

and repeat the psalms and the litany for the day on which she was still employed when the priest re-entered the room.

It was a sudden revulsion this which hurried from the world, one in whose veins the tide of life had flowed so freshly but a few hours since, and who had promised to himself such a morrow.

Such a morrow, ours was to have been! he faintly gasped, forth, still holding the hand of death; but the sun has gone down for me whilst it is yet day. God's will be done.

Amen, replied the priest; it will rise for you in a never ending eternity.

Leonard lingered through the night; that night of horror to all who kept watch by his death-bed, for they could not avoid contrasting it with their anticipated happiness. Marion had sent a telegraphic message to her landlady, begging her to try and make her father understand what had happened, and endeavor to reconcile her to her absence for this one night. Just as the first crow of the cock was heard, and the first streak of light was visible in the east, there was a perceptible change in the sufferer; the breath came shorter and shorter; and as the golden rays of the rising sun broke into the death-chamber, they served only to show more vividly the gray shadow of death which was passing over the pale, quiet face.

All nature seems springing into life and light, thought Marion, whilst the being destined to immortality bursts the bonds which confine it to its mortal tabernacle.

Suddenly a deep sob burst from the lips of Kathleen; her ear, keen to every sound, as her heart was more alive to every instinct of affection where Leonard was concerned, had caught a low sigh, heard by no ear save her own; her hand, clasped hitherto with all the tenacity of love, felt the grasp relax; her watchful eye beheld the shadow deepen, and knew that it was death; she could bear no more, nature must have its vent, and with a low, bitter, wailing cry, the widowed bride sank senseless into her father's arms.

CHAPTER XIV.—BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

The sod upon the little grave in the cemetery at Norwood was already green with the verdure of another spring; but Lillian's heart had not ceased to ache over the loss of her firstborn, added to which trial still pressed heavily on the whole family. There were moments when she felt acutely, too, the burden of her father being thrown entirely on her younger sister through her own marriage, though at the time it took place she had had reason to hope that a prosperous change would work such a revolution in Leslie's affairs, that they should be able to offer a home themselves to the now infirm Mr. Craig. Thus Lillian felt a species of amiable envy, if we may so speak, towards Marion, who she knew had, at the stern call of filial duty, remained in the world for an indefinite period, struggling on till a change in their own circumstances, or the ultimate death of her father, should set her free; whilst she had, by uniting herself to Herbert, left her sister all the merit of her sacrifice; and she daily become more uneasy on Marion's account, having heard from her of the changes taking place in Mr. Burke's family, and her proposed return home—to do what? To take a cottage at Torquay, or some such place; let apartments, and give private lessons. For, said Marion in her note, 'the state of my health more and more unites me for the hard life of a daily governess.'

She was one day sitting musing thus, when she saw Herbert cross the square in the company of a gentleman, a stranger to herself. She knew he had left home to work all day at his studio in one of the back streets in Soho—that in Newman Street had been long since given up—and opened the door, wondering what had brought him back. She then ascertained that he had met this gentleman, whom he introduced by the name of Mr. Richmond, and whose portrait he had formerly taken, at a short distance from home, and having fallen into conversation, they had returned together to Herbert's lodgings.

The simple mourning worn by Lillian could not disguise her extreme beauty, whilst her conversation betrayed that she was also an intellectual and accomplished woman.

Will there be a silver lining to the cloud? she thought as the stranger exhibited a lively interest in their affairs, prefacing his remarks with—

You should be living in a superior place to this, Leslie, had you your deserts. Let me have your papers on the fine arts. If Blackwood has rejected them some one else may like them; try at the trade round, rather than be repulsed and downcast at one rejection. I am myself somewhat of a literary man, you know, and perhaps may be able to give you a little help, as well as recommend persons to come to your studio.—However, take for your motto these two words, Nil desperandum, and rest assured that in the end you will come off triumphant.

I assure you Herbert is very much discouraged, said Lillian. I do not know which he has found the worst, literature or painting; we are not in the clique, Mr. Richmond, either amongst artists or authors, and may go on starving, I fear, till doomsday, unless he can push himself forward.

