

'Ah! yes, God help her, and a sorry husband she has; not that she has ever complained to any of us, or ever said a word about him; but we know he never comes home to her but when he wants to take her hard-earned bit of money from her.'

'What does she do for her living?' 'She sews,' said the woman, with a reckless, hard laugh, and a bitter tone of voice; 'she sews, and I sew, too; she sews the day through and the night through again. I do the same. — There is one difference, — she bears her fate with patience, I don't. When she had any time to spare she was off to one of those churches down there. I go to a very different place.'

'Could you not be good and patient too?' 'No,' she answered fiercely; 'I am sick of my life and worn out. I don't much care what I do; but here we are, sister; and a poor place it is.'

Peter Cassidy entered first, and we followed with the light. There was a wretched apology for a bedstead in one corner of the room, and he laid his burden down upon it. Then, with Mrs. Weston's help, we got a light. She was right in calling it a poor place; I never saw one more wretched. The window was broken in many places, and the poor rags thrust in did not keep out the rain or the wind: there was the dying embers of a small fire in the rusted grate. The room contained no furniture save the one bedstead, a small table, and two chairs. Ah! who could have imagined that she who lay there with that fearful death-wound, in such misery and poverty, had once been a bright beautiful girl, surrounded by luxury, and cherished and loved as an only and darling child?

We despatched Peter for a doctor, and told him then to go on to the convent to tell the reverend mother where we were, and to bring back a basket of necessaries for the poor woman. — That done, we got some hot water, and tried to wash the wound, that we might see its extent. The poor creature never moved; but we knew she still lived by the beating of her heart and the feeble breath that sometimes parted her white lips. We looked through the house to find linen, but there was none; not even the smallest thread to be seen.

'I have but little,' said Mrs. Weston; 'but I'll lend it to you willingly.'

While she went to fetch it, Sister Rose and I knelt down by the bedside, and said the Litany of Our dear Lady. She came in just at the close. When she gave the linen she turned from me; but not before I had seen tears glistening in her eyes, and a fierce hard look on her face.

We undressed her then. Ah! me, there were dark bruises on the delicate arms that told sad tales; old marks of ill-treatment patiently borne. They spoke eloquently: those fearful bruises, the heavy blow, the muttered curses, hunger, toil, privation, and misery, seemed to have done their worst, and to have reached their utmost vengeance upon the emaciated, dying figure. My tears fell fast upon her poor face, as I tried to part the long thick hair. No woman's heart could have beheld that sight unmoved. Around her neck, tied on a simple cord, we found a medal of the Immaculate Conception, a small crucifix, and a baby's golden curl.

After a long interval of waiting and suspense, the doctor came. He examined our patient, whose name we found was Mrs. Leyton. We read his decision in his face.

'She is not dangerously wounded,' he replied, to my anxious interrogation; 'but she was very weak before this happened. I should say she will never recover her strength; her pulse is very feeble; in fact there is very little life in her.'

'Do you know anything of her, doctor?' 'No; I have never seen her before. It is a sad case, poor thing. I can do nothing much for her, but leave her under your care.'

And doubtless pleased at the prospect of returning to a cheerful home, the doctor withdrew, not without having first given me from his own purse a small sum of money sufficient for the purchase of some coal and a little wine. God bless him and reward him for it! Soon after he was gone Peter returned with a basket packed by Mrs. Weston's own hands. I hastily sought the bottle of cordial I had sent for, and gave it to Mrs. Leyton. She appeared somewhat revived after it, and tried to speak to me, but I could not distinguish the words. Mrs. Weston, who had remained with us, suddenly said to Sister Rose, —

'I wonder how this all came about. Did she fall, or was she knocked down, as she often is?' Sister Rose was just going to say what we had seen, but I made a sign to her to be silent. Mrs. Weston resumed, —

'I should not be a bit surprised if it wasn't that husband of hers who did it. If it was, he shall be brought to justice for it. Transportation is too good for him. He ought to be tried for murder.'

The white lips opened, and a look of agony such as physical pain never brought, passed over her pale face. She drew me feebly to her and said, —

'Tell her not to speak so. I feel. I love my husband. No harm shall come to him. He does not touch me.'

