

only about that which you positively know; keep yourself from bad associations; from friendships here with no one without consulting me. Think frequently of your mother; that thought will sustain you in your severe labors; for life here is without rest, and we must be indefatigable. As you are here without parents, you will have your chamber in the house, and two thousand francs— We shall see by and by. Go, my child.

All this was said in English, in the brief and precise tone, which was according to the habit of Monsieur Wolff. But he had not said all that he thought of the fortunate manner in which George had known how to extricate himself, in a short a time from the formidable work which had been entrusted to him.

“He is the man whom I need,” said he to himself; “combining zeal with calmness; education with modesty, and simplicity with confidence.—How far we may go before finding such a character. That lad will make his way.”

CHAPTER VI.—PROGRESS.

Monsieur Wolff had spoken truly; life in that house was without rest from labor. This agreeable man, who received so many visitors, who went into society every day, who was so taken up with love of the fine arts, with zeal for public affairs, with affection for the duties of charity, by a problem which could not be solved, was always there—always. Long before day he had written many letters, had made the tour of the offices, given a glance at each department of his house, judging the absentees by the arrangements of their papers, and the condition of their pens; unable to endure the least disorder, still less a minute of tardiness.

In one of his morning circuits, Monsieur Wolff found George at his desk, lighted by a nearly exhausted lamp. George was so completely absorbed in his labor, that he did not hear the entrance of his employer.

“This house must be very badly secured,” said the banker, “how did you enter here, when I have but just unfastened the double lock?”

“I beg you to excuse me,” said George, “but a very serious affair with Montreal was to be arranged by this morning, and I found no other way to be in time. Thank Heaven, that work is finished, and I believe that by writing this morning to Havre your interests will be secure?”

And he presented the banker the papers concerning an important debt, with the necessary documents for obtaining its recovery in proper time.

“George, I am compelled to reprimand you,” said Monsieur Wolff; “you have set a bad example, and your responsibility is compromised.—Are you, then, the master here? You should have consulted me. How wearied your eyes look! Go and rest yourself for some time, and never do the like again.”

Then recalling him kindly, after having rapidly examined the bundle of papers:

“George,” said he, “you are a brave youth; your mother is happy in having such a son.—Keep yourself for her. I am desirous of terminating this Montreal matter, for those debtors are disquieting, and the matter is a serious one. I was about to look exactly where you were in it, and all delay would have been fatal. You have, therefore, done very well for me, and, perhaps for yourself also.”

Notwithstanding these recommendations, it sometimes happened that George rendered himself liable to be chidden for his labor at unreasonable hours; but he always excused himself on the urgency of the business, and asked pardon so frankly, that Monsieur Wolff was each day more pleased with the capacity and the modesty of his young co-laborer.

VII.—THE GREAT WORLD.

Monsieur Wolff remarked that George was always clad with an unvaried simplicity, and sometimes even with negligence.

“George,” he said to him one day, “a man as diligent as you are should take care of his money. Would you have any objection to exhibit to me your book of receipts and expenses? Do not feel hurt; it is from an interest in you that I make this request. I fear that your income is not sufficient for your wants.”

“Quite the contrary, dear sir,” George replied, “I am able, thanks to your generosity to lay something by.”

And he presented to Monsieur Wolff a leather-bound account-book. Monsieur Wolff glanced through it with a word of excuse, and returned it without saying anything; for he would not exhibit the emotion which overpowered him.

George had sent to his poor mother more than half of his wages, and had yet disposed of some crowns for charitable objects, and for the relief of the poor.

The next day Monsieur Wolff said to George:—

“It must be that you will do honor to my house. I frequently receive visits from Americans who are not acquainted with French; your assistance would perhaps be useful to us in the parlor. But the expenses of your appearance will be at my charge; your wages will be three thousand francs a year, and the first three months have already expired.”

It was without the least embarrassment that George found himself, at seven o'clock, seated at a sumptuous table, surrounded by people of the great world, whose circumstances differed so widely from the restrained state which he had lived. It certainly did not belong to so young a man to lead the conversation in company. A young man should be like a full-toned harp, which yields harmonious sounds only when it is questioned by skillful fingers.

I can be witness to his success; for with an attention to which I was most sensible, George had not forgotten his faithful companion. He had taken care to detach me from his working coat, and fasten me securely in the sleeve of his new garment which, with the simplicity of good taste, set off the elegance of his form, and the attractions of his person.

