

CHAPTER III.

At half-past four o'clock the following Christmas morning, Pierce Shea rode into the farmyard of Anthony Dooling, and dismounted at the door where he had lingered bidden adieu to Alley on the former night.

He became convinced from these appearances that none of his friends, or their servants, had yet arisen, and he was therefore astonished at having found the door open.

Heaven protect and save me! What is this? Pierce now ejaculated, perceiving, by the light of the candle, his hands bloody.

A rapid conviction of the horrid manner in which it had been used darted across his mind. Murder had been committed!—The open door and the silence that had prevailed when he expected to have found his friends ready to set out on their pious journey, were now dreadfully accounted for.

A youthful, ardent, and devoted lover, such as Pierce Shea then really was, may picture the state of his feelings as he now stood, paralysed with the almost certainty that his adored mistress, his all but wife, had, during the few hours between their last loving kiss and the present moment, been hurried into eternity, and, by the arm of midnight murder, torn from him for ever.

Pierce Shea felt himself sick, and his head grew dizzy; he staggered, and would have fallen, but that the wall gave timely support.

We have before mentioned a little boarded parlour, entered from the kitchen, the state room of the farmer's house; this he gained.

The terror and anxiety of the lover still predominant, he gave one terrified glance towards the old people's bed; there Alley might have taken refuge, and there too—the thought could not be followed up!

Lord look down on you wid eyes of pity, poor Aly Dooling; the *miroe* and the *miroch* (sorrow and trouble) has come over you in your young days; an' it would be better for you, *mille* (a thousand) times, to be lyin' stretched and dead with them that are within, this mornin'.

Nothin', far sartin, do we know, Master Pierce, a-roon, only we make up our minds that the father's murderer is the child's undoer; Shanus answered. The young man groaned aloud.

other apartment in the house. On his way along a passage leading from the kitchen to the sleeping-place of the female servants, he was obstructed by another victim. Poor Chevaun Darluduck alarmed by the shrieks of her old mistress, and rushing to her assistance, perhaps out of a dream the most favorable to Pudge Dermody that ever had occurred, her zeal marked her for the murderers' caution, and she fell a sacrifice to the horrid necessity, that, to conceal the perpetrator of one deed of blood, urges him to shed more.

Arrested and again chilled, by this new object of horror, Pierce remained sometime stationary and silent, until his feelings grew into increased apprehension for his mistress, and then he rushed on, and in loud cries pronounced her name.—Roused by his voice, the man who slept without ran, half-dressed, to inquire into the cause of the outcry; to their impatient questions he could only answer, that black murder had been committed; while they, more calm than he was, proceeded to investigate the bloody business.

Meantime, the workmen, three in number, and who were Pudge Dermody, Andy Houlohan, Pierce's foster-brother, and Shanus Whelan, went over the house, and saw the sights we have already described. For some time they scarcely spoke to each other, so powerfully did the appearance of the corpses of their old master and mistress seize on their minds and feelings.

'It is a dreadful murder,' said Andy Houlohan, in a whisper, as, for the first time, his eyes met those of his companions.

'The most frightful ever poor sinner heard of,' echoed Shanus Whelan.

'An' it was done wid this bill-hook,' said Pudge Dermody, pointing to the weapon where Pierce had dropped it, when he left the kitchen to enter the little parlour; 'it's their ould blood is on it.'

'Yes, when our poor master (God rest his soul) struck him about id,' Pudge rejoined.

'Right enough, Andy; you guessed right at the first offer. Do ye think of his look, wid his hand on the door, when he went away bleedin', last night?'

'An' where is Crohoore himself, then?' asked Pudge, the first to start from stupid inaction, and take the necessary steps—'Let us find the murderer!' All proceeded on the search.

They gained the loft where Crohoore usually slept; he was not there, nor had he been in bed. They went through the outhouses, sheds, and stables. There was the red mark of a hand on the stable door, near the lisp; the door was open, and the best horse gone; and footprints appeared in a heap of litter contiguous to the stable, on which it was conjectured the *shingavan* had stood to enable himself to mount the tall horse. These prints exactly corresponded to a pair of old brogues found by his bedside.

