ness, to the proud hills whose sparkling crests were yet touched by the living beam, was the and so devoted. He drives his mother in the world so variously, who had received bathed with lucid beauty and luminous soft- from his thoughts. It is of another voice so much homage, and been accustomed from ness, and blended with the glowing canopy of that he now muses; it is the memory of the lustrous sky. But on the terrace, and the glades that rose beyond it, and the glades the falls into a reverie; the passionate past is and vistas into which they opened, felt the acted again before him; in his glittering eye and vistas into which they opened, left the full glory of the sunset. Each moment a new shadow, now resy, now golden, now blending traced the tumult of his soul. A doubt in its resy shifting tints all the glory of the iris fell over the rich pleasure grounds, their it not all a dream? He takes from his iris, fell over the rich pleasure grounds, their groups of sare and noble trees, and their dim

or glittering avenues. The vespers of the birds were faintly dying away, the last low of the returning kine sounded over the lea, the tinkle of the sheep-bell was heard no more, the thin white moon began to gleam, and Hesperus glittered in the fading sky. It was the twilight hour!

That delicious hour that softens the heart of man, what is its magic? Not merely its and Armine: beauty. it is not more beautiful than sunrise. It is a repose repose. Our tumultuous passions sink with the sun, there is a fine sympathy between us and our world, and the stillness of Nature is responded to by the serenity of the soul.

At this sacred hour our hearts are pure. All worldly cares, all those vulgar anxieties and a tranquil, yet thrilling bliss; how doubly sweet, how multiplied must be our fine emotions, when the most delicate influence of human sympathy combines with the power and purity of material and moral nature, and completes the exquisite and enchanting spell!

Ferdinand Armine turned from the beautiful world around him to gaze upon a countenance sweeter than the summer air, softer than the gleaming moon, brighter than evening star. The shadowy light of purple eve fell upon the still and solemn presence of Henrietta Temple. Irresistible emotion impelled him; softly he took her gentle hand, and, bending his head, he murmured to her, 'Most beautiful, I love thee!'

As, in the oppressive stillness of some tropic stillness of night, a single drop is the reheavens, so even this slight expression repensate for its little worth, if I might live even but to hope-

You do not speak. Miss Temple, Henrietta, admirable Henrietta, have I offended senge of beauty like to thine, dear lady? Ah! tell me I am forgiven; tell me indeed you do has not lived in vain. not hate me. I will be silent, I will never speak again. Yet, let me walk with you. morning brings cares, and although with re-Cease not to be my companion because I have been too bold. Pity me, pity me, dearest, dearest Henrietta. If you but know how I struggle with the harassing brood, still, Fermonly dry lots maintained prices. The bulk have suffered, if you but knew the nights that dinand Armine, the involved son of a ruined of the business in Mark Lane consisted brought no sleep, the days of tever that have race, seldom rose from his couch, seldom re-been mine since first we met, if you knew how called consciousness after repose, without a hard, dry foreign wheats as a substitute I have fed but upon one sweet idea, one sacred pang. Nor was there indeed magic withal, for, or mixture with, the English. Business image of absorbing life, since first! gazed on in the sweet spell that now bound him, to in Mark Lane has been depressed, as in view your transcendent form, indeed I thank that preserve him from this black invasion. of America's large surplus, buyers were conyou would pitty, that you would pardon, that Anxiety was one of the ingredients of the tent to satisfy immediate requirements; and

Tell me, is it my fault that you are beaufault those eyes are like the dawn, that thy the very inspiring recollection of Henrietta lative movement in America. Judging from sweet voice thrills through my frame, and remple, the very remembrance of the the present apathetic state of the grain but the slightest touch of that light hand past and triumphant eve, only the trade and the fact that the stocks at falls like a spell on my entranced form! Ah! Henrietta, be merciful, be kind!'

He paused for a second, and yet she did not answer; but her cheek fell upon his two women. shoulder, and the gentle pressure of her hand was more eloquent than language. The slight, sweet signal was to him as the sunrise on the misty earth. Full of hope, and joy, and confidence, he took her in his arms, sealed her cold lips with a burning kiss, and vowed to her his eternal and almighty love!

