

If I consider your notions overstretched, and remember that not only myself, but your own parents condemn you.

But my own heart does not condemn me," said Bertha, "and that is always a faithful monitor." For the present farewell, Vernon; think kindly of me as one trying, in some small degree, to make atonement for the commission of a very great fault.

Expostulation and entreaty were alike useless on the part of Vernon. Nothing could turn Bertha from her purpose; and he at length yielded an unwilling consent that the day of their nuptials should be postponed until the lapse of the next few months should determine whether the unfortunate Aileen should recover or not.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE SICK CALL.

The winter has set in, a sharp, severe Canadian winter; the cold was intense, a hard biting frost, accompanied by a keen easterly wind, which cut the face of the unfortunate wayfarer, whose vocations obliged him to brave the inclemency of the season; it was cold enough within doors, and none would leave the warmth of their own homes unless compelled to do so.

It was a season of severe sickness too, for, in spite of the intense cold, Asiatic cholera was raging in its most virulent form, and young and old, rich and poor equally fell victims to the ravages of that most fearful epidemic.

The clock of a small Catholic church, in the obscure village of Fernside, had just struck ten, as, shivering with cold, a priest, but just nominated to a poor and struggling mission, arrived at home weary and exhausted from the number of visits he had that day paid to the sick and dying—his mind depressed and saddened by the scenes of misery he had encountered, and the suffering he had witnessed, which he had not the power of alleviating. He had just come from visiting a man who was dying in excessive poverty, and to his mind's eye these ghastly, distorted features were still present; in his ear yet rang the piteous wail of her who was about to become a widow, and the sobs of the wretched children who would that night be made orphans.

One elderly woman, of gentle and prepossessing appearance, formed, with himself and a youth, the whole of the modest establishment. The office of the latter was to perform several duties, making himself, in fact, generally useful, both in the house as well as serving at Mass, and looking after the horse, or attending the sledge when necessary. A bright fire blazed in the kitchen stove, and in the little parlor, devoted to the priest's use, everything was arranged with scrupulous neatness; one small lamp burned on the table, the curtains were closely drawn, the house-keeper stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze, and placed on the table some white bread and a dish of meat, together with a refreshing cup of tea.

As soon as he had partaken of these refreshments, he rang a small hand-bell, and in answer to his inquiries as to whether there had been any more sick calls, she replied that there were two, but not of a nature to require immediate attention, adding:

"I do hope, Father, that you will enjoy a good night's rest after the fatigues of the day; I trust you will have no call during the night, which you will consider it necessary to attend before morning."

"I feel very unwell, Sarah," was the reply; "and therefore, in order to prevent such being the case, I called on my poor sick people during my absence from home."

He then dismissed her for the night, and, exhausted by fatigue, he remained for nearly an hour apparently gazing on those white embers, but his mind was absorbed in thought, and those thoughts were not of a cheerful character, for the scenes he had witnessed were mingled with remembrances of the past, and sorrowful intelligence he had that day received from the land of his nativity.

He then opened a letter which lay on the mantelpiece, the seal of which had been already broken; he perused it again, sighed deeply, and then rising from his seat prepared to retire to rest. As he was about to leave the room he heard the sound of a footfall on the crisp snow, then the bark of the dog, and a loud knock at the door, followed by the voice of Sarah, who was still busily employed in repairing sundry articles of linen for the Altar. The next minute she entered the room.

"I am sorry to say that there is another sick call, Father; the person who brings it says that the case is urgent, and as the road is lonely, and the distance eight miles, he will see you safely home."

"Is it a cholera case?" inquired the priest.

"No; a lady is dying of consumption; she is not expected to survive till morning; she has but lately been brought to St. Croix; this will account for the fact of her not being on your sick list."

"Tell John to get the sledge ready; I shall not keep the man long waiting."

"Dear, dear; what a thing it is to think of your having to leave the house again; it is enough to kill you, that's what it is," exclaimed Sarah, as she quitted the room.

Yes, Sarah was quite right; it was enough to kill the parish Priest of Fernside, in far away Canada, as well as those good laborers in the vineyard, who are at our very doors. But yet, this visitation of the sick, by which the priest carries peace and joy to the bedside of the sick and dying, may never be dispensed with; it is one of the most prominent of his duties, one of the most trying; and which imposes the greatest fatigue; and never is the ministry of the priesthood more valued by the children of the Church than at that dread moment when the soul hovers, as it were, on the confines of eternity. But is especially trying when, as it is not unfrequently the case, the call comes from those whom merely trivial ailments inspire, with a cowardly fear, and whose first thought is to summon, at any hour, or to any distance, the perhaps, over-worked exhausted priest, whose health, or very life itself, may depend upon the rest and quiet thus rudely broken in upon.

