

street, Armagh, which is generally believed to have been malicious. The owner is a respectable man, and enjoys the esteem of his fellow-citizens; but from some circumstances connected with the property there is an impression that there was foul play. It was found that the mischief began in a large straw stack in the centre of the yard, detached from the dwelling and offices, and which was ignited in every part, so that no effort could extinguish the flames until the straw was all consumed. The office-houses contained five horses, a donkey, a sheep, and some fowls. The energies of the people were, therefore, directed to the rescue of the animals, which involved serious personal danger, as the rooms were all in a flame, and the timbers had begun to fall in. The donkey and sheep were got out with trifling injury, as were also four of the horses, but the fifth, a valuable pony, could not be relieved, having been tied up with a chain. The police and others made several attempts to cut the fastening with a hatchet, but, apprehensive of the whole roof coming in, as burning beams were falling, it was impossible to remain long enough in the stable to effect the release of the animal, whose hinder parts had been already severely scorched, while the smoke was suffocating. As a final attempt, a young man dashed into the building with a hatchet, and cut out the chain from its fastening in the manger; the pony was then dragged out, but it is believed that he must be destroyed, the flesh and skin being burned off his bones in many parts. The roofing of the entire offices fell in soon after. Almost adjoining those offices is a thatched dwelling-house, and through the exertions of Sub-constable Enright, who posted himself on it at great personal risk, and extinguished the sparks as they fell on the roof, it was preserved from injury. Fortunately neither he nor any other other person engaged met with any accident, and, though the wind was blowing pretty high, the damages were restricted to the premises on which the fire originated. The necessary steps are being taken to levy the damage on the county.

BALTIMORE FAIR (Co. WESTMEATH), JUNE 9.—Beef was very scarce and inferior, from 50s. to 56s. per cwt.; dairy cows and springers abundant at from £8 to £15 10s. per head; three year old heifers scarce, bringing from £11 to £13 17s. 6d.; two years ditto, from £8 to £10 5s.; prime one year old ditto, £5 to £15 each. Dry cattle numerous, and selling from £7 to £12, according to age and condition. Mutton was, as usual, high, fully 7d. per lb. in wool; stores from 35s. to 47s. 6d. each; lambs in good supply, 20s. to 26s. each. Pigs not looked for, 41s. to 44s. per cwt.; stores and slips the same at, from 16s., the latter to 64s. for good specimens of the former. Only a small portion of stock changed owners; dealers are deterred by the fear of distemper, which I regret to state prevails to a great extent.

THE LIMERICK CHRONICLE

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 12, 1862.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIMERICK CHRONICLE.
SIR—I have read an article in the CHRONICLE of Tuesday, 3rd June, 1862, signed W. L. Joynt, one of Conservators of Fisheries. That gentleman is only two years a member of the board, and being a solicitor, and not a fisherman, he can know very little about fisheries; he denies that he would do anything to injure the rights of the corporation or the long-net fishermen. I say the maintaining of fixed engines—namely, stake nets, fly nets, and bag nets, is destroying both property and fishermen; he also says the only means of serving both is by conservancy. I say if the fixed engines are removed and the license duty doubled on all the other engines, we would have better conservancy and more funds than at present. Surely supporting the very engines that are catching all the fish is injuring both. He also states he had the honour of submitting a letter to the members of the House of Commons, which also appears in the same paper; on reading that last-mentioned letter I see in it where he says the clumsy hand net ought to be removed, and the fixed net allowed to stand; that is serving both property and fishermen. The substance of the letter served on the members of parliament was to show that the fish are increasing. Mr. Joynt brought forward a resolution at a meeting of the Board of Conservators to call on the Commissioners of Public Works and Fisheries to enquire into the state of the fisheries. Mr. Brady attended, and the season was shortened, on the ground of the river being over fished; if the fishing is increasing (as Mr. Joynt states) the public who are engaged in fishing are robbed, especially the poor net men; if decreasing the fixed engines that are destroying them ought to be removed. There was an enquiry and evidence taken on oath; that evidence was that the river was over fished in the tideway by fixed engines, and further evidence was given that there were not a sufficient stock for breeding; this letter also states they employ nearly 2,000 people. I know the number, and there are not in full 120 employed in fishing them; allowing 90 heads of families on the above number with 6 to each family, that would only make 540, in place of 2,000, while at Limerick alone there are 57 draft nets with 3 men to each net and, 11 snap nets with 4 men to each net,—in all that would make 215, out of which there are 170 heads of families with 6 to each family; this would make 1,020 at Limerick alone, and not to mention the other parts of the county.

and return bearing the proud and honoured name of a brave and faithful British soldier.

