

had been an orphan reared by the care of Peter Verdon the miller; and he exhibited from his youngest days symptoms of a weak brain, that the more earnestly because few would be found to take any interest in the poor boy on that account. Philip Lee repaid this generosity with unexampled devotion. His life became one thought for his master's service, and one of fervor in all its acts of the most disinterested fidelity to the father and the daughter. To the old man his attention and obedience bore the character of duty; but towards her they were called forth to absolute devotion in their intensity of expression. As the little orphan-girl grew up—for her mother had died in giving her birth—Phildy Lee was her companion. Some seven or eight years older than his beautiful charge, he strove to please her childish whims and caprices to the utmost. He was cunning to find the wild bird's nests and string the eggs in beads to garnish the white neck of Nancy Verdon. He knew where the prettiest flowers were to be gathered, and where the wild strawberries and sorrel were sweetest; and he spared no labor for the little queen who could make him do her behests with unflinching supremacy. So the days went on while she was growing into girlhood; and Anne Verdon felt, with a thousand simple testimonies before her, that Philip Lee was the slave of her slightest wish. A beauty and an heiress,—for old Verdon, in his quiet way, had amassed money,—the son of many a man with higher pretensions than her father had sought to win Anne Verdon in vain. Although anxious for his daughter's well being, Peter Verdon was selfish enough not to be sorry for this, and laughed at every complaint of his daughter's scorn to a suitor. And it was thus that, with a confidence in her prudence, raised rather by his own interpretation of the causes of the rejection of her frequent suitors than that there was any foundation on which to build it, Peter Verdon, awaking from his rest in a spring morning, received a letter by the hand of Phildy Lee which told him that she had left his house in a mystery that must be unrevealed for her lover's sake and her own, and that Phildy knew all.

The old miller stormed and threatened Lee; but he might as well have threatened the wall. His taunts fell upon a heedless ear. From time to time—and it was the only consolation the miller got—Phildy dropped hints that 'purty Nancy' was gone with a great lord to be his wife; but where she was gone to, or who her lover was, the old miller found it impossible to make out.

At stated periods Phildy used to absent himself for days at a time; and on these occasions the miller conjectured that the young man was with his daughter at her new found home. So nearly a year had flown past until the event of her meeting with her father and her death; and beyond this faint clue dropped from time to time, and as it were perchance, there was no revelation of the mystery of her flight and absence.

Whilst Philip Lee sat beside the father of Anne Verdon he looked now and then with furtive glance at the coffin, and again at the old man. It was easy to see, by his manner, that his thoughts were preoccupied with some idea that connected both of those incidents of the scene together. 'Masher!' he said at last; 'masher!'

'Well, Phildy; well?' 'I'm thinkin' that 'purty Nancy' oughtn't to be here, nor berred out o' this house.' 'An' why not, Phildy?' said the old man, becoming more interested. 'Why not! ba, ba, why not. Well, then because she has a house of her own, a purty house an' a nice house; an' like a purty cratur as she is, there's the house she ought to be in an' die in too, if it could be helped.'

'How will we go to it, Phildy?' said the old man eagerly. 'I'll show you, masher,' replied he; 'I'll show you; an' we'll bring her in the cart.'

'Bring her in the cart, Phildy Lee!' retorted the old miller; 'oh, no, the neighbors'll carry her in a decent an' becomin' way.'

'Why then, masher, I won't go; and the neighbors wouldn't get to her house in two days, bud you an' I'll go in waa. Her own house is the house your daughter ought to go to the grave from, in the name of God! as she went into it, to my knowledge, in the same name.'

The miller seemed struck by the suggestion, and paused for a moment.

'Phildy Lee, you spake right,' said the old miller; 'God makes the foolish confound the wise; an' we'll go to Nancy's home,—the only home she ever had except her father's.'

Rising from his chair, the old miller put on his hat, which he had laid aside, and going to the threshold of the little chamber, he lifted his voice: 'Friends an' neighbors,' said he, 'let some one come to close my child in the coffin where she's to lie until God's judgment day. Meself an' Phildy is goin' wid her to her own house,—her own house, boys an' girls, men an' women!—the house where she was a wedded wife,—an' a sorrowful wife too, I fear,—but still a wife fond and foolish, God help her! Her old father an' the boy that nursed her on his knee, and held her up when she was wake, an' loved her with the strength of a man an' the weakness of a woman, will go an' bury her out of that house. Phildy knows it; an' he says if yees all come the road id be two days to go. So pay what respect yees like to my dear daughter by comin' some o' the way, but let us make our journey alone afther that.'