It may be that some such thoughts as these

crossed the mind of the good Father, for, you see, the weary look on his fine, straight features has not yet passed away, and he sighs heavily as he again puts on his warm overcoat, and enveloping his throat in the folds of a large woollen scarf, prepares to brave the inclemency of the weather. His pleasant vision of a comfortable night's rest was rudely dispelled, but he was told the call was urgent, and would on no account risk remaining at home until morning.

Again, then, he leaves his warm fireside, and turns away from the humble, silent Presbytery, its white walls gleaming beneath the pale, cold rays of the moon; one solitary light twinkling in the kitchen window; and entering his sledge went at a rapid rate to the village of St. Croix, a small watering place, the air of which bore the repute of being somewhat milder in the winter season than in other parts of Canada.

It was not very long before he arrived at a small but neatly furnished house; and was conducted at once to one of the upper apartments.

On a bed, at the further end of the room, lay a young female in a state of insensibility; was she dead, thought the good priest, as, shading the light with his hand, he carried it to the bed, heedless of the presence of a young lady, who watched him with much anxiety.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

The British Association of men of science has opened its session at Norwich, and Dr. Hooker, the president of the year, has delivered his inaugural address—a masterly, pains taking, and appreciative retrospect of the latter pages of scientific history. The occasion naturally suggests a passing reflection on one of the most important, if not of the most popular and pressing topics of the day: the relation in which science stands to religion, and the light in which religionists must look on the labours of those who spend their lives and energies in the 'advancement of science.' Is science a thing to be advanced? Will its progress aid the cause of true religion? or will it oppose an insuperable barrier to the spread of truth, and exert a baneful influence on the faith of those who become imbued with the love of knowledge, and preserved with an unquenched thirst for fresh information. These are grave questions—they awaken the anxieties of many intellectual minds, and demand many an honest heart. It is idle to trifle with them, and they cannot be ignored. Let us look the facts in the face, and see if there are any features of the case which have hitherto been disregarded, but may perchance afford some valuable indication of which way the truth lies, and where the vexed questions may be laid to rest.

As long ago as when the Apostle of the Gentiles penned his epistle, Religion had to encounter the 'oppositions of science,' but the science, or the oppositions were 'falsely so called.' Either the science was spurious, or the opposition of its teaching to the truths of religion was only imaginary. The case is in precisely the same condition now. During the eighteen centuries which have elapsed since Saint Paul placed these memorable words on record, Science has explored many fresh fields and made many discoveries, but the position of affairs is in no sense changed. Still there are oppositions, and the only consolation now, as then, is that they are false. The advance of science is a great fact; its progress is irresistible. No fulminations from Rome can stem the tide; no fears on the part of professors of faith will check its onward movement. Meantime what is the proper position of the Christian Church with respect to this uncontrollable march of intellect? At times the forward movement is bewildered in its speed and impetus. The pioneers of progress hew down everything that stands in their way, and are not checked even at the threshold of that sacred domain where human knowledge has no claim or power to intrude. In the mad career of speculation men rush in where angels fear to tread. And not a few of the more ardent spirits among the host of scientific explorers fall victims to their audacity, some sinking with the hope and faith of their humanity dried up, while others, with veiled faces, are beaten back to confess that they have ventured beyond the limits of reason, and are compelled to abandon the theories of their over-heated imagination. These men have gone too far, they have broken bounds, but it does not follow that religion is opposed to science, much less that she has ought to fear from its advancement. On the contrary, that scientific investigation is the duty as well as the privilege of men is admitted on all sides. The Church of Rome, intolerant as she is supposed to be, and in a certain sense justly professing herself jealous of its speculations, is no enemy to real science. It is to one of her own sons, Frater Roger Bacon, the Franciscan that we owe the discovery of the inductive system of philosophy, a system for which all scientific investigators entertain a supreme respect, and which they one and all profess to adopt in their inquiries. The gift of this system by the Church to the school of philosophers is a proof of her recognition of science as a vast and highly important field in which the human mind must labor, and may do so with infinite honor and advantage to itself and glory to the Creator; but there is something more signified in the gift than this: there is a great moral principle, a lesson of truth which cannot be disregarded without peril. The inductive system of inquiry is the only method of scientific investigation in which there is perfect safety. It is when our men of science begin to speculate that they commence the opposition to religion. The error comes in with the inferential member of the syllogism. The ergo ushers in the tetrology. And more frequently than not, fault is shown to be a fallacy as respects science even before it is convicted of opposition to the truth. The Church, therefore, need be disturbed by no fear for the faith which it is its mission to conserve. The duty which lies before it is very clear, and withal simple. It is not called upon to oppose the progress of scientific inquiry. On the contrary, it is charged with the encouragement of man in the investigation of all the works of creation. To talk of evils consequent on the spread of knowledge is senseless; it is opposed to the genius of true religion, which seeks to develop the intellectual as well as the moral nature of man to the highest degree of which it is capable. The vicious and bigoted expressions of a narrow-minded policy with respect to education, and a pigmy view of science which every now and again proceed from high ecclesiastical authorities at home and abroad are the products of ignorance, no less unlearned with respect to the real nature of the truth in whose cause these contemptible opinions are expressed than with regard to the supposed enemy to religion against which they are aimed. An intelligent acquaintance with truth, spiritual and temporal, results in the conviction that all truth is one, and that none of its phases can be opposed to each other. If there be an opposition between science and religion it must be false.

