

native of murder, of his now hated victim.

CHAPTER XL.

It is not in the power of language to convey even remotely a notion of the overwhelming horror, that tumbled down upon Edmund Fennell, as this new evidence was communicated to him. He had fixed it as certain in his own mind that, after parting from Mary Cooney, she had been encountered and murdered by Robin Costigan. All his recollections of the old villain's threats to the poor beggar-girl, and the indistinct vision caught of him, while Edmund lay bound and prostrate among his captors, plausibly confirmed the truth of this conclusion; and, apart from his own sufferings and danger, he experienced many a bitter pang, while contemplating the supposed fate of his unhappy young friend.

But now it seemed certain, that his own wife had been the victim of the mysterious tragedy! And that he, he was accused as the shedder of her blood! And yet, that was nothing; nay, he was almost glad of it, for in horror, in despair, and in prostration of heart and mind, he grimly felt that public exposure, public revilings, and a public death upon the gallows, were now necessary to suit and to end his inexpressible sense of misery.

There is an old saying—"when a man is down, down with him;" and Edmund Fennell soon proved it to be a truism. Anticipated condemnation was universal against him. No word of pity for his situation was spoken from one to another, throughout his native city; and not one voice was raised in doubt of the guilt of a formerly esteemed, and well-conducted young person.

In his prison, no friendly face appeared to offer him counsel or consolation. Under favor of the jailor, indeed, many came to gaze at him; but, although Edmund could recognise some intimate acquaintances among those curious persons, none of them now stepped forth to offer him the hand of fellowship; but they scowled at him, or else gaped half in fear, upon the haggard murderer.

The hour for his trial drew near. The jailor appeared to warn him of the fact, and to advise him to send for a legal person to prepare his defence. Edmund started at the official stupidity. His mind was one whirl of confusion and dismay; and he could scarcely understand what he was asked to do. But at length comprehending that he was exhorted to take friendly counsel of some one, he desired that Father Connell, and Tom Naddy might be sent for. This request was granted; but the messenger soon returned to say, that the priest was distant in the country since daybreak that morning; and that Tom Naddy had quitted his master's house, and was nowhere to be heard of.

The jailor again proposed that an attorney should be called in, with all dispatch—adding that the grand jury, in the court-house above their heads, had found true bills against Edmund, and that his indictment was in progress of being made out; so that, therefore, not an instant was to be lost. An attorney accordingly attended the accused; and to him Edmund over and over again said—"I am innocent! I am totally innocent of this hideous charge. As God lives and hears me, I am innocent!" But he could not bring his mind further to commune with his legal adviser. The gentleman put questions in detail to him; he answered only by bewailing the loss of his young wife, and wringing his hands, and shuddering at the thoughts of her horrid death.

The attorney quitted his cell, and in strict confidence told the first person who asked him a question on the subject, that he would do all in his power for the young fellow, but that he feared with little chance of success; and very knowingly he shook his head as he made this declaration.

About two hours more went by, and, true to his prognostic, the jailor came to conduct Edmund up to the court-house. After traversing some narrow dark passages, they arrived at a flight of spiral steps, ascended it—and through a trap-door, Edmund suddenly found himself emerged into the dock of the city-court—a sea of heads before him and around him—his judge, clothed in scarlet and ermine straight before him—the galleries also thronged with human faces to his front and to either hand—and every face turned to him—and the hosts of cold detesting eyes fixed on him—a freezing firmament of eyes, poor Edmund vaguely thought.

He was stunned for an instant, and staggered towards the side of the dock.

"And is it Robin Costigan they are going to try for his life to-day?" asked a voice, in a whispering under-growl, close to him.

He jumped round, but again failed to catch a sight of certain well-known features.

The jailor called him to stand forward at the bar. His jury were being sworn, he said, and this was the time for his challenges, if he had any to make.

Edmund really did not understand; but he answered "No; he had no challenges to make; he had nothing to object to any one."

It may be asserted that the anticipated public condemnation, out of doors, accompanied the jury into their box;—that in fact, they had already, each in his own breast, agreed on their verdict. A few there might have been amongst them, who, as they looked at the pale ghastly lad, still in his soiled and torn attire, and his toilet wholly unattended to, because wholly unthought of, said to themselves—"we must divest ourselves of our prejudice;" but this very resolve to guard against their prejudice, only proved its existence.

