

country, and shedding their blood freely for the establishment of universal freedom on American soil (cheers). I will not speak of the valiant heroes of the gallant Sixty-Ninth Regiment, whose blood was shed to water the roots of the liberty tree in America. But, drawing a veil over the sad sea in American history, we will all utter from the bottom of our hearts the wish, that peace and happiness may ere long be restored on the Continent of America. Leaving this scene, so painful to the philanthropist, and viewing from a different point the progress of our race on this Continent, is it not truly gratifying to witness their great efforts in steadily implanting their religious principles in their new home. But if we cast a glance at their influence on the arts and sciences, on literature, on agriculture, on the commerce of the country—we will be astonished that, in so short a time, our people should have accomplished so much. Who has not heard of the celebrated Fulton, who first launched a boat propelled by steam? And, ladies and gentlemen, Fulton who has thus done so much for modern progress for commerce, I may add for civilization, was he not the son of a poor Irish emigrant, who carried with him from his native shore that Irish genius which he transmitted to his son, whose name is now pronounced as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race (cheers.) Who will now venture to assert that the Irish race have not done any thing for the cause of progress in America? It is well that our people should know this; for there is hardly a day that passes that we do not find some ignorant snob to speak in contemptuous terms of so valuable a portion of the Irish settlers in America; and if they venture a word of praise, it is to say that we have built the railways and dug the canals of the country. Yes; and we may add too that we make the laws and preside over the Courts; we govern the country—we do credit to the Bar—we adorn the medical profession—we invent your steamboats—we contribute to your commerce in all your great cities—and last, but not least, we cultivate and enrich the soil, the greatest source of wealth to any community. [Loud cheers.] We can point to such men as the late Chief Justice Taney, of the United States; to the late Mr. Emmet, the greatest forensic pleader that ever spoke at the American bar; and even at the present time, can we not boast of such men as the Honorable Charles O'Connor, of New York, the leading star of the Courts of the United States. In Canada we have had two eminent names for one of any other nationality—the Blakes, Sullivans, Baldwins, Hincks, Powers, Drummonds, Devlins, and O'Reillys;—and in our own Provincial Parliament, who can approach the eloquence of our representative the Honorable Mr. McGea. Ladies and gentlemen, I have spoken of men not over long since dead and forgotten; but I have pointed to men of the present day in order that we may feel proud to think that Irish talent is not degenerating, but that to-day, as well as in days gone by, we have no reason to feel ashamed of the part assumed by the Irish in America. I have mentioned a number of men who have become distinguished in the land; but there is one man pre-eminent above all others—one great master mind who, I may say, was never surpassed by any one man in America—one great genius who will leave his mark in the age in which he lived, and the memory of whose eminent services will never be forgotten—one who struggled in Church and State, and did more in both for the benefit of the country in general, and his own people in particular, than any other man, I care not whom he may be,—a great man, a good man, a noble patriot, an ardent lover of Ireland and America; but alas! he has gone to receive, we trust, the reward of his holy and useful career; and we can only now venerate the same, and preserve embalmed and enshrined in our hearts the fond memory of the late lamented Archbishop Hughes. There is one noble trait in the character of our people, which I am happy to say was ably developed a few evenings ago by the learned gentleman who inaugurated this course, and that is the conservatism of the Irish people with regard to their nationality. No matter where they may have cast their lot, let it be in the wilds of Australia, in the large cities of the United States, or even in the backwoods of the far west, they never forget Old Ireland, the land of their fathers; and the first lesson which they instil into the hearts of their children is a never dying love of that dear old land. They teach them the history of her former glories; and with that hope which ever inspires them, they tell them of the bright and glorious days to come, when Ireland, untrammelled, will again assume her place amongst the nations of the earth; in every town and hamlet they organise themselves into national associations, bearing the name of the Great St. Patrick, and good and patriotic men keep alive the spirit of true nationality—(cheers) I may here mention a small incident which I assure you, touched me very much when it came under my notice. About two years ago, I had the pleasure of calling on an old and sincere college friend of mine, who, having chosen the Priesthood for his profession, had been sent by his Superior into a wild and, I may say, uncultivated country to administer the high duties of his office to the poor people who lived in scattered numbers for miles in the backwoods; immediately in rear of the future capital of Canada—(laughter); and when I had arrived at Gloucester—(this is the name by which the parish is dignified)—I met my friend; and after we had spoken for some time of days gone by, when we were at college together, he took me through his neat little cottage, and then showed me the beautiful church he was just then erecting in that wilderness, when my attention was attracted by a little log building, about thirty feet square, and one story in height. I asked my reverend friend what the building was, and assured you I felt proud of the man when he said to me: "That is a St. Patrick's Hall." (cheers); and here, although we are not numerous, and although many of us reside miles from this place, I assemble our people together, and then forgetting our toils and our labors in this far distant land, we think of poor old Ireland, and it

