

fall. It was not premeditated,—he had taken the money intending to restore it,—it could not be called a breach of trust after all. Then I heard his wife's name; and many hard faces grew soft, and men's eyes filled with tears as they told of the sacrifices she had made for him to restore that which was taken. And when the judge stood up and waited for some minutes before his emotion allowed him to speak, I saw my husband bow down his head to hear the sentence that was coming. I heard murmurs of pity around, and yet I bore all and did not die. It was a just and merciful sentence, considering his once high character and the exertions that had been made to repay the money, even his employers had interceded for him, and he was condemned to five years imprisonment. I saw him led, more dead than alive, out of court. I saw his eyes fixed on me with an intensity of anguish no words could equal, and then the frightful scene was over.

For some days I was stupified with grief not so much in thinking of myself as the wife of a felon, but in sorrowing over the fearful fall of him whom I still loved. Nay, at times I thought I must be mad, or in a fever, for I could not believe that Charles Leyton lay there in prison for theft.

I was obliged to go to the only home that remained to me now, and that was a poor cottage where my mother sought refuge. There we lived, my mother and myself, and my child, during three long sad years, and then my mother died. Died sweet and gentle as she had lived, without having ever reproached me, or even saying one word against my husband. Went to rejoin my father in Heaven, and left me alone; oh, worse than alone, in the wide cold world. I took my little May and went away where I thought my story would never be known. I earned as much money as I wanted, by doing a beautiful kind of embroidery that I had learnt in happier days. My whole care and thoughts were given to May. I called her my child-angel, she was so fair and sweet; her lovely little face and her large innocent blue eyes more like those you see in picture of the angels. She had long golden curls, that wavered over her fair forehead. My child and I were alone; she was my only companion and I hers. With her I was as a child; again I played with her, danced with her, and sung to her. Oh, how passionately I loved her. We talked for long hours about her father. She always asked me where he was, and I said he was gone away, but he was coming home again soon. She grew to love him, and would come to me lisping, 'Mamma, tell me some more pretty stories about papa.'—I wished her to venerate him and love him. I had still hope. I thought when the time of punishment should be over, we might go abroad, and with another name begin life afresh, never doubting but that this hard lesson would entirely cure him of gaming. So I taught my child to love him, and never meant her to know anything of him but what was good and beautiful. It was not decent, it could not be; but, ah, me, such training bore sad fruit. At last May's whole thoughts became like mine, concentrated in her father. She seemed to have shared my heart and soul with me. When she was six years old I decided upon sending her to school. I was too busy even to teach her to read. I worked night and day to gain sufficient to take us to London for in three months my husband would be free, and I thought I could persuade him to emigrate directly. There was a day school very near my cottage, where I decided to send her. I have never forgotten that day. I was so proud of her. I dressed her in the little white frock I had embroidered for her, and brushed out her thick curls. I put a little hat, with a pretty white feather, upon her golden head, and thought I had never seen a child so beautiful before.—May was half wild with excitement; she had been wishing to go to this school for more than a year; she was bounding and dancing in her glee. I watched her going down the street; and she turned to look at me, my darling, with her sweet bright face and beaming eyes, waving her little hand towards me. Ah, I never saw that bright smile again, or the same glad light on the face of my little May. She came home at twelve. I watched for her, and saw her coming. I wondered what made the light dancing footsteps so heavy and slow; why the little head was bent so as to hide her face; why she seemed to shrink from every one, and to creep along under the shadow of the wall as though dreading to be seen. Alas! my darling, one glance at the white face and the quivering lips, one bursting sob and wild cry from my little child, and I knew all.

'Ob, mamma, mamma, Jane Lovell says my father is a thief, and is in prison, and she is sure it is true.'

I took her in my arms, clasped her to my heart, and prayed that we two might die. She only looked at me once, and said, 'Tell me, mamma, is it true?' The answer died on my lips. I could not tell her the father I had taught her to love was a felon. She laid her head down wearily, and said, 'Never mind, darling mamma, do not speak to me. I see it is true; you do not deny it. O, papa.'

