

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Catholics, from whose religion all the church livings came.

Who, then, can doubt of the motive of this implacable hostility, this everlasting watchfulness, this rancorous jealousy that never sleeps? The common enemy being put down by the restoration of Charles, the Church fell upon the Catholics with more fury than ever. This king who came out of exile to mount the throne in 1660, with still more prodigality than either his father or grandfather, had a great deal more sense than both put together, and, in spite of all his well-known profligacy, he was on account of his popular manners, a favorite with his people; but he was strongly suspected to be a Catholic in his heart, and his more honest brother, James, his presumptive heir, was an openly declared Catholic. Hence the reign of Charles II. was one continued series of plots, sham or real; and one unbroken scene of acts of injustice, fraud, and false swearing. These were plots ascribed to the Catholics, but really plots against them.—Even the great fire in London, which took place during this reign, was ascribed to them, and there is the charge, to this day, going round, the base of "the Monument," which Pope justly compares to a big, lying bully,

"Where London's column, pointing to the skies, Like a tall bully, lifts its head, and lies."

The words are these—"This monument is erected in memory of the burning of this Protestant city, by the Popish faction, in September A.D. 1666, for the destruction of the Protestant religion and of old English liberty, and for the introduction of Popery and slavery. But the fury of the Papists is not yet satisfied." It is curious enough, that this inscription was made by order of Sir Patience Ward, who, as Echard shows, was afterwards convicted of perjury. Burnet, (whom we shall find in full tide by-and-by) says, that one Hubert, a French Papist, "confessed that he began the fire;" but Higgons (a Protestant mind) proves that Hubert was a Protestant, and Rappin agrees with Higgons! Nobody knew better than the King the monstrousness of this lie; but Charles II. was a lazy, luxurious debauchee. Such men have always been unfeeling and ungrateful; and this King, who had twice owed his life to Catholic priests, and who had in fifty two instances held his life at the mercy of Catholics (some of them very poor) while he was a wandering fugitive, with immense rewards held out for taking him, and dreadful punishments for concealing him; this profligate King, whose ingratitude to his faithful Irish subjects is without a parallel in the annals of that black sin had the meanness and injustice to suffer this lying inscription to stand. It was effaced by his brother and successor; but, when the Dutchman and the "glorious revolution" came it was restored; and there it now stands, all the world, except the mere mob, knowing it to contain a most malignant lie.

By conduct like this, by thus encouraging the fatal part of his subjects in their wicked designs, Charles II. prepared the way for those events by which his family were excluded from the throne for ever. To set aside his brother, who was an avowed Catholic, was their great object. This was, indeed, a monstrous attempt; but, legally considered, what was it more than to prefer the legitimate Mary Stuart? What was it more than to enact that any "natural issue" of the former should be heir to the throne? And, how could the Protestant Church complain of it, when its great maker, Cranmer, had done his best to set aside both the daughters of Henry VIII., and to put Lady Jane Grey on the throne? In short, there was no precedent for annulling the rights of inheritance, for setting aside prescription, for disregarding the safety of property and of persons, for violating the fundamental laws of the kingdom, that the records of the "Reformation" did not amply furnish: and this daring attempt to set aside James on account of his religion might be truly said, as it was said, to be a Protestant principle; and it was, too, a principle most decidedly acted upon in a few years afterwards.

MAZZINI, THE PROTESTANT HERO.

It is not yet forgotten that Lord Palmerston had the hardihood to say in his place in Parliament that Rome was never better governed than when it was in the hands of Joseph Mazzini.—Europe was certainly scandalised, but the noble lord had the applause of the Whigs, and that was enough for his purpose. "Good" Catholics thought it rather injudicious to say so, but, on the whole, it might do the Pope good, to be told such things. He ought to have improved his Government before this, and taken the judicious advice of a heretical Cabinet, which is always ready to dispossess him. All the world knows what Mazzini is, but all the world does not say what it thinks, and the last persons to enlighten us are "own correspondents," especially when partisans of the Mazzinian conspiracy.