Quite right, my dear madam; your husband is not one of a clique, as you rightly say; he is what is facetiously termed by the literary fraternity an out-sider; but we must see if he cannot push himself forward as others have done.—You have never written to order, I presume? he said, turning to Herbert.

Written to order? replied the latter; I do not even know what is meant by the term.

Admirable simplicity! said Mr. Richmond, with a laugh. Why, writing to order means having a plot given to you, and then filling it up yourself; writing a tale, in fact, to a certain given plot.

I could not write in letters, Mr. Richmond, rejoined Leslie; my imagination must be left to wander as it will, fancy free. I could write a far better imaginative work, and I am sure I may say so without conceit, than nine-tenths of those

with which the literature of the present day is polluted; but no filling-up another person's plot for me. I could not work if bound to follow the rule laid down by another.

Perfectly right, Leslie, follow your own, said his visitor; only, to work at once, and with energy; and, mark my words, you will at last come off triumphant. As to the studio, you will see a friend of mine to-morrow who will employ you on an historical painting. And now adieu, Mrs. Leslie, he said, rising and shaking hands with Lillian, and then accompanied her husband on his way to Soho.

Then Lillian sat down to paint, for she earned a little money sometime that way; but her brush would keep dropping from her hand, and she fell into a regular musing fit,—such as you fall into yourself very often when you hope for some change in your fortunes,—and she waded out in her sunny imagination a bright prospect for the future, which she beheld in perspective. A pleasant little home, with an aged white-haired man sitting by her fireside; and then that dear Marion could go to Canley as soon as she wished, tho' we are fain to say that this wicked Lillian sighed very deeply at the thought, and even dropped a tear in grief at the reflection that Marion would not be happy except in one particular way, and that way involving an utter separation from all the world.

Let us leave her with this glimmer of better fortune,—for there is a break in the cloud,—and go to the sister isle, and see what Marion is doing.

CHAPTER XV.—THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

The shadow is on the hearth still—a shadow never to be removed is on the sweet face of Kathleen, the widowed bride; it follows her everywhere—when she visits the stately monument at Glasnevin—when she sits in her own old room at Rutland Square; in the busy streets by day—in the quiet, silent hours of the night—in the very sanctuary itself, this shadow of an unsubsided, never-to-be-forgotten sorrow pursues her still. For me, for me, is ever her despairing cry,—for me he met his death!

Deep and strong is the passion of love in the heart of this impulsive Irish girl. I wonder will it ever awaken to any other tune. Those who knew Kathleen never imagined that her heart was capable of such a depth of affection; they had thought of her, spoken of her, as of an amiable, but somewhat frivolous girl; all who knew her were surprised, none more so than her father, stepmother, and Marion.

Many persons prophesied that the sorrow was too deep to last, the shadow too dark to linger long; that Kathleen would brighten up; and that she who was, in one and almost the same hour, both wife and widow would, before the year was out, again exchange her name.

A nervous fever had laid her prostrate for several weeks following Leonard's death. With both, however, and a naturally fine constitution, she rallied, and again moved about in familiar places, as of old.

Oh, have you ever felt your heart wither away, as it were, under some dire, crushing trouble?—have you ever felt the sorrow upon you through the death, or impending death, of some dear one, whom you would have saved with your own life, might he or she only be spared to you?—if so, you can imagine the depth of the sorrow which crushed her to the very earth.—Would she go mad under the calamity? asked those who pitied and loved her; but no; reason was as unclouded as ever, but the shadow of her grief never passed away.

Then they reproved her, spoke of rebellion to the will of God, of duty owing to others, of the strict necessity there was for shaking off this well nigh despairing sorrow; but all in vain.

I am not rebellious, she would meekly say, for all her native impetuosity was gone; but let me bear in silence my great grief.

There was one, however, to whom she was now drawn by ties of a most tender love. Poor Mrs. Burke had taken the poor motherless sufferer, who had so often opposed an icy chilliness to the overtures she had been prompted to make, to her own warm heart, and had at length found an opening to that of Kathleen. What was the talisman which gave her admittance to the sealed-up heart at which she had been knocking, knocking two long years without avail?