Monsieur Wolff, the rigorous and impassable laborer in his office, became, at the table, an agreeable companion; and, in the salon, a brilliant conversationalist. He had, above all, that

rare faculty of making the especial wit or wisdom of his visitors to flow as freely as the water from the rock, smitten by the rod of Moses. In the discussions, ranging from horse-races to fashionable exhibitions, and to the little politeness of the day, George preserved a becoming silence, and appeared to listen with interest. But he was presently questioned concerning some particulars of his travels in Germany. He had observed much: works of art, monuments of antiquities, were known to him; and he could support his opinions with a modest firmness which remained without contradiction.

Madame Wolff was a genteel person, very affable and very frivolous. She regarded as a curiosity this serious personage of twenty years, who was discussing some questions of Teutonic Archaeology, and who left in his glass the golden wreath from the banks of the Rhine, which was not forgotten by the other guests.

“Please tell us, Monsieur George,” said a raised and yet drawing voice, such as is affected by some fashionable ladies, “please tell us the history of this marvellous pin, which we have heard so much about, and which you still carry, I believe, upon your sleeve. Is it, then, a very choice talisman?”

The attention of all the company was directed towards the poor young man, and towards my little head, which really shone upon the new cuff.

George, who was full of confidence when he was engaged in his studies, his duties, or his business, became very timid when it was a question concerning himself, and, above all, when a young woman, whom he could not but acknowledge to be charming, called upon him thus before an assembly.

“Madame,” he replied, in a voice sweet-toned but full of emotion, “I am permitted to regard as a talisman this little pin, which has assisted me to relieve from very embarrassing circumstances the beings who are dear to me; and which, thanks to the benevolence of Monsieur Wolff, has gained me admittance into your house. I know the obligations which such a favor imposes upon me. I shall always keep this precious pin, that it may lead me to remember them, if ever I should be in danger of forgetting them.”

A murmur of approbation followed this circumstance reply. The history of the pin was then recounted, and commented upon by a committee of curious women, who regarded, while talking in a whisper, the hero of the adventure. George, to escape from this scrutiny, resumed a conversation with his neighbors upon the Dusseldorf school of painting, the principal masters of which he had known.

They withdrew to the salon. A lady placed herself at the piano. Music is something which immediately excites the sympathies, arrests attention, and touches all hearts. There were on this occasion none of those vaquished difficulties which resemble the music of a battle, and the execution of which reminds one of St. George combating the dragon. There were waves of melody, dreams of sweet and so vague, that the soul felt entranced and charmed.

“Encore! encore!” they all exclaimed.

“And that sweet nocturn of Schubert,” said Monsieur Wolff, “with which you nearly made us weep, shall we not have it this evening?”

“I have not four hands,” said the lady, “will you assist me?”

He made no reply.

“How unfortunate!” exclaimed Madame Wolff “have we no one here to assist you?”

“If I dared,” said George, “I would propose to accompany you. I have frequently heard this favorite melody of the Germans, and I think I remember it.”

All praised the readiness of the young man; and the beautiful piece which the two performers played created a profound sensation. They requested a repetition of the last part, which was executed with a still more expressive sentiment; and the lady appeared greatly astonished to find so correct and confident an execution in her young assistant. Monsieur Wolff, who was a passionate dilettante, was among the angels.

“You know, then, how to do something else besides making figures, Monsieur, the close-mouth?” he said to George, taking him familiarly by the ear.

“Was it also your pin,” asked Madame Wolff, “who taught you how to charm us all? You will lend it to me, at least?”

George bowed, covered with a confusion which rendered him more interesting, and disappeared in a crowd of talkers.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The London Tablet says: A rumor is in circulation to the effect that the bishops, at their recent meeting, named the four archbishops as a deputation to communicate with the government, that the Archbishop of Tuam declined to act; that the Primate and the Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel, accepting the deputation, arrived in London, and had an interview with Sir George Grey last week; and that it was arranged, in consideration of an endowment of £25,000 a year, that the Catholic University should renounce its original establishment and designation as a university under the Papal Bull and decree of the Synod of Thurles, and should accept from the government letters patent constituting it a Queen's College in Ireland; that the archbishops wished to have it called the Catholic University College, Queen's University, but that the government objected to any reference being made to its original foundation, and especially in coupling the titles of the two antagonistic institutions in any way together; that it was accordingly arranged that it should be called simply the Queen's College, Dublin; in fine, that the government agreed to add five Catholic gentlemen of their own selection to the senate of the Queen's University, and that the names are—Lord Castlereagh, M.P.; Mr. Justice O'Hagan, Mr. Mossell, M.P.; Mr. Montesquieu Bellav, and Sir John Bowley.

