

very much obliged to you, sir, for the trouble you have kindly taken. 'Ab, my dear Jules he returned the fair traveller's salutation, 'How weak a man is when a woman is in question! To be softened by a look, by a smile, Enchantress! syren! witch! I was bursting with rage a moment ago, and with a few words she has appeased me. Not that she is really as handsome as Madlle Rose.— She has not half so fine a colour. To think that that old wretch of a coachman would not let out their names. Well, at all events, they are Barons; it is something to have found that out. I must go and boast of my discovery to Madlle Rose. She is in sad trouble to-day, poor dear little thing. I fancy she has got altogether into a scrape. Her cousin was eyeing her for all the world like Bluebeard at the Marionettes, and M. Andre turned his back upon her. I saw she could hardly keep from crying. It is very fortunate that I am not in love with her, for if I was in love I should be jealous, and if I was jealous I should torment her also, poor dear, good little Madlle Rose. Oh, dear, how sad she seems! It is enough to break one's heart!'

CHAPTER V.

From the moment that Andre had disappeared and the travellers departed, Rose had tried to behave as usual, to smile and to talk as if nothing was the matter; but the attempt was a lame one. Her heart was so full, that she was constantly on the point of giving way. Henri had withdrawn a little from the vicinity of her stall, but he was still hovering about the market place. At one time she lost sight of him; but he was sitting smoking at a table before a cafe, and from thence contrived still to watch her with unremitting attention. At last the hour arrived when she was in the habit of leaving the market place. Jean Pierre, M. Dumont's stable boy, brought out the old horse and harnessed him to the cart.

'I am going home on foot,' said Rose, as she gave the empty baskets into his charge.

'The weather looks bad, Madlle.; there is a storm coming on. Had you not better take your cloak with you.'

'Pooh! it won't rain. The clouds have been threatening all day, and nothing comes of them,' and she walked off at a quick pace towards the Place Henri Quatre. When she arrived at the promenade which commands a view of all the valley of Pau, she sat down on one of the benches, clasped her hands round her knees, and fell into a deep train of thought. The wind was beginning to whistle amongst the branches of the old trees, and now and then large drops of rain fell, heavy, one by one,—the first of a thunder shower. Flashes of lightning, too, now and then illumined the dark clouds that had gathered round the mountain tops. But Rose neither saw the lightning, nor heard the wind. She was absorbed in thought. Covering her face with her hands, she murmured—

'Oh, dear! oh, dear! how unhappy I am!—How unkind, how cruel I have been to Andre. He must think me the most heartless girl in the world. Poor fellow, he came to me full of confidence in my affection, and well he might, too, to tell me of his—of our misfortune; he came expecting sympathy, and I behaved like a brute to him. No wonder he went away utterly disgusted. I dare say he did not see Henri, or guess at the reason of my conduct. I suppose he thought that, now that he is obliged to go away, I want to be let off my promise to him.—How silly it was to be so frightened, and yet I certainly did see something shining in Henri's hand. He was grasping it so tight, and he looked so strange. If he had killed Andre, oh, dear, how dreadful it would have been! It turns me cold to think of it. Such things have happened, too. That story, for instance that was in the newspapers the other day, of a man killed his sweetheart, and then blew his brains out. It has haunted me ever since Uncle Dumont read it out.'

'It is beginning to rain,' said a hoarse voice at her elbow! 'make haste to go home.'

'Mercy on me, Henri!' exclaimed Rose getting up and then sitting down again, her face flushed, and her eyes sparkling with indignation. 'Leave me alone,' she added with an imperious gesture.

'You will get wet to the skin.'

'Leave me alone, I say. Have you not tormented me enough to-day? Are you determined not to leave me a moment's peace? I shall never, never forgive you. Andre, poor Andre!'

A groan escaped from the depths of Henri's heart. She took no heed of it. Her anger had got the better of her fears, and she went on—

'I have made him miserable. He was wretched, and he came to me for sympathy and consolation. I love him, and I treated him shamefully.'

'You love him?' ejaculated Henri in a faltering voice.

'Yes, I love him; and I hate you!'

'Rose, Rose, you do not mean what you are saying.'