The mission of the Church is, therefore, to inculcate the legitimate use of all the powers with which God has endowed man; and as respects science it should take the form of an encouragement of scientific inquiry, protected by an enforcement of the inductive system of philosophy. It should foster the love of knowledge, encourage the acquisition of facts, and not only admit the wisdom but set an especial value on the discovery of laws in nature, and the elucidation of its mysteries. At the same instant it should condemn the intellectual vice of the age the deduction of what are paradoxically called

'Inferences of science.' All the mischievous and absurd theories of our savans have been founded on inferences, and as we have said, they generally collapse of their own inherent fallacy. The manner in which they are created would of itself if rightly viewed suggest that such must be the fate that awaits them. A set of facts are discovered. Instead of patiently seeking more, and allowing the force of these facts to culminate in the evolution of a scientific truth, the discoverer or his disciple invent a hypothesis which shall serve to explain the phenomena. Confessedly, the hypothesis is only tentative. It is not intended to be final. It is not put forth as affording a conclusive answer to any question. Why then is it invented? Simply to gratify the impatient desire to solve some mystery. In some minds there may possibly lurk a belief that the hypothetical theory which serves to connect cause and effect, may be useful as a means to an end while the real truth is process of evolution. As a matter of fact, however it is far more frequently the cause of error. The new hypothesis of Pangenesis invented by Mr. Darwin and put forth with great éclat is one of these artificial and gratuitous gifts of a scientific man to his generation. Nothing can be said against it, but what good will it do? It is in the creation of such theories that there lurks a danger. Would it not be as well to avoid the peril, especially as nothing is to be gained by its being encountered? Meantime all sections of the community, religious and secular, must hail the industry of our scientific investigators with the most profound respect and sincere satisfaction. The most ardent disciples of truth must see the greatest store by the treasures of knowledge they accumulate. None can condemn, and all must benefit by the 'advancement of science.' It is not against the 'oppositions of science, falsely so called,' that the Church must set her guard if she would be respected by intelligent men, and win their respect and love for the truth and faith she is commissioned to uphold and promulgate.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Sept. 4.—Dispatches have been received announcing that a very serious potato riot occurred yesterday at Cork. The people assembled in the streets in great numbers, and for a time were very boisterous. The troops were called out to quell the disturbance. A charge was made on a body of 3,000 rioters, who were dispersed at the point of the bayonet.

DUBLIN, Sept. 9th.—The Archbishop of Armagh, at a visitation on his diocese, predicted that the disestablishment of the Irish Church would cause a dissolution of the Union, and would make Ireland a separate State.

CORK Sept. 4.—Several incendiary fires occurred in this city to-day, and the damage to property resulting therefrom was quite heavy.

Charles Howard was recently convicted of sacrilege, he having on the 19th of last June feloniously entered the Carmelite Church, Whitefriar street, and stolen therefrom money boxes and money, the property of the Rev. John Hall.

