

The present head of the family was a military man, but had been long retired from service; he bore the reputation of being a hot-gouted old gentleman, but a noble landlord and generous as a prince.

CHAPTER III.

Neill's home was one of a row of tall, black-looking old houses, with nodding roofs and tottering chimneys, scattered irregularly by the sea-side; most of them were untenanted; the rest let out in apartments to sailors and night inmates were promiscuously crowded with squalid and miserable human beings. The residence of the O'Donnell was a little isolated from the rest of the houses; it fronted the sea and commanded a noble prospect of the bay and shipping; it was situated in what had formerly been considered a most fashionable locality, and one that presented many natural advantages; but as the good town had increased in prosperity and importance it had been neglected, and the surrounding houses were fast falling to ruins. It was an ancient stone mansion of decidedly Spanish architecture; the huge gables and upper stories projecting far over the lower, being exactly similar to those of many old houses yet to be seen at Seville and Toledo. Tall narrow balconies, which had once been richly gilded, adorned the windows—a portico of stone, surmounted by the O'Donnell arms deeply cut in the wall, admitted to a hall-door of massive oak, richly carved by a foreign artist, and studded with clamps of iron. The whole building wore a touching air of poverty and neglect; the decayed architraves and cornices half hanging from the roof, swung backwards and forwards in the wind, which swept with a hollow, melancholy sound through the almost sashless windows, and the grass grew in rank and heavy patches through the interstices of the broken pavement. The reputation the house bore of being 'airy' (haunted) had contributed more than his assumed plea of poverty to the miser having so long escaped the attacks of his needy and dissolute neighbors. To Neill it seemed to look more dull and gloomy than ordinary, after the gay and brilliantly lighted mansion he had been so long feasting his eyes on. Shuddering at the loneliness and silence around him, he rapped loudly at the door. After a few moments' delay, a window above it was opened and a shrill, tremulous voice demanded who was there?

'It is I, uncle; open the door,' said Neill. He heard the old man coughing, then his step descending the crazy stairs. He slowly unbolted the door, when, as if seized with some sudden panic he pushed back the bolt, and, in sharper tones, demanded who was there? 'Don't be afraid, dear uncle; don't you know my voice; it is I, Neill O'Donnell.'

Muttering and mumbling to himself, the old man unfastened the door and admitted him. 'What keeps you out to this hour, Neill?' said he, surveying him by the flickering light which he held in his hand, 'ugh, ugh, ugh, fitter for you to be at home than to leave a poor, helpless old man to the mercy of robbers; but I know who is the cause of it; that old woman has a design in keeping you from me, but it will all be soon over with me.'

'Indeed, uncle, I wasn't with Nance,' said Neill, anxious to exonerate his nurse; 'and I would have been in earlier but for some strangers that asked me to show them the house of some gentleman in the neighborhood, and then I forgot how late it was, and—Neill stopped abruptly—'And they gave you money for your trouble,' said the old man eagerly, 'people don't do anything now-a-days for nothing; why should you; eh, tell me what did they give you?'

'Nothing, uncle,' said Neill, 'they did offer me money, but I suppose you wouldn't expect me to take it for doing a service to the stranger.'

'A convulsive spasm came over the old man's features. Right, right; you are a true O'Donnell,' said he, drawing himself up and regarding his nephew proudly. The feeble light of the rushlight he held, flashed upon his sharp, meagre visage, and revealed a picture of the most gaunt and startling wretchedness. The remnant of an old tattered mantle, and a few worn out threadbare rags hung upon rather than covered his lank, fleshless frame. A black velvet skull-cap covered his head, beneath which a few white locks started with the bristling erectness of fear. His face was covered with long hairs, and had the sickly, yellow hue and paste-board rigidity of a corpse, with that peculiarly pinched and shrunken appearance which hunger gives to the skin.—But the latent spark of pride expired as soon as kindled and the miser mumbled as he mounted the stairs—

'Ha, ha, the image of Black Hugh; and as proud and graceless a spendthrift; what business had he to refuse gold, gold—bright, shining gold is good, very good.'