'Yes, I do. I will not submit any longer to your tyranny. Do you intend to go on as you have done, wanting to force me into marrying you, when I tell you—'

'Oh, don't tell me any more! Yesterday I did not know you loved him.'

It was Henri who now forgot the storm, the wind, and the rain; who, as if stunned by an unexpected blow, remained stupid and motionless at the same place; while Rose moved away without another look or word. The waters of the Gave were swelling fast, the oaks of the park bending before the blast like the willows in a summer breeze; but in the young man's heart a tempest was raging wilder than the hurricane, more fierce than the storm. Passion and suffering take deep hold on those rude, earnest, energetic natures, unaccustomed to the refinements and untrammelled by the illusions of the imagination. He remained motionless on the bench where Rose had left him. His eyes wandered unconsciously over the broad landscape, overcast by the dim clouds that swept across the valley. The wind roared in his ears, but he saw nothing

save the white cottage of the De Vidals, half hidden among the trees; he heard but the words which had broken his heart, 'I love him; and I hate you.' But a sudden flash of vivid lightning immediately followed by a clap of thunder which shook the panes of glass in the adjoining houses, and was answered by the reverberating echoes of the distant mountains, roused him in an instant. 'Rose, good God, Rose!' he exclaimed, as a man who wakes from a dream, and he ran towards the bridge from whence the whole pathway from Pau to Jurancon is visible. Rose was making her way with difficulty against the wind, which was right in her face. She was drenched with rain and slipping in the mud. After a while, turning her back to the storm, she leant quite exhausted against the stem of a tree, the worst position she could have chosen; and worn out with the emotions of the day and the physical fatigue of battling with the hurricane, she gave way to tears. One moment more and Henri was by her side, throwing his great coat around her and lifting her up in his arms. There was a little rivulet to cross on the way home so swollen by the rains, that she could hardly have forded it alone. He carried her across as if she had weighed no heavier than a bird. When children, they had been accustomed to ford in this manner the little tributary brooks and streamlets of the Gave. Whether this thought came into her mind, or that the fear of the thunder storm had for the moment got the better of every other feeling, her anger no doubt a little abated.— Each time that the lightning flashed in her eyes she closed them with a little cry of terror, and on opening them again she perceived something glittering on Henri's bosom. Partly from fear, and partly from curiosity to ascertain the nature of the weapon which had so greatly alarmed her a short time previously, she drew a little aside the edge of his waistcoat. 'Holy Virgin!' she ejaculated in an audible tone; 'who would have thought it?' Two large tears fell on Henri's large rough hand. The weapon concealed in his breast was a crucifix. A few moments afterwards they reached home, and Rose was deposited by a bright vine-stick fire which Babet had just lighted. Whilst her clothes were drying and her aunt besetting her with questions, she perceived that Henri had disappeared, and she sank into a reverie. The thought of Andre, of his approaching departure, of her own folly, and the mistake she had made respecting Henri, were all crowding into her mind, and the words of Jamin's song seemed ever and anon to be ringing in her ears:—

'To face the storm, to stem the wind, Believe me, Rose, a guardian find.'

'Well, child, have you quite lost the use of your tongue?' said her aunt impatiently. 'True, you have got wet through, but that is not such a misfortune when once you have your clothes dried, and that you are sitting by a good fire with a glass of hot wine and water. I don't see why you can't be a little conversible. Henri has drawn a good number, I hope?'

Rose, who somehow had never thought of inquiring, beat down over her fire, drying her long locks of black hair, and at a loss what to answer. 'I don't know, aunt,' she answered, turning away her head.

'What, have you not heard? But where is he, that I may find out! You did not come home together, then?'

'Yes, part of the way we did; but, dear me, it was not the time to talk in the rain and with the thunder rolling over our heads.'

'Holy Virgin, what a flash that was!' exclaimed Babet making the sign of the cross.— 'Where is that boy? Why does not he come in and dry himself at the fire?' She went up to the window. 'I declare he must be out of his mind, to be taking a walk in such weather as this. There he is pacing up and down the gravel walk as leisurely as if it was a beautiful evening.'

'Leave him alone, aunt,' said Rose pettishly. 'He does not care about the rain. Where is my uncle?'