The Cork Reporter, while deprecating revolutionary measures, advocates a gradual change in the relations between landlord and tenant.

The Waterford Citizen says:—The country people firmly believe Mr. Scully wore plate armour of great thickness. It looks like it, seeing how from the neck down he was unburied, in the midst of a shower of bullets, and though struck in three places about his neck. All classes of people condemn him, and say if he dies it will only be 'served him right.' The shooting affair at Ballycooney should be published under the head 'Landlord Outrage.'

It is said that two brothers named Michael and Patrick Bohan, recently forcibly administered an oath to Bridget Reilly, of Corbulla, in the parish of Glooce, whereby she bound herself and her husband to leave their house and place—they been caretakers for a man named Curran. The Bohans have been arrested on the affidavit of the woman.

It is said that the mayoralty of Limerick for the next year will be conferred on one of the Catholic members of the Corporation. The names already mentioned are, Mr. Thomas Boyce, J. P., Springfield Patrick's well; Mr. William Spillane and Mr. John Quinlivan, high sheriff.

DUNDEEAD JUDGMENT.—On Saturday last a reinforcement of 150 of Royal Irish Constabulary were drafted into Newry from various districts, as it was rumored that the Roman Catholics were determined on celebrating that day by marching in procession, accompanied by music. At Camlough a body of Roman Catholics marching in procession to the music of fife and drum, endeavored to force their way past the police into the Protestant district. The intention of the processionists was frustrated by the exertions of the constabulary, who were aided in the most praiseworthy manner by several Roman Catholic clergymen, and the Roman Catholics were obliged to retreat to their own neighborhood. One priest was so enthusiastic in his efforts to keep the drumming parties back that he actually kicked in the ends of three drums.—[Daily News.]

The Advocate of a late date says:—The tide of emigration still continues to flow from the railway station of Thurles; scarcely a week passes by without a batch of well-dressed young men and women of a respectable appearance, leaving for a distant clime, which is to be the land of their adoption. In consequence of the large number that emigrated for the past few years, farmers servants and laborers are very scarce, and wages high in all cases. Boys are getting from £9 to £11 a year, and girls £5 to £7. 'Talk of America, and this is America at home.'

Dr. Ambrose one of the cronies for the county Limerick, recently held an inquest at Tullig, near Abbeyfeale, on the body of a young girl named Eliza Collins, aged fourteen years, who met her death in a most unusual and extraordinary manner. It appeared that she was carrying a basket of potatoes, from the field on her back, fastened by a bay rope, which was thrown over her head and across her chest, to enable her to bear her load; but the gad slipped in some inaccountable manner, got on her throat, and strangled her before any one saw her.

MR. BOTT'S LECTURE.—Isaac Butt, Esq., the great orator and lawyer, will deliver a lecture on Wednesday, the 2nd September, on the Land Question, in the Theatre Royal. He will be brought to Limerick by the Farmer's Club, by whom he will be entertained. The Land Question of Ireland has been placed in a new light before the county since the Scully outrage in Tipperary, and its settlement is a matter that no government can long delay. At such a crisis the opinions of so popular and able a gentleman as Mr. Butt must be possessed of great importance; and considering that he has been long looked upon as an authority on this question, we are sure his utterances will have the effect of leading to its speedy adjustment. He intends also to make the lecture one worthy of himself and of the time.—[Limerick Reporter.]

A Killarney correspondent says:—A charge of church yard desecration is to be investigated at Castle Gregory on the 13th inst. (August), the sexton of the Protestant church of Killarney being charged with disturbing the remains of some Catholics buried in the village church-yard. The desecration is said to have been committed in digging the foundation for a new vestry. It appears that the sexton set about the work in the absence of the rector of the parish, Rev. Abraham Isaac, and the parish priest of Castle Gregory, the Rev. John O'Kane, without giving any intimation to the parishioners interested in the grave yard that he would do so. The matter created much excitement, and Mr. R. C. Hickson, J. P., at once interfered, and stayed

proceedings until the return of the rector and parish priest. Great excitement and indignation prevailed amongst the Catholic inhabitants, who have now instituted legal proceedings against the sexton.

A very sad accident occurred on the Shannon, near Athlone. Seven men of the 9th Brigade Royal Artillery were returning in a boat from a regatta on Lough Ree. When, through some mismanagement, the boat capsized, and five, who were unable to swim, were drowned within 20 yards of the shore. There was a stiff breeze blowing at the time.