He bore her to an old stone bench placed on the terrace. Still she was silent; but her their movements were still uncertain. hand clasped his, and her head rested on his bosom. I'he gleaming moon now glittered, a faint fond wish that he would return. the hill and woods were silvered by its beam, and the far meads were bathed with its clear, fair light. Not a single cloud curtained the splendor of the stars. What a rapturous soul was Ferdinand Armine's as he sat that night on the old bench, on Ducie Terrace, shrouding from the rising breeze the tremb!ing form of Henrietta Temple! And yet it was not cold that made her shiver.

The clock at Ducie Church struck ten. She moved, saying, in a faint voice, . We must go home, my Ferdinand!

THE midnight moon flung its broad beams over the glades and avenues of Armine, as Ferdinand, riding Miss Temple's horse, re-entered the park. His countenance was paler than the spectral light that guided him on his way. He looked little like a pledged and triumphant lover; but in his contracted brow and compressed lip might be read the determination of his soul. There was no longer a contest between poverty and pride, between the maintenance or destruction of his ancient house, between his old engagement and his present passion; that was past. Henrietta Temple was the light in the Pharos, amid all his stormy fortunes; thither he directed all

In was deep in the night before he again beheld the towers and turrets of his castle. and the ivy-covered fragment of the old Place seemed to sleep in peace under its protecting influence. A wild and beautiful event had happened since last he quitted those ancient walls. And what would be its influence upon them? But it is not for the passionate lover to moralize. For him, the regrets of the past and the chances of the future are alike lost in the ravishing and absorbing present. For a lover that has but just secured the object of his long and tumultuous hopes is as a diver who has just plucked a jewel from the bed of some rare sea. Panting and wild he lies upon the beach, and the gem that he clutches is the sole idea that engrosses his existence.

Ferdinand is within his little chamber, that

perfection, and who had been to him so genbosom the handkerchief of Henrietta Temple. He recognizes upon it her magical initials, worked in her own fine dark hair. A smile of triumphant certainty irradiates his countenance, as he rapidly presses the memorial to his lips, and imprints upon it a thousand kisses; and holding this cherished testimony of his felicity to his heart, sleep at length descended upon the exhausted frame of Ferdin-

But the night that brought dreams to Ferdinand Armine, brought him not visions more marvellous and magical than his waking life. He who loves, lives in an ecstatic trance. The world that surrounds him is not the world of working man: it is a fairy land. He is not of the same order as the labouring myriads on which he seems to tread. They are to him aspirations that at other seasons hover like but a swarm of humble-minded and humblevultures over our existence, vanish from the | mannered insects. For him, the human speserene atmosphere of our susceptibility. A cies is represented by a single individual, and sense of beauty, a sentiment of love, pervade of her he makes an idol. All that is bright sense of beauty, a sentiment of love, pervade our being. But if at such a moment solitude is full of joy, if, even, when slone, our native sensibility suffices to entrance us with native sensibility suffices to entrance us with so sweet, and birds so musical. All nature seems to bear an intimate relation to the being we adore; and as to us life would now appear intolerable, a burthen of insupportable and wearying toil, without this transcendent sympathy, so we cannot help fancying that were its sweet and subtile origin herself to quit this inspired scene, the universe itself would not be unconscious of its deprivation, and somewhat of the world's lustre might be missed even by the most callous.

