112 DUNDAS STREET NEAR TALBOT.

Beautiful Things.

esutiful faces are those that wear— marters livie if dark or fare— hole-souled honesty printed there Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal panes where hearth fires Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like songs of birds, Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful bands are those that do Work that is earnest and brave and true, Moment by moment the long day through Beautiful feet are those that go On hindiy ministries to and fro— Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Conscient burdens of homely care With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless - *-lent rivers of happiness, Whose hidden fountails but few may guess Beautiful tiwlight, at set of sun, Beautiful goal, with race well won, Beautiful rest, with work well done

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep, where brown leaves fail, where drifts lie ever worn out hands—oh beautiful sleep :

MR. O'BRIEN'S TRIAL.

THE JOURNEY FROM CORK.

Great Demonstration.

SPEECHES BY MESSES. O'BRIEN AND

(From the Cork Herald of Tuesday) Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., arrived in the city on Monday morning from Mal-low en route from Midleton. A large growd, including the Mayor and several members of Parliament, had assembled at the Gianmire station, and as the distinguished gentleman was recognized a deatening cheer was raised, and was again and again repeated. A large crowd had assembled outside the Vic toria Hotel, and as the gallant gentleman alighted, a triumpbant shout was raised, and many rushed forward eager to clasp his hand. After a short delay at the hotel the party started for Summer-hill station, which was packed with an expectant crowd, and as Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Mandevilla entered the terminal Mr. Mandeville entered the terminus the people burst into a tremendous cheer. As Mr. O'Brien was borne off amidst the hoarse cheering of the crowd he exclaimed to some of his friends in a laughing tone that he would be returning in the evening, but with an escort of a couple of hundred

IRISH CAVALRY ESCORT. The Junction was reached at a quarter to twelve, and Mr. Win. O'Brien, Mr. Mandeville, and their friends, alighted. About one thousand stalwart horsemen were drawn up on the road towards Car rigtwohill, as were also an almost innumerable number of vehicles of all
descriptions. The appearance of Mr.
O'Brien was the signal for an outburst of
cheering which, being taken up by the
long array, was receased again and again. long array, was repeated again and again. After a short delay, and with an almost military precision, the vast concourse formed in procession, and with the horse men three deep in front, proceeded to Carrigtwohili. Along the route groups of country folk had gathered on the ditches. The men cheered loudly, and the women waved green emblem and poured forth hearty wishes of good When about a mile from Carrigt wohill the bands began to play "God sav Ireland," and the notes, being taken up by the processionists, swelled into a mighty chorus and created an impression which could not be easily forgotten. Over twenty clergymen were in the procession, and deputations and contingents were present from the remotest parts of were present from the remotest parts of the county. On arriving opposite the National League rooms, Mr. O'Brien's carriage halted, and the eager crowd pressed round, anxious to get a sight of the distinguished visitor. Across the wall of the League rooms was fixed a green banner, bearing the inacription, "Bravery lead on, and we will follow." green banner, bearing the inacr "Bravery, lead on, and we will for fter cheer rent the air, and when the enthusiasm had somewhat subsided the representatives of the different asso ciations and boards pressed forward and presented addresses

presented addresses.

MR. O'BRIEN'S REPLY.

Mr. O'Brien, who on rising in the carriage was received with great cheering, said—Fellow countrymen, I have barely time to utter a few words of thanks for the deluge of addresses pouring in on me. I do thank you from the bottom of my heart for this wonderful outpouring of affection from the people of the country around (cheers). It is the most for the three wretched months of imprithe cause of Ireland (loud cheers). spirit that animates the Irish race to day. Since I was a boy I have known a good deal of the inner working of the good deal of the inner working and irish cause, and have known many an hour of hope and many an hour of gloom. but I have never in all my life known anything like the spirit that bounds and is bounding through the veins of the Irish people to day (great cheering).

NDERFUL SPIRIT. Notwithstanding the fearful winter that trust (cheers).

