

As he went through the wood with steps more and more hasty, that he might the sooner bring the maiden to the house, and give her to Aunt Gundilda's tender care, Pietro, who was on the track of a wolf, came from an opposite direction. He, perceiving his betrothed in the arms of her fearful bearer, threw forth his dagger at him to stop his rapid course. The dagger struck, but rebounded harmlessly from the dress of skins; and Thiodolf strode on as calm and indifferent as if he had not noticed the attack. Pietro's wrath and fear for Malgherita burnt higher; he hurled, with his utmost strength, one of the two northern lances which he carried for his chase, and again struck the same spot; so that Thiodolf slightly bent his body, but without slackening his speed. But when Pietro raised the second spear, Thiodolf tore the strange covering from his head, and flung it against Pietro's breast with such force, that the knight staggered back a step, calling out, at the same time, "Leave me alone, I tell thee, with thy foolish lances! I am taking little Malgherita to Aunt Gundilda, and there is need of haste." Pietro, perceiving that it was his strange friend, would have asked how all these wonders had come to pass; but Thiodolf only answered, "I have again been playing the fool. I will tell thee all when we are within."

They reached the house with rapid steps.—The wise old aunt, who guessed the whole story from her nephew's strange attire, shook her head as she took the unconscious maiden into her skillful hands, and by degrees, with Pietro's help, brought her back to life; while Thiodolf took off the rest of his disguise, and then bound up the deep wound, which he now first discovered that Pietro's spear had made in his hip. Old Nefioff joined them, and in his joy that all was ended so happily, he bade the youth refresh himself with a goblet of mead. Malgherita herself smiled, and held out her little hand to him, as she told him to be comforted; she knew how kindly he meant towards her, and she wanted nothing more. But Thiodolf sorrowfully drew near, saying, "That is not enough—that is not enough, by a great deal. You, indeed, always forgive my crazy freaks; but I see now very well that I am much too rough a tool to dare remain any longer near such a delicate and brittle little image. I might break it in two, without knowing I had done it. I always like her to be merry; and when I try to make her merry, she faints away. Good night, uncle; good night, aunt; good night, you fair betrothed. We shall not soon see each other again."

Then he sought out diligently for the best amongst the arms which hung round the walls, took a good supply of them, left the hall greeting his friends and sighing, and went out into the dark night.

CHAPTER IX.

All disturbances vanished with Thiodolf. The day came and went still and peaceful; the stiller as now winter, stark and cold, lay upon the island, stretching its snowy icebergs far into the sea. The still flame of Pietro and Malgherita's love burnt as in a cold grave. When they looked in each other's brightening eyes, they felt indeed the heavily magic power of love, and they stood as in the midst of a blooming garden; but a glance out into the snowy court, or upon the yet more snowy mountains, fearfully reminded them of their loneliness in Iceland. The old couple often sighed deeply; and it was easy to see that their sighs were for their nephew, so that Pietro and Malgherita felt that they had troubled and brought evil to their hosts; and all from the depth of their hearts wished the wondrous Thiodolf back again. One evening, when the fierce cold without had covered with ice the colored windows of the hall, and the trees were creaking in all their branches beneath the cutting storm, the inmates of the house sat mournfully around the hearth. The old Gundilda, who was wont to be calm and quiet in all winter-storms, like a gray-haired prophetess who had taken root in the land, now shuddered if the cocks crowed without; or the hounds howled, or the wild beasts of the forest roared around. At length she asked Pietro to relate something cheering of his blooming southern land, something about that time when, under various disguises, he wooed Malgherita. He began as follows:

"My fair bride was sitting one day with her mighty father under a tall linden-tree, which spread far before the castle-gate; the shades of evening were already falling very dark, and night-birds were skimming close to the ground, touching brooks and streams with their wings, and giving warning of approaching rain. Gray, heavy clouds lowered in the heavens."

"I thought," interrupted old Gundilda, "that you would tell us something cheerful and pleasant, which would bring us fair images in our dreams, and now you come out with such strange words."

"Have patience," said Pietro; "all will be bright and happy afterwards. I was passing sorrowfully through the valley, and my only pleasure was when the night-wind sighed through the strings of my lute. It is true that they seemed attuned to the dismal sound, and only gave forth distressed, discordant tones, such as a dying man breathes in his last agony."

