we are happy to state, delightful. The consequence is that farmers are busy at work in every direction—and hopes are entertained that a propitious spring time will be followed by a good summer and an abundant autumn. In the interior the sufferings of the people are excessive, owing to the dearth of money.—Limerick Reporter.

LANSLOW LIBRARIAN.—William Phibbs, Esq., of Seaford, has reduced the rents due up to November by his tenants in the neighborhood of Ballymore to the extent of one-third; and we also learn that Mrs. Armstrong has adopted the same course to the extent of one-fourth. These are evidences of genuine liberality.

If we may judge by some recent events connected with the Irish Press, extreme reactionism does not please the taste or square with the patriotic views of the Irish people. The steps taken by a few undergraduates to prevent the illumination of the Catholic University on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales were warmly approved by the editor of the Morning News, who allowed the use of his columns to those students who imagined that an illumination on such an occasion was treason to their country. It appears that by taking this course, Mr. Sullivan (we mention the name because it has been mentioned in the Morning News itself) gave offence to the most distinguished supporters of his paper, and to save the "veins" from the consequences of his imprudent treatment of the incident that had unfortunately arisen in the University, Mr. Sullivan has retired from the management of a journal which he had himself founded and carried by his talents and energy over many apparently fatal difficulties.

CASTLEBAR.—A reward of £30 has been just offered by Mr. Stritch, the efficient resident magistrate of this district, for any information that will lead to the conviction of some party or parties unknown, who cruelly and deliberately murdered a woman named Mary Carroll, by throwing her into a stream and smothering her. It appears from the evidence adduced at the inquest that the deceased was reputed to be worth some money, as she was in the habit of lending out money at interest, being a gambler woman. On the morning of the night she is said to have been murdered, she came to this town to transact some affairs, and returned home rather late in the evening, having just as she left the town changed a note. She was not seen again till found next morning in the stream or small river, at a village called Oumanool, on the Newport road. The place where she was found was a considerable distance off the road, and a dlogother away from where she lived. Dr. Barrett, who made a post mortem examination of the body, proved to several marks of violence being on her person, just as if she was dragged along the ground by force. The jury returned a verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown. I may mention that, though her purse was found with her, the money she had in it when leaving town was gone. The police are doing their best to sift the matter, and to bring the guilty parties to justice.

On Wednesday, Daniel Ward was executed, at Belfast for the murder of Charles Wilgar. The unfortunate man made a full confession of his guilt.