

Written for the Record.

Ireland!

Heads are falling, mothers wailing. Hope is drooping on the ground. Heart of mercy! help dear Erin. Stay the famine with thy hand. Louds are gathering, darkly gathering. Fast the tide of woe rolls on. Help dear Erin! Oh ye people! Oh! the wave of woe is gone.

Help us! help us! or we perish. Is the cry from o'er the deep. And the hollow of the ocean. Chant a lonely dirge and weep. Help dear Erin! help dear Erin! Sounds a tocsin from the dead. Sounds the voice of armed martyrs. That a nation's glory led.

They are dying! they are dying! Sign the breeze upon the stream. They are dying! Erin's children. Oh my God! is this a dream? In the midst of wealth and plenty. Hunger knocking at the door. Shrouds of pity, shrouds of mercy. Wrap the dead forever more!

Cold the night and chill the morning. Dies the fire upon the hearth. Dies the hope in Erin's children. Paint each ember quenched by death. Was is Erin's God? Famine darkens o'er the land. Tears of sorrow bathe the nation. Suffering Erin's God!

They are dying! they are dying! Signs the harp across the deep. They are dying! Erin's children. Chant the psalm of the Lord. Tears and sorrow—hope to-morrow—Bonds of woe in silence told—God of Erin! God of mercy! Lay them gently in the sod, Mercies' faithful Erin. Live forever with thy God!

Belleisle, Feb. 13th, 1855. T. O'HAGAN.

JOHN BRIGHT'S GREAT SPEECH.

THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED.

WITHERING REBUKE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Now, the whole of the proprietors of Ireland—what are the proprietors? I do not mean people who own a garden, or as much as their house stands upon, but what we call landed proprietors—the whole of them are probably 10,000 or 12,000 in number. What are the tenants of their farms? They are 600,000 in number. There is about one real proprietor to about sixty tenant farmers, and of these 600,000 farmers, 500,000 are equal to something less than 3,000,000 of people, but probably exceeding 2,500,000—they are tenants at will, having no lease, liable to have their rent raised, or notices of eviction served upon them by gentlemen, enforced by some six or twelve months' notices, at the will of the proprietors, with whom they are connected. (Cries of "Slane!") Well, but that is not all. I must tell you that a very large proportion—some people say one-half (I hope it is not so many)—of these proprietors are what are called absentees. That is, they do not live in Dublin or in Ireland. Many of them live in this country, and spend their incomes, it may be, in London; others in another country—they spend their incomes in Paris. But they are absentees, and need not tell you the rent follow the owners. (Hear, hear!) If the owners are in London, or in England, the rents come to London or England; and if they are in Paris the rents go to Paris; and thus Ireland pays an annual tribute of several millions a year of the produce of its soil to owners who fail to do a portion of the duties of owners, and who indulge in none of that expenditure on the spot where the wealth is created which would tend to increase the industry of the neighborhood, and to afford employment and living to the people. (Hear, hear!) You will say that all this is bad enough; but this is not the whole of the bad. (Interruption at the hall, and a voice "Put him out.") Do not turn anybody out. (Hear, hear!) You may rely on it that whoever makes any objection on the score of my facts, and I think of my arguments, had need to stay in to be a little instructed. (Cheers and laughter.) I said there was another matter to be remembered when you are speaking of discontent and disloyalty, and that there is a shadow of past and grievous wrongs over the whole of the land-occupying question. There is a tradition of many most cruel confiscations in that country. In the reign of James I. people went over from England and Scotland—mostly, I think, from Scotland—and were settled—what they called planted—in the north of Ireland, in the province of Ulster. Under that transaction 3,000,000 of acres were taken from the native owners of the soil and were put into the hands of those new comers from this island. (Cheers.) Later on, in the time of Cromwell, it is said—I hope the statement is in excess of the truth, but I cannot find that it is—I find, in what are called the theistic histories of Ireland, that the time of Cromwell something like seven or eight millions of acres were transferred from the native owners to those who followed the Cromwellian armies, and to those who settled in that country after the disturbances and insurrections were quelled. And later on, coming nearer our own times, in the time of William III., after the battle of the Boyne, another million of acres was confiscated and placed in the hands of persons from this country, who were supposed likely to be more faithful to the new government and to the arrangements which followed upon the revolution which placed William III. upon the throne. Now, if this be true, it follows that all the land of Ireland and all its vicinities and real property were taken from those to whom it of old and legitimately belonged, and it was placed in the hands of strangers. And since then, following all that cruelty and injustice, there followed the additional cruelty of the penal laws, which remained until the end of the last century, and inflicted untold and indescribable injustice and wrong and cruelty upon the Catholic population in Ireland. The fact is, to such an extent did this work that I have seen it stated that more than one-tenth to one seventh of the land of Ireland of late times has been in the possession of Catholic proprietors.

