

replied the lady, 'but I really must own the truth, and say that I do think we rich people are after all more humble than you poor ones.'

Flora bit her lip, and made no answer to the insult; and the truth of the last remark; but long after her head was on her pillow, she lay thinking over the conversation that had passed. 'Ah! ye rich ones,' she murmured to herself, 'your thoughts, your words, and your actions are so studied—your every wish so anticipated—that you often know not that pride is within you; to you all is made light, whilst to the poor no insult is spared; nay, they are often wantonly inflicted; and a thousand times more bitter are they when good birth and education give an additional poignancy to the sting.'

Flora was right, but not quite; she forgot that there are many bright examples of sterling virtue amongst the wealthy, who, rich in worldly wealth, are yet truly poor in spirit, whose virtues are their brightest gems, and whose tender charity would shrink as from a poisonous adder from behaving with hauteur to those whose lot is cast in poverty. But correct—indeed, painfully correct—was she in her opinions as to the lady or gentleman; for it is only occasionally poor things that, in this world, they meet with a good Samaritan to spare them; and severely do they feel the thousand things they have to do, which are so often wofully at variance with their characters and dispositions, and indeed far beneath all they have a right to expect, had every man his due in this stern world.

As to Mrs. Somers—the *Tartufe* we may truly call her—she should have substituted the word servility for humility; of the latter beautiful virtue she knew nothing; her only aim was to render all who were beneath her in worldly circumstances, fawning, servile adulators of the rich; and when she has made them what she wished, then she termed them humble. In this sense, how many *Tartufes* do we not meet with.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'Let not a sound be heard, and attend to the orders I shall give you with promptitude and despatch,' were the instructions delivered by Mr. Fortescue to his servant, when, a few weeks after the return of Inez from Spain, she was attacked by a fever which threatened her with speedy dissolution. To outward appearances her husband was one of the kindest of men; and little recked her medical attendant, when he saw the exertions that were made to promote the recovery of the invalid, of the war that was perpetually going on between husband and wife.—Straw was laid down before the house, that the passing vehicles should not disturb the sick lady who languished between life and death in that aristocratic mansion; the footsteps of servants could not be heard, for they fell on carpets of richest Turkey; the chill winter breeze could not be felt, for curtains of dark blue satin fringed and looped with gold, fell in heavy folds over the windows and around the invalid's bed; and nothing that wealth could do was left undone which could tend to rob a sick room of its miseries, or at least to lighten them. Yet none thought that the husband, seemingly so solicitous to promote the recovery of his wife, was the stumbling-block in her way to convalescence; for none had heard the low-muttered but deep threat the night before her illness, and none had seen the brutal grasp of the delicate wrist with which the gamster husband, the fashionable spendthrift, strove to force her to sign a document which made over to him one-half of her Spanish estates. Indomitable as was the will of Inez, it failed her when she came in contact with one whom she had herself constituted with such power over her. So quiet, too, were the manners of her husband, so gentle his voice, and endearing the way in which he addressed her, that he was the last in the world who would ever be suspected of cruelty towards her; and again and again did she uncover the wrist, which she so sedulously kept from the observation of her nurse, and view with indignation and rage, which fed the fever which already consumed her, those three blue marks, the impress of the fingers of her husband. Passionate, haughty as she was, there was, then, one person whom Inez truly feared. During the first years of her wedded life she had humored his wildest extravagances; but when she found the gaming-table had become the place of nightly resort, she feared, and with reason, lest the whole of her splendid property should at last be swallowed up by his rapacity. Yet there were other thoughts which, even amidst the wild delirium of fever, disturbed her mind, and still more in her calmer moments. 'Oh death, thou art terrible indeed to a man who hath peace in his possession!' saith Holy Writ; and thus it was, that when Inez looked around on the comforts and luxuries of her chamber, and remembered how life had ever been but one bright summer day to her, she shrank and turned away with fear and utter desolation of spirit. Oh, if indeed to the poor, who never know the blessings of affluence—if to them, to whom life is a long sad scene of trial, who must tread this weary pilgrimage with aching hearts, and work when the whole body is sick and the whole heart sad—if even to them the conqueror of our nature presents himself robed in horrors, then how much more dread must appear to the sons and daughters of prosperity, who sometimes may be said to make their heaven here! Thus felt Inez; and her lips, which rarely moved in prayer, now breathed forth a petition that she might still be spared—that in the very prime of life she might not have to descend into the tomb.