gladdens our hearts. I felt that I was speaking to a patriot and an Irishman; and when I left him in his solitude once more, I thought to myself, with five hundred such priests as the Rev. John O'Brien, Ireland would ere long be completely regenerated—[great cheering]. Thus we find that while the Irish in this country discharge their duty nobly to the State, while they respect the laws of the land in which they live, while they live in peace and harmony with their fellow-citizens, they never forget old Ireland; and on the Seventeenth of March there is not more enthusiastic patriotism on the banks of the Shannon than there is exuberant love for Ireland in the heart of the Irish exile, who celebrates the National Festival on the ice-bound banks of the St. Lawrence—[cheers]. I feel, however, that while I have been speaking for a considerable length of time on the virtues and valor of Irishmen in America, I have forgotten the most important branch of my subject, and for that reason I must crave the pardon of the fairer portion of my hearers, and immediately say a few words before I close on that most interesting topic the Irish ladies—(Hear, hear, and laughter). No doubt were I to attempt to do them justice, such an attempt would be a most signal failure. It would require at least a half dozen of lectures to speak of them in the manner that they deserve; but fortunately there is one lady whom we all know, one good and noble woman whom all admire, one who does honor to herself and to her nationality, and whom we sincerely regret is no longer amongst us; one whose great talents have ever been devoted to the amelioration of that portion of her people who most required assistance, and whose pen has contributed pictures, so pleasing and beautiful, of a certain class of her Irish compatriots and fellow-exiles in America—I need I mention the name of Mrs. Sadler. Who has read her works, and closed the book without feeling that the lady whose brilliant pen had sketched those pages was an honor to her sex (applause,) and still another illustration of that Irish talent of which we have already such abundant proof. But, ladies and gentlemen, it is not necessary in order to prove the existence of talent amongst our Irish ladies to point to personages like Mrs. Sadler whose name is now celebrated all over this Continent. We have in our midst several ladies whose brilliant productions are familiar to you all—ladies whose talents are perhaps not inferior to those of Mrs. Sadler, but who have not courted equal popularity. We have Mrs. Leprohon, the daughter of our respected fellow-citizen Mr. Mullins, whose graceful and charming style is so much admired, and who has only a short time since written another beautiful story which ought to be read by all who take an interest in Irish Canadian literature—Antoinette de Mirecourt—[applause]. There is still another brilliant and talented young lady in our own city whose poetic genius has produced some poems of rare excellence—a young lady whose worthy father was one of the first pioneers of the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal. I only regret that her modesty will not permit me to mention her name; but I will read for you one of her poems, which is more particularly adapted for this season, as the subject is Christmas:—

CHRISTMAS.
The moonbeams softly slumbered
On Judea's ancient hill,
And round Bethlehem's quiet valleys,
In smiles yet lingered still:
The stars, in trembling beauty,
The lone night watches kept,
With Israel's humble shepherds,
Whist sheep and lambskins slept.
When 'mid the starlit brightness
Of that clear December night—
Around the startled watchers
There shone a golden light;
And a strain of sweetest music,
A joyous, heavenly song,
Came, in silvery cadence floating,
The midnight air along.
Oh! happy, happy shepherds,
To whom tidings of great joy,
That night, on Bethlehem's path were brought,
By angels from on high.
Though a thousand years have passed away,
Since first the angels sang,
'Glorious be to God on high,
And peace on earth to man.'—
Since first the Virgin Mother
In the lowly manger laid,
The joy and hope of nations,
For whom prophets sighed and prayed;
Yet, to-day, upon our altars,
Enthroned the Infant lies,
The same upon whose glorious birth
Once beamed the Easter skies;
While censers sigh and swinging,
And loud hosannas ring,
And earth's united millions
Pay homage to their King.
For faith—bright star—is gleaming
Above each mystic shrine,
And, by its light, our eyes behold
Judea's Babe Divine.

