

fell the wretched and clasped the beloved object to his bosom, was but the work of a second. But, oh! how sorrow and sickness had changed that once beautiful face, and wasted that once symmetrical form. Death had already clutched her in his bony gripe, and selected her for his own. His kiss was upon her lips, for they were livid and plague-stained. And her beautiful blue eyes! how they wandered with the wild look of a maniac. All that remained of the beautiful Lily he once knew, were the long fair ringlets that now fell down in dishevelled masses on her heaving bosom. The sight almost drove him mad. In vain he clasped her to his heart, and called her by the dear fond name of wife. She still knew him not, yet, when she spoke, her ravings were all about him; and he often wondered afterwards how his brain stood the shock, when, without knowing him, she still called on him, 'her own dear, dear Walter, to save her, to take her away from those terrible men—at least to come to her—for, to come to him, she had left her poor old father and little Gerald behind.'

Wholly occupied with his wife, Herbert paid no attention to the sergeant's guard that stood at the tent door under arms. When at length he perceived them, he flew into a phrensy of passion, asking them how dared they stand thus in his presence? and ended by ordering 'the cantiffs who could thus treat a woman, to get out of his sight presently.'

But the orderly remained unmoved. Were his hands free at the moment, Herbert would have unquestionably run him through for presuming to disobey his orders, such was the irritated state of his feelings. But he could not leave the shrieking, still unconscious being that clung to him for support. Stamping his foot in a rage, he demanded what he wanted, or why he remained there?

'Prisoner, sir,' was the sergeant's haughty reply, as he mechanically touched his hat.

'What prisoner?'

'The woman, sir.'

'Heavens and earth! do you mean to drive me mad, man? and the soldier recoiled, for an instant, at the voice and look of his officer.

'Can't help it, sir—General's orders. Woman came to the camp three times, sir—supposed to be a spy, and ordered to be hanged.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. RAYMOND O'HANLON, O. D. C.—With sincere regret we announce the death of this venerated ecclesiastic, which had event took place at his residence, Tranquilla, at half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night. Having completed a distinguished course of study at Salamanca, Dr. O'Hanlon was ordained to the holy priesthood, and arrived in Ireland in the early part of the present century, and soon became the great prop and stay of his order in this country.

FRENCH RECOGNITION OF IRISH BRAVERY.—The *France Centrale*, of the 14th January, announces the recent march at Ning-po of the first war ships ordered to be built by the Emperor Napoleon for the defence of French interests in China. The occasion was celebrated with great ceremony and *cecil*, and the new vessel, destined to render services so important in those seas, has received the name of Lieutenant J. L. Lionel Kenney (son of Thomas Henry Kenney, Esq., Bailiwick, county Roscommon), our compatriot, who fell so gloriously at the head of his command when Ning-po was captured by the rebels on the 10th May, 1862.—*Galway Vindicator*.

ORANGE MURKINS.—We confess we wished to cherish a lingering hope that the 'leaders,' admonished by past failures and disgraces, would have taken occasion at the opening of the Session to disavow these monstrous Ultramontane affectations that have condemned them to impotence. The hope was very slender, indeed; it can hardly be said to have had any substantial basis—and it has been disappointed already. Both Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, deriving their information and their inspiration equally from a subordinate whose knowledge of the case is on a par with his prudence, have given the Government a marked advantage by interpolating into their political reviews a reference to Ireland, cast in the most perfect Ultramontane mould. The 'leaders' make a profound mistake if they imagine that attacks of this sort upon the Government do anything but serve it—through the reaction in their favor springing from the ostentatious exhibition of Ultramontane proclivities by their opponents. *Times*.