That talisman was named Adversity! It had come to Kathleen in the shape of death. But call it sorrow, grief, trouble, what you will, there it was; it comes to us all sooner or later—to some more is given, to others less. I know not of those who have less can safely be termed the happier of the two. Well for us, if we bear it quietly. The worst of it all is that we grow so very restive; young, and middle-aged, and old, we are all alike, ever, ever striving to shift from our shoulders this cross of ours. Could we but have any other, how much better we could bear its weight; and yet, as it is given us to bear, it needs must be the very best for us. But, you see, we do not see the gem concealed within its rough exterior, and so we are going on trying, trying all our life long to get rid of our shadow.

Well, I was saying that Mrs. Burke had at last the happiness of finding that she was loved—ay, and very dearly too; for the poor, forlorn girl, who in a few short hours had been at once maid, wife, and widow, felt as if she could never make up sufficiently for former little slights and coldness.

About this time Ellen took it into her head to tread in Minna's footsteps; yet not exactly so, for she would leave Rutland Square for a certain house of good Sisters of Charity, not very far from her own old home; and thus it was that Ellen's commencement of the novitiate was the reason for Marion's return to England.

The good Mr. and Mrs. Burke, however, would not part with her without a testimonial of their affection and esteem; so the lady made her a present of a valuable brooch, and Mr. Burke, who knew what her intentions were, presented her with a bank note for one hundred pounds!

Marion was very sad when the day arrived on which she was to bid farewell to her good, kind friends; more sad than ever, when she pressed to

her heart the young widow, who, with a poor attempt at a smile, said—

I do not know, dear Miss Craig, that the knowledge that you are settled in the lovely place to which you purpose going will not lure me from my own home during the ensuing summer, so we will not say farewell, dear Marion, let it be au revoir; and may the shadow of grief like unto mine never sadden your fair face.

Ah, but I too have my shadow, Kathleen, thought Marion, though she said nothing; and mine is the grim shadow caused by poverty and disappointed hope.

To be Continued.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN ST. BRIDE'S PROTESTANT CHURCH.—A scene which one could scarcely have expected to witness within the precincts of a house of prayer, and in a place dedicated to the worship of God, occurred on last Sunday in the parish church of St. Bride's, in this city. The church was crowded to the doors, and many were compelled to remain outside who could not gain admission. The Rev. Mr. Carroll, the respected incumbent of the parish who ordinarily preaches and conducts the service in his church, is widely known and respected in this city; yet it was he who was on Sunday the object of as disgraceful an exhibition as any perhaps that has ever taken place within the walls of a Church. It is said that his offence consists in his having introduced 'Puseyite practices' into the service conducted in his church. It is also objected that he commences the service with a hymn, and that he has the responses intoned instead of having them simply spoken, and other individuals further complain that the reverend gentleman respects 'the sign of the cross.' Those persons, it would seem have resolved to 'admonish' the Rev. Mr. Carroll in their own peculiar and irreputable manner. The modus operandi of the rebuke, however does not possess the recommendation of even originality; for it was a fair copy in the main of the course that has been adopted by those who, a few years since in London, took upon themselves to show their ministers how the Protestant service should be conducted.