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Your obedient servant,
JOHNNY FROM THE BOG.

THE AMERICAN WAR—FUNERAL OF LIEUTENANT FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

The following extract from the *New York Times*, supplies another melancholy proof of the horrors resulting from the unnatural fratricidal war at present raging in America. The deceased was formerly a distinguished writer on the *London Press*, and closely connected with some of the oldest, and highest families in the province of Munster:—

FUNERAL OF LIEUTENANT FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.
The remains of Lieutenant Fitz-James O'Brien were conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery; yesterday. They arrived in the city on Tuesday, and were received by the Seventh Company National Guard, who promulgated the following order:—

NEW YORK, April 8, 1862.
COMPANY ORDER NO. 7.—The members of this company will assemble at the Armory in full fatigue dress, with over coats and white gloves, on Wednesday, 9th instant at half-past eleven o'clock a.m., for the purpose of paying the last tribute of respect to our fellow-member, Lieutenant Fitz-James O'Brien, who died from wounds received while nobly doing his duty in the defence of his country. Members of the regiment are invited to join us.

The body will lie in state at the Armory until the time appointed for the funeral. The following members are detailed for guard duty from seven o'clock, p.m., until seven a.m. to-morrow; Sergeant C. H. De Lanauar, Corporal Thomas H. Delano, Privates Holmes, Fowler, Holdridge, George G. Moore, Williamson, W. H. Beebe. They will be relieved at 7 o'clock a.m. to-morrow (to-morrow) by Sergeant Coger, Corporal Dunscomb, Private A. G. Smith, W. H. Schermerhola, Turnbull and Risley.

By order of
CAPT. GEO. W. ELLIOTT,
DELANO; W. O. BIDWELL, Orderly.

At the time appointed the friends of the deceased took their last farewell of their loyal, and lamented companion. He lay in the coffin wherein he had been conveyed to the city, his features but little altered, and, except in a slight attenuation of the lower part of the face, scarcely indicating the great sufferings through which he had passed. Lieutenant O'Brien was on the staff of General Landers, and in the affair of Bloomery Gap, on the 1st of July, who obeyed the word of command, and rushed with that gallant leader upon the rebels, and achieved a brilliant feat of successful daring. The dispatch which recorded his bravery ended with a postscript, in which it was stated that Lieutenant O'Brien had been wounded in the breast. The calamity that has deprived the Union of a good officer, and literature of a writer, who cannot be replaced, occurred immediately after the event referred to by General Landers. A reconnaissance was made by a party of cavalry; suddenly they came upon an overpowering force of the enemy. The rebel officer, confused by the sudden apparition, did not know whether the men before him belonged to his own side or that of the United States. He rode up within speaking distance and said, "Whose troops are you?" Lieutenant O'Brien, ever vigilant at the post of danger, answered "Union." Two shots were heard; the one carried death to the rebel officer, the other has placed Lieut. O'Brien in an early tomb.

Lieutenant O'Brien, immediately after his return from Washington, associated himself with a new military organization, and a few months since, impatient at the petty delays incidental to recruiting, threw up a captaincy, to accept the commission of lieutenant, and a position on General Landers' staff. Short as was his service, he merited not only the approval of his commanding officer, but was made glad, in his last moments, by an autograph letter of thanks from Gen. McClellan. Finally, the regiment in which he learnt his first lesson in war paid him the last sad honours of a soldier's career.

The coffin bore the inscription:
Lieut. Fitz-James O'Brien,
U. S. Volunteers,
Died April 6, 1862, aged 33.
On its lid was the sword of the deceased, and the sword he captured from the rebel officer who gave him his death wound. The wound was not at first regarded as dangerous to life, although it seemed to jeopardise the arm. A subsequent operation, at which the shattered bones of the shoulder blade were extracted, led to lock-jaw, and this to death. The arm had not been amputated.

As a literary man, Lieutenant O'Brien was completely successful. He never made a failure, and in consequence was much sought after by publishers. It was his whim, however, to be fickle, and hence the writings that would have gladly been taken by one, were scattered among many. We are glad to hear that a collection of these fugitive pieces will shortly be made by his literary executors. They will be found to reveal a delicacy of fancy, a charm of style, a felicity of imagery, and a gentleness of feeling which no other author, save Dickens, possesses. The following extract from a letter written on a bed of agony, illustrates better than words of ours the genial genius and calm bravery of the man whose untimely death all must lament.