They say in Turin that the "own correspondent" of the leading journal is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, once a refugee, and now a naturalised Piedmontese. It is the gossip of the place, and may be all false. Perhaps the rumor is set going in consequence of the silence maintained by that journal on the subject of a grave revelation which has disturbed the capital of Savoy. That revelation is, that one of the Piedmontese Whigs, an unscrupulous supporter of the Count Cavour, has been found out. It seems that he had conceived the project of assassinating the late King Charles Albert, and that he had nearly succeeded in his Whig purpose. Since then he has become a deputy, and a Knight of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus.

Signor Gallenga, known in London as Louis Mariotti, and a frequent writer in the public press, is the deputy and knight in question.—Towards the end of the year, 1832, he was introduced to Mazzini by Melegari, now also a Piedmontese deputy, and professor of constitutional law in the University of Turin. Mazzini was staying then, out of the reach of danger as usual, in the Navigation Hotel, at Geneva, and, when he had heard from Louis Mariotti, or Gallenga, what was in contemplation, he made some objections, "as I always do," says Mazzini, "in such

cases," from which it appears that projects of assassination are rather familiar to the best government Rome ever had. The objections of Mazzini were not very forcible, and they read very much like an exhortation to persevere, for he calls it a "ministry of expiation." Not a word about the wickedness of assassination; on the contrary, he says that, in his opinion, Charles Albert deserved to die, but that his death would not save Italy. It was only a murder, thrown away—a crime wasted—a sin profitlessly committed.

When the virtuous man saw that Gallenga was bent on murder, we copy Mazzini's own words—"I asked him what he wanted with me." "A passport," said he, "and a little money." "Here," said J., "are forty pounds; the passport you shall have in the Tessin." It is clear that Mazzini's objections to murder were not very strong, and that they were a mere trick, probably to inflame the wicked spirit which burned in Gallenga's soul. He gives the assassin forty pounds, and promises him a passport for Turin. It is also clear that Mazzini was in league with persons in authority who had the power to issue passports. It is, therefore, not surprising that he can traverse the Continent at will, and elude the vigilance of the police. Gallenga went his way, and obtained his passport. He went to Turin, and entered into communication there with a friend of Mazzini, to whom he had been recommended by Mazzini himself, from which, by Mazzini's own showing, it appears that the guilt of murder falls equally on the three.

Gallenga comes to Turin in the name of Mariotti, and, in the words of Mazzini, "the project was well received. Measures were taken, and the deed was to be executed in a long and narrow passage, which the King traversed every Sunday on his way to Mass. People were admitted by tickets into this passage to see the court pass. The committee was able to procure one of these tickets, and gave one to Mariotti." He went there to study the place, unarmed, and to make his arrangements for the deed of blood. Honest people they must have been at Turin in those days. This committee, of which Mazzini was the head, gave its approbation to the murder of the King, and took every step it could to further the project. They were laboring for the "regeneration of Italy," and their means were murders in cold blood.

Gallenga Mariotti wanted a weapon to strike the fatal blow; but, afraid to awaken suspicion, neither he nor the committee could venture to buy, borrow, or lend a dagger. In this difficulty, says Mazzini, "they addressed themselves to me, and also to tell me the day on which the deed was to be accomplished. It was one of the members of the committee, a tradesman of the name of Sciandra, since dead, who came to me in Geneva, passing through Chambéry, who fulfilled this mission. I had on my table a small dagger, the handle of which was of lapis lazuli, and a present which I valued much. Sciandra took it, and went his way."

The tempter is perfect. He objects to the murder, and then gives a thousand francs and a passport. The villains come to him for a weapon. It is lying on the triumvir's table. The dagger is a gift from somebody, and the good man prizes it highly. It is a valuable and handsome present, which he has continually before his eyes. But he makes no remonstrances when Sciandra steals it, neither does he complain of the theft. People of non-revolutionary views will think that the dagger was there on purpose, and that the theft was no theft. What has become of the dagger since we know not, for Gallenga was frightened out of Turin by the police, and Charles Albert escaped from the toils of Mazzini.

