

ing whom very few of us know anything more, unless indeed it be that he possessed a taste for beautiful scenery. This taste it was that caused the ruin of a country-side, and spread desolation and mourning where happiness and peace had been. Mr. Adair who unfortunately happened to travel in that part of Ireland about thirty years ago was delighted with the scenery of Derryveigh and in consequence became the purchaser of a large tract of the surrounding country. But no where in the world except among the negro slaves of the Southern States, then approaching their emancipation, could such results have followed as befell the tenants of the lands purchased. The late Mr. A. M. Sullivan in his "New Ireland," has given a touching description of what followed. He tells us how the unsuspecting people, whom he likens to the Macdonalds of Glencoe, were surrounded suddenly one April morning in 1861 by soldiers and policemen, and driven from their houses which were levelled to the ground before their eyes. "Dearly did they cling to their homes till the last moment," wrote the correspondent of the *Derry Standard*, "and while the male population bestirred themselves in clearing the houses of what scanty furniture they contained, the women and children remained within till the sheriff's bailiff warned them out, and even then it was with difficulty they could tear themselves away from the scenes of happier days. In many cases they bade an affectionate adieu to their former peaceable but now desolate homes. One old man, near the fourscore years and ten, on leaving his house for the last time reverently kissed the doorposts, with all the impassioned tenderness of an emigrant leaving his native land. His wife and children followed his example, and in agonised silence the afflicted family stood by and watched the destruction of their dwelling. In another case an old man, aged ninety, who was lying ill in bed, was brought out of the house in order that formal possession might be taken, but readmitted for a week to permit of his removal. In nearly every house there was some one far advanced in age—many of them tottering to the grave—while the sobs of helpless children took hold of every heart. When dispossessed, the families grouped themselves on the ground, beside the ruins of their late homes, having no refuge near. The dumb animals refused to leave the wallsteads, and in some cases were with difficulty rescued from the falling timbers. As night set in the scene became fearfully sad. Passing along the base of the mountain the spectator might have observed near to each house its former inmates crouching round a turf fire, close by a hedge; and as a drizzling rain poured upon them they found no cover, and were entirely exposed to it—but only sought to warm their famished bodies. Many of them were but miserably clad, and on all sides the greatest desolation was apparent. I learned afterwards that the great majority of them lay out all night, either behind the hedges or in a little wood which skirts the lake; they had no other alternative. I believe many of them intend resorting to the poorhouse. There these poor starving people remain on the cold bleak mountains, no one caring for them, whether they live or die. 'Tis horrible to think of, but more horrible to behold." Mr. Sullivan goes on to tell of how an effort was made to help these poor people, and how the Australian Donegal Celtic Relief Committee chiefly, at the instigation of the late Hon. Michael O'Grady, provided funds and enabled their survivors to emigrate—their survivors only however—"The poor people were sought out and collected. Some by this time had sunk beneath their sufferings. One man named Bradley had lost his reason under the shock. Other cases were nearly as heartrending. There were old men who would keep wandering over the hills in view of their ruined homes, full of the idea that some day Mr. Adair might let them return, but who at last had to be borne to the distant work-house hospital to die." Mr. Sullivan concludes as follows:—"In the Autumn of last year I revisited Donegal, I sat upon the shore of that lonely lake, and looked down the shadowed valley. On a jutting point, beneath the lofty slope of the wooded mountain, Mr. Adair has built a castle. It may be that the charms which Selkirk could not discover in solitude delight him in 'this desolate place.' No doubt 'the enchanting beauty' which he said first drew him to the spot is unimpaired to view—Glenveigh is and ever will be beautiful. But for my part, as I gazed upon the scene, my sense of enjoyment was mingled with memories full of pain. My thoughts wandered back to that terrible April morning on Gartan side. In fancy I heard rolling across those hills the widow's wail, the women's parting cry, I thought of the farewell at the graves; of the crowd upon the fore-deck of that steamer. Again I marked their tears, their sobs. Once more, above the paddle's plash and the seamen's bustling shout, I thought I heard the wuffed prayer of 'God be with Glenveigh!'"—But how would the echoes of those cries and of that prayer of the exile sound in the dying ears of the man who had caused their utterance, or do these hard hearts remain callous and unmoved to the end? In any case well may the *Derry Journal* write:—"There is dead to-day on the Atlantic wave a man the mention of whose name will stir the blood in the hearts of Donegal men. An American packet is bearing to a grave in Irish soil the remains of one who in life swept ruthlessly hundreds of families from the land where for generations their fore-fathers had dwelt, John George Adair, the scourge of Glenveigh, as he was called, is no more. Who speaks but good of the dead need