The morning burst as beautiful as such love. A rosy tint suffused the soft tremulous sky, and tinted with a delicate hue the tall trees and wide lawns,] freshened with the light and vanishing dew. The air was vocal with a thousand songs; all was bright and clear, cheerful and golden. Ferdinand awoke from delicious dreams, and gazed upon the freshing harbinger of a shower that clears the scene that responded to his own bright and glad emotions, and inhaled the balmy air, ieved in an instant the intensity of his over-burthened feelings, and warm, quick, and gushing flowed the words that breathed his fervid adoration. 'Yes!' he continued, 'in close and busy city, seems to mount with a this fair scene, oh! let me turn to something lighter and more glittering pinion in an atfairer still. Beautiful, beloved Henrietta, I | mosphere as brilliant as its own plumes. Forcan repress no longer the emotions that, tunate the youth, the romance of whose existsince I first beheld you, have vanquished my ence is placed in a scene belitting its fair and existence. I love you, I adore you: life in marvellous career; fortunate the passion that your society is heaven; without you I cannot is breathed in palaces, amid the ennobling live. Deem me, oh! deem me not too bold, creations of surrounding art, and greets the sweet lady; I am not worthy of you, but object of its fond solicitude amid perfumed who can be? Ah! if I dared but venture to gardens, and in the shade of green and silent offer you my heart, if that humblest of all woods! Whatever may be the harsher course possessions might indeed be yours, if my of his career, however the cold world may adoration, if my devotion, if the consecration cast its dark shadows upon his future path, he of my life to you, might in some degree com- may yet consider himself thrice blessed to whom this graceful destiny has fallen, and amid the storms and troubles of after-life may look back to these hours, fair as the dawn, beautiful as the twilight, with solace you? am I indeed the victim of hopes too and satisfaction. Disappointment may high and fancies too supreme? Oh! pardon wither up with energies, oppression may me, most beautiful, I pray your pardon. Is it bruise his spirit; but baulked, daunted dea crime to feel, perchance too keenly, the serted, crushed, lone where once all was sympathy, gloomy where all was light, still he

Business, however, rises with the sun. The broken fortunes, his audacious and sanguine part of holders, they have been enabled to do tiful! Oh! how beautiful, my wretched and spirit might have built up many a castle for exhausted soul too surely feels! Is it my the future, as brave as that of Armine; but attach little importance to the great specumore forced upon his memory the conviction that he was, at this moment, engaged dom are considerably in excess of those at also to another, and bound to be married to

Something must be done; Miss Grandison might arrive this very day. It was an improbable incident, but still it might occur. While he was thus musing, his servant brought him his letters, which had arrived the preceding day, letters from his mother and Katherine, his Katherine. They brought present relief. The invalid had not amended; Katherine, 'his own Kate,' expressed even resolution was taken in an instant. He decided with the prescient promptitude of one who has his dearest interests at stake. He wrote to Katherine that he would instantly fly to her, only that he daily expected his attendance would be required in town, on military business of urgent importance to their happiness. This might, this must, necessarily delay their meeting. The moment he received his summons to attend the Horse Guards, he should hurry off. In the meantime, she was to write to him here; and at all events not to quit Bath for Armine; without giving him a notice of several days. Having despatched this letter and another to his mother, Ferdinand repaired to the tower to communicate to Father Glastonbury the necessity of his immediate departure for London but he also assured that good old man of his brief visit to that city. The pang of this unexpected departure was softened by the positive promise of returning in a very few days, and returning with his family.

Having made these arrangements, Ferdinand now felt that, come what might, he had at least secured for himself a certain period of unbroken bliss. He had a faithful servant, an Italian, in whose discretion he had justly the energies of his being; and to gain that unlimited confidence. To him Ferdinand enport, or sink, was his unflinching resolution. trusted the duty of bringing, each day, his letters to his retreat, which he had fixed upon should be that same picturesque farmhouse in whose friendly porch he had found the preceding day such a hospitable shelter and where he had experienced that charming adventure which now rather delighted than perplexed

MEANWHILE the beautiful Henrietta sat in her bower, her music neglected, her drawing thrown aside. Even her birds were forgotten, and her flowers untended. A soft tumult filled her frame: now rapt in reverie, she leaned her head upon her fair hand in charmed abstraction; now rising from her res'less seat, she paced the chamber, and thought of his quick coming. What was this mighty revolution that a few short days, a little chamber where his mother had bid him | few brief hours had occasioned? How mysso passionate a farewell. Ah! he loves terious, yet how irresistible, how overwhelm-mother woman better than his mother now. ing! Her father was absent, that father on Nay, even a feeling of embarrassment and whose foud idea she had alone lived; from pain is associated with the recollection of whom the slightest separation had once been that fond and elegant being, that he had re- pain; and now that father claims not even her cognised once as the model of all feminine! thoughts. Another, and a stranger's image,

is throned in her soul. She who had moved her childhood to all that is considered accomplished and fascinating in man, and had passed through the ordeal with a calm, clear spirit; behold, she is no longer the mistress of her thoughts or feelings; she had fallen before a glance, and yielded in an instant to a burning word!