The trial proceeded. The evidence given before the magistrate was now repeated against the arraigned prisoner at the bar. Edmund seemed to attend to what was going on; but his mind was, for the most part, far away—summoning up before itself a horrid and revolting picture of Helen's murder, by the lonely river-side. A slip of paper reached him from an unknown person, and was delivered into his

hands by the jailor. Edmund read upon it, "Has the prisoner no counsel?" He replied, speaking to the jailor, "No—not one," and took no further notice of the matter. The jailor telegraphed the meaning of this answer to a young gentleman, sitting near the evidence table, who immediately rose, and addressed the court. He was a briefless barrister, just called, and "going circuit," upon the vague hope of being, some time or other, engaged in some case or other, by some attorney or other. But the briefless young barrister had a feeling heart, if not professional notoriety; and this, joined with a little laudable ambition to make himself known in any way, now caused him, as has been said, to address the judge.

"My lord," he began, "the unhappy young prisoner at the bar not having counsel engaged, I will act for him, if he and your lordship are satisfied."

The jailor whispered Ned Fennell, and again nodded assentingly to the volunteer counsel; the judge, after a wide distension of his cheeks, and the emission of a long puff of breath, also nodded.

"Then, my lord, I have at once to submit, that the prisoner having been called on to plead against a charge of murder which no one saw him commit, and which even cannot be proved to have been committed at all—for the case for the prosecution has just closed, without either attempt at such proof having been made—"

"My lord," interrupted a little sharp-faced gentleman, hopping up from the seats assigned to the prosecuting counsel—"I beg my A—a—a—a's pardon; but if he will have a little patience, he may find much of his sagacity anticipated; we have not formally closed our case, my lord; and we paused a moment only to consider a new piece of evidence—"

"New evidence," said his lordship, with an additional glow of red, visible even over his always red face, and his grey eyes sparkled with satisfaction—"new evidence? Go on with it."

The poor briefless young barrister sat down, crest-fallen. James Rafferty was called to the witness-table. A strange-looking boy presented himself,—one whom no one regarded with pleasure or comfort. He was quite unknown in the town or neighborhood, he said; a fatherless and motherless beggar-boy; and he had been making his way into the town by the river-side, late last night, when he heard angry voices approaching him on the path; and being only a poor boy, and no one at his side, he ran and hid himself behind some furze-bushes. A young man and a young girl came up—he believed he ought to call her a young lady, from her "fine speech." She applied hard names to the young man; he did not remember all the names—and what he subsequently beheld terrified him so much, that it was no wonder he should forget them; but he did remember one of them; the young girl called the young man her "destroyer."

(To be Continued.)

HOME RULE.—VIII.

THE ERA OF INDEPENDENCE.

We have now passed in review an eventful period of Ireland's history. We have seen her beaten to the dust in the gloomy times of William, and of Anne. We have beheld her bruised and bleeding, but still occasionally holding up her head, in the melancholy days of the Georgian epoch. We have witnessed the various, but fitful struggles of her patriots for their country's deliverance from thralldom; and we see her at last, in 1833, in full possession, however temporary and evanescent, of those glorious blessings of liberty, for which she long had sighed, and sighed in vain. Like Grattan, we may say—although, of course, we use his honoured and venerated name in all humility—we have traced her progress from injuries to arms; from arms to liberty. Would to heaven that we could say, with him, "Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation; and bowing to her august presence I say *Eta perpetua!*"

We have thus, however, been particular in tracing through so many successive reigns, the generally disheartening story, which has, indeed, little to cheer or encourage the literary student who seeks in the perusal of Irish history, for the happy career of a nation from progress to progress. But there is still a grand moral lesson to be learnt from all this: That no matter what obstacles may arise; no matter what difficulties may be thrown in the way, either by faint-hearted friends, or by false-hearted foes; no matter what opposition may be aroused in those who only labour the harder, all the more they feel power slipping from their grasp; the resurrection of a country from political degradation is always near at hand whenever a spirit of unity begins to animate the people, and the mutual sympathy of a universal brotherhood draws and binds men together in a love of home and of their common country. This is the one great impressive moral which the history of Ireland from 1688 to 1782 inculcates.