She did not mention it again, but she was changed. She had always been more sensible and sensitive than children of twice her age. I found out Jane Lovell, who was very sorry she had mentioned it, but some neighbour had told her mother. Then I knew my story had reached this distant town. You would laugh at me, sister, if I told you my child died of a broken heart, but it was so. Her nature was delicate, so noble, so refined, so honorable, that she could not brook the disgrace. No persuasions could induce her to return to the school. When I mentioned it her lips would quiver, her little face grow white, and she would plead so piteously, I could not force her to do it, nor could I induce her to go out into the street. If I asked her to come out with me, she would take hold of my dress, and say—

'Mamma, do not let any one see me.'

I reasoned with her, talked to her, and, God forgive, glossed over her father's sin, telling her that he did wrong to take the money, but that he

meant to put it back again. She never answered, but when I had said all she would say with a sigh—

'But, mamma, he is in prison.'

'I cannot say if she loved him less; sometimes I thought not. She became so thoughtful, and would sit dreaming as she never did before, sitting looking in the fire, or watching the shadows of the sun and moon. One day I went into my bedroom, and found her looking very earnestly at a statue of Our Lady.'

'What are you thinking of, dear May?' I asked her.

'Oh, mamma,' she answered, with such a long sigh, 'I was wondering, when I die and go to Heaven, if the angels will ever talk about my father—if they know what he has done.'

'The angels will love him, my darling, as they do all who repent. You will be proud of your father in Heaven, May.'

'Oh, my little child, what would I not have given to have drawn out that bitter sting that rankled in your noble heart! My own life! ah, twenty times, to have brought back the sunshine to yours, the rose to your cheek, the smile to your lip, and the light to your eye. But it was too late. The same stroke that had withered my life in its prime, blighted hers in its bud. I saw her fading before my eyes, and could not save her. I grew frantic. I carried her from one physician to another: I spent my hardly earned money in doctor's fees, but they could not save her. Slowly and sweetly she faded away, growing every day more beautiful and more spiritual. I could not part with her. In my grief and despair I offered my own life to purchase hers: she was my treasure, my all, but it could not be. I have seen the good doctor's eyes fill with tears when I prayed him to save my darling. No human power could do it.—They said she had no disease but that something was wearing away her strength: it might be growing too fast, or some madly they had not been able to discover. I knew what that something was, and I thought God, in his mercy, was taking my child from me that her father and I might have an angel in Heaven always interceding for us. She was no trouble: she would lie watching me the whole day through, and sometimes speaking in her weak little voice such words of comforts and of love! Oh, my child-angel, I have kept those words in my heart since you left me. She was not strong enough to be moved; so when the last three months of my husband's imprisonment had expired, instead of my going to London, he came down to me. He wrote to me to say that he would be with me on Tuesday night. Oh, sister, I wish I could pass over the rest; but a few words and it will be ended.'

I told May her papa was coming. A wistful look came over her pale, sweet face, but she made no answer. All day she lay watching the door; and once, when a heavy step came near the house, I saw her flush the deepest crimson. I prepared our little house, and made it look as pretty as I could, in order that my husband might be pleased. I gathered some flowers, and arranged them as he had liked to see them in our dear home, May's large bright eyes following me sadly all the while. I had no ornaments left, but, with a small bright fire glowing in the polished grate, and a white cloth on the table, with the few flowers, made our little room look cheerful and home-like. It had just such an air as a tired wanderer would best like to greet him. I knew my husband would be with me in the evening. How did the hours of that day pass? Ah, wearily, wearily. Time seemed standing still a hundred times in an hour. I looked at the hands of the clock; they seemed to stand still. The bright sunbeams grew mellowed and less bright, their golden light fell upon the white bed and pretty face of my pale, sweet May, when I heard that step which had once made the sweetest music in my ear. Ah, me, God helped me in that hour, or I should have died and left my child with her angel on earth.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, April 30.—Another atrocious murder has been committed in the County Westmeath. The affair, like nearly all the murders recently reported in this country is shrouded in mystery. The victim is a Captain Rowland Tarleton, Greggan-house, about two miles from Athlone. He farmed his own estate, about 90 acres, had no tenants whatever, and is said to have been well liked by his neighbours. It appears that on Wednesday afternoon about 1 o'clock, he proceeded to a part of his farm to direct the operations of some of his labourers. After remaining with them for some time he told them to go to dinner, which they did, he himself proceeding towards a bog in the vicinity, where a labourer named Mullane was occupied. Captain Tarleton left after a few minutes and so far as is known was never again seen alive except by his assassin. His lifeless body was found three hours later in a 'boreen' not far from his own residence. He had been shot through the head. The eyes are described as having presented the appearance of an undistinguishable mass of pulp, and the features were totally destroyed by the storm of shot which had been poured into them. A revolver, which has been in the habit of carrying for some time back, was found on his person, as was also a sum of money in silver. The spot had been well chosen by the assassin. Within a few yards of where Captain Tarleton fell was a stone wall, coming to an angle. Stones had been placed on the wall so as to afford an ambush, and so as, while protecting the assassin from observation, to give him a full view of Captain Tarleton, who, it is known was in the habit of passing the spot daily. The constabulary were immediately on the alert but no clue to the perpetrator of the murder could be discovered. No one will confess to having heard a shot fired. The police, however, arrested Thomas Eicker, John Burns, John Dutton, Michael Dowd, Patrick Burns and William Burns. At a later hour two men, advanced in years, and each named Burns, were also arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the affair, but they were soon afterwards discharged, the authorities thinking there was no reason to detain them in custody. An inquest was held yesterday, but no additional light was thrown on the occurrence. The only known possible motive for the crime is that Captain Tarleton had about six months ago dismissed a herdman named Burns. He had since received several threatening letters. Deceased was an unmarried man, 35 years of age. His mother and sister resided with him.—[Times Cor.]