The preparations for Sunday's 'demonstration' would seem to have been long in process of incubation. On the walls of St. Werburgh's Church, and other places, large 'vehement' placards were posted, within the last few days, convoking all 'true Protestants' to attend at St. Bride's Church on Sunday, and to act on the suggestion made in one of our contemporaries, that they should combine in an effort to put down 'the Popish practices' which were carried out in that church. Whether the 'true Protestants' read the mural incentives or not, we of course cannot say; but certain it is that a large number of respectably-dressed persons forced themselves into St. Bride's Church, and we have heard that many of that immense congregation were strangers within the precincts of that edifice. The conduct, too, of that well-dressed mob was such that we are sure all respectable Protestants must be heartily ashamed of them and the manner in which the vast majority deported themselves. We have been informed that Protestants they were beyond all doubt. So far as we could ascertain the particulars it appears that, after the Rev. Mr. Carroll had read the prayers which usually precede the sermon, he ascended into the pulpit and proceeded to preach a sermon from the text of the Gospel of the day. He had scarcely commenced when a large proportion of those present were seized with violent coughs, and so continuous was this species of interruption that it was impossible, except for those who were near the pulpit, to hear a sentence of what the reverend gentleman said. But coughs, frequent and violent and continuous were not the only unseemly interruptions indulged in. Now and again those who wished to be very expressive of their disapproval of their pastor positively hissed, and booed, and groaned, and made such a variety of discordant noises as produced an exhibition painful to witness, and sadly disgraceful to those who took part in it. The Rev. Mr. Carroll having concluded his discourse, and having descended from the pulpit, proceeded to the communion table. Immediately there was raised a perfect howl of such cries as 'No Popery,' 'Turn your face to the people,' 'Down with the confession box,' and a number of similar exclamations. Every effort seemed to have been made to suggest something which would produce confusion or merriment derision or uproar, and only those who have been in a theatre on a 'boxing night' can imagine the conduct of those who disturbed the service of St. Bride's on Sunday. In fact it was a repetition of the upper gallery on St. Stephen's night. After the Rev. Mr. Carroll had remained some time praying at the left of the communion table, and when it was thought he was about to administer communion, he turned towards the excited and tumultuous audience, and, after a moment's pause he took his seat at some distance to the left of the communion table, and took an his hand a large silver plate, and appeared about to 'give the sacrament.' He did not, however, do so, but walked out by the shortest way to the door. Immediately the disturbers raised an exulting laugh, and were evidently gratified that they had succeeded in driving the minister from his church, and they at once signalled or celebrated their 'victory' by a loud and well-sustained round of the 'Keatish fire.' This was given heartily and vigorously. Notwithstanding this scene, and that 'service' was over, few persons showed the least intention to leave the church, as it was anticipated that the Rev. Mr. Carroll would return and complete the service when the disturbers were gone.—After some time, however, the sexton appeared and announced that the service was over, and begged that the people would leave the church. His appeal was wholly unattended to and as little attention was paid to some ten or twelve police who had been on duty in the church from the beginning of the service. Doubtless the presence of these men, few as they were, contributed to restrain the conduct of the demonstrators. Mr. Superintendent Campbell and Mr. Inspector Armstrong several times requested that the people would leave the church, but it was in vain until Mr. Campbell stated that he would be reluctantly obliged to send for a party of police and have the church cleared. After this intimation the police succeeded in gradually driving them out, and by half-past one o'clock they had the church cleared, but not until after they had to interfere in separating some men who struck at one another bitterly within a few yards of the 'communion table.'

At seven o'clock in the evening, when the Rev. Mr. Carroll was about conducting the evening service, he had before him a church as crowded as it was in the morning, and, as there was every probability that the scene which took place in the morning would be repeated, he stated that if the congregation were disposed to permit the service to go on he would officiate, but that if he were to be interrupted by a mob he would leave the church. The disturbers then clamorously insisted that he should withdraw the word 'mob,' and after some time the Rev. Mr. Carroll did so, but he was not, however, permitted to proceed with the service, as the 'true Protestants' conducted themselves in much the same irreputable manner in which they spent from half-past eleven to half-past one o'clock in the earlier part of the day. Mr. Superintendent Campbell, Mr. Inspector Armstrong, and a large number of police were present and persuaded the people to leave the church without having to use force.—Freeman.

THE ORANGE MAROONS.—Monaghan Inaction.—The painful proof lately given on the trial of the supposed murderer of Sheriff, to the effect, that no Catholic in Ulster has the slightest chance of satisfaction when an Orangeman is the aggressor, is now causing an unusual sensation in Ireland. The enormities occasionally coming to light leave little doubt that universal corruption has overspread the province; and yet no steps are being taken to punish the corrupted fountains of justice.—To learn the entire extent of the iniquity—to punish the guilty and restore public confidence in the public tribunals.

It is rather hard that the properties and lives of the Catholics of a whole province should be left at the mercy of juries, manufactured, it may be, in the Orange lodges, to effect the ends, not of justice, but of party. It surely cannot be the wish of rulers that the Catholic people of whole counties should shun the courts as the partisan's snare, dread the laws as the Orangeman's scourge, and have recourse, when injured, to the wild justice of revenge.