Montreal, Dec. 25, 1864.
Ladies and gentlemen, it is unnecessary to comment on the lesson which is taught by the history of "The Irish in America." One thing is certain that they have been second to none on this Continent in every department, and their influence has everywhere been felt. But the very fact that we have attained the positions which, without assuming too much, I pretend this discourse has proved, is sufficient in itself to confound those who, in their ignorance, assert anything derogatory to the Irish character. Give our people the opportunity, and you will find them men of ability, anxious for progress; and when we consider that they have done so well in every country where fortune may have driven them, we may well say that if they are unhappy and discontented in Ireland, it results not from the insubordination of the people, but because they have been, and still are, oppressed. In Canada, for example, we are a happy, a contented, a prosperous and an order-loving people, because we have a good government, and we have a voice in the management of the affairs in the country. But this happiness and prosperity must not cause us to forget Old Ireland; we must cause ourselves to be heard in her behalf; we must remember that we owe her a sacred, a holy and everlasting allegiance—[loud applause]; and when those who have misgoverned Ireland so long find that it is not sufficient in order to extinguish her nationality to scatter her sons and

daughters into the four corners of the globe, but that, on the contrary, these self-same exiles with their hundreds of thousands of children, more patriotic and enthusiastic than their fathers, raise the cry once more of 'Ireland for the Irish,' from the far distant lands to which they have been driven. When a million of Irish in America demand in a voice of thunder for the rights and liberties of Ireland, then the day of Erin's liberation will dawn, and we will have had a noble share in the work.— Yes, we all feel that the present state of affairs cannot exist much longer; one and all are once more inspired with the same ardent hope; the Bishops and the Priests of Ireland are enlisting themselves in the nation's cause, and all over the entire country associations good and praiseworthy are being organized for securing the rights of Ireland. That God may bless their noble efforts—that success may crown their exertions—that the day may soon dawn when we may exclaim in the patriotic strain of our young Irish Canadian poetess—
Cease weeping, dear Erin, look upwards again,
There's a bright star dawning a-way o'er the main;
A day-light is breaking whose brightness shall yet
Make thy heart bound with joy and its dark night forget.
Soon thy sadness, thy pains, all thy sorrows shall cease,
And thy chains melt away in the sun-light of peace.

The gentleman resumed his seat amid loud cheers. The Chair was occupied by O. J. Devlin, Esq., who, at the close of the lecture, made a few eloquent remarks, and thanked the audience for their attendance. On the platform we noticed the Vice-President of St. Patrick's Society, James McShane, Esq., and other gentlemen holding office in the association.— Mr. T. McKenna, at the close of the lecture, proposed in graceful terms, a vote of thanks to Mr. Curran, which was unanimously carried.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.—We (News) have received with pleasure the following letter to Father Malone from His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, for publication. His Grace shows, by its tenor, the same interest he has ever manifested in all, even the humblest, of his flock, and adds, in his approval, another testimony to the merit of Catherine Caffery, and to that claim for sympathy which we are proud first to have put forward in her behalf:—
(To the Very Rev. Patrick Malone, P.P.)
St. Jarlath's, Tuam, Nov. 27, 1864.

Very Rev. Dear Sir,—I regret not to have had more timely intimation of the distressing dilemma in which the young girl in your parish was placed, exposed to the peril of corruption on the one hand, or incarceration on the other, sentenced to a culprit's cell unless she paid a fine utterly beyond her reach; and this because she preferred a virtuous escape from a subordinate contract to the guilt and infamy which she feared to be involved in, in its fulfilment. I should, then, have placed at your disposal the amount of the pecuniary penalty with which her noble disregard of engagements so fraught with danger has been visited. But the delay of more seasonable information is not to be regretted, since the generous sympathy of the public has not only saved the poor girl from being the inmate of a prison, but also consoled her for the trials which she had the fortitude to overcome. You will then be kind enough to hand her the amount of the enclosed cheque (£3 10s), not entirely as a reward for her fidelity (for after all she did but what thousands of the proverbially virtuous daughters of Ireland would do in similar circumstances) but I send it also as an encouragement to the like constancy in the humble and dependent persons of her sex, if exposed to the like temptations, not omitting that I forward it, too, as a proof of my appreciation of the delicate and honorable sense of the obligation of covenants that marked the judgment of your stern vindicators of the law. Believe me, Very Rev. dear Sir, your faithful servant,
† JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