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO

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GLOVES, UNDERCLOTHING,
AND SOCKS.

THE BEST GOODS IN THE TRADE.

THE BEST GOODS IN THE TRADE. all ranks (loud cheers) he has roused a spirit of recistance and of contempt for danger such as I confess, whenever I think of it, fills my heart with wonder and delight, for it surpasses anything I ever expected or hoped for (cheers). I am not speaking of the young men of Ireland alone. The young men, of course, are with us with all their glorious energies and with their lives (cheers), ready to go anywhere or do anything, but the wonder to us is that the old men are just as ready (cheers).

as ready (cheers).

IRREPRESSIBLE DEVOTION. I have met sedate men of business, most venerable ecclesiastics, and I find mothers and maidens, the gentlest and the best in all the world, I have found the best in all the world, I have found them willing and eager, not only to give us their prayers, but to take their share of the risks, blows, and indignities with which Mr. Balfour hopes to cow the spirit of the Irish people (cheers). When I find an Irish girl crying, "Three cheers for the Plan of Campaiga" (loud cheers), while the blood is streaming down her forehead from the blow of a crowbar— when I find a delicate and high born when I find a delicate and high born woman like Lady Anne Bluut taken by the throat by a brutal magistrate on the platform at Woodford, and when I find that woman just as ready to mount that platform again in the morning—I say that the Coercion Act was never framed, and the bullet never cut that can kill the cause that can command devotion like that (cheers), and it is because Bal-four knows it (groans) that is what para-lyzes him.

THE IRISH BACE AGAINST BALFOUR. THE IRISH RACE AGAINST BALFOUR.
That is why 200 branches of the National
League defy his proclamation with the
most perfect impunity, and that is why
he has not ventured to prosecute one
single man of the thousands of Irishmen
who for the past six weeks have spat on
his proclamation and have torn it in his
face. It is because he knows that the
whole Irish race are leagued against him. face. It is because he knows that the whole Irish race are leagued against him, and all that is bravest, noblest, and just in the Irish race, are joined together and are bound together in this struggle to one another, and to Ireland by a love as the nillar towers and as deep strong as the pillar towers and as deep as the holy well, (great cheers) I have no time to say more to you except what ever little troubles are before me. A Voice—You will get over them (cheers). Well, I think that the punishment that an Englishman like Mr. Wilfred Blunt has not shirked, the punishment that many a noble-hearted Irish girl has experienced before now without blanching, I don't suppose that that punishment is likely to break my heart.

THE WORD OF COMMAND. Proud I am to say it, that I have spent good many months and a good many years hard labour for the Irish cause (cheers), and I shall not grudge three more tor dear old Ireland, brave old Ireland (great cheering). You have obeyed the word of command to-day with the discipline of soldiers, and I ask you now to obey it again, and the word of command is that no man shall pass nearer to

MR DILLON'S SPEECH.

At the conclusion of Mr. O'Brien's remarks there were loud calls for Mr. Dillon, who said-Men of Cork, I need hardly tell you that we are proud of the county of Cork, and of the men who live in it (cheers). Here you are to let the Government and the world know how much you care for Balfour and his pro Government of this country. My friend, Mr. O'Brien, is going to meet what is the only honour the English Government can confer upon any Irishman (hear, hear)to meet what every man in this crow would be proud to meet along with him word of command given you; for, believe me, that the greatest blow at the Tory Government is that we can show by our word that we can main. thirty or forty thousand bayonets the rnment have under their control When they undertake to cheers). maintain law and order they see what the result is. They have the experience of Mitchelstown (groans), but when the maintenance of law and order is left to the men whom the people trust, what is the result? (Cries of "Good result,") Neither life nor property is injured; an why? Because there is not a policeman within hearing. See how order is main tained here to day (cheers). What is the lesson which this day will teach to the nations of Europe? It is this, that so long as the constabulary keep away in peace and order and law (loud cheers); but when the policemen appear on wonderful sight my eyes have ever be the scene then will commence con-held in this or any other country, and it fusion, rain, and loss of life and property will be a compensation to me not merely (hear, hear, and cheers). We hope that for the three wretched months of imprisomment that are before me, but it will when the preservation of the law and of be a compensation for a long devotion to the lives and property of the Irish people I will be in the hands of men who feel it is more than mere compliment to people can trust (cheers). I promise mysel—t is a proof of the incorrigible you that when that day comes there will spirit that animates the Irish race to be no necessity for policemen trailing their rifles in places where Irishmen meet together, and we shall look to a free and entranchised people for the maintenance of their rights, and of law will show to the strangers who are here to day that you can maintain order, and that you will obey the men whom you

