and the second s CROHOORE OF THE BILL-HOOK.

BY JOHN BANIM. CHAPTER XV.

We have said that it was the assizes time of Kilkenny. Pierce Shea arrived there before the him, you wouldn't bid me let him up.' morning sitting of the court. In two hours afterwards he was put on his trial before God and | begone, Pat, and obey my commands. his country. The evidence was conclusive against him, on different charges; and here he saw he had again to encounter the cool well-concerted boore, had personally attempted his life; and honor's bed-room? Pierce felt it not difficult to conceive that, having failed in the attempt to assassmate him, the your master's answer. murderer now hired this wretch to swear away his life in a court of justice.

The man was cross-examined as to the facts of his having been employed to fire of Shea! he to my own masther, in exchange for my civil denied it sturdily and scoffingly; two persons message?' only could contradict him, Doran and Andy Houtohan; but Doran did not appear; as he was himself hiding from justice; and poor Andy felt so bewildered by the situation of his dear foster- you look so foolish?" brother, that when called upon, he could neither answer nor recollect anything with the necessary | sure enough, mumbled Pat, turning up stairs ;distinctness.

This person deposed to the presence of Shea at the attack on the dragoons. One of the surviving soldiers also easily identified him: and the proctor, with equal readiness, accused him of having assisted in the outrage upon his person. It was, however, elicited in cross-examination, that Pierce had subsequently saved his life at peril of his own; and, owing to this slight extenuating fact, the criminal was allowed fortyeight hours to prepare for death. Sentence was passed on him at two o'clock in the afternoon of the morning of his arrest, which was on a Tuesday.

About eleven o'clock the next night, Wednesday, a thundering knock pealed at the door of a splendid mansion, situated in the great square of Stephen's Green, in the metropolis of Treland.

The proprietor of the mansion was a young gentleman of family, talent, and education; and, though young (not more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age) he held an office of trust of Ulla loo! said Pat, as he again withdrew, together, almost ever since the da and consideration under the Irish government, of This bates all before it. He tarried a moment born, poor Andy continued in tears. ty-seven years of age) he held an office of trust and was the representative of one of her boroughs, in the then native parliament. Other and more private anecdotes of him, claim our attention.

Since his father's death, which happened in his childhood, Mr. B. had been landlord of Clarab: and, when a boy, his school vacations were often spent in the hospitable farm houses of Ned Shea and Tony Dooling, where he found comfortable accommodations, and abundance of joyous exercise and country sports; with, in the person of Pierce Shea, a companion every way fitted to share or lead in his rural pursuits. Pierce rode as good a horse as his young landlord, and rode him as well; he was as good a shot; a better courser, and knew to a certainty where game of every kind could be had for the starting. Their ages were alike; their tempers both amiable;their tastes too, not withstanding the difference in social social rank, similar; for, as we have before observed. Pierce's education had by no means been neglected; so that if he could not invariably follow the more extended or more systematic attainments of the young squire, as shown in their occasional conversations, it required but little effort to make him do so; and his youthful zeal and quickness in asking questions were repaid by the ingenuousness of his admiring tutor, who, along with the wish and pleasure of communicating knowledge, felt, perbaps, a degree of natural vanity in displaying superior acquirement. In fact, they became friends;and, an accident further served to fix and enlarge the good-will Mr. B. bore his esteemed young tenant; Pierce had preserved, if not his life, his limbs at least, by checking, with imminent danger to himself, on the verge of a precipitate quarry, a restive horse, over which his companion had lost all control, and which was plunging headlong to the precipice.

With maturer years, indeed, came different occupations; distinct places in different ranks of society; and, of course, mutual estrangement and regulation, if not some forgetfulness of the early intercourse of boyhood. But Mr. B. was too worthy a young man to have altogether a bad memory.

CHAPTER XVI.

The tremendous knocking at his door roused Mr. B. from a sound sleep; for he had gone to bed early. He listened; it was repeated; he rang his bell violently, and shortly appeared his favorite attendant, with a light in one hand, and a letter in the other. He snatched the letter; glanced over it, and asked with much interest-

Who is the bearer of this. Pat ? 'As ugly a little fellow, please your honor, as ever you'd wish to see.'

