

with a rapid step, he thought he was... The other immediately let go his hold...

"It's you then, Kennedy," she said, "that saved my life, though I did not deserve the smallest kindness at your hand. Well, God is good, and brings every thing round, for His own wise purposes."

Kennedy gazed upon her. She was no longer the healthy, bright-eyed, and rosy girl, with the smile upon her lip, and gaiety and good humor in her bright blue eye.

The mother of Kennedy could not be induced by any means to be present at the wedding; and when her son came to know the reason, and to endeavor to induce her, she merely replied—

"Never mind me, Kennedy, dear; you know that there is no one prouder to see you happy than your mother; but there is something over me this evening, and you know I never do any thing without having good reason; so never mind me, Kennedy, dear, I'll see you early in the morning."

Kennedy, who knew the eccentric turn of his mother, did not press her; and the festivities of the night were at their height; the rustic jest and the simple song passed round, and the whiskey flowed in brimmers, and all were merry and happy, when the mother of Kennedy, out of breath, and pale and panting with fatigue and terror, rushed in.

"For the sake of heaven, if you be men, stand and defend yourselves. The strange sailors have left the vessel, and are coming in a body to murder all before them. I ran over by the short cut, and roused the boys as I came along—but the sailors are not many perches from the door. The women began to scream, and the men to look about them, not knowing which side to turn."

"Hold your screaming throats," she said to the women, "and you stir about, and bar the door and windows, if you have the spirit of men within ye;," and she dragged a large oak table against the door. Kennedy leapt to his feet to assist her, and in a few minutes every portable article of furniture in the house was piled against the door and windows.

"Now put out the lights," said she, "and leave us in darkness." The noise of the feet of many men advancing rapidly fell upon their ears, and in a few minutes a rap at the door announced their arrival.

"Don't one of you speak a word," said she. A second rap, louder, echoed through the house, but no one stirred inside. The men were heard to whisper for a while, and then to try if the doors and windows were any way accessible. They succeeded in breaking in some glass at the top of the window, to which one of them was elevated.

broken. Kennedy struck him a terrible blow on the forehead, and he dropt back senseless into the arms of his companions. Now shout," said the mother; and the men joined in one loud and simultaneous shout, which was answered by cries of revenge from the men outside, and a terrible rush was made against the door, which, however, defied all their efforts. The attack was renewed and redoubled with equal success, and cries were heard of "set fire to the house," when the shouts and bustle of men coming along at a distance, made them pause. The men inside shouted, and they were answered by the villagers coming to their assistance.

"Now, boys," said Kennedy, "take the things from the door, and let us be ready to rush out upon them." But the sailors had anticipated their movement, and fled towards the shore, leaving the wounded man behind them. He was not killed; they took him into the house, and bathed his wound, and the farmer of the village bled him with his phlebotomy. The rest of the night was spent in mirth and festivity.

Kennedy and Mary lived happy together, and their wedding night was the most troublesome of the days and nights of their long and prosperous lives; and Kennedy often remarked, that it is happy for the man whose misfortunes come before marriage, and not after.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON BARON PENNEFATHER'S CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY OF DONEGAL—THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.) The charge which the learned Judge, Baron Pennefather, is reported to have lately delivered before the Grand Jury of Donegal has produced the most painful feelings amongst the universal Catholic population through the entire province of Ulster, and has been heard with indignation and surprise by all the Catholic clergy and the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland. It is admitted by those who are most familiar with the judicial records of this country, that a more unexpected, or a more unmerited attack has seldom, perhaps never, in our days, proceeded from the Bench against any section of the Catholic clergy of Ireland. The known spotless character of the Donegal priests; the admitted probity of the venerable Judge; the mean, the cowardly, the ignominious charge of the nightly slaughter of Scotch sheep; every view to be had in all the circumstances of this case, seem to be a sure guarantee that the seat of justice in Donegal occupied by the liberality, the integrity, may I add, the Catholic partiality of Baron Pennefather, the champion of Reform opinions, the friend of O'Connell, could not have uttered the charge referred to, without even the colorable pretext, pretence, or even allusion to any oral or written evidence in support of his extraordinary statements.