THE DEPARTURE.

The carriages bearing Mr O'Brien and Mr. Mandeville, with a few friends, then drove off amidsta scene of wild cheering. The vast crowds remained in the village, which was gaily decorated, patriotic emblems being displayed from many of the houses. The people were also addressed by Father Barry, P. P. Mr. Lane, M. P., and the Mayor, who advised them to preserve a peaceful demeanor. The band afterwards played some stir-ring Irish airs, and the village presented a scene of the utmost enthusiasm and good humour. The procession to Car-rigtwobill was headed by the Rev. Father Barry, P. P., and the Rev. Father Lynch, C. C.

GOING TO COURT. GOING TO COURT.

In Midleton there was a universal suspension of business, and the appearance of the town was the fullest testimony to the estimation in which Mr. O'Brien and his co-defendent, Mr. Mandeville, are held. Triumphal arches hung across the streets, laurels and evergreens adorned the exterior of many houses, while from the walls of many dwellings were suspended the portraits of Mr. Parnell and other political celebrities. The national colour was seen everywhere In the hattonal colour was seen everywhere, in the hats of the majority of the men were the green cards of the "suppressed" National League; others had green rosettes in their button holes, while the gentler sex showed their sympathies with the cause by wearing green favours.
The ovation that Mr. O'Brien received on entering the town was thrilling. He drove immediately to the courthouse, and as he passed along through the files of Highlanders drawn up with fixed bayonets he was loudly cheered by the people. For several hours the town kept filling with farmers, tradesmen, labourers, in fact all sections of the their customary avocations for the pur-pose of taking part in the demonstration.

When the case was called in court Mr. O Brien said—Your worship, would you allow me to make a short statement? His Honor-With pleasure, Mr. O'Brien.

His Honor—With pleasure, Mr. O Brien.
I'll be happy to hear you.
Mr. O'Brien—I am not represented here
by counsel, and I wish shortly to explain
why I am not. I had my counsel instructed to appear for me, and I was very
anxious to obtain the opinion of an old
established and coultable tribunal upon established and equitable tribunal upor to my mind, is a court of a very novel and despotic jurisdiction. I was very anxious to have an appeal from that court to one of the regular tribunals. Unforforced me to abandon that intention and reconsider my appeal. I trust that I will state what I have to say without any actimony for the course of action, because it is absolutely necessary for me to do so. It is well known that an English judge wrote that-

Mr. Carson- I don't want in anywise to interrupt Mr. O'Brien, but if this case goes n it must go on in the ordinary course. Mr. O'Brien—I am accustomed to be tripped up by this gentleman whenever I stand up to defend myself. It seems to me that the gentleman assumes the demeanour of one who treats tribunals under this Act as mere subordinates of

His Honour said that Mr. O'Brien could make any statement he wished atterwards. He came there with a perfectly upprejudiced mind to hear the case against Mr. O'Brien, and he would wish to hear it supported by evidence; opportunity of making a speech, particularly as he was not defended by coun-

Mr. O'Brien-I will, of course, accept your suggestion. I thought I would have spared the public time by explaining the eason I am unrepresented. I shall not nterfere in the case in any shape or form, except for the purpose of making

that statement. Mr. Carson then proceeded to state the case, and said with reference to the as which had fallen from Mr O'Brien-that he had always interrupted him when he attempted to speak, and that he had always acted as if he thought the courts before which he was pleading were under his supervision, or something of the kind-he need hardly say before a judge of the Recorder's eminence and independence that any such observation as that was one that he entirely repusay that, being pretty well accustomed to attacks of that kind in a certain class of cases before the courts, all he could say was that the attack which Mr. O'Brien was commencing to make, and commencing to make, and was apparently prepared to make, was it might be with regard to other proceed-

Mr. O'Brien-The attack came from

you, sir.