We present our readers with an address to the Irish people signed by John Martin. That gentleman is well known in Ireland—and ought to be. His mild and noble nature was brought to our public gaze by the incidents of '48. Well, he is at home now, among honest men who care more for a honest man than himself he will not easily find. This is true—but it is equally true that his plan of an Irish organization is useless, or worse. There is no disguising the fact, that the bulk of Irish politicians seem satisfied to keep up a talk about Irish wrongs and English wrongs, and so leave the matter. When more than talk is required the want of earnestness is seen. They do not wish to fight—and, so far, they are sincere and wise. But they are also against Parliamentary action—and the question arises: What action are they for? The action of talk—the power of palaver—the might of meetings. Even this idea is not their own—it was conceived by one who had advantages in trying the experiment which can scarcely fall to the share of any man in these days. O'Connell was trusted and followed without reserve by the Catholic Clergy and Catholic people of Ireland. He was the natural defender and colossal representative of Irishmen in his wit, his audacity, his sudden power of mind, his stormy passion. And yet, that man—heart and brain and tongue of Ireland though he was, failed—utterly failed. The men who made his monster meetings, and brought him more loyalty of heart than King or Emperor can command, will never meet again on earth. Death and exile have been busy among them, and their place has been taken by no more. The numbers and the hopes of Irishmen are sadly diminished—and their leader is gone. That, to be sure, is a most wonderful fact that ever befallen human beings who will never speak until the Judgment Day. Who talks, then, of national organizations? Those who would take up John Martin's ideas, the most readily are those who would not have the slightest belief in their usefulness. They are men who are better known than liked—more understood than respected. These would be glad to get a cheap character for patriotism by paying some little subscription, and making a speech, or writing a letter now and then. Our politicians differ so much in their ideas of ways and means that they could never agree on any system of action unless some imbecile and unworthy compromise. The schemers and tools of a national party would have men whose heads and hearts are better, completely at their mercy through the brute force of majorities and clamour. Thus, the men who in their proper places have influence and use it wisely, would become a helpless minority in a multitude of councillors. The formation of an independent Irish party in Parliament is the only useful political thing

we can do for ourselves. We can do it, and we ought to do it. It is our first national duty—our greatest political necessity—to uproot the base system of place hunting, and cast it far from us.—*Wexford People*.

