

followers of Sir Alberio to carry the body to the Grange, whither it was accompanied by the unhappy Corisande, and Edred had passed the remainder of that night in a tumult of horror and remorse.

Under the influence of this remorse he yielded himself to the officers of justice on their arrival, and at the inquest on the bodies Sir Alberio and Sir Roland he made a full confession of all the iniquities plotted between himself and the first-named Norman.

The remains of the unfortunate young knight received Christian burial, those of the malefactor Sir Alberio were consigned, without "singing or saying," to unconsecrated ground.

Such punishment as the law might have decreed to the iniquity of Edred was anticipated by his death in prison from a malignant fever.

As for Corisande, the unfortunate daughter of Maltravers, she took the veil along with her friend Ethelind, at Barking, and even in that pious community were both these maidens conspicuous for their piety.

Ethelind, whose vocation had always been for a convent life, was even more eminent for sanctity than her friend; but it was not till she lay on her death-bed that she revealed the vision with which she had been favored on the Eve of All Hallows, and so saintly had been her own life, that the confessor of the convent forbade not the nuns of Barking to believe that from the great danger threatened to her by wicked men, their beloved sister had been rescued by the holy enfranchised spirits, whose festival was on the eve of celebration, even by the QUEEN OF VIRGINS, OUR BLESSED LADY, AND MARTYRED AGNES, THE SWEET CHILD-SAINT.

THE CULPABLE IGNORANCE OF PROTESTANTS.

There are few things more deplorable than the dense ignorance which prevails concerning Catholic dogma among Protestant preachers and Protestant newspaper writers. When one of the few among these who know what the Catholic faith is, attacks it or any portion of it, it is easy and pleasant to answer and refute him. But when one of the many who know nothing at all about the Catholic faith, evolves from the depth of his own inner consciousness something which he imagines to be a Catholic dogma, and then assails this new phantom, one feels that it is like beating the wind to reply to him. Nearly the whole of this class of people in England, as well as in this country, took it into their heads, for instance, that the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope was an affirmation of the sinfulness of the Pope, and many of them also conceived that it was a declaration of the omnipotence of the Pope; so that, for many months, we used not only read numberless pious invocations against the wickedness of the dogma, but mocking inquiries as to why, since our Pope was infallible, he did not turn the Italian robbers out of Rome? The persistence of Catholic journalists and speakers in explaining the very simple and self-evident truth contained in the dogma of infallibility has by this time pretty well enlightened the Protestant mind on that point, so that now no one who is not wilfully dishonest is found to misrepresent it. But evidences of the ignorance concerning nearly every other article of faith, among those who are the teachers of the Protestant masses, are continually appearing. Sometimes this ignorance displays itself in comical forms, sometimes in the shapes that are simply diabolical. How many of these Protestant guides, we wonder, have a correct idea of what is meant by the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady? Not long ago one of them—a very well educated person, an English journalist, and an Oxford graduate—when in company with a Catholic friend of ours in London, was turning over the pages of a Catholic Directory. He saw the feast of the Immaculate Conception put down for the 8th of December. "I have often thought," he exclaimed, "that you Catholics were recklessly careless about your dates, and here is a proof. You say that the Immaculate Conception occurred on the 8th of December, but Christ was born on the 25th of that month, only seventeen days after his mother had conceived him!" The poor fellow up to that moment had supposed that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception referred to the conception of the Son instead of the mother—yet he was a gentleman accustomed to write leaders exposing the absurdities of Catholicism for the columns of a great London journal. His error was no more gross than that of the Methodist parson, whose ludicrous blunder about extreme unction will not be soon forgotten; nor than that of those who imagine that we pay idolatrous worship to images, never read the Bible, and get our sins forgiven by paying the priest a fixed tariff—ten cents for a lie, a quarter of a dollar for a theft—no charge at all if the person robbed be a Protestant—and a dollar for a murder.