The case is simply this; the people of Gweedore and Cloughaneely, living on the mountains of Donegal, had the right of commonage there from time immemorial, till the landlord, Lord George Hill, deprived them of this land within the last two years, and set the same commonage to three Scotch shepherds, namely, Messrs. Huggup, Wright and Hunter. In the succeeding winter Scotch sheep, to the number of twelve hundred, were, as has been reported, found slaughtered, or were drowned in bog holes, or were carried away and disappeared. Although not less than eighteen persons were arrested for this sheep-slaughter, not one could be convicted; and then in the absence of all evidence against individuals, the Grand Jury find the whole district guilty, and they levy a sum of £1,200 on all the surrounding townlands, which sum, together with £900 assessed for the maintenance of an additional police force, inflicted on these poor creatures the onerous burden of £2,100. The peculiar hardship of this case is, that in the first place it is not proved that the sheep were either slaughtered or drowned, or taken by the people of Gweedore! and secondly, as men are supposed by the English law to be innocent till they are proved to be guilty, it follows clearly that a sum of £2,100 has been levied and enforced amongst a class who, by the first law of English jurisprudence, are supposed to be innocent of the charge! A Protestant gentleman of the highest respectability has, among other testimonials from gentlemen of the same class, given the following statement in reference to this harassing case:—

The appeal which had been published in the newspapers did not depict the whole of the horror that had fallen upon the poor peasants of Gweedore. The district he had personally visited, and describing its bleak appearance, he could vouch for the truth of the statements put forth as to the wretchedness of the natives. Close by the shore the poor people held their little farms, and from time immemorial had enjoyed the right of free commonage on the mountains. This right, which was essential to their very existence, had lately been taken from them by the modern landlords, who thus did what former proprietors had never thought of doing. Not only this, but the rents had been enormously increased—in some cases to five or ten times the Government valuation, and it was a fact that land valued at 2d an acre, was let for 5s. (Groans.) It had been asked what poor-house accommodation was afforded in the district in question. Why, he had heard that that establishment was fifteen miles distant from where it was most required, and, from certain practices which he related, it was not difficult to account for the workhouse being useless to the wretched people. In order to cover the poor tenants with the slime of public odium, the famous "Sheep Case," tried at the Donegal assizes, before Baron Pennefather and the Grand Jury, was referred to; and the speaker analyzed the facts—as given in the published "Special Report"—to whose accuracy he bore a flattering testimony—to show that it was monstrous to levy a sum of £1,130 on the strength of such evidence. A special police tax had also been levied; and now, between the shepherds, the landlords and the police, over and above a rack rent and an intolerable impost for the sheep, the poor people found themselves reduced to famine—deprived of bed and bed-clothes—even the cradles of infants seized and sold—the little bins of potatoes taken for the rent, while their former owners wandered in rags by the seashore, to pick up the weeds and the shellfish God, in his mercy, rolled in with the tide.

The sectarian change in the feeling of Lord Hill towards his poor tenantry, the loss of their ancient privilege of commonage, the incarceration of eighteen starving creatures for several

months, the inconclusive, the broken-down evidence against them, or against any known individual (as it was reported), the cash wrrenched from these persecuted wretches, and handed over to the euphonious Mr. Huggup and his Scotch companion: all these painful topics have been clearly discussed in able articles by the various public writers of Ireland during the past years. The Catholic, the liberal Protestant, such as Mr. Underwood, the honest Presbyterian, such as several of these clergymen in Donegal, defended and fully exonerated the peasantry of Gweedore from the charge made against them: while the Magistrates, the Orangemen, the Souper Protestants of Donegal, declared them guilty, even before the trial was commenced, or the evidence heard! In all this antagonized testimony, exhibited by the unhappy, the melancholy sectarian and political factiousness of Ireland, I never heard a word breathed either directly or indirectly against the Donegal priests, till I read the charge of Baron Pennefather, as interpreted by the Dublin Evening Mail of the 10th instant, pointing at the Catholic clergy as the encouragers, the abettors, and, indeed, by implication, the guilty participators in the offence of the sheep-slaughter of Donegal. This strange case now stands thus before the Irish people, namely, "All the peasantry of Gweedore, men, women and children, without a proof against any individual, are all guilty of the Donegal sheep slaughter: they are all supposed to be innocent by law, and yet they are all made practically guilty by the Jury."