Our Dublin contemporary, very fairly, indeed, takes exception to the patience of the Monaghan clergy under the late shock given to morality and religion in that county. A Catholic was murdered in open day. A party was accused and put on trial for the murder, and a jury was appointed to try the accused, from which jury Catholics were excluded.

What did the Catholic clergy of Monaghan do in consequence of this state of things? What did they do to prevent it? What did they do to expose it?—Nothing! Good reader, simply nothing. Just fancy a Maroon shooting an emancipated darkey in Jamaica, and Governor Eyre, with official complacency reading, the morning after, a long trial on the subject, how a Maroon Sheriff had empannelled a Maroon jury, and how the Maroon jury gravely acquitted the accused Maroon; and fancy further how the Jamaica papers and the Jamaica preachers in the region of Dorington would comment, appeal, petition, and agitate on a theme so atrocious.

Well, is there anything more revolting in the supposed case than in the real? We fancy not; and yet the Monaghan clergy, who did elect a thorough Whig at the last election, and who did rouse the people on that occasion to a pitch of enthusiasm worthy of a more glorious cause, were, are, and, doubtless, will remain, as silent as the grave.—Castlebar Telegraph.

SUPPOSED DREADFUL MURDER.—This afternoon a woman of the name of Foran, the wife of a butcher, residing in Mungret lane, Limerick, was found in a dying state on the Salmon Weir Bank, near the first stile at Park-bridge. The unfortunate is said to have received mortal injuries by being brutally stabbed in the abdomen. The husband, it is asserted, who has been drinking for some time back, and who was arrested this evening in a public house, is in custody on suspicion of having perpetrated the terrible crime. The city is in a state of extreme excitement consequent on the deed of blood. The deceased woman and husband were drinking during the day in Keane's public-house, at Corbally.—Limerick Reporter.

THE THOMAS STREET SHOOTING CASE.—At a late hour on Sunday night some favorable symptoms evinced themselves in James Brophy's case. These were taken advantage of by Surgeon Tyrer, who is in almost constant attendance on him, and he was induced to take some slight nourishment suitable to his condition. This was the first time that the wounded man, since his entrance into the hospital, had attempted to receive any sustenance, with the exception of a drink of water from time to time, and, though still in a very precarious condition, Brophy's case is not wholly hopeless. He has a fine constitution, and much may be expected from the skillful treatment he is receiving, notwithstanding the very grave nature of his wound. Since his entrance into Steevens's Hospital there has been a police-constable on duty day and night outside the door of No. 3 ward, in which he lies. On Sunday morning a highly respectable-looking young man called at the hospital to make inquiries as to how Brophy was progressing, and while doing so, he was taken into custody by the policeman on duty, and conveyed to Kilmalsham station-house. In the course of the day the prisoner was released, as there was no charge against him. At first he was suspected of being a person for whom the police have been looking out for some time for supposed complicity in the Fenian movement; but it appeared that in this instance there was a mistake as to the prisoner's identity. In addition to the policeman stationed at the door of the ward containing Brophy, on Sunday night another constable was placed on duty outside the hospital buildings. What may be the object of these precautions is, of course, best known to the police authorities. Brophy, notwithstanding the condition of prostration to which he is reduced by the effect of his injury, still retains his imperturbable reticence, and has not volunteered the slightest statement relative to the transaction from which he has been so great a sufferer.—Freeman.

DUBLIN, April 14.—A revolt of the laity against the authorities of the Irish Church would be unfortunate at any time, but particularly so at the present moment, when the Establishment may be said to be on its trial before Parliament. No disinterested person considers it worth defending, except for the sake of its Protestantism. If its bishops and clergy get fascinated with Romanism and labor to introduce insidiously a paucity of imitation instead of the genuine article—something which, at the very best can be regarded only as a sort of electro plated Popery—then the conviction will rapidly gain ground that the revenues of the Church had better be restored to the Roman Catholic priesthood. Whatever may be the faults of Irish Protestants, they will tolerate no dallying with the Church of Rome, such as the authorities have long winked at, in the parishes of Grangegorman and St. Bride. The riotous proceedings in the latter church seemed to have brought matters to a crisis. It is said that the Archbishop has taken up the subject, and that the Rev. Mr. Carroll now sees it in an entirely new light, and is willing to give up all practices offensive to the congregation, as he does not consider that there is any principle involved in the dispute. An address from his churchwardens, Messrs. Boleau and Yelford, appears in the papers to-day, stating that they deeply regret the late occurrences in the parish church, and submitted their views to the incumbent, who, they feel satisfied, will cordially acquiesce in assisting them to prevent such disgraceful outrage and conduct. They do not say how this is to be done, nor do they make the slightest allusion to the cause of the public excitement—which was a very silly mimicry of Roman Catholic ceremonies in the conduct of public worship; but the churchwardens have been good enough to convey to the public the following information and warning:—