The speech of Mr. Alderman Dillon, and the *Kilkenny Journal*, on the secret preparations for a new organization in Dublin, have been already brought under the notice of our readers. We see that since our last this movement, which the *Nation* describes as 'an endeavour to reconstruct an Irish Parliamentary Party for the obtaining of Irish measures,' mainly owing to His Grace the Archbishop (of Dublin) and his Clergy, has been publicly alluded to in various ways in Ireland. The *Evening Post*, the *Freeman* and *Journal*, and other papers publish the following circular, which first appeared in the *Sigo Champion*. It is from the Right Rev. Bishop of Elphin, and is addressed to the Clergy of his Diocese:
Sligo, December 2, 1864.

Rev. dear Sir,—The necessity of a well-organized National Association, having for its object the constitutional redress of the religious and social grievances of Ireland, has been long and deeply felt by all classes of Irishmen. The project of such an organization has been for some time under consideration, and as a first step towards its realization, an aggregate meeting will soon be convened in Dublin, at which a committee will be appointed, members enrolled, and the fundamental rules of the association established. The patriotic Lord Mayor of Dublin will convene this meeting, on a requisition which will be addressed to him to that effect. This project has my cordial approval and concurrence; and I beg to solicit for it, on its own merits, your good will and earnest co-operation. The objects on which it is proposed that the association shall at first concentrate its action, are:—

- 1. A reform of the laws regarding the landlord and tenant, securing the tenant full compensation for valuable improvements.
 - 2. The abolition of the Irish Church Establishment.
 - 3. Perfect freedom of education in all its branches.
- I beg you will authorize me to affix your name to the requisition for the meeting, and send me also, at your earliest convenience, the name of such of the gentry of your parish as may desire to sign it. Let me also express through you a hope that they will attend the aggregate meeting, and take a cordial interest in the future operations of the association which will, I trust, soon extend to every parish in Ireland, and unite men of all creeds and classes in promoting the peace and prosperity of our common country.—I remain, dear Rev. Sir, ever faithfully yours in Christ,

† L. GILLOOLY.
THE POPE AND THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1865.—The Government of His Holiness the Pope, whose favor and encouragement of the forthcoming exhibition we have had already occasion to notice, being determined to give it the most effective support has nominated a most influential commission in Rome, for the purpose of selecting suitable objects for exhibition in the Departments of Industry and the Fine Arts. The official *Giornale di Roma* also announces that the matter has been specially placed under the charge of the Minister of Commerce and Public Works. The artists of the Eternal City, it is known, are preparing to send some of their best works; and thus aided by the influence of the Government, there is every reason to believe that, especially the sculptors and the workers in the precious metals, &c., the endless variety of objects of vertu, for which Rome is so celebrated, will constitute a most interesting and valuable collection.—*Weekly Register*.
Fever is prevalent at Newbridge—of a very dangerous nature. Within the past fortnight no less than sixteen patients were admitted to the Union Exeter Hospital from that locality.

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.—On Monday evening in the Catholic Hall, Denmark st., the Rev. Alfred Murphy, S.J., delivered a most interesting lecture before a most numerous audience on the Round Towers of Ireland.

Amongst the gentlemen who occupied seats on the platform were the Very Rev. Dr. Sprat, the Very Rev. Canon Pope, Alderman Plunket, Mr. Murphy, T. C.; Rev. Mr. Fricker, Mr. James Delany, P. L. G.; Rev. Mr. Carr, Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Oulahan. Mr. Edward McCreedy, President of the Young Men's Society, occupied the chair.

