

his wife, scornfully, "only because I can't raise the price."
"Now, as long as there is enough, even if it is something rather coarse, I should not make a fuss about it. A cheerful temper is a good as bread. But I'm getting out of my head. What I wanted to say is this; you're dreaming of my aunts and uncles, and of all sorts of miserable legacies you are going to get. Stuff and nonsense, all the time. And every day you get worse and worse, Trees. If you don't leave off—you are growing old now—you will have a screw loose in your head; and if you don't take care, God only knows whether you won't find yourself in the madhouse, with all your Dutch my aunts and my uncles."

His wife stood up, and answered, with a smile of derision on her lips: "Well, well, what one must bear from one's own husband. Do you mean to say that I am not of a good family?"
"Ob, no, my little wife, you come of a very good family, I know—from the family of Jan everybody. Your father, of blessed memory, kept a rag-shop, and sold all sorts of odds and ends, bits of old iron, and copper, and lead; and people thought he was rich—I suppose because he was such an old screw; but when he died at last, no money was forthcoming, and we got nothing but our cottage. Well, that's quite enough. Your niece goes about selling oranges, your venerable aunt picks up old iron and bones, your uncle's son is a fireman—most excellent, worthy, reputable people, all of them; but that much fat drips from their fingers—that isn't true."

"Who is talking of my family here in Belgium? In Holland are Van den Bergs by the thousand."
"There plenty more Janssens. These twenty years you have been bunting up all the Van den Bergs on the face of the earth, to see if any of them belong to our family, and you have spent foolishly I won't say how many crowns about it. Moonshine, every bit of it. A man sees just what he likes to see. Go and stand on the wharf by the Scheldt when there's a bit of a breeze, and look at the driving clouds. What will you see? A man on horseback—Napoleon—a giant—a coach-and-four—a dragon with seven heads? You have only to wish—there it is before you. And so it is with you, Trees, dear, you have a regular puppet-show in your brains."

The dame sat down again, and said, with deploring sadness on her every feature—
"It is wonderful how obstinate you are; and I was hoping you would go this afternoon to our lawyer's. The rogue, after keeping me waiting these two years and getting hold of all my crowns—fur wax, and paper, and letters, and I don't know what besides—has told me this very day that my family, large as it is, consists entirely of poor people. He has given me back all my letters and papers in a heap, and told me good-humoredly enough not to come to his house again."

"Well, that lawyer is a fine fellow. He might go on taking your money, but he doesn't want to fleece you, and he gives you good advice for nothing. There are not many such lawyers to be found—at least so says the song, for I don't know much about them myself; and if they had to live on my money, they would get precious little butter to their bread."
This colloquy seemed to have relieved Mother Smet of the vexation which had worried her all the day; so it was with a milder tone that she replied—
"Say what you like, I shall be rich yet before I'm laid in my grave. I am of a good family, and shall have some legacy. This very night I dreamed I found a lump of gold as big as the door stone."

"Ha!" shouted the schouwreger, laughing, "then that's a sign you'll wait a long time. If you had dreamed of spider's webs, now—that betokens money—"

All at once they both heard a noise over their heads.
"Eb, what's that?" asked the chimney-sweeper.
"Don't you hear what it is?" said his wife, with a provoking smile; "it's the rats come out into the attic again, and laughing at you for a fool. Much they care for the fine trick you have played them?"

"Well, that's wonderful," growled Master Smet. "I filled up every hole and crevice just now with chalk and green glass. I'll just go and see; perhaps I left one hole—but I don't hear them any more now."

"Ha, ha, you're a hooby!" exclaimed his wife, bursting into a loud laugh.
"And what should I do else with my time?" asked Master Smet. "Do you think I should like to sit all day long in the public house? Let us hear now, Trees, how you would manage matters if a treasure fell from the sky into our hands?"