Mr. Carson then went into the case and after he had concluded his statement, His Lordship asked Mr. O'Brien if he

had anything to say ? Mr. O'Brien-I have no wish one way or the other; but, however, I should simply like to explain in a few sentences what I would like to say. Baron Bram well is, no doubt, a judicial personage of great eminence

The Recorder-I don't think he is a

Mr. O'Brien-I think I described him accurately as a judicial personage, I was about to say that he has thought proper to write a public letter in the Times newspaper, in which he undertook to sit in judgment upon and decide grounds of this appeal in most coarse and order (loud cheers). I have not the and flagrant language. Your worship, slightest doubt upon my mind that you in the exercise of a discretion which it is not my function to question, thought letter in the Times as one of the ablest suddenly rose from his seat, took his judges in this or any other country, and hat up, and strode away towards the summontd from the barrack, came up tire to their homes.

referred to it as the language of a judge whose dictum should become part of the common law. I am aware your worship has since publicly disclaimed that dic-

The Recorder—It was not a dictum. It was a deci-ion from the Court of Criminal Appeal, pronounced fourteen or fifteen years a₅o, upon an English case re-ferring to trades union in England. Everyone read it at the time, and I assure you I made no reference to any state ment which Baron Bramwell had made except to the decision of the court as to law on the subject, and I thought it necessary to do that in that case, which was

the case of an assault upon the police.

Mr. O'Brien—The decision was, sir, I
have no doubt, the decision of a court, but it was a decision pronounced by Baron Bramwell, whom you knew by name, and in your remarks panegyrised as a man every word of whose language you said men of common sense would look to.

His Honour-I certainly said that. Mr. O'Brien-I am aware that you explained that the particular language explained that the particular language you quoted was not a quotation from Baron Bramwell's letter in the Times in reference to this case. For my part I cannot discriminate between Baron Bramwell the judge to whom you referred in such terms of eulogy, and Baron Bramwell to my mind the indecent letter writer in the public newspapers. Bramwell to my mind the indecent letter writer in the public newspapers who pronounced judgment there in a criminal case. Under these circumstances, and from what I always heard of your great courtesy and personal character, I would be a hypocrite it I pretended to have the smallest ground for hope, whatever your personal wish might be in the matter, that I should have an unprejudiced hearing of the case which Baros Bramwell has spoken of. Under these circumstances, I consider I have said all I am called upon to say according to law, and I believe there is a higher ing to law, and I believe there is a highe ourt of appeal above than this.

His Honor-Do you intend, then, withdrawing your appeal?

Mr. O'Brien—I have stated the course I think necessary to defend my action in the mattar. You understand the

duty the law casts upon you.

His Honor-Well, then go on, Mr. Mr. Carson then handed in as evid nce the Dublin Gazette of July 23rd and of August 16th, containing the different proclamations. He also handed in the depositions of George Foley, who deposed to the use of certain words by Mr. O'Brien, and the depositions made by Sergeant Meagher, Mr. Gale, sub-sheriff, and Head-Constable O'Sullivan. The Recorder-You have closed your

O'Brien is about to produce any evid

Mr. O'Brien-No, sir; none whatever.

I don't intend to trouble you with evid ence or otherwise. The Recorder—Shall I order any of the witnesses up for cross examination?

Mr. O'Brien—I don't desire so.