Professor Ferguson, Her Majesty's Veterinary Surgeon, has made a report to the Privy Council with respect to the increased mortality in Irish cattle this summer, and especially last week. He says that the increase last week was attributable to the sudden increase of quantity and succulence in the vegetation, consequent on the recent heavy rains following the long drought. The animals fell victims to apoplectic congestion, more frequently called 'grass staggers' or 'splenic apoplexy.' He advises that precautions should be taken to prevent the cattle from suddenly having access to a greatly increased quantity of succulent nutriment.—[Times Cor.]

THE PARTY, A TOUT PRIS.—An instructive example of the ease with which Churchmen and landlords can cast off their natural principle to the roll of the faction drum, is exhibited in an address from a Protestant nobleman and hereditary landlord to the electors of Louth. Lord St. Lawrence, in more specific terms than his Roman Catholic opponent, declares his readiness to disestablish and disendow the Church he belongs to; but apparently aware that there is a question 'behind the Church' he has also made a discovery which we fancy will be a novelty to tenants upon the Howth estate, that 'the introduction of tenant-right is the only effective measure that will secure permanent prosperity to Ireland, and peace and contentment to her people.' This party note is elicited by the exigencies of a contest, with the real Roman Catholic, Mr. O'Reilly Dease, who, as expressing his own convictions, seems to us entitled to a preference in a conflict, on his own ground, with a stranger to the county. The point in the case most worth considering, however, is the utter hollowness and transparent artifice evinced in such professions as those of Lord St. Lawrence in regard to tenant-right. We cannot suppose that he does not know what the Louth electors mean by that phrase; it is impossible any man possessed of property could so easily intend to give substance to their meaning. Lord St. Lawrence, at all events, is 'clear and decided' in his intentions to support the 'party' a tout pris, adopting all their watchwords. Sir Richard Levison declines to solicit a renewal of the confidence formerly placed in him by the electors of Westmeath, because, though a Liberal in all respects, he is 'a staunch Protestant,' cannot support Mr. Glasstone in disestablishing the Irish Church.—[Dublin Mail.]

The more we hear from Ireland the more clearly does it appear that the shocking murders in Tipperary are to be ascribed to exceptional causes, and must not be taken as bearing in any way upon the general relations of landlords and tenants. From all sides we have evidence that Mr. William Scully had been an extremely 'hard man,' that he had borne no pleasant reputation among either the tenantry or the gentry of his county, and that he had broken one of the few links which would still have united him to his poorer neighbors by abjuring the Roman Catholic faith. The immediate occasion of the crime is certainly an outrage on all reason, equity, and good feeling. Mr. Scully proposed for the acceptance of all his tenants a new form of lease, which would certainly have defined the relations of landlord and tenant, but which would have attained this simplicity by abolishing every right or privilege of the tenant. The tenant would have bound himself to pay the rent free of almost all deductions on account of rates and taxes, 'notwithstanding any act of Parliament to the contrary'; so that he would even have abandoned rights which the Legislature had intended to secure to him. He would have deprived himself of all claim for embezzlements or growing crops; he was to surrender the tenancy at any quarter day after the service of a 21 days notice, and the posting of such a notice on the door of his dwelling house was to be deemed good service; he was not to make the slightest improvement down to the construction of a fence or a drain, without written permission from his landlord; and the only compensating privilege he would have been allowed was that of surrendering his farm, or evicting himself, at 21 days' notice. It was not at first credited, even in Ireland, that such terms could have been proposed. Mr. Scully, however, offered the alternative of acceptance or eviction; on refusal, he proceeded to carry out his threat, and, as if to produce the greatest possible amount of personal exasperation, he proceeded to serve the notices of ejectment himself. The consequence was that a longstanding personal animosity was inflamed to passionate hatred, and hatred, at an unhappy opportunity broke into murder.

It will not be supposed that we are saying a word in palliation of a crime which is, under any view of the case, nothing less than a murder. We are only pointing out that it is a murder, and nothing else, due to similar motives with murders committed in any other country, and not to be mixed up with agrarian outrages and ordinary tenant-right questions. Members of a fiery and violent race were subjected to gross provocation, and took a murderous revenge. That is the history of the affair—a history which is common to many a murder committed under totally different circumstances. The matter is, of course, discussed by the Irish Press as elucidating the question of tenant-right, but it really has no practical bearing on it.