But of all the subjects on which it seems that the Protestant mind is most impenetrably ignorant, that of indulgences takes the lead. We have often found persons who were tolerably well informed on the other points of Catholic doctrine, but who were mad as March hares on this subject. The exquisite fictions which have been so industriously told concerning Tetzels and Luther, and the origin of the Reformation, have been accepted as truth; and we suppose that ninety-nine out of every one hundred Protestants, even the best informed, believe that an indulgence is a permission to commit sin—just as they believe that our Feast of the "Invention" of the cross commemorates a fraudulent manufacture of a cross, one that we recognize as fraudulent by calling it an "Invention." A most striking illustration of this dense ignorance among Protestants concerning the real meaning of an indulgence is before us. The Archbishop of Westminster, on the approach of St. Patrick's Day, besought his people, even the most temperate among them, to abstain from the use of spirituous liquors upon the vigil of the feast, the feast itself, and the day after the feast; and announced an Indulgence of forty days for each day of such abstinence, upon the usual conditions. Whereupon, the London Echo is thrown into a fearful state of mind. "There is something in these indulgences either wholly incomprehensible," it exclaims, "or else to the last degree heathenish and demoralising." Roman Catholics, it is certain, believe that an indulgence is "an authoritative assurance that, if they commit a sin while the indulgence lasts, they will not be punished for it hereafter." The Echo is lost in astonishment that the Archbishop—whom it describes as "a cultivated English gentleman of most rare acumen, a member of the Athenæum Club and of the Metaphysical Society, a habitué of several of the most pleasant and intellectual saloons of the west end"—can be found "promising to thousands of his fellow townsmen this stupendous boon" of immunity from the consequences of any sin they may commit for one hundred and twenty days! Well may the Echo exclaim that "this pretension is a usurpation, that it has no valid title, deeds in the past, and no hold on the minds of men in the present." But equally might it have exclaimed against its own incredible ignorance, or its own unseemly baseness in charging the Holy Roman Catholic Church with making any such pretension. The simplest, and most elementary works of Catholic instruction—the Catechism, or even the Almanac—might have been referred to with advantage by the editor of the Echo. There he

would have learned that an indulgence relates only to past sins, and not to future sins; that it relates only to past sins that have been confessed, for which repentance has been shown and forgiveness obtained, and that it can be gained only by one who is free from the guilt of all mortal sin. There he would have found that an indulgence is simply a remission of a part or the whole of the temporal punishment due for sins already forgiven, but for which, in the justice of God, some punishment has been yet due after the guilt has been removed. And if he had inquired of any good Catholic, however ignorant, he would have learned that the people who gain indulgences are those who sin the least; that innumerable good works are done with this intention, and that very often the person obtaining the indulgence applies it to the benefit of some departed soul in Purgatory.

But then, had the editor of the Echo taken the trouble to learn the truth about indulgences, he could not have written his fine article; and it is, perhaps, just this which makes so many of our own Protestant guides keep their eyes so uncommonly well closed against Catholic knowledge.—Catholic Review.

THE IRISH NEMESIS.

Whatever benefits may flow from the "Conservative reaction," and we hope they will be abundant and enduring, a more humane treatment of Ireland is not likely to be one of them. Journalists of both political parties concur in announcing that there is no place for her in the coming millennium. She must still accept whatever legislation English and Scotch Protestants choose to provide for her. In one respect she is to be worse off than ever. There is no longer any need, it is to be crudely avowed, to take her wishes into account. Irish members, even if they vote as one man, cannot put the Government in a minority. Therefore Mr. Disraeli has no motive for conciliating them even, if he cared to do it. They have lost their chance, at least for the present, and have only to efface themselves with becoming resignation.