It was the evening of the next day, as through the dusk a cart drawn by a jaded horse, and in which were seated two men, was driven into a narrow road some six miles from Wardsham.—They had come a long and toilsome journey, for they were jaded and travel-worn. Neither of them spoke as the vehicle moved on; and between them, covered up with straw, was a burden of bulk. The horse plashed through the mire, with which the road was thick, and went on for nigh an hour in the path, until his further progress was stopped by a high gate beneath a Gothic arch. One of the men sprang from the

cart when it reached this termination, and producing a key, after some fumbling fixed it in the lock and put back the bolt, opening the gate by a push. He led the horse within, and carefully closed the entrance after his admission. Then he drove the horse along by a carriage-drive shadowed with huge oaks, the growth of centuries, until, after some ten minutes, he arrived at the front of a handsome house. It was built in a single story; but was built with such taste and garniture it was easy to see that no cost had been spared in its conception and completion. Even through the gloom of the falling night the grounds around showed the evidence of taste and toil; but it was plain that the eyes of the wayfarers were not directed to the examination of the scene around them.

'Come down, masher,' said one of them.—It was Philip Lee.

'Wait, Phildy, until I give you a hand to carry poor Nancy; an' first see if the door is open.'

'Oh, the door is open, masher,' said the man; 'when the mistress wint, the servants fled; an' as for poor Nancy, I can carry her, as I often carried her afore.'

The old miller, for it was he, came down from the cart. Philip Lee raised the coffin and carried it into the hall, and then went out; and, as if he were well acquainted with the place, took the horse round to the rear of the house. After a brief delay he reappeared, and striking a light, led the way into the apartments. The first through which they passed was luxuriously fitted up. Mirrors of the costliest description made the walls shine with their lustre, as the glare of the taper fell upon them. Valuable paintings were interspersed here and there amongst these costly decorations; rich furniture and the softest of carpets completed the appointments of the apartment which might serve a prince. The wanderers passed through; Phil leading the way. He opened a door at the further end of the room, and they entered a bedchamber where taste had done all to second the promptings of wealth.

'Hould the candle, masher,' said Philip Lee; 'this was her bedroom, and she will take her last sleep here.'

He went away, and soon returned with the coffin, which he carried with as much ease as if it had only held the corpse of an infant. He laid it down gently, as though he feared to disturb a sleeper.

'Come, now, masher,' said he, catching the old miller by the arm; 'come, now, an' at something; I know the room where I used to stop when I came to see my colleen Nancy.—I'll make a fire for you, an' cheer you till we see her laid down in the berrin' ground. You must be strong until that, at all events.'

The old man suffered himself to be led away unresistingly to the room indicated; and having lit a fire, Phil soon provided some food, which he had brought with him, and foraged some wine from the cellar. The old man partook of a portion of both, and sitting down by the fire, fell asleep from fatigue and exhaustion. Phil assured himself that he slept, and stole down to the bedroom where the coffin of Anne Verdon lay.

Here he set about settling the bed in some guise suitable for the reception of a corpse; and lighting a lamp at the bedside, removed the dead girl into what was once her couch of repose; but never so deep a repose as that in which she lay in it then. It was wonderful how neat and appropriate his unskilled hands worked at this strange labor. A few flowers set here and there, a mournful emblem fixed up at a certain place, a decorous arrangement of the furniture, did all the honor to the silent clay that sorrowing love could do it; and at length, with a smile upon his lips, the poor half-witted creature sat down near the bed where Anne Verdon lay, as though she were an infant whose sleep he guarded from being broken.

To be Continued.)

PRISONS AND PRISON MINISTERS.