TRADITIONS OF THE PAST.

Well, then, remember that all the tenants have all these traditions about the country—that they are all tenants at will, nearly; that they are subject to the fiercest competition for land; that there is no other industry for them except in the north of Ireland, in the linen country; that there is no other industry for them, or almost none, and therefore they struggle for the bit of land they hold as being their only chance of living. And you may imagine how men in such a condition of great distress, even to desperation, and are willing to accept the wildest theories that offer them any possibility of relief from the sufferings which they endure. (Applause.) With this fierce competition there is a constant tendency to the rise of rents. I do not believe the rents in Ireland are any higher, I think they are not so high as they are in England and Scotland; but then, the cultivation is in infinitely worse, because, under these circumstances, there can be no general, good and successful cultivation. Now, the effect of this state of things is to breed in every tenant's mind a feeling of uncertainty. He knows that his rent may be raised, and he cannot help it. He knows that he may be evicted and cannot help it according to law, and he becomes, you may be quite sure, careless and slovenly in his cultivation because he knows if he puts either on his farm or in his family an appearance of success and prosperity, he merely invites an addition to the rent which is demanded of him. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Now, I must ask you one question. I need not tell you that there is a great suspicion engendered by this system—a suspicion that breeds a state almost of war between the tenantry and the agent or the tenantry and the landlord. I ask you then—is any remedy needed for this state of things? ("Yes")—and, again, I ask you, what is the remedy? Is it possible? (Hear, hear.) There are things for which there is no remedy; this may be one. It may be too late to remedy it. But I think there is a remedy which may be tried (cheers) with a fair chance of a considerable or a great success. Where shall I look for the proof that there is a remedy? Go to France, go to Belgium, go to Prussia, go to Switzerland, go to all Europe and ask all Europe what is the remedy, and they will tell you to look about you and what you see in those countries applies to Ireland as the only possible remedy in the case. (Hear, hear.)

MR. BRIGHT'S PLAN.

What I propose is this, and what I have proposed for many years is this—that some measure should be taken by which occupying farms in Ireland should be transferred and transformed into owners—(Hear, hear!) and cheers.—and that this should be done by a process which should be absolutely just, not to the tenant only, but as just to the landlord himself. (Renewed cheers.) May I ask your attention for a moment to two or three—two at least—of the plans that are offered often from Ireland, with a view to settle the Irish question. You who read the Irish newspapers, or the speeches of Irish members will often hear of the term "fixity of tenure." They say they do not want to get hold of the land or to be defrauded or injured by the proprietors, but they want a settled and fixed tenure at what they call a fair rent. Well, now I am in favor of fixity of tenure and of fair rents. Nothing seems to be more just; but what they propose is that the rent of the land shall not be fixed by the tenant or the landlord, or by the two conjointly, but by some third party who is supposed to be independent and not interested in the matter. (Hear, hear!) Well that seems on the face of it a reasonable proposition, but to my mind its reasonableness is only in the proposition. I do not think it would be reasonable if it were put in practice. For example, who is to decide what is a fair rent? And what is a fair rent? The rent upon a given twenty acres of land on which one Irishman would be prosperous would be a rent, I fear, on which another Irishman would be impoverished, and, perhaps, ruined. I do not speak of the different qualities of land, because that might be accounted for; but how would it be possible to hand over to some lawyer, Crown Court judge, magistrate—some one in authority—the determining of the rent of all these farms between the tenant and landowner? At any rate, that is a principle which we do not admit in our market and in our exchanges, and I think we ought to try every other plan that offers a chance of good before we depart from the universally observed principle that economic law teaches that those who are interested in a bargain should be those by whom the bargain is agreed upon and completed and accepted. (Cheers.) Now, others say fixity of tenure under different circumstances, that is, that there should be a permanent fixed rent, that the landlord in future should have nothing to do with his land but to receive his rent which has been agreed to be paid, and if that rent is paid the tenant should be forever in the same position as if he was the landowner. (Hear, hear!) Well, if the landlord chooses to agree to that no one has any right to object to it. I know an Irish member Parliament who has, he told me, landed property in three counties, and he said if his tenants would agree to give him ten per cent. more than his present rents he would have no objections to make such an arrangement as that with them. But what would happen if you were to divorce all the landowners from the land, as under our feudal laws the tenants are to a large extent divorced from ownership? This result would follow. Instead of having half the rents going out to England or to Paris as a tribute to be spent there, you would probably have the whole of them. Those gentlemen who have rentals of from £5,000 to £20,000 a year and have nothing to do with the land, would still enjoy their rents. They would not live in Ireland at all, but would live here or abroad, and the tribute which Ireland pays absenteeism would, in all probability, be absenteeism would, in all probability, be absenteeism. (Cheers.) Now, I think neither of these plans is the better. I do not say that nothing may be said for one or the other; but I think neither of these plans is the better—that they are not consistent with sound principle. And it were easy, if there were time, to name other reasons against them than those I have ventured to offer to you.