THE CLERGY AND FENIANISM.—The Tralee Chronicle of Tuesday says.—On Sunday last, the Vicar-General and Parish Priest of Tralee, Father Mawe, addressed his flock with great earnestness and impressiveness, respecting the proceedings, progress, and contemplations of the Fenian organization. He warned his congregation, especially the young men, against permitting themselves to be inveigled into a confederation, the objects of which were anti-religious as well as anti-social, and which aimed at re-

volution, through slaughter, and at the dominion of the laity in all things; as well in those relating to education and faith as to politics. He condemned their proceedings as reckless, and he warned the thoughtful to beware, as the authorities, aware of everything that was being done, would pounce upon them whenever they became dangerous, and would, of course, have as their instruments of punishment the very men who were most active in propagating the iniquitous system against which the venerated pastor warned them. Father Mawe had one topic in his discourse consolatory. He assured his hearers that the laevan of Fenianism had not penetrated the well ordered or the respected portion of the community.

THE PRISONERS FOR HIGH TREASON.—Investigation at the City Gaol, Cork.—On yesterday the prisoners charged with high treason at the City Gaol were brought up at the Governor's office in that building for further examination. The presiding magistrate were Messrs Orona, R.M., and MacLeod, R.M., Mr. S. Gilman, Crown Prosecutor, appeared for the crown, Mr. J. J. Collins for the prisoners. The prisoners have, by the recent arrests, been raised to the number of nine, and are John Keenally and Patrick O'Shaughnessy, drapers' clerks; Bryan Dillon, attorney's clerk; Mark Adams, engineer; John Lynch, no occupation; John Thompson, grocer's clerk; Michael Murphy, hatter; Pat Crowley and Pat Dunn, carpenters. As had been previously rumoured the person on whose information the arrests were made, was an ex-prisoner named John Warner. The investigation commenced by the identification of the prisoners by Warner, who then deposed that in March, 1864, he was a sergeant in the militia, and while attending drill in Kinsale he was met one day in the barrack yard by Crowley, who after some conversation swore him in as a Fenian on a prayerbook. He swore to be a true and faithful member of the brotherhood, to keep its counsel, to obey its officers, and to assist its object—the ‘freeing of Ireland from the British yoke, and the establishment of an independent republic.’ He soon after came to Cork and met the prisoners, who were members of the same society; had treasonable conversations with them, and frequently drilled them and others. The witness was then cross-examined by Mr. Collins at considerable length. At the conclusion of the witness's cross-examination Mr Gilman applied for a remand for eight days, which application was at once granted. The inquiry commenced at one o'clock and did not terminate till a late hour in the evening. A few facts about the previous career of the informer may not be uninteresting. Warner was originally a soldier, and was drummed out for misconduct. He subsequently served in the militia, and was living at Bandon at some time in the year 1864. At this time he was a Protestant, and moreover a bitter Orangeman. However, having, it is said, been dismissed from the employment of a Protestant gentleman in which he was at the time, he changed at once his residence and his religion, came to Cork, and became a devout Catholic. He had previously been, he states, sworn in as a Fenian, and he soon fell in with the members of the brotherhood in this city, and making himself remarkable for his zeal in the cause, was, after passing through various grades, promoted to the rank of Colonel. However, unfortunately for Colonel Warner, his high military rank was unaccompanied with any of those solid advantages, usual in other services; and some three months since, the gallant officer found himself exceedingly hard up. He was then allowed to take a step which showed either an astonishing want of brains or funds on the part of the chiefs of the brotherhood. This distinguished officer, this trusted depository of every Fenian secret was allowed to present himself for admission as a pauper in the Bandon Board of Guardians, and has for three months back vegetated in that institution, his piteous demands for assistance being entirely disregarded by his Cork brothers. Accordingly, Col. Warner determined at a single stroke at once to fill his pockets and avenge his wrongs, and gave the local authorities the information, on which nine prisoners charged with high treason now lie in the City Gaol.—Cork Examiner.

The Cork Examiner states that Drum-Major Butler, of the 2nd Queen's Own, and a Sergeant of the 99th Regiment, have been arrested. With them, it is said, were found documents showing that they were connected with the Fenian Brotherhood. The wild rumors are in circulation here as to a widespread disaffection existing amongst the troops at present quartered in the city, and it is stated that further arrests will be made.