We extract the following able article from the *Pail Mail Gazette*:— Unless the Jesuits are really at the bottom of most things—which after reading *Lothair* some persons may suppose—one would be tempted to believe that there is a special providence operating in behalf of the Pope and the Roman Catholic religion, in virtue of which one individual after another is raised up apparently in order to bring all other denominations into contempt. Mr. Whalley is constantly performing this office in the House of Commons, reducing even Mr. Newdegate to angry despair; and lately we have seen a London alderman engaged in a similar manner and with corresponding success. Mr. Alderman Carter is one of the authorities who are supposed to watch over and promote the welfare and discipline of the inmates in the London prisons. He was in that capacity summoned as a witness before the Select Committee on the 2nd of this month; and his evidence was of a kind, both as regards matter and manner, to make it a subject of regret that a person so unhappily inspired should be intrusted with discretionary power at all.

Holloway Prison contains, on an average, about 300 Protestant and 50 Roman Catholic prisoners. Mr. Alderman Carter explained that he was chronometer maker to the Royal Navy, and an alderman of the City of London, and as such was a member of the gaol committee having authority over the city gaols. Being asked, he said he 'thought' the remuneration of the Protestant chaplain was 200*l.* per annum; and was quite astonished when told that it was 350*l.* with a house, coal, and gas. He 'thought' that they could not afford to have two chaplains; being pressed, he admitted 'we do not choose to afford it.' He 'thought' there was no service for the Roman Catholic prisoners on Sundays, but gradually remembered that 'a person of the name of Keens, who is a priest visiting the gaol,' had made an application to be allowed to perform such service. He really could not remember when that occurred—he had forgotten all about it. At this point he had to be assisted a good deal, and at last was made to recollect that he had taken an active part in the discussion which arose out of that application in the Court of Aldermen, and had characterized the request of this 'person' as assurance—nay, impertinence. He was 'disposed to treat the letter at that time in that way,' and 'he was not now sorry for it.' This unfortunate state of temper he explained to be caused and justified by his having since then received 'the most indecent and insolent letters signed by this and by that and the other party connected with this body he supposed, and with he did not know who.' Being reminded that there were some 8,000,000 Roman Catholic subjects in the British dominions, he said he did not care how many there were. 'We are essentially and virtually,' he

remarks, 'a Protestant community, and in the City of London more particularly.' He can see no grievance or unfairness in Catholic prisoners not being allowed to worship at all on Sundays. He admits, indeed, that if there be any day in the week out of the seven when Christians ought to kneel in prayer, it is on that day; but perhaps he does not reckon Catholics as Christians, for he considers Tuesday quite as good a day for them. In fact, he was 'sorry they had any Catholics in their prison at all.' And we dare say the prisoners share in this sentiment. He was aware that by law the priest ought to have access to the creed register of each prison, but in this matter he objected to obey the law. Being pressed, he 'thought' the priest might perhaps be allowed to look at it, under surveillance.

From his replies it was easy to gather that he believed the priest would quickly produce a pen filled with indelible ink, and by a few strokes change the creed of every Protestant on the prison register. The request to see it 'was refused, and will be refused.' The governor had access to it, the gaol committee, and the Protestant chaplain. 'Why, then, is the Catholic priest refused access?' 'Because he is looked upon with—(a pause) I had rather not answer that question.' When the witness had a little cooled down, the chairman returned to the point, and then the disgraceful fact was elicited that the real reason why 'we do not choose to have our books investigated' was lest the priest might compare the register containing the names of all the Catholic prisoners with the list given to him, which contained, so far as we could gather, only the names of such Catholic prisoners as have expressed a desire to see him. In fact, the register is one thing and the list is another. One would say, that perverse ignorance and bigotry could not well go further than this. The witness altogether refused to consider hypothetical cases. 'Supposing a Catholic governor should do so to Protestant prisoners?' 'But we have no Catholic governors.' 'But in a Catholic country?' 'But we are not in a Catholic country.' The bare listening to such dreadful suppositions appears at last to have overpowered mind and memory together, for after stating that he had no doubt the priest might attend the prison on Sunday if it were wished for by the prisoners, he added, that he had called an application to that effect 'impertinent, had refused it, and would do so again.' Indeed, it seems as though he would sweep the unfortunate Catholics out of England altogether. 'We are a Protestant country,' he observes, 'and, such being the case, we object to the intrusion of the Roman Catholics.' Protestant prisoners refusing to attend service, are punished; but an interesting Catholic prisoner who confided to witness that he did not wish to be troubled with the ministrations of his priest evidently met with a good deal of aldermanic sympathy.