The *London Times* on the condition of Ireland:—We cannot turn to the agricultural statistics of Ireland with a happy certainty of finding the evidence of progress and prosperity. Elsewhere the earth's surface is still, as ever, in productiveness, and therefore the subject of more and more eager competition. In most civilized countries population is on the rise, more or less gradual, and the value of the soil is thus augmented by the growing demand for it, at the same time that new tracts are reclaimed, and their yield is stimulated by superior modes of culture. Why it should be otherwise in Ireland is a secret not yet fully revealed to the most sagacious of her well-wishers. Every one can point out several disadvantages, some physical, some historical, some remediable, some ineradicable, which may help to account for this exceptional phenomenon; but no one has been able to demonstrate which of these evils lies at the bottom of the rest, or to point out any legislative cure for any but the most superficial. Ireland is that thorn in the flesh to England which Philip de Comines of old declared Scotland to be, by a fixed decree of Providence, and we sometimes are tempted, though not in our calmer moments, to despair of converting it into a source of strength, or making its natural fertility contribute, as it might to our national wealth. Lord Carlisle, in his sanguine and cheerful way, reverses the language of the poet, and represents depopulation as a blessing rather than a curse. We are not philosophical enough to follow him to this length. We admit that the cultivation of cereal crops in the West of Ireland is an uphill battle against the elements, and can see that this admission involves acquiescence in a decrease of labourers down to a certain limit. We know that the prevalence of a high rate of wages in the United States will attract Irishmen across the Atlantic with the regularity of a mechanical law, though it were only to be food for powder; and we know that the number of Irish families already settled there is so great as to diminish the instinctive aversion to emigration. Still, the knowledge of these facts does not reconcile us to them, or convince us that the conditions under which they are brought about are invariable. If Ireland had manufactures on a large scale, capital would be created, and wages raised, without the necessity of an exodus; the country would cease to be wholly dependent on the fortunes of agriculture, and agriculture, improved by the investment of capital, would cease to be wholly dependent, as in its rudest ages, on the vicissitudes of the seasons. Without Parliamentary interference, without any displacement of population other than from the country to the towns, or at worst from one province to another, a change might come over the island, and the Irish question might be permanently settled. We must not dwell longer, however, on this ideal, for the abstract before us shows how much has to be done before it can be realized. With one marked exception, the year 1863 was a bad year—not in respect of the average produce of its own crops, which had not been fully ascertained when these tables were compiled, but will make itself felt in the next returns—but in respect of the quantity of land under cultivation and the number of live stock, elements which are really determined by the profits or losses of the previous year. When, therefore, we find, as we do, that there is a falling off in the extent under wheat, oats, barley, and other cereals, amounting to 144,719 acres in all or between 5 and 6 per cent., we must attribute it mainly to the failure of the harvest in 1862. The decrease in green crops is much less considerable. The deficiency in turnips and some others being partially made up potatoes, cabbage, carrots, and parsnips. Still there is a net decrease of about 29,000 acres, due no doubt to the same cause. We regret to add that this decline in crops of all kinds has shown itself in every province, though there is some compensation by the increase of grass land in Ulster and Connaught. Deducting a slight decrease in Leinster and Munster, we have a net gain of 17,723 acres under this head throughout Ireland. The bright spot in this part of the Report is, as our readers might expect that which relates to the growth of flax. Here we have an accession of 69,922 acres, raising the total acreage under flax to 218,922 which exceeds by 49,415 acres the greatest extent shown in any year since the statistics commenced in 1847. The accounts of live stock tell the same general story as those of cereals and roots. In every class—horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs—there is a diminution since 1862, and in all but horses there is a diminution upon a comparison of 1863 with 1855. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to notice an increase in Ireland of 12,771 cattle, under the head one year old and under two years, and of 19,148 under one year. It is curious, moreover, that animals 'for amusement or recreation' have multiplied in every province, notwithstanding the impoverishment represented by the other tables. There is an obvious connexion between the decrease of live stock and the occupation of bog and waste—in other words, of boggy and mountainous pastures, 7,856 acres of this description of land have been added to the four millions and a half 'unoccupied' last year, and the Registrar-General traces both results to the great drought of 1859, followed by the excessive rains of the next three years. The effects of the year's genial summer of 1863 have not yet been registered, but we are encouraged to form hopeful conjectures of them. 'It may fairly be estimated that the yield of the cereal crops in particular this year (1863) will prove above the average which has been known for many seasons in Ireland; and although there is a falling off in the total acreage, yet it is confidently expected that it will be compensated by the abundant produce of almost all crops, the total value of which, it has been computed will in 1863 exceed that of the crops of last year by several millions sterling; and approximate to that of some of our best years; in flax alone the increase is value over 1500, caused by the larger acreage of 62,922 acres, combined with the abundant yield and superior quality, will, it is estimated, amount to £1,000,000.' These things in some sense, then, which there are fewer mouths to feed there is more to fill them; whether it will tell in another way by retarding emigration, remains to be proved. At one of last September, when this return was made up, no indication of any abatement was visible. Though Mr. Whitehead's round assertion that 100,000 fighting men had left Ireland in 18 months is not supported by the figures, the numbers are quite large enough to startle us. £3,500 members had emigrated during the first seven months of 1863, against 45,899 who left Ireland during the corresponding period of 1862, and the total of Irish emigrants since the 1st of May, 1851, had reached 1,878,322 by last August. It would be interesting if the age, sex, and condition of these multitudes could be specified—if we could know, for instance, how many of them were peasants, how many cottier or squatters, how many were holders of one acre, and therefore doomed, as Mr. Whitehead says, to be 'finished off.' This information probably could not be procured, but we can hardly doubt that the tendency of the emigration is to extinguish small holdings, and so to bring in a more economical and profitable system of cultivation. This must bear good fruit in the end, and, indeed, it is difficult to perceive otherwise the rise in wages, which is improving and will still further improve the condition of the labourer, can be reconciled with the interest of the farmer, unless his rent be lowered in all events, the departure of poor occupiers, claiming traditional rights, not very far short of ownership, cannot but tend to increase the market, and enable landlords to find more of substance and enterprise to fill them on business like terms.—The demand for land is still so great in Ireland that a scarcity of tenants is the last danger to be apprehended.