Daylight dawned while the men were vainly employed in tracing the murderer; and Pierce Shea returned, accompanied by his father, having got no intelligence of Ally, and still raving and distracted with apprehensions for her fate. He came up just as the workmen were satisfied that Crohoore was the slayer of the three human beings that lay stiff within the house, and when to this conviction another had been added, and was intimated by Shanus Whelan, the eldest of the three, whose silvered locks gave value to the solemn tone in which the following ejaculation was uttered:

Lord look down on you wid eyes of pity, poor Aly Dooling; the *miroe* and the *miroch* (sorrow and trouble) has come over you in your young days; an' it would be better for you, *mille* (a thousand) times, to be lyin' stretched and dead with them that are within, this mornin'.

BANQUET TO THE RIGHT REV. DR. KEANE, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

At a banquet, recently given in Fermoy, to the Right Rev. Bishop of Cloyne, to celebrate his lordship's return from the recent festivals at Rome, some very interesting speeches were delivered, and we present our readers with extracts from that of the Bishop of Cloyne:—

The Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne, said:—This singular has been the destiny of our country. Sublime is the vengeance she is taking for past wrongs. Faithful in the midst of prolonged persecution, giving up her language only when the wall of separation is as of old no longer required, and when it may be an obstacle to the economies of a lay Apostleship on the part of Irish Catholics; sending forth her children in America and Canada, to England, and to all colonial establishments of England she is, while her fervour increases at home, carrying the true faith to the extremities of the earth, and by her constancy and by her zeal, she is earning for herself a name which other nations may envy. In truth, if the Irish Catholic element were withdrawn from the places just named, it would then be seen how large is the space it fills (applause). And now, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, to what is to be attributed this almost miraculous preservation of the true faith in Ireland? Is it possible that, if there had not been a Pope in Rome for the last centuries free to govern the Church irrespective of the requirements of State policy, that the faith, as you now have it, one firm, and purified, could have been handed down as a legacy you value more than your lives? Is it possible, that if to meet the fashion of the day, and to complement the requirements of political expediency—the head of the Church were to be a conventional creation; or, if he, as subject, were placed in the hands of secular rulers, to be trampled, thwarted, intimidated, caajoled, deceived, used as an instrument, and then despised and flung aside; is it possible that the religion of Heaven could be preached with authority and independence? No; state interference is always calculated to destroy the efficiency of a divine Mission. There never was, and there never will be, any secular Government that would not, if it could, use the Pope's influence for its own purposes; and there never was, and never will be, another Government that would not complain of the exercise of such influence against its own rights or interests (applause). To away the judgment, and to direct the conduct of man, to soothe his afflictions, and to raise his hopes to Heaven, all that religion wants is to be let alone.

