

road; Sheeman and I jumped out, and they... I put my hand on the horse, senseless, and turned my face, Sheeman near us, but out of sight to her bloody, home. She came to herself; knew me; and called me her destroyer, praying me to restore her to her father. In a minute I saw how the case was; Alley never seen who had carried her off; the bandage was on her eyes till I removed it; now she thought I was the man; I feared to be called a murderer; every thing was against me; I feared to be made suffer for the deeds of others; I knew I had no friend to stand by me; not a human creature to believe the ugly slungawn innocent. So, I made up my mind to take Alley away to hide her; to bear the charge: and in secret with old Sheeman, who, for all his shoolin thrade, I found loyal, to work heaven and earth until we made sure of the only man that could fasten the crime upon the true person; I mane the man that rode by the side of Rha Doran that night, and whose face we saw well enough never to forget it.

to save the life of my young tenant, Shea, contained the first intimation of his own good services; and when, at his departure from my door, I got a glimpse of his face, which I had often before seen in the country, my immediate impulse notwithstanding the recommendation of him I had received, was to arrest Crohoore as a robber, and, indeed, also recollecting the other horrible charge against the friendless creature as a murderer, too.

And remark that Wales has no excuse of large cities; but a beautiful land of mountains and vales, calculated to inspire virtuous thoughts. Compare it with the virtuous Tyrol, and what a difference! Yet, if a cranky fool should be eccentric enough to argue that mountain scenery tends to immorality, let him take the horribly immoral lowlands of Scotland, contrasting them, too, with the virtuous race on the Irish plains. The Scotsman, a Protestant paper, lately quoted statistics, and flung in the face of its Scotch ministers, that in Scotland the average of the whole population of illegitimate to legitimate was one in 313, while in "blessed Spain" it was one in almost 1,000! Spain is thrice more virtuous than Scotland. But, surely, the letter which we here submit is sufficient for all, and unanswerable.

death arose directly from the administration of poison. Her crimes were so difficult of proof, that it was necessary to indict her, not for murder, but for administering poison with intent to murder; and under this indictment she was convicted and executed. Now, in the country districts, murder by poisoning, by means of arsenic, was most frightfully common. London Globe, quoted in Cork Examiner, 11th June, 1856.

attempts by women against the lives of husbands, paramours, and children. Poisoning, especially, has become almost a domestic institution. The friendly arsenic has always been ready in the cottage of the peasant, or in the lodging of the mechanic, to rid the impatient wife of a tiresome husband, or the thrifty housewife of parents or relations who have become a burden.

PROTESTANT MORALITY IN ENGLAND.

Commenting, a few numbers back, on the inefficiency of more legal enactments to keep the world from relapsing into that Paganism from which the Catholic Church delivered it, we adduced England as an example amongst others. England, judge by herself, is in the van of modern "progress," the philanthropic nation of the world—the Protestant country, par excellence. This opinion of her we hear on every side. But her adduced as an example, and looking at her practices, her infanticides, her suicides, and murders for greed, we were driven to the conclusion, that specious speech was insufficient—that stringent laws proved of small avail to restrain a people from evil. And we had to add, that the Power alone which saved man from Paganism, could keep man from relapsing thereto. That power was the Church, which we traced in overturning the Three Slaverys—Slavery of the Soul, Slavery of the Body, and Slavery of the Mind. We followed her while she freed man from Pagan superstitions, physical bondage, and showed how she lovingly protected and sedulously fostered arts, science, and letters.

And one point more seems necessary for my protage, Crohoore, continued Mr. B.; you are sworn, Miss Lovett; please to give an account of this man's conduct towards you, in your concealment.

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