NO VIOLENT REMEDIES.

Now, I am for no sudden, and what is called, heroic remedy. I do not believe that you can bring a country from the condition of Ireland to a condition we should like to see in by a clause in an act of Parliament and a great and revolu-

tionary though legal measure. ("Hear, hear!") I am against violent remedial because I believe there is generally a mode of treating political questions in which violence is not required. (Applause.) Now, there are two things I would do. First of all I would stop—absolutely stop—by withdrawing all encouragement to it, the constant growth of the accumulation of great estates. (Applause.) I would say that whenever met, owing land died without will their landed property should be subject to exactly the same rule of division which is now applied to their personal property. (Loud applause.) Well, then, I would put an end to the system of entail, by which it should be rendered impossible to tie up land—(applause)—so that the man who has quiet forever in the churchyard should not have the power of determining the ownership of the estate which he possessed. (Applause.) I would so legislate that the present generation should be the absolute owners of the land—(Hear, hear!)—and that the next generation should be the absolute owners. Neither this, nor the next generation should be able to dictate to future generations who is to rule it—(applause)—and I would have compulsory registration of all landed property, so that it would be easy, at the expense of only a few shillings, to transfer a farm or an estate from one man to another by an absolutely legal and definite sale. (Applause.) Now, these are things that are done elsewhere; they can be done here just as easily, if you will only lay hold of the landed proprietor and lay hold of the lawyer. (Laughter.) They tell me that is a very difficult thing to do. ("Hear, hear!") But still it has been done elsewhere, and it must be done here; because if you and others like to speak out it shall be done. (Applause.) That is a step which ought to have been taken in Ireland—first, when the Encumbered Estates Court Act passed; second, it ought to have been done by the Land Act of Mr. Gladstone; but it was not done. (Cheers.) Well, now, I come to the second portion, because that I have referred to is a matter which, though beginning to act immediately, would act, as you can understand, only with a certain slowness, and would produce great and visible results only after a certain lapse of time. But I come to the second proposition, which I wish to state to you, and that is a mode by which the occupying tenantry in thousands and thousands of cases might in a very short time be made not occupying tenants, but occupying landowners—positive owners of their farms. (Cheers.)

A PEASANT PROPRIETARY.