The Ministry of a Priesthood, placed under secular guidance, sinks to the degrading position of State officers; and when once the people begin to believe that the Priest is working for this earth, they will begin to lose the profound and reverential respect they had once held for his sacred office. Hence, the Bishops who met at Rome declared in a memorable document, now become matter of history, that the Pope was the Divinely constituted Head of the Church, and that, as Christ's Vicar on earth, appointed to feed the lambs and sheep of the one universal fold of all countries and of all ages, he should be free to exercise the duties of that grand Pastoral charge with dignity and independence. Is there a Catholic worthy of the name, who does not subscribe to that doctrine (cheers)? While in Rome I had an opportunity of speaking to Bishops of different countries, who not only thought that the Pope ought to be free, but that, from their own experience, they were convinced the Clergy would be in a better position to forward the interests of religion, if liberated from State control. When endowment is denied, freedom is left. If the Clergy want wealth they bear not the yoke of splendid slavery—the vocation that seeks poverty, labour, and the salvation of souls, is likely to be of heaven; and then the Church may count on an active and hard-working Priesthood, and on believing and well-contented people, who, instead of mistrust and suspicion, find confidence and sympathy and friendship growing up between them, till, united by the truth and charity of the Gospel, they feel as if they had but one heart and one soul. This is the union which binds together all Irish Catholics, and of which the Pope spoke in such affectionate terms to the Irish bishops, when, on their arrival in Rome, they were honored with an audience at the Vatican. His words deserve to be remembered by you and by others:—'Tell the Catholics of Ireland that I feel most grateful to them for their sympathy and support. Express to them my warmest gratitude. Give them my apostolic benediction. Assure them that I am consoled and edified at the union that binds together the Bishops, Priests and people of Ireland, and that links them all with the Holy See. Others may conspire and combine together, but they never can have that lasting union that has for its support the truth and charity of the Gospel' (applause). While I thus state to you my profound conviction of the wisdom and the necessity of giving freedom of action to the Church, I am equally satisfied that, where the Priest is in his proper position as a subject, the less he has to do with secular or political affairs the better will it be for his own ministry. But, when state interference with religion imposes on him the duty of self-defence, that duty must be fearlessly undertaken. I never knew an Irish Bishop or an Irish Priest that did not deplore its necessity. And yet if the spirit of the Government be avowedly or insidiously hostile to the true Faith, must not the Clergy and Laity combine to resist the attempted aggression? And if English statesmen, true to the instinctive promptings of anti-Catholic hatred, conspire to encourage and to applaud rebellion and spoliation, when the sufferer is to be Christ's Vicar on earth, are the Bishops of the Catholic world to look on in silence? Are the people of Ireland to withhold from their Beloved Father the expression of their sympathy and support? Is Fermoy, in the diocese of Cloyne, to make no attempt to defend such machinations? Now and always you will be prepared to answer and to act; and on your zeal and firmness I rely with a degree of confidence which nothing can shake.

was on friendly terms with Dr. Dixon, the present Primate. Dr. Cooke, the present official head of the Established Church, and was one of the Primate's greatest admirers. It was nothing wonderful to see him in the procession; but his position beside the Roman Catholic Primate at the funeral of a Protestant prelate presented a union altogether unprecedented in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. There could be no more appropriate place for rival churches to make a truce than over the tomb of Primate Beresford.—*Id.*

LIMERICK, July 30.—This morning (Thursday) Walsh was indicted at Limerick for the murder of Mr. F. Fitzgerald. He pleaded "Not Guilty," and challenged 30 jurors. The Attorney-General stated the case. Mrs. Fitzgerald identified the prisoner as the man who was with Beckham when her husband was murdered. Mr. Justice Keogh charged the jury at considerable length, and after an absence of eight minutes they returned into court with a verdict of "Guilty."—*Id.*

Denis Dillane was then arraigned for inciting and commanding Beckham and Walsh to murder Mr. Fitzgerald. He pleaded "Not Guilty," and was assigned counsel.—*Id.*

THE CONSTABULARY FORCE.—*Smuggler's News-Letter* says that the grand jury of King's County have adopted the following address to Sir Robert Peel in reference to the alleged inefficiency of this body:—'We, the grand jury of the King's County, assembled at the Summer Assizes at Tullamore, would beg to press upon the notice of Government the present constitution of the Irish Constabulary. As magistrates of the county, and therefore connected with the administration of justice, we feel that the present military organisation of the constabulary is not calculated to give satisfaction to us generally, either by the detection of criminals or the suppression of outrages, and that the efficiency of that body does not by any means correspond with the very great increase in the estimates. We therefore respectfully suggest such changes to be made in the force as will tend to the more speedy and successful detection of crime.'

The grand jury of the county Longford have followed the example of the Tipperary grand jury in recommending changes in the arm and discipline of the constabulary. They do not wish to depreciate the services or the conduct of the force, says a Dublin journal, in drawing attention to the subject, but they think there is room for improvement in some particulars. The new arms they consider unwieldy, easily damaged, and unfit for the duties in which police are generally employed. They do not object to see the men drilled in the use of the rifle, that they may be prepared to defend the country should their services be required; but for other purposes they should have more suitable weapons.—They think also, and not without reason, that there should be a more complete recognition of the authority of the local magistrates. There is no want of respect to them individually, but all power of interference has been gradually withdrawn from them and centred in the police officers whose orders alone the men recognise as valid. The changes they demand could be effected without an Act of Parliament.