"Ob, I know how to manage much better. I am of a good family," said the wife, with a tone of exultation. "I should buy a large house in the Kipdorp, or on the Meir; I would have a coach and four horses and a sledge for the winter. I would have my clothes of silk and velvet, with a muff and a boa—"

"What's that you say! A boa—what is that?"
"Ob, something to wear round the neck like fine ladies."
"Isn't that the tail of some wild beast?"
"Yes, indeed; that costs something! And I would wear diamonds on my breast, in my ears, and on my fingers; and behind, my gown should have a long train, like the queens in the old comedies; and wherever I went a footman should follow me—you know how I mean, with a yellow coat and a gold band round his hat. And then I should come and walk through this street every day, to make the grocers' wife over the way burst with envy and spite—"

"Ob, leave off, leave off!" roared the chimney-sweeper, "or you'll make me burst with laughing. Don't you see my Lady Smet, the schouwreger's wife, walking the streets with a long train to her gown, with a fox's tail round her neck and a great big canary bird at her heels? If you are not talking like a fool now, Trees, then I knock under. You may put me in the madhouse at once, for one or other of us two has a bee in his bonnet. But only listen, what a row there is up stairs; the rats are splitting with laughter at you, Trees."

"But what is the matter up in the attic?—What a screaming and scampering! Just go and look, Smet. You'd better open all the holes again, for I think all the rats in the neighborhood have got together there since you took to playing them tricks."

The schouwreger rose from the table, lighted his lamp, and took an old rusty sabre from behind the great chest.
"I'll let them see," said he; "but get out a few cents ready, Trees, for I want to go and get my pint of beer."

(To be continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

KILLARNEY—TRIBUTE TO THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.—Rome sent St. Patrick to Ireland, and on St. Patrick's Day, 1860, his children of the parish of Killarney, offer their gratitude, in the dutiful tribute of over £400, to their beloved Father, Pius IX., the Pontiff of Sorrows; and they have other offerings to lay at his feet at the suitable time. Killarney has suffered much, and is still in a very distressed state. But, such is the faith of our poor people, and such their veneration and reverence for our Holy Father, and their poignant grief for his injuries and insults, that the very poorest vied with each other to be the first to make their offering. Servant-boys, six feet high, drawn from Mungerton, and from the Reeks, and the "Laune Rangers," giving five shillings, and eagerly asking why they would not immigrate to Rome and see what sort of place it was, and what sort the blackguards were who were insulting the Holy Father. And they were wondering too, whether the black-thorn of Muckross, or the sapling-oak of Inishfallen would make any impression on them. As some of the Romagnas will be confounded by the Catholics, some of these boys can go over and colonise it.

It will be learned with satisfaction that in the patriotic and spirited diocese of Clonme, the collection in aid of His Holiness is going forward with extraordinary success. In the parish of Mitchelstown it has reached no less a sum than £150, and even in Killworth, which has but a comparatively small town within its limits, £50 has been subscribed. Throughout the rest of the diocese collections proportionate in amount are being raised.—Cork Examiner.

ST. PATRICK.—Fourteen hundred years have passed over Ireland, and done their work of change, such as it is, since the Pagan Baal-fires were extinguished and the Pagan idols overthrown by our great Apostle St. Patrick. Long before Christianity was heard of in Ireland, long before Christianity existed anywhere, the piety of the Irish people, such as heathen piety could be, was celebrated. In the account of a Phœnician voyage, performed before the time of Alexander the Great, an account written by the leader of the expedition himself, left by him in one of the temples of Carthage, and existing in the time of Festus Avenius who transferred the particulars to his geographical poem, it is stated that Ireland had been, from a period remote even at the time of the voyage, called "The Sacred Island." Therefore the religious feeling of the ancient Irish wanted only the direction towards its proper object, to earn for their country in later days the title of "The Island of Saints." The most wonderful circumstance attending the conversion of Ireland is, that it entailed no persecution on him who wrought it, or his earliest converts, and that Christianity took so deep and lasting a root in a soil which was not fertilized by martyrs' blood; a peculiarity unparalleled in the history of the Church. Giraldus Cambrensis, the first English slanderer of Ireland, referring to the bloodless progress of Christianity among us, makes it an accusation against the people, complaining that there was no martyr's crown here, no one to cement the foundations of the rising Church with his blood, no one to do that much good. Poor Giraldus! He could not see that, as martyrdom was not offered or refused in Ireland, his indignation must have been aroused by the fact, not that there was no Irishman good enough to endure it, but that there was no Irishman bad enough to inflict it. We are, however, quite satisfied with a state of things which proved the goodness of the soil, without proving anything against those who sowed the seed. If this English slanderer of Irish martyrdom had lived in the Protestant days of England, he would not have had; perhaps, so much reason to complain of us, but then, a change would have come over the spirit of his discontent, probably, and he would have indicted us before posterity as obstinate fanatics. Looking back on the Irish career of St. Patrick, the grand feature of his character seems to have been its uncompromising independence. We have a great example of this in the way selected by him to bring his mission and himself prominent to the notice of the Irish princes. It was a custom with the Pagan Irish to hold a great festival on the night corresponding to Easter Eve, which festival was called La Bealtinne, or the day of the Bad Fire. This was in honor of the Sun, which, under the name of Baal, was the chief Irish deity, and on that night all the fires in the kingdom were to be put out, and no person was to kindle one under pain of death, until the great pile of sacrifice in the palace of Tara had been kindled. This, as well as every other Irish custom, was, of course, well known to St. Patrick, who had spent

