

altogether unequal to the occasion; never losing a moment of the purpose which had been in her mind, less moved by her youth and helplessness than by a desire to rise to the height of her troublesome importunities, they gave her certificate which she had shown to Major Hewitson, and which she had instantly perceived as a slender worse than useless to her, and she had been merely a temporary arrangement. Ignorant like of Latin and law language, Nellie had, naturally enough, supposed to be a permanent appointment; and selling their horses and every article of value in her possession, in order to pay the debt contracted at Loughrea, she had made the rest of the journey on foot, leading, soothing, and encouraging the old man as if he had been a child, and buoying up his courage and her own by fanciful descriptions of that home in the far west, where she trusted his last days might be passed in peace. She had tried to deceive him; she never attempted to deceive herself as to the nature of their future prospects; yet unpleasant as her anticipations had been, they were so much more agreeable than the terrible realities upon which she had just stumbled, that she felt for a few moments, as she sat there alone among the hills, as if the very gates of an earthly Paradise had been closed against her. But it was no moment for the indulgence of such natural regrets. She looked at her grandfather, and felt that his life was in her hands. She remembered, too, her promise to her mother to be son as well as daughter to his age, and eternally and tearlessly, but tears were too weak an expression for such desolation as she was feeling then, she set herself to consider what her next move ought to be. Food and shelter for the old man—and it needed not another glance at his pale face to tell her how much both were needed) food and shelter—these must be her first object. It would be time enough after they had been secured to decide as to the feasibility of a return journey to Loughrea. She rose, and drawing her hood, which, in her struggle with Hewitson, had fallen back upon her shoulders, once more over her head, she took her grandfather by the hand, and led him quietly and silently down the path pointed out to her by Henrietta. It had originally been a sheep path, and proved far less difficult than she had expected, winding gradually round the hills until it reached a sort of creek or estuary formed by the rushing, for a couple of miles, of the waters from the bay beyond. It was a lonely but a lovely spot, and Nellie's heart beat more calmly as she paused to listen to the soft rocking of the waters in their inland bed, and to feel the fresh breeze which they brought from the ocean playing on her heated brow. There were no visible signs near her of that human habitation of which Major Hewitson's daughter had so confidently spoken; but at last, after having searched the landscape steadily in all directions, she thought she saw something like a blue curl of smoke rising out of a sort of mound, which, at first sight, seemed neither more nor less than a cairn of unusually large dimensions, nearly hidden by clumps of gorse and heather at least six feet high, and bushy and luxuriant in proportion. On nearer inspection, however, it proved to be a hut, such a hut as even to this day may be sometimes seen in the widest parts of the wild west, rounded at the gables, built of rough stones, rudely yet solidly put together, and with a roof laid on of fern and shingle, carefully secured from the violence of the western winds by bands of twisted straw. A hufe in this roof stood proxy both for window and for chimney, and the doorway was literally doorless. A sort of grass mat hung across it from the inside, being evidently considered by the inhabitants as ample protection against cold and wet, the only toes which extreme poverty has got to boast of.