But could she blame herself? Did she repent the rapid and ravishing past? Did regret mingle with her wonder? Was there u pang of remorse, however slight, blending its sharp teeth with all her bliss? No! Her love was perfect, and her joy was full. She offered her vows to that Heaven that had acperfect and inferior qualities to devote to them the fondness of his rare existence.

Ferdinand Armine! Did there indeed ever breathe, had the wit of poet ever yet devised, a being so choice? So young, so beautiful, so lively and accomplished, so deeply and variously interesting! Was that sweet voice, indeed, only to sound in her enchanted ear, that graceful form to move only for the pleasure of her watchful eye? That quick and airy fancy but to create for her delight, and that soft, gentle heart to own no solicitude but for her will and infinite gratification? And could it be possible that he loved her, that she was indeed his pledged bride, that the accents of his adoration still echoed in her ear, and his fond embrace still clung to her mute and trembling lips! Would he always love her? Would he always be so fond? Would he be as faithful as he was now devoted? Ah! she would not lose him. That heart should never escape her. Her life should be one long vigilant device to enchain his being.

What was the five days past? It is possible that she lived before she met him? Of what did she think, what do? Could there be pursuits without this companion, plans or feelings without this sweet friend? Life must have been a blank, vapid and dull and weary. She could not recall herself before that morning ride to Armine. How rolled away the day! How heavy must have been the hours! All that had been uttered before she listened to Ferdinand seemed without point; all that was done before he lingered at her side, aimless

and without an object. O Love! in vain they moralise: in vain they teach us thou art a delusion; in vain they dissect thine inspiring sentiment, and would mortify us into misery by its degrading analysis. The sage may announce that gratitled vanity is thine aim and end; but the lover glances with contempt as his coldthou art a beautiful and sublime emotion; and, he answers, caust thou deprive the sun of its heat because its ray may be decomposed: or does the diamond blaze with less splendour because thou canst analyse its effulgence.

(To be Continued.)

The British Grain Trade.

London, January 13 .- The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the British grain trade, says: "In consequence of the comparatively favorable weather, farmers have been actively engaged with arrears of sowing. Consequently threshing was somewhat neglected, and the deliveries of wheat at the principal markets have diminished. The condition of the majority of the offerings, however, only dry lots maintained prices. The bulk for, or mixture with, the English. Business charm. He might have forgotten his own in consequence of a weaker feeling on the so on rather easier terms. Buyers appear to the principal ports in the United Kingthe same time last year, while the quantity on passage exceeds 2,250,000 quarters it is improbable that the hopes of the American speculation will be, just at present, realized. The stocks of maize in this country are unusually small. The price, however, has fallen 3s per quarter on the fortnight, doubtless owing to the practically unbounded stock in America. Oats rather favored sellers in consequence of the comparatively light imports. The arrivals at ports of call were moderate, and trade was decidedly quiet. Wheat declined 1s to 1s 6d per quarter. There has been an improved inquiry for maize at a reduction of a shilling per quarter. Wheat for shipment was quiet, buyers still holding off, though some sellers are offering at a shilling to a shilling and sixpence per quarter decline. Maize was neglected at a shilling decline, The sales of English wheat last week were 30,075 quarters at 46s 2d per quarter, against 37,400 quarters at 39s 7d per quarter for the corresponding week last year. The imports into the United Kingdom during the week ending January 3, were 1,282,794 hundred weights of wheat, and 320,453 nundred weights of flour.

The Pilot. Have you ever traveled by steamboat down the St. Lawrence River? It is a study of human nature as well as of scenery. crowds of passengers speaking various lan-guages, is one feature, and the diversities of landscape, another. In the little barroom may be seen the lethargic German calling for his "brandwein;" the lymphatic Frenchman for his "Eau de vie," the Englishman for his "ale," and the American for his "Bourbon straight.' Little groups discuss the prices of lumber, cattle and lands. This cabin is filled with tobacco smoke so thick that you can cut it with your finger. Above this is the cabin filled with ladies and children lounging about the counters with their photographs, curios and Indian wares. Still higher up is the cabin for the pilot, to whose skillful hands are entrusted all these lives, cool and experienced, guiding the boat to its destination. How much is entrusted to him! He has never failed yet and will not now. So in the family. Some dear one is sick nigh unto Friends are about the bed. Dr. HER-RICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS are here the pilot. They have never failed and will not now.