Her prayer was for a while granted. The fevered pulse beat more tranquilly, the hot head and hands became cool, the temples ceased to throb, and Inez began, though slowly, to recover. She passed many hours alone, save when some fashionable friend was kind enough to solace a weary hour by passing it with the invalid. Her husband saw but little of her; when he visited her, he stung her to the quick, by his soft, honied words; his low, gentle voice, and seemingly kind consideration; so that she felt her heart beat and her pulse quicken as he approached. One long evening she had dismissed her nurse,

with a request not to be disturbed unless she rang for her attendance. With a pleasant book in her hand, she had beguiled perhaps two hours of their weariness, and had at last fallen into a heavy sleep, from which she was aroused by the sound of many feet. She was aware she must have slept long, for her lamp had expired, and the fire burned low in the grate.

Suddenly all was still as the grave; and now, overcome by fear, Inez loudly rang the bell. It was answered by the nurse, whose countenance showed evident symptoms of alarm, and who, to the inquiries of Inez, merely remarked that Mr. Fortescue had been brought home very ill from the opera, which he had that night attended.

The fear, however, which was written in the woman's countenance, plainly told what she wished most to conceal; and a sort of wild hope almost shot across the mind of Inez, that she might ere long, if not already, be rid of her persecutor.

She then again dismissed the woman upon some frivolous pretext, and, first listening to hear that all was quiet, she threw a heavy mantle around her, and, lighting a wax candle, stole gently through the long gallery which led to the chamber of her husband. All was silent in the room in which he usually occupied as a smoking and reading-room, and with trembling hand she opened the door of his sleeping apartment, first pausing to hear if there was any sound in the adjoining room.

But lo! the silence of the grave was not more appalling; and, struggling against the fear which was now rapidly stealing over her, she entered the room, and with a heavy step drew aside the bed-curtains.

Conscious in her own mind that something fatal had occurred, Inez yet shrank back appalled as she beheld the inanimate form beneath the sheet which had been drawn over the corpse; and with a trembling hand she drew it aside, and gazed on the dull clod of earth, which had now lost all power to torment.

Shocked beyond measure, and overcome also by the silence of the scene, she again replaced the sheet, and, trembling violently, hastened from the room, and quickly regaining her own apartment, rang loudly for assistance.

One look at Mrs. Fortescue explained all to the terrified nurse, who felt convinced she had learned that her husband was no more. A violent fit of weeping somewhat restored Inez, who, though it would be false to say she mourned for her husband as those who love, still felt shocked beyond measure at his sudden death, which she now learned was ascribed to a long-standing disease of the heart. He had labored under strong excitement during the day, in consequence of a heavy loss at the gaming-table on the previous night, and had complained of illness prior to leaving home for the opera. So great was his dislike, however, to an evening at home, that he could not be prevailed on to stay from his accustomed amusements, and had scarcely taken his seat ere he arose, begged the assistance of a gentleman near him to lead him to the entrance, and expired before he could be conveyed into his carriage.

The first emotion over, it was not long ere Inez recovered the shock the death of her husband had occasioned; and as it were idle to say she grieved for the loss of such a man, her health and spirits soon recovered their wonted tone, and her house again became the resort of the fashionable and wealthy.

(To be Continued.)

ADDRESS OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-Countrymen—We invite you to join and to co-operate with the Association which has just been formed for the redress of grievances most injuriously affecting the large majority of the Irish people; and in so doing, it is but right that we should place before you a clear and explicit statement of the objects which that body has proposed to itself, and of the means by which it seeks to realise those objects. There are two things of which a reflecting man ought to be satisfied before joining any association; first, that its ends are good and valuable; and, secondly, that its means are such as to afford a reasonable chance of success. It is on these two points we now desire to satisfy you.

Long and bitter experience has sufficiently informed you that the insecure and unprotected condition of the Irish tenant is the radical cause of that distress, which, with occasional brief intervals, has been the normal condition of our people.