The Recorder—Well, the Act of Par-liament makes these depositions evi-dence. It only remains for me, and I may say, nothing would gratify me more than that Mr. O'Brien was not guilty, or to know that it could not be proved against him. That would gratify me as much as anybody here. These depositions establish clearly, and beyond all question of doubt, that the words used by Mr. O'Brien were words clearly cal culated to incite the people to resist the there would be no case against Mr the superior courts. This is not made O'Brien. If there was he would have an offence 'under the Act. It is an offence under the common law, and I venture to say it is an offence against the code of every civilized country under the sun. I have not the slightest doubt of Mr. O'Brien's sincerity in the course he is pursuing, and that he is actuated by patriotic motives, but I have nothing to do with a man's motives, I have simply to ascertain what the law is, and if the evidence establishes plainly nd clearly that the law has been violated I am a mere machine to pronounce th entence of the court, nothing more O'Brien makes no defence, a no evidence to traverse the facts which these depositions prove. I make no comment upon the policy of the Act, or on the common law. It is altogether outside my province. It was the last consideration I had, with regard to that old case which I cited, and which had no reference in the world to the case of Mr. O'Brien. no evidence to traverse the facts which It was a case decided by one of the superior courts, and had reference to a state which did not exist at all in Ireland at the time. The object of that was to show how far trades unionism could go in a legal com bination to protect their interests, and also to lay down the consequences if they outstep that law. Baron Bramwell stated that offences of this kind were all offences at common law, as they are. The only thing with regard to the s under which the proceedings are taken, the only thing it does is to group into one section offences which are at this moment offences at common law, and punishable by a far greater penalty the magistrates are permitted to inflict The only thing it does is to change the mode of trial, to refer the trial of them to two magistrates appointed by the rown, and limiting the amount of shment. I have nothing to do but to say I am obliged to confirm the decision of Now we must go on the magistrates, with the other case. AN EXCITING STRUGGLE,

The second case was then proceeded with, and when it was going on Mr. O'Brien stood up to leave the courtuse, when he was seized and detained

by Inspector Creagh.

THE REAL LAWBREAKERS.

The following graphic description of the scene in the court is from the Daily News correspondent:—Mr. O'Brien

door. Like everyone else present I thought Mr. O'Brien merely intended to proceed to one of the retiring rooms.

A police officer, however—the court was full of policemen—barred Mr. O'Brien's way. "I am going out," said Mr. O Brien, firmly. Thereupon a number of policemen surrounded Mr. O'Brien to prevent him fees leaving the best to be the best of the said Mr. O'Brien to prevent him fees leaving the best of the said of him from leaving the court. In the midst of the bubbub which instantly ensued Mr. W O'Brien, pale with indignation, but still maintaining his perfect self control, sprang upon the bench or low platform in front of the judge, and protested against the assault to which he had just been subjected in open court. "I appeal to you," he said, "to protect my rights. I have the right to go at the present moment where ever I please, for I am not under arrest, and cannot be until this case is fully disposed of and the warrant for my arrest is signed." That was the substance of what he said. The Recorder at first gave it as his opinion that Mr. O'Brien was at liberty to the course of the records. liberty to retire to one of the rooms, but not to leave the courthouse. Then the question was hotly argued between Mr. Harrington and Mr. Carson, the Crown Prosecutor, who clearly regarded him self as judge and prosecutor all in one. "We can have a warrant for his arrest ready in a few moments," exclaimed Mr. Carson in his tone of cool impudence, and it would be a farce to let him go.
I hold he should be arrested on the spot." Mr. Harrington, in pointing out the undoubted fact that no warrant had been issued for Mr. O'Brien's arrest, and been issued for Mr O'Brien's arrest, and that in fact it could not have been, referred to an episode in his own prison career, when he observed, "I had ten days' liberty granted to me before, in spite of my sentence, a constable dared place his hand on me." While all this argumentative warfare went on, Mr. O'Brien stood quiety in front of the judge, on the spot which I have alredy described, his face very pale, his arms folded, and in one hand a bunch of flowers, which some ladies present handed to him. The judge rose, "I consider," he said, "that as Mr. O'Brien is not under arrest he is at perfect liberty to leave the court." at perfect liberty to leave the court,"

