

say that; for, Nell, there's a fear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait your time; name it; I'll stand the trial.

And I am happy to say, for the honor and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whiskey from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing that she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till after Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example.—Woman could do a great deal to prove that "the least taste in life" is a great taste too much!—that "ONLY A DROP" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

THE END

A VISIT TO "THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR."

(From a Correspondent of the Dundee Advertiser.)

It is a cheering circumstance when we find a number of people devoting themselves from the highest and purest motives—those of love to God, and a desire to fulfil His will—to the care of the poor and the infirm. We know that we shall be met by the bigot with the cruel sneer that because some of those who thus tend the poor are Roman Catholics, therefore their works are to be distrusted, and with the selfish and hard-hearted advice that they ought to be discontinued. Is it not well, however, to admire and encourage people of any and every sect in doing all that they can to leave the world better and happier than they found it? Believing that it is, we offer the following account of a visit paid to the establishment of the Little Sisters of the Poor at Wellburn.

We are informed on the way out that there are thirty poor old people in the house, who are fed, clothed, and attended to by the exertions of the Little Sisters, of whom there are half-a-dozen in the house. We are also informed—that we knew before, but of which, perhaps, many of our readers are unaware—that the 'Little Sisters' are members of a Religious Female Order, established for the express purpose of attending to the infirm and destitute. They give up all their worldly goods to the poor; and they give their whole time to the work of caring for them. The poor people themselves have mostly all been beggars, and would still have continued to beg from door to door; but the Sisters, in compassion for their age and infirmities, maintain them in the house, and themselves go a-begging for them. Leaving the train at the Camp-down Station, Loches, we in a few minutes came to a rustic lane, and entered a large and beautiful park, bordered and studded with fine old trees. In the centre of the ground rose a building of a stately and handsome appearance, and with something of an ecclesiastical character. It was a fine winter day—the sun shining brightly above—and the aspect of the building and grounds was eminently cheerful and beautiful. One or two aged people of both sexes, warmly and cleanly clad—and looking like old and favourite servants now enjoying their ease in the employment of a kind master—were moving about on the lawn in front of the house; and their appearance, and that of the whole place, was entirely out of keeping with our ordinary ideas of a charity. By-and-bye one of the Sisters, in her plain black dress, approached; and learning my errand, brought with her the Lady Superior, or 'Good Mother,' who very kindly consented to guide us through the house. At the time of our visit there were seven old men in the house, all of whom had formerly been in destitute circumstances, and we were first shown into their quarters. They have a large and cheerful sitting-room, where they can sit and chat or read during the day, and opening from that room are their dormitories, with their neat rooms of iron bedsteads. On speaking to some of the men in the sitting-room, they expressed themselves in accents of delight as to their treatment in the house, and one and all invoked blessings on the heads of their attendants. On going into a room used as the infirmary of the house, our idea of the self-sacrifice of the Sisters was still more elevated, for there we beheld a man totally blind and paralyzed on one side tenderly propped up in an easy chair, and placed in a position by the side of the fire, where he could enjoy his heat, and where the beams of the sun could light upon him. His story was a touching one. He appeared to have been a man of powerful build, and even yet looks not more than forty-eight; and one could not but wonder at the combination of misfortunes by which he had been overwhelmed. In his prime he had been a freeman at one of our Dundee works, but the heat had injured his eyes, and in course of time rendered him totally blind. His health, too, had become shattered; and, after he was rendered unable to provide for his wife and young family by blindness, paralysis came upon him, and rendered him a helpless burden on them. In the struggle for daily bread which had then to be commenced by his wife and children, the helpless paralytic could not receive that attention he required; and, on application, the Sisters found his case a very worthy one and at once admitted him. It warmed one's heart to hear the encomiums passed upon the Sisters by this poor fellow, and to witness the sincerity of his thanks for their kindness in the tears which bedewed his sightless eyeballs. He told us in all simplicity of the kindness of his nurses, and thanked God that he had put it into the hearts of any of his children to devote themselves to the alleviation of a lot so hapless as his. He had been there now three months, he said, and remarked to us, with a justifiable though saddened pride, that it was impossible for any gentleman in the land to be better attended to than he was.