Those who attribute the ill-success of the Irish peasantry to defects of character, would do well to try their own consciences by the question—whether if they were themselves placed in the same position they would act differently—improving land of which they had no tenure, and building houses from which they might be ejected, without compensation, at the caprice of another? We would also ask them to consider how far those very defects of character—the indolence, thriftlessness, and lawlessness—which they truly or falsely impute to the Irish peasant—might not spring from the dependence, insecurity, and absence of hope, which are the natural parents of vice as well as of misery.

Universal experience establishes these conclusions, that people render a cheerful obedience to law exactly in proportion as the law is made for their protection and security; that where men labor for themselves they are energetic and prosperous; and that where the fruits of their labor are appropriated by others they are idle, thriftless, and poor.

Our first object, therefore, is to obtain for the occupiers of land the inducement of self-interest, to apply their labor and capital to its cultivation. It is alleged by competent judges that the labor and capital required to bring the soil of Ireland into a state of cultivation equal to that of England or Scotland would be equivalent in money to one hundred millions sterling. The circumstances and habits of our Proprietors have ordained that this labor and capital, unless applied by the tenant, will in general never be applied at all. We desire to liberate for this purpose the millions of tenant capital, now deposited in banks at nominal interest, because the law repels it from the soil. We desire to retain for the same purpose that labor, more valuable than gold, which naturally flies from a country where the law refuses to recognise its rights.

As the justice and utility of a measure securing compensation to the tenant for valuable improvements must be apparent to all, we shall not assume that it will be opposed by any class. Awarded as it already is in some shape by those amongst the landlords who act fairly and liberally towards their tenants, we do not despair of their co-operation at least in effecting a just and reasonable arrangement of a question which, for the peace and prosperity of the country and the interest of all classes of its inhabitants, has remained unsettled, much too long.

The next measure which the Association proposes to itself is the disendowment of the Established Church and the application of its revenues to purposes which shall be beneficial to the Irish people. It has been truly observed that this question has passed beyond the stage of argument and has become simply a question of force on one side, and reason and justice on the other. Such another institution does not exist, and has probably never existed in the world. Five out of six men in Ireland regard it as a badge of religious inferiority and of national servitude; while fair-minded Englishmen either openly denounce it or feel shame at the mention of its name. It is equally a disgrace to the nation that maintains it by force, and to the nation that submits to it without an effort. It is the cause of division and strife amongst us and of consequent national prostration. Until it is swept away our people never can be united, our country never can be peaceful, prosperous, or powerful. Its absurdity has become so glaring that some of its advocates openly avow that the only chance of maintaining it lies in the destruction or banishment of a large portion of the Catholic population. They admit that if the people are preserved the Establishment must fall; so that in this point of view the disendowment of the Protestant Church has become a question of self-preservation to the Catholic people of Ireland.

Finally, the Association demands that in the education of the youth of Ireland, the essential necessity of religion and its ministers shall be acknowledged, that the interference of the State shall be confined within due limits, and that the parent shall be protected in the exercise of his right to determine who shall be the teachers of his children. It claims this right on behalf of all denominations, as all are equally interested in the preservation of the religious convictions and the moral rectitude of their youthful members; it claims it as a right already enjoyed by all religious denominations in England, Scotland, and throughout the colonies. It especially claims on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland, that a University which has been founded, and is maintained, by them at their own expense, upon the principles of educational freedom, shall not be excluded from participation in the privileges and favors lavished on Colleges which, founded as they are, and managed by the government and its nominees, should be objects of jealousy, not only to Catholics, but to all all friends of fair competition, and opponents of monopoly.

Fellow-countrymen of all persuasions, Protestants and Catholics, is there, we ask, anything unfair or unreasonable in these demands. Is it fair or just that the improvements made by the tenant, and the property created by his capital and labor, should be confiscated in the moment of their creation, and transferred by law to the landlord. Is it fair or just that the Church of one seventh or one eighth of the population should monopolise the entire ecclesiastical revenues of the country, and that a population, of which more than three-fourths are Roman Catholics, should be governed as if they were, in fact, a Protestant people. Is it fair or just to force, by a lavish expenditure of public money, upon the Catholics of Ireland a system of education which they decline to accept, while legal recognition is withheld from institutions which they have established for themselves by their own unaided exertions.