'At the stables. He went to scold Jean Pierre, for having let you come home on foot in the rain. Here he is.'

'Ah, here you are, child. You have been pretty soaked, I expect. That idiot, Jean Pierre...'

'It is not his fault, uncle. He told me there would be a storm, but I would not listen to him.'

'And my fourteen hundred francs, what news of them?'

'That little goose,' cried Babet, 'only fancy, brother...'

'Somebody said,' interrupted Rose, who was recovering her wits, 'that Henri had drawn a good number, but I cannot touch for it.'

'Your son is there,' said Babet, pointing to the window, 'strolling about the garden in the pouring rain.'

'No, he is gone now.'

'What can he be about, that boy? I never saw such a set of stupid. And Jean Pierre, too, who does not think of ascertaining if his Master's son has drawn a good number or not; a pretty sort of niece, and a pretty sort of servant too. They eat you out of house and home, but as to caring about your affairs, you may as well expect the cat to do so.'

'Henri would not have gone away if he had ever so bad a number,' said Rose querulously.

'Ay, indeed! and my fourteen hundred francs. You care very little for them, I perceive. Perhaps you fancy that pieces of five francs are picked up as easily as blackberries.'

'Indeed, I don't,' said Rose, in the same tone of voice. 'If I did I should set pretty quickly, uncle, to gather them.'

'Oh, I see what it is, child. You are always banking after some bit of finery or other.— Well, how many five-franc pieces do you want?'

'Two hundred and eighty,' said Rose doggedly.

'Is the child beside herself?' exclaimed Babet.

'No; no; she is chaffing her old uncle. Come, Rose, do you want a new bonnet?'

'No; I don't care about it.'

'Oh, many, many things.' 'A ball dress, perhaps?' 'I have done with balls.' 'Done with balls?' cried Babet, dropping her knitting: 'that is queer. What has come over you, child?' 'Don't take up everything I say, aunt. It worries me.' 'Are you ill, Rosy? You have caught cold perhaps. Come, let me put some warm cinders into your shoes, that will warm your feet.' 'No, pray leave me alone, aunt. I am not cold.' 'You are very cross then.' 'I am sure I have enough to make me cross,' Rose muttered between her teeth, and hiding her face in her hands, she leant upon the table without speaking.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The Dublin correspondent of the Times, in anticipation of the promised debate on the subject, suggests a compromise by which the difficulty respecting the grant of a charter to the Catholic University might be obviated. The writer's words are:—'The Catholic University might be chartered as a college to enable it to hold property, and make it a legally constituted corporation like the University College, London, but without the power of granting degrees. The degrees might be obtained from the Queen's University of Ireland for which purpose the students should submit to an examination in the arts and sciences necessary to qualify them for the secular professions. . . . Some such compromise seems to offer the only solution of the difficulty, for the State can no more empower the hierarchical government of the Catholic University to grant academic degrees for the secular professions than the Pope can be expected to give his sanction to the Queen's Colleges.'

(The correspondent has, no doubt, been officially instructed to write thus.)