Faint and exhausted, her head fell back, and for some moments I feared death would be the consequence of those imprudent words. We sent Mrs. Weston home, and watched the night through in that dreary little room. Many times we feared her last moment was come. I noticed that whenever she seemed to be in great pain, or conscious of what she was doing, she seized the little medal and pressed it eagerly to her lips. — I augured well from that. Poor Sister Rose, worn out with fatigue, laid her head down on the chair, and went fast asleep at my desire. There I sat listening to the beating rain and the wind, and the feeble moans of the poor sufferer. I felt puzzled over her. Though living in the depths of the most abject poverty, she was evidently a lady; emaciated, bruised, and stricken though she was, there was an air of refinement about her; the thin hands, that were ever and

and anon clasped to, wildly together, were small and delicate; the long black hair was soft and shining, as though it had once been well cared for. When she did speak, there was a nameless kind of grace in her words and movements. — Then her evident desire to conceal the occasion of her fall, her eagerness to vindicate her husband, whom I could not help suspecting of the outrage, interested me. That was not only a proof of a woman's disinterestedness, but of a Christian's forgiveness. And that one little golden curl went straight to my heart, — whose it was, and why she wore it, I know not; but it told me a tale of love and sorrow. The rain abated at last, and the dull grey dawn appeared. Sister Rose awoke, and our patient had fallen into a deep and quiet slumber. In another hour two of our sisters came to relieve us, and we returned, worn and wearied, to our dear convent home. I had always loved our little chapel; but it never seemed to me half so beautiful as during the few minutes' visit I made before going to rest. The morning sunbeams were streaming upon the altar, the sanctuary seemed steeped in golden light. Oh, how calm, how peaceful! — No trace here of sin and sorrow! None of human passion and human misery! All was serene and heavenly. That holy calm fell upon my heart, and removed the pain left there by the sad scene of suffering and wrong I had witnessed; but in the short sleep that followed I was haunted by the pale sweet face I had left, and that fearful cry rang again in my ears.

CHAPTER II.

After some hours' repose I returned to Mrs. Leyton's. The reverend mother, after hearing my history, gave her into my charge entirely. I found her better, and able to speak. She seized my hands eagerly.

'Sister, was it you who were so kind to me last night?' she said, in a faint, low voice.

'Yes, my dear, and I am very glad you are better now.'

'I thank you so much. I feel very ill. I think I am dying. You will let me see a priest soon, will you not?'

'Very soon. But now you must not talk any more, or you will be too tired to talk to him.'

'I must ask this question — only one,' she replied, clutching my hand. 'Are we quite alone?'

'Her dim eyes wandered sadly around the room. —

'Yes, quite alone, my dear. What do you want to know?'

'I know you will never betray me, sister. — Tell me, did you not pass me in the street last night? It seems to me that two nuns went by, and of them looked at me with a kind sympathizing face, like yours. Is it true, or have I dreamt it?'

'It is true, my dear; but do not agitate yourself. —

'But you have not told — oh, for mercy's sake, never tell, sister. Promise me.'

'I do promise you. I understand it all, and I will help you keep your secret.'

'She could not speak; but a sweet smile brightened her pale face. After some time she said again, —

'Sister Magdalene' (for I had told her my name), 'I have something the matter with my hand. I can scarcely move it.'

I looked at it; it was the left hand. On the third finger was a dark, angry-looking bruise, as though some one had pulled and wrenched it violently. Her wedding-ring was not there. —

'My dear child,' I asked, 'have you lost your ring?'

'My ring!' she replied, quickly; 'no!' Then came a dreary sigh and a look of pained and bitter recollection. 'Ah, yes,' she replied, 'I know; it is gone!' She hastily hid her hand, and spoke no more.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Dublin, April 23 — An alleged murder has been improperly put to the account of Tipperary, which has enough to answer for without being overcharged. The report of a man having been found murdered near Dappaghwhite turns out to have been unfounded. The man was lying in a ditch in a state of intoxication, and had received some slight cut in falling, which rumour magnified into another tragedy. — Times Cor.

There are, we believe, well-founded reports in this city that several Irish State prisoners in Australia have succeeded in escaping to America. — Cork Herald.

Mr. O'Sullivan, the Mayor of Cork, has resigned office.