I have nothing to write about except myself, a rather one sided subject. Still I must write or die. I haven't yet told you of my sufferings, and didn't intend to; but the fit is on me, and I must harrow you a little. I hope to God you never will have to go through what I have experienced, and what I am liable to. For the first week of my wound, nothing but enormous doses of morphia kept me from going crazy with pain. I had to be kept all day in a lazy, half-slumberous condition, in which I felt like a kind of hot-house plant, doing and living, and that's all.

It was at this period that I conceived that prejudice against my left arm, which has since ripened into hate—I cannot express the feelings with which I regard that limb. I long to cast it off, to disinherit it, to cut it off with a sharp shilling, and thrust it out upon the world to beg. Its hand at present is fit for no higher occupation than to clutch pennies. While highly morphinized, and in a semi-conscious state, I formed the idea that the aggravating limb did not belong to me, but was a vagabond and malicious arm that had

attached itself to me for the purpose of preventing my becoming Commander-in-Chief, which I was to be, soon as I had fought Beauregard in the Coliseum with a trident and a shrimp-net. All my arrangements had been made. Both armies of the Potomac were to assist at the spectacle, when, during my sleep, a rebel spy took away the arm on which I depended for using the shrimp-net, and left me a mutilated member instead. This is the true history of the case, although prejudiced persons might be apt to call it a morphia hallucination.

I left off morphia completely four weeks ago. It was a hard struggle to part with the great consolator, but I gave it up and took to brandy. They gave me a deal of this in egg-nogg and milk-punch to sustain my really wasted frame. Imagine the 168 pound man you knew, down to about 120, and so weak that the falling of a book startles him as if it were the bursting of a shell. I wish * * * were here to sketch me as I am engineered out of bed to a big chair with haggard face, spider limbs, and body fairly contracted with a pain of moving. The day after to-morrow I am to have a probe put into the wound and shoved down as far as my elbow, after which they will cut the flesh of the fore arm open to the bone for six inches in length. So you see I have quite a pleasing prospect before me.

* * * * * My amusements are not various. I can see from my window a railroad depot and a locomotive; but steam, although a giant, a reformer, and an industrial power of vast extent, is not strictly cheerful. To-day is, I think, Spring opening day of the season. The display is very tasteful and elegant. We noticed quite a chaste and novel thing in the way of sunshine, which will no doubt be extensively patronised. A very neat and delicate article of budding elm, trimmed with early blue birds, attracted much attention, as did also a little *chef d'œuvre*, consisting of a pot-pourri of hepaticas, crocuses, and snowdrops. Jesting apart, the day is lovely. The sun shines on the distant hills; the singing of the birds comes through my window with grateful sound as I lie sad and silent, and suffering. Oh, liberty, motion, health and strength! I never knew what treasures you were till now.

During Lieutenant O'Brien's illness his sole thoughts were occupied about his now disconsolate mother, to whom he was most devotedly attached; so much so that Mr. Harper, one of his friends and publishers, has stated in his *New York Weekly* that, when any article from his pen met with high approval from the press, his first words were, "I am glad as I think my mother will like it."

[In our obituary of Tuesday, the 3rd instant, we recorded the death, at Maryland, Cumberland, U.S., of the above gallant young officer, from the effects of wounds received in the action at Bloomery, while acting as Aide-de-Camp to General Landers. Captain Fitzjames O'Brien was the beloved and only son of Mrs. De Courcy O'Grady, and is deeply lamented by a numerous circle of friends in this country and America.]

Sub-Inspectors Maxwell and Gore have arrived at the Depot for instruction in the new musketry drill.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—Professor O'Curry resumed his course of lectures "on the manners, customs, and social life of the people of ancient Erin," at the University House, Stephen's-green on Tuesday evening. The subject of the learned professor's discourse was "the musical instruments of the ancient Irish," and in the treatment of it great antiquarian research and power of elucidating the facts of history were evinced. There was a large attendance of the professors and students of the university.

At the Nenagh Petty Sessions on Saturday the magistrates decided that in future all processes and summonses for the recovery of money must be moved by the *bona fide* plaintiff in person or by a professional gentleman.

DESTRUCTION OF SHEEP.—Last Thursday night ten sheep and five lambs belonging to Mr. John Morrison, of Belvidere, county Cork, were killed by dogs. This is the second time within the past few months that Mr. Morrison has been a sufferer in a similar manner, about three months ago so large a number as 111 sheep having been destroyed by dogs.—*Cork Examiner.*

ARBOREAL BEARINGS.—It is quite clear that the members of the legal profession need have no fear of a falling off in their business. Any one who was in the English Court of Exchequer on Wednesday, and heard the case of "Stubs and another v. Stubs" will not fail to have come to that conclusion.