For five seconds, at the very least, Nellie stood gazing on this frail barrier with a feeling as if it would require more than human courage to announce her presence to the human beings (she knew not whether they were friends or enemies) who might be stowed away behind it. At last, with a shaking hand, she drew back a small corner of the matting, and, without daring to look in, saluted the possible inmates, as the natives of the country salute each other to this day in Irish, 'God save all here!' There was no answer, and, lifting the curtain a little higher, she looked in. The hut was empty, though a few embers burning on the floor gave sufficient evidence of its having been recently inhabited. Of furniture, save a single wooden settle, Nellie could discover none; but a gun was standing upright against the opposite wall, and near it hung a very Spanish-seeming mantle, looking as much out of place in that miserable abode as its owner would probably have done if he had been there to claim it. The solitude, and the sight of that gun and mantle, made her feel far more nervous than she would have felt if a dozen of the natives of the soil had been congregated within. It seemed to imply some mystery, and, to the helpless, mystery always has a touch of fear about it. Moreover, it made her suddenly conscious that she was an intruder, an idea which would never have come into her head if her possible hosts had been of that frank-hearted race to whom the virtue of hospitality comes so easily that it does not even occur to them to call it 'virtue.' On the other hand, her grandfather's pale face and sunken features seemed to plead with her against all unseasonable timidity. Hastily, therefore, and as though she were about to commit a theft, she put aside the matting, drew the old man inside, and then replaced the screen as carefully as if she hoped, in this manner to hide her audacious proceedings from the owner of the hut—or rather, if the truth must be told, from the owner of the mysterious mantle. This first step fairly taken, Nellie suddenly grew brave, and resolving to make the most of their impromptu habitation, she drew the settle nearer to the fire, and made Lord Netterville sit down upon it. The sight of the embers seemed to revive the latter, less perhaps from any need he felt of its warmth on that bright sunny day, than from the home-like associations which it awakened in his

Let the same remedy be tried with Ireland, and she will become a robust and healthy country. Mr. Gladstone promises a great many measures for our immediate relief. The Church grievances are to be removed; the land code reformed, and education placed on a proper basis. But although these measures will give us much relief, the grand remedy of a native parliament must be applied before peace makes her permanent home in the country. We want to be left alone. We desire to have Ireland governed by her own people, and for Irish interests. Nothing short of this will satisfy the people; and until they are satisfied, contentment will not find a place amongst them. England should be convinced by this time that she is totally incompetent to legislate for this country. For nearly sixty years she has had the government of her hands, and her policy has steadily been incompetent to deal properly with the Irish people. The Habeas Corpus Act is suspended for this purpose, and no real liberty exists in the country. The population has been reduced by four millions since 1841; the people are still leaving; many of them glad to be able to escape from poverty and misery; the trades and manufactures which prospered in 1800 have dwindled away, and the farmer is still the helpless serf of his landlord. We think these things prove beyond a doubt that English government in Ireland is a total failure. The only thing she studied was how she could plunder us; and she has, it must be admitted, succeeded in that. We are a plundered people. Our revenue and the most of our rents are carried away; the rich and the titled abandon us, and the strong and healthy, who are the wealth of every land, leave us to build up prosperity for foreign nations. This state of things cannot continue much longer; and if Mr. Gladstone obtains all the measures for us which he promises, the great question of native legislation will still force itself on the country. We want to be left alone. Whilst England meddles with our domestic affairs she will only spoil them. She is incompetent to make laws for Ireland, in accordance with Irish ideas. She is only torturing the country by her ignorant legislation. A parliament in College Green would remove a great deal of anxiety from her mind; and the sooner such an institution is given us the better; for Irishmen will never be peaceable until they are empowered to rule their native country.—The great remedy for their wrongs is to be left alone.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD TRALEE.

Of all the old institutions of 'Old Tralee,' none could afford the chronicler more to record than the old Quarter Sessions Court in the old Court House, and the old chairman, Barrister Rice, in fact, the Sessions Court there was then a burlesque. The chairman, 'Barrister Rice' was in early life considered an able lawyer, and of great opinion. He presided over the court (if it could be called presiding) where every one else had more control than himself, until himself physically, his mind and intellect, were worn out completely. His figure, extraordinary, dressed in black knee breeches and gray stockings, walking for hours a day on the Day Place flags, with his hands behind his back, and taking a strip about twenty inches, with his massive gold watch-chain and seals swaying to and fro, pendulum fashion, at each step—not noticing any one who passed him, and standing (or rather running) out in all weather without a great coat. Barrister Rice was a lawyer of no mean capabilities, and as a conveyancer the deeds drawn by him were not to be surpassed. He was the advising counsel of most of the old families of