"Pietro, Pietro," cried Malgherita, "what art thou saying? why do only such fearful words come to thy lips?"

"I know not," answered Pietro, after a short pause. "But you must all have patience, and my tale will soon be brighter; thou thyself knowest, Malgherita, that it will be so, and that all turned to a joyous love-story. I would have given much to have gone up to my beloved, whose gentle whispers reached me in the valley below, as she spoke to her father; but I knew not how this would have been borne by my enemy. Then came a priest towards me through the valley, muttering prayers. I knew the great baron would willingly receive me if I wore a priest's garb, and so I might be able to whisper a few words in Malgherita's ear. I rapidly and unexpectedly went up to the traveller, seized him with a strong grasp, and drew him into the chestnut-grove; my dagger glittered before his eyes."

Nefioff here interrupted him, shaking his head, and saying: "We here in this island have indeed

sometimes slain Christian priests. The bones of one of them are mouldering under the roots of the elm-trees, where I myself helped to bury him! but how thou, an Italian knight, couldst murderously attack a priest of thy religion!"

"I did him no harm," said Pietro, "though truly the passion of love often wakes other passions. The exchange which I offered to the old priest was rich for him; the gold about me, the jewels on my mantle, might be well worth half his monastery. But I thought it a merry jest that he should deem himself plundered by a robber, and then when his senses returned, should find himself royally enriched. The priest's features were distorted through terror, and as some moonbeams which penetrated the thick bushes fell upon his face, they made him look like a hideous corpse. His eyes were fixed, his voiceless mouth open."

"Just so looked the priest whom we buried beneath the elm," said Nefioff. "May it not have been his ghost which appeared to thee in Provence?"

These words sounded very awful to all present. They looked at each other, and shuddered; no one took courage to ask for an explanation, for each thought that involuntarily yet more fearful words might pass their lips. At that moment the doors of the hall turned very gently on their hinges, and a little dark figure of a man glided in. As he came near, all saw that he was a deadly pale Christian priest. The sitters around the fire shrank back trembling, the new comer trembled likewise; and as they thought that he did so like one who was a guest of the dark, cold grave, they drew yet closer to each other, until at length he raised his voice with these words:

"He who whirled me hither like a stormy wind may well know what I have to do here;—but I know it not. Receive me kindly. Did I know that any Christian was present, I would say that my Christian name is Jonas—I am called the poor priest Jonas; and I was hurled here as by a mighty Iceland whale, no doubt to the praise and glory of our Lord God, for all turns to that, even in this so deeply erring world."

Pietro gave him his hand, saying: "Even if your hosts are not your companions in faith, yet Christian people sit by the fire, and you may, without fear, relate what has driven you hither. I, a Christian knight, will insure you from all danger."

"There are other Christians in this island," answered Jonas. "A good pious man has a house yonder, in that milder region nearer to the valley, which is called Hlidarende. He has been won to our blessed faith, and is called Gunnar. I have been kindly received and protected by him; yea, he promised that none should dare disturb me by force so long as I remained his guest."

"Assuredly no Iceland would venture upon that," said Nefioff. "Gunnar is great and powerful in our land. When I say Iceland, I speak of men of flesh and bones; for as to elves, none can answer for them."

"I think it was a man who bore me hither from the hall of Gunnar," said Jonas. "Tall and giant-like, he appeared before me as I was walking near the house of my protector; he threw me over his shoulders as a man would throw a burden of light weight, and severely wounded two of Gunnar's servants, who came to my help. Thus he passed over hill and through valley, and across the raging Marhar river, and at length flung me down in your court, just before the door of this hall. It was truly no delicate alluring elfin spirit; and I believe he yet tarries, in his giant bulk, close to your dwelling."

"So help me Thor!" cried Nefioff; "I think it is none other than my madcap nephew who has begun this game."

"Began and ended too," said Thiodolf, as he came into the hall, kindly greeting all. "But what have you to say against it, and above all, what cause is there for wonder?"

"What!" cried old Nefioff, in great wrath. "Recollect only, thou wild youth, that Gunnar is the mightiest and richest inhabitant of our whole island. Is a murderous war to break out amongst us through thy mad pranks? Take thyself away from us, if thou canst not keep quiet. It will be a bloody work to protect thee, and yet I cannot let thee fall. Take thyself away from us, I say, and leave at least my house, and if it may be, the whole island, in peace."