'I don't think it was gold they offered me, uncle,' said Neill, who overheard him. 'Not gold, eh—well, what was it?' said he, in a querulous tone. 'Silver, I believe, uncle.' 'Fool,' shouted the old man, with sudden energy; 'silver is good, too—almost as good as gold; it is so pure, and fair, and white—and then it mounts up so high, I have seen it when properly packed up in bags, look as full and as plump as gold, and feel as heavy too. But, God help me, what am I saying; I have neither gold nor silver to pack now—ugh, ugh; you ought to have taken the silver, Neill, it would have bought fire, and a bit of something to eat; it's a bitter night and I'm both cold and hungry, ugh, ugh, ugh, and, oh, this weary cough is racking the very heart out of me.'

The miser put down the light, sat down on the stairs, drew up his knees, and blew and rubbed his thin withered hands. 'Do you know where the strangers live Neill,' said he suddenly after another violent fit of coughing. 'Maybe they would give you the silver now if they knew how poor we are. I am sure they would; so very poor, and the night so cold, too, and he shook, and his teeth chattered as if trembling with the ague. Heartily condemning himself for his imprudence, Neill endeavored to get the old man to

bed, but all his attempts were without effect. He has sneaked the suddenly springing at and gripping him furiously with his hard, bony hands, 'You have it after all; I know you have it; young man don't refuse silver; those days, you wanted to surprise me with it—eh, come, that's a good boy, show me your pockets.'

'Nothing, nothing, not a sixpence, not even a single copper,' said he, in a hoarse and almost inaudible whisper, as he shook and reshook poor Neill's tattered garment. 'The old man put his hand to his head. 'Ugh, ugh, ugh—my poor brain is wandering, this cough crazes me; what's that you are saying, Neill, about taking money? ugh, ugh, ugh, my boy, I hope it's not come to that yet, with us, no, we are poor, miserably poor, but I have a little left yet, and an O'Donnell would scorn to beg, ugh, ugh. But you were telling me something about silver and gold. Yes, yes, I recollect now, and somebody offered—ugh, ugh.'

'Well, well, uncle, you're leaving the cold go through you,' said Neill, impatiently; 'take the light in with you, and I'll wait until you put it outside the door.' The miser glanced suspiciously at him. 'No, no,' said he, hurriedly, 'I'm afraid of those rats to leave the door open; wait and I'll cut you a bit for yourself.'

'He took an old iron dagger from his waist—severed a small piece of the tushlight and gave it to Neill. 'Good night, uncle,' said Neill. 'Good night,' said the old man, sullenly; 'you might have taken the silver, though when you knew how poor we are; silver is good, and true—ugh, ugh, ugh, oh, oh, this weary cough won't let me speak to you. It never did you any harm—ugh, ugh, no, no, silver's fair and bright, no matter where it comes from, or where it's got—ugh, ugh, ugh.'

He went into a room at the top of the stairs, and locked and barred the door, still coughing and muttering to himself, 'ugh, ugh, to think he should have refused the silver, the fair, bright, shining silver—ugh, ugh, ugh; ah, the proud, cold-hearted knave, like Black Hugh, wanton and wasteful—ugh, ugh, ugh—die of starvation yet, ugh, ugh, ugh.'

Poor Neill could hardly sleep, thinking of the beautiful lady. Towards dawn he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was dancing a jig with her in the little green court at the bottom of the old Danish fort outside the town. When he awoke he had to wait his uncle's return, the old man having gone out according to his usual custom, and locked him in. He returned in about an hour, bringing the scanty materials of their morning's repast. Neill declined partaking of it, and directed his steps to the obscure mansion of his nurse. The poor woman received him with her usual heart-warm welcome, nor, with the tact which ladies are wont to display, was she slow in perceiving that something had occurred to disturb him. A few skilful inquiries elicited Neill's story and his love.

'Fair, and may be it was the Curate's own very and niece,' said Nance, smiling, and nodding her head sagaciously: 'sure I had it from Aunty Donovan, who had it from a cousin of her own, one Darby Doyle, that's cooing Biddy Cogan, the housemaid, that the young lady was at a boarding school in some foreign part, and her brother, that's an officer, is bringing her home again Christmas, and that the old master was got as touchy as tinder, with the dirt of waiting for them, *Arook, avic deelish*, if it's her, my blessing down on her sweet purty face, and innocent heart, for taking a liking to my darling.'

'She didn't take a liking to me, Nance,' naively suggested Neill, 'it was I took it to her.'