It does not redound to the credit of constitutional government, nor exalt our estimate of the morality of statesmen and journalists, when such sentiments are openly paraded without even the affectation of disguise. But morality has not a very definite place in modern political philosophy. "We are stronger than you are," our law-makers bluntly assure the Catholics of Ireland, "and we intend to do with you just what we please. If you don't like it, so much the worse for you; your likings are a very small matter to us. Your pretended desire for Christian education is only a scheme to perpetuate priestly domination, and you shan't have it; your demand for self-government is only a conspiracy against imperial unity, and you shan't have that either. Our children can do without Christian education, and so may yours; and as to self-government, it is just as much our 'manifest destiny' to govern you, after our own fashion, as it is that of Russia to govern Poland, and we mean to do it to the end of the chapter."

Such is, in substance, the message of the English press to Ireland. The Pall Mall Gazette, in its usual half-jammy half-truculent style, goes a good deal further, and speaks of an intelligent and generous Catholic nation, which is theoretically supposed to constitute with ourselves an empire one and indivisible, with rather less respect than it would display towards Kurds or Afghans. It even suggests that our discomfited Liberals, who are in sore need of relief to their wounded feelings, may "find much compensation and consolation" in the welcome fact that the Irish party are reduced to impotence. Unceremoniously kicked out themselves, they may solace their defeat by kicking Ireland with renewed vigour. It is even a question, always with the humane philosophers of the Pall Mall Gazette, whether Ireland is a fit place for "free institutions" at all, and "whether an elective Parliament is suited to the temper and habits of the Irish people"—a doubt which English and Scotch Protestants alone are qualified to solve, and which they will perhaps examine with serene impartiality whenever they happen to have nothing better to do. Meanwhile, anything is good enough for a country which was so misguided as to remain Catholic when England—to the great advantage of her interests in general and her religion in particular—became Protestant, and which still presents the melancholy spectacle of "the ascendancy of one great Church professing doctrines fatal to political capacity." We thought that for a good many ages some of the wisest and most far-seeing statesmen the world has ever seen were Catholic ecclesiastics, which does not look as if the true Faith was quite fatal to "political capacity," and both Montalembert and Mr. Carlyle tell us that when England was governed by monks and Bishops she was, not without reason, the admiration of the world. It was to them, says the former, that she owed both her indomitable manliness and her free institutions; while the latter, contrasting the "under-secretaries and officials" of even so remote a sovereign as William I. with our modern functionaries, and the staterat of the 11th with that of the 19th century, says: "I rather guess, the intellect of the Nineteenth Century, so full of miracle to Heavyside and others, is itself a mechanical or heavier intellect rather than a high or eminently human one." But the writers in the Pall Mall Gazette have a history as well as a theology of their own, and deal with facts as they do with doctrines by a process of elimination. They are not only ignorant that, as Guizot confesses, the whole order of European society was "founded by Catholic Bishops," but have never heard of such obscure rulers of men as Ambrose and Hilary, Anselm and William of Wykeham, Ximenes, Richelieu, and Mazurin, whose "political capacity" was totally extinguished as everybody knows, by their profession of the Catholic religion, and whose rudimentary political science cannot sustain comparison with that of modern statesmen—such as Thiers, Cavour, and Bismarck,—whose works are so stable and beneficent, and to whom we owe the universal peace and concord, and all the other unparalleled blessings which are the particular glory of our age.

The Pall Mall is as cautious and discreet in dealing with modern as with medieval history. During all the long ages when England was Catholic, and both her national temper and her noblest institutions were created and fostered by the penetrating influence of the Catholic Church,—when she was great at home and honoured abroad, and her social and political life was as undisturbed as her religious unity,—she enjoyed these long-forgotten blessings, and produced sages, heroes, and saints, in spite of "the ascendancy of one great Church professing doctrines fatal to political capacity." Evidently it ought not to have been so, for how could there possibly have been any political capacity under such deplorable circumstances? That is a trifling difficulty which we submit to our evening contemporary to whom it will probably be no difficulty at all. Among the graces of the journalist non-liability to be puzzled is by long odds the most useful. It preserves him from the possibility of mental confusion. And so he goes on to tell us that England may safely despise Irish disaffection, because he has always done so before, and he proves it by the following example. When Sydney Smith "proved to demonstration the imprudence of the Anti-Catholic policy of the Government," and Pitt resigned because the most reasonable concessions to Ireland were refused by "the superstitious disrelish of a half mad King," the astonishing fact remains," says the Pall Mall, "that England went forth to fight nearly the whole civilized world,"—she only fought the French part of it; but "soporose phrases are always imposing—knowing that Ireland" was "disloyal, and yet not caring to conciliate her by the sacrifice of a

