

that I die a steadfast Roman Catholic; and for Jesus Christ's sake, let not my death be a hindrance to your well-doing, and going forward in the Catholic religion, but rather may it encourage you thereto. For Jesus Christ's sake have a care of your souls, than which nothing is more precious; and become members of the true Church, as you tender your salvation, for hereafter that alone will do you good. I beseech you request my brethren, for His sake Who redeemed us all, to be careful to supply my want and insufficiency, as I hope they will. Nothing grieves me so much as this England, which I pray God soon to convert."

He held a paper, the same, no doubt, that he had brought with him, and read some prayers from it, and then, with the rope round his neck, and the cap drawn down over his face, he waited for his death. "Pray, sir," cried the unwearied tempter, "accept the King's mercy. Take the oath of allegiance and your life shall be granted. Good sir, accept your life. I desire you to live. See, here is one come from the judge to offer you mercy. You may live if you will conform to the Protestant religion." It was the full explanation of the sentence of high treason—it was the writing plain for all to see, that Edmund was there to die only for his faith. He lifted up his cap and sternly told Lee, "O, sir, how far I am from that! tempt me no more, I am a dying man." And as he went on to exhort the sheriff and all around him to embrace the one true faith, the people at a distance began to cry out the cry of Calvary, "No more of that, no more of that. Away with him, away with him." Once more Father Arrowsmith covered his face; "Bone Jesu," came from his lips; the ladder turned, the body fell, and in a moment the revolting butchery began. The blood that spurted out at the quartering was carefully scraped up and thrown into the fire. The severed head was on the castle towers, and the quarters were carried from the cauldron to be viewed by the inhuman judge. A present of two stags had just been brought in, and the English gentleman and the guardian of his country's laws placed it side by side with the martyr's remains, and cracked his jokes at the comparison.

The quarters were hung up at the castle, and when next day Sir Henry left the town, and looked back to take a last view of them, the head was not visible enough, and his last orders were that it should be raised some six yards higher on the battlements.

The very next January, Sir Henry Yelverton was at table at his house, in Aldergate Street, London, when he felt as if a heavy blow had been struck him on the head: he turned in a fury on his servant, and while the man was protesting that neither he nor any one else had touched him, the Judge felt a second stroke. He was carried to his bed, and died in great excitement the next morning, crying out, "That dog Arrowsmith has killed me."

The Catholics succeeded in securing some relics of Edmund Arrowsmith. His clothes were obtained by a priest of the name of Leigh, and they and the executioner's knife were deposited in the safe keeping of Sir Cuthbert Clifton. Portions of his body were got from the keeper of Lancaster Castle. Rumours went abroad that the father of the martyr-priest Southworth, then in Lancaster Castle, had seen just at the moment of Father Arrowsmith's death, "a most resplendent brightness, such a one as in all his life he never saw before, which did show itself from the prison unto the gallows, as if it had been a glistening glow, the sun at that time being obscured with clouds, and the most part of the day likewise." A little Catholic girl, whose father and mother lived in the same part of the castle as Father Arrowsmith, had stood by him as he was laid on the hurdle, and he asked her by her name whether she wanted anything of him. She said, brave soul, she only wished for his company, and so he told her she must keep firm to her faith, and she would certainly be for ever blessed in heaven. That night, Margery was sleeping in a room with one of the keeper's wives, and suddenly the woman heard her cry out, "Lord! Mr. Rigby (Father Arrowsmith's *alias*), what a stately place is this where you now live, which is so bright, composed of silver and gold; would God I might remain with you, for methinks the place is most sweet, like flowers or perfumes!" Margery did not recollect next morning that she had had a dream, but her sleeping words were not forgotten.

In the church of St. Oswald's, at Ashton, the wonder working hand of the brave martyr reposes in a silver shrine. It is dried, but perfect, except where the piety of the faithful have carried off portions of it as relics.

F. G.

TELEGRAMS.

(From our Daily Contemporaries.)

WELLINGTON, August 16.

All private telegrams up to August 5th announce a recovery in the wool market.

Lady Bowen was assaulted yesternight by a well-dressed woman, at the door of the Athenæum. The culprit, on being arrested, said she was a niece of Dr. Black.

The woman who assaulted Lady Bowen is supposed to be insane.

The Government had a large majority on the vote of censure.

Notice has been given for a Select Committee to enquire into the alleged frauds by Messrs. Stevenson.

Trickett has offered to guarantee the expenses of any English sculler of note willing to row him in Sydney.

SYDNEY, August 19.

Total won the Hawkesbury Guineas, and Sunlight the Grand Handicap.

The Governments of the colonies intend to unite in a protest against the threatened release of a number of Communists at New Caledonia.

Roberts beat Dean yesterday by 215. He played brilliantly.

ADELAIDE, August 15.

Wheat, 5s 4d; New Zealand, 4s 10d to 5s. Market dull. Brandy—case, 31s to 32s; quarters, 7s 6d to 7s 7½d. Kerosene, very firm, 2s 2½d.