In the act of 1870—Mr. Gladstone's Land Act—there are clauses which are called, or should be called, the purchase clauses of the Land Act. They are often in Ireland, as you will observe in the papers, associated with my name—(cheers)—because I had suggested that mode of dealing with the question years before the Land Act was propounded. Now, the clauses of that act were to this effect:—That if an estate was going to be sold, having on it a great number of farms—some estates in Ireland have hundreds, some five hundred different farms upon them—if an estate was going to be sold through the Landed Estates Court that it was the duty of the Landed Estates Court to sell, wherever it could be conveniently done to the tenants, if the tenants were willing to buy. But it was the duty of the Landed Estates Court to get the best price it could for the landowner who was about to sell and to do the best it could in transferring farms to the tenantry. But then this followed—that if there were one hundred farms on a given estate and only eighty farmers were able to buy their farms, what was to be done with the other twenty? There was no provision for that, and I am sorry to say that the following year the whole of these farms that were the whole of these tenants offered, then the Court was obliged to sell to the person who offered the £5 more, because it was its duty to get the best price it could for the owner of the land, and thus the tenants themselves were not defrauded—of course it was not a fraud, but they were prevented from getting the benefit which the Land Act intended for them. Well, the result has been that, with very few exceptions, the act has been a failure. I think out of the million which the act proposed that the State should advance to enable tenants to buy their farms not more than half a million has, in the ten years which have elapsed since the act passed, been expended for that purpose. But if you look at the Church Commission you will find a very different state of things. When the Irish Church was abolished in 1869—that is, the year before the Land Act—there was a commission appointed to take up all land that belonged to the Church—glebe, bishop land, and so on—and the commission was put into absolute possession of it. It was taken from the Church and given to the commission, and the commission were empowered to make such arrangements as would enable them to sell the farms to the tenants then cultivating them, if they wished to buy them, and the consequence is that a great success has attended the working of the Church Commission, and they have made, I believe, several thousand—I forget the number—proprietors of farms, who, before the Church act was passed, were merely tenants living under the bishops and clerical corporations. Now, last year and the year before there has been a commission of the House of Commons, over which my friend, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the member for Reading, presided. I cannot tell you how much we all owe to his labors, and how much by and by it will be seen that Ireland owes to the care he has taken upon this question. (Cheers.) I was on that committee, we had there evidence of the most conclusive and unanswerable kind to show that the plan of the Landed Estates Court had failed; that it was necessary to change the act of 1870—the Land Act of Mr. Gladstone—to establish a separate and independent and powerful commission for the purpose of doing this great work among the tenantry of Ireland. Now I will just tell you how it is done. The proposition is, that if a man comes to buy a farm which his landlord or anybody else is disposed to sell the Treasury will lend a certain portion of the money—it may be two-thirds and it may be three-fourths. If, for example, it costs £400, the Treasury would lend, I will assume, £300, and the farmer himself must find £100, and then the farm is transferred to him, and he goes on paying his rent, not to the land-

lord, because the landlord is away—he has sold it—but paying his rent to the commission, which is the interest on the money that he has borrowed from them, and after a certain number of years—thirty-five years—he has paid all the interest and all the principal of the £300, and the farm becomes his own as long as he chooses to hold it. (Applause.) ASSISTANT TREASURER TO SELL OUT. Now, I want the government and parliament to pass a law which shall compel London companies, for example, who are the owners of great estates in the county of London, to sell their estates under an act of this kind. ("Hear, hear!") I want also to see the commission to be appointed shall have the power of taking over absolutely any estate ordered them for sale which they might think a desirable estate. So that having it in possession as the Church Commission had the Church lands in possession, they might hand it over to the various tenants upon the estate who were willing to buy. Now, I do not want a commission to go there and to sit down with good salaries and to do nothing. (Laughter.) They should have a suitable office and they should have a suitable staff, they should have a good lawyer upon it, and they should have a man thoroughly acquainted with the conditions of land and with the people in Ireland. And they should advertise and let all the tenantry know that "the imperial government has sent us to Dublin for this purpose—not to open an office and give us a salary and to establish a new system of patronage; but that we should come here and hold out a helping hand to every honest and earnest and industrious tenant in Ireland who wishes to possess his farm, and who sees his landlord is willing to sell to him he will find us willing to provide him—say, three-fourths of the money—and to give him a transfer of the estate." Now, besides what I have said about the London companies I have said an idea which I have no doubt somebody who writes in some newspaper to-morrow will ridicule and scoff at. There are, as you know, many English noblemen and English gentlemen who are not in the peerage who have large estates in Ireland, and who, except they go for a few weeks sometime in the year as a matter of duty, do not live in that country. Now, I believe that, if Parliament were to take the course that I have pointed out, and if the public sentiment were to support the policy of this new arrangement you would find many of the Irish proprietors living in England, believing that it would be of great good to that country and ending the difficulties of Irish proprietorship, which will not be put an end to even if the present disturbances are put down. I think many of these noblemen and gentlemen who have no interest whatever in the peerage would be willing to see this commission transfer the estates, the farms, to the tenantry upon those farms, and to receive a fair and just compensation, which the government would be able to give them. Well, then, very likely somebody will say, "What is to be done about the money?"