I presume it is on the same principle of justice the Catholic clergy of Donegal, in the year 1858—just two years after the supposed slaughter—are now described as the participators in this invisible, unproved offence; although up to this period I have never seen or heard any statement in the shape or meaning of a charge, directly or indirectly made against them. Far from wishing to cloak my disgust or my indignation, or both, under any ill-timed phrase of factious irony, the case, as it stands in the present year may be enunciated as follows—namely, "Some invisible priests, in the county Donegal, are indirectly hinted at, as the Mail asserts, by Baron Pennefather as the invisible participators with the invisible slaughterers of Gweedore, in the invisible offence made out by invisible evidence before the Grand Jury of Donegal."

The following are some extracts of the charge of the learned Judge:— "What I ask, said his lordship, can be the cause of this frightful stain upon this county? Is there any religion in that district? Do the ministers of the religion which the people profess—do they exert themselves to prevent the repetition of these crimes? Who are the instigators of these crimes? Could they not be discovered if care and anxious exertions were made for their discovery? Would not the good feelings of the peasantry, if let alone, teach them that they cannot prosper by the commission of such deeds. Let them not be led by agitators, who, for no good purpose, stir them up to oppose their landlords and become the victims of the law. Let them no longer follow their impious and wicked advisers. The man who has influence to prevent crime—who is placed in a situation where he ought to exert his influence, and where he does not use that influence to the full extent of his power, he becomes more or less a participator in the guilt or crime to which he is indebted. And though not an active participator, if he be idle, and does not do his utmost to prevent it, he is guilty in the sight of God and man."

His lordship here makes questionable mention of the people's religion and ministers, and then suddenly asks again and again "who are the instigators of these crimes?" Who can be the instigators of these wicked crimes? Who can they be? Where do they come from? What exertions have there been made to stop these crimes? What exertions have there been made on the part of those whose duty it is to instruct their people in obedience to the laws, and in morality and in good conduct? Have they exerted themselves to discover the wicked perpetrators?—Let me say that if they do not exert themselves—if they do not exert that influence which they justly possess over their flocks—if they do not lead them to good—if they are torpid—if they are silent when these things are going on, and do not endeavor to find the perpetrators of these crimes, they fall under the imputation—which, I trust, they do not deserve—of being parties to these outrages.

I have carefully read over the former account of the judicial proceedings in Lifford: I have even written to some friends, resident on the spot, begging to be informed if any priest from Donegal had spoken from the Altar, had written in the newspapers, had uttered any language at public dinners, had made any observations in private society: in a word, had said or done anything to warrant any public functionary, much less the Judge of Assize, to make any direct allusion to the Donegal priests as the participators in the guilt referred to in the public court of Lifford. From all the sources of information which I thus consulted, the final result of my inquiries into this painful subject amounted to an unequivocal declaration from all parties, of all sides, that the charge of the Judge was the very first announcement made in the county of either the direct or the indirect complicity of the Catholic clergy with the supposed crime of the Gweedore peasantry! The Irish public will, I fancy, agree with me that this is a very strange case in Irish judicial proceedings, or observation, or conversation, or by whatever other name you may call it—that the Judge is the first and only informant in a case touching the moral conduct of the priests of a whole county in Ireland! All Ireland and all England, and indeed all nations which may read this case, will form such a judgment as, I trust, may not damage the distinguished probity, and the long, well earned, honorable claims to impartial justice so universally associated heretofore with the official name of Baron Pennefather.