Tobacco planting in Ireland.—I have read with much interest, as all Irishmen should, your notice of the government's determination to permit the small farmers of Ireland to grow tobacco without being subject to a prohibitory duty. You say:—'It has been demonstrated to the government that the failure of tobacco planting in 1857 arose, not from unsuitability of our soil or climate, but solely from a want of skilled knowledge necessary to the proper culture, manipulation, and curing of the tobacco plant.' This must have been a misrepresentation, for the failure alluded to was owing to the duty placed by the government themselves on Irish tobacco much later than 1857, as I hope now to prove, when I tell you that, from the year 1822 to that of 1851 I have assisted many persons in the growth of this exceeding profitable crop, and that the sales of such produce amounted to £80 to £100 the Irish acre. The last act I performed in Dublin in 1831, previous to my going to Frenshpark, was in assisting a relative from Enniscorthy in the sale of Irish tobacco; and it realized to him a sum equal to £125 the Irish acre. I have seen it grown often since, under the rose, with much profit. Even last year, I have seen uncommonly fine cigars made from Irish-grown tobacco. So, if the government are desirous to save the Irish people, and with them secure Irish prosperity in this respect, they have but to remove, or even abate, the prohibitory duty, and I promise you and your readers they shall be 'told something to their advantage' on this important matter.—*Correspondent of Farmer's Gazette*.

Outrage in the County Limerick.—Last night a band of six armed men with their faces blackened and disguised in apparel, attacked the house of a farmer named Patrick Nash, residing at Newtown, within three miles of the village of Adare, forced an entrance into his dwelling, dragged him from his bed, placed him upon his knees, and one of them fired at him, inflicting a serious wound, from the effects of which, it is feared, he will not recover.—*Fermanagh*.

Outrage in Roscommon.—On Thursday night a farmer named Mark Fallon was returning to his house at Larragh, and when near it, he was attacked by three men, relatives of his own, and of the same name. He was knocked down and beaten most unmercifully with sticks, inflicting no less than nine wounds on his head, from the effects of which little hope is entertained of his recovery. It is very probable that Fallon would have been murdered by his cowardly assailants were it not that a servant girl was passing, who lunged herself on his body and saved him from further injury. All the parties were arrested, and also committed until next vesty session, to be held at Ballinacorney on the 15th inst. This outrage arose out of a dispute which Fallon had with one of the prisoners in the early part of the day.—*Id.*

The Murder of Cook, Comptroller of the Currency.—The following is the statement of the swaman Cuddy, who has surrendered himself to the police at Queenstown, on the allegation of his having committed murder:—

'Robert Candy, of St. George's-in-the-East, London, states that in the month of June, 1863, at 3 P. M., High street, Wapping, in Middlesex (the landlord's name was Smithson), he murdered a man named Richardson, who was one of the British brig, Retina, by stabbing him with a dagger-knife in the heart. There was no one present at the occurrence: it was in the kitchen underneath the shop. I placed the body in a coal cellar underneath the street, and I covered it with lumber, such as old rags, dirt, and the bottoms of chairs, in such a way that there was any one in the house at the time, but I was speaking to Mrs. Smithson in about half an hour after the murder, and she asked me where Richardson (the deceased) was, and I said in reply that he had gone out. It was through jealousy and revenge I murdered him. My reason for coming forward to make this statement to the police is because I have been uneasy in my mind since the occurrence, which has increased lately. The deceased and I had been signatories, and he had been harsh to me in his conduct. He was the means of getting me in prison for three and a-half days in Porto Rico, West Indies. I now come forward to give myself up for committing murder. Up to the time of my leaving London, which was in three or four days after the murder, it had not been discovered to my knowledge.'