WHERE TO FIND THE MONEY.

Who is to find the money for buying these estates? Who is to find the £300 which I said a farm of £400 would require to enable the tenant to buy it? Let me just show you how the thing would operate in one instance. I would assume that a tenant comes to the commission, and he says—"I have got a farm of thirty-five acres of land. I want very much to buy it, and my landlord is willing to sell, and this is the price he asks for it. I can't find the money, but I can find my share." Well, the commission makes the arrangement, sees the landlord, looks at the land, sees the tenant, and says—"I will give you £250, and you shall have the land in possession—in fact, he is in possession, and keeps himself there. What follows? I believe at the present moment that the sum actually paid as rent for farms in Ireland would be equal to the sum which the commission would require as interest on the sum they advanced, so that every year he would pay—the tenant would pay—the rent he now pays, but every year he would become nearer the time when the farm would be his own. ("Hear, hear!") And if he had thirty-five acres of land, in thirty-five years his rent would pay both principal and interest, and every year that passes one acre would be added to his own land—one acre next year and one the following year—until at the end of thirty-five years he finds himself, or his son or his widow, or somebody whose interest can be established, the absolute owner of the farm, and he would have paid if no such transaction had taken place. Now, I should say that the best way to establish this mode of doing it, to establish fixity of tenure, for the moment that the tenant gets hold of the land through the commission nobody can possibly disturb him so long as he pays his annual sum to the commission, and so he would come nearer to the time of absolute ownership. Therefore he would have no dread of evictions and of raising his rent. He can cultivate the farm in the best possible manner and be as independent as any in the room, and the whole aspect and atmosphere of Ireland would be enormously changed for the better. Now, then, some people will say, "But that is only a slow process. It is not so slow as they think; but just processes are generally rather slow, but they are generally very sure. (Laughter.) How long would it take to double or quadruple, or increase tenfold the present number of proprietors in Ireland? And in a very few years all those landowners who sell too would be justly treated. No man would part with an acre of land for which he did not get his full recompense, and those who did not sell would feel by a general increase of proprietors all over the country his condition as proprietor was constantly being improved. ("Hear, hear!") At present the 600,000 tenants stand face to face with 10,000 or 12,000 landlords—sixty tenants to one landlord. What is the result? The result is that the opinion in Ireland in favor of tenants, the growing opinion in favor of wild theories, and sometimes of illegal practices, is a vast volume which threatens—and if not for the power of England would not only threaten but do it—to sweep away the whole property and class of landed proprietors in Ireland. (Cheers.) There is no man, not even the tenant, miserable as he is—for he could possibly get away

to America—there is no man so interested in Ireland in taking up the plan I suggested as the landed proprietor himself. We are interested in another way. We are citizens of this United Kingdom, we are here constituents and members of Parliament, we are here with our fortunes bound up inseparably, I believe inseparably, with Ireland, and that being so, I say we have the greatest possible interest in bringing that country into a condition which our government and our people can look upon without sorrow and without humiliation. (Cheers.) However, at present, between tenants and landlords, there is, as you see, anger and injustice. (Hear, hear!) CONFIDENCE WANTED. At present what the Irishman upon his farm wants more than all is to get rid of suspicion, to get rid of the fear of injury, of uncertainty of his tenure, to have infused into his mind the opposite feelings of confidence and of hope. (Cheers.) If you would give to all Irish tenants that confidence and hope every year would see them advancing in a better cultivation and a more prosperous condition. (Cheers.) Does anybody say that hope is of no avail in the affairs of men? Who, I might quote from the poet who has—what shall I say—created almost an immortality for our language. He speaks of hope. He says— White-handed Hope, thou hovering angel, Gift with golden wings. (Loud cheers.) Bring this hope into the Irish farmer's family and into his household, and it will have an influence as complete, as blessed, and home-riding as it will have in the mansions of the rich or the palaces of the great. (Loud cheers.) So far as I have seen Irishmen in their own country and in this they are open to being given and the return of better harvests, may be removed; but when the present distress is removed there will still remain the great question which I have attempted to explain to you to-night. And I hope, with regard to the distress, that the duty of the government will not be neglected. ("Hear, hear!") I hope they have not spent so much in endeavoring to civilize Zulus and Afghans that they are not able to do something for their poorer people nearer home. ("Hear, hear!") Some one has said— These lofty souls have miserose eyes, Which see the smallest speck of distant Whilst at their feet a world of agonies, Unseen, unheard, unheeded, writhes in pain.