A Cork paper states that emigration from that harbor for America 'continues to increase.'

May 10 — A great mass meeting was held in Cork on Saturday evening to condemn the conduct of the Government in the matter of the Mayor.

Thomas and James Fitzgerald, who are charged on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Mr. Toppin, have been again remanded by the magistrates. The clothes of one of them, which had dark marks upon them, are being subjected to analysis.

The following telegram appears in the Dublin papers: — 'Athlone — Captain Tarleton was shot dead yesterday afternoon on his own grounds at Oreggan. He was a landed proprietor. When the body was found a revolver was in his belt, not discharged. — No particulars are given, but from the fact of a revolver being found upon the body, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it will turn out to be another incident in the agrarian war which is at present raging between the tenantry and their oppressive landlords.

It is said that Mr. John Smullan, who returned from America a short time since, disappeared on Tuesday, the 23rd ult., and up to the present time no trace of him has been discovered. He had a large sum of money in his possession, and was last seen walking towards Ballintra. Some think he has gone again to America, but that he should do so seems strange, as he had just bought a lot of cattle and put them on his father's land, and left behind him a quantity of clothing. — Derry Sentinel.

The number of births registered during the quarter ended 31st December last, were 33,062; the deaths 20,628; and the number of emigrants, 8,779 — an increase of 4,755 would therefore, appear to have taken place in the population of Ireland during that period.

At a meeting held near Newry, the Rev. Stokes is reported to have observed that 'it had been only

proposed that some of the Protestant cathedrals should be handed over to the Catholics; by the bye, there are the vesting of 200,000 Orangemen of Ulster in the Protestant cathedral, Protestant church, or Protestant parsonage house in the most remote or distant parts of Connaught or Munster was handed over to the apostate Church of Rome they would know where to find cathedrals that were just as good as the cathedrals handed over they knew where to find the Catholic cathedral of Armagh, and they felt that their 200,000 stout arms would be able to hold it. They would say to the pastors of every Protestant church that, before they gave it up to any apostate system, a barrel of gunpowder and a box of matches would send it to the winds of heaven.'

PRING AND FIRING ORANGISM — A great Protestant demonstration took place on last Wednesday in the town of Clonoe to enter a protest against Mr. Gladstone's spoliation legislation of the Church question. The meeting purposed to embrace every section of Protestantism, but whether it did or not one thing is certain that it partook largely of the display of Orangism when certain antireristries are being celebrated — the same drumming and firing, playing of party tunes and flunting of gaily Orange sashes and ribbons; and it may be added that the emulation usually observable among the drumming parties on these occasions to produce the greatest possible amount of discord was attended with even more than ordinary success, and nothing of the kind could exceed the din and noise and confusion, as each lodge, headed by files and drums, marched to the place of meeting in the market place. The assemblage gathered about four o'clock p.m. when the country orators commenced their work, and after several speeches were delivered and resolutions passed, a condemnation of Mr. Gladstone's policy, the meeting broke up about half-past six o'clock and the several lodges of men, numbers of them from the adjoining country, Fermanagh, returned to their respective districts. — Freeman April 12.

At Marlborough street Police Court James Mann's colored man who has been passing himself off as an African prince was brought up for further examination. Inspector Hubbard said he had ascertained that the prisoner had ordered goods of all kinds from different tradesmen. From Messrs Barton he had ordered articles of the value of £70; at another place he gave an order for a piano worth £80; at another he ordered a large quantity of books; at a third he gave an order for a large stock of wine, spirits, tea, &c. The inspector added that he believed the prisoner was 'wanted' at Liverpool and that he had been tried at Maidstone for stealing clothing at Chatham. Mr. Harris who resided for some years at the Gallinas said Prince Mann was drowned while he was out there. He knew Prince Mann and all his family and was in a position to state that the prisoner had no connection whatever with him. Mr. Cutler, professor of law at King's College, said the prisoner came to him a short time ago and said he was desirous of studying the English law. The prisoner, owing to his representations, had put him to some expense, for he had paid his board in the Inns of Court Hotel, thinking there might be something in his story. As the inquiries of the police have led them to believe that the prisoner has been about the country victimizing hotel-keepers and others, Mr. Mansfield remanded him for a week.