Many of the questions put to this witness were, as he remarked with much truth, 'very inconvenient for him to answer.' He had been to Ireland; in fact the corporation had estates in that country. Being told that there Protestant clergymen are nominated by Catholic guardians to gaols and poor-houses where there were only three or even one Protestant inmate, all he could say was that he was not surprised at anything that happened in Ireland; and such was his opinion of Irishmen and Liberal Irish Catholics that he would be 'very sorry to copy them at all in that or any other way.' The above will afford a fair idea of the spirit in which some of the authorities conduct the religious discipline of the London prisons. And though we may feel a little natural shame that foreigners should be able to read such things about us, we believe publicity and exposure the best methods for affecting a wholesome and desirable reform.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE BISHOPRIC OF RAPHOE.—The elevation of the Most Rev. Dr. McGottigan, late Bishop of the Diocese of Raphoe, to the Primacy, having rendered necessary the election of a Prelate to succeed him in the charge of the vacant see, a conference of the clergy of the diocese was held for that purpose. The following was the result:—*Dignissimus*—Rev. Charles O'Donnell, P.P., Ardara. *Dignior*—Rev. James McDevitt, Professor All Hallows' College. *Dignus*—Rev. John McMenamin, P.P., Stranorlar, and Rev. Dean Feely, V.R., equal.

The clergy of the diocese of Limerick, have presented an address to the Pope, which has been received by him with much satisfaction, praying earnestly for a definition by the Council on the subject of Papal Infallibility. It was presented by the Bishop. The Pope, holding the address in his hand, spoke for some time with great warmth of feeling, on the fidelity of Ireland to the Holy See, and the unwavering faith and devotion of the Irish clergy and people.

The Oblate Fathers from Inchicore are giving a most successful mission in St. John's Cathedral, Limerick.

The Nationalists speak of starting a Repeal candidate for Dublin as soon as the writ is issued.

In the House of Commons, on Friday week, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in reply to Colonel French, stated that on an early day the Solicitor General for Ireland will bring in a bill to disfranchise both Sligo and Cavan.

One of the best features of the Irish Land Bill is the clause attributed to Mr. Bright to enable tenants to purchase their holdings, Government advancing two-thirds of the purchase-money, the repayment to be at five per cent. for interest and principle, extended over thirty-five years. These clauses passed the Committee last week.

Mr. Hickson, sub-inspector of Constabulary, was fired at by three men whilst returning home to Castlepollard, Westmeath. The bullets passed in all directions round Mr. Hickson and a friend who accompanied him, but fortunately without inflicting personal injury. No motive can be assigned, as the gentleman is not unpopular, and is not a landlord. The district where the outrage took place has been 'specially proclaimed' for some time.

The Irish Government have decided on issuing a special commission for the trial of grave offences, especially those of an agrarian character, that have been recently committed in the county of Meath.

The diligently sustained delusion that the Irish are an idle race, or at all events do not work at home, receives a curious commentary in the narrative of a circumstance related the other day by our Kinsale correspondent. A fishing boat was wrecked in the Cove. She had a crew of four. Of these only one, the master, was under sixty years of age.—Those who had to work the vessel were—Patrick Ivers, sixty; Michael McOrthy, seventy; and Patrick Morrison, seventy-eight! There is perhaps no occupation involving severer work or greater hardship than the life of a fisherman, and yet here are poor creatures, who might fairly claim the privileges of old age and immunity from toil, preferring the crust they so hardly earned to the pauper's ration. This is not like the mark or sign of an idle race.—Cork Examiner.

How shall we induce the Minister of England to concede repeal? By agitating for it. By declaring that our hearts are fixed on it, and that nothing else will content us. By monster meetings and Parliamentary petitions. In short, by every available means within the wide limits of the constitution.—This is the course which we venture to recommend. Thousands of our countrymen will say it is a bad one, and advise the people to shun agitation like the plague. But, we ask, would it not be better for them to inaugurate a new Repeal movement, under the leadership of men like Isaac Butt, John Martin, Dean O'Brien, Father Lavelle, and Sir John Gray, rather than continue to waste their energies in tedious and fruitless endeavors after a Irish Republic—Wexford People.

The return of Mr. Greville for Longford, by a majority of 285 over Mr. King Harman, is, as usual, to be followed by a petition on the ground of intimidation. Mr. Browne has been returned unopposed for Mayo. The Nationalist Press continues to encourage the new Tory National party, and remarks that in an Irish Parliament Protestantism will never be formidable.