Kerry, and his deeds and settlements, until the Incorporated Estates Courts (which neither respected deeds, settlements, properties or claimants) crumpled them to pieces, were the regulating medium of half the properties. Still his Quarter Sessions Court, particularly in Killarney, was a bear garden. Among other irregularities of the court was the habit, for the people in waiting, of smoking in the hall; and I have often heard our then facetious sub-sheriff, Frank Mack (as he was called) calling out, 'Quench the pipes—the Barrister is going to his dinner,' and the word 'passed' by the 'yellow cobbler,' the deputy-crier and ringleader of the smokers at the old court-house door. His luncheon was always a dish of boiled rice, and he used to shovel down with a large spoon, while presiding on the bench, as he never retired for the purpose. Often he pronounced his learned judgments with his month full of scalding rice. The Barrister had a habit of dining in the judges' room, as he generally sat late in court; and often have I heard him say, to his crier and outer, John McElligott, when he came out from dinner: 'Job, John, there is a good leg of mutton and turnips inside; you had better go in and dine.' The court was kept (or rather not kept) by 'Even Leake' and 'Leary Corridon,' the bailiffs, and even the Barrister himself set the example of disorder; by allowing the rowing and fighting between the 'gentleman attorneys,' and which, one would suppose, he allowed for his own amusement to keep him roused, as he was generally in a state of lethargy on the bench, and frequently the crier had to poke him with his wand to keep him up to his work. The Quarter Sessions practitioners were as rum a set as could be found in any court of justice. Frank Mack, the sub-sheriff, did not desire better fun than getting up rows between the attorneys, as the following anecdote will show: On one occasion there was a great noise in the court, and Frank Mack called out, 'Your Worship, we must adjourn the Court as Arthur Cashell and Rice, Connor are boxing.' 'Frank, Frank,' said the barrister, 'who had the best of it?' Of all the attorneys in court, Jerry Lynch was the most extraordinary. His eloquence was forensic; his legal knowledge to be surpassed only by his contemporary, Lord Brougham; and his court practice was unique. In those days there was no official process-server. Every one had their own process served as best they could, and various were the stratagems practiced to convert 'bad service' into good; but this was only between the advocates as the judge did not care one farthing about the service, and any of the attorneys who had the care of the court could make good service bad, bad service good, and no service at all the best, and proceed with his action, with all the confidence that he was borne out by the most rigorous and legal procedure. The attorneys themselves seldom or never attempted to upset service; they all had the same system, 'what was good for the goose was good for the gander. However, Jerry Lynch had a peculiar plan when he had a witness to prove service on the table; he was only a puppet, and when sworn, all the answers came from a person stowed away under the table, who had some power of ventriloquism and could pitch his voice on the table, and when he got the answer he wanted declared his process proved, and the witness who knew his part was in the most peremptory manner ordered off the table—to come on again when required for the next case. The jurors' panel was a burlesque also, and very little trouble was taken by Frank Mack either to look for the law or to carry it out with respect to jurors. The jurors' book consisted of a few dirty sheets of school copy paper, made out by James Farrell, the clerk, or James Laffin, and when wanted was pulled out of Frank Mack's pocket, crumpled up; and when a 'catch' jury was sworn it was again returned to its binding until another jury was wanted, and every name on it was a 'mis description' of the juror, as he added Christian names and residences, according to his own fancy, if for no other purpose than to embarrass the court and the crier. The sessions—then with a very limited jurisdiction—generally lasted from a fortnight to three weeks (our present Quarter Sessions Court, with extended jurisdiction, is to the other extreme), and sitting-judges, jurors, etc. were heartily sick of them; and, in fact, the moneys recovered were of very little value to the plaintiffs as the delay and expenses were

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Dublin, Nov. 26.—Regimental masses were celebrated in Cork and Queenstown for the repose of the souls of the Fenians who were executed at Manchester. In both cases a great demonstration was made. There was no interference on the part of the authorities. Good order was maintained. The following paragraph is taken from the Dublin Irishman of October 31.—'It is interesting to the public to see the opinions of the Fenians upon the recent events. Mr. Luby has seen his wife lately. He will not be taken in the G'Donoghue, the Chief Magistrate. Mr. Luby had no personal feeling against Keogh, but he was glad to hear of Barry's popularity in Dungarvan. John O'Leary also has been visited recently by a relative. He is strong in health, and hopeful. The Whigs will hardly dare to keep the Irish political prisoners in jail after their accession to office. He considers the Disestablishment of the Church the next best thing to Legislative independence. It will unite all parties here. Speaking of the invaders of Canada, he said they deserve hanging from the English, and, if possible, worse at the hands of the Irish, whose interest they pretended to have at heart. Judgment was given this week, in the Municipal Revision Court, Dublin, in the cases of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, of the Nation and Mr. Pigott, of the Irishman. It appears that the Conservative party had objected to the names of these gentlemen being put on the Burgess roll, on the ground, that during the period of their imprisonment in Richmond Bridewell, for publishing seditious libels, they were not 'inhabitant householders' of the borough. Mr. Curran, one of the assessors, said: there seemed, from the authorities, to be great doubt as to the meaning of the words 'inhabitant householder' and 'occupant.' If 'occupant' was meant, then, he need not say, their claims were clearly established, as they could occupy by either servants or goods; but if it imported into residence, then there was considerable difficulty. On the whole, this was, in his opinion, a novel case, and one which had never been decided. He would therefore give Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Pigott the benefit of the doubt, and admit their claims. The Registrar of the Parliamentary electors in Belfast, just issued by the Clerk of the Peace, gives the total number of electors in the borough as 12,108.