

event occurred, which caused a slight diversion at Mainowen, and added somewhat to the gaiety if not to the happiness of its inmates. Major Laurence's regiment was again stationed at Lissade, and many of the officers called upon the widow of their old comrade.

We heard from them how loved and esteemed he had been, and not a few pleasing anecdotes were told of their major's bravery and tenderness in many a battle scene. It evidence had been wanting, there was plenty to show that the man Lena Morgan had left her father's roof for years before, had been one of noble integrity and worth. If Mrs. Laurence had been of a bright and joyous nature before her husband's death, she lost it when she lost him. It seemed as though the recollection of her loss was ever present; and though at times she would laugh with something like the ring of merriment, yet directly afterwards her face would wear its usual quiet gravity of expression.

We knew, then, when Colonel Ramsay visited Mainowen day after day, to sit for half an hour's talking to Lena, that a bitter disappointment awaited him if he hoped to win her love. It came at last, and then she told him kindly, but firmly, that she never intended to marry again; that she had no love to give, except to her father and her child; that all else was buried with the noble head which lay sleeping on its coral pillow in an ocean grave. And so we knew that the brightness of her life was past, and we could guess what their love had been.

I had begged very earnestly for our marriage to take place early in May, but the first intimation that I was no longer my own master was given me when June was fixed upon instead.

Towards the end of May I started for Castle Roydon, accompanied by Pat Doolan, to see that everything was done that hands could do to make the old place look worthy of its beautiful young mistress. As I stood once more under the roof that I had left long years ago, the past seemed all a dream, and it seemed as though I had never been without the love that had crowned my life. I did not stay long at Roydon; a few days, and I was back again at Mainowen.

'Look what I have brought for you!' I said, on the evening of my arrival, after I had sufficiently admired my treasure, putting a large square case into the little hands I had so often watched and always loved.

'Oh Archie!' she exclaimed, as the Verelst diamonds lay shining and gleaming on their beds of velvet before her. She took up the necklet and held it in her hand a few seconds, looking at it dreamily, as if she did not see it; then it dropped upon the floor, and lay there, a mass of light, as she turned to me and laid her head against my breast. 'Archie,' she whispered, 'I do not care for them, I do not care for anything but you and you love. Are you quite sure, darling, that your old dream has gone? that you love me, only me, with all your heart?'

'My darling, I cannot tell you how much I love you—too much, I sometimes think, May; and as for Maud—why I will take you to see her, and convince you that I do not love her one bit, now, if you like.'

'No, do not, Archie. I do not want to see her.'

Well, June came at last, and the roses bloomed for my darling to walk upon under the bright blue sky, and through the old moss-covered arch of the little church at Ballybrake. I cannot satisfy my fair readers as to my bride's dress that morning, for indeed I saw nothing but a fair, sweet, childish face beneath the lace, and a loving pair of deep gray eyes. 'To love, honor, and obey.' There was no need to bend down the head to catch the clear ring of the old, old words. There was no hesitation, no uncertainty about the voice which promised; and I knew that though I had once mistaken the false for the real, it was no counterfeit now.

It is four years since I wrote the above, and we have long been at Castle Roydon. We have not been quite without sorrow, as we were coffin in the ancient family vault can testify; but the sunshine of a perfect love shines through all and over all. If some raindrops must fall into each human life, never doubt that beyond the cloud beyond the sky the sun is still shining.

A. C. C.

(From the Dublin Irishman.)

Every week develops a new phase of English crime, the newer the more hideous on account of the strangeness to us, but all marked by the Hell-mark of intense and crass brutality. Crime flourishes and grows rich; honesty starves and is scarcely praised:

Probitas laudatur et eligit  
Criminibus debent hortus, pratorias, menas.

The London press that howled to all the world against Ireland, when an evicted tenant raised the hand of wrath against his evictor, now sits in silence nor weeps by the waters of Sodom.

Weeps?—nay, it is too busy converting the silt that flows by into hard cash. 'Non olit,' it exclaims, as it holds to its nostrils the extra-sovereigns it has extorted from the vendor of abortion-drugs, in order that it may be a participator in his blood-stained profits. Its hands are black with the garbage it picks up, its visage covered with the filth, but its pockets are filled with the gold of crime, and its mouth stuffed with the fruit of shame. The Prostitute Press of London sells its favours cheap. For half the price given Judas, it will betray its Maker and aid to destroy His breathing images.