Leaving his room with a feeling of thankfulness at the revelation of unselfish charity there made to us, we repaired to the Sisters' refectory, or dining-room, on the same floor—and such a dining-room! A wooden partition, cutting off a small portion of what was formerly a large room, and that small portion rudely fitted up with a plain table, flanked by a couple of sitting benches of plain wood. On the boarded partition is hung a small Crucifix, with an injunction to silence; and here, when the Sisters are at meals no conversation takes place, and all listen attentively, while they eat, to the words of a Sister who reads a passage from the Bible or some other good book. The other and larger portion of the room behind the partition is a storehouse, where the clothes which may be brought by the poor are preserved for them. In this room we notice a cupboard, with it shelves stocked with labelled phials, and on enquiry, are told that it was furnished free of charge by Dr. McDonnell, West Port, Dundee, who also visits the inmates of the house, and prescribes for them without fee or reward.

On proceeding upstairs we enter the great sitting-room; and find it occupied by a score of old women, all of them clean, neat, and happy-looking, not one of them had that careless, listless, despairing appearance too often to be beheld in poorhouses; but all without exception seemed to be blessed with a cheerfulness of spirit and contentedness with their position, which testified to the kindness of the Sisters who kept them at their charge. We asked some of them about their condition, when no Sister was present, and the poor creatures, in the simple accents in which they expressed the sincerity of their gratitude, were more eloquent pleaders for the Sisters than laborious arguers would have been. Prayer-books were in the hands of some, and all appeared contented and happy. Councillor O'Farrell, who was present, seems to be an especial favourite with all of them. The moment he entered the room he was surrounded by kindly faces, expressing the pleasure they felt at a visit from him, and their gra-

titude at having been removed from the terrors of poverty and the misery and equal of destitution to one of comparative ease and plenty. The worthy Councillor afterwards informed us that among these poor aged women were some of the most notorious beggars who had formerly infested the streets of Dundee, and detailed to us the piteous condition from which they had been secured. Clothed in rags, with no home of their own, and dependent on the capricious coppers of charity for the chance of a bed in a miserable lodging, herding with the dissolute and immoral, these poor creatures lived a life of dull weary despair, varied only by the acuteness of the stings of want, and now that their aged limbs have been properly clothed, and themselves attended to as children by a mother, the change is so great that, as one of them said, it seemed like a passage from hell to heaven.