'It's aquil, alanna, shure the one will follow after the other; hould up your head machree—who knows what's your luck yet? Arra, worn't you born with a caul, and what does that signify but the height of good luck; and shure it wasn't for nothing I saw what I saw at the bottom of the tay-cup of all Saint's Eve, and faix that was yourself darlin', illegitantly dressed, in a coach and four, and a beautiful lady sitting beside ye, and ye driving straight up to the chapel. And alulu! wouldn't that be the luck of the world to get Colonel Vernon's niece, with the fortune she'll have, and not to be depending on a tough, bitter ould collough that may live these thirty years, and beyant it. Arra don't be afeard at all, shure there's the blood and the beauty on both sides, and fortune on your's in the ind; I'll go bail that sorra a bit but good will come of it. Arra wasn't it the Vernons that bought up all the ould, ancient lands of the O'Donnell's; myself doesn't know the rights of it, but I heard great talks of it from my father—rest his soul; and may be it's the Lord's ordering, darling, for you to come in this way for a share of your own; who knows but you'll hold up your head with the highest yet; shure there's nothing like the first start any how.'

'Faith you have it easy, Nance,' said Neill, smiling; 'but I'd like to start in a more respectable trim than this. How in the world, Nance, could I make love to any one in these rags; why I thought I'd have died with shame when the young gentleman burst out laughing at them.'

has a yellow wig, curling all over his shoulders, and a wayward gold-headed cocked hat stuck a top of it, and him a red waistcoat, with a check and a biddy pattern worked in silver all over it, and such a grand blue coat, with big tails spread out like a parrot's; and there's a knee-breeches and silk stockings, wid nosebags as big as my hand on each side of them; allud, and rale sold gold buckles in his shoes, and last of all, his beautiful sword stireeling down to the ground.'

'Oh, that dress would be too grand entirely for me,' said Neill, laughing; 'besides, Sir Myles Davis is old enough to be my grandfather.'

'Musha, and that's true for you, darling,' said Nance; 'but never fear, I do may best to please you. I'll be bound I know the differ betune things.'

According to appointment, Neill repaired the following day to his nurse's. Nance answered his wishful and expectant look by producing with a mysterious air a goodly-sized bundle from a dark crypt, in a corner of her little room. 'There they are darling; didn't I tell you I wouldn't leave you in the lurch; my blessing go wid them, and I'll engage they're a beautiful fit, for the man said they wor jist your size, and they're almost as good as spic'span new.'

Depositing a towel, and a basin of water beside him, Nance took up her pitcher and left Neill to pursue his toilet undisturbed. (To be Continued.)

THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.

It is often said, and no doubt with some truth, that the ricketty Palmerston Cabinet is only kept on its legs by its eagerness to defend on every occasion that offers the usurpations of Piedmont in Italy. It is certain that a great number of every-day Englishmen have taken it into their heads that the prosperity of Italy is necessarily bound up in the aggrandisement of the House of Savoy, and as this class of thinkers are not easily induced to relinquish a prepossession once formed, it is natural enough that Lord Palmerston's noisy endeavours to identify himself with the extension of the Piedmontese dominion in Italy may realise a considerable amount of the temporary effect at which such clap-net aims. If, however, we are really to have an incapable and dishonest Government forced upon us for the alleged purpose of doing good to the Italians, it becomes a question of deep moment to us Englishmen to inquire what the supposed benefit is that the Italians are deriving from our humiliation.

We think this inquiry will be very materially aided by the publication of a pamphlet which has just appeared from the pen of the Marquess Ullio. This nobleman, it will be remembered, was the Prime Minister to Francis II. during the last few months of his reign. He was the statesman by whose advice the fallen King entered on those reforms which people said came too late, but which in fact were wholly irrelevant, on the one side or other, to the influences which were brought to bear against the Bourbon dynasty in Naples. The narrative therefore which we get from a man in this position comes before us rather in the light of a State-paper than of a pamphlet, and may be taken as the protest of the detested House itself against the acquiescence of Europe in the wrong that it has suffered. Moreover the Marquess Ullio is one of those men who was under a kind of proscription in the days of Ferdinand, on account of his steady adherence to liberal and popular principles of government as he suffered then for his attachment to liberty, so he prefers suffering now for his loyalty to taking office under the Piedmontese Government along with Nunnizante and other confidential advisers of Ferdinand, who led that Sovereign into the tyranny which now renders his name odious. On personal grounds, therefore, the statements of the Marquess are to be received with the attention due to every man who has given such remarkable proofs of his honour and sincerity.