six years of his youth as a slave in the North of Ireland. He came, nevertheless, on Easter Eve, to the plain of Beag, in which stood the ancient city of Tara, with the determination to kindle the "Paschal fire, in defiance of the law, at nightfall," before the great pile was kindled at Tara, and thus to "throw down his glove, as the champion of Christianity, against Irish idolatry in its very stronghold, and under the most striking and perilous circumstances. As he resolved, so he did, and throughout all Ireland, which later in the night was to blaze from its hill-tops, with unholy incense to the infernal powers, there was for a while only one fire, appealing against the darkness, with its lonely and sacred flame, for the brightened land. How the Irish King, Leogaire, was struck with amazement at this bold act—how the Druids foresaw and foretold the destruction of their own unhalloved worship—and how the daring stranger pleaded the cause of God successfully against them, in presence of the Irish princes, and the good work thenceforth, all are aware, and therefore, we will not dwell upon the subject. But the great lesson remains, to hold no terms with cant or compromise, but to speak the plain truth plainly, and do the good deed well, leaving the issues to a higher Power, and giving no heed to the suggestions of cowardice and selfishness, which are always retained as Counsel by the Devil, and must look to him for their reward. Another idolatry is now among us, the worship of English supremacy, with all its corrupting influences, and all its false advantages. And the great heresy of the day is Liberalism, that perverted word and perverting reality, which means a generous readiness to forego or betray the right of yourself or your neighbors for a reasonable consideration, and a heroic resolve to do and say on all occasions, not that which is true and right, but that which is profitable. It is an unwholesome doctrine which says, "it is expedient that the people should die for the living of one."—And the incense of this foul worship is offered up in high places, as the Baal-fires used to be kindled on the hills long ago. Who is there in Ireland to do the work of St. Patrick?—Wexford People.

Whatever the cause, whoever the fault may be, the influence of the Irish Catholics on the House of Commons at the present moment is not an appreciable quantity—and its steadily tending from bad to worse, towards utter demoralisation and dissolution. Last year, either side of the House had to consider carefully what course our members were likely to take on any great conjuncture of policy. Two great divisions had proved that the balance of power was in their hands. They have lost that position. There is no use in ignoring the fact, if it is to be remedied—and if it is not to be remedied, if we are to become meeker and blinder, until some heavy visitation falls upon us, let the fact at least be recorded. It is not too late. The power is still in us, if the Bishops and Priests, and People of Ireland would combine and co-operate, as some of the Bishops, and some of the Priests, and some of the People did, though taken unawares and at advantage in Cork. It is in our power still to make our influence, as a Catholic nation, to which Providence has assigned a grand position, felt in the great crisis of the Church of this year, in all probability, terrible as they are, we which year only witness the beginnings. May the spirit of her ancient Saints be in the Church of Ireland now! Her people have always been more than worthy of their leaders.—Tribute.