At first Thiodolf had listened very quietly; by degrees a deep red colored his face, his eyes flashed like two stars through stormy clouds, he doubled his fists, seized an iron candlestick which stood beside him, and flung it on the ground so that it bent in like thin tin; then he strode firmly and rapidly up to his uncle. Nefioff had suddenly become calm; he looked down on the ground, and did not again open his lips. But Thiodolf broke forth, crying with a voice wildly loud: "I am to go forth from thy dwelling! Uncle! I am to go forth from the island! Send me some one who will drive me forth. I deem thou mayst search long before thou canst find such a one. Have a care, old brother of my father! I have as much right to this dwelling as thou, and my arms and hands are the great Thor knows it—far stronger than thine. Thou dost well to keep quiet. I may perchance be a fool, and of rough, uncultivated mind, and I do not make a noise without cause; but when I am chafed over much, I feel all my blood boil. Keep quiet, uncle; I advise thee for thy good."

Old Gundilda trembled violently; Nefioff did not move; he only said softly in Pietro's ear: "He is fearful in his wrath. We call it in northern tongue the berserker rage, that which is now upon him. At such times a strong man like him cannot be overcome, and knows neither father nor brother. Beware, in the name of all the gods, that thou do nothing to excite his wrath. We should all be lost, as many as are in this hall."

Malgherita had heard some of these words, and she held her little hands before her face and cried in silence. After a time Thiodolf looked at her, and became at once quiet and gentle.

"Little Malgherita," said he, "thou must not frighten thyself. It was only for thy good and Pietro's that I came here so unexpectedly. This evening we will have a wedding. I can bear no longer that you two, who love each other dearly, should not yet be man and wife. And since a priest is needed for that, who serves the white Christ, I found out this old man, and without more ado brought him with me hither. Now, old Sir Jonas, join them together, and all will be right!"

Malgherita and Pietro, trembling at this sudden happiness, and the others at the hardly restrained outbreak of Thiodolf, and at the solemn hour, yielded to Thiodolf's will. The priest gave his blessing to the lovers, less terrified at the storm which whistled and howled dismally round the house than the terrible youth at his side; and Gundilda took the newly married pair to their chamber, while the wind and the snow-flakes from the sea beat against the windows.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

January 27, 1859.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY.

MY LORD.—Although throughout the Protestant community in this country we can gratefully record amongst the highest names of the nobility and gentry brilliant instances of liberality and toleration and munificence to the Catholic people of Ireland; yet, in reference to the government, its advocates and policy, I do not remember to have noticed at any former period a more decided anti-Catholic feeling than is evinced by the official administration and the general Irish Orange aristocracy since your Lordship's advent to office. A universal attack has been made on every order, grade and position of our race; slanders of the most malignant invention have been published against us; conspiracies against the state and the peace of society have been laid to our charge; the Catholic police have been declared inefficient and rebellious; the Catholic bar has been stigmatised as ignorant; the Catholic chairman of counties have been libelled as incompetent to their office; the Catholic resident magistrates have been almost pointed out by name as illiterate, or the unreasonable partisans of revolution; and the Catholic clergy have been held up to public reproach and infamy as the accomplices of assassination. Heretofore, these enemies of the peace and prosperity of Ireland directed their persecution against the defenceless poor; but the present anti-Catholic combination is levelled at the most elevated and eminent amongst us, against every one respected in private life, or admired in public office, against every one honored by the laity or venerated in the Church.—Heretofore, too, this hostile confederacy was organized to exterminate the poor. Within the ten years, from 1840 to 1850, they threw down seventy-five cabins in every hundred of the daily laborers, and they unhoused, banished and killed, independently of famine and sickness, upwards of one million of the unprotected peasantry. The present hostile alliance against the elevated classes of our society in office has recalled these past bitter remembrances; and we all are now obliged to feel that the power, not the will, is only wanted by the dominant class, not only to exclude our Catholic aristocracy from patronage and office of the state, but also to slander their name, to belie their character, to forge infamies against their education, principles, and allegiance, and to brand them as the abettors of crime and the partners of the murderer.