The Nenagh Guardian reports that on Friday night an attempt was made to blow up the house of Dr. E. Borden, of Parkmore, near Mullinabreena, county Tipperary. The family were aroused at 1 o'clock by a loud explosion which shook the house, and on searching found a quantity of powder in a vessel to which a fuse had been attached and ignited but fortunately no injury was done except the breaking of the faint over the door and the parlor window into fragments. Dr. Borden has been recently threatened, and on one occasion, about eight months ago, his house was attacked by three men, with their faces blackened, and armed with pistols who induced him to go out on a pretence that they wanted him to visit a sick person, and then, putting him on his knees told him that they came a long distance to be revenged on him as he was a bad landlord. His daughter, however, ran to his relief, and his assailants, fearing detection or defeat, withdrew. He accused a tenant with whom he had a dispute as the instigator of this attack, and the tenant brought an action of slander at the last assizes, and obtained a verdict, but only a farthing damages. It is stated that Dr. Borden is inoffensive and respected, and that these outrages have excited indignation in the neighbourhood.

The Clonmel Chronicle reports a case at the local Petty Sessions on Thursday which further illustrates the state of affairs in Tipperary. Mr. P. Maguire, a magistrate and landlord, summoned a tenant farmer named Hennessy for using threatening language to him. Another person of the same name had intimidated a desire to surrender a farm next November, not being able to make it pay, and the defendant hearing this, went to the complainant and demanded that it should be given to him, intimating that if Mr. Maguire did not comply, 'Mary (his wife) would not save him.' The defendant's attorney contended that his client did not intend to use any violence and that the complainant did not apprehend any. In proof of this he mentioned that Mr. Maguire came out of the house alone to meet him. Mr. Maguire explained that he was fully armed at the time, and that had the defendant shown the slightest indication of an intention to commit violence he would have shot him on the spot. He added that the position which he held as a magistrate during the last six months rendered his apprehension the stronger. He had been warned before. The case was postponed in order to afford an opportunity of communicating with the Government.

PRINCE ARTHUR PATRICK'S HOMAGE TO CATHOLIC IRELAND. — It is a pleasure to be able to chronicle the following visits to Conventual Establishments by Prince Arthur. Before quitting Lismore, his Royal Highness honored the good ladies of the Presentation Convent with a visit. The youthful Prince, who is the very essence of courtesy and gentleness, was received at the principal entrance to the convent by the ladies of the community. The children of the schools, all dressed in their holiday attire, and bearing green branches, were at the entrance gate, and escorted his Royal Highness to the convent, singing as they went along 'God Save the Queen' and 'Patrick's Day.' The Prince having been introduced to the good sisters by the R.v. Mother, conversed most kindly with them for a short time. At Killarney railway Station the address of welcome from the inhabitants was read by the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry. At Kenmare the Prince visited the beautiful new Catholic Church and Convent of the Sisterhood of Poor Orlaea, of which Madame Mary O'Hagan is the Mother Superior. — After having visited the Church, which is a speaking witness of the piety and munificence of the Catholic community of Kenmare, the Prince proceeded to the Convent, where he was met by the Reverend Mother and the Sisterhood. On the appearance of the Prince, the children of the schools, excellently trained, sang with the most sweet pleasing effect a set of complimentary verses by a member of the Sisterhood, of which the following is the chorus.

The Knight, sans peur et sans reproche; God bless Prince Arthur; may he be, For years to come, our country's pride, The flower of English chivalry.

This tasteful tribute was warmly and gracefully acknowledged by the Prince. The visit to the church and convent, awakened additional enthusiasm among the people, especially as it was thought that the Royal visit to the convent was dictated by a desire to compliment the Lord Chancellor who is brother of the distinguished Abbess.

WEST AND SCOTLAND IN IRELAND. — Tourist's will, no doubt visit Ireland in large numbers this season.