THE GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE OF the age.-There is, probably, no tamily medicine so favourably and so whiely known as DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER. It is extensive used in India, China, Turkey, -- and, in every civilized country on earth, not only to counteract the climatic influences, but for the cure of bowel troubles, Cholera and Fevers. It is used internally for all diseases of the bowels, and externally for wounds, burns, bruises, &c. Sold by druggists generally.

IRELAND'S CHRISTMAS.

Lost Opportunities of the English Government-Famine and "Souperism"-More Prudence Among the Land Agitators-Protestant Feeling.

(From the N. Y. Herald.)

Dunlin, Dec. 27, 1879. No difficulty, no grievance, no agitation ever arises inIreland in which, as in a microcosm, the expert may not trace all those neculiarities which make up the general outlines of what is known as the Irish question. Mutual misunderstanding and mistrust, the corded her happiness so supreme; she felt natural outcome of the misgovernment of only unworthy of a destiny so complete. She centuries and of the standing feud bemarvelled, in the meekness and purity of her tween England and Ireland are a matspirit, why one so gifted had been reserved for ter of course. The general philosophy her, and what he could recognize in her im- of land tenure is sure to come up sooner or later, about which some special traditions and views prevail here which tenaciously defy alike combative arguments and hostile facts. Then there are the antagonisms of race of all kinds and upon all topics. And at no very late stage of the business the spirit of religious bitterness is certain to come upon the stage, disclosing often very sordid motives for apparently noble deeds, and making fusion impossible and peace and harmony mere phantoms. Be-sides all this we have the un-principled knaves "on both sides of the hedge," who fan embers of discord merely in the hope of making some selfish profit for themselves out of the general confusion. We have all this and much more manifest to the most undiscerning eye in the present condition of Ireland, as has been already made pretty plain in the columns of the Herald. There is great and widespread distress, the extreme pressure of which, however, is felt only in the western districts of the country, from Donegal down to Kerry and southwest Cork.

THE DIRE DISTRESS.

The bulk of the population in the seven western counties will find it next to impossible to live through the winter and spring unless helped by money or provisions coming from an extraneous source. Whence is the money and the food to come? Those benevolent persons who have not cast all considerations of prudence and political economy to the winds depreente the idea of wholesale charity. They protest against transforming the whole population of this great district into an army of paupers. Poor they always have been and must continue to be, but let them be industrious poor, supporting themseives and earning the maintenance of their families by honest toil. Husbandry work in the ordinary sense is not blooded philosophy. Nature assures him to be had, but there are very many important and useful works of general and permanent public utility which might be taken in hand, giving wages to the able-bodied men, who will otherwise have no employment. Many of these are real salvage works, such as drainage of thousands of acres, which at present are periodically under water six months in every year; embank-ment of some rivers which regularly overflow and render useless some very fertile land, and opening up roads in districts now deprived of all communication with the outside world. Private benevolence will have ample field for almost boundless effort in allaying unavoidable distress. But the nonemployment of able men upon useful work is a thoroughly avoidable evil. To support them for seven or eight months upon charitable alms when they are able to carn their bread would be to demoralize them, to degrade them, to impair their producing power for

THE GOVERNMENT'S APATHY. But the Government either cannot be perdeal with it. They offered to advance money of the Father of the poor. to landlords who may be willing to undertake certain improvements on their estates; but they will not themselves originate anything. Now, this is useless. In the first place, how can it be expected that landlords will just now, in the face of a raging agitation which aims at revolutionizing the tenure of land, consent to take upon their shoulders fresh burdens? In the next place such works must of their nature be on a very limited scale, and benefiting purely local interests. What are wanted are large works, extending over a considerable line of country, furnishing remunerative employment to thousands at a time. Some landlords have, indeed, in the face of all difficulties, undertaken some local operations: but these can be of advantage to only a small section of their tenantry, and must leave the mass of the people unrelieved. What good can it do to the Galway peasantry to know that King Harman is making improvements on his estate far away in Sligo county? Up to this, however, there is no sign that the Government realizes either its own duty or the magnitude of the danger.

PRIVATE CHARITY.