The Catholics soon began to feel the benefits of independent native legislation; such a sure and steady barometer of public opinion is the action of Parliament when under the direct and immediate influence of popular feeling. Different acts were passed in their favour; but, unhappily, the old heaven of Protestant ascendancy still worked its evil way; and although the best friends of England and Ireland, at both sides of the Channel, laboured hard to give that relief which they foresaw would have to be granted sooner or later; still it was found too difficult to break down all at once the odious supremacy; the natural action of Parliament was still fettered by a hateful jealousy which prevented the Catholics from obtaining full relief before the unhappy rebellion was precipitated, which stopped all beneficial measures for a long time. Moreover, it must not be forgotten, that no sooner had the Irish Parliament been declared independent of the English Legislature, than it became evident that such independence was but a mockery so long as the Parliament itself was unreformed. Indeed, the necessity of reform became only the more glaringly evident on this account. Of the 300 members who composed the Irish House of Commons, more than a third were placemen and pensioners of the Government. The cry of Parliamentary Reform had already been raised in England; it found more than a responsive echo in Ireland. There was no real representation of the people; no representation of the actual property of the country; a great number of the members were the mere nominees of private individuals. Several of the constituencies did not number a dozen voters, and according to a statement made by Grattan, it would appear that about forty individuals returned a large majority of the House of Commons.

But, nevertheless, it was felt to be an Irish Parliament, influenced more or less by popular sympathies; and it is extraordinary how soon the country at large began to experience the advantages it had anticipated from the enjoyment of free trade, and from the

unfettered action of the legislative powers of its independent Parliament; so much so, that only a few years elapsed when the most evident proofs of an unexampled recovery of political life and national prosperity were exhibited on all sides. The City of Dublin alone, improved by noble public buildings, thronged by native residents, and frequented by multitudes of foreigners, became the gayest and happiest metropolis in Europe; and, in itself, afforded a striking example of the general prosperity of the nation. Who can doubt that, if the Parliament were again restored, Dublin would become the healthy centre of the resuscitated national life, and that one of the crying evils of Ireland—absenteeism—would find an effectual cure? The country would ere long cease to be drained of its native genius, intellect, and material resources.

The wonderful progress made by Ireland during the sixteen years following 1782 is no mere figment of rhetorical exaggeration, but a fact so well authenticated that it is part and parcel of the history of that time. The removal of the restrictions on trade, and the moral elevation of the people created by the general feeling of nationhood, and the sense of dignity arising therefrom, imparted a new spirit to the entire country; so that the nation advanced rapidly in wealth, and all the arts of peace, industry, and civilization. "There is not a nation on the habitable globe" was the admission of Lord Clare in 1800, "which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and manufactures, with the same rapidity in the same period." At a meeting of the bankers and merchants of the City of Dublin, held on 18th December, 1798, one of the resolutions proposed by W. Digges Latouche was as follows:

"Resolved—That since the renunciation of the power of Great Britain, in the year 1782, to legislate for Ireland, the commerce and prosperity of this kingdom have eminently increased."

Another public meeting of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Commons, and citizens of Dublin, held on the preceding day, passed the following resolution: "Resolved unanimously, that by the spirited exertions of the people and Parliament of this kingdom the trade and constitution thereof were settled on principles so liberal that the nation has risen ever since rapidly in wealth and consequence." A few years before this Grattan had declared on the same subject: "The country is rising in prosperity. We prevailed. We on this side of the House, with the assistance of the people, got for the country a free trade and a free constitution. The consequence of our victory was that the country, free from restrictions, shot forth in prosperity and industry, not by the virtue of her present Ministers, but by her native vigour." And when the project of Union was under discussion, Foster, the Speaker of the House of Commons, in his speech in Committee, on the 17th February, 1800, said: "Can those who now hear me deny that, since the period of 1782, Ireland has risen in civilization, in wealth, and in manufactures, in a greater proportion, and with a more rapid progress, than any other country of Europe?"