As it will take a few days to adjust all matters which are in course of proceeding, we earnestly entreat all persons who may attend the church and who profess Christianity not to forget where they are attending, and against whom they so fearfully offend.

The Revival movement, however, has excited the interest of some of the most influential laymen of the Church in Dublin, and on Friday a meeting was held in the Pillar-room of the Rotunda, to consider the subject. Sir Edward Grogan occupied the chair, and Mr. Brooke, one of the Masters in Chancery, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Joseph Kincaid, Mr. Rapine Batty, Mr. Falkner, Mr. Gausson, Mr. Andrews, Q.C., and others moved and seconded resolutions condemning the innovations in question, as well as the disturbances caused by them:—

In the assertion of the just rights of the laity, they earnestly protested against any teachings or practices in the ministrations of the clergy inconsistent with the articles and general usage of the Church of Ireland, as laid down by lawful authority. These ministrations had now existed to the satisfac-

tion of all Protestants for upwards of 200 years in Ireland, and he hoped, that no ministrations inconsistent with those in general use in Ireland would be admitted into their churches by the clergy.

Mr. Falkner, a barrister, said he had great respect for the Archbishop, but he thought that, knowing the vast danger to the Church in Ireland. They had the result of this movement in England in having Dr. Manning, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, rearer within the walls of Oxford, and on the other hand a Dr. Coleman. The Irish Church had been unanimous up to the present—a unanimity which was her greatest security in repelling those assaults which were being made upon her from all sides.

Among the resolutions unanimously adopted was the following:—

That the cordial union of all members of our Church both lay and clerical, is of vital importance at this crisis, and we therefore desire to express our determination and readiness to co-operate with our clerical brethren in opposing such innovations as may disturb the peace of the Church, mar its unity, or impede its efficiency.

Mr. Andrews, Q.C., in seconding the resolution, observed that, although that was a lay meeting, he was happy to say that in this country they need have no apprehensions on the part of the clergy generally, and they might readily expect their co-operation to carry out the principles enunciated there that day.

A special meeting of the Municipal Council, convened by Alderman M'Swiney, Joynt, M'Caon, and Town Councillors Devitt, M'Grath, and Dennyhey, was held in the City Hall yesterday, presided over by the Lord Mayor, for the purpose of adopting a petition to Parliament in favor of the land question. Alderman M'Swiney moved the adoption of a petition. Mr. Dennyhey seconded the resolution. Mr. Sullivan moved, as an addition to the petition, that they express an opinion, from the cause pursued by the present Administration in reference to important questions, it had forfeited the confidence of the Irish people. Alderman M'Swiney declined to accept Mr. Sullivan's motion as part of his petition, and, being put as an amendment, it was negatived. Alderman Atkinson next moved, as an amendment, that the introduction of political questions into the Council was inexpedient, and calculated to interfere with the harmonious action of its members. On a division, the amendment was lost; after which Alderman M'Swiney's resolution was adopted.—Times Cor.

The Skibbereen Eagle says:—We are aware that a number of our mines in the West, owing to the unsettled state of the country, have been prevented from being worked—that capital to the amount of £200,000 was ready to be employed to their development—that Irish noblemen and gentry had come forward to join the capitalists of England in carrying out this great and important undertaking; but, for the present, to use the words of Mr. Monsell, they refuse to proceed with the work.