It is horrible—most horrible. But nothing of all this is more appalling than the shocking silence of the Members of Parliament—of even the Irish members. We do not understand how it is possible for men to remain members of a law-making assembly—with the heavy moral responsibility of helping to prevent English crime—and yet stand silent and see the evil increase and advance. Surely, if the English members see nothing strange in the fact—as stated by Dr. Lankester, Coroner for Middlesex—that thousands of children are slaughtered every year in England, the Irish members should speak out the horror that fills their souls.

English members have shown no shyness in referring to Irish affairs; they have done all they could to magnify the mote they saw in her so that all the world might think it a mountain. It is time for the Irish members to abandon an attitude—which, if persisted in, becomes the attitude of dastards. Some of them fought with bravery against the shameless majority that attempted to defame Ireland. We yet hope that of this band there will stand forth some, in the cause of humanity, in the cause of Christianity, to protest against the Slaughter of Children, which

makes England comparable with China, and English mothers no whit better than those who sacrificed infants to Moloch.

Morally speaking, an awful responsibility rests on their souls, if they do not interfere to avert hideous crimes, and yet are dumb dogs and make no sign. How will they answer for it on the Last Dread Day, when they are shown the tens of thousands of innocents frightfully slaughtered, and required to answer what they have done to hinder this multitude of horrid crimes?

If the hearts of English members be hard, and their souls callous—so should not be the hearts and souls of Irish members. And they should invoke the assistance of those Scotch members—representatives of a country whose mothers do not slaughter their babes, but which a London paper, the 'Daily News,' dared to call 'the most profligate country in the world.'

We tell these members—we tell the Irish members—that so long as they retain their places as Members of the British Parliament, so long have they the hideous responsibility on their souls of looking after and endeavoring to prevent English crime. They will be judged by their efforts. We think no argument more strong could be found to make men shudder at continuing the present state of affairs—of inducing them to free themselves from so terrible a load—by insisting on taking the responsibility for Ireland only, in a local parliament.

It is not only that children are slaughtered after they are born, and their corpses flung about everywhere, but a process of slow-killing is adopted, which is called baby-farming. Under this 'the child is reduced to skin and bones.' One woman is created, now and again, and the London writers simply report the case with a sensational heading which helps to sell their paper. They thus make a profit out of the case, although they may have made another profit previously by inserting the advertisement which led to the crime—although they may have made yet another profit out of it, by charging an extra rate for it, sharing directly in the proceeds. Thus, they often make three profits out of child-slaughter!!!

As a consequence, we find no indignant leading articles denouncing the criminals—stigmatizing the abominable trade—nor directing the attention of the police and the legislature to the need of eradicating the poisonous gangrene!

Yet the revelations are horrible.

'She (the prisoner) said she had been in the business about two years, and had had about forty children [farmed out to her] at one time. Where they were now she did not know.' But where they are may be guessed from Dr. Pope's evidence about those whom he saw with her. 'They were all,' he said, 'in a neglected condition and very emaciated and dirty. One of them was—up to the present time—under the influence some narcotic. The children could not cry naturally and were always asleep. They all appeared to have been deprived of food, and were in a sadly neglected condition.'

Evidently, intentionally or not, they were being subjected to a course of slow poisoning!

'The prisoner Walters concluded her statement by saying: But children are more frequently killed before they are born.'

'That is the state of London. Dr. Lankester declares that thousands of children—on whose corpses he holds inquests—have been murdered directly.—The case before us proves that numbers more must be slowly starved and poisoned to death—while the testimony of the prisoner shows that more still are slain: 'But children are more frequently killed before they are born.'