There was also a meeting of the Catholic body held at the Royal Exchange, Dublin, on 13th of January, 1800, to declare against the Union. Their testimony is valuable as a proof of the rebound made by the nation after the auspicious settlement of '82, whilst their apprehensions of the evils to follow from the treacherous overthrow of that solemn international compact have proved, alas! too truly, the accuracy of their forebodings. This meeting is also specially memorable for the circumstance that it was the immediate occasion of the first public appearance of O'Connell, who had been called to the bar in 1798. His speech on that occasion, and the resolutions prepared and proposed by him, and unanimously adopted, are the best vindication of the Roman Catholics from the unfounded charge of having acquiesced in or supported the Union for their own special interests. It may be deemed desirable to put on record here some of the resolutions there adopted:

"Resolved, that we are of opinion that the proposed incorporate Union of the legislature of Great Britain and Ireland is, in fact, an extinction of the liberty of this country, which would be reduced to the abject condition of a country surrendered to the Minister and legislature of another country, to be bound by their absolute will, and taxed at their pleasure by laws, in the making of which this country would have no efficient participation whatever." Their next resolution was: "That we are of opinion that the improvement of Ireland for the last twenty years, so rapid beyond example, is to be ascribed wholly to the independency of our legislature, so gloriously asserted in the year 1782, by virtue of our Parliament co-operating with the generous recommendation of our most gracious and benevolent sovereign, and backed by the spirit of our people, and so solemnly ratified by both kingdoms as the only true and permanent foundation of Irish prosperity and British connection." And it was further resolved, "That we are of opinion that if that independency should ever be surrendered we must as readily relapse into our former depression and misery, and that Ireland must inevitably lose, with her liberty, all that she has acquired in wealth, and industry, and civilization." The dreary history of the connection for the last seventy years affords a melancholy confirmation of the foregoing statement, whilst the following resolution disproves the calumny industriously circulated at the time, and unwisely re-echoed by Sir Jonah Barrington, that the Catholic body supported the Union for the promise of Emancipation.

"Resolved, that having heretofore determined not to conform any more in the distinct character of Catholics, but to consider our claims and our cause, not as those of a sect, but as involved in the general fate of our country, we now think it right, notwithstanding such determination, to publish the present resolutions, in order to undeceive our fellow subjects who may have been led to believe, by a false representation, that we are capable of giving any concurrence whatsoever to so foul and fatal a project; to assure them we are incapable of sacrificing our common country to either bribe or pretension; and that we are of opinion that this deadly attack upon the nation is the great call of nature, of country, and posterity upon Irishmen of all descriptions and persuasions, to every constitutional and legal resistance; and that we sacredly pledge ourselves to persevere in obedience to that call as long as we have life." Such an expression of true patriotism deserves to be recorded, and we trust that this vindication of a maligned body will be accepted as our apology for trespassing at such length with these quotations. It should be borne in mind, too, that, whilst the Catholics withheld the coveted sanction of their approval of the Union, the Minister who carried the iniquitous measure ostentatiously held out hopes of relief, as part of the promised blessings of his scheme, which he subsequently ignored, when the time came for fulfilment. Pitt may have been a "heaven-born Minister" for England, but he could not possibly have been a more diabolical enemy to Ireland if his origin had risen from a very much lower source.

—Catholic Opinion.

HIBERNICES.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Sunday the following circular from his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, to the Catholic clergy, secular and regular, of Dublin, was read in all the churches and chapels:—

VERY REVEREND BRETHREN—Allow me to call attention to a serious abuse of which instances are sometimes witnessed in this city. I refer to the practice of holding wakes in private houses and rooms, frequently the residence of whole families, over the lifeless corpse of a friend or relative that may have fallen a victim to a violent or contagious disease. Well-meaning but unreflecting persons cling to this custom, thinking that they honour the dead by

keeping their remains unburied for days and nights, but forgetting that by doing so they may spread contagion through the city, and be the cause of sickness or death to themselves, their friends, or to other citizens. Unhappily those who assemble at wakes oftentimes forget altogether the respect due to the dead, and instead of praying for the souls of the faithful departed, or meditating upon death and the uncertainty of human life, devote themselves to clamorous and improper amusements, or convert the chamber of death into a place for rioting and drunkenness.