ENRICKLLEN.—This afternoon Henry Mervyn D'Arcy Irvine drove into the town with his son, carrying a revolver in one hand. A number of revolvers and guns were deposited beside him. About 4 o'clock he alighted at the White Hart Hotel, and shortly afterwards Inspector Kiriland and a body of police entered the hotel and arrested him. This was done on a warrant signed by Captain Butler, resident magistrate, charging Mr. Irvine with assaulting a constable on the previous evening, and firing a shot at his house in the Main-street. A large crowd followed Mr. Irvine through the streets, to whom he shouted, 'Ireland will be free after this.' He added that he had sworn informations against Capt. Butler, and called upon a surgeon to declare that he was ill. He was, however, conveyed to the county jail, a large crowd remaining outside of the building for some time.—Freeman.

The Royal Commission, of which the Earl of Devon is chairman, appointed to inquire into the treatment of political prisoners in England, met for the first time on Tuesday. It was an almost formal meeting, but still all the members put in an appearance, and the President interchanged the usual courtesies with Mr. de Vere, Dr. Lyons, the Hon. Mr. Broderick, and Dr. Greenbow. Acting it is to be presumed, on instructions from head-quarters, the committee are to confine their investigations to present cases of political incarceration, ignoring altogether any examination of those complaints which were repeatedly made against the authorities by men who are no longer incarcerated. Political prisoners confined in Irish gaols the committee is not to deal with. The chairman suggested such a course of procedure, which was at once met by the approval of his brother Commissioners, and it is probable that when they meet again, Mr. Butt may experience no difficulty in establishing a 'locus standi' in the interests of those for whose liberation he has so long and constantly labored.—Irish Times.

An investigation under the Coercion Bill was held at Timoleague, Cork, respecting a letter received by Mr. Shanahan, a farmer residing in the district, threatening that he would be shot. Shanahan has had disputes with neighbours named Foley about the right to a bog, and alleges that they used menacing language. The police searched Foleys' house under a magistrate's warrant, and seized a copy-book containing writing which bore a close resemblance to that in the threatening letter, and summoned the whole family—mother, daughter and two sons—with other persons to give evidence in the matter, no person being charged. Shanahan was examined as to the disputes, the menaces of the Foleys, and the receipt of the letter. He made no charge against the Foleys. Mrs. Foley and her two sons were not examined. One of the sons admitted that part of the writing in the book was his, but he could not say who wrote that part resembling the threatening letter. The second son professed to be unable to identify any of the writing. The inquiry has been adjourned. The solicitor for the Foleys sought during the investigation to restrict the examination to strictly legal proofs, but the magistrates allowed the widest latitude to the police, nine being charged.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—Considerable uneasiness was occasioned at Killarney on Saturday evening by the announcement that an accident, involving the loss of life and serious injury to several, had taken place on the Tralee and Killarney line. The mail train shortly after leaving Tralee at the usual hour, and when about three miles outside the station, the accident which did unfortunately occur took place in this way. On proceeding through a narrow cutting, at both sides of which the banks are principally composed of rock, the axle in the wagon in front of the composite carriage, comprising as usual first and second compartments, got broken, upset the carriage from off the rails, whilst the train was still in motion for about a quarter of a mile.—The carriage in which were six or seven passengers, the most of whom were from the neighborhood of this town, got into collision with the banks, rendering the carriage completely shattered, and inflicting the injuries on the passengers by its zig-zag motion. The carriage by this time was literally knocked to pieces, leaving the passengers exposed to being dashed, at intervals, against the walls, and thus the injuries which the passengers in the train sustained. Their names are as follows—Mr. Lynch, a commercial traveller, who represents an extensive firm, and who, it is supposed, had been returning to Killarney, via Limerick; and a person named Taret received such severe injuries as to leave no hopes whatever of living beyond an hour after. Mr. Shepherd, another commercial gentleman, had his arm broken and otherwise seriously injured; Mr. and Mrs. Morgan McSwaine, Obany Lodge, in the neighborhood of this town, were also seriously injured. Mr. P. Lawlor, an independent and respectable farmer, living at Dromadasha, near Killarney, and Mr. Eugene O'Sullivan, another respectable farmer, a tenant to Lord Headley, at Agherdoo, sustained some injuries.