- And the second s stairs.
- 'Into which room, Sir?'
- 'Into this-this room; make haste.' 'I'm thinkin', if your honor war atther seem

'That will be decided when I do see him-

Faith it's quare enough,' muttered the servant as he descended, to go and bid us show the spalpeen of an ugly little devil, all the way up to and when he had done, said- This, to me, is machinations of Crohoore-na-billioge; one of the his own hed-room. Will you plase, sir,' stand-witnesses was the assassin of Ballyfoile; the ing at the head of the stair-case, that commandsame who, obviously under the influence of Cro- ed the hall, will you plase, sir, to walk up to his clothes soiled with the mire of the street, and his

' And I don't place; - I'll stay where I am for

'Eh!' said the servant, staring.

'Are you dead ?- Didn't you hear me?' Do you mane that I'm to repeat afther you,

'Yes, tell your own masther I don't choose to what I said afore; can't you hear me yet, that

'Musha, 'pou my word, but it's a high joke, tell your masther,' says he, squatting down, to reduce himself to the beight of his subject, while a grate mind to ate a body, though, upon my honor, I think he'd fit in my riding-coat pocket.'

He re-entered his master's chamber.

' Faith, glory to your honor, if the dawny ugly mugged fellow that brought that same letter isn't grate in one way, he's grate another way; tell your masther, says he to me, I don't choose to come up, bu: I'll stop where I am for his answer. Again stooping on his haunches, and making a hideous face, to render evident the cause of his surprise or amusement.

' Will you ever be serious, Pat?' asked Mr. B. who was now up, and attired in his morning-

When we're both married, plase your honor.' Well, well; tell this mighty great little man his son, on the day of his appointed execution. I shall come to him.

on the landing-place, to study how he should ad- 'Ha! ha! aye; and may be, deserve proceeded farther, his master passed him, descended the stairs, and approached the stranger.

-The almost exhausted lamp had been re-lighted in the hall, but was not sufficient to illumine the spacious apartment; and in the remotest gloom, leaning against a pillar, stood the diminutive figure of the midnight courier. He put his hand to his hat as Mr. B. approached him.

'Miss Lovett writes me that she owes you much for a signal service, my good friend.'

'I thank her for owning it to your honor.' 'But she writes in a hurry, and without any

particulars; pray how did the cause for obligation arise? Doesn't Miss Lovett mention it in the letter ?

She does not -I have said as much before. · Well, your honor; self-praise; and I'm a bad hand at it, any way; but you'll be in Kilkenny yourself early to-morrow, plase God, and then you'll have it from her own mouth; and it's

thought,' he added with a frightful grin, 'your honor wouldn't wish a betther story-teller. 'Very well, sir,' replied Mr. B., whose cheeks colored a little-' it is certainly my intention to be in Kilkenny by twelve o'clock to-morrow;-

and you may be assured that -exclusive of the lady's request, which is law to me - I should, of my own free will, do my utmost in this matter.?

May your honor get your reward; and you'll have more than one grateful heart to bless you.

When did you leave Kilkenny?' 'Ten hours ago;'-the distance was fiftyseven miles. .

' Indeed !- then you have not lostered.' ' No, your honor; nor can't loster now, I have much business before me, yet; and must be back

in nine hours, if the horses meet me fair.' · You will convey these few hasty lines to Miss Lovett,' giving him a note. 'That I'll do, plase God, early in the mornin

o' this day, comin on ;' -he turned to go - and in his case yet.' we may depend on your honor in regard o' what Miss Lovett writes about?'

'Yes, you may; my eyes shall not close 'till I lown poor foster-brother from you?'am in Kilkenny, and the prayer of the letter you

have brought me, fulfilled.' 'The time is short.'

'This is Wednesday night-and-let me see -to-morrow at uoon you say ? 'To-morrow at one o'clock, your honor.'

'Then depend on me-farewell.' the crowd his crie 'Well, I must be for Kilkenny this moment; before the prison. and so I wish your honor a good bye.'