When I read that passage in the extract of the charge where his lordship asked "is there any religion in that district? do the ministers of the religion which the people profess, do they exert themselves to prevent the repetition of these crimes?" I must say when I had the words reported as above, I had nearly withdrawn all the preconceived favorable opinion which the experience of many years had taught me to form of the Judge. What! to ask such a question in Donegal, as to inquire "was there any religion in that district?" What! can it be possible the Baron has never known, has never heard of the Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, the venerable

Bishop of the diocese of Down, the Judge in order to give point to the flat statement which will in future, perhaps give greater notoriety to his name—does he pretend to be ignorant of the name and the official worth of the distinguished Bishop of Raphoe? From this passage of the charge the Judge cannot hope to reap much distinction! I have just read the record of the consecration of Dr. McGettigan, from which it appears he was called to wear the mitre on the 17th September, 1820. Strange that after a reign—as we call it—of thirty-eight years in Donegal, the going Judge of Assize is not aware of his existence since he asks "is there any religion in the district?" More strange still, Dr. McGettigan (with whose name I beg pardon for making so free) has thus spent nearly half a century in his lofty station; and has appeared before all Irish society, with (by common consent) an unexampled piety, an exalted sanctity, accompanied with its never failing attendant, a guileless simplicity and an unostentatious humility, thro' every action of his honored life. Shame on the Protestant grand jury of Donegal to stand by silent, while they heard her Majesty's Baron ask in their presence "was the man alive" whom the most decided bigot amongst them must honor for his virtue, and love for his social character! Forsooth, Baron Pennefather has asked if there was any religion professed in Donegal? whereas if he had read the journals of his country, he could have seen that the Bishop whose name for the nonce escaped his official memory had been invited to the courts of Kings—had been the caressed guest of palaces—had been a travelled gentleman more than her Majesty's barons—and had won respect and earned the dignity and the reputation he so justly enjoys in several countries, and amongst several crowned heads of Europe. Baron Pennefather may rest assured that English jurisprudence will not be much advanced by the speech such as he has thought proper to utter from the bench of Donegal.

If Baron Pennefather had still the full enjoyment of these splendid talents and brilliant faculties which raised him to his present eminent position, he need not ask "who are the instigators to the crimes which he had stigmatized." His lordship need not have asked "where are they?—who are they?" They are easily found out: perhaps the sectarian, the cruel landlords of these poor peasants—perhaps some of the gentry by whom he was surrounded at that moment in the courthouse: and I am most willing to believe they were the very men who put these statements into the decaying brain of the tottering Judge; and induced him in the confiding indiscriminate of his senile judgment to utter words so much at variance with public opinion, with the merits of the case, and, indeed, with the former well known logical and judicial acumen of the learned speaker when enjoying the full vigor of his youthful intellect.

Shame on the Donegal gentry to have taken advantage of this condition, of this state of things, and to whisper into the ear of the Judge statements which, on examination hereafter, he must necessarily contradict and reverse.

There appears to be a rage just now in this country, from the House of Commons down to the post-office of Croghan, to attack priests; and this idea reminds me of a duty which I owe to my dear friend, Father Peter O'Connor, to expose the late conspiracy sought to be matured against him. This case I hope to take up in my next communication, and supply new facts in the development of this most malignant proceeding towards the curate of Croghan.

March 18, D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE REV. MR. M'NAMARA.—We are delighted to find that our prognostications regarding the issue of the prosecution against the Rev. Mr. M'Namara have been realized. The patty and puerile spirit of hostility displayed by the Poor Law Commissioners was unworthy of government officials in their position. It was a prosecution which should never have been instituted; but, after the first failure, its revival betrayed a party vindictiveness of which the Custom House autocrats should feel doubly ashamed. They have failed, and signally failed, and the Rev. gentleman's acquittal has been a triumphant success. The legal exercises of both trials must be very considerable; and we are glad to find that the public are about to aid him in defraying the costs.—Tuam Herald.

ASSAULT ON THE REV. MR. HARDMAN, P.P.—Ballinrobe, 22nd March, 1858.—A violent outrage was committed here this day on the person of the Rev. Thomas Hardman, who was assaulted in the most ferocious manner on his way from a conference at the Rev. Mr. Conway's by a person named Cathcart, a rough and violent person, a coachman or steward to a gentleman living in this town. The onslaught, it is said, was caused by some observations made by the Rev. gentleman on Tuesday, reflecting on and condemnatory of the grossly immoral conduct of a member of his flock. Mr. Hardman lies in a very precarious state at the house of Dominick E. Blake, Esq., solicitor, where he was carried, with several very severe cuts on his head, and wounds on other parts of the body, inflicted by a heavy thorn stick.—Mayo Constitution.