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.
Rushing up to the front window which commands a view of the street I saw at a glance that we had just escaped a serious conflict. Beyond the long line of troops, Highlanders with fixed bayonets at one end, Hussars with drawn swords at the other, great crowds of people moved about quietly, utterly unconscious of what was going on in the Court house twenty yards away. It is my firm conviction, and the conviction, too, of the officials whom I have consulted on the subject, that if those great crowds of people had had the remotest notion that Mr. O Erien was at that very moment grapping with illegal brute force they would have thrown to the winds the magnificent discipline which they had observed throughout the day; they would have a heared the selice and the red that have charged the police and the soldiers, and that a massacre would have been the result.

A MAGISTRATE SUPERSEDES THE JUDIE Mc. O Brien, bowing to the judge, turned to go, but was stopped by Mc. Creagh, Constabulary Sub Inspector, and instant the courthouse became s scene of the wildest confusion. "I shall assert my rights," shouted Mr. O'Brien, "until you overpower me"—and he thrust his way by sheer force through the dense throng of constables around him, his friends, including Mr. John Mande ville, Dr. Tanner, Mr. T. Harrington, and they had acted that day, and he himselt others, accompanying him, or assisting him in his struggle with the police. A stout oldish man, brandishing a big stick, jumped up to the table in a state of furious excitement. "Stop that man," he roared out. "That man," meant he roared out. "That man," meant Mr. O'Brien, and the shouter was the resident magistrate, who has succeeded Plunkett Pasha. Here, then, was a singular development of the situation. This official, jumping up to quash the judge in his own court. The judge had said that Mr. O'Brien was entitled to leave the court for an interval if he wished. The castle official with the big stick and the police at his back declares "No, he is not." He supersedes the judge and becomes both judge and executioner on the spot. Why, asks the English reader in amazement, did not the judge order this official's arrest on the spot for contempt of court? indeed, but for the simple reason that in Ireland the Executive overrides the law. Ireland is governed by Pashas, and Pasha can at all times defy and rise superior to the laws which they are supposed administer. But I have not yet told the worst. This very official, who has snuffed out the judge in his own court, is none other than the same Captain Stokes who sentenced Mr. O'Brien at Mitchelstown, and against whose sentence Mr. O'Brien's appeal was made. In hot haste, and at the command of Mr. Stokes, the clerk there and then drew up a warrant for Mr. O'Brien's arrest d he was formally arrested in the little ante room above named, and while the struggle was still in progress, my lord the Recorder of the court still meekly submitting.

THE VIOLENCE OF THE POLICE. The reporter of the Cork Herald says-Police Inspector Creagh and other policemen, obeying the direction of Captain Stokes, laid hands on Mr. O'Brier, but he broke from them, and burst through two lines of policemen out into the porch. A number of his friends followed, and here a prolonged struggle took place. Some of the policemen seized O'Brien and dragged him violently about, while others of them stood round with their rifles. A few friends of Mr. O'Brien, however, penetrated through the line of police and succeeded in diminishing the violence of the constables who had collared him. The people behind pushed him out towards the door, and he would have got out but just at that instant

Benziger's Catholic Home Almanac for 1888.

By the time this issue of the Recons reachers our readers our first shipment of Almanacs will have strived. They will be mailed to those who send for them in the order in which remittances are received. Send 25c in stamps or scrip. Address Thomas Coffey, Catholic Record Office, London Ont. London Ont.

and crushed their way into the porch, bear ing back the people inside. They managed to shut out the door, and placed their backs against it. Mr. O'Brien contheir backs against it. Mr. O'Brien continued mean while to struggle with his captors. Police Inspector Creagh seized Mr. O Brien by the throat. He dragged him about the passage, but though assisted by a number of other policemen, failed to drag him out of the porch. So violently was he handled by the policemen that all the buttons were torn out of his coat, his clothes were all disordered, and he was subjected to other indignities. and he was subjected to other indignities.