Open the door, Pat ; and Pat, running out partin frum me! and I'll never know pace down with a light, obeyed in increased wonder. again, "til the sod covers myself!" it was now When it was opened, the stranger slowly moving past nine o'clock. Buck to a global and a later was a straight for the book and an entering the con-

Leave the light, and show him instantly up from his position; gained the street steps; pulled off his hat, and with a 'God guard your honor,' in his ear. flung a paper into the hall; just as he turned to walk down the steps, the light held by Pat fell on his face, and Mr. B. started suddenly at the now well-known features of one about whom he

had reason to feel peculiarly interested.
'Seize that person, Pat!' he exclaimed, stooping to pick up the paper. The servant shot thro' the hall-door; his master read the document;wonderful.

In a few moments Pat returned alone, his countenance pale and agitated.

'What's the matter with you, man?' asked

Bedad and I don't well know, place your honor,' answered the servant, now gravely enough; 'I cum up to the little man two doors off, just at the turnin; and cum back if you plase. says I, the masther wants you; what's his business, says he, stoppin and facin round upon me; go up, but will wait here for his answer; that's he'll tell you that, when you cum, says I; then he'll never tell me, now, says he, for I'm in such a hurry I can't cum back at all; be asy, says I, and I put out my hand to grip him; when-I lave it to my death that I don't know how he done it-but up wid my beels, and down wid my head, any how; and, before I was upon my legs he minicked his words—'tell your masther I again, he was on the back of a horse I didn't see don't choose to come up-well; sorrow the like till that minute, and away wid him like a race ever cum across me; and he looked as if he had horse—and by gor, savin your honor's presence. the divil himself couldn't do the thing a bit betther, if he was ped for it.

'You are a goose, Pat,' said Mr. B.;' but now no more of this; prepare with all speed for my immediate departure."

CHAPTER XVII.

Murther, murther, won't you let me see him at all ?- petitioned Andy Houlohan, clinging to the bars of the iron grated door of the prison in which Pierce Shea was confined.

'Go along out o' that, you ugly-looking thief,' answered the gruff voice of the ruffian who filled at once the offices of jailor and turnkey, as he locked the door, after admitting the brokenhearted old Ned Shea to a last interview with

'Och! you don't know that we war reared up together, almost ever since the day we were

dress the strange animal below; and, ere he had hung up together, the last day o' your lives, just | pinto keep you from parting,' retorted Matthew. 'And aint I poor Pierce's own foster-bro-

' Rot you, have you the Sheriff's ticket?'

Ochone, I dunna what it is. 'Put your hand in your pocket and try;'looking knowingly, and making a show as if rec-

koning money on the palm of his hand. 'It's not much that I have. God help me, bud I'll give id wid a hearty good will, wishin it was more for your sake, sir,' and he handed a

sixpence through the bars. 'The curse of Cromwell on you, for a beggarly rogue, I thought as much; you have no money

thrashed,' putting it up deliberately. 'Musha, I brought no more out wid me.'

'Nor left none at home, I'm thinkin'-and Matthew turned off towards the interior of the 'Oh! the Lord protect you, and won't you

let me in, afther all ?' 'Is it for that ?-no, no; I've let you take a peep for your sixpence; but two thirteens for a

turn in ; that's the rule.' 'Murther, murther, iv I had a bit iv a sledge,'

said Andy, dancing with madness, and making several ringing blows at the bars with his alpeen. 'Sodger!'- said Matthew, returning, and speaking to a sentinel outside- Sodger, turn

this thief's breed from the place he nught to be 'Sodger, ma-chree,' in his turn exclaimed

Andy to the grenadier, who quickly pressed him back with the musket- you'll be pitiful to me, and ax 'em to let me see my poor Pierce Shea.' 'No concern of mine - stand back.'

' He'll never die asy widout just saying, God bewid you, Andy.'

' Back man-can't tell, I'm sure-back.' · Considuer, sodger, a-hudg;—you might be

· Damme, fall back.' And how would you look if they kept your

'No more talk, or'-presenting his bayonet-Musha, thrust away; little myself cares I was kilt dead this moment.'