single prejudice. Such is the reply to the vapouring challenges of the Irish press." And in that reply the Pall Mall, perhaps sees an agreeable proof of "political capacity." But the Duke of Wellington, who had seen more battles than the lawyers of the Pall Mall, and thought even a victory only a less disaster than a defeat, was of quite another opinion, and urged upon his Sovereign that "it was better to grant Catholic emancipation than to provoke a civil war." He remembered that the cruel and blundering policy dear to the Pall Mall had not only lost us the American provinces, but converted them into a dangerous enemy, and did not want to see the folly repeated in Ireland. The warrior, it seems to us—and Sir William Napier used still more emphatic language—showed more "political capacity" as well as more humanity and common sense than the journalist.

So much for historical facts, but there is another consideration which may have weight even with our contemporary. We will say nothing about justice in dealing with Ireland, because Dr. Arnold observed long ago, "My great fear is that the English are indifferent to justice when it is not on their own side," but, perhaps, like the Duke of Wellington, they may at least have some regard for prudence and their own interests. It may be very delightful to Protestants and unbelievers to vex and insult Catholic Ireland, and "not care to conciliate her by the sacrifice of a single prejudice;" but the amusement, like other immoral pastimes, may cost more than it is worth. Has it ever occurred to the jaunty politicians of the Pall Mall to estimate what it has cost already? They will find the calculation instructive. Prudent men abstain even from the pleasures to which they are most inclined when deterred by their probable expense. Only the other day we paid a little bill of between three and four millions sterling for the exquisite amusement of insulting Ireland, and the "astonishing fact" that we treat her just remonstrances with arrogant contempt. By such persuasive proofs of our "political capacity," which is chiefly displayed in bullying the weak and truckling to the strong, we have created in America a fiercely hostile nation, whose enmity to their oppressor the astute politicians of that country know how to utilize, as they did at the time of the Geneva arbitration. All the better class of Americans scouted the claim then made as nothing better than an ignoble speculation upon the fears of England; but the politicians, to whom the Irish-American vote is all-important, knew that the best way to secure it was to humble the British Government. They gained their object; and the Pall Mall seems to understand that "the results of the Alabama arbitration produced even among the humblest electors a far deeper feeling than its strongest censors were prepared for," and largely contributed to the downfall of the Liberal Ministry. Irish hostility to England is now such a permanent element in the calculations of American politicians, thanks to our incorrigible blunders, that the late Mr. Seward, when Secretary of State, displayed a large portrait of Archbishop Hughes in the hall of his own residence as a hint to the Irish that his policy would always merit their support.