The Tenant Right Bills have been at last introduced, and have been received with a storm of universal dissatisfaction. The first of them is a mutilated edition of Mr. Napier's Leasing Powers Bill—and the second was understood by all the Irish members to present to the tenant-at-will anxious so improve, the direct and instant alternative of an ejectment, in case the landlord should not approve his tender of improvements. In the animated debate which immediately ensued, Lord Fermanagh, O'Donoghue, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Monsell, Mr. Hennessy, Mr. Bowyer, Mr. Whitehead in one accord protested against the compensation clauses of the Bill, as a cruel aggravation of the present unfortunate position of the Irish tenant. The names and the very succession of the names are a commentary in themselves. A lame explanation from Mr. Cardwell, and a few observations, couched in a tone which the House considered insolent, from Mr. Dewey, did not mitigate the effect of the statement; and the best that can be said for the Bills is that they cannot be understood till they are printed; and that, it seems to be the impression of Her Majesty's Attorney-General, they may not even be very intelligible then. This is what we have supported. Lord Palmerston through thick and thin for—at Rome, in Downing-street, in Dublin Castle. That is the only public consideration we have got for the great position the Irish Catholics ought to occupy at the present moment. It is bartering our birthright—for a mess of flummery.—Tribute.

The subscription for the dependents of those lost in the Nimrod, we are happy to say, increasing daily, and has now reached the amount of £1,800.—Of this £1,100 has been contributed by the steamship Company and those in its employment, and £700 by the general public.—Cork Constitution.

LONG PALMERSTON AND THE IRISH CATHOLIC "LIBERALS."—The double policy pursued by Lord Palmerston's government in reference to the Roman Catholics of the empire has hitherto escaped observation, and yet it requires to be thoroughly examined and understood. For their party purposes, the supporters of Lord Palmerston in the country, and those who write up his policy in the press, have proclaimed him as the great Protestant minister, who in Italy would overthrow the papacy, in England would crush the papal faction. The ultra-Protestant journals, and Lord Shaftesbury and his section, diligently asserted that Lord Palmerston was best by an Irish Romanist party in Parliament, who opposed his ministry because it was uncompromisingly Protestant. The truth in its simplicity refutes the falsehood. There were twenty-six Roman Catholic members in the House when the struggle for power took place; five Roman Catholic gentlemen voted for Lord Derby's ministry; twenty-one for Lord Palmerston. Now, a fact of this significant character compels even Lord Shaftesbury to admit that the imputation cast upon Lord Derby of having gained over the Roman Catholic members by unworthy compliances, or by an agreement of any kind, is untrue. Since the division which brought Lord Palmerston into power, the Irish Roman Catholic members, with half a dozen exceptions, have invariably supported his administration. Meanwhile, and this was especially true before the meeting of Parliament the Palmerstonian newspapers in England attacked, with unusual venom, and with a constancy unprecedented, the Roman church, the Pope, the religion and the politics of the Roman Catholics of the empire. Their religion was branded as a foul superstition, their politics as little short of treason. This course of policy was supposed to be well suited to the atmosphere of England. The practical question then arises, how does it happen that the administration of Lord Palmerston, notwithstanding the unsparing abuse heaped upon pope and legate, cardinal, priest, and church, has continued to command the general support of the Irish Roman Catholic members in Parliament? We invoke the attention of the reasonable portion of the nation to our arguments and our facts. The great fact on which our answer to the question we have proposed depends is, that Lord Palmerston has agreed, through the medium of his scribe in Dublin Castle, to deliver over the entire patronage of Ireland to the Romish party in return for their support in parliament. That party must allow Lord Palmerston and Lord J. Russell to carry into execution their Italian policy against the Pope and his temporal power; they must not complain of the violence with which their religion is assailed by Lord Palmerston's writers and speakers in England, provided they have as their spoil the patronage, official and judicial of Ireland. We have

stated the question and the way on which it should depend, and we propose to ourselves the task of working out the proof by which to establish the existence of a vile political jugglery. Nor let the English reader suppose he has no concern in this matter; he deceives himself if he thinks so. It touches not merely the honor of our public men and the good government of Ireland, but more nearly the comprehensive interests of the empire.—Press.