In the female dormitory, we found a very feeble old woman, upwards of ninety years of age, propped up with pillows in bed, and being carefully attended to. This old body has, we are informed, not a single known relative alive! and was taken by the Sisters from a squalid hut, where she lay neglected and dirty to their home, where she is now well cared for. We were to go into the other cases we should just be detailing instances of the same sort—and we therefore content ourselves with those we have mentioned. On proceeding to the Sisters' dormitory, we find it to be the most miserable in the house. These ladies have given up all the best rooms in the building for the use of their proteges, and are themselves contented with a sleeping room in the coldest part of the house. The rooms of the poor are halls compared to theirs, and the sitting-room for females is spacious, lofty, and well furnished with a modern drawing-room. The chapel is a room with nothing to relieve the poverty of its bare walls but the snowy linen covering of the tiny altar at its eastern end, and with a few wooden stools scattered up and down the room. Returning down stairs we viewed the kitchen, laundry, wash houses, &c., and were struck in all of them, as we had been up stairs, with the extreme neatness and cleanliness in which everything was kept. The Sisters spare no time or trouble in attending to their charge, and would consider themselves well rewarded if the public would cheerfully give them sufficient alms to maintain them. Nothing is lost. Pieces of cloth, apparently worthless, are sewed into bed quilts of a Joseph's coat pattern, and attes the thrift and good management which guide the whole. The Sisters take it by turns to go out and ask alms for the Institution; and now that we have represented it as it is—condemning nothing, exaggerating nothing—we hope that none will churlishly refuse them aid when asked, if able to give it. It is true these ladies are Roman Catholics; but charity is of no denomination, and we feel every one of us if we fed the hungry and clothed the naked, will render it equally a service to Him to have helped the poor of any Christian denomination.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.—To the Editor of Telegraph.—Sir—What terrible revelations are those which the Protestant Chancellor of Cork has made of the doings of the Irish Church Missions' Society? He charges them with downright bribery, and with the most barefaced misrepresentation—the first to make proselytes, the second to make money under false pretences, to be enabled to carry on their infamous traffic in human souls. If a Catholic clergyman made those charges he might be charged himself with viewing this society from without, through a jaundiced medium, and through a cloud of prejudice; but here we have a dignity of the Established Church viewing it from within, thoroughly acquainted with its means, agents, and directors, and he authoritatively, and with irrefragable proofs convicts it of the unholy traffic of buying souls with money, of inducing the destitute to change their creed by the sole motive of material gratification, and brands it with the crime of unmistakable bribery, and of obtaining money under false pretences and representations. What a striking similitude exists between the conduct of the Irish Catholic Missioners towards the destitute Roman Catholic and that of the devil towards the Son of God in the wilderness! Satan abided his time until the Saviour grew faint with hunger, and then, with truly diabolic cunning and audacity, he said to the Man God:—'Take my advice, and you shall have plenty to eat; obey me and do what I tell you, and you shall gain the applause of men; and if you will only renounce the God of Heaven and bow down and adore me, the Lord of Hell, you shall possess the world's wealth!' What says the Church Missioners to the mother and child without a home and pinched with hunger? 'You shall have food and raiment, and a good bed to lie on; you shall have light work and high wages, and you shall have the respect and patronage of the wealthy and the great if you will only renounce the faith which you believe to be true and embrace a creed which you believe to be false—that is, unless by violating the dictates of your conscience, you deny Christ and worship Satan! But if you don't consent to do this you shall not get, either for yourself or your child, a mouthful of food, a rag to wear, a night's lodging, or a day's work, even though you both were to die of cold and hunger!' The Apostles of Christ did not give silver and gold to make converts; but they proposed Heaven and its ineffable and eternal bliss as the reward of those who would take up His cross and follow Him by a life of self-denial and obedience to His holy law; whereas the Church Missioners give silver and gold and material comforts of every kind for the sole purpose of making proselytes and consequently Satan is not more opposed and adverse to God, than the conduct of the Irish Church Missioners is opposed and adverse to the conduct of the Apostles of Christ. If, therefore, the Apostles were sent by Christ to teach all nations His blessed Gospel, and if the means they employed were good and holy, and adapted to that end, the Church Missioners, employing means the very reverse of those employed by Satan, cannot be of Christ, and must be of his adversary. Then, sir, witness their abominable lies and misrepresentations to replenish their coffers—drafting wretched perverts from one part of the country to another, to show their success amongst the benighted Roman Catholics—magnifying half a dozen into four score, and paying Protestants to attend controversial meetings as Roman Catholics, and, as such, to curse the preacher or speaker, and to undertake the defence of Catholic doctrines, in order to enhance still more the triumphant argument of the Church Mission. Could the father of lies find out more congenial instruments to effect his diabolical purposes? No wonder the worthy Chancellor should pronounce a society employing such means to be most disgraceful and injurious to the Protestant religion. But his days are numbered, it shall soon disappear, and shall not leave a wreck behind.—I remain, Mr. Editor, your very obedient servant.

JAMES CANON REDMOND, P.P. Arklow, Feb. 23, 1864.