The Rev. A. Murphy, on being presented, was warmly received. After some preliminary remarks he proceeded to consider the views set forth on the subject of Irish Round Towers by Dr. Lanigan, Miss Beaufort Moore, Dr. Charles O'Connor, and Velancy, the latter of whom he classed as one of those foreigners who, having settled in Ireland, became 'more Irish than the Irish themselves.' There were most conclusive arguments against the theory of those investigators of Irish antiquity who endeavored to maintain that the Round Towers of Ireland were of Pagan origin, having been used as fire temples. The argument brought forward by Dr. O'Connor from the inscription found on one of these towers could not hold, in as much as the particular Irish word which determined the meaning of the inscription could not, according to Dr. Donovan and other Irish grammarians, be construed in the sense in which Doctor O'Connor would have it. The words of the inscription were to be found in the Annals of the four Masters. They recorded the death of Cosgrach, an anchorite, after whom the tower bearing the inscription was called 'The Anachoretic Tower.' Moore might easily be excused for having advocated the Pagan origin of these towers. He wrote of them as a poet, and it was difficult for him, who was always a poet, to look upon them in any other way. The learned lecturer then proceeded to prove that the 'Round Towers of Ireland' were Christian structures having been used as bellries and ecclesiastical fortresses. He had lately received a pamphlet from a gentleman residing in Kilkenny, in which it was set forth—and upon conclusive grounds—that these towers were cemetery beacons erected in memory of the dead. Here the reverend lecturer paid a high compliment to Dr. Petrie, the eminent archaeologist, whose investigations had done so much in establishing the Christian origin of the round towers. He had done so by incontrovertible proofs from architectural identity and historical evidence.

Father Murphy was frequently applauded during his lecture, and received a hearty vote of thanks at its conclusion.

At the meeting of the Cork Corporation on Monday, when the regular business was over, the Mayor stated that he had received a copy of a requisition to the Lord Mayor of Dublin requesting his lordship to convene a meeting for the consideration of the following subjects:—A reform of the law of landlord and tenant, securing to the tenant full compensation for valuable improvements; the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, and perfect freedom of education in all its branches. It was sent down for the purpose of getting signatures to it, and any gentleman who chose to sign it could of course do so.

THE RIGHT COURSE AT LAST.—A reward of £200 has been offered by the Protestant party in Belfast for such information as shall lead to the conviction of the persons, who some nights since, cut down the cross in the Roman Catholic churchyard there. The Mayor of Belfast (Mr. John Lytle) has subscribed a large portion of this reward, and the remainder is to be raised exclusively among Protestants.

The Right Hon. Louis Perrin, late one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, expired at half-past two o'clock on Wednesday morning, at his residence Knockdromain, near Bush, aged 80 years.

A story is told of a well-known character being appointed governor of a colony, but after receiving his appointment he felt very nervous as to his capabilities of performing the duties of his office. He therefore determined to consult and open his heart to a dear friend, which he accordingly did, and after stating his doubts his wise friend soon settled the question and eased his mind by the following simple advice:—'Cheer up, my dear fellow; feed them well and often, and you can't go wrong.' The recipe was successful. Not bad advice to an Irish Vicar!

It is stated that the Crown do not intend to proceed at the next Commission with the trial of Murphy, who stands charged with the murder of his sisters at Holywood, near Balbriggan. It is not known whether or not bills will be sent up to the grand jury.

LIBERATION OF A PRISONER.—It will be recollected that at last spring assizes two men were convicted of a very cruel attack on a man named Cunningham near Newry, for which they were sentenced to imprisonment. The Rev. Mr. Hughes, P.P., gave evidence in the case, as he had arrested one of the prisoners, named Shevelan, became very delicate in his health, and the Rev. Mr. Hughes, fearing that he would die in prison, interested himself in his behalf, and has succeeded in getting him out of goal. He was sentenced to two years imprisonment, and had been six months in goal. The Rev. Mr. Hughes deserves great credit for his kind offices.

Gilmore, the man who was arrested for attempting to take the life of Mr. Gleeson, steward to Mr. De Burgh, of Dublin, was brought up for examination at the petty sessions at Grauard, on Nov. 20th. A number of witnesses were examined on both sides. Gilmore and his friends positively deny that he ever left his home on the evening that the shot was fired at Gleeson, and states that he can bring proof before any court or jury that will satisfy each and every person that he was in his own house on the evening that the unhappy occurrence took place at Larkfield. Mr. Gleeson states he cannot be positively sure, but to the best of his belief he thinks that Gilmore is the man who fired the shot at him. After a hearing of the case the magistrate remanded the prisoner for eight days, to enable the police to make further inquiries. Bail was refused.