DUBLIN, May 1.—The accounts supplied by the local papers of the riots in Londonderry are vague, and, of course, to some extent contradictory. There

appears little reason to doubt that members of both parties were to blame. The originating cause of the disturbance appears to have been the precedence granted to a wife and drum band, called the Hibernian band, on the arrival of the Prince in the city on Wednesday afternoon. The precedence given to this band gave great offence to the Apprentice Boys, who thought that their own bands should have been accorded the place of honour. The obnoxious band, having been thus permitted to take the foremost part in welcoming his Royal Highness to the city, proceeded a few hours later—about half-past 8 o'clock—to the Imperial Hotel, where Prince Arthur was staying, and, taking up a position in front of that establishment, played 'God Save the Queen.' A crowd which had assembled around the band cheered the Prince when the playing ceased. The band, followed by the crowd then proceeded in the direction of the Diamond, where they encountered a number of the Apprentice Boys. Stone-throwing soon commenced, and shots were fired. The police, however, succeeded in separating the combatants before any serious injuries had been inflicted. The opposing parties then proceeded in different directions—the Apprentice Boys taking possession of Bachelors-gate, while the Hibernian band and its followers took up its position in Abbey street and a large Roman Catholic party, however, assembled near the place occupied by the Apprentice Boys. The police succeeded in partially dispersing this party; but the Apprentice Boys it is alleged, took up a position over the gate, from which they discharged pistols and threw stones, breaking the windows of the adjacent houses and perforating the doors with bullets. This was kept up till about a quarter past 10, when a magistrate and some of the constabulary arrested the Roman Catholic party to go home. The constabulary and the magistrate then endeavoured to induce the Apprentice Boys to cease, going up to those on the gate and remonstrating with them. The latter, however, were obstinate, and many of them became so excited, and shots and various missiles were being discharged in such numbers, that three of the constabulary who had ventured on the perilous mission thought it prudent to retire to a more sheltered position. The mob becoming more riotous, and shots more frequent, the constabulary, in order to put an end to the disturbance, fired on the mob, with the fatal result already announced. The military were then called out, and the streets were speedily cleared of the mobs. The military and police continued to patrol the streets during the night. The two men who received fatal wounds were in the vigour of youth. One of them named Moriarty was a millwright; the occupation of the other, Craig, is not mentioned. A man named Murphy was seriously wounded in the thigh. Lieutenant Sand, who was at first stated to have received a gunshot wound, suffers only from injuries inflicted by stones. Three of the constabulary—Sub-constables Sullivan, Reilly, and Donnell—also received serious injuries from the same cause. It is alleged and not contradicted, that the police fired on the people without orders. The Riot Act, it is also stated, was not read throughout the entire proceedings. The opposing mobs indulged freely in party cries, the more frequent of which were, 'Down with tyranny!' 'To— with ascendancy!' and 'Gloria for Lord Claud!' on the one side; while the other took care to call for 'Gloria for Gladstone, the traitor!' and for cheers for 'Church and State!' At the inquest yesterday on the bodies of Moriarty and Craig, the father of the last-named was examined, and having identified the body, stated that his son was neither an Apprentice Boy nor an Orangeman. Robert McMichael, one of the city police, deposed that, in company with six other members of the force, he proceeded on Wednesday night to the scene of the riot. He saw a mob coming down Bishop-street but could not tell to which party it belonged. The mob consisted of men, women, and children, were throwing stones. He then heard two pistol shots fired. A party of constabulary, numbering about seven, were stationed at the foot of the street, and shots were fired by them immediately after the two pistol shots from the mob. A few minutes afterwards Moriarty and Craig were found lying in the street, the former the witness believed quite dead. Craig was still alive, and was conveyed to the infirmary on a stretcher. The witness saw no one fall before the constabulary fired, but they might have fallen without his seeing them. One or two other witnesses were examined, but did not throw any further light on the occurrence. The inquest was then adjourned till Monday. It appears that the constabulary, on being examined after the fray, were found to be 14 bullets short of the supply served out to them. A man named Baker has been arrested on suspicion of having fired the shot by which Murphy, who is in a dangerous state, was wounded.—[Times Cor.]