At the present moment small-pox and typhoid fever are very general in this city, and cholera may be approaching. In such circumstances it is of the greatest importance that nothing should be done to spread the contagion, or to increase the ravages of those dreadful enemies of human life. You will therefore be pleased to point out to your flocks the dangers of holding wakes at present, and the great responsibility they incur by exposing themselves, their families, and friends to the risk of contracting terrible diseases and losing their lives. The faithful Catholics of this city will not fail to listen with respect to your admonitions, and to abandon, wherever it prevails, a practice so dangerous in itself, and so often accompanied with disgraceful and sinful abuses. Whilst speaking of this matter it will be well to add some words of exhortation to the humbler classes to attend to cleanliness in their houses and their persons, and to remove from their dwellings everything calculated to poison the air they breathe, and to infect themselves and their families with sickness of the most fatal kind. You will also be pleased to caution your flocks against excess in drinking, a custom calculated to break down and weaken the human frame to such an extent as to render it unable to struggle against any virulent disease with which it may be assailed. Unhappily this vice of drunkenness is very common amongst us, and it becomes more common at Christmas—the most holy season of the year—when we should be all inspired with sentiments of thankfulness to God for having sent His divine Son to redeem us from the slavery of hell—and be firmly determined to show our love of our Redeemer by avoiding sin and all its occasions. Drunkenness is to a great extent the occasion of the crimes which sometimes occur in this city, generally so religious and observant of human and divine law, and it is also a frightful source of the distress and misery, of which such frightful scenes are witnessed in our streets.

Undoubtedly, were it not for the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, and for the prevalence of drunkenness, Dublin, excelling as it does in works of religion and charity, would be one of the most prosperous and flourishing cities of Europe. How sad that a wicked and ruinous habit should fill this great city with rags and destitution, and expose us to the scolds and reproaches of our enemies. Spare, therefore, Rev. Brethren, no exertions to check the growth of a baneful and destructive vice. Preach against it in season and out of season. Show the faithful how it destroys reason, and reduces man to the level of a brute; how it is ignominious to health; how it undermines the constitution; and above all, how it offends God, and merits His severest punishment. Point out to them that as experience shows us that the drunkard is degraded on earth, and falls into every sort of iniquity, so faith teaches us that if he die without satisfying the offended God by sincere penance, his punishment for having indulged his perverse appetites on earth, will be to suffer for ever a devouring thirst with the reprobate in the regions of eternal woe—Wishing you and your faithful flock every grace and blessing, I remain your faithful servant,

Dublin, 15th Dec. 1871.

RELIGION OF A MINOR.—The Lord Chancellor of Ireland has just decided another case, in which the religion of a minor was the point at issue. The father, William Peter Garnett, was a Protestant, and the mother had become a Catholic since her marriage. Since the father's death the mother had removed the child from a Protestant to a Catholic school, and one of the guardians applied to the Court for the custody of the child, in order that he might be brought up a Protestant. Lord O'Hagan, having reserved judgment for a considerable time, now decides that the case is an exceptional one, and that the rule that the religion of the child is that of his father does not apply. It appeared that the father had been twice married; that his first wife had been a Catholic, and that he had permitted all the children of that marriage to be educated as Catholics. Also, that until this child was eight or nine years old, he in no way interfered with his religious bringing up, allowing him to be taken regularly to a Catholic church, although warned that the consequences would be that he would grow up a Catholic. He had, moreover, substituted his Catholic wife as a guardian in the place of a Protestant brother of his own; and finally, the Lord Chancellor had examined the child, who is now 13, and found him remarkably well instructed in the Catholic religion, and desirous of being educated as a Catholic. It is clear that the father had, with his eyes open to the consequences, allowed the child to be brought up as a Catholic, and there could be no reasonable ground for interfering with convictions which were already formed.

THE SMALL POX.—This terrible disease is on the increase. Dr. Robert Ahme, one of the medical officers to the County Dublin Infirmary, has fallen a victim. He was only 28 years of age, and is deeply regretted.

LAST EMIGRATION.—From May, 1851, to July, 1871, 2,069,409 people emigrated from Ireland.