THE LATE CASE OF SUPPOSED POISONING IN DROGHEDA.—It is understood that the depositions taken at the late inquest on Mr. John McAlindon, whose drink, it is believed, was drugged with croton oil or some other deleterious substance, while in company of several companions at a tavern in Drogheda, the particulars of which appeared in the *News* at the time, are at present in the hands of the Crown, and will, if thought necessary, form the subject of judicial proceedings at the coming Spring assizes. The matter has caused much sensation amongst the inhabitants from the verdict of the jury, and the expressions of Mr. McAlindon before his death, which was a sudden one.—*Correspondent of Dundalk Democrat*.

The *Skibberden Eagle* gives an account of the arrest of a lawyer's clerk at a place called Rath, in the county of Cork, for administering an unlawful oath to a number of persons. He is to be brought before the magistrates at Petty Sessions, and in the meantime he has been admitted to bail—himself in £50, and two sureties in £25 each.

The *Skibberden Eagle* publishes the following in connexion with the Fenian trial of this day:—The trial against Keane for administering an illegal oath commenced this day at five o'clock and terminated this evening at five p.m. There was a large bench of magistrates, and seven witnesses were examined, and after a patient investigation the bench were unanimous in returning Keane for trial before the Cork assizes in March next. Bail refused. The court was densely crowded, and the greatest interest was felt to hear the result of the investigation.—Sullivan, a ploughman, Connolly, a cooper, and Donovan, a farm labourer, who were also on trial for aiding Keane, were dismissed. Great excitement prevailed during the investigation.

A FORTUNATE EMIGRANT.—Messrs. Oanock, Tait, and Co. have purchased four bars of fine Californian gold, weighing forty-four ounces, from a man who has recently returned to this city from California. It appeared the fortunate possessor of these valuables has been away but ten years, having realized a handsome fortune at the gold diggings, during that period. It is said he has from fifty to sixty of the bars yet remaining. Those who visit Messrs. Oanock and Tait's establishment will have an opportunity of seeing them next week.—*Limerick Southern Chronicle*.

Mr. Longfield, one of the the Judges of the Irish Landed Estates Court, has been trying to trim the balance evenly between the Irish landlord and tenant and to redeem some hard truths with some mid suggestions. Fixity of tenure and rent by valuation instead of contract he shows by Adam Smith and common sense to be not only impossible, but simply nonsense, and incapable of reduction to any form that shall give effect to the idea. But he assumes a certain class of improvements which nature and the country require to be done on every holding, and which therefore the tenant may be allowed to make at the cost of his landlord, or the life-tenant at the cost of his successors. In default of payment he would give the improver a right to such a renewal of his lease as shall repay him for what he has done, and so on for ever, till the landlord pays the required round sum. He would also take away from the Irish landlord that right of distress, and that prior claim to payment, which in both islands are considered the very foundation of landed property, hard as it may occasionally be found in the interests of other creditors. This security of payment, and this constant power of enforcing it, he says, tempt the landlord to take the highest bidder, without inquiring as to his character or resources. This indifference to the quality of the tenant extends through all the grades of subletting, and the result is that in Ireland there is no such thing as a tenant that a landlord will be proud of, or with whom there will be a mutual sentiment of confidence and affection. Every body holds his tenant in a vice, and applies the screw when he wants money. He obtains a rent far above what he could possibly expect, even after an immense expenditure in farm buildings, drains, fences, and roads, in England. Nothing can be done in Ireland, says Mr. Longfield, till you have raised the tenantry, and made it the interest of the landlord to exercise some kind of discrimination. As it is, the whole island is like one of our own 'rookeries' in this metropolis, where poor creatures pay twice as much as they ought for their wretched lodgings, simply because they have left themselves little choice in the matter, and must put up where they can.—*London Times*.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 27th, a caretaker, employed by Mr. Michael Walsh, of Newtown, county Kildare, near Castledermot, of the name of John Kinsella, left his house about 7 o'clock in the evening. On the following day, on account of his not returning, there was a diligent search made for him in the neighborhood of his residence. A large bog was dragged, but without result, and it was not until two days afterwards that his body was found in a ditch near his own house.