Private benevolence is coming forward, and many are already solicitous as to whether it will be for good or for evil. The Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, has, as you already know, inaugurated a fund for the relief of the distress in the West. The Lord Mayor of London has also opened a great subscription at the Land Mansion House the object of which is to aid the effert of the Duchess of Marlborough. In a few days we are to have a public meeting here in Dublin in order to start a national fund for relief of the distress. Now it is plain that the usefulness of all those efforts must depend on the excellence of organization. But this seems to be almost nil. A small committee of ladies, all of them people of some social importance in Dublin, has been selected by the Duchess to manage her fund. Hardly one of them knows an iota about the state of the West, its needs, its difficulties. They have had no experience in anything of the kind. By one of those marvellous pieces ingenious perverseness which are not to lefound anywhere out of this unfortunate island, the two gentlemen who have been selected to act as secretaries to this committee of inexperienced ladies are two men who have been conspicuous for their anti-Catholic views and actions, and for their antipathy and antagonism to all Irish aspirations. Now, the great rock on which British benevolence runs the risk of suffering shipwreck in dealing with the starving peasantry of Connaught is proselytism. Thousands of pounds come over annually from England to a couple of societies here in Dublin, which set before themselves the task of converting the benighted Papists of Connaught, not by argument but by the exhibition of more solid inducements-food, clothes, hard cash.

CONVERSION BY SOUP.

This process of conversion is known by a special name. It is called "Sour erism." from the fact that in the terrible famine years the agents of those socisties distributed meat soup lavishly among the starving Connaught men on Fridays, a day on which strict Irish Roman Catholics never touch mea. The distribution of the fund intended to relieve distress which mainly presses on Roman

ultra-Protestant feelings anu anti-Catholic sentiments, and who, on all occasions, praise up everything English and decry and sneer at things Irish.

That distress will be felt widely and sharply, amounting in many districts to absolute destitution, admits of no doubt. The government know it from thoroughly independent evidence, and hence their spathy isutterly bewildering. The Bishop of Achonry, a diocese which includes portions of the counties of Mayo and Sligo, Dr. Francis Mc-Cormack, publishes this morning a letter which gives ample food for reflection. He resides at a small town in Mayo, near the borders of Sligo county, named Ballaghadereen, the population of which is about 1,400 souls.

On Christmas eve the bishop's residence was besieged by a hungry crowd of about three hundred, more than a fifth of the total population of the town. He distributed relief to them, giving, as he says, "a little to each." He had received a small sum of \$50 from some charitable persons in Dublin, this sum itself having been remitted from France by some benevolent people there who had been much moved by the narratives they had read of the distress in Connaught. Bishop says that in distributing his Christmas alms he had not broken in on this heard, which he had "reserved for a darker and not distant day." What a picture is conjured up by those ominous words. The rest of the letter is a powerful comment on the condition of affairs, and, coming from one who must know well what he writes about it deserves special attention. The Bishop says :-

A BISHOP'S LETTER.

"This little town is the centre of a dense rural population, most of whom are small landholders. Behold the position of many of those small tenants. They will cling with persevering tenacity to their little holdings and houses, and consequently are not duly qualified to share in even the cold and repulsive comforts of the workhouse. The Gregory clause bars them from receiving out-door relief. They can get nothing on credit. The shops and banks have been hauling in as best they can, and are not expected to east out anew until the coming of better times. What, then, is to become of the poor small farmers and the unemployed laborers if our rulers persist in refusing to employ the waste labor in public or reproductive works? There are willing hands to earn the bread so sadly needed. but no one, not even the State, will employ them. I say nothing of the want of fuel, though I know that bitter privation makes up the double edged sword which smites our poor people. This, then, is the question of the hour-What is to become of our Irish poor? "It is really an outrage upon every feeling of Irish manhood that this afflicted nation should in the day of distress have to look across the wide ocean to her children in America, or over the sea to her faithful friend France, rather than to her (so-styled) sister Britannia, who has received, and in yearly receiving, millions of Irish maney in taxation. Posen and Silesia are suffering from the effects of a bad harvest and floods, but Posen and Silesia are not thrown upon the world as beggars. The prompt hand of Prussia has been stretched, a generous system of public works instituted, and the wolf turned away from their doors. Who can wonder that discontent and disaffection are rife and ready to speak out in this unhappy land, when the first helping hand hails us from abroad, while a Government whose first and supreme duty it is to save their subjects, look on in cruel apathy awaiting, as it seems, the coroner's jury and refusing to believe in appalling distress until suaded of the greatness of the emergency or the cry of actual-death from hunger sends up they lack the energy and courage necessary to its verdict, as it did before, to the high court

borough, whom may God bless, has, to be Queen being present. sure, made an earnest appeal to English —A rumseller at Al bounty on behalf of Ireland : but will that prove a cover for the callous conduct of government, who, while they cannot spare money to avert Irish famine, can waste millious in wars of very equivocal morality? Ah! it is sad and sickening.