Approved ‘croppy pikes’ are said to have been found concealed in the forge of a smith named Harty in a spot indicated by Warner, the ‘informer.’—Cork Reporter.

R. Warner, the informer, was an Orangeman and a Fenian both—before he became a ‘convert,’ pauper, and ‘informer.’

The Cork Constitution says:—The city is proclaimed: and the thousands of Fenians who infect it will be subjected to a constraint that will deprive their military propensities of their accustomed indulgence. Let there be a special commission to try the worst batch of blockheads.

THE WEST COAST DEFENSES.—We have just learned that orders have been received by the government; contractors at Union Hall to be prepared with provisions, as gunboats will be stationed at Glendora and Castletownsend.—Cork Paper.

FENIANISM NOT THE ROAD TO FREEDOM.—There is disaffection, deep-seated and profound, among the people of Ireland. Were it otherwise, the circumstance would be a reproach to their manhood, a proof that the spirit of independence, the quality of self-respect, all ideas of national honour, all sense of public degradation, had departed from among them, and that they had sunk to the condition of stupid, uncomplaining slaves. No race of white men in the world could be subjected to the treatment which Irishmen are made to endure, without feeling resentment against their oppressors, and seeking to put an end to their oppression. No people have ever endured in patience such injuries, such outrages, such persecution, as the people of Ireland have suffered at the hands of their foreign masters. Grievances less sharp and real have driven other people to resistance in its most desperate forms. From such resistance the Irish have been restrained only by their consciousness of the vastly superior force with which it could be met, and by the hope of lighting on a time when the occupation of that force by other engagements would place the chances of freedom in their hands.

Is there anything surprising in all this? Is it at all wonderful that the people of Ireland should object to being ruled by foreigners, who, when they have not been burning, wasting, and slaying throughout the island, have at any rate been robbing by more ingenious and orderly methods, and driving millions of Irishmen into exile? Is it wonderful that their feelings should be aroused by the avowed intent to turn their country into a mere pasture ground for the use of England? Is it astonishing that their blood should have been stirred by the official declaration that another half a million of them ‘must go?’ Is it marvellous that they, weary and ashamed of the begging appeals periodically made for them at the doors of all the nations, should desire to turn the abounding wealth of their own land to their own use and benefit? Is it in any way a dishonour to them that they should offer to relieve England of all responsibility for their government, to take from her hands a task for the honest discharge of which she has proved her utter incompetence, and should claim for themselves the right to be rulers within the four seas of Ireland? No! it is nothing of the kind. It is impossible to give the case of Ireland a fair consideration and not feel bound to admit that the ‘disaffection’ whose manifestations are so distasteful to England, is the inevitable result of the treatment she

has chosen to give to a brave race whom she has been able to defeat but will never be able to subjugate.

Every true friend of Ireland, however, must desire that those feelings of resentment against wrong, that impatience of a degrading control, those aspirations for national liberty, shall not be given such a direction as would result in bringing fresh sufferings and humiliations on the country. Common sense, reason and religion unite in imposing such a check on the promptings of enthusiasm and the projects of self-deluded men. We have no grounds for believing that the movement indicated by such demonstrations as are now being referred to in the public press could be productive of anything but disaster to all honest men who may be connected with it.—Nation.

DISAFFECTION OF THE CORK GARRISON.—We have received information, on reliable authority that strongly convinces us that the government have taken a wise and a merciful course in arresting any members of the conspiracy they have proof against, as likely, not alone to save the unfortunate victims themselves from a worse fate, but the country, from pillage and bloodshed, that must have been the inevitable consequence if the plans of the so-called Brotherhood had been carried out, as sketched in the programme, prepared, we presume, in America by some evil spirits. The extensive ramifications of the society are only now becoming known, it having been ascertained without a doubt that a very large number of the military at present stationed in Cork Barracks are not alone disaffected, but absolutely sworn members; so much so that it was thought advisable by the authorities to draft in the artillery from Ballincollig, to be ready for a blow up of the ‘bold soldier boy,’ should they attempt any movement consequent to the arrests in the city.—Cork Reporter.