And Andy scarce stirred, until the sentinel, again reverting his piece, shoved him off his post

'He'll never get a word o' me; he'll die wid-

Andy turned to the speaker; it was Paddy Loughnan; but Andy did not recognise him. 'There's pity on my heart for you,' Paddy continued.

' Musha, good loock to you; for it's little iv id is to be found here.

What 'ud you do for a body, supposin he got you inside the dour o' the cage !

'I'd lay my life down for him the next mo-

'That 'ud be no great bargain; little I'd get for it; but I ax no sich thing; just keep your eye upon me, and come when I call you.'

He moved to some distance, and Andy saw him lay hold of a helpless little cripple, who, seated in a small car, had just been drawn by a more active mendicant before the prison gates. 'Och, Lord save us! what 'ud you want wid

a poor lame creature?' asked the cripple. ' None o' your tricks, now,' replied Loughnan; 'you made a fool o' me once on a time, and that's more nor the law allows; so come your ways; by good loock we're nigh hand to a

lodgin for you.3 'I'm a crippled body that does harm to no one, and don't you harm me, if you're a Chris-

By the vartue o' the oath I tuck on the green cloth, you can tell as big a story as if you war the size o' the house-come in here.'

' Help, help, good Christhens, for a poor cripple, -cried the little fellow in the car.

That's Loughnan, the bum-bailiff,' said a young man in the crowd.

'Touch his head to the paving-stones,' said another.

'Clean the kennel with the thievin bum,' said a third.

'Loughnan, take your hands from the cripple,' exclaimed several. 'What call have you to him?' asked a stout-

built shoemaker, who, with his hands under his well-waxed leather apron, now advanced.

'Ax that o' one that 'ill tell you,' answered Paddy; 'and take away your big fists there from my prisouer.'

Divil a take, to plase you.

' Neighbors, don't let a poor crature, widout power to help himself, be ill-used for nothing at all, still appealed the cripple.

Let him go,' resumed the commiserating Cris-

Bother !' replied Loughnan, dragging the ob-

ject from his car. ' Where's your warrant?' demanded the shoe-

maker, with a face of knowledge and importance.

you're in, to know; and 'tisn't the way you're in but the figure you cut; come along, a-bouchal.' 'Let him go this moment'—the champion

stept up fiercely. Right, Joe'-and-'that's the way to serve him'-and-'smash the bum!' cried his second-

'God bless you, honest good gentlemen,' prayed the subject of dispute.

'I'll tell yez what,' roared Loughnan; 'he's a fair caption; there's lawful money ready for the job; and I'll sware a sazure again every dinal Antonelli and the Holy Father himself. ugly mother's son of you.'

Curse your law,' resumed Crispin; 'do you think we'll take it from you? Shew your warrant, and then no harm done; if not, let God's cripple alone.' And there was a general shout, as prefatory indication of putting into force their resolve to rescue the cripple. Loughnan tugged at his prisoner, and received many smart blows on his hat from behind some of which sunk it over his eyes; he shoved it up, looked round, and could see none but demure faces, but was again similarly assailed; turned again, and could only see countenances of fixed gravity; it was evident that fun, as much as compassion, was the motive to a row. He now became assured he could not carry his point by himself; and-

Where are you at all, Andy Houlohan? he cried.

' Here I am,' answered Andy, jumping through the ring, alpeen in hand.

'Tell the divil's limbs who this is, Loughhaan continued, snatching off the hat and blanket of the supposed cripple.

'Oh, Dieu-na-glorive! shouted Andy, as he jumped back in horror—'tis Crohoore-na-bilhoge!

And what did he do, Andy! 'Och, the Lord keep us from all harm-sure

didn't he murder Tony Doolin and his wife in the middle of their sins.'

'Oh-ho,' said the shoe-maker, wagging his head knowingly, and placing his hands under his with sufficient force to send him staggering among apron, 'that's a horse of another color; we all the crowd his cries had attracted to the street | heard or that bloody business, and of a certainty, our firm and constant wish to maintain the just such a kind o' crature they say done it.'