AN IRISH PRIEST IN THE DUNDEE.—We have not done in Ireland with Penal Laws or the spirit of persecution. Those who only look to the surface of things, and are content to chime in with the glorifications daily lavished by pompous enthusiasts on the British Constitution know little of the engines of oppression which that Constitution has at its command, or of the willingness which its most zealous supporters exhibit in using them. The Statute-Book has not been purged of all its obnoxious clauses. Although Emancipation swept away the more glaring injustices perpetrated in a barbarous age, it did not succeed in removing all the Penal enactments that mark the presence and the power of reli-

gious ascendancy. It did not destroy the inequalities which still press upon one section of the community—debarring its members from rights and offices which they are entitled to hold. It did not remove the stigma which intolerance loves to cast upon its victims; and that it merely blanched the sword but did not break it, is just now proved by the prosecution of a clergyman for an act which is part of his functions as a priest, and which in any land of civil and religious freedom he could perform with impunity. There lies at the present moment in Enniskillen Jail, in the very department to which felons are consigned, and for ought we know to the contrary, perhaps in forced companionship with them, a Catholic-clergyman hunted, arrested, and imprisoned under a statute which dates from the days of persecution, and which, in spirit at least, is the same as those by which our forefathers were condemned to the gibbet and the stake, and made for centuries to wear the badge of a humiliating servitude. This clergyman is guilty of no act that the most stringent law could construe into an offence against order or morality. He merely administered the sacrament of matrimony to members of his flock, and this was done under circumstances which left him no alternative but to regard the act as a duty. A young man succeeded in securing the affections of a girl named Quinlan—a minor and a ward of Chancery. The parties are of equal rank in life; for, although Miss Quinlan, or Mrs. Paterson as she now is, was represented as an heiress, it turns out that her fortune amounts to just £1,000—a sum by no means so excessive as to render the motives of her lover in seeking her hand as questionable as they were represented to be. The bride declared herself ready to become a Catholic, made a profession of faith was formally received into the Church, and was then married to Peterson by a priest "whose face was turned away from the contracting parties." The Rev. Mr. McLaughlin, it seems, received Miss Quinlan's profession of faith. By the 22d of George III a Catholic priest is liable to prosecution for felony should he celebrate a marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant, or between a Catholic and a person who has not been a professing Protestant for twelve months previous to the marriage. That is to say, should a Catholic clergyman dare to do what it is lawful for any minister of the Established Church to do, or what even the lay gentleman who officiates in back parlors and small shops, to the discredit of religion, is privileged to do, he becomes liable to prosecution, and subjects himself to the penalty of imprisonment or transportation. This is the blessed state of British Law in Ireland. Of course the clergyman who solemnized the marriage between Miss Quinlan and Peterson, however laudable his motive or however necessary in the interests of morality the act might have been, rendered himself amenable to the law. The authorities who reign supreme in the Castle, and the law Officers of the Crown, had no idea of foregoing the chance of a priest prosecution. The Rev. Mr. McLaughlin was arrested under a warrant of the magistrate. He was marched like a malefactor into Enniskillen, surrounded by a body of armed police; and, after having been exhibited in open court, where the informations were read over him, was committed to the county jail to stand his trial before a Fermanagh jury, at the next assizes. Bail was tendered, but, of course, Captain Butler, in the exercise of his discretion, refused it. Men like Father McLaughlin must be treated with caution, if not with severity. Where an example has to be made, or where the peculiar ends of Irish justice must be observed, the officials of all grades, from the titled deputies of the Castle down to the Castle's lowest servants, must be vigilant, exact, unyielding. Mercy, or anything bordering on mercy, must be thought of, and the principle on which Shylock so sternly acted, must be made the rule and guide of judicial impartiality. Here, in the nineteenth century, in a country that participates in the blessings of the most glorious Constitution (so we are told,) that the world ever witnessed, we have a penal law in full operation—a law which does not owe its origin to any conceivable exigency, in the social or moral condition of the country, but to the times and the spirit of persecution, and which is, therefore, a wanton violation of the rights of a free people. How comes it that the Catholics of Ireland, who constitute the vast majority of the population, tolerate such an insult and such a wrong? How comes it that liberal-minded Protestants view with unconcern the operations of a law which, if it be not consonant with their views of liberty and justice, is an outrage upon their character for manliness and fair play? Had the Catholics of Enniskillen, who outnumber the other sects, rescued the prisoner, and trampled on the authority that bound him, who could wonder at their conduct? In an age of enlightenment—in an age of boasted toleration—it is revolting to have to chronicle such a prosecution. If, however, the Irish people are men; if their priests have a particle of courage in their nature, the occasion will not be lost. A rally should now be made for real freedom and true equality. The priests of Ireland have in their power to destroy this infamous enactment. We call upon them to act with promptitude and decision. They have been staunch friends of order and Government, and on more than one occasion they have done England good service. Will they now do themselves a service in boldly vindicating the character and rights of their order, and declaring that they will not tolerate the injustice which has consigned one of their number to a felon's doom.—Ulster Observer.