—On the last year's roll there were 3,868 voters, showing an increase under the new Reform Bill of 8,300. Mr. Johnston, who has just been elected to the British House of Commons as member for Belfast, is the same man who was arrested, and imprisoned a short time since for taking part in an Orange procession. A Drogheda correspondent says—An act of good lordship has just come under my notice, which is deserving of the highest commendation. George Bryan, Esq. county Kilkenny, of whose liberality in dealing with his tenantry on former occasions the public must fully be aware, has just allowed, through his respected agent, E. J. Maher, Esq., his tenants on the Grange estate, county Meath, compensation for the loss of their cattle by distemper. At half past nine o'clock on Nov. 6, Mr. R. B. Lowe, a major in the Limerick Militia, was found dead in his bed at his residence in Delany. Dr. Brown was called in, but his was extinct before he arrived. Mr. Jones, County Wicklow coroner, held an inquest on the remains, when a verdict was returned that deceased committed suicide by taking strychnine while laboring under a temporary fit of insanity. The gossips of the Four Courts are already speculating on the legal changes which will take place upon the hoped for accession of Mr. Gladstone to the Premiership. Chief Justice Monahan, it is said, will be Lord Chancellor, the first Catholic Keeper of the Great Seal since the Reformation. He will be succeeded by Mr. Lawson, as Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Then it is rumored Chief Baron Pigott will retire, to be replaced by Mr. Sullivan.—These changes would make room for two new law officers; and Sergeant Barry and Mr. Dowse are named for the Attorney and Solicitor Generalships under the great Liberal Administration looming in the not distant future. Cork, Dec. 2.—Mr. Sullivan, who was struck from the commission of the peace for alleged sympathy with the Fenians, has been elected Mayor of this city. A correspondent writing from Trim on the 13th ult. says—An inquest was held at the Trim Union Work-house, on the body of an old woman named Rose Durne, who died from injuries received by the up train from Athboy to Dublin a few days ago. It appeared from the evidence of Peter Lamb, the engine driver, that within sight of the gates on the line at Knockstown, he saw the woman on the line and whistled as well as shut off steam; but the train which was going at thirty miles an hour at the time came upon her, the buffer striking her and knocking her off the rails, and inflicting on her a fatal laceration of the skull and fracture of the spine. On the evening of Nov. 5th, O'Rourke's Chapel, a little edifice on the road side between Emmyvale and Monaghan, came in for a large share of the Gunpowder Plot. It was broken into, all the lines carried away, and the image of the Blessed Virgin broken. This is not the first time it has been wrecked. A Carlow correspondent, under date Nov. 13, says—Mr. Stock, ex M.P., resigned this morning. He has written a letter of resignation to the Catholic Bishop, stating that in face of the opposition given to him he could not continue a candidature which might be dangerous to the Liberal interest of the borough. Father Maher, P.P., announced his resignation this day to a large meeting, which was received with great cheering. Captain Fagan is thus certain of election. The Mayo Examiner of a late date says—The season has opened very severely but naturally. We have had a surfeit of storm and rain; sleet came in due course, and now we have the snow itself. We are happy, however, to be able to congratulate the poor on the large supply of fuel which has been saved this year. To them nothing is more important, save food alone. It will be easier to assist the poor and the needy than in former years, and it would be superfluous to remind our rich brethren of claims which at this season are always charitably responded to. An Abbeyleix correspondent, under date November 13, says—I regret to have to announce a sad accident which took place in the vicinity of this town on yesterday, and which terminated fatally to Mr. James Phelan, a highly respectable gentleman residing at Derrycarra, near Abbeyleix. He, with his wife was returning from Maryborough when the horse which he had yoked to an outside janting car became restive and perfectly unmanageable. Mr. Phelan alighted from the vehicle, and endeavored to pacify the animal, and while thus engaged, the horse reared and struck him to the ground, inflicting such severe wounds, that he expired immediately. A awful instance of the uncertainty of human life occurred on the 10th ult. in West street, Drogheda. Mr. Clutterbuck, formerly a head-constable in the constabulary, and lately a house agent, entered a house in West street, in occupation of Mr. James Lynch, cutter, for the purpose of collecting rents. Apparently he was in his usual good health. Some short time after entering, he complained of weakness and sat on a chair. The owner of the house, observing him sinking, immediately sent for medical aid, which was at once obtained, but too late, for in a few minutes afterwards he was a corpse.