DUBLIN, July 31.—The Reports from the country, generally, as to the state of the crops, are pretty satisfactory. The potatoes, so far, are safe; the hay crop is above the average; and the cereals are promising, but very late, and, therefore, the more at the mercy of the uncertain weather which, at this season is the peculiar feature of our sickle climate.

The pressure upon the poor diminishes as the crops approach maturity, and the demand for labour increases; still, the brave Mansion House Committee, faithful to its trust, continues to dispense some £180 to £200 a week amongst the yet suffering Western districts. The generous grant of £2,000 by Her Majesty, towards the relief of the severe distress which unhappily prevails in Lancashire, and the just and prompt legislation in favour of the operatives of that shire, are felt here as striking evidences of the exceptional treatment of this country. Yet, in the midst of the suffering through which the poor have passed, the assizes are every where unusually light. In Kilkenny, Baron Dwyer congratulated the City, and the Chief Baron the County Grand Jury on the almost total absence of crime, on the calendar. Baron Hughes congratulated the Grand Jury of Mayo upon an absence of crime, unprecedented in even that peaceable county. It has the largest area of any county in Ireland, save Cork and Galway, and a population of 254,236 souls; yet the six months' accumulation of crime is represented by ten cases for trial, all of them of the most trivial character, and this, it is remembered, through a season of acute want and most trying temptation of the poorer class. In Kildare, Judge Monahan observed, 'that he felt great pleasure in being able to say that from what he knew they all had reason "to be proud and satisfied with the condition of their country," especially when contrasted with others. There were in all some fifteen or sixteen cases for trial, which were all of the ordinary character that might be expected in every county, and especially in one like theirs, so near a metropolis, and with such a concourse of strangers. From the report of the chief of police, he found that there were not any case reported which had not been made amenable to justice. There was only one case of anything of an agrarian character—that of sending a threatening letter; but so far as he could learn the letter had been sent from a distance.'

In Fermanagh, Judge Hayes, addressing the Grand Jury, said, 'he thought that he could with a perfectly safe conscience congratulate them on the very satisfactory, he might, perhaps, say enviable state of their county. If he looked at the calendar he found but four cases on it. If he looked at the return of the Clerk of the Crown, the total number there was but seven. This was particularly gratifying, as the assizes had been much later this year than usual, thus allowing a further period for the commission of crime. The state of the country, under all these circumstances, was most satisfactory, and they had every reason to be proud of it. He might add that he was also glad to find an entire absence of agrarian crime in the county, and he could make a similar remark as to juvenile delinquency.'

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, July 28.—There is no question that the spirit of conciliation is making rapid progress in Ulster. The vehement temper of faction, leading to one-sided judgments on all party questions, and blinding the mind to every good quality in an opponent, has given way to a candid and Christian spirit. The *Banner of Ulster*, which is the special organ of the Presbyterian Church, equally strong in its antagonism to "Popery" and "Preley," has just illustrated this fact in two remarkable instances. The first relates to the Attorney-General, whose prosecution of the Orangemen a year ago made him very unpopular with the Presbyterians, the fact that he is a Roman Catholic not tending to mitigate their dislike. Last week the right hon. gentleman went to Belfast to conduct the prosecution against Hiramian, and the *Banner* of Saturday speaks of him in the following terms:—"The able, firm, and dignified, yet considerate and humane manner in which the Attorney-General managed the prosecution called forth general admiration. His mild and Christian spirit presented a marked contrast to that of his official predecessors in past days, when the Crown prosecutor frequently insulted what might be called his victim, and addressed the packed jury confident of receiving "a civil and obliging verdict."—*Times Cor.*