CULTIVATION OF FLAX.—No doubt can now, we believe, exist of the dispositions of the great body of working farmers to grow more or less flax. As an illustration, it has been stated to us that quantities of flax sent at Christmas last to the mills at Kiltannan are not yet satched, owing to the pressure of an antecedent demands, as producers must wait their turn, the priority being fairly given according to the order of the original delivery.—*Manchester News.*

THE FENIANS.—They are ostentatiously opposed to the British connection, and make no secret of their desire to sever it, and of their intention to try what can be done with that view whenever an opportunity offers. Unless they be grossly maligning, the first article of their political creed is that all Priests should be exterminated, as the priests are men of peace and they are men of blood. Another of their articles of political faith is, it seems, that all those who now are considered leaders of the Irish people in whatever movement may be set on foot for the peaceable regeneration of the country, should be at once hung from the nearest lamp-posts. Their ascendancy, should they ever require it—of which happily there is not the remotest chance or the slightest danger—would be an Irish 'Reign of Terror,' under which the atrocities of Murat, Robespierre, and Danton would be re-enacted in the Island of Saints. Will not the O'Donoghue and the other good Irishmen and good Catholics who have taken him as their leader, now see how necessary it is for those who have the true interests of Ireland at heart to be very cautious, lest by any act of theirs they unwittingly promote the bad ends of evil men? If the Corporation of Dublin had done what they are unfairly charged with doing, we should have joined cordially in censuring them, but as they are guiltless of the charge preferred against them, we would put it to the O'Donoghue and his friends whether it would not be much better to drop the subject than persist in a course which can only widen breaches that ought never to have been made, and open up new sources of dissension when union and harmony are so essential to the social and physical regeneration of Ireland. The enemies of Ireland alone can derive satisfaction from these deplorable divisions of the Catholic party.—*Weekly Register.*