These statements, my Lord, you have, of course, in the English and Irish Protestant journals; and I am within the bounds of truth when, from much experience, I assert that in no part of Europe, in our days, has anything so mean and so malignant appeared in their degraded press which can bear even a distant comparison with the deliberate malice, the shameless lies and the sanguinary vengeance of part of the English and Irish journals on the subject referred to. Under an association of such power and wide extent in Ireland, you can reasonably believe that the hated peasantry and the martyred poor did not escape the terrors of the persecutor; and although a large class of landlords in Ireland are individually anxious to improve the condition of the laboring classes, to encourage their tenantry and to efface the bleeding wrongs of the people, there is still an unbroken band of sworn proprietors who are every day carrying on the work of extermination, and filling the country wherever they can with the cries of the people against their injustice and their insupportable hatred of the abandoned Irish outcasts. These cries are louder, wider, and more piercing than any one can believe who lives out of Ireland; and they awaken a pity, or a malediction, because inflicted by a heartless cruelty, in the midst of a smiling abundance and a fast-advancing national prosperity. The remedy of this evil can never be accomplished by the individual exertions of the kind-hearted landlords; it can only be effected on a scale commensurate with the necessity of the case by a comprehensive, generous measure of imperial legislation. The signs of this country at present are unfavorable to such a measure; and although the public expectation has been raised with some hopeful anticipation from the present government, still the whole aspect of Irish protection and patronage seems to bespeak England as following her ancient policy—namely, carrying on her imperial policy with one foot always placed on the neck of Ireland.

None denies that on one or two public occasions your Lordship has kindly advanced some public projects of Irish commercial advantage; and the universal Irish people are anxious to attest their respect and their gratitude to your Viceroy in Dublin for the undoubted services, and for the heartfelt zeal which have marked his career in his successful exertions in the cause of Ireland. These material national advantages, forwarded both by your Lordship and by the Lord Lieutenant, we gladly and gratefully acknowledge. But, with the exception of these gleams of sunshine, our political skies are covered with a dark cloud, such as has seldom hung over Ireland in our past days of exclusion. In the brutal attacks and lies which have been circulated by the press against all orders and conditions of the Irish Catholic people, one would find believe that the Government gave no direct or indirect color or pretext to these unprincipled revilers of the Catholic private, public, and official name. But when we recollect Lord Naas's Police Bill, where the old faithful Catholic police were to have been dismissed, and their places filled by men of an opposite political and religious stamp, there can be no mistake as to the animus of the Government on that occasion; or of the subsequent hostile feeling which this example has awakened throughout every department of the official administration of Ireland. This, my Lord, is the link which would seem to couple your administration with the unfavorable public impressions of the country; and the argument can be urged with an unanswerable force—namely, how can the Tory magistracy, the landlords, or the lower Orange classes, be free from violent antipathies and sectarian animosities when they see the rancorous example set at the head of the State, and published by the highest official authority?

The Downshire propositions are a perfect reflex of the opinions, speeches, and newspaper articles, which were promulgated after Lord Naas had framed the draft of his Orange bill; and if a distinguished portion of the liberal nobility and popular landlords of Ireland now denounce these propositions as subversive of the prerogative of the Crown, and of the liberty and peace of society, it should never be forgotten that the Chief Secretary laid the foundations of the penal propositions, by a bill which has seldom been equalled for its anti-Catholic and sectarian feeling. The Irish peasantry, my Lord, are thoroughly acquainted with the fact, that within ten years, by landlord legal combination, three-fourths of the laboring classes have been unhoused, exterminated, and several of them, of course, legally killed by this cruel wholesale eviction. And who is the man who can convince these banished, maddened outcasts that, if it be lawful for landlords to combine and kill the tenantry, it is not equally lawful for the persecuted tenantry to combine and kill the exterminating landlord? Cautious may argue, Senators may speak, and Bishops and priests may preach in denouncing this Ribbon reasoning of the unhoused and starving wretches; but they cannot be made to believe that the parliamentary logic which murders thousands can be defensible, while the logic which takes the lives of a few is to be condemned. They attach to this wild revengeful reasoning the additional argument—namely, that the poor are killed for no other reason than their poverty, which is no fault of theirs, while the wealthy proprietor is again branded with the criminal aggravating circumstances of banishing human creatures as he would banish vermin from his bazaar, and destroying human life as he would de-