But others than children, adults, indeed, but as helpless as they, suffer a cruel fate. Killing by rib-crushing is common in English lunatic asylums, which have been held up as improvements on old systems. One Doctor Dickson starts an excuse, that the bones of paralytics are so soft and brittle that they must be easily broken. The excuse is worthy of the cause: for if a bone is soft, it cannot be brittle: it is quite elastic from the predominance of cartilage, and it must be all but impossible to break it. So numerous were the deaths by this violence of rib-crushing that this silly theory must be started to account for the greatness of the number! Cases occur constantly. The Pall Mall 'Gazette' says:—

Another case of the kind has just occurred. A man named James Doran, formerly a solicitor's clerk, had become insane, and was transferred from the Rochdale workhouse to Prestwick Asylum. He died the same day. The post-mortem examination revealed the fact that seven of his ribs were broken, but—and this is most significant—there was no corresponding exterior mark of violence. These fractures therefore, were not caused by a fall, or by blows. We should be glad if any one could tell us how they could have been produced except by heavy quiet pressure, such, for instance, as a heavy man kneeling on the chest. The jury, of course, found that the poor man had died from natural causes, death being accelerated by injuries, but that there was no evidence to show how the last were inflicted. No one will be punished, and no another wretched lunatic is consigned to his grave, and the work of crushing ribs goes on gaily, and with amazing impunity.

'No one will be punished'—for this is in England, where nineteen out of twenty burglars escape punishment, according to the 'Daily News.' 'No one will be punished!'—in a country that bowed against the million per centage of Irish offences. 'No one will be punished!' in that 'free, free, savage country' as the 'Gazette' calls England; in that civilized land, where, says the 'Daily Telegraph,' it is more dangerous for a woman to walk out, than it would be for her to traverse a tiger-jungle!

In the presence of God and man, we cite the Irish Members to look upon this hideous state of things, and then to declare if they are doing their duty by not at once demanding an extension of the Coercion Act to England?

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The necessary preparations are now being vigorously carried on in clearing the site for the new Roman Catholic chapel about to be erected in Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh, on the ground on which the old buildings now stand. The old place of worship has been finally given over to destruction to make room for a new larger, and more commodious building, which the congregation have been contemplating, and for which they have been preparing during the last few years. The old church stood a considerable distance back from the street being separated from the latter by a shrubbery, and it is proposed, besides increasing the size of the new one in other ways, to bring it up to within some feet of the street for its frontage. On the 26th of May the last service was held in the old building, and the people took farewell of the rude old ways and somewhat inconmodious floors that must remain associated in their minds with many a season of deep emotion.

The Land Bill is considered in Ireland to be virtually passed, and is accepted generally with satisfaction, but without enthusiasm. The agitation in favor of an Irish Independent Parliament is extending, and the adhesion of Protestants becomes more marked. The Lord Lieutenant has left Dublin on a short visit to England, to be present at the debate in the Lords upon the Irish Land Bill.—Times.

On the 25th ult. in Ennis, John O'Brien, sep., who, out of the entire family, had been detained in custody, was fully committed for trial to Ennis G.C., on the warrant of Mr. McOullogh, R.M., for murdering, or being concerned in the murder, of James Doherty of Gurrane, county Clare.

The Registrar General has issued his tables of

births, deaths, and marriages for the year 1869. It appears from them that the population of Ireland on the 1st of January last was 5,788,867. The total births during the year were 145,912, while the deaths were 91,039. The registered marriages were 54,736.

The 'Spectator' regrets that the Prince of Wales does not intend to purchase Tollymore Park, Ireland, it says, gets justice, but she wants consideration, and she ought to have it, from the Royal family as well as from Parliament. If the decision has come from the Ministry, we regret it as a political mistake; if from the Prince himself he may yet regret the loss of the best opportunity his friends will ever have of bringing his claims before Parliament.

The Protestant Bishop of Cashel, replying to a communication forwarded from a meeting of the parishioners of eight of the parishes in his diocese asking his sanction to their adoption of measures for a public expression of disapproval of the ritualist manual, which has given rise to so much controversy says that he is gratified to find that on this subject the bishop, clergy, and laity are of one mind. He adds that he had not felt called upon to publish his sentiments, considering that his well known character as a sincere Protestant Bishop, and the character of his diocese as untaunted by Popish or semi-Popish doctrines, rendered it unnecessary.

The 'Chronicle' states that the class of traction engines known as 'road steamers' are about to be introduced into the South of Ireland, and that one of them will be placed immediately upon the road between Waterford and Dungarvan. It is in contemplation to get up a company to purchase the engine with the necessary rolling stock for goods, cattle and passengers traffic, and work the line, the capital required being about £1,500. The 'steamer' is simply a railway engine adapted for travelling on ordinary roads. It is already in use in Scotland.