The funeral of the late Protestant Primate on yesterday was a great State ceremonial. No part of the procession was so suggestive, and none more gratifying than the appearance of the Roman Catholic Primate walking beside the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, representing the bodies to which they respectively belong. The late Primate was of a very conciliatory spirit towards other denominations. He was on very friendly terms with the late Roman Catholic Primate, Dr. Croly, and it appears that he

was on friendly terms with Dr. Dixon, the present Primate. Dr. Cooke, the present official head of the Established Church, and was one of the Primate's greatest admirers. It was nothing wonderful to see him in the procession; but his position beside the Roman Catholic Primate at the funeral of a Protestant prelate presented a union altogether unprecedented in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. There could be no more appropriate place for rival churches to make a truce than over the tomb of Primate Beresford.—*Id.*

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Even in Limerick, where the Special Commission so recently sat, and part of the business of which is now about to be dealt with in the ordinary assizes, Judge Keogh, addressing the Grand Jury, said, 'Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the county of Limerick, if I were to address you now merely from the book that is before me, and which is commonly called the calendar of prisoners for trial at the present assizes, it would be my pleasure, as well as my duty, to congratulate you on the condition of your county, as regards the offences committed since last assizes. I make that observation with one reservation—a case of absorbing interest. You all understand the one to which I refer—namely, that in which certain persons stand charged with the murder of the late Mr. Francis Fitzgerald, for, with the exception of that case, there is nothing of an extraordinary nature on the calendar. And, on consulting with the co. inspector, and the other county officials concerned in the administration of justice, I am informed that the condition of the county is improved, and that parties who have been charged with offences have been, for the most part, made amenable. Therefore, gentlemen, except for that one case, I should not require to do more than in the ordinary terms address you, and leave you to the discharge of your duties, which you are so familiar with.'

Tipperary enjoys a similar reputation for freedom from crime and even the old man charged with the murder of the tenant farmer, Maguire, at Glenbowser, has been let out on trifling bail, the Crown having no evidence against him.—*Correspondent of Weekly Register.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

Dear Sir,—For the sake of suffering humanity, may I request you to insert in your next number the following, which is a copy of a letter which I received last Saturday. I read it to some friends yesterday, and a little subscription was raised, amounting to about £10 which I have already sent to the distressed parties. Hoping you will do me the above favour.—I remain, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately in Jesus Christ,
IGNATIUS PAOL,
St. Joseph's Retreat, Higgate.
July 28, 1862.

Williamstown, Ballymore, Co. Galway.
July 22nd, 1862.

'Very Rev. Dear Sir,—May I beg leave most respectfully to approach you thus, and to solicit your hands, or, at the hands of some dear friends through you, a little assistance to help me to save the lives of some of my perishing poor people. It is indeed impossible for me to depict their sad state. For the last two or three years their crops failed. The poor creatures worked and struggled; but, struggled in vain, for the Lord refused to give the product. His holy will be done. Constant pain for the last 10 or 12 months, such as no living man saw in this country, causing sickness, colds, dysentery, and fever. I am one and forty years on the Mission, and I never witnessed greater marks of misery and distress, in every cabin almost, sufferings and want. In this doomed parish there are, this day, upwards of 400 starving families without food, without means, without credit. All their available articles pawned and consumed—such as clothes, beds, boxes, chairs, pots, &c., &c. The poor father pines his only jacket and his shoes for one stone of Indian meal, to save the lives of his nine children.

I know not what to do, or where to make my sad appeal—no relief to be got out of the earth for three weeks more. I received from the Mansion House, Dublin, from my Archbishop, and from charitable friends in England—may God bless them—a good relief, still all is like a cup of water in the ocean. Oh! would to God that the people of England would know the sad and pitiful state of my suffering people; I think that they would not refuse to extend the hand of charity to help me to save the lives of one or two families from hunger and death.

Very Rev. dear Sir, it is with pain and with trouble of mind that I make this, my sad appeal, to you for a perishing people. In the name of the living God—in the name of 400 starving families with their worn out, emaciated, half-naked children—about two thousand souls, I crave at your hands, or at the hands of some friend through you, some small assistance to help me to save the lives of at least one or two families from death and starvation. God will reward you, alas! I cannot.