Louis Mariotti has himself corroborated the story of Mazzini, and has resigned his seat in the Chambers, and published a letter in which he expresses himself as ashamed of his past actions. We should give more credit to his repentance if he did not, among other things, write as follows: "Mazzini, whose great genius I have always admired, and still admire, whose pure, noble, sincere, and generous mind I have always loved, and still love, though I have differed, and still differ, from him on political matters." The man who can talk of the noble mind of an assassin—for the accomplice is no better than the perpetrator—seems to us to be still deficient in the elements of a moral sense. Mazzini recounts the conspiracy against the life of Charles Albert without the slightest compunction, and treats it as an ordinary affair. He did not counsel it originally it seems, but he did all he could, short of exposing his own proper person, towards carrying it successfully on. He furnished money to the murderer, gave him a passport, and a letter of introduction to the secret committee, and finally supplied the dagger for the purpose. Such conduct as this in every civilised country is punished with the heaviest penalties of the law. But Mazzini is a privileged man; he is a revolutionist by profession, and Lord Palmerston thinks it right to praise him, and to prefer this emissary of Satan to the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Gallenga says that Melegari was ignorant of his regicidal project, and Melegari says so too. It would be rather unpleasant for the professor of constitutional law if it were supposed that he had been privy to a design upon the life of Charles Albert. At present there the matter stands.—Mazzini, however, implicates Melegari; and it is said that some of the present influential Whigs in Turin are also involved in that dark conspiracy. One of Mazzini's friends says that there is more than one Mariotti among the Ministers of the Crown. Poor King of Sardinia! he is in the hands of the Whigs, and let him escape if he can. He is a tool of revolutionary madmen, who make use of him now that they may the better construct, upon his ruins, the universal social republic. The Whig press takes care not to make these men known in England; because it compromises them, and their allies. Lord Palmerston's friends abroad may be very useful to him in the war he wages against the Church; but it will not do to speak of them. It is a sad thing that Mariotti was not a Jesuit, and still sadder to think that he is not likely to become one. We have found now two regicides, by their own confession, among the most virulent enemies of the Order.

DEATH OF THE REV. C. QUINLAN, LATE C. C. KILLENDALE.—It is with feelings of the most sincere and heartfelt sorrow that I have to record the premature and lamented death of the above named pious and exemplary priest, which melancholy event took place at his father's residence, near Tipperary, on the night of Sunday, the 10th inst., and in the 39th year of his age. For some months past he had been laboring under the fatal illness which has thus terminated in his untimely death. All that the best medical advice of the metropolis could do for him had been resorted to, but in vain. And thus finding that his disease had baffled the best skill of the physicians, he cheerfully resigned himself to his fate, and, under sufferings the most intense and unremitting, his calmness and resignation were such as to edify all who had witnessed them.—Nation.

In the fifty-eighth year of his age, and thirty-fourth of his sacred ministry, died the Rev. Terence O'Reilly, P.P., Bohernabreena. The large assemblage of the Clergy present at his funeral obsequies, the immense concourse of the respectable inhabitants of the neighbouring parishes, with many of the gentry, and the thousands of his sorrowing spiritual children, who followed his remains to the parish chapel, where they now repose, were strong proofs of the high place he held in the esteem of his brethren in the Ministry, the respect and admiration which his great meekness, simplicity of character, and suavity of manners justly merited for him; and that he was "enshrined" in the hearts of his people. He breathed his last on Sunday morning, 16th inst., with the most edifying sentiments of piety and holy resignation, fortified with all the Sacraments and aids of holy religion. May he rest in peace.—ib.

The Bishop of Meath, the Most Rev. Dr. Cantwell, has transmitted the munificent contribution of £389 4s. 7d., from the Diocese over which his lordship presides, towards the relief of the sufferers from the late inundations in France.—Freeman.

OPPOSITION TO PROSELYTISM.—MEETING AT INNISKEEN.—On Tuesday last, pursuant to a requisition, influentially signed, a monster meeting of the gentry, Clergy and people of the parishes of Magheracloone, Carrickmacross, Donamoyne, Castleblaney, Upper Carrigan, Louth, Inniskeen, and Dundalk; was held in the chapel of Inniskeen, for the purpose of giving expression to the feelings of the people in that district of the country respecting the attempts being made to compel the children of Catholics to attend a school in which there is evident danger to their faith and morals, to protest against any such infraction on religious liberty, and to petition parliament, praying that such measures may be enforced or enacted as will secure to the young and old the free and unfettered exercise of their religion. From an early hour the roads leading from several of those parishes were crowded with persons on their way to the scene of meeting, and at twelve o'clock, some time before the chair was taken, there could not have been less than 6,000 to 8,000 persons assembled around the platform, amongst whom were several ladies, and a large number of the wives and daughters of the farmers in the adjacent district.—Dundalk Democrat.