The movement in favor of a Federal Parliament for Ireland is proceeding quietly, but earnestly. On Thursday evening a meeting was held at which the Rev. Professor Galbraith, F.T.C.D., presided, and speeches were delivered by persons representing different political sections. The Conservative and 'National' elements were in the greatest force, but there was a sprinkling of the old Repealers, who attended to watch the course of this movement, but they have not as yet identified themselves with it. Some of the speakers attempted to advocate an extreme policy, but they were silenced by the meeting, and in one or two instances left in disappointment. Another meeting will be held on Thursday evening next, and no efforts will be spared to make the agitation real and urgent. The word 'Repeal' is for the present at least repudiated, lest it should frighten the timid, and the programme is strictly limited to an Irish Parliament for local purposes, as well as Imperial representation.

A pleasing example of good feeling between landlord and tenant was afforded on Thursday at the Tipperary estate of Mr. John Palliser. The tenants assembled in force in the court-house and presented a flattering address, accompanied by a service of plate and a gold watch, to Mr. Charles Langley the agent, and also an address to Mr. Palliser himself. Expressions of mutual good will were exchanged, and Mr. Palliser afterwards entertained between 70 and 80 of his tenants at a 'dinner' given in the Glengall Arms Hotel.

Mr. Leahy, who has been appointed agent of the Earl of Cork, has obtained a reduction of twelve and a half per cent. in the rents of the Blasket tenantry in the County of Kerry, and kindled among them a loving feeling of gratitude. Some years ago, the relations subsisting between them and their immediate landlords, who were middlemen, was most unsatisfactory. They made strong representations, however, to Lord Cork, being anxious to hold directly from himself and to enjoy the advantage of his generous policy. They resolved to outbid the middle men, and succeeded in their object, but have since felt the pressure of a higher rent, so that the reduction, now voluntarily made, brings them seasonable relief.

Another outrage has brought the name of Mr. O'Connor, of Morrock Lodge, in the King's County, again before the public. It will be remembered that he prosecuted, at the last assizes, two men who were concerned in the brutal attack upon him, and they were sentenced to transportation. Since then he has been in Dublin, under medical treatment, and is not yet quite recovered from the effects of the mutilation which he suffered, although a new one has been formed for him with wonderful success.—On Thursday night his hazzard was set on fire in several places, and a quantity of hay burnt—it is supposed, out of revenge for his prosecution of the two convicts.

AN IRISH M.P. IN BANEROCROY.—The 'Irish Times' of Thursday contains the following paragraph, which there is reason to believe is a correct statement of facts. It is well known that the person it refers to is no other than the hon. member for Tralee. Our contemporary says:—

The machinery of the new Bankruptcy Act has been set in motion against the representative of an Irish Southern borough, and if matters are not arranged, the constituency, unless they desire to retain for twelve months as their member one who may speak but cannot vote, must look out for another candidate. Mr. Naemeth Arnold Waddinger cites the M.P. in question under a debtor's summons to the court in Basinghall street and the commissioners have given leave to substitute service by notifying the fact in the London Gazette. This has been done by Mr. Waddinger who bails from Belgium and a writ appeared through family mediation, there are some half dozen others ready to place themselves in his position as summoning creditors.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, raised to the dignity of a Peer of the United Kingdom by the title of Baron O'Hagan of Tullahogue in the county of Tyrone, is the most popular Catholic in Ireland, and is the last new Peer in the kingdom. For the first time in the history of the two countries an Irish Catholic Chancellor sits in the House of Lords.