LONDON, August 5.

Mr. Tallerman has commenced an action against the Victorian Agent-General, in reference to Australian meat.

Colonial securities are firm. Consols, 96½. Discount—Bank rate, 2; open market, 1. Reserve in the Bank of England, £19,500,000. Wool firm; prices have improved from 1d to 2d above lowest point. Some competition for greasy, which shows the greater advance. 325,000 bales sold. Harvest operations have begun, and are forced to some extent by the weather. The wheat market is dropping; Australian, 48s to 49s; New Zealand at 46s to 48s. New Zealand flax, £19 to £22.

HOKITIKA, August 18.

Three claims have struck good payable gold on the other side of the creek at Kumara. There are rumours that a new lead of coarse gold has been struck.

CHRISTCHURCH, August 18.

The Acclimatisation Society expect to hatch out 20,000 trout this season.

The Provincial Government have bought an extra piece of land required for public buildings, thus removing the last point of dispute between them and the General Government, who will now have plans prepared forthwith.

LONDON, August 12.

If Trickett beats Lumsden he will row Higgins.

In the House of Commons on the 7th inst., Mr. Cave vindicated the results of his mission to Egypt. Investigation led him to believe that the Khedive could meet his liabilities.

News to the 9th August state that the Turks have occupied the fortress of Zabsachan, and that the Servians are retreating. The Servians are also retreating from Siewitzka.

A second inquest on the body of Mr. Bravo, supposed to have been poisoned, has been held, and a verdict of wilful murder returned. The evidence, however, was not sufficiently strong to fix the guilt on any person.

August 11.

Wool sales will conclude to-morrow. 387,000 bales were catalogued, 80,000 of which were held over. The recovery in price ranges from 8 to 15 per cent. on the extreme fall, and is partly owing to the speculative action of the Yorkshire trade.

(From a Special Correspondent of the 'Daily Times.')

WELLINGTON, August 22.

The Counties Bill has passed.

Sir Julius Vogel goes Home as Agent-General.

The Government is to be reconstructed. The changes will be as follows:—

Mr. Stafford—Premier.

Mr. Ormond—Native Minister; Sir D. M'Lean retiring.

Mr. Stevens—Treasurer.

Mr. D. Reid is to be offered the position of Minister for Public Works; Mr. Richardson retiring.

NEWS BY THE SAN FRANCISCO MAIL.

[From our Exchanges.]

An immense concourse of people, sympathisers with the Fenian Prisoners who recently escaped from their servitude in Australia, celebrated that event on Sunday night, June 11, by a torchlight procession through the principal streets of the city of Dublin. Fully twenty thousand people took part in the demonstration, which began at half-past nine o'clock in the front of St. Catherine's church, the spot having been selected as the site of the execution of Emmet. Without delay a distribution of slips of pine and pieces of rope tipped with pitch was made, it being intended that they should be used in a torchlight procession to celebrate the escape of the prisoners. These were handed to about 500 men, by whom they were immediately lighted, and a procession having been formed, headed by the Martyrs' Band and the Sarsfield Band, marched down Thomas street, one of the bands playing the "Dead March." When the procession reached Corn Market the music was changed for pieces of a political character, while the processionists moved down High street, Castle street, and Cork Hill, and continuing their course through the leading thoroughfare of the city, proceeded through Dame street, College Green, Westmoreland street, over Carlisle Bridge into Sackville street, and on reaching Nelson's Pillar turned into Henry street. The procession followed the route which had been previously arranged, and proceeded through Mary street into Chapel street, and on to Grattan Bridge where it came to a stand. Here two effigies, one intending to represent Mr. Disraeli, and the other the Duke of Cambridge, were exhibited, and, having been hoisted over the parapet, were committed to the flames. The effigy intended to represent the Premier bore on the breast the words, the "Christian Jew," and, upon the back, "This is the Murderer." The other effigy, which was burned at the opposite side of the bridge, bore on its breast the words, "The Germanic Briton." The Martyr's Band struck up "God Save Ireland" with vocal accompaniment by many of those present. The proceedings were brought to a close about ten o'clock.

A correspondent, writing from Swineford to the Connaught 'Telegraph,' says:—Michael O'Malley, born at Slogar, within a mile or so of Westport, is now in his hundred and thirteenth year. His father, Patrick O'Malley, had a family of sixteen, all attaining the age of maturity—ten males and six females—but none of them living to anything like an old age. He held the farm of land known as Cullen, from the late Sir Neal O'Donel, containing 1,250 acres—a man through life in good and respectable circumstances. The present Michael O'Malley, as a cattle-dealer, had recourse to various parts of the country, but finally settled down and got married to a woman named Kate O'Brien, of the City of Limerick. He lived there with his wife and family—eight sons and four daughters—till about eight years ago. His wife and all his children having died, he returned then to his native county, and is now a wanderer