We possess, then, in the justice of our case the first guarantee of success. Recent disappointments have caused you, fellow-countrymen, to undervalue this advantage; but, depend upon it, that in a country like this, where speech is free, a just cause, honestly, wisely, courageously, and persistently maintained, must triumph. Who should believe in the irresistible force of justice, if not you, to the call of a bodysman; and, armed only with a just cause, achieved the first and greatest of constitutional triumphs, by their peaceful and calm, but formidable array.

We gladly recognise in the growth of sounder views and kindlier sentiments amongst large and increasing numbers of the English people, another omen of a successful issue to our enterprise. To cultivate, strengthen, and extend these friendly feelings, will be a principal care of our Association. We shall endeavor to convince all Englishmen and Scotchmen who give us a fair hearing, not only of the reality of our grievances, but also that the prompt removal of those grievances is as essential to their own welfare and security as to ours.

But it is here at home, on Irish soil, that our work must mainly be done. In order to obtain a hearing, we must speak not only with moderation and good sense, but also with boldness and decision. We must, above all things, preserve our independence of political parties, acting in honorable opposition to such as refuse our demands, affording disinterested support in exchange for adequate concession. On this essential point the Association has bound itself by a fundamental rule to support no political party that will not, in good faith, co-operate with it in securing the measures which it deems essential. It will exert all its influence towards the creation of a parliamentary party that will honourably carry out this independent policy. In this, our first public utterance, we declare beforehand, that on the day when postponing the great interests of the country to personal or party ends, it shall deviate in the slightest degree from the path which it has thus pledged itself to tread, the Association will betray the cause, and merit the reprobation of the Irish people.

For the rest, our best efforts shall be devoted to the extension of the organization: to the awakening of public spirit by means of public meetings held in Dublin, and occasionally in the provinces, as may be deemed desirable; to the spread of information, bearing on the grievances we seek to have redressed; and, finally, to the forwarding of numerous signed petitions, which shall make known to the Legislature the wants, the discontent, and the determination of the Irish people.

Fellow-Countrymen—You have been frequently assured that the sole impediment to Irish prosperity was political agitation. The results of ten years' renunciation of political life and neglect of public duty, have falsified that theory; and in dilapidated towns, in diminished wealth, in ruined manufactures, in declining trade, and in a flying people, you behold abundant evidences of the truth, that sordid selfishness is not true wisdom, and that individual prosperity is promoted by the total neglect of social obligations. The wrongs and abuses to which the Irish people are subjected, have rendered their country no longer habitable to them. They fly to a land distracted by war, because their religion is not there subjected to offensive disabilities, and their labour is not there cheated of its reward. Their flight can be arrested only by giving them some cause to hope that their condition will be improved. In our judgment the remedy lies in the political movement now proposed—a movement which, being moderate in its end, can all the better afford to be bold and uncompromising in its character. If you fear that the Association may prove false to its mission, take hold of it and make it your own. Be true to yourselves—be honest, earnest, and vigilant, and no man will venture to betray you; or, if any one should prove so base, you can thrust him aside, and pass on. Extend the organization into every county and parish in Ireland. Let its intelligence give shape and direction to unformed and wavering opinion, and its influence encourage and protect the people in the discharge of their political duties. Let its power be every where felt as a support to the weak, and a barrier against oppression. Let our people—now helpless, disorganised, and politically dead—become reanimated by a common purpose and a united will. Thus, and only thus, can our just ends be accomplished, and our people saved.

Signed, PETER PAUL M'SWINEY, Chairman.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Right Rev. Dr. Butler Bishop of Limerick, held his annual Concourse for places in Maynooth College, and the Irish Colleges of Paris and Rome, at the Monastery of the Christian Brothers on Wednesday, January 11. The examination commenced at 11 o'clock a.m.; and the candidates were required to present satisfactory testimonials from their Parish Priests, and the Superiors of the Seminaries where they last pursued their studies.