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH.—Two girls, named Bridget Byrne and Rose Smollen, in the employment of Mr. Graydon, of the Downs, county Wicklow, retired to rest into the same apartment and into the same bed on the 24th of last month. The hour of rising in the morning came, but neither of the above girls appeared. Some one knocked at the door of this apartment but got no answer. The knock was repeated a second and third time, still no answer. The door was forced in, when lo! Bridget Byrne was dead by the side of her companion, Rose Smollen, who was perfectly senseless, speechless, and at intervals discharging, apparently in the most awful agony, and as if purged by some powerful stimulant, bile reduced to the thinnest liquid. The local clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Beechior, and the medical adviser, Dr. McOlelland, made their appearance. In a short time the dead body of Bridget Byrne was removed from Mr. Graydon's to her parents' house in the Downs, a distance of a mile. The following day Rose Smollen, who had faintly recovered her speech, was taken home to her parents, who also live in the Downs. Being frequently questioned as to what they got on the day preceding the occurrence, Smollen answered that they took a very moderate quantity of meat for dinner without vegetables, and at tea a little bread, but no butter. The cause of this melancholy occurrence is still clouded in mystery. A certain newspaper correspondent, complimentary to the nice-mannered peasantry of Wicklow says of these poor girls, one of whom is in the grave and the other still in a very precarious state, that in dealing with the 'abundant fare' placed before them 'they completely gorged themselves.' Strange that two individuals could be so ravenous at one meal, when living for a month in a house said to be so hospitable. An inquest, we are told, has been held on the body of Byrne in the house of her parents, and the decision of a jury, 'died from suffocation.' We thought there would be a 'post mortem' examination of the stomach of the dead girl, but I suppose it was deemed unnecessary by the jurors.—*Morning News*.

THE LORD-LIEUTENANT IN KILLARNEY.—The *Freeman* has the following telegraphic dispatch:—'KILLARNEY.—The Lord Lieutenant and Lady Wodehouse arrived here at 2.30. The Marquis of Clanricarde and Lord and Lady Cloncurry, travelled in the special train. Lord Castlerosse, James O'Connell, J.P., Mr. Shine Lawler, J.P., and a number of the other gentry of the district, received their excellencies on the platform. The High Sheriff read the address. The Lord-Lieutenant returned the following reply: 'Gentlemen, I receive with much satisfaction the testimony of your loyalty to the throne, and I must add on my own part, my sincere thanks for your kind welcome to myself which you have fitly coupled with the expression of your regret for my distinguished predecessor, the example of whose virtues it will be my constant study to follow, in the discharge of the responsible duties with which I am entrusted. Whilst it is gratifying to me to observe that you agree with me that the prosperity of Ireland mainly depends on the enterprise of Irishmen, I fully recognize that it is the duty of the government, by firm and impartial administration of the laws, to establish that confidence and security which are essential conditions of the prosperity of a nation. It is with much pleasure that Lady Wodehouse and myself renew an acquaintance already made under the most propitious skies, with the enchanting scenery of your lovely lakes.'

CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN IRELAND.—We are informed that the rectory of Fartilly, near Kildorrery, in the diocese of Cloyne, County Cork, has become vacant by the recent death of the Rev. James Morton. This benefice is in the gift of the crown, and we believe, equally valuable as that of Clonpriest, worth about £600 a year, lately conferred by the crown on the small vicarage of Farnworth, the income of which was £75. No doubt our reverend friends of the 'Church of England established in Ireland' are anxious to ascertain whether our English Chief Secretary will take advantage of this golden opportunity to inflict a 'heavy blow and great discouragement to the Protestant interest' in this portion of the United Kingdom.—*Evening Post*.

SIR ROBERT PEEL ON IRELAND.—At a dinner given last week at Tazeworth to the retiring Mayor of that town, Sir Robert Peel made a speech in which he said:—
'I do not see that it is more likely that we shall have a dissolution of Parliament in next March or April than in this present month of November; and my impression is that if the Government maintain its position in the House of Commons as it has done during the past three or four years, there will be no dissolution until the year 1866. If I may be permitted I should like now to say a word or two with