THE TENANT CAUSE IN THE PARLIAMENT COMMITTEE.—The opinions of Judge Longfield carry the weight to which great professional eminence, extensive information, integrity of purpose, and practical acquaintance with the social condition of Ireland are entitled. The land question has been one of his studies, and he has thoroughly mastered its many complications. Out of the multitude of details he has evolved a few plain principles, and though landlords are so much attached to precedent, where it tells in their favour, as to negative any departure from the existing system, they learn to appreciate the importance of such views, as Judge Longfield's, and the probability that their legislative adoption would ensure as much to the interest of the landlord as the tenant. As head of the Landed Estates Court, he is so well acquainted with the state of Irish property. So he is no ideologist on the subject. Mr. Maguire's Committee summoned him first to councils. His evidence is very important. The promptitude with which he combated the smartness of some members of the committee showed that this grave judge was as ready as he was profound. The general result of his experience, which covered the whole country, was that landlords and tenants were equally backward in expending capital on permanent improvements: Such improvements as were made by the tenants. He believed some legislative measure was necessary. He would not rely on the Ulster custom which, he thought, operates as a bonus to bad landlords in which he agrees with Lord Dufferin. Well, what remedy would he propose? Simply to give the tenant the full existing value of his improvements at the expiration of this lease. He contemplated two things to stimulate Irish agriculture and the expenditure of capital—first, a lease, and secondly, the full value of the improvements when the lease was at an end. He thought a 21 years' lease, with good covenants and compensation, would give general satisfaction, but he would not sanction the indiscriminate use of such leases. He would give them only where the tenant occupied twenty acres of good land, unless in cases where land was close to a town. He was very decided about the lease, for on that depended the second remedy, that the tenant should have the full value of his improvements when the lease expired. If the tenant effected no permanent benefit to the estate, he would get nothing. As disputes might arise between landlord and tenant about the desirability of making certain improvements, he would refer such vexed questions to the Quarter Sessions, and lay the *onus probandi* on the tenant—that is, the tenant should prove, to the satisfaction of the court, that the improvement would benefit the estate. The appeal would give the tenant an opportunity to have his case inquired into 'should the landlord be negligent enough or stupid enough to pooh pooh his application.' The payment of the value of the improvements should be made in what Judge Longfield calls 'hard cash,' or else a lease for another 21 years at the same rent. Landlords would find little difficulty in providing pecuniary compensation, because they could charge the estate with the amount, while their incomes would remain the same. Mr. Lowe threw out that the Court of Appeal would be a tribunal of landlords, and therefore adverse to the tenant. Judge Longfield suggested it because it was cheap and accessible. As there must be some court of appeal, we consider the Quarter Sessions the best, because the least expensive and most expeditious. Mr. Lowe also thought the privilege of open contract should not be disturbed. Judge Longfield was of a different opinion. When the country was lying waste for the want of a compulsory power, he would introduce such a provision to meet the special case and circumstances of the country. In reply to a question by Mr. Forster, whether it was not a fact that tenants will not improve their rests should be raised, Judge Longfield said that was the case. Every person acquainted with the tenure of land in Ireland knows such to be the fact. There is very little confidence between the landlord and tenant, and Judge Longfield illustrates it very forcibly in the part of his evidence referring to the right of appeal. Suppose, he says the tenant has swampy, undrained land, and applies to the landlord to assist him. The landlord might say—and in hundreds of cases has said—'I don't care whether you improve it or not; but as you must improve to make money out of land, I will make you pay the rent in any case.' Judge Longfield would abolish altogether the right of distress, placing the landlord on the same level with other creditors. Sir Robert Peel asked if the right of distress were abolished, how could the landlord recover his rent? Judge Longfield is reported to have said he could not recover, but as an equivalent for the loss the process of ejectment might be facilitated. The effect would be that the landlords would select good tenants which would render rent distress unnecessary. Why could not the landlord recover his rent by action, like any other creditor? If he be shut out from a distress, he is not from the courts of law. Indeed, distress for rent is now rarely resorted to. Pennies are falling into desuetude, and arrears are less frequent. We do not see how ejectments could be more facilitated than they are at present. Whatever protection the tenant had under the old law, in compelling the landlord to sue in the superior courts, is gone—and, except where the title is disputed, the Quarter Sessions places the tenant at the mercy of the landlord with little trouble and expense. Recovery of possession is now so easy and simple as to require no greater facilities than landlords at present possess. Lord Naas objected, to the line of examination relative to the law of distress. The question was not within scope of their inquiry, and Sir Robert Peel, who raised it, was irregular. The mem-

ber for Cockermonth then moved then moved to expunge all the evidence bearing on the question. Room cleared, but, on re-admission, Sir Robert continued his examination. Hence we infer that the majority of the Committee ruled in favour of the rejection of evidence. Mr. George, who is a great landlord authority, summed up for Judge Longfield the substance of his evidence thus—'You would absolutely take away the veto of the landlord in the improvements he might be indisposed to sanction.— Judge Longfield denied the accuracy of the summary, but if a landlord from caprice refused his sanction to reasonable improvements, 'an appeal to Quarter Sessions would be no violation of what were termed the natural rights of property.' The evidence of so eminent a man, and the manner in which it was given, strengthened the position of the tenants' friends in the committee. The next witness will be Lord Dufferin.—*Freeman*.