"If the truth must be out, I hesitate not to say that the Government is to blame for the disloyalty of some of our people. Why, it were a miracle if they were not disloyal, and disloyal to the core, in the face of the current and past history of this poor, long suffering country.
"We Irish priests and bishops are custo-

dians of morality and order. It is our duty to counsel peace and preach loyalty. But it is hard to instil loyalty and promote peace when there is a question of empty stomachs and an unsympathetic government.

"At the present time it is cast into our face by a hostile press that the Irish peasant repudiates his debts. There is no nation on the globe so characterized for hones: enstincts in matters of strict justice as the Irish, and we have the fullest and firmest confidence that they will discharge their just debts to the nimost extent of their ability. But, admitting for a moment that some have repudiated payment or debts, are they more culpable than their rulers, who fail in discharging a debt of unquestioned justice to Ireland—who refuse to hand back a portion of its own (taxation) to a

nation in distress." When a bishop writes in this strain we can easily understand the fears of far-sceing laymen who tell us that unless the government provide industrial work for the unemployed peasantry without delay we may expect to see scenes of desporate violence before spring. This Irish land business may well seem an inscrutable problem to those who look from day to day on the constantly changing panorama of facts, which seems to furnish no clew for their classification.

PROTESTANT ANTI-RENTERS. Yet it is in Ulster that we may be prepared

o meet the most determined efforts to evade

the payment of rent. Already, indeed, we find instances of this. In Armagh county the people of a whole district are tenants under the Commissioners of Church 'Temporalities. That is, they are holders of farms which were formerly portions of the estates of the late disestablished church. Most, if not all, of those tenants are Protestants, and not one belongs to the original Irish race; but all are descendants of English or Scotch settlers. They have unanimously refused to pay the rent charge on their holdings. They refused to allow legal summonses to pay to be served upon them. The lawyer of the Com-missioners, Mr. Franks, went to the place, and had to secure the protection of a guard of constables. He served one man with notice to pay; but the whole population turned out and refused to let him proceed. He addressed the people, explained the law with great good temper, and pointed out to them the utter fruitlessnes of resistance. But all in vain. They listened to him; but they would neither pay nor take his notices. He had to retire, and upon laying the case before the Queen's Bench Division he obtained permission to serve notices on the refractory tenants

Catholics will hardly be regarded as impartial, by means of registered letters. There can be or free from all taint of proselytism, if the no doubt of the law, and there is money is to pass through the hands of men no reason to fancy that the tenants are unable who have made a boast and parade of their to pay. Still it will be interesting to see how the law is to be enforced.

NON-CELTIC BACES.

Another case in point is presented by the tenantry of Sir Richard Wallace. His estates, amounting to 61,058 acres, situate in the adjoining counties of Down and Antrim, are valued at £74,189 (\$370,945) annual income. He owns the town of Lisburn, for which place he is member of Parliament. His tenants are almost to a man Presbyterians or Episcopalian Protestants, descendants of Scotch and English settlers imported in the seventeenth century. I am told there are very few Celtic Irish among them, and probably not 100 Roman Catholics. These tenants are admittedly in a very different plight from the wretched peasantry of Connaught. But I am assured by most reliable authority that the men have refused to pay rent. They are persons who not only have no sympathy with Mr. Parnell, but look upon him, his associates and supporters with horror. Yet they have grasped with avidity at the possibility of evading payment of their rents, and reaping the chief benefit of a movement from whose labors and dangers they instinctively keep aloof. These are specimens of the complications and by questions which invariably surround every Irish movement.

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST.