DUBLIN, May 18.—The Archbishop of Cashel, Most Rev. Dr. Patrick Leahy, in a pastoral letter refers to the recent outrages committed in the south of Ireland. He considers it lamentable that the acts of a few desperadoes should tarnish the fame of Tipperary, and emphatically denies the existence of an agrarian conspiracy. The outrages, he says, were the result of the unhappy relations existing between landlord and tenant, and a settlement of the land question in Ireland would be sure to diminish the number of such unfortunate occurrences. The pastoral bids distressed tenants to look for hope to the Imperial Legislature, and points all the danger of estranging and disgracing England by the commission of such outrages as have recently been perpetrated.

DUBLIN, May 19.—A riot broke out in Tralee. Two mobs fought the police interposed; the mobs combined, the police fell back a few paces, and discharged their firearms, killing one and wounding several rioters. Three police were hurt, one seriously. Town now quiet; several arrests have taken place.

Alderman Lyons has received a letter threatening his death by shooting in the streets before the 15th inst.

Prince Arthur has continued his tour in the north of Ireland having been well received in all places, and is expected to visit the Isle of Man after quitting Ireland.

Information was received of Martin Marrow, of the parish Curra, county of Sligo, Ireland, who emigrated to America. Also his sister, Bridget Marrow. He sailed twenty years ago or more. When last heard of he was in Upper Canada, North America. Any information respecting them will be thankfully received by their sister, Margaret Marrow, 58½ Syke-street Blackburn, Lancashire, England.

Four more arrests have been made on suspicion of the Athlone murder.

A supplement to the Dublin Gazette, published on Saturday, contains an Order in Council declaring the borough of Londonderry under the provisions of the Peace Preservation (Ireland) Act.

Riots in DERRY.—The inquest on the bodies of the two men killed during the riot at Londonderry concluded on Tuesday. In Craig's case the jury could not say by whom the gunshot wounds which caused death had been inflicted. In Moriarty's case they found that death was occasioned by a gunshot wound inflicted by the police. The jury appended to their verdict a statement of their opinion that the conduct of the police was unjustifiable in firing at the crowd without having given them sufficient warning. They also severely censured the authorities for not having taken proper precautions for the preservation of the peace of the town.—[Saunders.]

ROBBERY OF ARMS AT COBK.—It appears that an old servant had been left in charge of Mr. Paul's house, and when three men presented themselves at the hall-door it happened to be open at the time, and they walked in. One of the ruffians presented a revolver at the head of the servant, and demanded to be informed where the arms of Mr. Keating (nephew of Mr. Paul) were kept. The woman, being over- come by fear, pointed to Mr. Keating's bed-room, at

the same time saying that she did not know whether Mr. Keating had any arms or not. The hint was at once taken advantage of, and the men entered the apartment and commenced a systematic search. After a short time they opened the drawers of the dressing table, and in one of them discovered a hand some revolver and a double-barrelled pistol; both of which they deliberately appropriated. The parties then withdrew, and soon disappeared round the corner of the quay. One of the men remained watching at the door while the others were engaged in ransacking the place.—[Express.]