INCREASE.—The deposits in the saving banks of Ireland. Opinions differ as to whether this is to be regarded as a favorable indication of prosperity or not. Some say if Ireland were prospering in material industry so much capital would not be lying idle, but would be used in promoting the interests of the people of Ireland instead of being used by the capitalists of England, as it really is. On the other hand, it is claimed that these are the surplus funds held as a reserve against the "rainy day" for which the wise and provident prepare.

ANOTHER YEAR FOR IRELAND.—As the dying year with all its sad remembrances and unfulfilled hopes dies away, and the bright visions of the New Year come before us and as quickly pass away, shall we not, amid all the brightness of the new-born year, be given to the Old Land across the sea? Shall present duties or the struggles of the hour blot out all remembrances of that loved spot endeared to us as home, room where we will, fare as we may. Shall prosperity blight poor Ireland in our memory as adversity has stricken her low? Is our misfortune so great, or our distress so abject that the dear land of our birth is forgotten when the New Year calls for new thoughts, ardent hopes and firm resolves. We cannot cease to think of Ireland—she is our home. She is ever before the world's historian—so she comes before us in another year. What has 1872 for Ireland? Another year has opened on Ireland's history, and what will it bring forth? Will this year place her on the borders of the promised land of Independence, or will its events, in their results, but tend towards her political degradation? Will prosperity attend her? Will Home Rule be advanced or secured? Will the educational demands be recognized and acceded to? These and a thousand kindred thoughts fill us with concern, and cause us to view Ireland's prospects for the coming year as hopeful. Thoughtful minds in Ireland are now devoted to the consideration of a redress of those grievances for which the national spirit has striven in a form more in accordance with the enthusiastic natures of the sons of that long oppressed land. The belligerent, and indeed we may in this connection

also sadly add, the discordant element, though still existing, has ceased to manifest itself in the manner alarming alike to the best lovers of the land and destructive of its best interests while retarding its political advancement, and checking the internal development of those resources by which a country alone becomes truly great. Ireland is now deeply agitated, and this year will, at its close, present to us her claims for justice further advanced towards ultimate concession than perhaps the most ardent advocate now hopes for. The National spirit now lives as ever, but more unitedly than ever, save in the time of steeped, though the forces are apparently not so it may be claimed. The present agitation is of two-fold character; that of the politicians, using this word in its better sense, for Home Rule and of the Hierarchy for Education. These are the leaders of the forces, and the people are unitedly seconding the efforts being made in behalf of political government and of religious education. There is no discord, distrust, or dissensions between the Home Rulers and the Educationalists. The rapidity with which Home Rule principles have spread bring to mind the days of Repeal and O'Connell, and is evidence of the devotion of the people to the claim made, in their behalf by the earnest patriots advocating her cause, while the unanimity and enthusiasm with which the people have responded to the call of their Bishops, is testimony that Education for Ireland, in accordance with the history and religion of the country is the demand of her people. Let Home Rule be secured and Educational rights be achieved. With Denominational Education allowed, Home Rule cannot be denied. Thus of Ireland's prosperity, regarded politically, there are hopeful tokens, and by the industry of her sons and the enactment of wise and fostering laws for the development of her agricultural, mining and fishing interests, we may be cheered with the thought that our new year will be a happy one for Ireland.—*Philadelphia Catholic Standard.*

Captain French has been nominated as the Conservative candidate for Parliament, in opposition to Captain Nolan, whom the clergy and the people of Galway, have endorsed. French is put forward in the landlord interests, and to punish Nolan for his aspirations. Our readers will remember Captain Nolan as the landlord who, on learning that some of his tenants had been dispossessed or evicted in his name but without his knowledge, referred the matter to arbitration, in which the tenants were represented. The decision that these tenants should be reinstated was abided by on the part of Captain Nolan, and all Ireland rang with praises of him as a just landlord, of the kind that the tenants desired to have even under the provision of the present Land Bill. The contest, therefore, will be between these two conflicting elements, but we have faith in the men of Galway that the honor of that noble county will not suffer in the coming canvass, and that Capt. Nolan will be returned as the next "man for Galway."