The secretary of the Treason-Felony Prisoners Inquiry Commission has replied to the application made by the Amnesty Association that during the inquiry some person on behalf of the friends for the prisoners should be permitted to be present for the purpose of offering evidence and putting questions to the witnesses who may be examined. The secretary states that the Commissioners, after carefully considering the proposal, are of opinion that, under the circumstances, it would not tend to promote the due investigation of the subject in regard to them if they were to accede to it. They will however, be ready to receive from the friends of the prisoners, or any one acting on their behalf, any statement in writing which it may be thought desirable to submit to them. Further, if the friends of the prisoners desire to tender any witness for examination, the Commissioners will consider any application forwarded to them to that effect, if they forward the names of the proposed witnesses, with an explanatory statement sufficient to indicate the points in regard to which it is wished they should be examined. The Commissioners add that care will be taken to give due notice to each prisoner a reasonable time before his examination, and so to conduct such examination as to enable each man to give his evidence in the most free, full, and unconstrained manner. The 'Daily Express' commenting on this refusal, says that while it regards the distinct attempt to be made between political and other offences as unsound and dangerous, it thinks that nothing should be allowed to excite a suspicion of the existence of vindictive harshness or unnecessary rigour in the treatment of the prisoners. 'In the absence,' it says, 'of some person representing the prisoners, and competent to sift the measures to the bottom, it is to be feared that the investigation, however ably and impartially con-

ducted, will be viewed with distrust, and represented as one-sided and defective.'

O'CONNELL ON IRISH OBEDIENCY AND ENGLISH FAITH.—Why cannot our Irish representatives raise the dignity and duty of their mission? Let them hear and study the following words spoken by O'Connell, in reply to Isaac Butt in the memorable Repeal debate:—'Oh! genius of Ireland; spirit of the mighty dead, come forth! shine out in our lovely land with a portion of thy ancient greatness; let me stand in the centre, and proclaim around our "sea-girt isle" the glories that await her; let my triumphant voice arouse Ireland peacefully, quietly, tranquilly, firmly, and full of conciliation; let the people awake with a dexterated energy, from that centre to the sea, which embosoms the country. Let them speak the mind of Ireland, and with the voice of men who sought their birth right, let them declare her chains too weak to enslave her. How often have I looked over the dark and fearful pages of her history, and with a melancholy absorption I have contemplated the miseries which were inflicted upon her people! Many, and many a bitter tear rolled down my cheek as I sat alone and pondered over the scenes of horror, of fearful violence, and of blood! I thought upon these things, and wept over them with something of the weakness of early childhood; and yet it was not at the massacres of Strafford—of Cromwell—of Ireton—of Ludlow; it was not at the recollection of the savage massacre committed when Cromwell's soldiers bayoneted three hundred Irish women at the Cross of Wexford; it was not at the three days of slaughter which reddened the streets of Drogheda with blood, when four thousand human beings were butchered, one thousand of whom were women and children—no, as these things filled me with burning indignation, my pulse throbed—my eyes grew strong, for I always declared I should one day or other proclaim these atrocities to Ireland; it was not these things which made me weep; it was not by these that I was pained in a position where I was unsmiled, and almost ashamed to be seen; it was not this which made me shrink from the eye of her who was my happiness on earth. Oh; no; and although I did weep in reading passages of Irish history, it was when I found, period after period Irishmen true to themselves if not deserted by their leaders, and betrayed, ruined and lost, when those leaders possessed their entire confidence—or those leaders abandoned and betrayed by their followers at the moment of otherwise undoubted victory and perfect triumph. They confided in English faith, in English truth, and in English honor; they gave up the sword even in the moment of victory—they abandoned the contest in the hour of triumph, when proud enemies supplicated almost for mercy, and made them believe in the faith of treaties. Curse them why did they acquiesce? why did they acquiesce? Do not your minds feel indignant at the conduct of the base wretches who forsake these advantages, and put trust in the honor of England—you see the situation in which you are placed. We have the victory now within our reach if we only but follow it up.'