ANOTHER DARING ROBBERY OF ARMS AT COBK.—A most daring and deliberately planned robbery of arms took place at the store of Messrs. O'Connell, Fish-street. Three men presented themselves at the care taker's house, and on the door being opened by his wife, they presented pistols at her head. They then demanded the keys of the store-yard; terror enforced compliance, and they opened the yard. In the store were several cases addressed to Captain Mackey, of the Engineers, Camden Fort. Three cases had recently come from Bristol. The men selected one which contained six rifles. The woman and her son were kept close prisoners while the confederates searched the premises. The number of men engaged in this robbery is estimated at eight. The public feel that this is no ordinary robbery, but a clever and audacious plan for obtaining arms. All the other property lying about was untouched. When the rifles were carried off the keys were returned to the caretaker's wife, who was ordered not to leave her house. The men were only partly disguised. The police being informed of the robbery, made a strict search, but as usual no clue was obtained to either arms or men.

THE ROBBERY OF ARMS—ARREST IN COBK.—Eugene Ferris was arrested on suspicion of being connected with the robbery of arms at Mr. Paul's. The prisoner, who was handcuffed, broke the handcuffs, and escaped through the crowd, who covered his retreat. Ferris was previously in prison for Fenianism. He has not yet been re-arrested.

The recovery of Ireland must be a slow process. It cannot be accomplished at a stroke, and it is, as we have confessed, a fact to be recognized that in undoing the mischief of past legislation we may unsettle the minds of the people and produce a temporary excitement apparently worse than fullen discontent under permanent wrong. It is this which makes the duty of the Government so imperative not to allow their motives and their future policy to be misunderstood. It is on this account that we call upon them again, as we called upon them last week to define their policy, and to speak out! No consideration that can be adduced can balance the mischief of silence. It is more than doubtful whether the success of the Church Bill is not endangered by the apprehensions of an unknown Land Bill more than it could be endangered by the publication of any provisions the Land Bill could possibly contain. The plea of Ministerial stability is the single reason which can be urged in defence of Ministerial reserve and it is insufficient when we see Ireland excited by repeated and increasing outrages, the outbreak of a spirit of untempered expectation which the Government might dissipate by the brief statement of their policy.—[Times.]

REFORMATORY SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.—Reformatory schools are among the charities interested in the surplus from the Irish church funds, and a return relating to these schools has been made to the House of Commons in pursuance of a motion of Sir T. Bateson. The return, made up to the close of the year 1868, shows that there are nine reformatory schools in Ireland—one at Cork, for Catholic boys, containing 173 juvenile offenders; one at Glencree, Wicklow, for Catholic boys, containing 307; one at Malone, Belfast, for Protestant boys, containing 64; one at Dublin for Protestant boys, containing 31; four for Catholic girls—viz., one at Drumcondra, containing 48, one at Limerick 31, one at Sparg's Lake, Monaghan, 42, and one at Ballinacree, 16; and one in Dublin, for Protestant girls, containing 11. The totals of these numbers are 574 boys and 152 girls. The sum of 2s. per head per week is paid by the grand juries for the children sent from their respective counties to reformatory schools. The managers of the male Catholic reformatory schools are ecclesiastics of religious orders and the managers of the female Catholic schools are members of conventual institutions.

A suit was recently brought in the Probate Court, Dublin, to test the will of the late Mr. Bernard Fagan, of Wexford street, biker, who died in May last, and, who by will, appointed Cardinal Cullen as his residuary legatee. The will was impeached by Mrs. Mary Anne Fagan, the widow of the deceased, on the grounds of informal execution, and that deceased was not of sound mind, memory, and understanding at the time of its execution. The will was sustained as being perfectly unimpeachable. Mr. Butt, on behalf of Cardinal Cullen, stated that he had never previously heard of testator—therefore, had taken no interest in the will, and desired rather to increase it if he could legally do so, the jointure of £60 per year left to the widow. Judge Warren said nothing could be fairer, and that the will should stand.