ORANGISM.—The subjoined description of this infamous secret society, upheld by the government of Canada, and allowed to control the proceedings of our Courts of Law, is from no unfriendly hand. It is a sketch drawn from the life by a Protestant, and is by us extracted from the January number of the London Review. We take the liberty of commending it to the attention of the Catholic patrons of Orangism in Canada:—

"One day above all in the year is dear to heart of the Irish Protestant—the twelfth of July, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. The boys of Derry still commemorate the deliverance of their own city with local enthusiasm, and it ought never to pass from their mind. But the banks of the Boyne witnessed the final struggle on the issue of which turned the fate of Ireland. No wonder that every Protestant in the country should hail its anniversary with patriotic pride! It is a day never to be forgotten in any land,—that on which the iron rod of a Popish despot is struck from his hand by the golden sceptre of a Protestant and constitutional King.—But so bad had been the mode of observing this day, that instead of being a pride to the true patriot, it became an anxiety and a shame. Not forgetful, but resentful, of the existence among them of a large number of Roman Catholics, the Ulster Protestants signalled the day by tumultuous processions, drums beating, fires scorching, flags flying, with ashes, cockades, orange lilies and purple rockets, for all robes for officers, and arms for not a few, in an array regular enough to be imposing, loose enough to permit of pranks, with oaths and shots, and 'whiskey galore,' and the frantic hurrahs and boisterous speeches, the Orangemen paraded the country, and defied the Pope, and some mythic lady, for whom they had an inveterate hatred, and whom they described as 'Nanny, the Pope's granny,' consigning her to bad places. In districts where the 'Papistes' were so few that they dared not show their heads, they contented themselves with returning secret courses for public ones, and the day passed without collision. But this was not the delight of the hot Orangeman. He smelted a coming fight with relish. His 'bullet-mould' was piled, his gun put in order, and the whiskey fire within heated more than it was wont to be heated. And when the 'twelfth' came, if the shamrock or the white cockade crossed the path of the 'orange lily,' bullets whistled, and blood ran. Many a quiet nook in Ulster has its own red story, bearing date the 12th of July. The power of law, the vigilance of the constabulary, the persuasion of landlords and magistrates, were ineffectual to check these irritating demonstrations. The bullet of the Orangeman had a kind of sacredness; if it did break law, it was only because the law itself was a traitorous compromise, to restrain the loyal and the true from discomposing those who dwell in the land only to hatch treason, and wait favorable opportunities for giving it wing. All may still remember the affair at Dolly's Brae, in connection with which Lord Clarendon showed the displeasure of Government by such an extreme measure as taking away the commission of the peace from the venerable Earl of Roden, because he had opened his park to the Orangemen in the early part of that fatal day. And it is only one year ago last July, since the town of Belfast itself was the scene of battle. Sandy Row, with its nest of Orangemen, and some neighboring Ribbon hive, teemed with fighting men. Bullets flew, people fell, business was paralysed, military law was established, and arms were taken from all parties alike."