DUBLIN, June 7.—The symptoms of a new Repeal agitation are becoming more distinctly marked. It is yet only in its infancy, but its growth is rapid, and it is already attracting considerable attention. Many persons who a few years ago would not have listened to the proposal of a Parliament in College-green now seriously discuss its probability. The public mind is becoming familiarized with the suggestion; and although the promoters of the movement do not appear to entertain a clear and fixed idea of what the end is to be they are gaining adherents. The 'Freeman' writes upon the "signs of the times" in a cautious and admonitory tone. It recalls the fact that many joined the old Repeal Association as Federalists, and remained true to their professions. It remarks that the one great obstacle to the universal adoption of the principle of local legislation, combined with Imperial union, is the absence of the cordial union of classes, without which the change would be the reverse of a blessing. The Church Act has done much to remove the obstacle to union, but the writer thinks that much more must be done, and that "a cordial frank recognition of the status and rights of each class and body must precede the commingling of the nations in one compact mass." Mere "words of fraternity without the substantial recognition of equality will not do." "The whole field," it observes, "must be mapped and apportioned, the cost must be counted, and the ways and means estimated before thoughtful men will cast their lot; for once the ground is chosen, and the wage of battle given, there must be no faltering, no retiring, save to enjoy national reat in the porticoes of the national Senate." This advice will probably cool the ardour of the Protestant Repealers. The 'Cork Reporter' strongly condemns "the revival of a hopeless agitation. It argues that "a campaign for absolute separation would be much more logical, much more reasonable, and would contain much more probability of success than another agitation for repeal." Discouraged by the "Nationalists," discouraged by the old Repealers, and disowned by their old friends, the new band of agitators seem at present to have but two courses open to them—either to persevere and lead a forlorn hope without any substantial support, or to disperse before they have actually raised their flag. It remains to be seen whether prudence or passion will direct them.

The passage of the Land Bill through the Commons has elicited but little expression of opinion. Those who advocated extreme views are consistently dissatisfied, but the Liberal press generally has treated the matter as settled, and some have plainly declared their satisfaction. Among these may be mentioned the 'Cork Examiner,' which rebukes the discontented critics for their want of candour, and effectively contrasts the position of the tenantry at present with what is provided for them by the Bill. The Clonakilty Farmers' Club passed a vote of thanks yesterday to Mr. Gladstone and to Mr. McCarthy Downing for their efforts in connexion with the measure. They declared their satisfaction with it in its present shape, and hoped that the House of Lords would pass it without alteration. This is the first token of gratitude, and it is expected that the example will be followed by other public bodies.

Undoubtedly, by the code of these days, the glory of this great empire is tarnished by the fact that in so numerous a population as that of Ireland there remains a dismal gulf between the few and the many, and it is the few who claim legal possession of the soil against the immemorial, unwritten, but ineradicable claims of the many. It is enough that there prevails there from remote antiquity a custom and opinion in regard to the possession and occupation of the soil in unison with the national history and character, but continually at jar with the laws of the empire and the general progress of social change. It is idle now to ask what else could be done than what is proposed in the measure now in the Lords. That question would have to be put to a Legislature in which the representatives, and still more the electors, of Ireland are a large part, and have an influence beyond even the proportion of their numbers. If Great Britain has a large share in the government of Ireland, Ireland can now sometimes wield even a preponderating influence in the affairs of the larger island. Ireland now demands a social settlement; England and Scotland admit her claim. The world around reminds us that we have been teaching others long enough, and that it is time for us now

to set the example. Everything indicates a work to be done, and that thoroughly and quickly.