The Rev. T. Ennis writes to one of the tenants of Galloway and Ballydaff who were compelled within the last few months, under pain of imprisonment, to apply to their landlords, in proper legal form, for legal assistance, for such an inconsiderate refusal they knew they could not resist. He stated that he had proved that many of these tenants cannot afford their children a stitch of suitable clothes to appear in church, and that some tenants who returned to submit to the high pressure sought to be put upon them were sent with notice to quit. The Rev. gentleman does not refer to the case so far from him, of the Knight of Glin against Mr. Murray, Gung J. P., which is one of the most remarkable in the recent annals of landlordism; but he shows sufficient to make us conclude that public opinion should be concentrated in the Kingdom, as well as elsewhere, to check that passion for absorbing all into the hands of the landlords, which seems to have become a rage, and which demands reform. DIENAS IN EMIGRATION.—On Monday the usual monthly return of the emigration from Liverpool was completed by the Government emigration officials at that port. It appears that during the month of October there sailed 25 ships under the act, with 9,289 passengers, of whom 3,649 were English, 289 Scotch, 1,985 Irish, and 3,353 foreigners. Of the 25 ships 19 sailed to the United States, 7,433 passengers, of whom 2,792 were English, 265 Scotch, 1,742 Irish, and 2,684 foreigners. To Canada there were 5 ships with 1,459 passengers, of whom 682 were English, 58 Irish, and 719 foreigners. To Victoria there was 1 ship, with 297 passengers, of whom 175 were English, 33 Scotch, and 189 Irish. The number of ships sailing out under the act was 21, of which 7 left for the United States with 732 passengers; 2 to Victoria with 118 passengers; 1 to Canada, with 28 passengers; 6 to South America, with 95 passengers; 6 to West Indies, with 6 passengers; and 3 to Africa with 84 passengers—making a grand total of 46 ships and 10,363 passengers, which when compared with the corresponding month of last year, shows a falling off of 833. The emigration from the Mersey for the month of September last was 12,720.—(Dublin Freeman.) A prosecution for bribery has been instituted against Mr. John Mariga, of Youghal, for he did, in the month of August last, offer to William Sargent, an elector of that borough, a cheque or bank order for a certain sum of money, and payable to the order of Mr. Christopher Weguelin, one of the candidates for the borough, in a certain bank, with the purpose of inducing said Wm. Sargent to vote for Mr. Weguelin. A few nights ago Constable Des, with Sub-Constables Malphay, O'Donnell, and Moroney, of the Northberg Constabulary, proceeded on revenue duty. Nothing occurred calculated to arouse their suspicion until they entered the townland of Loughmorris, when a person who was evidently acting as an alarm-guard, suddenly made his appearance and dashed off at full speed pursued by Sub-Constable Malphay, who seemed quite at home among the heather. The race continued for some considerable time, when, nearing a house, the pursuer played such suspicious music as left no further doubt on the mind of the pursuer that they had arrived at the secret distillery, which, in fact, proved to be quite correct. The police enter the house, when they found a still, still-head, and worm, together with about ten gallons of the mountain dew, and over one hundred gallons of wash.—(Northern Whig, Nov. 14.) THE ROUND TOWER OF GLOMMACONNOISE.—We learn that £108 have been subscribed towards the repairing of the Saven Church, and the cap of the lesser round tower, which has suffered from lightning. The old stones which have fallen have been replaced; where new ones were needed they are to be of limestone, a material which is employed to distinguish the new work from the old, of sandstone. When this is done Glommaconnoise is safe for centuries to come. Mr. Graves exhibits one of the iron hooks on which the wooden window-shutters of the lesser tower at Glommaconnoise were hung. He found that these hooks had been regularly let into the stone-work at the building of the tower; grooves were made to receive them, and they were fastened with lead. The existence of these irons, and their perfect state, prove that the tower in question—it is admitted to be one of the best ancient in Ireland—cannot be so extremely old as enthusiasts declare. The digging at the base of this tower, for putting down scaffold-poles, had proved that, like the Kilkenny Round Tower, it was built in the churchyard earth, and amidst previously-formed graves. The Dublin correspondent of the New York Times says—A great meeting of the supporters of Mr. Pim and Sir Dominic Corrigan, the Liberal candidates, was held this week in the Rotunda, and