The Irish Regium Donum Question.—Probably all the claimants on the public purse the Irish Presbyterians are the most clamorous. They are in the present receipt of £40,000 from the public exchequer. The regulation with respect to this grant is that any congregation of twelve families that can raise from voluntary sources £35 per annum shall be entitled to a donum from Government of £75. The result of this regulation has been such as any one possessed of the smallest knowledge of human nature might have predicted. It has starved the hearts of the people, and kept the Irish Presbyterian ministry in a position only one degree less degraded than that of their flocks. To raise the Government minimum of £35 a year has been the one great aim of every endowed congregation. In 1854, when the last return on this subject was made to Parliament, there were, out of 461 congregations, only 183 which exceeded the sum of £35. Devices of all kinds have been resorted to to obtain this minimum without being compelled to pay it. Thus sums obtained from home missions, from donations, from salaries attached to various offices, such as school, military, and workhouse chaplaincies, have been put down to make up the £35; but this body is not put to greater exigencies than these. The same return informed us that when a few pounds or shillings were wanting to enable a church to comply with the letter of the law, the exact deficiency was always supplied. In eleven cases the Synod Fund made it up; in one case a marriage license supplied it; in another the precise balance came out of the interest of the manse; and so no fewer than eighty-two miraculously manage to raise £35, neither a penny more or a penny less. The evasions of the law which have been resorted to by some members of this body scarcely bear reporting, or we could tell, as Mr. Bright told the House of Commons in 1854, of cases which are nothing less than a deliberate fraud upon the State. We must remember, too, what took place in 1848. In that year Government was applied to to forego the condition of the grant. The application was refused; but, because some congregations thought it would be conceded, they ceased at once to raise even £35 a year.—*English Paper*.

Death from Hydrophobia.—An itinerant musician named Michael Mohill, when travelling through the county Cork, about six weeks ago, in company with his mother, was bitten by a dog, and on the morning of the 24th ult., when in a house at Ballacorney, in the county Limerick, he showed evident symptoms of hydrophobia. The police at Cappanmore were sent for, who on arriving found the poor fellow in a fearful state of excitement and most outrageous; they had to secure his feet and hands to prevent his doing himself, or any of those about him, any injury. He continued in that state until next morning, when death put an end to his sufferings, which were most painful to witness.

Melancholy Accident.—On the 28th ult., Philip McCaffrey, a farmer residing at Cruinis, in the county Fermanagh, was speaking to William McKenna, in Tempo, who had a revolver in his hand, and was apparently showing it to McCaffrey, when it went off, and a ball entered the neck of the latter, taking a downward course, and lodging in the lungs, from effects of which there is not the remotest hope of his recovery. McCaffrey was immediately arrested and committed to Enniskillen jail. McCaffrey believes it was the result of an accident.

The Manchester Examiner believes that Government is resolved to terminate the Galway contract.

Ireland and the Tories.—Although Ireland is suffering an enormous depletion by bad harvests and emigration, yet it would seem that her prospects are brightening. Her old enemies, the Tories, are taking her under their kind protection. 'Tis true the affectionate advances of Toryism only synchronize with the desertion of her old friends, the Whigs, and thus a question arises whether the change of lovers will be productive of loss or gain. Sir Robert Peel goes to Ireland as the poet of the Premier to coquet with the Orangemen and seduce them to become supporters of the Government in lieu of the Catholics, whom his gross misconduct has estranged, if not altogether alienated; he makes speeches which the Orangemen cheer to the echo as possessing 'the true Cromwellian ring'—and he is deemed worthy of the fraternal embraces of the 'Friendly Brothers,' into whose ever before allowed admittance. Meanwhile the *Evening Mail*, the old organ of the Orangemen and Brunswick Clubs, devotes half its leading articles to panegyrics upon Lord Palmerston and furious denunciations of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli; and now, when Parliament meets, the Tory leader in the House of Commons and the Tory Irish Attorney-General of the Derby Administration, call the so-called Liberal Cabinet to sharp account for the omission in the Queen's Speech of Ireland and the reference to the wretched state of that part of the Empire under the terrible privations which they have endured during the last three years. The censures heaped so eloquently upon the Government for this most scandalous omission, by Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Whiteside, was well deserved, and the stinging severity of their rebuke derived most of its force from its manifest justice. The repeated references to the distress in Lancashire and the iterated eulogium upon the unemployed cotton operatives for their good conduct, while a studied silence has been observed in Speeches from the Throne about the deeper distress and the more remarkable patience of the Irish agricultural labourers—for the wealth and the benevolence of Great Britain were not poured out in a deep and broad stream for their relief—formed a contrast which could not have been accidental and which must have struck the least observant. It would be strange, indeed, if the Irish ever should forget it or cease to resent it, until those heartless politicians who for their own selfish and mean purposes, denied the existence of Irish distress, and thus cruelly deprived English benevolence from rushing to its relief, shall have suffered that punishment which will afflict them most and which they have so abundantly deserved.—*Weekly Register*.