The reality of the distress in the West is unfortunately not lessened by any exaggerations either political or socialistic. The most moderate men, those who hold themselves utterly apart from the Home Rule movement, and still more from Mr. Parnell's agitation, are openly declaring that the whole west of Ireland, from north to south, is doomed, unless the Government step in with an extensive system of really useful public works. To-day's papers contain a memorial from a number of Kerry landowners addressed to the Lord Lieutenant. It describes the destitution of the district, and prays for a system of works which shall give employment. It is worth observing, in this connection, that the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, are the landlords of much of the ground in the locality from which this memorial has gone up. They have raised the ground rent during the last few years by tea and, in some cases, tifty per cent. No mercy was shown to any remonstrants. They were at once turned out if they objected to the increased rent. In the town of Cahirciveen the Board of Trinity College now receive £700 (\$3,500) a year from ground rents which formerly brought to the late Mr. O'Connell only 3350 a year.

ROUND THE WORLD.

-During last year seven "Opera Houses" were burned in Texas. They were built of pine boards.

- "You are a revolutionist," said a Russian official to the editor of the Golos (suspended for five months.) "In that case all educated Russians are revolutionists," was the reply.

-Sir Evelyn Wood's mother lived just long enough to witness his success in South Africa She died Dec 15. Lady Wood was the author of several novels of considerable power.

-It is asserted that the Czar is a regular eader of the leading European papers, which tell him nearly every day what ought to be done, and yet he seems in as pitiable a plight

-Garibaldi's suit for the annulment of his marriage with Signora Raimondi, on the ground of illegality, is to be decided by the Court of Appeals at Rome on the 20th inst. The old hero is very anxious as to the issue of his plea.

-It is recorded that on Feb. 2, 1601, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was recited before Queen Elizabeth in the great hall of the Middle Temple. The custom was to be renewed "The good and popular Duchess of Marl- | this year, but there was little prospect of a

> -A rumseller at Allegheny, Pa., suspected his barkeeper of pilfering, and got into the ice box, intending to keep watch through a spigot hole. He gained the desired information, but soon found himself suffocating. When taken out he was nearly dead.

> -Adelina Patti, on her recent arrival in Dresden, was met at the railway station by a party of her admirers. Their spokesman, a General, handed her a beautiful bouquet, and was about to deliver an address, when the impressario of the prima donna approached him and said: "Your Excellency, please postnone the agreeable task of addressing Madam, for in the draught she may easily catch a dreadful cold in the head, and every such accident costs me 16,000 marks."

> -It is proposed to complete a grand opera house on the Thames embankment by a company with a capital of £160,000, £45,000 to go to the present owners, which is just half what they spent. One hundred stalls are to be put at the disposal of the shareholders, and there being sixteen hundred shares, in sixteen years each shareholder will have one year's right to a stall, which he may let. The sixteen hundred shareholders are to form a tontine, each holder nominating a life of sixty, and the nominator of the surviving life ultimately to have the theatre.

> -Robert and Dennis Patterson, brothers, at Huntsville, Ga., quarrelled over the question of dividing some hogs that had just been killed. An immense kettle, full of very hot water, was at the edge of a platform on which they stood, to be used in scalding hogs. Robert was a Methodist preacher, but that did not prevent him from getting furiously angry, and he threatened to throw Dennis into the kettle. Dennis challenged him to try, and he did. The two brothers struggled hard, and finally plunged into the water together, receiving scalds that killed them both.

> -A young physician of Charlotte, N. C. had wagered heavily that his gamecock would win in a forthcoming fight. In order to give the fowl a little practice, he and a friendly clergyman obtained a big Shanghar rooster, clipped off his spurs and put him into a pen for the other to kill. The Shanghai was informed that he only had about two minutes to live, but he went at the gamecock with surprising vigor, and at the expiration of two minutes crowed over his dead body. The physician told his story in plain words, but the clergyman expressed his feelings in a sermon on "The Vanity of Human Hopes."

> > I recollect Endora Lee, Her praises still I lute, And recoilect, yea verily, Her father's cownide boot. I recollect, with heartfelt glee One pleasant starry night; Full many dainty riugs had she And an awful appetite.

Oh, take me back to memory's isles, In a silk-sailed canoe. Oh, let some widow's pleasant smiles Just thrill me through and through. Oh, have me not serenely flit, And work instead of play, Ob, fix me so that I can sit

Eating peanuts all the day.

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