stroy red worms in his corn fields. Let statesmen make laws as they may on tenant expulsion; and let landlords execute their agricultural rights in the death of thousands, the people can never be made to understand how Parliaments and proprietors can take human life without violating the sixth commandment of God; or how they can kill their dependents without the guilt of murder. The writer who has the courage and the honesty to put this heartrending case before your Lordship, as it is really felt by the aggrieved thousands, is the best friend of the state, and of what ought to be the justice of the laws; and the statesman who would have the charity, the wisdom, and the power to settle this case of murder between landlord and tenant, would add lustre to his name, would efface a stain from the English Legislature, would advance the cause of justice, of religion, and of God, and would staunch the life-blood, which is fast flowing from the faithful heart of Ireland. Having often had, therefore, the privilege and the honor of corresponding with your Lordship, I presume to tell you that the noblest act of your official distinguished life would be, your settlement of this question: and the highest encomium which could be carved on, I hope, the far distant tomb of Lord Derby, would be, that he has rescued the present and future generations of the suffering Irish poor from persecution, banishment, and death.

In reference to this question, one of the most fruitful sources of social mischief is the persecution of the agents of the Bible Societies. These persons give an additional bitterness and sectarian rancour to the landlord prejudices; and in the attempt to change the faith of the people they employ not only their ordinary means of patronage and bribery, but they urge the landlord to put on the grinding pressure of his powerful influence to carry out this work of hypocrisy and perjury. This persecuting alliance of the proprietor of the soil with the most odious class known to the history of Ireland has earned for the landlord a double meed of public detestation, and has produced in Ireland a very large share of the horror usually felt towards the sectarian exterminators.—Will you allow me to assure your Lordship that the Police Bill of Lord Naas is believed to have its origin in this Biblical sectarianism. Some of the police, under the command of Colonel Browne, at the time of the College riots, were supposed by the Catholic to have made the command of their officer subservient to their Catholic animosities; and, again, others of the same force were said by the Catholics not to give them sufficient protection in the streets during their mission of insult against the Catholic inhabitants.—Strange as it may appear to a high-minded English nobleman, Lord Naas was said by many persons to have conceived his bill in reference to these two prejudices just quoted. This public impression has damaged your Lordship's administration to a certain extent, and given an Orange complexion to certain administrative facts, from which impression the public has since had no cogent reason to recede.

Great stress has been laid on the additional crime of the Irish assassin, from the fact that bribery has not been able to discover him in certain cases; and great reproach has been heaped on the police force, from the fact, too, that they have not been able to discover some Irish murderers. The very resolutions of the Downshire club have been framed in reference to these two considerations. Even a comparison was sought to be made in these cases between the efficiency of the London police and the inactivity, or the inconstancy, or both, of the Irish police officers and constables. Now, my Lord, what is the fact? Without wishing to intend to utter one disrespectful word against the honesty, the truth, the honor, and the morality of the English people, there is a certain low, reckless class amongst them who almost make a murder a daily practice; who take away human life (I quote facts) for a "tumbler of beer" for an "old coat" who "kill children" with less feeling than an Irishwoman would drown a young cat; who shoot or cut the throats of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, children, grandfathers and grandmothers, with less concern than the Irish would take the life of a strange dog, or kill a neighbor's sheep. And as they have no concern in killing men, women and children, neither have they concern in escaping justice. The indifference they feel about other men's lives makes them indifferent about their own life; and hence there is no difficulty in tracing the culprit in London; and little activity consequently required in the police-men to arrest the murderer. But in Ireland murder is generally committed to gratify revenge for some grievous, real, or supposed injury: I cannot remember any case where this awful crime has been done for the trifles which lead to it in England. And the offence is looked on with such horror, such unspeakable fear that the assassin prepares his deadly plans by long meditation, conceals his wicked designs from wife, sister, parent and child; and hence his tremendous act is so guarded, his scheme so well arranged, that the most active policeman cannot find a clue to this deep, long pre-meditated, murderous stratagem. No: the inability to detect an assassin in Ireland, as compared with England, lies in the inhabitants of the two nations, not in the police; and it can be accounted for, too, in the indifference with which murder is committed in one country as compared with the other.

My Lord, this is the true state of this awful subject. And in quieting the Irish revenge by an equitable Tenant-bill, there is one other question of, perhaps, equal importance to the peace and the morality of society—namely, a suitable discouragement given, in high quarters, to the notorious Biblical swindle which, next to landlord atrocities, has enkindled in the hearts of public a hatred for their hypocrisy, and a revenge for their insults and lies, not to be understood except by those who have the confidence of the people, and know the burning outraged feelings of their souls.