THE WOMEN OF IRELAND.—As usual, the boys in both these schools (at Bantry) were not so well dressed as the girls, but they were not merely decent, but even very neatly dressed, their skins clean, their hair in good order; and among them many children of extraordinary beauty. This last observation is equally applicable to all the schools visited by me in the south of Ireland, as well as the children seen in the cottages, and even to the beggars; the beauty of the female children, in particular being very striking. They uniformly wear their hair very thick, and in great profusion—black, golden, and faxen; and when this huge rounded mass is kept within due bounds and in proper trim, as is generally the case in the schools, it gives a romantic and poetical expression to the head and face which greatly enhances the effect of their bright black eyes and elegant features. I may add that the beauty of the children is by no means evanescent, as it is found abundantly, though not in quite so great a degree, among the grown up young women throughout the south and west of Ireland. This comeliness, if not general was certainly frequent, and in individual specimens, attained the standard of almost faultless beauty—and this is not merely in feature, but in form and deportment also. It was no slight pleasure to meet one of those rustic maidens of a morning tripping joyously along the turf, in her bright coloured shawl, with her small and well-shaped feet and ankles unfettered by shoes or stockings, with her lithe upright carriage, and her profuse glossy and well-arranged locks; and this pleasure was not a little enhanced when a salutation or a question brought out, as it once did, her modest smile and her pretty brogue. It is another tribute justly due to the young women of Ireland, to record their singular decorum and modesty of demeanour, and their general propriety of conduct. I do not hesitate for a moment in giving to 'them decidedly the palm, in these particulars, over the rustic damsels of both England and Scotland.—*Dr. Forbes*.

ERIN GO BRAGH!—About what time did this cry become popular in Ireland? From the expression in Bishop Stock's 'Narrative of what passed at Killala during the French invasion in the summer of 1793, it would appear to have been a novelty at that period. The bishop, in describing the forcible occupation of his own episcopal residence, the Castle of Killala, by the Irish who rushed to support the French force, says:—'A green flag was mounted over the Castle gate, with an inscription, 'Erin-go Bragh' importing, as I am told, 'Ireland for ever.' (p. 24). Hence it would appear to have been new to him. Campbell in his song of the 'Exile of Erin,' would imply that it had long been a national melody—

'The day star attracted his eye's sad devotion, For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean, Where once in the pride of his youthful emotion, He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-Bragh.'

And again:—

'To cover my harp with the wild wren flowers, And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-Bragh.' But there has not, within my memory, been any popular air, so called—certainly none so nationally accepted as 'Garryowen,' or 'Patrick's Day.' Erin-go-Bragh would seem to be a war cry rather than the refrain of a national tune; and it would be interesting to know whether there is any record of it earlier than the brief notice by the Bishop of Killala.—*Notes and Queries*.

Moste-park, the beautiful seat of Lord Crofton, has been totally destroyed by fire. About 1 o'clock yesterday morning the discovery was first made that the house was on fire, and notwithstanding that every assistance in their power was rendered by the constabulary and the tenants on the estate, the fine mansion was entirely consumed, nearly all the furniture and many objects of great value having been destroyed. The house is said to be insured for a considerable amount. Happily no accidents took place.

The prize of ten guineas recently offered by the conductors of the *Orchestra*, a London musical journal of high repute, to the composer of the best setting for voice and piano, of the words furnished in the columns of the journal itself.—'Far Away on the Billow,' has been adjudged to Dr. Robert P. Stewart, an Irishman.

The *Cork Examiner* has the following with regard to the continued emigration to this country:—'There was the usual weekly despatch of emigrants for New York by the National Steamship company, on May 19th, from Queenstown. The *Louisiana* was the outgoing steamer of the line; she had about 500 on board from Liverpool, 200 were to embark here, and nearly 500 others had to remain behind. The complement for the next two human steamers have already been made up. There is a large exodus at present from Berehaven, Skibbereen, Clonakilty, and the west of this county generally; Kerry still contributes much more than her share, and Limerick sends a large proportion of the emigrants. They are now of a much more respectable class than the emigrants of previous years.'