I hope, sir, the government, in dealing with the Irish question, will deal with it frankly and openly and generously, and that they, as they are now under the pressure of the present distress, will open their hands to relieve the suffering people of the West—that they will open their hearts, and their intellects, too, so, by the Irish members. I hope to-night that I have brought you into the ring and into the number of those who believe something still may be done for Ireland, if the government is willing to do it in the session that shall follow. I hope, at any rate, those who speak in Parliament as representatives of this great constituency will be found among the warmest and most urgent supporters of the plan which I have ventured to lay before you. (Loud and prolonged cheering, in the midst of which Mr. Bright resumed his seat.)

A GALLANT IRISHMAN.

THE BLOOD OF THE O'SULLIVANS.

On the declaration of war against Russia in 1854 Sullivan was Chief Petty Officer—i.e. boatswain's mate—on board the "Rodney." His ship being ordered into the Black Sea he was chosen for service in the Naval Brigade ashore, and present at the battle of Inkerman where the English and French troops showed their courage, and where their generals displayed but sorry efficiency. The naval Brigade then settled down before Sebastopol, and the siege began in good earnest. Young Sullivan was "Captain" of one of the guns in No. 5 battery, and on him devolved the honor of making the first breach in the Malakoff Tower and blowing up its magazine at the commencement of the siege. He attained so great a celebrity as a "crack" shot that Lord Raglan, Admirals Lyons, Stewart, and Boxer, attracted by his fame came to No. 5 battery to witness the young Irishman's practice against the enemy, and while there had the satisfaction of seeing him dismount one of the heavy guns in the Russian redoubt, which was the third gun he had that day disabled. Pleased with such skill Admiral Lyons, as the senior naval officer present, called him by name, and in the presence of officers and men said—"Sullivan you shall have a commission. In fact you can demand it." This was high praise for the young sailor, but greater eulogy were again to attract attention to him.

On the morning of the 10th April, 1855, a concealed Russian battery suddenly opened fire on the advanced works of the allied forces, and in a short time did terrible execution. The allies were disarrayed. Their gunners could take no aim at this hidden foe, whose missiles were devastating their men and destroying their batteries. What was to be done? Some guide must be given to direct the answering fire. Suddenly a volunteer is called for to plant a flagstaff on a small mound between the opposing batteries. The task is a perilous one to undertake; it seems certain death, and all shrink back appalled. A deadly silence ensued, broken only by the terrible boom of those unerring guns