A settlement, of course, there cannot be without concession, and concession means loss. But the loss in this case is within measurement and estimation; it has no total or irreparable character, nor is it a loss in all kinds at once, and certainly it is on high public grounds. It has not the complete emancipation, or an abolition, or the destruction of a monopoly—measures familiar in recent legislation, and pressing severely on some class or other. A land-owner looks to profit, or honour, or power, or amusement, or what is generally called position, except advantageously by the increased indebtedness to its punctual payment. It is true that way of eviction with a view to higher rents, or in order to a more profitable employment of the land, indeed, to lose prospective and speculative value, but to be made to pay for it. It is a sacrifice which is not to be imposed on any class without good reason, but which has often been imposed, inasmuch that there is hardly anybody who cannot point to something he might have been, or had, or done, but for Parliament coming in his way, and stopping that particular avenue. The Irish will have to purchase the power of doing so; in fact, he will have to go some way towards repurchasing his own property. In this case it may possibly turn out that he is amply recouped by the improved circumstances of the country, and by the greater content with which his tenants submit to the process. For the matter of profit, it may sometimes turn out that the best thing which can happen to the landowner is that the tenant should himself become the purchaser. Let us suppose, however, that the landlord looks rather to something else—power, for example. The influence of a landlord over his tenantry is a useful and honourable relation when there may be presumed to subsist a large common stock of interests and opinions. There can be no doubt about such a common stock of ideas or feelings in England. In Ireland, unfortunately, the contrary is the case; and it is most desirable that the Irish tenant, of whatever scale, should be perfectly free to vote as he thinks fit. That is the sense in which Parliament is now legislating, and Ireland is the last place in which an exception can be allowed. The Irish people are a power, even in advance of their number, because they are armed and augmented by the opinion that they are the victims of injustice, and have a cause to be righted. Some of this adventitious and abnormal power they will lose by any measure which gives them the redress they demand; and whatever the tenantry lose in this respect the landowners will gain, honestly and well-earned. But, so far as a landlord can purchase power by treating his tenantry well and by gratuitous favours, this Bill does not interfere with him. Then we come to another sort of power—to what is called position, by the possession of land, and by friendly relations with the people on it. If this measure tends to improve the position of the tenantry, and to the improvement of the land; if it takes away causes of distrust and discontent; if it defines a relation about which there are now perilous uncertainties, and if for the future the landlord knows what his rights are, and the tenant also understands his position—all this would tend to make Ireland a much more habitable country. The position of an English landowner depends on the positions of his tenants, who are, as it may be, a credit or a disgrace to him. Certainly, few English gentlemen would like to live in territories so ill affected, so complaining, and with so much to complain about as many Irish properties. It has been said that the Bill will diminish the openings for the growing population. If this be the case, it will increase the supply of labour, and lead to certain results which will be matter for legislation hereafter; but every enlightened observer of Irish affairs will gladly accept the prospect of a sharper distinction between the class absolutely dependent on the occupation of land and the class entirely dependent on daily wages.

But what is the chief element, whether in profit, or position, or power, or enjoyment? It is certainty, without which all else is rotten and hollow, and only sure to give way at the first trial. As things now are, there is no certainty about anything in Ireland. The landlord does not know what is meant by property, nor the tenant what is meant by occupation. Hundreds of English purchasers under the Encumbered Estates Act have found that they had stepped into a disputed position, the tenantry only allowing to them the precise position of the former proprietors, which certainly was not that of an ordinary English landowner. It is not known exactly yet what is meant by a tenant, and what by a landlord, in Ireland. When that is determined, then there is some prospect of English and Scotch enterprise and capital taking root in Ireland, instead of encountering perpetual disappointment.—Times Correspondent.

LORD O'HAGAN OF TULLAHOGE.—The elevation of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland to the Peerage by the title of Baron O'Hagan, is the best news we have heard for a long time. It is the most popular act that has been done by Mr. Gladstone. The wisest act he has performed in Ireland was to elevate O'Hagan to be the first Catholic Lord Chancellor since the days of Ireland's bitter degradation. This is in the same line of policy and good feeling.

The O'Hagans belong to the "old ancient" aristocracy of Ireland. They were hereditary Justiciars under the kings of Ulster, and had the office of crowning The O'Neil in their Castle of Tullahogue, where the stone seat on which the O'Neils were crowned remained till the castle of the O'Hagans, held by Tyrone and his garrison, was taken by Mountjoy in the reign of Elizabeth.

The elevation of O'Hagan to the rank of hereditary aristocracy gives satisfaction to all classes and creeds and parties in Ireland. That it does so is an augury of a new epoch of union among Irishmen for the sake of their common country. Nothing gives us more heartfelt delight than to see the real old families reappearing in their proper places in Irish society. How many cases do we know of, men with the proudest names in Irish history whose ancestors, having been reduced to the ranks of the people, as tenant-farmers and tradesmen, have gradually worked themselves up, step by step till, after centuries of degradation, they appear once more as the real aristocracy, while mushroom titled nobodies, the offspring of Cromwell's drummers and sergeants, are passing away from the scene "unwept, unnoticed, and unsung."—Catholic Opinion.

The new peer will bear the title of Baron O'Hagan, of Tullahogue. This place, which is situated in the County Tyrone, near Dungannon, is of historic importance. It was the spot where the Kings of Ulster were crowned, and the O'Hagans lived there a powerful sept. Their chief was as distinguished for loyalty to his Sovereign as his descendant is who now redeems the honour of the