DISSENT WITH THE RESULTS OF THE DEMONSTRATION of Monday week, the leading opponents of the vote of the Corporation, in accordance with which the monument to the late Prince Consort is to be erected in College-green, convened another meeting for Monday, to be held in the Rotunda at two o'clock. Well-grounded apprehensions of the resistance and disturbance likely to be created by the members of the Fenian Brotherhood, whose watchword is 'deeds not words,' led to the salutary precaution of admission by tickets, which were to be had at the offices of the *Morning News*, the *Irishman*, and the *United Irishman*, where the friends of the cause were certain of recognition, and the members of the Brotherhood had no chance of favour. A limited number of tickets were issued in these offices, but the weekly holiday of the trades turned out a number of idle operatives anxious to witness the proceedings, but unable to procure the required passports to the demonstration. Unemployed tradesmen, angry-looking coal-porters, and noisy boys, congregated round the entrances to the Rotunda, in Britain-street and Cavendish-row, long before the appointed hour, relying upon the promise held out by the placards that admission to the body of the meeting would be free. But the interposition of physical force was dreaded, and it was soon apparent that there was no intention on the part of the promoters of the meeting to fulfill this promise. Half-past one o'clock came, and the doors were not opened to the crowd. A privileged few, provided with tickets, passed with difficulty through the expectant and restless mob, gained the charmed circle guarded by the police, and holding up the bits of green pasteboard which were the pledges of adherence to the cause, passed the sturdy door-keepers who protected the entrance against all Fenians. The crowd grew noisier; the O'Donoghue and his friends passed in about two o'clock, and still the doors were besieged, the police were implored, and the janitors vigilant. A number of sturdy Fenians, amongst whom the most conspicuous was a person known as O'Donovan (Ross), attempted to push their way in, joined by a crowd of 'roughs' possibly belonging to no party; but though the crush was severe for the moment, the constables were too strong, and the ticket-takers too wary, and the doors were slipped in the angry faces of the crowd with a haste which showed that the speakers of the day and their adherents, though the true friends of the people, did not altogether relish the test of universal suffrage. The space was soon afterwards cleared by the police. Inside the Rotunda the scene was bleak enough. About two hundred men, upon whose cheers reliance could be placed, were gathered in knots before the platform, which was barricaded on all sides by strong beams and guarded by special constables, chosen for size

and strength. The galleries were pretty well filled, and here and there were a few well-dressed young women, who showed their sympathy with the national cause by waving handkerchiefs whenever any fiery speaker alluded to the Volunteers. Meanwhile, the police were busy in clearing the streets of the Fenians.—*Saunders.*

The Daily Express seems to think that it has said a severe thing of Catholicity when it tells us that the Protestants have all the good things in the North of Ireland, though half the population are Catholics:—'It may be reminded that half the population of Ulster are Roman Catholics. That may be true, but the wealth and power are with the Protestants. It is the Protestants who build the mills, and the mansions. It is the Protestants who employ the people. It is they who support the public institutions, the newspapers. It is Protestants who fill the Town Councils, who constitute the Boards of Guardians, who fill the Magisterial Benches, who represent the counties and boroughs in Parliament. In fact, they are the predominant and ruling race; and the difference between the North and the South is not more astonishing than the fact that the Roman Catholic population of Ulster have so little influence in proportion to their numbers.' Yes, the wealth and the power are with the Protestants; they are the land owners and the mill owners, the magistrates and the town councillors. But the history of Ireland tells how this has come to pass. Not by the innate virtue of a religious creed, elevating its followers by just and holy ways; no, but by deeds of wrong and shame by wholesale plunder, by treachery, by murder. They are rich, because to them has been given unjustly the lands of other men, with all their fields, and hills and woods, and rivers, and with very many valuable privileges. Yes, the descendants of the planters have wealth and power and position. Is it wonderful if the children of the robbed chiefs and clansmen of the North have neither? Having been forcibly and fraudulently deprived of their property is it surprising that they are poor, having been swept from their possession is it a wonder that they are landless, having been reduced to a position worse than that of slavery—having been outlawed, banned, hunted like wild beasts, and only suffered to live because their labour was needed—is it astonishing that the native is not the 'ruling race,' and do not fill the leading positions in the country? Yet as they are perfectly aware of the means by which they were depressed and their present masters elevated in the world, it may not be quite safe to taunt them with their poverty. But there are reasons why the North of Ireland is more prosperous than the South and why in all parts of the island the Protestants are the wealthier portion of the community. Those reasons are not far to seek. They are written in that long record of crime and wrong—the history of Ireland since the English invasion. The Protestants, the men of English and Scotch race, are the territorial lords of Ireland, and hold most of her riches, because they robbed the rightful owners—not always by power of the sword, but more often by baser arts. The Catholics, the native race, are the poorer, because they were plundered, oppressed, persecuted during centuries as were no other people under Heaven. They were deprived of their lands, they were hunted like wild beasts, they were denied legal rights, and when at length the law was extended to them, it was not to protect them, but to consummate their ruin. Has not the soil of this country been confiscated, every foot of it, from the Catholic families who inherited it—did not penal laws, the most cruel and ingenious code ever heard of in the world—a table of commandments framed by the Devil—sweep almost every vestige of property from them, close every honourable walk of life against Catholic gentlemen, and forbid that there should be any Catholic gentlemen at all in the land? Was it not the natural operation of those laws to grind the Catholic population down into one helpless mass of beggary and ignorance, and to give over to the foreign party everything that usurpulous power could confer upon them—to give them the exclusive right to property, to education, to rank, to the professions, to civil employments, to political influence? Has not relief from those hell-imagined persecutions come but slowly, and does not much of their evil force still remain? Every Irishman knows what answers must truthfully be given to these questions, for the broad page of undeniable history and the traditions of his people are tender to tell him. To impartial men, acquainted with the past and the present of Ireland, the wonder would be, not how far behind the Catholics are in wealth or in intelligence—it would rather be, how irrepressibly they have pushed forward in spite of the most formidable impediments. But if the difference be still very great—if the dispossessed people be still the lower stratum of the population—if they be poor in pocket and depressed at heart—if the foreign party be still the uppermost and the possessors of wealth, and rank, and power, we would scarcely expect that in the peculiar circumstances of the case, a Protestant journal would invite the Catholic public to meditate deeply on the fact.—*Nation.*