A NEW CANDIDATE FOR TIPPERARY.—The *Solicitors Journal* has the following election on ditto—'It is rumoured that Mr. Morgan John O'Connell, of Gray's Inn and the Home Circuit, son of Mr. John O'Connell of Grenn, and nephew of the Liberator, will contest the County of Tipperary, in company with Mr. Moore, at the general election.' Some years ago Mr. O'Connell set for his native county, Kerry. His recent marriage with the daughter of Mr. Charles Bianconi connects him with Tipperary. It was rumoured not long since that he had visited Cork with a view to sounding the temper of that constituency for a new candidate.

The *London News* alludes to one of the plagues of Ireland in this wise:

The emigration from Ireland has turned loose hundreds of thousands of dogs to become wild. One member reckons the Irish dogs at a million another at a million and a half; and Sir R. Peel at two millions. These vagrant dogs worry sheep, and cattle, and pigs, communicate vermin to them, spoil their health and their repose, hinder their fattening, and kill off the sheep by thousands in a year. The sheep killed outright and reported to the police were 6,147 in 1864; and in an incalculable number of cases the police are not appealed to at all—so small have hitherto been the chances of redress. One terrible feature of the case is the progressive increase of fatal cases of hydrophobia in Ireland, as we learn from Professor Gamgee.

On the morning of May 5, the body of a female was found on the strand of Ballyduboy. An inquest was held on the following day; but as the body could not be identified, and no evidence respecting it was forthcoming, an open verdict of 'found drowned' was returned. It was supposed, from the circumstance, that two gold rings were upon the fingers and a gold chain round her neck; that this was the body of the wife of Captain Lonstar; lost from on board the *Teazer*, of Google, recently wrecked on the North Bank.—*Wexford People*.

FENIANISM IN THE QUEEN'S COUNTY.—While it is to be regretted that there are persons to be found who will lend themselves to the promotion of secret societies, designed to effect illegal objects, it is very gratifying to observe that the clergy are endeavoring to persuade their flock not to participate in such organizations. From what we have heard from most reliable sources there is reason to believe that a spirit of Fenianism exists in the Queen's County, although there has been no public disclosure or manifestation made on the part of its supporters to show that members of its body actually exist in our district. One or two Sundays ago a respected Roman Catholic curate of one of the parish chapels, having celebrated Mass, delivered a very impressive discourse to the members of his congregation, in the course of which he urged upon them to keep aloof from all illegal societies, and specially called their attention to the Fenians, whose agents he observed were in the neighbourhood, endeavoring to entrap the unwary, and thus bring them within the power of the law, which was strong enough to finally uproot all such societies that existed in the country. Observations such as these are strong *prima facie* evidence that Fenianism does exist in the Queen's County; but we trust—for the sake of the well-disposed inhabitants—that those who have been foolishly enough to engage in it will adopt the advice of the Rev. gentleman, and cease to be connected with any organization that must end in their ruin should 'the strong arm of the law' lay hold upon them.—*Leinster Express*.

We must all rejoice to hear that the population of Ireland is increasing—at least if you believe the statisticians of that pious body known as the 'Irish Church Missions Society'; for I confess I do not find anything in the Government returns calculated to create such a belief. They impress you with the fact that the population is diminishing rapidly, under the beneficent operations of Irish landlordism, which is (as the Yankees say of their own treatment of the Indians) 'improving the population of the face of the soil.'

Nevertheless, if the 'Irish Church Missions Society' be an honest Christian Association, and not a rascally fraud and swindle, the population must be increasing miraculously in some part of Ireland. I strolled into St. James's Hall recently, during a meeting of the Society held in that place; and I was astonished to hear the right rev. chairman coolly affirm, amongst other miraculous examples of the working of the Society, that it had converted 'several thousand persons in Dingle.' Now, when I was acquainted with Dingle, and that not very long ago, it was a small watering place, a mere village on the south coast of Kerry; and I should be talking 'tall' if I spoke of its population as 'several hundreds.' This 'several' is a mighty big word; and 'several thousands' would be an appropriate phrase when speaking generally of the entire population of the county of Kerry. Nevertheless, the virtuous 'Irish Church Missions Society' has continued to multiply the few hundred Catholics of Dingle into 'several thousand' Protestant converts; a feat which, if it did not sound irreverent, I would say beat the miracle of the loaves and fishes follow. I am afraid that the Bible, in its noble simplicity of language, would call these precious missionaries of soap, 'a generation of liars.' The special advantage and safety of lying like this is that the old women of both sexes who listen to it here in London have not the remotest idea where or what Dingle is—a country, a town, a mountain, or a river. They are like the late Duke of Newcastle, who, when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, had never heard of Oastlebar.