The Kilkenny Journal announces that another wanderer from the fold has been reconciled to his offended Maker, and been received into the bosom of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church. The following is the person's abjuration of Souperism:—"I, John Keating, of Kilmagarry, do, with sincere sorrow, confess that, four years ago, I did abandon the Roman Catholic Church, and became a Protestant. I give thanks to God, who, in His great mercy, has given me grace to return to His own true Church, in which alone, I believe, salvation can be attained. I wish, by this declaration, to make the best reparation I can for the scandal my wicked apostasy has given to the people. I now reject and despise all the temporal advantages which have been held out to me by the Rev. S. Foot, the Rev. C. B. Stevenson, Mrs. McShain, and Rev. Mr. Hallom, county Wexford. I ask the prayers of the Clergy and people, beseeching Almighty God to enable me, by making my confession, to be reconciled to the Church, receiving pardon of my sins in the Sacrament of Penance. Signed, John Keating, Witness, J. Delany, Kilmagarry. November 16th, 1856." "A circumstance," says our contemporary, "has been elicited by the return of Mr. John Keating, which is to be made a subject of investigation, viz., that some of the police are in the pay of the Souper body."

Orders have been received from the war office to enrol men for our County Militia. This movement has put all our quid nuncs upon the qui vive, and the reasons assigned for this step would startle Lord Panmure from his propriety. Rumour has not alone in this case a thousand tongues, but a fresh topic for each.—Clare Journal.

THE TRADE OF BELFAST.—The official statement of the shipping trade of the port of Belfast shows that the total tonnage for the 10 months has exceeded the previous year by 26,230 tons, and the harbour income for dues, &c., on goods shows an increase equal to upwards of £1,200 on the 12 months ending with the 31st of December next. The Belfast Mercantile Journal, referring to those figures, discusses the advisability of opening up a direct trade between the ports of Belfast and New York.—"The value of the exports of our linen manufactures and linen yarn alone, from this port now amounts to upwards of £5,000,000 annually, an immense proportion of which finds its way to the United States via Liverpool, and this, by the bye, is one of the principal reasons why the official value of the foreign exports of that port swell out to such an enormous sum, while those of Belfast figure in the Board of Trade returns for merely a few thousands! Our merchants have not shown their usual acumen in permitting such a long continuance of this unnatural state of things, particularly as the passenger trade from this port alone would constitute an important element in the profit and loss account. It seems passing strange that when a regular line of traders could have been supported upward of half a century ago, when our exports were only a few thousands, that they could not now be successful when they have augmented to about £9,000,000 sterling per annum! It is not a shame that Belfast—may all Ireland herself, cannot yet boast of having even one ocean steamer, although, we believe, the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic sailed from Cork. It has been computed that at the present time the American people receive about £25,000,000 sterling annually of Irish produce and manufactures, which is about one-fourth of all the exports of Great Britain to all parts of the world. Let Belfast merchants, then, take time by the forelock, else they will find some stranger stepping forward taking possession of the golden harvest that lies within their grasp. No doubt, there are many grave responsibilities connected with the establishment of such an onerous undertaking, but a faint heart never yet succeeded. Glasgow had equal obstacles to contend against; and yet our steady canny neighbours had the resolution to start a steamer between that port and New York some seven or eight years ago, and experience has since proved it to have been eminently successful, as the trade between the Clyde and the United States has more than quadrupled since that period. If none of our Belfast steamshipping companies are willing to risk their capital in the enterprise, let a few of our leading merchants get up a prospectus of an Irish Transatlantic steamship company (limited), and we doubt not that their shares will be eagerly sought after."