CONK AND CHERBOURG.—The establishment of Direct Steam Communication between Ireland and France, through the ports of Cork and Cherbourg, is the great fact of the hour! Its announcement does not excite public enthusiasm as would a political victory; nay, we doubt not there be amongst us some wise-acres who would regard the return to Parliament of their favourite, or the overthrow, upon some trifling question, of this or that ministry, as a matter of much greater importance. Such is not the judgment of thoughtful men; of men who can rise superior to the little passions and prejudices of the hour, and look calmly forward into the future. We tell the country that silently and quietly, without agitation, or noise, or tumult, or uproar, a work has been accomplished greater and more important than any that has been attempted by the politician for the last ten years. This work is of a purely commercial character, but who shall estimate the results that must flow from the establishment of a new and profitable export, and a direct and honest import trade with Europe; from a work that opens Ireland to the Continent, and the Continent to Ireland; that overthrows the false system by means of which Ireland was ignored upon the Continent, and enrols her once again among the family of commercial states!—*Dublin Irishman.*

NATIONAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.—On the motion of Sir E. Grogan, the following return has been ordered in the Commons:—Return of the name and locality of all Convent and Monastic schools in connection with the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland; specifying those schools in which there are paid monitors or pupil teachers, and showing the number of paid monitors or pupil teachers employed in each school, the religious denomination of such monitors or pupil teachers, or masters or mistresses, of such schools belong to any religious association or fraternity; the sum annually paid or agreed to be paid by the Commissions for each such school, the sum paid or to be paid for the salaries of the masters or mistresses and of each monitor or pupil teacher employed in each such school, and the total sum annually paid for on account of all such schools in Ireland for the years ending the 31st day of December 1860, 1861, 1862, and 1863, respectively also showing the number of children in each such school, and the number of children belonging to the Established Church, the Roman Catholic Church, the Presbyterian Church, or other religious denomination who shall have attended each such school respectively: And, copy of the minute of the Board of National Education in Ireland under which the payment of monitors or pupil teachers in Convent and Monastic Schools was sanctioned and established, the date of such minute, and the names and religious denominations of the members of the board present when such minute was passed.

Lord Powerscourt has been named by the Conservatives as the next Irish representative peer.