THE EXODUS FROM MONSTER.—The tide of emigration from this port seems to be simply exhaustless. To give the reader an idea of its extent it is only necessary to refer to the weekly emigrant statistics which exhibit a state of things tending irrevocably to the depopulation of the country. Since Sunday for instance, nearly two thousand have left Queenstown for the States, and before the week has ended this number will be very materially increased. The 215 taken by the Orono steamer Marathon on Monday, the 200 by the Helvetia on Tuesday the 261 by the Nevada and the 50 by the China on Wednesday, with the 400 hooked for the Queen on Thursday, and the numbers carried by the two Loman steamers that also called on Thursday—these are figures printed in plainest type, facts so stupendous as to be incredible were they not so sadly authenticated. Despite the immense number of steamers employed in the emigrant service, the accommodation is still insufficient, and as fast as the wanderers go others come on. What is more deplorable still is that almost all the emigrants are young and hearty, the very bone and sinew of the country. The rural element is still predominant; respectively dressed farmers' sons and daughters forming the vast volume of the tide; but the artisan and the mechanic are in sufficient numbers, those of a higher social position being no means rare. The county of Cork is not so prolific of emigrants as it used to be, probably because almost all its population that could move has done so. The counties of Galway, Clare, and Limerick are most largely represented, young women and young men from these parts being brought to the city daily in hundreds. In Tralee, also, and the neighborhood of Kilmaree, the exodus has assumed alarming proportions, while exhausted Tipperary still continues to yield up her scattered children. A noticeable fact in the emigration of this year is the extremely matter of fact tone it has assumed. Except among the more ignorant, a voyage to America seems to have lost all its horrors, and while symptoms of regret at leaving fatherland are by no means wanting, there is a tone of buoyancy and hope about the most deeply affected, that reconciles one in a great measure to the inexorable fate that appears to point to the Western Republic as the future resting-place of our race.—[Cork Herald, May 1.]

An impression now prevails that the murder of Mr. Bradshaw was not agrarian, but originated in a feeling of jealousy, excited by the habits of the deceased. There is some sense of relief in the thought that the relations of landlord and tenant have had nothing to do with the crime. It is not pretively known what the immediate provocation was, but there is reason to believe that the assassin was actuated by a desire to avenge some real or supposed wrong, wholly unconnected with land. Mr. Bradshaw was remarkably

quite and inoffensive in his public capacity, but his relations in his household were not equally satisfactory and led to much domestic unhappiness. He seems to have entertained some apprehensions of the fate which overtook him. A few weeks ago, as rumour has it, he dreamt he felt some person pressing his hand as he lay asleep, and next day he made his will. In the disposition of his acquired property, which was considerable, he is reported to have marked his estrangement from his wife by leaving the greater part of it for the benefit of his sister's children. He had no legitimate children of his own living. The inquest was held yesterday by Dr. Murray, of Tipperary, one of the county coroners. From the account in the Express it appears that the murder has produced no ordinary excitement among the local gentry and the people. The assemblage was so large that it became necessary to conduct the inquiry in the open air. Nearly all the magistrates of the surrounding district were present. A respectable jury, consisting of 17 farmers, was sworn. The first witness was Richard Mochler, a coachman, who deposed that at 7 o'clock on Saturday morning the deceased went into the stable to give him some directions, and then proceeded across the fields. In about an hour afterwards he heard two shots fired. On hearing the first shot he went to the stable door, and had not been there more than a second when the other shot was fired. The first was very dull in sound, and the second was much sharper; but the fact that he was outside when he heard it might account for that. He paid no attention to the shots, as he was frequently in the habit of hearing them. He afterwards went to breakfast, and as his master had not then returned he was sent in search of him. The mistress was then reading the paper at the window, and said something as he passed about its being a fine hour. As he went through the sheepfold he met Coleman, a dumb servant, to whom he communicated his object, and, taking different roads, they went to look for M. Bradshaw. He returned by the reverse, and found his master's body in the water. He immediately ran to the house and raised the alarm. Mrs. Bradshaw threw down the paper and rushed out. She said something, but he was so confused he could not pick up what it was. He returned in the direction of the body, and when Mrs. Bradshaw came up he asked her should he go for the police, but she made no answer. Judging it to be his duty to inform them, he saddled a horse and rode to Cappawhite for them. The deceased and Mrs. Bradshaw occasionally had a little quarrel. He heard of a quarrel between Mr. Bradshaw and a servant maid but he thought the deceased was well liked by every one. He was very warmhearted and kind to his tenants. Witness could not say where 'duddy' was all that morning. Constable Parks, the next witness, stated that the scene of the murder was 235 yards distant from the hall door. The windows are visible from it. The deceased received a threatening letter on the 9th of December, 1867. It was signed 'A Fenian of the Purest Water.' George Coleman, a deaf and dumb young man, was next examined in witness. He testified that by direction of his mistress, he searched the pockets of the deceased and found some money. The mistress and Mary Brown, a servant, came down with him, and he dragged the body out of the water took a purse out of the pocket, and handed it to the mistress. In answer to a question whether Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw were fond of each other, the witness with a significant gesture answered 'No.' Drs. Spain and Webb, who made a post mortem examination, deposed to the cause of death. They produced two bullets which they had extracted from the body. They appeared to be inch lengths cut from a circular roll of lead nearly half an inch in diameter. The coroner intimated that the jury had enough evidence to enable them to return a verdict. The jury expressed a wish to hear the three maid servants examined. Mr. Massey, J. P., interposed, and observed that he was sure the jury wished to have the guilty person brought to justice, and this object might be defeated if the demand were pressed. The majority of the jury peremptorily insisted upon hearing all the evidence. They were reminded that the coroner had a discretionary power, and Mr. Bodkin, R.M., having pressed them, they at length gave way. They then found that Mr. Bradshaw died of gunshot wounds, inflicted by some person or persons unknown. Mr. Crowe, one of the jury, expressed the sympathy of the jury, with the brothers of the deceased gentleman and every member of his family, and their assurance that neither he nor they ever deserved such a fate. A private investigation was afterwards held. Allis still remains in custody. He is the son of a tenant who was in arrears of rent, and whom it was stated Mr. Bradshaw intended to evict. At the close of the inquest the farmers present entered into a subscription for a reward fund to obtain information, and in a quarter of an hour they put down their names for £250. It is rather singular that it was the deceased who recently found the drunken man in a ditch at Cappawhite, and, seeing blood on his face, raised a groundless alarm of murder.—[Times Cor.]