The policy of the present Government will afford abundant sources of observation to the Englishmen anxious to ascertain the tone of feeling which has kindled among the people. The harbor of Westport, on the highroad to Conamara, unrivalled for its varied and romantic beauties of its scenery, will present matter for inquiry beyond its scenic claims. The fishery which should be carried on, is not carried on, and the Englishman or Scotchman will wonder why so important a source of commerce and employment remains undeveloped. His eye will miss the fisherman's wife, busy with nimble finger which deftly straightens out the meshes of the nets before the cottage door, to be seen in English and Scotch fishing stations and the men will scarcely present the trim appearance of the fishermen of their prosperous fishing-places. The varied character of the scenery gives Westport a great advantage over other watering-places. In all directions the views are fine — hill and valley; rock and moorland, woodland and waterfall in every possible contrast and combination will reward the tourist for his toil. The railway passing into Westport now opens up some of the choicest scenery in the kingdom to the tourist. For example — a couple of hours' climb from the chapel of Lecanavy on the side of Croaghpatrick opens up scenery for which one might well afford to become wearied. From the crest of the mountain an aspect unequalled for diversity, beauty, and boldness, opens out on every side. Just below stand the three hundred green islands, which can be counted in clear weather. Straight before the eye rise grand chains of hills and mountains, their tops moors, their sides parcelled out into luxuriant fields their bases extensively cultivated down to the brink of the sea. Away to the south the valleys are all nearly shut in by the mountains of Conamara ranged one behind the other crossing each other and forming as it were an impenetrable boundary between the counties of Galway and Mayo. There is fully a fortnight's enjoyment to explore in detail what the eye here takes in at a glance. Conamara would take days. To linger on a description of the immediate views in Glenties, especially from the high ground, would occupy space which it is not necessary to occupy in our columns. It is needless to say that this scenery would command far more admiration in Wales or Scotland. — Mayo Examiner.

LONDON. — I grieve to have to announce to you that the visit of his Royal Highness to this city has been availed of for a most foolish and criminal party exhibition — an exhibition which has culminated in bloodshed and death. The weather was brilliant, and everything appeared to favour the hope that Party and Ascendancy and all that, would not mar the pleasure and gratification of this memorable event. But we have all been sadly, grievously disappointed. Scarcely had the municipal address of welcome been presented and replied to ere the shout of 'No Surrender' was raised. From whom it emanated I can't say, but I presume, with recollections of past and the antecedents of the historic 'Prentice Boys,' it would not be difficult to conjecture. No sooner had the Prince attended by his suite retired from the Corporation Hall and entered the Imperial Hotel, where he is staying, than an immense crowd assembled in front and commenced their wicked work with loudly and persistently groaning the Prime Minister and the parliamentary representative of the borough. This very unseemly display of vocal Orangism was followed with enthusiastic cheering for the Duke of Abercorn, and the Marquis of Hamilton — the two noblemen, no doubt, having been selected for this questionable distinction on account of their well-known antagonism to the present administration. Groaning and cheering having been exhausted, the bulk of the 'Prentice Boys' struck up, with more vigor than harmony, the familiar strains of 'No Surrender.' This was met by those of opposite sentiments with cheers for 'Downe' and cheers for 'Equality.' To those acquainted with the party peculiarities of the locality it was clear that the night would produce bad work, and many entertained serious misgivings. The streets were much crowded during the evening, and there was much excitement. The walls — those famous 'walls of Derry' — were also much crowded with people. Who they were it would be impossible to say, but a number of them collected at the point of the wall which overhangs Butcher's street, and it is positively asserted commenced in the most wanton manner to throw stones on the people passing to and from in the street beneath. This naturally caused great indignation, and, unfortunately, retaliation was attempted. Shots were soon heard — the quick and sharp ring of the revolver was distinguishable. Then came the 'Prentice Boys,' and then followed disturbance and riot. Stone throwing was indulged in for fully two hours. Many were hit, as were hit, as the numerous bloodstains on the street subsequently told. Stone-throwing was responded to by revolver-firing and severe hits were succeeded by serious wounds. One man, I understand, was shot through the head — another man, I understand, has been seriously wounded by a bullet in the neck — two others have been severely wounded, many injured, and one poor little girl has fallen a victim to this foul partyism. — Times Cor.