and the moans, the shrieks, and groans of wounded and dying. A few seconds which seem an age, pass, and then out steps the young Corkman, and volunteers for the awful mission. He is thoroughly possessed of—"that sense of danger which subdues the breathless moment,"—and qualifies frail man for a place among the Gods, but the blood of the O'Sullivan is up. He takes the flag, and leaping the breast work, runs steadily towards the mound exposed the while to a galling fire from the Russian sharpshooters. When he gained the mound he was cool and collected enough to take observations, right and left, to satisfy himself he was in the exact line between the Russian and British guns. Then, kneeling down, he scraped with his hands a hole for the flagstaff, and made it secure with stones and clods of earth he collected there. He had time, and leisure, and presence of mind enough to watch one of the sharpshooters firing at him, and to observe he was too excited to do his work well. He then returned to the battery, miraculously unhurt, to receive the applause and congratulations his heroism deserved. The flagstaff served its duty, and the dreaded battery was soon silenced. Soon after this exploit he and his shipmates in the brigade were removed to No. 9 Battery, the nearest to the French forts, and with the French poured shot and shell, thick and hot into the "Russian Flagstaff" Battery. Here, again, he soon had opportunity of distinguishing himself, and the English were running short of ammunition, and strict orders were sent to the batteries to cease firing until orders were received from a superior officer. The Russians noticed the silence of the British guns, attributed it to want of ammunition, and determined to take advantage of it to attack the nearest French fort. By well-planned stratagem, the gallant O'Sullivan, concerted French and British alike, and made great havoc with the former. The battery officer of No. 9 was hors de combat, the "superior officer" was too far off to be sent for to orders, and an O'Sullivan, as senior petty officer, the command of the battery devolved. The French, towards whom, as an Irishman, he had a great regard, were being cut to pieces before his eyes, but his orders were strict, and disobedience might mean death. He saw his peril and he saw his friends being slaughtered. For their sake he dared death as a martyr, and gave the order to fire. Instantly the four heavy battery guns blazed forth, carrying death through the enemy's ranks. Speaking of that day some years later, he said—"I have often heard of moving lanes through regiments, but on that occasion I saw it, and to such perfection, that it quite staggered the Russian advanced column, which beat a hasty retreat again within its lines. The French were so grateful for the timely assistance thus rendered, that hundreds of them came to see their hero, and to shake his hand. Many of them, too, retained a lively recollection of Mr. Sullivan's service, for some years after. While he was serving on the West Coast of Africa, a French Captain came aboard to pay his respects to the English Captain. Suddenly catching sight of Mr. Sullivan that dreadful day before Sebastopol flashed across his memory, and he rushed to shake his hand, crying, 'We know you, bomb, bomb, Sevastopol; bomb, bomb, Sevastopol,' to the great surprise of captain and crew."

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH.

A well-known writer, a convert to the Catholic faith in England, lays down: "Deeply as every Catholic must deplore the continual advance of these disorders, driven onward by the power of falsehood which reigns absolute in the public opinion of England, and success, victory, or triumph, can cause us more than a transient suffering except only for the souls that perish in this warfare against the Vicar of our Lord. Again and again these floods of evil have swept over the Holy See. It has been submerged for a moment and has risen again resplendent as before. The weakness of God is stronger than man. Though national societies, with the tide and majority of 400 years of departure from God, precipitate itself upon the Pontificate of Jesus Christ, we believe it will stand when the Kingdom of Italy and the Empires of France and Britain will be a mere epoch in history taught to children in a Christian world, to which Europe, though it will be the centre, will be but a point of space."

A PROTESTANT PAPER'S TRIBUTE TO THREE CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES.

Mother Church, Roman Catholic and Apostolic, has always been admitted by friend and foe alike, to be, for better or worse, in the most catholic sense, a "missionary religion." Truly, she has sent forth her apostles into all lands; but, perhaps, in no case has she given them a less definite address or a more unpleasing destination than that bestowed on three missionary priests who arrived a few days ago at Kurachee. With luggage labelled "Africa," and instructions, by way of a commencement, to go where the cholera is at its worst, it surely seems probable that the travellers may have some difficulty in reaching their destination. That they may altogether fail to find cholera, will, at any rate, be the advent wish of all their late fellow-passengers on board the *Agor*, who cannot but bear in pleasant remembrance the three travellers, whose unpretending piety, simplicity and kindness would not allow the fiercest Protestant to frown or the most cynical free-thinker to sneer at the little Polish priest in the ways of early Mass on Sunday mornings, when the saloon sofa was transformed into an altar, and the captain's preti-wallah became an acolyte, and rang the brass-fretted bell, as softly as might be, when occasion required. Let it not be supposed that we are accusing the good ship *Agor* of smuggling into this land of sweetness and light such foreign and undesirable commodities as fierce Protestants or naughty free-thinkers. Heaven forbid! The British Company has not, in this instance, nor ever will, we are assured, betray so far the confidence bestowed upon it by the Anglo-Indian public. But, at the same time, we may safely say that if our priests manage to make converts as easily as they do friends, their mission will be wholly successful, and no undue surprise need be felt if we have shortly to chronicle the fact that Yakob Khan has entered the Order of Jesuits, and that Abdulla Jan's mother has taken the veil.—*Labour Civil and Military Gazette*.