I have the honor, my Lord, to be your Lordship's obedient servant,

D. W. O.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

It was reported that Archbishop Cullen would be made a Cardinal, permanently to reside at Rome.

THE PHRENIANS IN DUBLIN.—The following singular statement appears in *Saunders's Newsletter*, a journal generally well made up upon all local matters:—"Up to the present there appears to have been no idea that the 'Phoenix Club,' or anything like a kindred association, existed within gun shot range of the Castle of Dublin, or partook of anything like a metropolitan character. It was generally believed that those silly manifestations of affiliated 'patriotism' were only known to a northern district on the one hand and to a few southern localities on the other. But from information received we regret to have to state that a few nights since, at a distance of not more than three miles from the Castle of Dublin, a band of men, numbering, perhaps, 100, were accidentally surprised at drill by a gentleman who, no doubt, was himself as much astonished at the discovery as the 'recruits' were at finding themselves under the gaze of an unaffiliated and non-sympathetic eye as they marched and counter-marched under the potent command of their gallant 'captain.' On seeing the face of the stranger looking down on their movements from the eminence which he casually ascended, the 'patriots' immediately took into consideration the instinctive proposition of disbanding; and showed an evident inclination to 'scamp'; but the 'captain' of the corps, being made of sterner stuff than that which composed his rank and file, ordered them to stand, and with a crushing oath demanded whether they were in dread of the 'face of one man.' At the rebuke of their commander the gallant corps resumed a firm attitude, and marched away in regular order. We understand that information was at once conveyed to the proper authorities, who, no doubt, have acted according to the best of their judgment and the necessity involved in the case.—The source of our information is strictly reliable, and the fact that we have stated, proves that illegal so-

cieties antagonistic to the institutions of the country exist in other localities than Belfast or Skibbereen.—It has been remarked as extraordinary that the Dublin Metropolitan Police were unable to discover the nightly reunions of these men, assembled under such circumstances, and that the Government should be solely indebted for the information they have received to a private individual who accidentally happened to discover the circumstance."

MORE BIRDS TRAPPED.—KILLARNEY.—Jeremiah Cronin, ex-policeman, clerk to a respectable architect of this town, and brother to the young gentleman of the same name who has been for some time enjoying the hospitalities of the Castle, left here on Friday morning for Dublin in charge of a constable. So sudden and unexpected (at least by his friends) was the departure of this young man that nothing was heard of it until hours after the train left. "Be-dad, sir," said an honest baker (famed for crusty ducks), "he must have been in a devil of a hurry, for he forgot to ask me the tot of the pass book." At a late hour on Friday night, William Mayberry, of Kenmare, was arrested at Cloghena, where he has been for some time employed by Colonel Herbert as a boat-builder. He is a respectable well-conducted person; he is for the present lodged in our bridewell. Some commotion was caused here yesterday when it became known that an active search was being made at several respectable lodging-houses, by some members of the constabulary in colored clothes, for a young man named McCarthy, from Kenmare, whose brother was just after arriving in town. Every room of each house was closely examined—cocklofts, haylofts, stables, piggeries, turf-houses, and even meat tubs and water barrels were looked into, but in vain—the fugitive was nowhere.—*Cork Examiner* Cor.

The *Leinster Reporter* says:—Mr. Wilcox, R.M., and J. H. Walsh, of Kilduff, attended at the county prison to investigate charges of Ribbonism against Daniel Foy, and several others. After the examination of some witnesses, Daniel Foy was finally committed for trial at the approaching assizes, and warrants issued for the arrests of his confederates in crime.

THE INFORMER AGAINST THE MEN ARRESTED IN BELFAST.—The *Belfast Morning News* says:—All doubt as to the identity of the informer has now been dissipated by his informations, which have been received by Mr. Ren, attorney for the prisoners. The name of the man is Henri D'Alton, and he resided at 3 Eliza street. By trade he was a stucco plasterer. He is the person on whose information, in the first instance, the arrests were made.