THE TENANT RIGHT BILL.—A meeting of Irish members, numerously attended, was held on Saturday, in reference to the Tenant Bill; and it was resolved that a letter should be written to Lord Derby, by the chairman, asking for an interview at an early day. The interview, if granted, will be attended very largely. The letter was sent last evening, and the reply may be expected, at farthest, on Monday.—Cork Examiner.

Mr. Clive's Freeman's Disfranchisement (Galway) Bill, seconded by Sir Thomas Burke, may produce results very different from those intended by its promoters. The open avowal of bribery by a member of the House, and the undisguised interference with elections of a peer of Parliament, have not only complicated the question, but have changed its complexion. To secure two Whig seats for the City of the Tribes was no doubt, worth an effort, but it may be attended with disagreeable consequences. On the first reading of the bill Mr. Roebuck gave notice that he would move that Lord Dunkin's seat be vacated, and that Sir Thomas Burke be expelled the House. The bill was read a second time on Thursday without these stringent accompaniments, for Mr. Roebuck reserved his opposition on hearing from Lord John Russell, that he would oppose the bill, unless there was some security that the bribers would be prosecuted, and that he would support an instruction to the committee (if the bill were allowed to reach that stage) to institute an inquiry.

DESTITUTION.—LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.—The following letter on this subject has been addressed to the Rev. Secretary by the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam:— "TUAM, MARCH 6th, 1858.—Rev. Dear Sir,—Respected Parish Priest in the south of Ireland has made me the medium of transmitting his generous donation of five pounds towards the relief fund of the victims of landlord oppression in Donegal. Had the sufferings of the people of that district been the effect of some sudden visitation, which human law could not avert, and in which the cruelty of man had no share, they would, no doubt, have evoked a wider and a prompter sympathy. But, influenced as it appears they are, by an irresponsible power, which seems to disown any obligation to the exercise of humanity, you must expect to encounter contradiction from those who inflict the evil, as well as a tardy sympathy from several who think that such scenes of appalling destitution, springing from no natural cause, may be laid partly at the doors of the people by remaining, since the famine, so apathetic in seeking from the legislature some protection from such cruel and unchristian grievances.

"With the contradictions to which I have alluded, you have had, it seems, already to contend, as some disinterested witnesses have started up to bear testimony to the excellent character of the proprietors of Tyrone, as well as to the comfortable condition of their tenantry. It was scarcely to be expected that landlords or agents, or the officials of workhouse establishments, that are monuments of the cruelty with which the poor have been treated, would easily acquiesce in the statements of your committee. Like the agents of all bad works, they who are the most merciless in the task of evicting the poor are those who are most annoyed at its publication.

"It is to be regretted that the light of the wholesome and evangelical public opinion, which makes some of our proprietors so sensitive to the sound of their own doings, was not diffused among them at an earlier period. It would have probably checked much of those sufferings which they so resolutely deny, and which you so feelingly deplore, and so laudably endeavor to mitigate. An earlier exposure of such misdeeds, more prompt and general exertions to protect the tenantry, not only those, but throughout Ireland, would have put a salutary and reasonable restraint upon the capricious excesses of irresponsible land proprietors; and, whatever be its cause, and whatever be its fault, we are bound to give our aid towards its alleviation. Accept the annexed three pounds, on my part, towards the relief of the faithful old Irish natives of Donegal, and believe me, Rev. dear Sir, your faithful servant,

John, Archbishop of Tuam.

REV. JOHN DOHERTY, P.P., Hon. Sec., Carrigart. BELFAST MACHINERY FOR EGYPT.—On Thursday evening week, one of the largest iron castings ever completed in Belfast was shipped at Donegal Quay, in the Blenheim steamer, for Liverpool, where it will be transferred to another vessel—probably a Mediterranean screw steamer—for conveyance to Alexandria. It is a cylinder for a steam engine of 120 horse power, intended to work draining pumps in Egypt, and was cast at the Sobho Foundry, Townsend Street, by the Messrs. McAdam, who for several years past have been favoured with extensive orders from that country, and have several heavy and valuable ones still on hand.