Mr. O'Brien struggled for the front door,
which was closed, and with the a sistance of his friends, who pushed from behind, he managed to force his way to the door, he managed to force his way to the door, but the pressure against it would not permit of its being opened. Mr. J.hn Dilion was violently pushed about by the policemen. Mr. Gilhooly was pounced upon by an ambitious subconstable, and threatened with arrest for the offence of standing by Savaral priests were by at the time. by. Several priests were by at the time. by. Several priests were by at the time.
Father Murphy, of Glenville, and Dr.
Reardon, of Cloyne, managed to save
Mr. O'Brien from much of the violence
of the policemen, who had jammed him
against the wall, and were roughly shoving against him with their rifles in front.
A policeman caught hold of Dr. Tanner.
The hop member demanded the name The han member demanded the name of the fellow that had assaulted him.
Dr. Tanner applied to Mr. J. Penrose
Fitzgerald, a magistrate of the county.
Mr. Fitzgerald on asking the constable for his name was met with a blank refusal. The constable, however, said that he would humbly apologize, and on this Dr. Tanner said that the apology would satisfy him. After this Police-Inspector Creagh came out, and laying his hand on Mr. O'Brien's shoulder said, "Mr. O'Brien, you are my prisoner. I arrest you under this warrant." Mr. O'Brien demanded to be shown the warrant, and said he would now yield.

The announcement at balf-past one

that Mr. O'Brien's case had been decided against him came like a sudden shock on them, and almost immediately after it, when they learned that Mr. Mande-ville's case had been decided, the excitement became intense, and the intel-ligence that Mr. O'Brien had received rough treatment at the hands of police-officer Creagh wrought their feelings to the highest pitch. The crowd began to muster up in the direction of the Court-house, and seemed inclined, undeterred by the manifest foolhardiness of such course, to fall foul of the forces guard ing the temple of justice (1) The pru-dent measures of Mr. Lane, M. P., averted a collision that might have been attended with disastrous re-sults. By his exertions the people were induced to leave the vicinity of the Courthouse, and they proceeded towards Coppinger's bridge, at the other end of the town, where a meeting was held. Mr. Lane said that Mr. O'Brien desired returning home quietly, avoiding the town if possible. At twenty minutes to three the Highlanders in front of the Courthouse wheeled around and took possession of the space leading to the Cork road. Mr. O'Brien was then brought out, accompanied by a police-man, and placed in a covered carriage. Preceded by a number of cars bearing olice, and followed by a half troop Hussars, Mr. O'Brien was driven to Cork. Just before he there were standing near the n several Parliamentary representatives and some priests. Below them were the general public at some distance, and the sight of Mr. O'Brien in the act of removal instantly set them in motion. Thirty or forty, grasping blackthorns, made a rush towards him, but fortunately the majority of them were stopped by the members of Parliament and the priests, and what might have proved regrettable consequences were prevented. Mr. O'Brien was then removed, having in his hand the bouquets which Mrs. James Dunlea and Miss Newman had given him. At the request of Mr. Lane the military were

removed from the street shortly after the departure of Mr. O'Brien, and the town resumed its usual appearance. Mr. O Brien and Mr. Mandeville were then placed in a brougham. Two police officers sat with them, and a lo upon which sat about sixteen policemen. armed with rifles and revolvers, taking the lead, a squadron of Hussars formed up around all. The party started for Cork amid the cheers of the people Wherever a small body of assembled. Wherever a small body of people had assembled cheers were given for the popular prisoners, and when Cork was reached a large crowd, augmented every moment, followed the cavalcade, cheering vociferously. The head of the street leading to the jail was blocked by a number of constables mounted and on foot, and from their appearance one might conclude that they were prepared to strike hard if any incident gross which would call for their interference. Not the slightest disturbance took place, and the crowd returned to the city, and took up position in front of the Victoria Hotel, from one of the windows of which they