Another Irish Brigade.—It is contemplated to organize nothing less than a brigade of Irish gentlemen, to take service under the King of Denmark in the present war. The projector of the design is a gentleman well known in leading Cork circles from his professional abilities, his social eminence, and his great success in the hunting-field; in fact, none other than the gentleman to whom we lately referred as being the leading actor in a romantic occurrence in the county, through which the local theatre was crammed on a particular night, and a song composed and sung on the occasion in celebration of the beauty of a lady, the heroine of the same incident. This gentleman has written to the King of Denmark, offering him the services of a hundred Irish gentlemen in the war, the Corps to be called the 'Alexandra Gent Gardes,' in honour of the future Queen of England, the King of Denmark's daughter. These hundred gentlemen are all to be men of station and respectability in the South of Ireland, and are to equip and mount themselves during whatever campaign they may be called on to serve in. Their uniform will consist of the national colours, and on their caques they will exhibit the appropriate motto 'Right against Might.' The designer of this romantic scheme has furthermore written to the Prince of Wales asking his sanction of the movement, and his permission to adopt the name mentioned for the corps. The only return for this offer to the King of Denmark sought for is that His Majesty should send a frigate to Cork to transport the corps to the seat of war. We have it on excellent authority that 64 gentlemen from the south of Ireland, all of independent means, have already agreed to take part in the enterprise, and we have been furnished with a long list of the principal names which, however, we refrain at present from publishing. It is proposed to give a ball in the Athenaeum the night before the brigade leaves, and it is arranged that at 6 o'clock in the morning the horses of the 'Cent Gardes' will be in waiting for them; that they will then mount and ride to Queenstown, where they will embark in the Danish frigate which it is believed His Majesty will send for them and sail away for the theatre of war. The project is so far carried out that several gentlemen have already purchased horses for the campaign and the uniform of the 'Gardes' has been determined on.—*Cork Examiner*.

Sudden Death.—On Sunday last the congregation assembled at twelve o'clock in Armagh Roman Catholic Chapel were alarmed by one of these melancholy occurrences which so forcibly remind us that 'in the midst of life we are in death.' A gentleman named Burns, an extensive flax-dealer, had come from Belfast to Armagh, for the purpose of placing his son at a school, and was present at service in the chapel, occupying a seat in the gallery. He was a strong looking man, apparently in the enjoyment of good health, and about the last in the assembly whom one would expect to have been called suddenly away.—*Express*.