Talking of these missions, it is marvellous what revelations the 'May Meetings' now going on, make of the pious folly of certain classes of wealthy people in England. The yearly revenues of the Societies who hold their annual meetings this month, considerably exceed One Million Four hundred thousand, of all this enormous expenditure, the results seem to be absolutely nothing. There are missionaries everywhere, in every quarter of the globe, associations and printing establishments. Vast staffs are kept up, countless tracts and Bibles printed, and clerical actors, in splendid wind, keep up the annual enthusiasm with the wildest and most fanciful orations. But at none of these meetings is a single fact produced to show that any progress is made, any value got, for all the money wasted. The reports are full of cant and slang about good seed, and blessings on their labours, and the spread of the Word; but the foolish people who are gulled out of their money are never told where a convert has been made, or a body of Christians are established. Having nothing to tell, the promoters of these Societies hold their tongues, or make up for it by abusing Popes, priests, and Jesuits. In fact, most of these Societies seem to be got up chiefly to provide rich feeding, sleek black coats and fine linen, for a gang of people who, if condemned to earn their bread in any ordinary way of common honesty, would probably starve or die in the workhouse. And that's the way the money goes.

And whilst these people are making the pockets of fools under the pretence of enlightening Niggers and Zulus in Asia, there are, we learn, a million of children, in London alone, who have never entered a church or a school, to whom religion is a meaningless word, and who know not of a God. The Government returns give astounding examples of this mental and spiritual darkness. A growing boy, living in a poor London street, had never heard of the Queen, had no idea who she was or what the word meant; another did not know the meaning of 'a field,' had never seen one, and could not conceive what the country was like; a girl working in a London factory, amid crowded courts and filthy lanes, had never seen or heard of the river Thames, had no notion what a river was, and could not form any conception of the meaning of the word 'ship,' and so on, in thousands of cases. As for 'religion' and 'God,' these poor animals had never heard the words. Within a stone's throw of Exeter Hall there are thousands of human beings sunk in the lowest depths of squalor, vice, and brutal ignorance; but the millions of money flow out of Exeter Hall to the mythical Nigger or Zulu, and no regard is paid to the unhappy 'Anglo-Saxon' heathen. 'I say, mate,' observed one miner down in Staffordshire to another, after they had been comparing notes as to who God was, 'I wonder if that there God Almighty died who'd take his place?' 'Aw dunnno, awm sure, mate,' was the intelligent answer, 'unless 'tuld be Lord Doodley.' Lord Dudley is the owner of the mines, and, in the belief of these intelligent 'Anglo-Saxon' miners, the greatest man in the world. But there are no missionaries among those poor brutes—they are too near home to be interesting to the lovers of the Nigger.—*Correspondent of the Dublin Irishman*.

At a late meeting of the Dundalk Board of Guardians, application was made, in the usual way, for out-door relief for a sick man, his wife and nine children, who were all in great want. One of the guardians expressed an opinion that he thought five shillings a week little enough for them! Another said that sum was rather small for eleven mouths! The sum of six shillings per week was allowed, which was less than one penny per day for the support of each person!—*Freeman*.

A large meeting of the directors of the Meath Railway Company was held lately in London, when the sum of £40,000 was voted to the Navan and Kingscourt line.

Sir Thomas Staples, father of the Irish Bar, died lately, having nearly completed his 90th year. He was the last member of the House of Commons, in which assembly he sat for the borough of Coleraine, subsequently for Knocktopher, County Kilkenny. He voted against the Union. His nephew, Nathaniel Alexander Staples, who was born in 1817, succeeds to the baronetcy.