And yet it would have been so easy to make the Irish, always generous and warm-hearted, our fast friends. What do they ask for? Chiefly and above all for the right to educate their own children in the true Faith; and England might know by this time that it is not Christian education, but the want of it, which makes Fezzans and other disturbers of public order. In refusing to countenance any but secular education she is doing her best to create a generation of bad citizens, wherever the experiment is tried. As to the particular form of self-government for which Irishmen are now legally conspiring, we will only say that at least it will aim at satisfying those just demands to which the Pall Mall tells us crudely we ought not to pay the smallest attention; and further, that if the whole English press supported the right of Hungary to such self-government, it is hard to see why the same right should be refused to Ireland. That which was a virtue in Hungarians cannot be a crime in Irishmen. But the unpardonable sin of the latter is the insolent rejection of their reasonable claims which the Pall Mall recommends and applauds as simply a part of that wide-spread conspiracy against Christian truth and the action of the Christian Church upon human society, of which we see the proofs all around us, and which is the only display of "political capacity" appreciated by that journal. Our Catholic forefathers understood the science of Government to more purpose, and applied it with happier results; and if Englishmen are not yet convinced of the fact, it is to be feared that they will learn it one day by one of those decisive lessons which the justice of God knows how to prepare.—Tablet.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE "TIMES" ON HOME RULE.—Sir George Bowyer, in his character as a Home Rule member, has written to the Times to contradict some of those reckless assertions which, from time to time, find their way into the hostile rhetoric of that organ. The Times had stated on Wednesday that the Home Rule cause "glories in being identical with Fenianism." Sir George Bowyer replies that it glories "in nothing of the kind, and that it is not identical with Fenianism." The Times had declared that it proclaims with cynical "candour that its one principle is selfishness." Sir George Bowyer states that he "never heard that principle proclaimed," and that he believes "it would be repudiated by all his colleagues." The Times asserted that the Catholic Hierarchy had "rushed with ecstasy into the arms of the Home Rule Party." Sir George Bowyer observes that "the Irish Prelates abstained, during the elections, from taking part in political agitations, and as a body they have given no opinion on Home Rule, but have maintained a prudent reserve." "It is notorious," he adds, "that the Roman Catholic Primate of All Ireland supported Mr. Chichester Fortescue in Louth." Lastly, declining to "enter into particulars" about Home Rule, Sir George remarks that if it be "a delusion," it is one which has produced very practical and useful results in all the principal British Colonies and in the United States of America.

A threat is plainly held out that if Home Rule be established in Ireland, the Irish in England may not "find themselves so much at ease as they are now." Bluster and menace have been ere now favorite engines of the English Press, but Irish rights have been gained in face of them. Indeed, experience has shown that our national questions make all the more progress, the more publicists over the water rave and bully and storm in opposition to them. But the Times transcends itself as it goes on. Behind Home Rule, it says, is Rome Rule. Rome has made "Ireland a most unpleasant country for Protestants or non-Romanists of any kind to live in." Is there a Protestant or a non-Romanist of any kind in three-fourths of Ireland who will, or can, echo this allegation? In Ulster, no doubt, the Catholics object to being the victims of Orange violence, and their unaccommodating disposition in this respect is probably unpleasant to those who trampled them so long. Assuredly, if Ireland had been made disagreeable for any section of her people, it is for those who have for the greater portion of three centuries had to suffer all things for their religion. We should not have referred to the contemptible matter here quoted, even though it is in the Times, only that its tenor and conclusions betray a perceptible apprehension that Home Rule with all its horrors will one day be an accomplished fact. The conscious fear permeates the whole article, which is so utterly reckless in its vehemence

unfairness of spirit and disregard of realities, that it may well renew old speculations regarding the source which gives it utterance. For our part we should not like to think that this is the usual style of treatment adopted with reference to all topics by the lights of English journalism. If they write about the concerns of other countries as they do of Ireland, we can only say that the poet Cowper knew what he was saying when he apostrophized the Press of his country as "an ever-bubbling spring of endless lies."—Dublin Freeman.