Carlisle's waddle, Peel's buffoonery, O'Hagan's poetry are harmless when contrasted with the astounding ignorance and thundering mendacity of the *Times* newspaper. This paper tells us that Ulster is prosperous, and intimates that it is so, because its inhabitants are 'Scots and Protestants, instead of sharing the old Irish blood and old Irish faith.' Now, first as to the religion and ethnology of the Ulster people—is it a fact that they are 'Scots and Protestants?' Let the late census answer. Out of a total population, in 1851, of 1,914,236, there were 966,613, or more than half, Catholics! The Catholic and Celtic population of Ulster is greater than the entire population of Connaught, considerably greater than the total Protestant population of all Ireland, and nearly twice as large as the Presbyterian population of all Ireland! Here are official figures, and yet, in the face of them, this organ of English opinion coolly pronounces Ulster to be 'Scot and Protestant.' But the misrepresentation of the *Times* does not end here. It says—'Ulster is flourishing, prosperous, and contented. Ulster has maintained its industry and preserved its population. Its inhabitants do not prefer America to Ireland, nor do they find any fault with their condition at home, or consider themselves less fortunate than the people of England.' Are these statements true? Has Ulster 'preserved its population?' Let the official documents again answer.—The decrease of the population between 1841 and 1851 was greater in Ulster than in Leinster. The returns for 1861 show that the emigration in that year from Ulster was—in proportion to the respective populations—greater than that from Leinster, and very little under that from Connaught. The following table will explain the proportions of the exodus from each of the four provinces, and it will be seen that Ulster, instead of 'preserving its population,' has had its fair share of the blessings of emigration:—

	1861.		EMIGRATION
Ulster,	33 per cent.	..	33 per cent.
Leinster,	26 " "	..	13 " "
Munster,	26 " "	..	23 " "
Connaught,	15 " "	..	15 " "

In the face of these figures we ask the *Times* what it dares to repeat the assertions that Ulster has 'pre-

served its population,' and that 'its inhabitants do not prefer America to Ireland?'—Ulster has many advantages over the other provinces: it has the linen manufacture, for which it owes England nothing, and it has the custom of Tenant Right. Last year its flax crop was highly productive. If Ulster is prosperous it is not because of anything which England has done to make it so. It cannot be more prosperous than we wish it to be: and we regret being obliged to conclude that notwithstanding many favorable circumstances, Ulster, taken as a whole, is not prosperous in the true sense of the word. The *Times*, whether correctly or not we do not stop to enquire, quotes Armagh as the model country of Ulster, yet we find that the Poor Law Commissioners in the text of their report for 1853 call special attention to the fact that the County of Armagh showed the maximum increase—namely, 45 per cent in pauperism that year, as compared with the preceding year, of all the counties in Ireland!—*Dublin Irishman*.