THE ORANGE ASSOCIATION. The cause of denominational education has received an unexpected impetus. The "Orange Association permanent disturber of the peace of Ireland" has resolved that Catholics shall not be permitted to educate their children but as the Association shall dictate. The Rev. Hugh Hanna says 15,000 Irish Protestants will take care of that. Brother Thompson *naively* said "the Protestants of Ireland would insist, not only on their own rights, but that in any education given to the Catholics of Ireland the Word of God (authorized version of course) should be the basis."

A portrait of O'Connell, by Mr. Catterson Smith, has been placed in the Waterford City Hall. The figure is life-size, standing, fronting as it were, an audience; the dress plain walking attire, frock coat, buttoned to the centre of the waistcoat, the fur vest just emerging to sight, with dark trousers, etc. At his right is a small easel, bearing a closed book, over which is an open scroll. On this scroll his right hand rests, and to it he points with his left, which lies upon a handsome chair to the left, a piece of the blue silk lining being skillfully revealed, and in the background appears, with very striking effect, a column partially shrouded with a fine green curtain. The ground is covered with a crimson carpet, and raised upon the centre of the frame, at the foot, is the following inscription:

"O'Connell.
By subscription
From Irishmen at home and abroad;
Solicited by
Ald. Cornelius Redmond, Mayor, 1869.
Presented to the City of Waterford
Council, 1871.

The portrait represents O'Connell as he appeared about 1832, when, in the full vigor of health and intellect, and after his memorable triumph of Emancipation, he appeared at the head of the Irish nation the great moral force champion of the age. Men of every religion, men of all classes, in America and Australia, as well as in Ireland, cheerfully gave their subscriptions towards the fund, so that we may look on the picture as almost a national memorial to O'Connell. The frame, nine feet by five, is carved in wood, by Hawkins Bros., of Dublin.

IN HIS SYMPATHY FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.—In no part of Her Majesty's Dominions was the sympathy for the Prince of Wales, during his recent illness, more marked than in Ireland. From recent numbers of the *Dublin Evening Mail* we take the following report of a meeting of the Home Government Association:—

"A meeting of the Home Government Association was held yesterday afternoon, at the Antient Concert Rooms.

"Mr. R. P. Blennerhasset occupied the chair. "Among those present were—Isaac Butt, Q. C., M.P.; Rev. J. A. Galbraith, M.A., F.T.C.D.; Marcus Kenne, J.P.; Alfred Webb, George T. Maccarty, D.L.; Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley, Alderman Gregg; John O. Blunden, barrister; John Tew Armstrong; Henry O'Neill, George Austin, T.G.; W. Keating Clay, solicitor; Jas. Keilly, A. J. Kettle, Joseph Hegg; R. Blennerhasset, Luke J. O'Shea, J.P.; J. L. Scallan, solicitor; W. Foster Vesey Fitzgerald, J. P.; P. J. Smyth, M.P.; —Burke, solicitor; Jeremiah A. O'Donovan, &c.

Mr. Alfred Webb (Assistant Hon. Secretary) read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were confirmed.

"Mr. Butt, on rising, was received with applause. He said—Mr. Chairman, before the association go into any business, I rise to submit to you a resolution which, I believe, every one here will think ought to be passed under the circumstances in which we meet. It is—"That this association, in consequence of the intelligence as to the illness of the Prince of Wales, should adjourn" (applause). I know that this resolution is anticipated (hear, hear) by some who are here, and by many who are absent.—It was thought that we might have inserted an advertisement in the papers, postponing the meeting, but that must be done on the responsibility of one or two, and it would be irregular. And although some of us have come here, perhaps, at inconvenience, I am not sorry that we have, the more particularly as it gives us an opportunity of testifying our respect and sympathy for the Royal Family in the grief that has befallen them. We would very ill represent the chivalrous and generous Irish nation, if we did not sympathize with the sorrow of a mother over her son's sick bed, and with the anguish of a wife witnessing the sufferings of her husband. It is an occasion on which little can be said. I believe that many a mother's heart and many an Irish wife will offer up prayers to-night to God that the Royal sufferers may be afforded consolation where alone it can be found, under sufferings which place the Royal sufferer on a level with common humanity. I am