judging from the large numbers who attended and the enthusiasm manifested, there is little doubt of the success of the two candidates, who promise to advocate complete religious equality in Ireland. A letter was read from his Eminence, Cardinal Cullen, expressing his desire for the election of Mr. Pim and Sir Dominic Corrigan. His Eminence says it is to be decided in Parliament in a few weeks whether the Catholic of Ireland—the great majority of the population—shall be put on a footing of equality with their fellow subjects of other religious denominations, or whether they shall continue to bear the burden and insult of an Ecclesiastical Establishment, endowed with confiscated property of the ancient Church of our fathers—an Establishment from which they derive no benefit, and which has been the prolific source of all the penal laws and other evils that have afflicted our country. The Cardinal dwells on the fact that public instruction is an unsatisfactory state, and that the relations between England and Ireland are far from being what the country has a right to expect, they should be, and he points out the importance under these circumstances of sending men to Parliament determined to discuss and legislate all these vital questions in a way conformable to the wishes of the great mass of the people of Ireland. The Chairman of the meeting was a Presbyterian, Mr. Alexander Findlater, a wealthy merchant of the City, and every religious section of the community—save the thorough Orangemen—was represented on the occasion—Catholics, Liberal Protestants, Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers and Jews. This meeting, so composed, having heard the declaration of Mr. Pim, who is a Quaker, and Sir Dominic Corrigan, who is a Catholic, in favour of the disendowment and disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland, Tenant-Rights, and denominational education, accepted them as the Liberal candidates, and before separating the meeting declared that the establishment and endowment of the Church of the minority is unjust, and that peace and prosperity cannot exist in Ireland until perfect religious equality is adopted as the principle of government. Mr. Maguire, M.P., received the following letter from the Bishop of Ulster:— Queenstown, Oct. 10, 1868. My Dear Mr. Maguire—Be pleased to accept my warmest thanks for the copy of your work on 'The Irish in America,' which you were kind enough to send me. I have read it through and through. From the author of 'Rome and its Rulers,' and the biographer of Father Mathew, which books I have read more than once, and always with increased pleasure, I expected to find on this congenial subject, all that research, industry and style could accomplish. I have not been disappointed. The volume equals, rather surpasses, anything that ever came from your gifted pen. But it is not merely as a literary production I believe your work to be valuable. As a vindication of the Irish character, and as a guide to the Irish emigrant, it is the ablest and most suggestive work I have ever read. You visited Canada and the United States. You saw with your

LET IRELAND ALONE.

When Englishmen ask what it is that Ireland wants, they have been frequently told that all she requires is to be left alone. The meaning of this is, that she desires no interference from English statesmen or legislators, but to be left to the care and protection of her own sons. In other words, she desires to be governed according to her own wishes. The greatest punishment she endures is that she is compelled to submit to English ideas, which are nearly all ill founded, and detrimental to her interests. This is what all countries ruled by other nations complain of, and their first demand is to be left to the care of themselves. America required it; and when her people would not be allowed their own way, they rose up in rebellion, and drove the English from amongst them. Belgium, Greece, and Hungary made similar complaints, and they have succeeded in obtaining their desires. There will not be peace in Ireland until her people obtain the rule of their own country by domestic legislation. They want to be left alone by England; and the time is not far distant when they will have their wishes. England has tried her hand in doctoring her Irish patient, but although she has used many remedies to keep her quiet, she has not tried the right one up to this time; which is to let Ireland alone. The English are bad governors at home, but far worse abroad. They have never yet found out the real remedy for a diseased nation or province, except in the case of Canada. There they took the right course, and after administering a dose of independent legislation and native rule, the patient became hale and hearty, and she is now a model of peace and order.