There appears good reason to doubt whether Mr. Scully's lease be so much as legal; but even if he had succeeded in keeping within the letter of the law, it by no means follows that the law is responsible for the malicious use of his rights. By pressing legal rights to an extremity it is at all times easy, in England as well as in Ireland, and in every-day matters as much as in tenant-right, to be vexatious, oppressive, and tyrannical. Half the bad blood in the world comes from the vexatious exercise of strict rights, and no law would be effectual to restrain a man who is capable of such proceedings as Mr. Scully. Individual ill nature will lead to personal quarrels wherever it be displayed, and this alone appears to be the explanation of the Tipperary Murder. An agrarian outrage, properly so called, is not prompted by personal animosity at all; it is the result of a conspiracy to oppose one system of law by another. But the tenants in this case had lived happily enough with their former landlords, and it was Mr. Scully, not they, who began the present dispute. It is horrible enough that such a murder should have been committed at all; but it would be infinitely worse if we had reason to regard it as part of a general movement or connected with secret conspiracies. As it is, it must be regarded simply as a cruel murder, to be detected and punished accordingly, but not as the explosion of any general ill feeling, or as illustrating ordinary difficulties.—[London Times.]

TWO SIDES OF IRISH LANDLORDISM AND TENANT RELATIONS.—It is a common English habit to paint pictures of the internal condition of other countries when only a single individual or an almost isolated event supplies material for the portrait. This habit applied to the state of Ireland produces half the misconceptions which prevail as to the State of Irish society. A head of violence, such as those at Ballycooney and Youghal, impresses the imagination, and leads to the conclusion that both life and property are unsafe in Ireland; while such a celebration as that reported by our Cork correspondent yesterday suggests an exactly contrary inference. Unfortunately, the impression produced by scenes of violence remains, while the recollection of peaceful festivities passes away. A murder is remembered more vividly

than a marriage feast. An instance of wholesale eviction followed by the violence of a wild revenge will be quoted as typical of the condition of the country, while an example of a happy and contented tenantry assembling to express their affection for the landlord and their confidence in the landlord's agent and representative will be read with a passing aesthetic and then forgotten. But a picture of an Irish landlord and his tenantry for which Mr. Scully and his assassins had not been less true to Irish life, and far less faithful to Irish character, than one painted at Rathkeale, where the tenantry of Mr. Pigott had assembled to do honour to the agent for his estates, Mr. Robert Reeves. Looking on one picture we might conclude that an Irish landlord was all that a landlord ought not to be, and an Irish tenantry all that a country should most deplore; looking on the other picture, we should at once declare that Irish landlords are wise and intelligent administrators of their property, and Irish tenants a grateful and contented race. Yet these two pictures have actually been presented to us on successive days. On the day after the Tipperary outrage the neighbouring county of Limerick was the scene of the gathering at Rathkeale of which we have spoken. No scene of rural peace and contentment could be more striking than this gathering of an Irish tenantry. The parish priest was in the chair, other tenant farmers from the neighbourhood were present, some neighbouring magistrates and clergy surrounded the guest of the evening, and the whole tone of the meeting was one of the most perfect confidence on the part of the tenants towards the landlord and his agent, and the completest respect on the part of the landlord for the tenants. Neither of these two scenes must, however, be taken as entirely typical. If Mr. Pigott is an exceptionally good landlord, Mr. Scully is an exceptionally bad one; and if many Irish tenants are as entirely satisfied as those at Rathkeale, very few indeed are as violent as those at Ballycooney. But if these scenes are not strictly typical, they are eminently illustrative. Their contrast is the most teaching circumstance about them; and to get to the bottom of that contrast is to be nearly at the root of Irish discontent, and not far from some knowledge of its cure.