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.—The 'Dublin Irishman' publishes the following extracts from the Protestant press of Ireland, and from the speeches of Protestant Ministers denouncing the Queen, the Ministry, and the British Empire, because of the Irish Church Bill:—

UNPUNISHABLE 'CRIMES.'

If . . . (the Queen consents to disestablishment) we will kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne.—Parson Flanagan.

'The feelings of Irish Protestants, exasperated by wrong, are in a transition stage.

They owe no allegiance to a treaty-violating minister. England had once to look to Holland for a deliverer; and Protestant Ireland may also find deliverers in some sympathising country.' Mr. Gladstone's reward from those he has served will be more all-mountainous clamour, and Irish Protestants may yet have their revenge.'—Londonderry Sentinel, quoted in L. Standard, May 6. Written 'just before the arrival of the Prince in Derry'—whose visit was 'welcomed' with pistol shots and riot.

'It will be well to look for friends elsewhere. In self defence, I would say let us form a Union with the United States of America. . . . I fear 'tis too true that the English Government has become, to all intents and purposes, a republic, and that a craze has come over the people. And we might be better off under President Grant than under Bright, Gladstone, and Co. To America the benefit would be so immense that I would hope the union would be joyfully carried out. 'It would give her a foothold in Europe, and with her fleets at Cork and Lough Swilly, give her such command at sea that England dare not fire a shot in this country, nor further insult the loyal inhabitants of Ireland.' The men of the North will hardly allow their churches and the houses of their clergy to be pulled down [Disestablishment and Disendowment] before their eyes 'without a fight for it.' There are thousands of Irish in America 'who would assist us,' and with America, the greatest country in the world, on our side, we might laugh at the English and Scotch revolutionists.'—Daily Express Correspondence, May 6.

'We are well aware that the idea of annexation with America has been very prevalent since the unmaking of a Jesuit policy in Ireland, and the unquestionable evidence that the full power of England is committed to its support. The idea is daily gaining strength.—Evening Mail, May 6.

'I cannot believe it possible that the Gladstones of to-day could be born, or that the Greater would permit the 'truthfulness' of infancy to be sullied by such an osteopore. We must have recourse to the development theory for the 'hideous phenomenon' of his appearance as he is. That he is a Jesuitical 'Traitor' to the religion he once professed; that he

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