On Thursday last the good people of Galway were somewhat surprised to see about twenty artillerymen, who had arrived from Athlone by train, accompanied by an equal number of the 59th Infantry, stationed in Galway, enter Eyre Square and commence to remove the two mounted cannon which for many years have ornamented the grounds, and which, from the reminiscences of the pieces of ordnance, our people were justly proud of. A crowd soon collected, but it was at once perceived that remonstrance would be of no avail—the military had orders to remove the cannon, and they would do so. Neither the High Sheriff, the Town Commissioners, nor no other local official had the least notice of the action of the military authorities—a fact which occasioned a good deal of grumbling. The cannon were so firmly fixed and mounted on the plateau of the square that, notwithstanding all the appliances of machinery, it took the men from eleven to four o'clock to remove them to the Castle Barracks.

MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.—A MAN SHOT.—On Monday night, about half-past eleven o'clock, a number of men drove up on a car to Steevens's Hospital, and two of their number brought into the hospital a third, who was suffering from a recent gunshot wound. The medical gentleman on examining him found that he had been pierced by a bullet, which entered at the lower part of the sternum, and passed out on the left side, about the ninth rib. The wound was of a very serious character. The wounded man said that he was from Manchester, but neither he nor the two men who brought him into the hospital were inclined to give satisfactory particulars of the occurrence. The wounded man, however, made a statement to the effect that, after being in a public-house in Thomas-street, he went out into the street, and in a lane met two men who had a revolver. They began to examine it while close to him, as if for the purpose of judging of its merits, when it went off, and he received the ball. He was promptly attended by Surgeon Hamilton, of Stephen's-green and Surgeon Tyrer, the resident of the hospital, and in consequence of the dangerous character of the wound was visited by a priest. Shortly afterwards Inspector Skelly, of the Kilmalsham police district, while on his rounds, heard of the occurrence, and proceeded to the hospital. In reply to his inquiries, the wounded man stated that his name was Wm. Dunne, that he was twenty-three years of age, and a painter by trade; but he would give any further information about himself or any one else. Inspector Skelly felt it his duty to place the two men who accompanied him under arrest. Their names are Joseph Graham, painter, working at Inchicore; and William Webber, printer, of 7, Basin-lane. They were charged at Newmarket station.

RELEASE OF MR. JOHN RYAN, OF THURLES.—A memorial had been recently sent to the Lord Lieutenant on behalf of Mr. John Ryan, a respectable shopkeeper, of Thurles, who had been confined in our goal under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, praying to have him allowed out on bail. A reply was received from his Excellency on Wednesday by Mr. Murchin, governor of the jail, informing him that on the prisoner entering into the proper recognizances before Mr. Fleming, R.M., he might be discharged. On Thursday the securities were completed when Mr. Ryan was liberated. The amount of security was himself in £500, to be of good behavior for three years, and Mr. John Bergin, shopkeeper, Thurles, and Mr. Michael Ryan, of Drombane, £250 each. The petition, which was drawn up by Mr. John Ryan, of Nenagh, solicitor, was only forwarded on last Monday. His Excellency's response was prompt.—Tipperary Advocate.

We understand that Col. (Brevet-General) Gleeson and Captain Joseph Gleeson, of the American Irish Brigade, will be released on condition of leaving the United Kingdom forthwith, as soon as Mrs. Colonel Gleeson shall be sufficiently recovered from her recent confinement. The General and his brother would have left long ago, but he was ambitious to have his child born in gallant Tipperary; but the Habeas Corpus Suspension destroyed this beautiful home vision; still it is some consolation to the imprisoned father, as he has fixed his heart on such a circumstance, that his eldest son has been born on Irish soil.—Tipperary Advocate.

Mr. Herbert, M.P. for Kerry, has instituted a subscription among the gentry of that county to help the fund which its tenant-farmers are collecting with the view of purchasing back the estates of the O'Donoghue, M.P., and presenting them to their old emigration.

A Belfast correspondent says that Irish emigration is going on in an augmented ratio. From Drogheda the departures on Wednesday were unprecedentedly large, fourteen or fifteen carts being employed in conveying the baggage of one detachment from the country districts to the quays. On Monday over 200 young people of both sexes left the same port for Liverpool, en route to the United States. By way of Londonderry, large numbers of emigrants continue to leave the north of Ireland weekly, principally for Canada.