We have been much accustomed to hear Irish discontent attributed to the peculiarities of the Irish nature. The Celtic blood, we are told, differs from that of other races. It is mercurial, changeable, and fiery, and produces a temper which is incompatible with content. But how does the theory of race explain the double phenomena presented in this twofold picture? Here is tenant discontent ripening in violence and bloodshed—there is tenant satisfaction expressing itself in the most enthusiastic devotion to the landlord. Here are Mr. Scully's tenants shooting at him; and Mr. Pigott's tenants de-cling their willingness to shed their last drop of blood for the landlord or his agent. The people belong to the same race and to the same part of the country, but they live under different systems of tenancy. The most absurd explanation of the difference which could be offered is that which the theory of race supplies; the simplest, nearest, and most obvious is that the difference is rather in the landlords than in the tenants. It is universally admitted that Mr. Scully's case is an exceptional one. He had treated his tenants not only with harshness, but with a wild inconsistency which even Irish experience can scarcely parallel. Mr. Pigott, on the contrary, is an exceptionally good landlord. Sudden evictions are unknown on his estates. His agent said 'he had never been known to ask a tenant to do that which he could not himself conscientiously do if the case were reversed.' He considered that the tenantry on every estate were entitled to enjoy the benefit from improvements; that the money they had laid out fairly belonged to them after. Mr. Pigott's principle is simply that of all good landlords, that the interests of the landlords and the tenant are identical. Hence, said Mr. Reeves, 'on the Pigott estates the rents are well paid, and the tenants are happy and grateful. On these estates no antagonism ever arises between landlord and tenant.' Unfortunately, Mr. Pigott's experience is exceptional, but then Mr. Pigott himself is an exceptional landlord. Where do we see another instance of this kind? When did we see one before? asked the President of the Limerick Farmer's Club. It is common in England, but not in Ireland. But suppose Mr. Pigott's example were as common in Ireland as in England, would not Mr. Pigott's experience be equally common? The fact seems to be that the Irish people are peculiarly sensitive to justice and kindness, peculiarly open to that personal loyalty and attachment which arise out of the relations of landlord and tenant. If this feeling is appealed to, the response is certain. If it is outraged, a reaction of personal dislike is certain to result. But does not the fact suggest that Irish agrarian discontent is more a matter of local mismanagement than of national characteristics; that if Irish tenants are bad, Irish landlords have done much to make them so? Like people, like priest, says the adage. May not Irish experience suggest another version of it—Like landlords, like tenants? Good landlords make a contented, happy, and prosperous population even in Ireland; bad landlords make bad tenants elsewhere as well as here. Some incidental expressions dropped at the Rathkeale meeting throw a light on the doings of landlords in Ireland, which shows at once that this is the true account of agrarian discontent. The President of the Limerick Farmer's Club told the meeting of some of the doings on estates in that neighbourhood. An English absentee lord owned an estate on which large improvements had been made by the tenants, and an English valuer was on his way to revalue the land and raise the rents. On another estate the tenants could not give their sons or daughters in marriage without permission from the landlord. On another, a tenant would hide a pig's head from the agent lest it should provoke an increase of rent. Mr. Reeves gave similar testimony by saying that there were some landlords who did not even like to see a good coat upon a tenant's back. This cannot be the way either to agricultural prosperity or to social peace, but it is the way to much of the evil which Ireland suffers. It is not the Irish nature which is at fault, but the Irish landlord class. Away from the wholesome influence of English public opinion, they yield to the temptations of the position in which the law places them. They have the tenant at their mercy, and in many cases that mercy is cruel. It is easy to declaim on the impracticability of the Irish people and on the disloyalty of the Irish race, that is to name a symptom instead of investigating the disease. The Irish people are loyal by nature, and respond to just and generous treatment with enthusiastic gratitude; but that capacity for enthusiastic loyalty has as its correlative a power of enthusiastic dislike and antagonism, which, in the more ignorant and uneducated, easily runs into actual violence. Such landlords as Mr. Scully excite this enthusiasm in its worst form, and have the most ignorant classes to work on; such landlords as Mr. Pigott call it out in its noblest manifestations and surround themselves with an intelligent and instructed tenantry. As Mr. Bolster said at the Rathkeale meeting, where bad landlords exist there is nothing to make the people loyal, but where good landlords exist the tenantry are contented and prosperous, and the landlords' interests prosper with them.—[Daily News.]

Catherine Hopkins (a very English name that, for a Castilian lady), quarreled with her daughter-in-law who lived with her in her house at Seneane. Result—on the 9th ult. Catherine stabbed her relative in the abdomen with a pitch-fork, and she now lies in jail at Castlebar awaiting the result of the injuries which she inflicted. Bill refused. Catherine was sixty years of age. Old enough to have better sense.

Such has been the action of the dry weather upon the Shannon that the water of it was never so low in the summer season since 1833 as they were this year.