The Marquess tells a plain unvarnished story, and he has no inclination to mince matters in telling it. He knows a spade by the name of a spade when he describes the mendacity, the treachery, and the downright piracy with which the Court of Turin steadily pursued its dark designs against its neighbours. The organised system of corruption by means of which the Neapolitan army was broken up through the treason of some of its officers, and the consequent mistrust inspired in all, described in a few telling sentences which amply explain much that seemed enigmatical in the course of the Neapolitan Revolution. A great amount of rhetorical flourish has been expended on Garibaldi's exploit in driving up to Naples in a hackney-carriage, and effecting the dethronement of a dynasty in the face of a strong and well-equipped army. But the truth is that Garibaldi's apparent fool-hardiness was a mere theatrical effect. The whole thing had been pre-arranged, and the army had been made as perfectly safe as the soldiers of Bombastes Furioso on the stage. Yet the Marquess Ullio does no more than mere justice to his countrymen when he remarks that even this army, disgraced as it had been, nevertheless recovered itself so rapidly on taking up its position behind the Volturno that it was on the point of exterminating the Revolution, and reconquering its country' when it was crushed by the sudden invasion of a Piedmontese army in overwhelming numbers—Victor Emmanuel having thrown off the mask he had so long worn, just as he found that the Revolutionary party were unable to do the work for which he had bargained with them. The gallantry with which the Neapolitans defeated the last struggle of their independence has never received justice at the hands of Europe. The resistance of Gaeta was worthy of the kindred which the Southern Italians still bear to the men who fought at Thermopylae.—'For three months of incessant bombardment, by which an enemy, powerfully armed with guns of a superior range, and protected by his distance from the fire of the place, destroyed the city rather than the fortifications, with more than 100,000 shells; they had all to contend with death by fire, famine, and typhus fever. Never did their heroic consistency vacillate for an instant, until three powder magazines had exploded, two breaches had been made, many had fallen, and many more had been conquered by the fever; and ammunition and food had begun to fail. Then they were obliged to yield. Even then it was rather the humanity of the King, who wished to spare the lives of his so faithful soldiers, now become a useless sacrifice, than any want of confidence on the part of the garrison, who by means of their leaders, loudly urged him to permit them to prolong their heroic resistance.'

We may pass over the Marquess's story of the infamous imposture of the *plébiscite*, because that fudge never received any credit in this country, and Garou's Machiavellian sneer—'It is a capital intervention'—has sufficiently indicated the real weight attached to it even among the partisans of Piedmontese aggression. To the practical English mind the most material points in the statement will be those which illustrate the actual condition of Naples at the present time, under the beneficent government of its conquerors or purchasers. Let every candid inquirer read the facts adduced in this pamphlet. We say nothing of the wholesale spoliation of private and public property, the particulars of which are here recorded. Let us come to the safety of life and liberty.—Let us learn how in Naples alone, during less than a fortnight, nineteen assassinations took place, and how the Piedmontese authorities held it to be full justification if the assassin merely alleged that his victim 'was a Bourbonist.' The thirst for blood became epidemic, and the thieves robbed houses at their pleasure, frequently assuming the character of

Piedmontese authorities. The prisons are crowded still, and have been since the commencement of the Piedmontese reign of terror. Mr. Hayward has the face to declare the other night that the reason for the detention of our countryman, Mr. Bishop, in prison without trial, is that the Piedmontese are about to establish a new system of criminal process in Naples. That is to say, we suppose, that all law is to be in abeyance till certain meditated law-reforms are carried out. In illustration of this impudent pretence, we find that in Naples alone the number of prisoners exceeded 13,000; so many had never before been imprisoned for common or political crimes, at one time throughout the whole extent of the kingdom. The existing prisons would not hold the suspects; and in many parts of the country, but most notoriously in the Basilica, the prisoners were confined in the burial-vaults. In these odious dungeons men of the highest honour and refinement are kept without even the prospect of obtaining a trial. In some cases, where the accused have been brought to trial and acquitted, the Minister of Police has instructed the military authorities to detain them notwithstanding. Perhaps they might be grateful that they were not butchered instead. We know from the murder of Borges and his companions that Piedmontese subalterns are allowed to shoot down unresisting men in cold blood on their own authority. This hideous licence has had the effect that might have been anticipated in the destruction of human life. Not only men who had borne arms were thus massacred at the arbitrary will of some Piedmontese officer, but Priests, peaceful farmers, shepherds, charcoal-burners, swell the long list of these dastardly murders. No wonder that the very name of Piedmontese is an abomination to the unfortunate inhabitant of Southern Italy.