Rev. Peter Conway, the excellent Parish Priest of Headford, has forced the Poor Law Commissioners to hold a public investigation in the cause of death, treatment, and mode of burial of the poor woman, named Mary Walsh, who died in the Tralee workhouse after being carried thence, while nearly naked, from Father Conway's parish—the vehicle being a common open cart. On arriving at the workhouse, half dead from starvation, weakness and cold, she was thrust into one of the fever wards—and yet was there treated for 'debility.' She soon died, without the consolations of religion; nor was there the slightest notice of her sickness or death given to the Catholic chaplain, or sent to her friends. A few hours after death her wretched corpse was carried off and flung into an unnumbered grave!

That Father Collins, Parish Priest of Rath, was burned in effigy in the town of Skibbereen is a fact too notorious. We deliberately suppressed the first account of this outrage, anxious to learn 'the exact truth about an occurrence so extraordinary.' It was stated by the papers in which the account first appeared that Father Collins's offence consisted in having warned his people against secret societies. Later, however, another version appeared, and the burning in effigy was justified and commended on the ground that Father Collins had acted the part of an 'informant.' Now, on this point Father Collins's testimony is clear, explicit, and irresistible. He mentioned no names; gave no information; he simply warned his flock against secret societies, in accordance with instructions given by his bishop. And he is burned in effigy, and falsely branded an informant! Of Father Collins personally we know nothing; of his political antecedents we are entirely ignorant; whether it was his duty or not, in obedience to the commands of his spiritual superior, to denounce, in general terms, secret societies, we confess ourselves incompetent to decide—but one thing is very clear, that if the bonds between clergy and people have been weakened in Rath or Skibbereen, the blame, so far as this case goes, rests not on the shoulders of the priest.—*Dublin Irishman.*

At the petty sessions of Skibbereen, on the 11th ult., the case of the man charged with burning the effigy of the Rev. Mr. Collins was brought before the magistrates; when informations were granted against J. Keane (father of the young man now in jail awaiting his trial at the coming assizes), John Saunders, Jeremiah Donovan, James Egan, James Woods, John Regan, and Eugene McCarthy. They were let out on bail, themselves in £10 and two sureties in £5 each. All the parties succeeded in procuring bail, with the exception of Saunders, who left for Cork.—*Skibbereen Eagle.*

ADDRESS OF THE SMITH O'BRIEN TESTIMONIAL COMMITTEE TO THE IRISHMEN OF AMERICA.—Fellow-Countrymen.—Whether your lot be cast in the Northern or Southern section of a once united and glorious Republic, or in the Provinces that yet acknowledge the supremacy of the British Crown, we have received at various times and in various forms too striking proofs of your sympathy to doubt your unshaken allegiance to the land of your birth. We feel, therefore, that we but anticipate your wishes in asking you to associate yourselves with us in a generous effort to honor in death the man who in life did honor to us all, and to the land of which Irishmen abroad as well as at home are the rightful inheritors. Such a man was William Smith O'Brien—the Aristocrat by birth, the Democrat by nature, the Patriot by word and deed.

Our island, prolific as it has been, in all ages, of genius, has produced greater men; but better, purer—never. He was not a poet, like Goldsmith or Moore; an orator, like Grattan, Burke, or O'Connell; a warrior, like Sarsfield or Owen Roe; but in him were so admirably blended the qualities which constitute the heroic character, that of all our public men there is none whose life presents a more useful lesson, nor one whose name is more deserving of posthumous renown. Living, he was the embodiment of those virtues—Truth, Honour, Sincerity, Courage—which an enslaved people should most dearly revere, since by the exercise of these virtues alone can Freedom's crown be won. Dead, his silent effigy will be a standing reproof to cowardice and debasement; an incitement to virtuous effort; and an assurance to mankind that the cause for which O'Brien lived, and toiled, and died, is as indestructible as the race of which he was the noble representative.

In the Imperial Parliament he was the consistent, unflinching advocate of popular rights; and if after twenty years of disinterested labor he failed in obtaining justice for Ireland, the fault is not to be attributed in any degree to the advocate, but absolutely to the tribunal. He failed there, as all who preceded and all who followed him have failed, solely because of the unwillingness and the incapacity of the parliament to do aught save to coerce and plunder our country.

If, upon another field, he failed to achieve the independence of his nation, the fault rests not upon the chivalrous Patriot, who in the last effort to save a perishing people perilled everything that man holds dear, but is to be rendered rather to the circumstances of the time which rendered success impossible, while they morally justified, even in the estimation of the partisan jury which convicted him, the Patriot's effort.