It is quite a common thing with Englishmen, in alluding to the Home Rule movement, to sneeringly make use of exclamations to the effect that Irishmen are incapable of governing themselves, that only for English rule and authority the Irish people would be eternally fighting with each other, and that after a very short experience they would beg of England to reassume her sway over them. Only an Englishman who has never looked into a history of Ireland, only an Englishman who is ignorant of the history of his own country, could of course entertain such an impression; but that many such specimens of modern British intelligence exist there is no doubt whatever. Here are a few undeniable facts for the benefit of such ignoramus.—"In 1799—the year before the Union—the population of Ireland was somewhat less than it is to-day, and yet at that period 1,200,000 of the population were either engaged in or living by manufacturing industry. The number so employed in 1862 was only 37,872, showing that while at the period of the Union over one in five of the population were engaged in manufactures, in 1862 there was only 1 in 140, being a decrease of 2800 per cent. in 62 years; and since that date there has been no material increase marked by hundreds of thousands of acres annually, and the former in 1872 was 134,915 acres, while the decline in population in the same year was over 70,000. There is not a third of the available land of Ireland under cultivation to-day, and not half the population which the island would contain in the ratio of increase from 1835 to 1845, nor one-third of what the land is capable of maintaining under a well-ordered native system of government." The great object of the Home Rule movement is to restore Ireland's lost prosperity. Any person whose vision is not affected by the blundering influence of prejudice can see in a moment that this would be not alone good for Ireland but beneficial to the empire at large. More power to Home Rule, then, say we.—The Universist.

THE O'CONNOR CASE AGAIN.—The Cork Examiner, March 21, says.—"This time the most reverend defendant was fortunate in having the case tried before an eminent lawyer, whose views with regard to the internal discipline of religious bodies are not quite so Bismarckian as those of Chief Justice Whiteside. The latter authority holds that no matter what compact a man's act or profession may imply, no matter how he may bind himself, the other parties to that compact may not avail themselves of it, and the law must deal with them as if it never existed. After this absurdity it is refreshing to hear the language of law identified with common sense, as it appears to be in the following observations with which Judge O'Brien opened his address to the jury. "Strong comments were," said his lordship, "made on what appeared to be a rule of the Catholic Church—namely, that no clergyman should bring an action against an ecclesiastic in a court of law. They had nothing to say as to whether that was right or wrong. There were various other religious denominations in the kingdom—various dissenting bodies, with whom exactly the same rules prevail. Recently, in Scotland, a case arose in a charge against a minister that he had recourse to legal proceedings against a brother ecclesiastic. He was called on to answer to that, and was only permitted to say 'Yea' or 'Nay' to the question. Did he do what was alleged? and was not allowed to explain. The result was, that, answering in the affirmative, he was suspended. That rule might be politic. He (Mr. Justice O'Brien) would offer no opinion on it. All religious denominations are looked on in the eye of the law as voluntary associations, the rules of which were such that if a person did not wish to conform to them he ceased to be a member." Had the Chief Justice adopted this rational, and beyond all doubt, correct view of the law, the country would have been spared many painful scenes, and the ultra-Protestant press a good deal of championship of which it seems to have of late got a little tired if not absolutely ashamed.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF A MAGISTRATE.—Mr. Carroll Naish, J.P., died at his residence, Rathkeale, Limerick, from the result of a wound inflicted accidentally on the thigh with a pruning knife whilst Mr. Naish was engaged in some horticultural pursuits. The deceased gentleman was for many years vice-chairman of the Rathkeale Board of Guardians, and some time since acted as paid guardian for Mill-street Union, county Cork. He was universally esteemed by all creeds and classes, and a staunch supporter of the Liberals.