Such is the picture of Naples at the present time; and it is for the purpose of perpetrating this vile tyranny that we are asked to submit still to the degradation of being governed by a Palmerston Cabinet.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

At Maynooth College, on the morning of the 17th ult., sixty-two students received the order of Sub-deaconship. The ceremony was very solemn, particularly as this order, when taken, binds them for life. They were ranged on both sides of the chapel, thirty-one on each side. The Bishop (Most Rev. Dr. Dorrain, of Down and Connor) then warned them of the step they were about to take, and told them to stop whilst there was yet time, if they were afraid to dedicate themselves to the service of the altar. The instant the Bishop ceased speaking, all to signify their consent and determination to abandon the world, prostrated themselves on the ground, and continued to remain so whilst the litany of the saints was being said. It was very affecting to see them all dressed in white, and giving themselves up thus for ever to the service of God.

A fine Celtic Cross, twelve feet high, has been placed in the old graveyard at Skerries, co. Dublin, by the parishioners, over the remains of six parish priests, the last of whom died in 1819. The Cross and pedestals are of the beautiful limestone from the Milverton Quarries, and were well executed by Edward Farrell, stonecutter, Skerries.

The exodus still continues from Armagh. The local journals inform us that upwards of one hundred persons have left Tandragee alone for Australia, since January last. A despatch from Queenstown, Cork, dated June 19, says:—'It would seem as though the progress of the civil war in America was an increasing stimulus in the trade of warlike munitions with the Confederates, as already, within these two months, no less than eight vessels, laden to their fullest capacity with military stores, have left, or are about to leave, this harbor to run the blockade, if they can. At present there are three steamers in port, cock full of what their manifests term a "general cargo," but what is very well known to mean sterner stuff. The vessels already gone from Queenstown are the Hero, screw steamer; the Southern, ship; the Leopard, screw steamer; the Adela, paddle steamer; and now about to leave are the screw steamers Julie Usher and Dispatch, and the paddle steamer Scotia, which arrived here yesterday from Liverpool; and in a few days more the paddle steamer Anglia will leave here for the same destination.'

THE HARVEST.—A correspondent, writing from Monaghan, says:—'Through South Meath and Monaghan I have had ample opportunity of forming an opinion as to our harvest prospects, and can say, as far as the present appearance of the crops promises, Providence will favor us with a plentiful one. During an experience extending over twenty years in the localities referred to, nothing promising so favorably has presented itself to my observation. There have been heavy rains of late, but no material injury has resulted, and, occurring, at so early a period, it is to be hoped and prayed for that a succession of fine weather will ensure that result in our harvest prospects which is promised to us.'

Crops of every description have not advanced in growth during the past week in as satisfactory a manner as farmers would wish, owing to the harsh winds, and absence of heat, the month of June, this year, being the coldest experienced for months past. However, the earlier plantings of potatoes look remarkably well, and we have seen some very fine crops in blossom. Oats in general looks very sickly, and has not progressed in growth, suffering much from 'wire worm.' The turnip crop looks well, and may give far beyond an average return. Turf saving is being fast progressed with, and we hope for an abundant supply. The rumor of the blight having appeared on our western coast is, we are happy to say, without any foundation—the effects of the storm being mistaken for the fatal scourge, by over-zealous alarmists.—*Mayo Constitution.*