The Petition against the return of Major Gavin as representative of the city of Limerick it is expected will be heard by the committee to be struck by the House of Commons, on the 26th of April.

On Thursday evening week the town of Tullamore was thrown into consternation by the following melancholy and distressing suicide, committed by a person named John Coffey, a pensioner from the 19th Regiment of Foot, and attached to the Local Company there. It appears that the deceased had been employed on the recruiting service, and for the past three months was constantly tippling and drinking and occasionally in a melancholy and desponding state. He was out through the town during the day and on his return home went up stairs, as was supposed, for the purpose of taking a sleep on his bed; but in some time afterwards, on his daughter going up to look after him, she found him hanging by the neck dead.

LAMENTABLE GOVERNMENT.—An accident of a most distressing character, which has since been attended with fatal consequences, took place on Tuesday evening, in the family of Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Smith, at his residence in Upper Fitzwilliam-street. Miss Catherine Smith, a young lady aged between 17 and 18 years, was to have been present at a dinner party given by Judge Keatinge, and, for that purpose, had come down dressed to her father's drawing room. In turning round suddenly her skirt unfortunately caught fire, and she was instantly enveloped in flames. She had presence of mind sufficient to ring the bell for assistance and to throw herself down upon the floor, covering her face with her hands. Her father and the butler came to her aid, and in endeavoring to extinguish the ignited garments, Mr. Smith himself received some slight injuries. The unfortunate young lady, however, was dreadfully burnt, particularly about the throat and chest, and we regret to state that death ensued at half past three o'clock on Wednesday. This sad occurrence will throw a gloom over fashionable circles, in which Mr. Smith is well known. That gentleman is married to a daughter of Sir Richard Griffith, and had recently been appointed A. D. C. to the Lord Lieutenant.—Saunders.

On Friday week, the Irish horse-tamer or "Whisperer," exhibited his extraordinary powers in the taming of an extremely vicious animal in the establishment of Mr. Olden, Veterinary Surgeon, Winthrop street. It was stated by mistake in Wednesday's Examiner that Mr. Barry, the American horse tamer, was to visit Cork and exhibit there, Mr. Sullivan being the party whom we should have mentioned as being about to do so. It was expected that he would have been in by the eleven o'clock train on Friday morning, but he did not come until three o'clock, so that most of them who had assembled to witness the experiment had gone away, but as soon as it became known that he had arrived at three o'clock, a large crowd assembled in Mr. Olden's yard, among whom were a good many country gentlemen. The horse selected is the property of Mr. T. W. Knolles, of Oulands, and is about six years old. In consequence of its vicious and ungovernable disposition, its hind feet had never been shod, and so unmanageable was it that it was quite useless for ordinary purposes, and was being fattened up for the kennel. When about being removed from Oulands, it gave the grooms a good four hours' hunt before he could be caught. Mr. Sullivan shut himself up in the stable alone with it, and remained there for about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the parties in the yard were admitted, when they found the animal which had been so wild and unmanageable less than half an hour before, lying quietly on the stable floor and Mr. Sullivan's hand between its hind legs. It was now perfectly tame and docile, and the grooms who had before approached it only with the utmost caution, found it so gentle as to be managed with the greatest ease. Several gentlemen present also tried the animal and found that the essay of Mr. Sullivan's powers had been perfectly successful. Mr. Olden himself was not present at the time, but he had witnessed on a former occasion the astonishing effects of the "whisperer," and on examining the horse immediately after found the circulation of the blood slightly quickened, but the effect on the pulse was hardly perceptible. Mr. Sullivan is the grandson of the original Irish "whisperer," and there seems to be little doubt that the secret he possesses is the same as that in possession of Mr. Barry, and derived originally from the same source, though the enterprising American has contrived to gain more distinguished notice, and seems likely to derive a much greater profit from it.—Cork Examiner.