Fellow-countrymen—For us and for our country William Smith O'Brien sacrificed fortune, home, and life. The response to this appeal will prove that such a sacrifice was not offered up in vain, but that the nation will live which thus hastens to snatch from the grave its victory by perpetuating the memory of one who devoted himself to its service with unflinching courage and chivalrous fidelity.

(Signed by order,) JAMES PLUNKETT, Alderman, Chairman. P. J. SMYTH, JAMES O'NEILL, } Hon. Secretaries.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND.—We invite the attention of all who take an interest in the affairs of Ireland to the first address of the New National Association for the redress of the three main grievances of that country, which will be found in another part of this journal. The chairman, whose name is appended, was last year Lord Mayor of Dublin; and, judging from the public spirited manner in which he discharged his duties as magistrate, and the liberality with which he dispensed the hospitalities of the Mansion House, we should be disposed to conclude that a better chairman of the new association could not have been selected. The address will greatly commend itself to the serious consideration of the people of England. It is well and temperately written, and appeals in every line to our national sense of justice and love of fair play. It used to be objected to such addresses from Ireland, that they breathed such a spirit of defiance as to challenge opposition on the part of the British people. Such an objection cannot, with the least semblance of truth, be raised against the document now before us. While not wanting in that firmness which usually accompanies real earnestness and strength, it is abundantly conciliatory to afford no excuse for the withholding from its promoters all the assistance of the Liberal party in England. We have heard it urged that the new association has not been received with those noisy demonstrations in Ireland which would entitle it to be regarded as the expression of the Irish national will. In answer to this, we have

only to look to the character of its chief promoters. The Irish Catholic bishops are not mere mob agitators. While they have the control and direction of it, they will keep the expression of the popular voice within safe and thoroughly constitutional bounds. They will rather repress than encourage clamorous demonstrations, ending merely in noise and bluster. But comparative quiet with them will not mean either weakness or want of unanimity of conviction. What they agree to demand may be safely accepted on this side of the channel as popular with the Irish people. And in truth it is an immense advantage both to the Liberal party in this country and to the government to have a recognised national organization in Ireland, competent to point out, unmistakably, what the Irish people really want, and capable of treating directly with ministers upon the details of bill for the redressing of those Irish grievances which require to be redressed in order to place the three kingdoms upon a footing of legislative, judicial, ecclesiastical, and commercial equality. If it be competent for British legislation, in this address assumes, by the enactment of just laws, to keep industrious and enterprising Irishmen at home, adding millions to the imperial treasury, and multiplying the candidates for the military and naval defence of the empire, then most assuredly it should be the desire of all classes in this country to advocate such legislation with the least possible delay. And that such is the conviction of some English members of parliament, the speech by Mr. Forster, M. P. for Bradford, abundantly testifies.—*Hull Advertiser.*

ROMISH TENDENCIES.—An influential deputation consisting of the leading gentlemen of Castle Knock parish, which includes Phoenix park, have waited upon the Archbishop of Dublin to complain of innovations in the mode of conducting the Church service introduced by the rector, which caused general dissatisfaction, thinned the congregation, and led to the retirement of the Rev. J. Digby Cooke from the curacy. The Archbishop ordered the removal of a cross from the front of the pulpit, and required the whole of the altar-like structure substituted for the communion-table to be covered over. He also required the discontinuance of some objectionable practices in the mode of conducting public worship. Discontent from similar causes has arisen in other parishes of the diocese. Some of the clergy are becoming too aesthetic for the taste of the Protestant laity of this country, who have a strong tincture of Puritanism in their faith, hold firmly by the right of private judgment, and cannot easily be brought to regard the Book of Common Prayer as an authority more binding upon their consciences than the Bible, without note or comment. They are especially jealous of any innovations having a Roman tendency, and are more inclined to claim Christian brotherhood with Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Independents, and Baptists than with Roman Catholics. On the other hand, when the bishops and dignitaries of the Church write or speak upon Christian unity, and deplore the divisions of Christendom, they almost invariably refer to the Church of Rome, and ignore the Protestant Dissenters.—*Times Cor.*