THE POTATO CROP.—There are various vague rumors of the appearance of blight, and our Dingle Correspondent renews the statement he published lately, that the spread of the disease has been favored by fogs. We are happy to state, however, that so far from the indications being general, it is long since things looked so favorable. At present potatoes are selling in the local markets at one penny per pound, a very low price for so early a period of the year, and they are of excellent quality. We have had accounts more or less direct from Cloynne, from Castlework Breehaven, from Clonakilty, and from Listowel, localities as it will be observed very wide apart, and all in concert in representing the crops as being either most flourishing or at all events quite healthy. There are rumors of disease appearing in the gardens contiguous to the city, but so far as our information extends it would rather go to show that the crop is in an unusually good condition. We cannot venture to say that this state of things is likely to last, but the present aspect is decidedly promising, and the weather is now all that could be desired.—*Cork Examiner.*

Thirty-four cities, Parliamentary boroughs, chief towns, and other municipalities, the list of which I forward herewith, and whose aggregate population amounts to 675,043 persons, or 74 per cent. of the corporate population of all Ireland, have, through their respective Corporations and Town Commissions adopted memorials praying for the grant of a charter to the Catholic University. Several of the mayors and chairmen of these bodies are Protestants, all the municipalities contain a Protestant element; almost in every case either the proposer, or secondor, or both, of the resolution to adopt the memorial were Protestants, and with one or two exceptions, the motion was carried unanimously. Nearly all the other corporations in the three more Catholic Provinces, have taken the initiative towards the adoption of a similar step; and, in a week or two, a deputation from the aggregate corporate bodies in Ireland, supported by the Irish Members of the House of Commons, will present the memorials to Lord Palmerston.—*Cor. of Weekly Register.*

A Mission at St. Patrick's Church, Portadown, Diocese of Connor, of the Orange Faction. The Editor of the Dublin Telegraph—Sir—The Missionary Fathers Rioli, Vilas and Clarke, of the Order of Charity, during the last three weeks, have been engaged on a Mission in St. Patrick's Church, Portadown, and they closed their labors yesterday evening, amidst a congregation of upwards of 3,000 individuals who thronged the spacious building to hear the farewell sermons, and receive the parting benedictions. Those eminent divines are distinguished by fervent piety, pure eloquence, and a forcible manner of expounding the truths of religion, which makes the most favorable impression on the hearers, and causes the words of truth to sink deep into their hearts. Their labors have been attended with happy results; even the most apathetic were roused into attention, and became sincerely penitent; and every day while the good Fathers were engaged in their Mission, immense crowds from every quarter of the country attended to hear them, and receive the ordinances of religion from their hands. The good Fathers have effected a great amount of good, and made a lasting impression on their hearers, who will gratefully cherish the memory of their zealous instructors. The propriety of conduct, the order and regularity which distinguished the immense crowds that daily attended the Missionary Fathers at St. Patrick's Church, from the earliest hour in the morning till late each night, proved the attachment of the people to religion, and the excellence of their instructors; and it is highly gratifying to pastors and hearers, and was properly appreciated by the right-thinking of every denomination. There was, however, one portion of the community (not the most important, we confess) who regarded the Missionaries with hatred and aversion, and their hearers with deadly hostility. I allude to the members of the low Orange faction, those unchristian desperadoes who never enter a place of worship, but receive their moral and religious instruction in the foul recesses of the Lodges, where they are taught to drink whiskey and curse the Pope. Numbers of those reckless factionists during the past week of the Mission were in the habit of assembling on the roads outside of Portadown, and assailing with obscene language the Catholics returning home from public worship. The Catholics bore those insults with exemplary patience; and the vile factionists, disappointed in their attempts to cause disturbance, resolved on a grand effort to annoy and insult their unoffending neighbors, and, if possible, create a riot. Accordingly, on Monday evening, the 16th instant, several bodies of Orangemen entered Portadown, from various directions, with drums and fifes, and marched through the streets in St. Patrick's Church, where the people were assembled at devotion, and commenced beating their drums furiously, and yelled and cheered like infuriated savages. Mr. James O'Hanlon, a highly respectable merchant, came from the church, and with great coolness and firmness went among the outrageous rabble. Seeing Head-constable Scott and some of his men, he promptly demanded their active interference. The Orangemen having failed to provoke the Catholics to acts of violence, went off into the centre of the town, and, seeing two Catholic clergymen about to leave on a jaunting car, they went forward and obstructed the passage of the vehicle, and furiously beat their drums close to the horse, with design of frightening him, so that he might run away and overturn the car with the gentlemen. Four of the ringleaders were brought up on warrant before the magistrates (John O. Woodhouse, Esq., J.P., and J. J. Marley, Esq., J.P.) next day, and fined each £1, and costs. The fine had a salutary effect on the Orange rioters, and we had no disturbance since, and it appears that several have since been identified, and will be prosecuted on next bench day. A local print attempts, in its dreary ledger of last week, to palliate the conduct of the ruffians and, with barefaced effrontery, exclaims against "Protestant persecution," because the four Orange delinquents were promptly fined by the magistrates. The editor indulges in a silly sneer at our town magistrate. We can tell him back that the gentleman alluded to stands too high in public estimation to be affected by his paltry remarks; and we must further inform him for his comfort that all Orange disturbers of the public tranquillity will be as promptly dealt with as were those on last Tuesday.—I am, Sir, A Bystander.