Small pox is raging in a fearful state in Killalee and in the neighboring townlands; several children have died from its effects; and several are now lying in a fearful state, young and old. Over 200 have been vaccinated during the present week for cowpox, the greater part having had it before. It is considered here that it should be repeated every five years, or else it would be a preventative against natural pox—so say the faculty.—Clare Journal.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN IRELAND.—Mr. Miall's Anti-State-Religious Endowment movement, which the subjoined comments from our able contemporary, the Northern Whig, ought not to be established in Ireland. But who can show us the way to get rid of it? There it is on the surface—a nuisance and a stupidity; but no one can discover the art of annihilating it. It is the modern Round tower. It is a conundrum. It is a freak. No one can understand its purpose. It has ceased to be a curiosity. But there it is. You may come to the conclusion that the Pyramids were pyres for Cheops, and you may guess that the Sphinx is a superb practical joke—a statue put in the midst of an arid desert, to grin at the traveller who ventures that far. But you can make nothing of this Church of Ireland. It is the Casper Hauser of Institutions. It is without origin and without purpose. Every one is weary of it. The Tories of intensest insanity forego the hope that it will convert the Roman Catholics. Archbishop Whately jokes at it; and every Minister, under the influence of the absurdity of ministering to a myth. All the great Statesmen of the day admit the effectlessness and facetiousness of the thing; but a few like Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston, say as a housemaid does of her wart, it is inevitable, there it is, and we can't get rid of it; just as every Chancellor of the Exchequer, from time immemorial, has said so of every Pasha of Egypt—"We are most obliged for that Cleopatra's Obelisk which lies 'a present to us' in the mid of the port of Alexandria, but we really do not see how we are to fetch it away." The Church of Ireland is the taunt of England, all over the world. It is the anomaly of the nineteenth century. Most Bishops know that they are failures, as compared with the Apostolic standard; but an Anglican Bishop, in Ireland, sometimes blushes, thinking of the impudence of the thing—winking, and to speak, at the Ministers of other religions. The Church of Ireland, in short, is a joke. It is an Ecclesiastical simulacrum, or parody, or burlesque. The point is—that we have to pay for it. The London Nonconformists, undaunted by the failure of the English Whigs, the Irish Catholics, and British desire of fair play and common sense, are going to try their hands at an attempt to get rid of the Church Establishment in Ireland. "Mr. Miall," one of the dullest men in Europe, is the chief in the agitation, and the discovery he has made is—that we are to get rid of the Anglican Church by getting rid of all other state endowments in Ireland at the same time. He does not, as to be consistent he ought to say, that we are to get rid of the Queen's Colleges, or of the National Schools, the Lord Lieutenant's salary, and so on. But he goes against all the endowments of religion. It is a difficult thing to destroy the Church Establishment. It is a difficult thing to deprive Maynooth of the government grant. It is a difficult thing to get a majority against the Regium Donum. But attack all at once advises Mr. Miall, and you will succeed. Well, we have, in this journal recommended that conjoint assault, and we ought to support Mr. Miall and his Nonconformist friends. The Roman Catholics are sick of the miserably small Maynooth Grant, which they are becoming rich enough to dispense with. There is in the Regium Donum nothing of the eleemosynary; it was a fair bargain with the State for what the Presbyterian clergymen sacrificed; but the Presbyterian body, free as they are from State control, do not enjoy State patronage; while it is certain, the Ministers would be far bolder Liberals once enfranchised from the receipt of salaries paid by strangers. Both Roman Catholics and Presbyterians would like to see the artificial Anglican Church swept away. Mr. Miall proposing this sweeping abolition to parliament, secures the votes of all the English Dissenters and Radicals, and of the Irish Roman Catholic members, with the stray Whigs who have not forgotten the day of the Appropriation Clause. Still, however simple as is Mr. Miall's plan, it does not succeed. He was beaten last session, and he will be beaten next session. There is yet a simpler plan, Mr. Miall will be astonished to learn. It is to leave the matter in Irish hands. Mr. Miall agitates from the sectarian point of view. Now the Irish point of view is better. Mr. Miall desires to destroy the English Church in England; and, clever General, wishes to turn the position in Ireland. The House of Commons understands these small tactics, and puts Mr. Miall in a ludicrously small lobby. We in Ireland, comprehend the motive, and withhold our confidence. We decline to be made subsidiary to English Dissenters' politics. We have no Dissenters among us. There is the South Roman Catholic and the North Presbyterian; two emphatic churches—two distinct races; and we both agree to stand on an equality, with reference to religious endowments. We attack the Church of England, as an impudent intrusion on both, as an alien to both, as an insult to both. When we can organise common action against this facilities establishment, that is as little likely to advance among us as the Cockney accent is likely to influence our speech; Mr. Miall may rely upon it that we shall, on each side, make sacrifices—one sacrificing Maynooth and the other the Regium Donum. Meanwhile we beg to forbear following Mr. Miall. Irish politics shall not become the playthings of English parties."