PROTESTANT POOR-LAWS.—Tongue of man cannot tell the anger and indignation that fill our breasts at sight of these constant "legal" outrages committed upon these hapless Irish serfs by their English task-masters. Not a day passes that some victim of this infamous system is not cast out upon the Quays of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, or Waterford. One day, it is some poor old man, wasted by hard labor and disease, who has toiled through all his strong manhood in some English dock, or store, or factory, or mine, or furnace, losing at last all strength and health in the service of his English masters and who (instead of finding in the land to which he had given up everything, a shelter and refuge for the short remaining span of sickly old age) is brutally seized upon, forced on the deck of some steamer, in sunshine or storm, fair weather or foul, hurried across the channel, and flung out as so much carted rubbish, upon the shores of that Ireland to which, after a quarter of a century's absence, he is as utter a stranger as to China or Japan. At another time it is the starving orphan brood of some dead father—all born in England of an English mother—who are forcibly transported from their native country and thrown a burden upon Irish tax-payers, because the cunning arrangement of English laws prevented their dead father from ever, in life, acquiring "a settlement" in the land of the Saxon. Against such brutality and injustice, we Irish have no power of complaint; for whilst the English poor-law is so contrived that, as fast as the Irish toilers who build up England's wealth, in mine and foundry, in mill and factory, are used up and made useless for further labor, they are clutched like felons and transported in misery and rage to this country, the Englishmen who legislate for us, taking care to deprive the Irish poor-law of all means of redressing this iniquitous outrage. Look at that case reported in our columns last week—the case of Mary Carter, or Kirtwan. Her story is a pregnant illustration of the inhuman and cold-blooded brutality with which the Irish, worn out in the service of England, are treated by their task-masters. This woman had lived and labored in England nearly forty years. She had married an Englishman, and nine children were born to her, of whom two daughters, in service in England, now survive. She and her husband had been for some years in the service of Earl de Grey, that charitable English nobleman famous for his 'shin of beef'; and for some nineteen years she had worked in Camden Town, London. Now, it is here a simple matter of fact and calculation that this woman, toiling in Engl and for nearly forty years, had established in the sight of God and man an equitable right to settlement and relief there, and there only, and that on Ireland she could have no claim whatever. Well, what was her treatment. Whilst residing with her daughters, and honestly earning her bread, her leg became dangerously sore. She sought and received admission into the hospital.—There she was told that her leg should be cut off; and, on her declining to submit to that summary proceeding for the gratification of lively surgical experimentalists, she was told she would be turned out of the hospital and transported to Ireland. The poor old woman to whom Ireland, after nearly forty years of absence, was as strange a country as South Africa, remonstrated against this atrocious inhumanity, her daughters came to the hospital and offered to pay her expenses whilst she should be an inmate. But neither would the authorities of the hospital consent to this, nor would they suffer the poor old woman to go back to her children. The sordid wretches were determined that she should as a future time have a chance of becoming "a burden on the union." The unfortunate woman was treated like a condemned thief or burglar; she was torn from her family, thrust on board the deck of a steamer in the Thames, and carried off to Cork, sick and sore as she was, in the pitiless stormy weather of last month, round by the long sea voyage; an unparelleled brutality for which there would be no parallel, if English poor law iniquity did not

supply an abundance of such cases. Indeed, this is one of the most atrocious outrages which could be found in the annals of the British Empire. In Belfast, a benevolent gentleman, Mr. M'Bride, the deputy harbor-master, has devoted himself to the relief of the wretched poor, who are seized on this way in England and Scotland and flung like useless rubbish (in which light alone they are regarded by sordid English officials) on the quays of that town; and this gentleman, whose exertions for the relief of these poor blameless and cruelly wronged outcasts are beyond all praise, has a historic catalogue of such cases, the details of which make heart and brain of honest men boil with indignant anger at the brutal English officials who perpetrate, and the brutal English law which sanctions, such iniquities.—Irishman.