A PORTECOUSE OSM.—The Neagh Court-house, as many of our readers are no doubt aware, is a building of some architectural pretensions. The front is adorned with a handsome portico, and the top of the pediment is surmounted by a colossal figure of Justice seated on a throne, supported by allegorical emblems. The figure, which is severely weather-beaten (being composed of Portland stone), is denuded of the upper section of the nose and a portion of the drapery, and is otherwise so mutilated that a professor of mythology would be puzzled to discover what particular virtue its designer intended it should represent, unless the sword in the right hand helped him to guess. Originally its left hand supported a pair of nicely-balanced deeply-scooped scales, emblematic of the indelible but impartial judgments of their proprietors. Whenever strong winds prevailed, however, the balance of the commercial machine was upset, and the opposite sides of the scales swayed up and down until the return of some time, however, it was observed that the balance of the machine was permanently upset, one side uniformly weighing down the other. On examination it was ascertained that the nose of the statue had yielded to the weather, and having dropped off had fallen into one of the scales. This impediment to the balance of Justice was at once removed, and the machine was secured in a manner calculated to prevent future disturbances of "the balance of power." In short, Justice was made "all right" by sticking a piece of timber into the tongue of the beam, and thus compelling the scales to stand evenly, no matter how overloaded either dish might be. The night, however, on which the unfortunate brothers Cornack were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, a furious gust of wind blew the whole apparatus out of the grasp of the statue, and in the morning its broken fragments were discovered scattered on the steps of the portico. An incident so suggestive to the minds of an imaginative people could not occur without producing much remark and speculation. We may remark, *en passant*, that the scales have not yet been replaced, and the figure consequently sits with outstretched arm and empty hand, no longer grasping the emblem of legitimate authority and impartial judgment.—*Limerick Examiner*.

THE POOR AND THEIR TYRANTS.—The calendar would be fearfully large, if it were accurately kept, of the injustice and brutal cruelty which the poor of Ireland endure from petty official tyranny and magisterial obliquity. Take this case in point furnished by the last Quarter Sessions at Bantry, of which a report will be found elsewhere:—A poor peasant woman, sick and destitute, became an inmate, with her sickly and feeble child, of the Castletown-Berehaven Workhouse. One day, from the window of the workhouse hospital, she saw the Master "thrashing" her sick boy and several other children. A mother's feelings swelled in her breast, and she called out to the Master to forego—pleading that the boy was ill, and that the doctor had ordered that he should not be put to work. The Master rushed up stairs in a fury, met the feeble woman coming down, called her by an opprobrious name, and hurled her against the railing of the stairs, breaking one of her ribs! Mark what follows. The woman lifted her feeble hand and struck the strong man an impotent blow. Whilst she was carried to the hospital, he went off to the local country magistrate, and swore against the unfortunate and feeble creature informations for an assault. Armed with the magistrate's warrant, the police marched to the workhouse to seize "the criminal"—this helpless sickly pauper with the broken rib—and carry her off to prison. They found her lying on the hospital bed; and the doctor told them that death might be the consequence of her removal—venturing to suggest that the Master could not be serious in his proceedings. That merciful and tender-hearted individual's reply was—"I'm damned, if I don't have satisfaction by law, I'll kick her out of the house before me!" He was as good as his word. For four months the woman lay dangerously ill in the hospital! For four months this exemplary official nursed his wrath! At the end of that period, he had the warrant executed—the miserable creature was dragged off to prison—torn from her very bed—prosecuted at the petty sessions court, and committed to prison for one month! Again for God's sake review this case. A sick and destitute woman is brutally maltreated by a strong man, who breaks her rib, and leaves her an inmate, four months, of the hospital. She has just raised her feeble hand to him. For four months, that man (who, we blush to tell, is still entrusted with the management of a workhouse) cherishes a savage anger against that poor helpless pauper; and, at his charge, four months after the cruel treatment he had given her, a magistrate, say, two magistrates, were found either so stupid or so wicked, as to sentence this poor outraged woman to a month's imprisonment in the county jail, to which, sixty miles away, she, sick and in the midst of winter rain and storm! Of atrocities such as this it is utterly impossible to write with calmness or cold blood. Even the annals of the law and officialism in Ireland do not furnish anything more revolting. It only remains to specify the names of the actors and the sufferers in this case. The Master (who is not dismissed) is named Somers; the magistrates (who still hold the Commission of the Peace) are Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Puxley; and the unfortunate victim of cruelty and injustice bears the name of Mary Sullivan.—*Irishman*.