A fierce agitation is now rending the Irish Church in this archdiocese. It has arisen in consequence of the circulation of a 'Manual of Short Prayers' which is regarded as having a Puseyite tendency.—A remonstrance was addressed to the Archbishop, asking him to prohibit its use, but his Grace replied that he saw nothing in it contrary to the teaching of the Church. A clerical protest against the doctrines alleged to be taught in it was drawn up in hot haste and signed by 83 clergymen. A counter protest was prepared by clergymen who disapproved of the first, although condemning Ritualistic teaching.—This document has received as many signatures, and will be presented to his Grace to-day. Meanwhile, the laity are in a terrible ferment, and have not only a protest of their own, which they have signed to the number of some hundreds, but at every vestry meeting in the diocese they are passing resolutions denouncing the book and declaring their abhorrence of Ritualism, their unutterable attachment to the principles of the Reformation, and a friendly feeling towards their dissenting brethren. In other dioceses the subject has been taken up, and there is a very general expression of strong Protestant feeling, and a demand that if the language of the Rubric be such as to favor doctrines of the class represented in the 'Manual,' the Prayer-book shall be revised by the General Synod of the Church, and passages capable of such an interpretation expunged. The excitement on the subject has checked the flow of subscriptions to the Sustentation Fund, many people of different sections—the High Church party as well as the Evangelical—declining to contribute until they see what the character of the future Church is to be. In some of the Dublin churches there have been stormy scenes. Last evening one occurred at St. Peter's Vestry, and Archbishop Lee was ultimately obliged to leave the chair and declare the meeting adjourned, owing to the disorderly interruption of the proceedings. After he withdrew another chairman was elected by the meeting, and strong resolutions passed.—*Times Cor.*

The man calling himself 'Boy of the Hills,' who with a blackened face, accosted a gentleman named Hall, near Kilslegg, in this county, and threatened his life because his uncle was the cause of O'Brien having been hung at Manchester, was convicted by the magistratus sitting at Castleknock and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. It transpired in evidence that the prisoner had been drinking on the day of the attack, and his blackened face was attributed to the fact of his being a sweep. Mr. Hall did not press for any punishment.

The Law Bill.—The following special telegram appears in the *Freeman's Journal* of Wednesday:—'London, Tuesday Night.—The Government have resolved to oppose all approach to the policy of reconciliation between landlord and tenant, and will make a vigorous whip to crush, by their will, what the *Times* of this day calls 'the united opinion of all classes in Ireland.'

Now that the Land Bill is rapidly approaching its last stage in committee, some of those who declared themselves at first dissatisfied with its provisions are beginning to acknowledge that its provisions are more liberal than might have been inferred from their jealous criticism. The 'Derry Standard' one makes the following candid avowal in an article on the proceedings in committee:—'While the concealment of qualifying truth would be dishonest to the tenant people, and no advantage to Her Majesty's Government in the end, it is a debt of justice which we owe to the Government to acknowledge frankly that the Bill, in despite of its imperfections, is a measure of gigantic progress, such as we could hardly have expected, ten years ago, even to see realized in economic statesmanship.—*Times Cor.*

PRIMARY EDUCATION.—The Royal Commission terminated its sittings on Friday last. The public await the appearance of the report with more curiosity as to the cause of the delay than confidence as to its value. Long enough ago the Catholic Prelates stated explicitly what alone would satisfy the religious conscience of the people of this country—the shortcomings of the national system had been frequently exposed, and were perfectly well understood. The whole question resolved itself into how far the Imperial Government would permit itself to go towards satisfying Catholic requirements, and it is unlikely the Commissioners' Report will enlighten us on that subject. There has been an amount of mystery maintained in connection with the proceedings of the Commission that very probably will call for further enquiry. The *Express* and *Freeman's Journal* have, from different stand points, called public attention to the subject.