FALSE PRETENCES.—The principles of justice are eternal, hence they ought to be unchangeable. Recognizing this truth, the ancient Medes and Persians made their decrees immutable. They could not conceive that law could ever be the perversion of justice, or that the legislative power which derived its function from truth and right could ever betray its trust; hence they made no allowance for the evils which might arise from passion, or prejudice, or interest, but fixed its command as certain, as unalterable as fate itself. This was the error of a primitive people, who lived as yet in the early times, when the minds of those who conceived and promulgated legislative enactments, reflected back some faint rays of the wisdom and providence which ruled the world. Times, when as yet, the soul, still fresh from Heaven, was not all false to the impulses of purity and faith, which hung around it its bright inheritance from the lost Eden. Later centuries, other peoples, newer lawyers, have developed the fact, that laws and their principles are not only changeable on account of certain imperfections in the construction or conception of them, but that laws which may be very beautiful and glorious in their application in one place, never could by any possibility be extended to another. The most pregnant illustration which can be afforded by any age or any land, of this state of things, occurs in our own days, and under our personal observation, when the Government of Great Britain, in vindication of its own existence, by the way, recognizing the people as the source of all power and sovereignty, decrees, as far as it can decree, that the inhabitants of Central Italy shall have the opportunity to select their lord and ruler by vote, and that this vote may be said to be the voice of the country; and further ordains that it shall be obtained by universal suffrage. Surely, when the New Zealander, who was beheld through the mists and shadows of a thousand years, by the prophetic eye of Lord Macaulay, standing on the broken arches of London bridge, comes to read this brilliant page of England's history, surely he will pause in breathless admiration to pay his homage to the glorious memory of a nation, which, cognizant of all the blessings of freedom itself, wished to extend that freedom and its principles to every other shore. Certainly, if that New Zealander be an orator and a member of parliament, as he decidedly ought to be, whenever the Tahitians would become degenerate, or the Oerhythes recant to their principles, which must of necessity be Anglo-Saxon, he can summon the shades of Lord John Russell and Viscount Palmerston from Hades to attest the memory of these deeds and awe them into liberty. We can conceive the enthusiasm of the speaker infusing itself into the bosoms of an admiring senate, till bursts of applause acknowledge his power and he feels a victory; but we can conceive another New Zealander, whom Lord Macaulay did not foresee, arising upon the opposite side of the house, to remind the honorable member that there was a certain other place called Ireland, very near Great Britain, indeed, and not by many days so distant as Italy, where the government of that great country did not and would not apply this principle of universal suffrage, as a test of the feelings of the people, whether they would accept a new ruler or not, and we can conceive the evaporation of the great and noble sentiment which would take place on such a statement being made when it was born out by history. Still we would wish to remind Lord John Russell and his compeers that they have an opportunity of falsifying this traducer's assertions by enacting that the principles for whose success they are so interested in the Romagna, should forthwith be applied to Ireland; and that as these principles are so elevated and so honorable at a distance, they are just as lofty and glorious at home. We have no doubt ourselves about the result, and we are sure that government has none either. We are quite certain the people of this country would gladly accept such a solution of the little difficulties, such as famine, and eviction, and exile, which surround the Irish question, and recognise its advantages at once. We do further believe that the Oerhythes legislators, would in the far-off future time erect statues in honor of their hallowed Anglo-Saxon models, and that Lord Macaulay's admiring New Zealander would carry any question he liked against the most formidable opposition in the senate of his days, by an allusion to their storied names. This is a great occasion truly, of which if they take advantage, their memories will descend to future generations surrounded with a halo of glory which time cannot obscure, nor eyes diminish; while peoples unborn and races redeemed as yet by civilization, will bill them by the glorious title of the Liberators of the Nations.—But if they do not do this, if they do not seize the opportunity which we show is theirs, if they do not take this occasion of doing justice to a people, who have striven against oppression through seven long centuries, whose aspirations for liberty are not of yesterday, or to-day but are the faith of hoary ages—then we will say that their principles are false, that their protestations are hollow, and their sympathy a lie. Out of their own mouths we will condemn them; and holding them up to mockery and derision, we will tell the world that these are men who made laws for other countries they dare not apply to their own; who under the specious pretext of giving freedom to an oppressed people robbed a poor old Prince Bishop, because he was feeble, and then sought the approbation of men to the base deed under false pretences.—Irishman.

MELANCOLIC FIRE.—A few nights ago a fire took place in the house of a poor man at Colishah, near Lismore. A little boy, ten years old, was burnt to death; a cow, three pigs, and some sheep were also destroyed, and the owner of the house, with his wife barely escaped with their lives.

LORD CAMPDEN AND MR. HENNESSY.—The candidature of Lord Campden, for Cork County has formed the subject of much comment. Lord Campden has appeared in print, and Mr. Hennessy, M.P. has also come out with an explanation. The Whig Press, as might be expected, turns the affair to good account, with a view to damage the Independent party—the matter seems to us, however, easily cleared up, except in regard to one point, that of expenses. It appears Lord Campden was requested by Mr. Hennessy to stand; after some hesitation he declined to do so, principally on the ground that he was not overburdened with cash; Mr. Hennessy then asked him, if he were elected, would he act—he agreed to do so. Mr. Hennessy then gave instructions for the contest to Mr. MacCarthy (solicitor); but Lord Campden was not aware of such steps being taken. The business of the election went on, and, however, was issued in the noble lord's name, which, however, was dissolved in a private letter to the Chairman of his Committee; but not desiring to throw any impediments in the way, Lord Campden sent forward the telegrams quoted by Mr. MacCarthy. If the contest had ended in the defeat of the Attorney-General, we should, of course, hear nothing of these matters, and now the difficulty is, by whom are the expenses of the struggle to be defrayed? Mr. Hennessy seems to have acted indiscreetly in putting Lord Campden forth as a candidate, without an express understanding that the latter would take the consequences; but we are anxious, no doubt, to save his native county