'Ram him in ! ram him in !' was now the ge-

'Andy Houlohan!' whispered a sharp voice crib for your throuble, where there's some, this

moment, just as mad to get out. We omitted to say that the sturdy beggar who drew Crohoore to the front of the jail had disappeared into the crowd at the beginning of the scuffle; but Crohoore now seemed to invoke

him, or some other individual. 'Shemun, Shemun!' he exclaimed, starting on his legs, and clapping his hands, while his face was stern rather than agitated - run for me now, or I'm lost! You know the road they took -run, run.

'I'll do my best, place God !' answere ! a voice in the crowd. No one could tell the other who had uttered the words.

'He's speakin to one he does does not know,' remarked Paddy Loughnan: 'they're just like two brothers, together; but let me once get him inside, and the ould bouchal may have him afterwards, if he doesn't repent iv his bargain;' and so saying he dragged Crohoore to the prison door; Andy, who but for the reward held out, would not have laid a finger on bim, coutiously

"Here,' said Paddy, as the jailor appeared, just let this bouchaleen into the rat-trap.

(To be continued.)

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE TEM-PORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Ambanador of France at Rome.

Paris, May 30, 1862.

MONSIEUR LE MARQUESS,-I consider tint may be useful, at the moment when you prepare to return to your post, to set down in a despatch the resume of our conversations upon the grave interests which the Emperor has confided to your zeal and devotion, and thus to furnish you with the means of establishing once more the invariably friendly and benevolent character of the policy of the Government of his

Majesty with regard to the Holy See. The idea which has guided us from the commencement of the crisis which the Church and Italy have passed through together has not ceased to animate us, and if our efforts hitherto have been unfruitful, we have not yet come to a conviction of the inutility of pursuing them. While not abandoning the hope of attaining the aim which we propose to realise - while refusing to admit that the destruction of the state of things mangerated on the Peninsula ought to be a coudition since qua non of existence for the temporal power of the Papacy, or that the fall of that power may become the logical and necessary consequence of the establishment of the kingdom of Ituly, I am 'Musha,' laughed the bailiff, 'what a way certain of being the organ of the intention and the will of the Emperor. His Majesty bas deigned to explain, in a letter which he has addressed to me, the ideas which he entertains, after long and serious reflections, on the respective situations of the Holy See and of Italy.

You will find appended hereto a copy of this important document; and the considerations developed in it, so elevated, so lucid, and so forcibly, will indicate to you, and which any commentary on my part would weaken, the ground on which you will be placed in treating with Car-

I designedly avoided, in prescribing the duty

of which you acquitted yourself at the commencement of the month of January last, to formulate the plan of conciliation for the preparation of which you were charged to claim the concurrence of the Holy See. I hoped, in effect, that our opening would not be repelled by a close of nonreception so categorical, and that Cardinal Antonelli would aid us in seeking for bases of an arrangement that would be acceptable to the Chief of the Church and compatible with the events accomplished in the Peninsula. In the presence of the resistance which we have met with, a longer reserve would risk being misunderstood. The attempts of the Government of the Emperor to induce the Court of Rome to depart, in temnoral matters, from his absolute doctrines, might fail but it is important that our intentions should not be disfigured or unknown, and that no one may have the right to accuse us of not having clearly set forth (articule) the conditions which, in our eyes, would guarantee the independence, the dignity, and the sovereignty of the common Father of the Faithful, without placing in question de novo the destinies of Italy. Never, I proclaim it aloud, did the Government of the Emperor pronounce a word of the nature of allowing to the Cabinet of Turin to hope that the capital of Catholicity would, at the same time, become, with the consent of France, the capital of the great kingdom which has been formed on the other side of the Alps. All our acts, all our declarations accord, on the contrary, in stating Pope in the possession of the portion of his States that the presence of our flag has preserved to bim. I renew here, M. le Marquess, this 'Andy,' said Loughnan, ketch your own assurrance; but I repeat also with equal frankhoult of the cullaun, and you'll get saug into the ness that any combination reposing on another