A melancholy accident occurred on Saturday night last, on the Bann river, at the new ferry. A woman named Nancy O'Clune, when going into the ferry boat, missed her foot, and dropped into the river. The young man who had the boat in charge immediately leapt into the stream to rescue her, but she caught hold of him, and they were both drowned.—Ulsterman.

A dreadful murder, of which we find the following details in our Irish files, is now creating great excitement, not only in Ireland, but throughout Great Britain. As yet no traces of the perpetrators of the crime have been discovered.—"Mr. George Little, the cashier of the Midland Great Western Railway, who was due at his office at the Broadstone, according to his usual practice, at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, had not arrived at that hour, or for some time after; and it was then remembered by the officials that he had not been seen from half-past 5 o'clock the previous evening. His office was locked, and, as he usually had possession of his own key, it was judged well to await his arrival ere taking any steps in reference to the business of his department. At 12 o'clock, however, Mr. Little not having arrived, it was resolved to break open the office; and by some person's suspicions, not certainly warranted by anything in the cashier's previous conduct, nor borne out by subsequent discoveries, but most likely awakened owing to the numerous instances of frauds committed recently upon public companies, were entertained that he had probably allowed himself to be tempted by his position into a dishonest act, and had flown to escape the consequences. The door was accordingly broken open; and a dreadful spectacle awaited those who entered the office. The unfortunate gentleman was found lying upon his face, quite dead, his throat cut as if by a single gash, more than from ear to ear—the head being, in fact, almost amputated. Whether he had died by his own act, or was the victim of another's crime, remains to be discovered, and to the elucidation of this fact every even the most minute circumstance deserves consideration. In the first place, let us do the deceased the justice to remark that his accounts were found to be completely correct; and a considerable amount of cash, in notes and silver—some of the latter made up in cartridges—was scattered about the room; and accurately corresponded with the amount which he should have had in hand, and which was ready for delivery at the bank yesterday. The body was lying between the large single window of the room and the office table, parallel to the latter, and within some three feet of it. There was but a very little blood upon the right hand, which was rigid, but not quite clenched, but the left hand was thickly clothed with blood. The waistband of his trousers, and his vest were open, and a pool of blood lay, of course, around the upper part of the body. It is a most mys-

terious circumstance, that there was no instrument found by which the wound could have been inflicted, the only article of the sort in the room being a small office knife, which lay upon the table, quite clean, and near a towel upon which some sharp and bloody instrument had been cleaned, as it was marked with blood, and cut in several places. The window was closed, and the door, as we have said, locked, and the key, for which a close search was made, has not been found—a fact which leads to new complications of the mystery. The office window opens upon the interior of the station; and if the unfortunate gentleman, meditating suicide, had locked himself in, it seems strange that he should have made away with the key; and even if he had thrown it out of the window it should have been found upon the platform without. It was the opinion of Dr. Jennings and another medical gentleman that the unfortunate deceased was at the time they saw him about 20 hours dead, which would refer the occurrence to an hour very shortly after that at which he had been last seen on Thursday evening; and it was also their opinion that the office key could not have been inflicted the wound of which he died. Death, it is considered, must have been instantaneous, which renders the circumstance in reference to the wiping and making away of the instrument most extraordinary, looking at the occurrence as a suicide; while, regarding it in any other light, it is equally strange that, although there was a large sum of money in the room, none of it was missing. The deceased was a most respectably connected gentleman, and had been in the employment of the Company for about four years, and was so highly esteemed as to have been promoted to the important post of cashier some 12 months since. He was about 40 years of age, unmarried, and resided with his mother, and sisters, and was a man of melancholy cast of mind. He was one of the sect of Derbyites, and had rather gloomy religious ideas."