Colonel Adair, one of the Royal Church Commissioners, has stated that the object of the Anglican Establishment was to make the Irish nation Protestant; but he admits that, so far from uniting the two races on the Irish soil, their separation may still be traced by the more rigid line of ecclesiastical demarcation. Coquet did nothing for Protestantism. Catholics might be exterminated, but they could not be 'converted.' Strictly speaking, the Reformation had nothing to do with Ireland. The Irish Church was not reformed. The Reformed Church was only imported, and to the present day Protestantism is merely co-extensive with co-insolation. Indeed, as Colonel Adair truly remarks, the English Government did not plan the Anglican Church in Ireland for any spiritual purpose at all. He says: — 'From the first institution of the Irish Church, the English Government has abused that Church's position for State purposes, and has systematically employed it as an engine of political war to win a very recent period.' By the 11th of Elizabeth, cap. 17, authority was given to the Archbishop of Armagh to alienate for 100 years any free lands, lying within the English Pale. And he was allowed to do this of his own mere motion, lest if he consulted the dean and chapter, they would be so affected to the 'Irishry,' that they would not facilitate the introduction of English settlers in what the Act called the 'Irish Pale.' The truth is, that from the first the Anglican clergy reversed the principle of Apostolic missions. The Apostle Paul said to the people, 'I seek not yours but you.' The Anglican missionaries said to the Irishry, 'We seek not you but yours.' If they and their English followers got the land, they cared little for the people. At the feast which they spread before the Irish their maxim was not 'the more the merrier,' but rather 'the fewer the better cheer.' They were not a whit more anxious for a large accession of Irish converts than the Hudson Bay Company are for a large accession of immigrants on their hunting grounds in British Columbia. It is true that from time to time spasmodic efforts were made to force the natives into uniformity, but even then the Gospel of the Irish Church was the statute book. As the late Dr. Chalmers remarked, 'even in her work of Evangelisation she put on the armour of intolerance and took up the carnal weapon. Accordingly she was struck with impotency. In giving up the warfare of principle for the warfare of politics she lost her power.' Mr. Gladstone in his magnificent speech, states the simple truth, when he says, that through all the evil years of penal legislation, the authorities of the Established Church stood in the foremost rank of those who enacted and executed the cruel code, and that so long as the Establishment lives, 'painful and bitter memories of Ascendancy can never die.' — Catholic Opinion.

Mr. Bradshaw left his residence, Philipstown House, yesterday morning, about half past seven, stating his

intention to visit his home, where he was engaged in one of the adjoining districts. He reached his destination, delivered his instructions, but appeared exceedingly low-spirited and restless, and left shortly afterwards, taking one of the more frequented paths leading hoowards. Within a few minutes two shots were heard by the inmates of the house and the labourers upon the unfortunate man had just left, but, strange to say, neither paid any attention to them; notwithstanding that such reports are somewhat rare, except, perhaps, on these dreadful occasions. About nine o'clock a police constable called at Philipstown to have some summonses signed, and Mrs. Bradshaw, thinking it was time her husband returned to breakfast, sent an old man servant in search of him, giving as the excuse that his attendance was required to do some magisterial business. The messenger proceeded by the open footpath across the fields, to where the workers were engaged, and having heard that the master left an hour previously, followed the route taken by the deceased. About midway his attention was arrested by an unusual ripple in a quite deep stream, by the side of which the walk wended, and on closer inspection, this he ascertained was caused by the passage of the waters over the body of Mr. Bradshaw. The body must have lain in the stream for nearly an hour. The injuries inflicted were of a horrible description, sufficient to account for instantaneous death. No fewer than ten pellets and two bullet-wounds were counted to have taken effect in the head — one tearing open the throat, another gashing the forehead, and a third piercing the head. A detachment of police, under Mr. Aldworth, S.I. Dundrum, soon commenced an investigation, spreading over the ground in search of a 'track,' but in this, as in so many other instances, every exertion was baffled by the previous vigilance of the criminal. Separate detachments were formed, and each accompanied by a magistrate, visited the tenantry on the estate, but inquiring particularly after a young man named William Allis, one of the smallest holders, to whom suspicion has in some way attached. At Allis's residence the police were informed that he was working at his uncle's, but on going thither they could obtain no clue to his whereabouts. This increased their previous suspicion, and, returning to his father's, a search was made for fire arms, but no trace of such could be had. A couple of constables were left on the watch and the others, having again assembled 'en masse,' scoured the country for miles round, but with no better success. The fatal shots were heard at exactly half past eight in the morning and exactly twelve hours later, when hundreds had been attracted to the spot, the 'wanted one' marched boldly into Philipstown House, and addressing the Head-constable, said he was Bill Allis, whom he believed, they had been looking for. He was of course, taken into custody, and when brought before Mr. Bodkin, asserted that he had worked during the morning in his own garden, and subsequently in his uncle's, a statement the falsity of which the magistrate was personally aware of, and which afforded ample grounds for the remand warrant being granted by him. The prisoner was removed during the night to this town, and lodged in the county brigewell; but even the police are not over sanguine as to obtaining evidence sufficient to bring home the guilt to any person. — [Daily Express.