THE WASTE LANDS OF IRELAND.—Emigration from Ireland has begun this season more vigorously than for some years; and people who would be useful at home if the means of comfort were placed within their reach, are going to enrich foreign countries, carrying with them a spirit of hatred to our institutions. They are principally of the rural classes, and are in quest of land. But they might have their desires gratified in their native country if suitable measures were adopted. Mr. Poulter Scrope reminds us that there are in Ireland, at the lowest calculation, some three millions of reclaimable acre now lying waste, and almost wholly unproductive, which might be made available for one hundred thousand families, giving to each a farm of thirty acres. Waste land, an impoverished people and thousands emigrating, are anomalies not to be met with elsewhere; and do not speak much for the sagacity of our Government. Mr. Fitzgibbon has given it as his opinion that there is ample precedent for the compulsory purchase of these wastes; and Mr. Scrope recommends that compulsion to be applied in the interests of the kingdom. Mr. Gladstone has tried to deal with the question; but it is stated that his proposals will be a failure. It would be objectionable for the Government to undertake the duties of a landlord; but we cannot see any serious obstacle to an arrangement that would facilitate reclamation, guaranteeing to the peasant a tenure which would compensate him for his capital and labour, without destroying the *bona fide* rights of property. At present these wastes are of no value to any one; but they might be rendered very valuable to the State, the owners, and the peasants who would reclaim and occupy them. A change which might tend to keep Irishmen at home and stimulate their industry would increase the national wealth, and induce peace and prosperity in the community. It has been calculated that Ireland has resources enough to sustain a population of twelve millions in comfort; she has not half that number, and, as a rule, they are steeped in poverty. How could it be otherwise? The resources of our island are undeveloped; millions of acres are lying waste; and no power is applied to develop the one or reclaim the other.—*Belfast Weekly News*.

What will satisfy the Leant of Ireland, and what the Irish people have a perfect right to, is the restoration of their native legislature. Without that they never will be content; until it is conceded they will be a menace and a danger to England. They have never yet acquiesced in that abominable fraud, the Act of Union; from the date of its accomplishment to the present time they have never ceased to protest against it, and never until it is undone can that flagrant wrong, that base and cruel outrage on the Irish nation, be forgiven. The Union was 'a void election'; it was carried by the application on a gigantic scale of all those 'corrupt practices' which are held sufficient to invalidate the election of members to the British Parliament, and which expose those who are guilty of them to heavy penalties. The Act of Union will become respectable only when bribery, corruption, seduction, forgery, swindling, highway robbery, and such offences cease to be regarded with aversion and horror. By such acts the declared wishes of the Irish people, the Act was forced on and passed into 'law'; but an eminent constitutional lawyer declared at the time it never could be binding on conscience, and that resistance to it by legitimate means would be a duty; and the fact is not only notorious but confessed on all hands that it has been maintained from that time to this only by the presence of an army of occupation in Ireland. To insure a tranquil and friendly future for the two countries that Act must be undone. When it is scored out of the English Statute Book, Irishmen will erase its bitter memories from their hearts, but not till then. The wrong will be remembered, the insult will rankle until such reparation is made. And that wrong and insult will keep alive the memory of all the others; the chain of injuries, stretching far back into the past, will be brought by those links into connexion with the souls of living men, and the resentment felt, by former generations of Irishmen. It is vain to think that with an improvement in the material condition of the Irish nation the feelings of the people on this subject would be modified. The Irish question is not, and never was, a contention for food and raiment and money merely; it is a question which touches the moral life, the self respect, the character, and public repute of a race who have never shown themselves unambitious of a fair fame, or capable of accepting contentedly a position of humiliation or disgrace. Educated and wealthy men are usually not less sensitive than ignorant and hungry men on questions relating to their rights and affecting their honour, and as it is with individuals in this matter so also it is with nations. Prosperous Ireland, if indeed Ireland could ever become really prosperous under English rule, would not be less resolute in claiming her political rights and not less resentful of their denial, than miserable, ragged, and famine-stricken Ireland was in bygone days. The true and effective stroke for the conciliation of Ireland is one that we believe Mr. Gladstone could successfully make at the present moment if he had only the requisite courage. The Repeal of the Act of Union is what is needed to blot out the old record of strife between two nations, and to link them together in bonds of friendship. We believe that if Mr. Gladstone chose to propose that great measure of peace, and to labour for its realisation with such earnestness and energy as he displayed in the case of the Church and Land Bills, he could pass it almost as easily as he passed them through Parliament.—*Dublin Nation*.

MA JESTER MORRIS ON TEN BANC.—In the case of Stephen Meagher, convicted before Judge Morris at the last Oldmel Assizes for sending a threatening letter to Mrs. Pennefather and sentenced to five years' penal servitude, the Court for Crown cases