The following accounts have appeared in successive editions of the Weekly Freeman:—"It has been ascertained beyond all question that the cashier of the Midland Railway Company has been brutally murdered. On examination it has been found that his head is covered with wounds. It is fractured in more than one place. The gashes on his throat are frightful in appearance, and one of his ears is nearly cut off. He was found lying on his face, with his head under his breast. The instrument which would inflict the wounds cannot, notwithstanding the most vigilant search, be found; neither can the key of the room door, which was locked, be anywhere discovered. "The inquest is proceeding, and the first witness under examination is Mr. Beausire, the secretary of the company. He states he is satisfied there is no defalcation on the part of the deceased; his accounts were regularly checked. Not long since the directors took up his cash themselves, and it was all right. He made bi-weekly lodgments. The cash found in his room yesterday amounted to £1,500 the receipts of Wednesday and Thursday, and probably part of Tuesday. He was an unoffending man, and witness did not know of any one having any ill-will towards him. "The doctors have just concluded a post mortem examination of the corpse of Mr. Little, and from the marks of violence on his person there is no doubt but that he has been murdered. His accounts are correct. "The Dublin Post of the evening of the 20th says:—"It is clear from the position of the body, the nature of the wounds, and all the circumstances, that it could not be a person in humble life that obtained admission after nightfall into the office, to commit the murder. It must in all human probability have been a person in habits of close intimacy with the deceased, for whom he not only opened the door, but allowed him to pass the wicket; for Mr. Little must have been struck whilst sitting at his desk.—The investigation is in progress, and some persons employed in the establishment are still under the surveillance of the police. But an opinion now gains ground that no real clue to the murderer has yet been discovered. It is supposed by many that the murderer may not have been an officer of the railway but he was, at all events, a person of close intimacy with the deceased, who, after committing the murder and securing further booty, has endeavored to make his way out of the country. "Some very important facts have come to light, disclosing the motive for the murder. It appears that no less than three different persons have held the office of cashier of the Midland Railway Company within about the last three years. The first of those officials could not account for some deficiencies in his cash balances; and, after he had left the department, being perfectly satisfied of his own integrity, he brought an action and recovered damages for defamation. In the case of the second cashier there were also deficiencies; and it is stated proceedings were instituted against his sureties; but this officer doubtless had also suffered from the same secret system of plunder as his predecessor. Mr. Little, the victim of the recent horrible murder, was then appointed as cashier, having previous to his connection with the Midland Company, been employed as a clerk in the office of the British and Irish Steam-ship Company. After he had entered upon his duties, Mr. Little discovered that his accounts were short—on the occasion to the amount of £50. This sum he borrowed from a friend with whom he had been previously connected in business, and he then mentioned to him that he had no doubt on his mind as to the thief, but, being a person of strong conscientious scruples, he declined to name him, lest he might by possibility have been mistaken. This sum of £50 the directors of the company, being satisfied of the perfect integrity of Mr. Little, allowed him. Subsequently he succeeded by changes in his arrangements, and by the greatest circumspection in the care of his cash, in preventing any further pilfering. But then new causes of anxiety arose. The baffled plunderers determined upon vengeance. It appeared by the evidence at the inquest that Mr. Little had deemed it necessary for his protection to put up a wicket in order to prevent persons passing the counter that stood in front of his desk; and afterwards, as a further security, he had been in the habit of locking the door of his office. All those precautions, however, proved unavailing. The investigation is in progress, and some persons are still under the surveillance of the police. But an opinion gains ground that no real clue to the murderer has yet been discovered."

ARREST OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERER OF MR. LITTLE IN LIVERPOOL.—EXTRAORDINARY DELUSION.—A day or two since a person arrived from Ireland, and took up his residence at a hotel in Dale-street. He had no luggage, but appeared to be pretty flush in money. His conduct was strange, so much so, that he attracted the attention of the people belonging to the hotel, and an eye was kept on his movements. He lived freely, and drank copiously. His manner and conversation were extremely strange, when compared with other parties, and strong suspicions were entertained that all was not right. This opinion was fortified by the fact that he called the "boots" of the house, and gave him a sum of over £60, telling him to take care of it for him. Still a watch was kept on him, and whatever suspicions were attached to him were much strengthened by some expressions which he used. After some muttering to himself, he started up and shouted out in a wild manner, "I did not kill him; I did not kill him; I only gave him two blows with a hammer on the back of the head; I did not cut his throat." He repeated these expressions several times with frantic energy. This caused a communication to be made to the police, and some of the intelligent officers were at once despatched to the hotel. The man was interrogated, and he persisted in saying that he did not murder Mr. Little, that he only struck him two blows on the back of the head with a hammer, but did not cut his throat, and that he had been hunted from Athlone by the police; but that he had managed to escape them. One of the officers, after putting some questions to the man, suspected that he