AN IRISH CATTLE-DEALER STABBED AT HOLYHEAD.—Information has reached Kingstown that in a lodging-house at Holyhead, on Wednesday morning, two Irish cattle-dealers, named Welsh and Hunt, while engaged in playing cards, fell out, and had an angry dispute about the result of the game, which terminated, as reported, in Welsh stabbing Hunt repeatedly with a knife, from the effects of which he is alleged to have died shortly afterwards. Hunt's brother was telegraphed for, and has left for Holyhead by the mail steamer leaving Kingstown on Wednesday evening at 7.15 p.m.—*Dublin Irishman.*

DEATH OF MR. JUSTICE BALL.—We regret to have to announce the demise of Judge Ball. The deceased, Right Hon. Nicholas Ball, was son of the late John Ball, Esq., of Eccles-street, in this city, and was second Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He was born in the year 1791. He sat for the representation of Clonmel from 1836 to 1839. He became Attorney-General for Ireland in 1838, and a Privy Councillor in the same year. In the year 1839 he was promoted to the Bench, and discharged the judicial duties for a longer period than any other judge in the United Kingdom. The late judge exhibited, during his career at the Bar, qualities which entitled him to the distinction bestowed upon him by his party. He was a sound and able lawyer, and presided at some celebrated trials, in which his talents were tested and displayed. Amongst them may be mentioned the State prosecution of Mr. Gavan Duffy, and the great Mountgarrett case, in which his charge to the jury elicited the warm admiration of the eminent counsel engaged. He enjoyed at one period the largest share of equity practice. He was the second Roman Catholic barrister who was raised to the bench after the passing of the Emancipation Act, the first having been the late Sir Michael O'Loghlen, who sat for a short time in the Common Pleas, and afterwards became Master of the Rolls.—*Id.*

There is no grievance so intolerable to the body politic as a huge insult, however well disguised or plausibly qualified. Of all insults the most galling is a legal one. And for this simple reason: law is designed for protection, and not for offence. Under the British constitution it is supposed to be no respecter of persons. It is supposed that before it we are all equal. It follows, therefore, that a badge of inferiority fixed by law under that constitution upon a vast body of the subjects, is an insult of double dye, and exasperating in the highest degree. The badge of inferiority which the law has fixed on the Catholics of Ireland is the Protestant Church Establishment. This institution is in its nature not only a direct wrong, but a direct and a gross insult, in its essence, operations, and in all its relations, directly and indirectly, it is an insult. Nothing can be conceived more offensive than declaring by statute a Christian creed damnable and idolatrous; nothing more audacious than proclaiming the religion of one in seven of the population to be the religion of the state. But what shall we say of the infamous stigma when we see the law taxing the seven to pay the clergyman of the one, and taxing him oppressively, and under false pretences.—*Id.*

A ship called the Brothers' Pride, belonging to Messrs. Ferrie, Brothers, and commanded by Captain Payater, arrived in Queenstown, on Saturday, Dec. 23, from Callao, which place she left early in September. Amongst the crew shipped at Callao was a man named Coleman, a native of Passage. About two days after the Brothers' Pride had sailed from port, Coleman mysteriously disappeared. He was searched for in every part of the vessel, even to where the cargo, which was composed of guano, was stowed, but nowhere could he be found. Repeated quests for the missing man were made, but with the like result. It was then thought he had fallen overboard, and he was entered in the log book as dead, and his clothes and other effects were set up to auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder. The vessel made a fair passage, and sighted Cork harbor on Saturday morning, eighty days after she had left Callao. While preparations were being made to cast anchor, a human face, to the consternation of the sailors, appeared above the hold, then the entire body, and the apparition advanced towards the men and said, 'I may as well give you a pull, boys.' As soon as the sailors recovered from their momentary alarm they recognised in the apparition their long lost comrade, Coleman, looking dirty, no doubt, but not otherwise the worse for his long incarceration. He had been eighty days concealed in the hold of the vessel amongst bags of guano. How he managed to subsist, is a matter of mystery, rendered greater by the fact that the crew were rather short of provisions for part of the voyage. He was brought on shore and given into the custody of the police to await whatever proceeding Captain Payater may bring against him.—*Cork Examiner.*