With sentiments of sincere esteem,
I am, Very Rev. Dear Father,
Your most obedient servant in Christ,
IGNATIUS PAOL, Provincial of the Passionists, St. Joseph's Retreat, Higgate, Middlesex.

SUPERSTITION IN OUR STREETS.—On yesterday evening considerable amusement was afforded a portion of our citizens by the appearance, at Arran quay, of women whose vocation is proselytism. They were not allowed to preach, although they made an attempt, for several hundred persons came up and succeeded in a few minutes in making them as ridiculous as possible. These worthy apostles were hoisted along the quays and through Parliament street, Dame street, until the police came up in force and endeavoured to disperse the crowd, and to relieve the preachers from their tormentors. They had some difficulty in doing this, but after a large portion of citizens had been afforded an hour's amusement the disturbers of the public peace were quietly allowed to proceed to their homes.—*Morning News.*

Unfortunately, Ireland is a Roman Catholic country, and is growing more and more so. The numerical predominance of Roman Catholics over Protestants at the last census was far greater than at that which preceded; and seems likely enough to be still greater before the next turn comes round. We may not like this condition of things, but there is nothing rational to be gained by either disputing or ignoring it. Few countries in the world where religion is free show so absolute a supremacy in numbers of one faith over another as Ireland does with regard to Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. Probably no country in the world has a richly endowed State Church representing such an utter minority of the population. Most of us had hopes up to the late census that Ireland was becoming Protestantised. The statistical documents, however, settled that question.

DUBLIN, July 25.—Yesterday morning the Criminal Court-house was densely crowded by people who went to hear sentence of death pronounced upon Richard Burke, found guilty on the previous day of the murder of his wife by poison. When asked by the Clerk of the Crown whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him, he replied as follows, and, breathless silence, and in a manner which betrayed the agony of his mind:—

'My lord (a pause), it would very ill become me to contradict the verdict of the jury in this case. I believe, my lord, from the evidence, that there can be no doubt that my poor wife met her death by the administration of that deadly poison strychnine. But, my lord, that I had any participation in procuring that, or sending that, I distinctly disavow. I had nothing whatever, my lord, to do with it. I believe, my lord, it was the result of mistake, and I sincerely hope that mistake will yet be ascertained. I have now, my lord, to ask your lordship to consider—mercifully—the recommendation of the jury on my behalf.'

Baron Deasy, who appeared deeply moved, after a long pause, addressed the prisoner in most impressive terms. In the course of his address he said that his duty was rendered more painful by the protestation of innocence he had just heard. But such protestations were of no avail after conviction. They could not weigh a feather in the scale against the verdict of 12 men on their oaths, pronounced after a careful and patient investigation of the case. He was bound to say that the jury in this case could not, consistently with the evidence and with their oaths, come to any other conclusion than the verdict they had given. He had been convicted of murder—murder in the most aggravated form—murder by poison—a crime regarded in all countries with detestation and horror—the murder of his wife, whom he had sworn at the altar to protect. He trusted his fate would be a warning to others who might be tempted to commit the same crime. He implored the prisoner to put away all hope of pardon or commutation. 'You have,' said his lordship, 'done a deed which precludes the possibility of mercy upon earth. You must seek mercy from Him who has created you, and before whom you must soon appear. It is my duty to tell you that I think it is impossible the Executive Government can attend to the recommendation of the jury.' His lordship then put on the black cap, and pronounced sentence of death, to be executed on Monday, the 25th of August. The prisoner was completely unmanned by the sentence, and had to be borne from the dock by two of the gaolers.

On the 11th of June last the *Jewess*, a vessel laden with Indian corn, was boarded off the coast of Mayo. In a dead calm, about 8 o'clock in the evening, two boats approached, the crews of which entered the ship, forced open the hatches, and began to fill out the corn with buckets and put it in their boats. The result was the loss of eight tons of the corn, value £70. At the Mayo Assizes, on a petition under the Merchant Shipping Act, Baron Hughes ordered the amount to be levied off Kilmore, the nearest parish.