At a meeting of the Statistical Society of Ireland Mr. Randall W. Macdonnell refuted the arguments of those who contend that Ireland is going fast to ruin, and attempt to prove their absurd position by statistics. It is true we have had one or two exceptional seasons, but a single wave falling short of its predecessors does not prove that the tide is receding. In 1841 the arable land of Ireland was 13,464,390 acres; in 1851 it was 14,802,581 acres; and in 1860 15,400,000 acres. Thus we have an increase since 1841 of nearly 2,000,000 acres in the arable land of Ireland. That there was a falling off in 1861 might be the basis of a general conclusion. The following table puts the matter clearly:—1850, money value of live stock, 23,679,731; 1856, 33,754,985; 1857, 34,346,429; 1858, 34,977,244; 1859, 36,030,595; 1860, 34,534,848. Now, the falling off in 1860, and the further falling off which happened in 1861, can be shown to be attributable to diminished returns of farm produce. The harvest of any year, of course, operates immediately on the stock of cattle with which a farmer begins the winter. If his crops fall short, the fund from which he recruits his stock falls short, and a deficiency in the harvest also takes away his means of supporting them. To illustrate this I shall cite a single instance. In 1859 the value of live stock increased more than a million sterling. Accordingly, we had 1853 to have been a most fruitful year. But disease and want of fodder have also done more to thin our live stock. In 1841, on holdings of more than one acre, stock was produced to the value of 19,399,843; in 1851 the value of such stock rose to 27,326,150; in 1860 it was 34,178,787. I shall not go through the form of drawing any inference from facts so suggestive. With regard to emigration it must not be supposed that it is due only to discontent and discouragement; moral causes, such as hope, affection for those who have gone before, and great expectations of a country to which distance lends enchantment, cannot but have considerable effect. In 1850 the number of pounds of tea imported into Ireland was 6,536,814; in 1859 it was 10,820,418. The tobacco imported in 1850 it was 4,922,240; in 1859 it was 5,931,647. The Customs of 1851 amounted to 1,854,268; that of 1859 were 2,304,578. In 1857 the number of depositors in savings-banks was 57,720; in 1858 it was 60,893; in 1859 it was 65,504; and in 1860 it was 69,294. The amount deposited in 1857 was 1,775,915; in 1858, 1,804,168; in 1859, 2,005,318; and in 1860, 2,143,082. Railways have interested Ireland. The remotest counties have metropolitan prices. Commerce is increasing. Crime, until this year, has diminished, and the people are everywhere receiving the inestimable benefit of an admirable education. Beckham is not likely to be regarded as a hero by a mob of Limerick. A local journal says that when the public learn the result of the trial of the assassins, they crowded round the courthouse and loudly groaned at the prisoner. The mob pressed forward as he passed from the court to the prison van, and had it not been for the exertions of the constabulary and of the Hussars, who, with drawn swords, galloped around the van, he could not have escaped serious injury, such was the indignation of the crowd.—*Dublin Cor. of London Times.*

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—One of those clever Frenchmen who have taken advantage of the Exhibition to come over to London to photograph John Bull as he appears at home, ascribes the acknowledged greatness of the English race in matters military, commercial, and intellectual to the physical training undergone by the Englishman during his boyhood. The secret of England's power, writes the epigrammatic Gaul with an impulsive dash of the pen, is the game of cricket. If he did not hit the bull's eye, undoubtedly he pierced an inner ring. The enou-