never name John George Adair. Though obelisk as high as London's monument should record his praise, Glenveigh in its desolate grandeur will overshadow it, and with the dead despot's memory for ever associate a ruthless will and ruined homes."—But even yet there are some who survive of like mind with John George Adair—and the scenes of Glenveigh are still in too many instances repeated. The negro slave has been fully emancipated, but the hour of the Irish tenant's complete safety is not yet arrived.

Another and a very important testimony to the efficiency of the schools conducted by members of the religious Orders reaches us. It comes this time from the commissioners appointed by the British Government, to inquire into technical education, and relates to Irish schools.—It runs as follows:—"There is a conviction, and it is one which our visits have fully confirmed in our minds, that the children and the young people of Ireland of the labouring class possess great manual dexterity and aptitude which only requires to be developed in order to be useful to themselves and to those amongst whom they live. As evidence of this, we need only refer to the remarkable success of the Christain Brothers and to that of the ladies of religious Orders in training children and young persons for handicrafts in industrial schools and other institutions of a like nature." On the other hand we find some testimony of an opposite kind borne towards those models of all godless schools, the public schools of the United States.—First, Mr. Edward Lauterbach presents his report on education to the annual meeting at New York of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum Society. "The children under their charge," he said, "ought to leave those walls, fully qualified to engage in industrial pursuits and not be pointed at as barterers and traffickers. He did not wish to cast any aspersion on their public schools, but the system of education was one which rather tended to unfit the graduates for applying themselves to trades. Much more might be taught in them, and much more left unlearned. Therefore, the necessity of giving their charges a technical education, and keeping them as much as possible in the institution for that purpose." The second witness is Congressman Hewitt who spoke as follows in an interview with a reporter of the *Tribune*, referring to an examination for appointments as cadets at West Point and Annapolis of thirty-four candidates.—"I was surprised to see how few of the boys were up to the required physical standard. It don't speak well for our young men of to-day if this is an average showing." "How did the twelve who met the physical test stand the mental examination?" "Not first rate. They were bright enough and seemed well-informed, but there was a want of the practical ability to apply their information. There was a lack of method, not of ability. I am inclined to think that it comes from our public school training of to-day. Nearly all the boys were graduates of the public schools. I was graduated from a public school, but it appears to me that the present system has separated itself from the practical training which the scholars received when the three 'Rs' were the basis of a public school education."—On all sides, then, the excellence of the system of the religious schools is testified to, and in many quarters testimony is borne adverse to the teaching given, at a heavy cost, in godless schools. But still because some men hate Christianity and others are desirous of raising up disciples for their infidel conventicles, and, above all, of securing supporters for their public career, rendered docile by the half-learning that makes those who possess it eager to swallow every new and empty theory in favour of which a show of false science may be made, the people are to be taxed beyond their reasonable powers, and some of them, in addition to that, are to be fined, so that godlessness may be the educational order of the day. It is a condition of things to which it is hard to submit with patience.

PRINCE BISMARCK is really not acting nicely at all by England at the present juncture of affairs. England has all along sympathised in a PARTIALLY great degree with him.—There can be no doubt but SHOWS that her good wishes, on the whole, were with him HIS TEETH. in the war against France, and subsequently when he entered upon the *Kulturkampf* she applauded him highly, and most ardently wished him success. In her heart as well as openly, she was his most sincere ally when he made war against the Pope. But, in return, this Bismarck is proving sadly ungrateful. Whether he has some ends of his own to gain or not we are unable to say, but that he is capable of a long course of intrigue to bring about the fulfilment of an object that he has in view, his late confession respecting the part he acted preparatory to the Schleswig-Holstein war gives ample proof. He plotted a long time to attain by war the ends he then desired, and when the will of all Europe—even that of the people he was determined on annexing to Germany was opposed to him, or at best indifferent. It is not likely that he is now pursuing a perverse course without some ulterior object, but what that is who, except some one of as inscrutable a nature as his own, can pretend to discover? All that seems certain is that into his plans there enters the desirableness or the necessity of involving England in war, or of submitting her to such humilia-