By degrees we get intimation of what estimate Ireland is to hold in the Government of Mr. Disraeli. There is no mistaking it—it is contempt. The facts proclaim it as well as the gloss of the journals. The Times rejoices over the systematic exclusion of all Irishmen from office. "Mr. Disraeli," it says "has simply left Ireland out of account altogether." "Blackwood's Magazine," an important Tory organ, argues that Ireland ought to be governed by a Lord Deputy "of the good old Elizabethan pattern." The Irish Conservatives recognize with some bitterness the fact that being mere Irish they can have no hope for consideration in Ireland. They are not so dull as to see the cause of this. If Mr. Disraeli had but a narrow majority he would be afraid to offend his Irish followers. But now that he is strong with his English backing he shows his undisguised contempt for them. He makes it ostentatiously plain that he despises Irishmen equally whether they be of his opponents or admirers. This is a state of things which may gratify Irish country gentlemen, but if so, they are easily pleased. It is not long since Lord Portarlington wrote to the Times complaining of the position of Irish noblemen. Most of them had no seat in the House of Peers, while they were at the same intelligible for election by a constituency in their own country to the House of Commons. Thus they were practically excluded from ambition in connection with public business. He might have added that one party amongst the Irish peers was peculiarly unfortunate, because owing to the mode of election of representatives no Liberal peers could possibly obtain a seat in the House of Lords. A Tory peer had his chance but no Liberal peer had any. When lamenting the anomalous position of the Irish peerage it did not appear to strike Lord Portarlington where the true remedy lay. And yet one would suppose the suggestion was obvious enough—that the natural place for Irish peers was in an Irish House of Lords. There would be found the true sphere for that activity which is at present compelled to rust. But the existence of national life in Ireland is a thing hateful to a large section of the English nation. To see the country occupied with its own concerns, and acting operatively in them, instead of being compelled to argue, to flatter, and beg from a nation which even now knows less about us than it does about Switzerland, seems as if it would be an offence to English pride. Every business of ours is argued on the basis not of what the Irish people think, but what the English people would say. And this in English eyes is the correct thing. We must be the beggar asking for justice as an act of grace. That the Irish masses should be held in scorn appears quite natural. They are not to it. But we wonder how Irish noblemen like it; we are curious to know how Irish Tory gentlemen relish it. The

whole country, nobles, gentry, and peasantry, are taken "no account" of, according to the Times by the Prime Minister. And why should he? There is, indeed, some reason why he should regard the peasants. They at least do not kotow to him. They have preserved a love of country and faith in her destiny which supplies the place of self respect and which no statesman can afford to despise. But the nobles and the gentry who profess to be in love with slavery, who prefer to be the least in England to be the first in Ireland, these a Tory Minister with a strong majority at his back can well afford to hold in disregard. If these nobles and gentlemen have not grown callous to British contempt, let them adopt the only course which will secure respect for them at the other side of the Channel, and instead of continuing the stinkies of a power which looks down on them, vain beggars for a consideration that England will not give them, throw themselves into the ranks of their fellow-countrymen, who will be only too proud and happy to see their own aristocracy taking its place in the national councils as, to a great extent it did, in the bright days before the Union flung its baleful shadow over the destinies of Ireland.—Cork Examiner.