The Adelaide Hospital.—A charitable institution which imposes condition of orthodoxy upon the setting of a broken limb, or the nursing of a fever, is a libel upon religion, and a monster in civilisation. Fertile, however, as is the Church Establishment in Ireland in the production of all uncharitableness, it has taken that institution a travail of three hundred years and more to bring to light so perfect an image of itself as the building in Peter street. The whole world, Protestant, Catholic, Greek, Mussulman, and Buddhist may be challenged to produce a sister to the Public Adelaide. It is a new creation of Irish bigotry alone, and an evidence of progress in that direction which will startle England herself, whose practical sense would reject it as a crime. The excuse which has been alleged for the establishment of such a house, appears to us even more repulsive than the thing itself. The religious feeling of the suffering Protestant is said to be so sensitive, that on his bed of pain, or possibly of death, the Protestant patient, receiving the consolation, of his own Church from his own minister, is pained to see another minister, bestow the consolation of another church upon a suffering brother. If this be true, what manner of religious feeling must that be which the sad neighbourhood of the two beds in the same hospital ward cannot subdue into meekness or forgiveness, and what must be the character of the teaching under which such feelings are grown up? But if this be not true, and we believe it is a falsehood, the existence of the Adelaide Hospital is a slander upon the religion and the manhood of the Protestant poor. Let not one Protestant be produced from the Richmond Hospital, or from the Whitworth, or from Mercer's—let but one come forward from St. Vincent's or the Mater Misericordiae to say that he has been tempted, insulted, or pained by the ministrations of Catholic clergymen, or Catholic sisters, and we shall only say that the chastening of such a man has been less fruitful than it might have been; but the existence of such would be something even more repulsive than the institution which has been prepared for his reception. Such, however, as the Adelaide Hospital is, a weak one has passed since it was a much greater evil than at present. A change for the better has been wrought in the constitution of this bad establishment during the last meeting of its patrons. This much is undeniable; but it would be an abuse of terms to call the change referred to a reform. There are certain natures and institutions, as we have already had occasion to observe, capable of change but not of amendment. Many things may be rendered comparatively harmless which yet are radically evil. They are noxious or not, and it is better they should be either less noxious than heretofore, or absolutely nothing, than they should continue what they were. It is in this spirit that we are disposed to accept the altered rules of the Adelaide Hospital, in virtue of which, while Catholics are benefitted by its exclusion from the medical services of its respectable officers, the torture of conscience which, under the outraged name of mercy, has hitherto made the place a proverb, becomes impossible we hope for ever, but at all events for some time to come. This in itself is a genuine mercy, and, as such, it is entitled to a welcome. It might not be actually meritorious in burglars to give up the centre bit and brace, or in garroters to relinquish putting on the bug, we should not deem it an absolute virtue in the Irish Church Missions to break up business and return the subscriptions; or in an Orange lodge to forego a day's shooting on the loyal anniversaries—but we should, nevertheless, find matter whereupon to congratulate society in the voluntary abandonment of any one of the practices which it labours so ineffectually to suppress. To borrow an illustration from the very symbol—a serpent—which antiquity, for no reason that we can discern, unless, perhaps, with reference by anticipation to the Adelaide Hospital, has chosen to connect with the healing art—it is not pretended that the instincts of the formidable reptile are corrected by extracting its poison bag and fangs. In like manner, after the change of rules, the Adelaide Hospital, although abandoning, for prudential reasons, its powers of mischief is still a monumental badness, for which we are happy to say, no parallel exists in Ireland, and none in England that we are aware of. Until within a very recent period every hospital in Dublin was of Protestant foundation; but, with the exception of the Adelaide not one made the exercise of mercy conditional upon apostasy, or limited it to orthodoxy. Like the Church Establishment, the Adelaide Hospital, even under the new rules, would be a novelty in Timbuctoo, and a bissing in Madagascar. Those whom it ceases to corrupt, it refuses to cure; and having acted with half its scandal, retains another half, only less afflicting. Ireland, fortunately, is rich in works of mercy, not sufficient indeed to abash the bigotry of a segment of a sect, but to expiate it before the world. We do not presume upon anything we have written to claim credit for having contributed to bring about the surgical operation under which, if the constitution of the Adelaide Hospital be not improved, its renom has been considerably reduced, but we confess to a feeling of (we hope excusable) pride in having denounced, with some energy, the last at least of the cruelties which, for wise purposes no doubt, this most cruel of modern institutions, has so long been permitted to inflict upon those in whom the visitations of heaven had still left margin for the work of human malice.—*Evening Post*.

Irish Agricultural Labourers.—A clergyman of the Church of England, in a letter to the editor of the *Star* says:—'I know a naturally fertile midland county in Ireland where the farm labours receive only 8d per day, wet days and wet parts being unpaid for, which makes a considerable deduction from the average, considering the humid character of the climate. These poor creatures live in houses worse than those provided for the cattle, or even the pigs, and in almost a state of nakedness have to work abroad, exposed to the rains and winds of heaven, and that in a very inclement climate. It is impossible for land to be profitably worked by men so housed, clothed, and fed. So that setting aside the claims of our common humanity, the landowners and landlords must be considerable losers in a pecuniary point of view by such a wretched treatment of their fellow-men.'

The French journals in announcing the recent launch of a war vessel built in China for the defence of French interests, says that it—the first built at Ning-Po—has been named after Lieutenant J. L. Lionel Kenney, son of Thomas Henry Kenney, Esq., of Balliwick, county Roscommon, Ireland. Lieutenant Kenney fell in leading the French column at Ning Po, on the 10th May, 1862.

A woman named Susan McCarron died recently at 'The Breen,' near Ramelton, co. Donegal, aged 102 years and 9 months. She was in the enjoyment of perfect health up to within a few days of her death, had the use of all her faculties, and did business weekly in town, walking to and from Ramelton, a distance of two miles from her home.