THE INQUEST.

The inquest on the body of Mr. Bradshaw was held at Philipstown House before the coroner of the district and a large number of magistrates. Morkler, the servant man, and the deaf mute who found the body, were examined. The former stated that, so far as he was aware, the domestic relations of the deceased were happy. He was not aware of the existence of any disputes with servants or others but he had heard a vague statement to the effect that some one was to be 'turned out.' He believed that the deceased had received a letter signed 'Pure Fenian,' threatening his life. The medical evidence as to the immediate cause of death having been given.

Mr. Ryan, a juror, said it would be desirable in so serious a case to have the evidence of the four servant girls who resided in the house, as he believed it might throw some light on the murder.

Mr. Massey, a magistrate, was not favourable to the production of the persons referred to, as he apprehended that a public investigation just now might frustrate the ends of justice. He, however, was ready to promise that a private magisterial investigation would be at once held.

The Coroner, under these circumstances, declined to call the witnesses mentioned by Mr. Ryan. The jury, after a brief deliberation returned an open verdict to the effect that deceased had been murdered by some person or persons unknown, and expressing deep sympathy with the family of the deceased.

A private investigation was subsequently held by the magistrates, and it is understood that circumstances pointing to a very peculiar motive transpired, which for the present must be withheld from the public. — [Freeman.

'IRISH LOYALTY AND ENGLISH GRATITUDE.' — Why should England be grateful to Irish loyalists? That is a question that must have sprung to the lips of many in these days. We hear in several quarters reproaches against England for her ingratitude, but why should she be grateful? When Lord Cornwallis was engaged in his work of corrupting a majority of Irish members to induce them to vote for the disastrous Union, is it to be supposed that he was grateful to them? No, he says he longed to kick them! Well, England has, perhaps, much the same feeling toward Irish 'loyalists' (so called) as that Englishman had. It should not be rashly fancied that because she made use of them occasionally that she admired them. The title of this article is taken from the pamphlet of an Irish 'loyalist.' But let us give the full title, which is: 'Irish Loyalty and English Gratitude; or, Repeal of the Union, the certain result of the destruction of the Irish Church, by Robert Stapes, Esq., D.L., J.P.' And one of the mottoes on the cover is this couplet from Moore:

On our side is virtue and Erin,  
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.

The work is well worth examination, for it is an indication of the perplexities now crowding the breasts of those who were wont to style themselves 'Protestant Loyalists' — by way of distinction, we presume, to 'Protestant Patriots. They have not yet burned their boats. They have not yet got off with the old love, although they coquet with the new. We can sympathize with them in this predicament; but they must not expect us to admire them. People who attempt to sit on two stools have neither a stable nor comfortable seat. But this is a time of transition. Everything is changing and they will change also. Although they have not burned their boats, others will burn them for them, and as the old love will certainly fill them, ought at once to cleave to the new. They need not, in England, be decided that the Establishment is an unprofitable investment, and it is gone. Surely, it is a humiliating thing to linger on, in such a case, and to cherish a hope that what the Foulon Plough has upset can be set up again. Vain imagination! The author opens by a fusillade on Gladstone. He does not believe the Gladstone of to-day 'could be born,' or that 'the Creator would permit the truthfulness of infamy to be nullified by such a catastrophe. We must have recourse to the development theory for 'the hideous phenomenon' of his appearance as he is. That he is a 'false-hearted traitor to the religion he once professed; that he has betrayed the ancient constitution of his country in Church and State and that he is about to force a revolution on the Queen and compel her to break the oath she swore at her coronation, no Irish Protestant doubts; it is a waste of time to prove it.' This is strong