A decree for damages is often a very efficacious salve for wounded affections. Modern cynicism is fond of declaring that the broken heart is a fiction that at all events there are few fractures of that organ so severe that money will not cure them. It seems a desecration to measure the holiest emotions of our nature by their worth in pounds, shillings, and pence, but so long as man's tenderest point is his pocket, so long appeal will very properly be made and satisfaction sought in that quarter. Dragging the office and affairs of love into a court of justice is, for instance, a very prosaic but sometimes a very useful proceeding. Cupid in the witness box, badgered by counsel and worried by inquisitive jurors, is a spectacle to make Olympus weep, but if good comes of it to the forlorn maiden, it is small matter to the blind god and his delicate affairs be held up to the rude laughter of the multitude. Seldom has a breach of promise case ended more pleasantly than one tried on Saturday at Tipperary assizes. A rural Lovelace of that county had wooed and won a rustic belle. Is it Balaam who sings of men being deceived ever? The gallant Tipperaryman, when it was too late, cooled in his transports and showed a desire to evade his engagement. At this point Themis steps to the aid of Hymen. In other words, the law was taken against the faithless swain. It was the story of a love temporarily clouded, and we are glad to say that what the prayers and tears of the injured fair one failed to achieve, the verdict of twelve good men and true triumphantly accomplished. The lady, no doubt, had her inconstant lover at her mercy, and had she chosen to exact vengeance, might, with the powers given her by law, have doomed him to heavy loss, if not to ruin. He professed penitence, however, and learned counsel taking upon themselves the function of love's ambassadors, negotiated a complete reconciliation and a settlement which will convert the litigation into a marriage as speedily as may be. The defendant is doubly indebted to his future wife, first, for pardon; and in the next place for sparing the blow she might have inflicted, and which the vengeful spirit of the woman scorned might have prompted. All's well that ends well, however, and we could earnestly desire to see such differences of the heart as develop into causes at law arranged as in the present case. But if such results became the rule, it is to be feared that "actions for breach" would multiply even beyond the point to which the prospect of recovering swinging damages has increased them. This would be a state of things too terrible to contemplate.—Dublin Freeman.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—The Fermanagh Mail, March 16, has an interesting and instructive article on the state of the country. It says: "Judging from the Assizes, just finished in this country, it is pleasing to be able to deduce the fact that crime, of a serious character, has not been indulged in throughout the country since July last, the date of previous Jail Delivery. Considering that the winter season is included in the period which has passed,—a time when the long nights and scarcity of our outdoor labor generally incite to deeds of violence—it is gratifying to read the reports of the going-Judge of Assize, and find that they are all of a character creditable to the moral condition of the country. In one or two instances drunkenness was found to have increased; but passions have run high of late. In his recent official visit to Enniskillen, Chief Justice Whiteside had only one assault to try, and that resulted in an acquittal. He remarked that the same creditable state of things seemed to exist throughout the country generally. Agrarian crime has decreased in a remarkable degree. The Mail considers that the legislation of recent years has been very favorable to the tenant. The Mail, however, bears as its device the, for an Irish journal, significant words, 'The Crown and the People—Not a Class.'"

Rumors very generally prevail in Dublin that the Government contemplate certain "concessions" to Ireland of a social rather than a political nature. The erection of a Royal residence near Dublin, and the substitution of a Royal Prince and a yearly Court on a regal scale for the Viceroy, are among the projects with which the Ministry are credited. Expectations of this kind, whether well founded or not, help to promote their popularity. It is said in some quarters that contracts are already being sought for alterations to the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park, which will cost £30,000.—Cork Examiner.

THE EXODUS.—A Cork correspondent informs us that the great spring emigration wave is gathering in the South with its usual intensity. Already the emigrants are making their appearance in the Queenstown streets, and there can be little doubt that the emigration of this year will be at least as heavy as that of the previous one. The persistence and intensity of the Irish exodus is one of the most extraordinary social phenomena of our own or, indeed, of any period. It has survived the immediate causes of its birth, and has settled down into a strong, deep, continuous, and organized stream. It is impossible to watch the emigrants at a country station or in a seaport town without being struck by one very obvious reflection. It is the young, the strong, the able-bodied, the enterprising, the active, who are going to America. It is the old, the feeble, the delicate, the unambitious, and the dull, who remain.—Freeman.

VALUE OF LANDED PROPERTY IN COUNTY KILDARE.—A sale of a field adjoining the town of Naas, containing 4a 2r 2p, took place in the Town Hall Naas, on Friday last. The land was held by Mrs. P. L. Mansfield, Morrinstown, Luton, at a yearly rent of £28, and sold for the enormous sum of £10, exclusive of auction fees, &c. The sale was conducted by Mr. James Farrell, auctioneer, &c., Naas, whose management contributed in a great measure to realise such a sum of money for so small a holding.

AN IRISH WOLF.—"J. G. M." writes to Land and Water.—"I beg to offer you the following information concerning the reported appearance of a wolf in the county Cavan. During the past two months large numbers of sheep have been destroyed, and in such a manner as to lead to the belief that it was the work of some animal other than a dog. I know of 42 sheep having been attacked in one night on three separate townlands. Every one of these sheep showed the same marks—viz., of having been seized across the nose just below the eyes. Some that escaped showed merely the scores of the teeth, but others had the bone crushed, and splintered. The sheep that were killed had their throats cut by