With reference to the above Cork Constitution says:—How the disaffection of the ‘very large number of the military’ has been ‘ascertained’ we do not know; but had there been occasion for their services, we apprehend the Brotherhood would have had little cause to congratulate themselves on their sympathy. We doubt if a single soldier would have hesitated to shoot any one he was ordered to fire on, and we believe that the rebel who reckoned on the forbearance of his military allies would find himself considerably mistaken. Nevertheless, the writer must have authority for what, if not true, would be a gross calumny on a ‘very large number’ of men sworn to be loyal. Of course, then, we shall hear more of it, for they who are ‘ascertained’ to have been sworn in as Fenians must be brought to trial.—But have any been so ascertained? Does the General know anything about it? As to the purpose for which the artillery are ordered to have been drafted in from Ballincollig, we will not ask any military man—not the tiniest tyro that ever trod in shoes—what he thinks of that. The worst of such statements is, that they lead the disaffected to fancy that there is aid for them where there should be none, and where they will find none should they seek it.

ALLEGED FENIANISM IN THE ARMY.—The following telegram appeared in the third edition of Wednesday's Irish Times:—

“Cork.—On parade in the barracks on Wednesday, the Sergeant-Major of the 99th Regiment was called by the Colonel into the guard-room, and shown a roll-book taken from one of the Fenians who was arrested, with a list of names certified as having passed drill instructions. The Sergeant-Major at once acknowledged his signature, and was immediately given into custody. A soldier of the same regiment and a civilian have also been arrested. Great excitement here.”

The Cork Examiner says:—

“The naval dockyard at Queenstown is about being pushed forward with vigour. Instructions have been sent down from the Admiralty to have working sheds, tool-houses, and cooking and dining apartments prepared at Haulbowline for 300 convicts. Ships are also to be constructed at Spike for the landing of barges, to be employed in conveying the men to and fro. Tenders from local builders have been invited for the construction of a steam barge to tow the others.”

We are concerned to learn, from the Cork Reporter, that “a very large number of the military at present stationed in the Cork Barracks are not alone disaffected, but sworn members.” This is a very serious statement, and although our contemporary is generally well informed, and moderate in its assertions, we are strongly inclined to doubt the accuracy of this assertion, even though the Reporter assures us that “it has been ascertained beyond doubt.” In France and other continental states the ‘fraternization’ of the military with insurgents is not without precedent, but in the British army, we believe, such an occurrence is unknown. In connection with this very alarming statement of our southern contemporary we may state that the 2nd Battalion of the 1st Royals left the Curragh Camp yesterday morning per special train to join the headquarters of the regiment at Cork. Whether the movement had anything in connection with the alleged ‘disaffection’ of the Cork Garrison we, of course, cannot pretend to say; but we are inclined to look on the removal of those men to Cork as a compliance with the memorial of the magistrates, and for the purpose of co-operating, if necessary, with the civil power in carrying out the provisions of the Peace Preservation Act. Mr. Stephens, for whom the reward of £200 was offered on Saturday, still continues at large; and we perceive that a reward of a similar sum has been offered for the apprehension of Mr. Geary, whom the Cork police did not succeed in capturing. The Cork Reporter states that a man named Warner is the informer in that city. In the course of the day three arrests were made in Dublin, which increases the number of prisoners now in the hands of the police here and in Cork to no less than thirty-eight.

We could understand men speaking of measuring swords with England, if we had an independent parliament in Dublin, a revenue of £10,000,000 a year, and an army of 200,000 disciplined soldiers, with able generals at their head, and a commissariat to feed them. If we had such powers as these on our side, and the Green Flag unfurled to the breeze, we would say with all our heart—‘Go forth to the battle and conquer!’

But we shall never take part in a little uprising of a county or any of those paltry rebellions, where the informer can play his part, which would do injury to no one but those engaged in them. We think all such things as these are nothing but the work of fools, and we advise our countrymen to have nothing to do with them. They could serve no one but our enemies, and in that case they should do their utmost to avoid them.—Dundalk Democrat.

A report is in circulation that the action of the Government with regard to the swoop which it has so suddenly and unexpectedly made on the Fenians was hastened by information received from the English Minister at Washington. How far this may be true, it is of course, at present difficult to say. In a time of commotion, by political arrests, all kinds of rumors are certain to be in circulation. But as the rumor in question is a curious one, we may as well say what the nature of it is. It is stated that the English Minister at Washington communicated with the Cabinet in London, and informed them that agents from Ireland had arrived in the United States, and had enlisted, or were endeavouring to enlist, disbanded soldiers of the Federal service, for the purpose of transferring them to Ireland to take part in an intended insurrection. This information, coming from such a source, could not be disregarded; and assuming that it has come, it goes to show that the leaders and agents of the Fenian movement were not idle in the effort to carry out their plans. If it be true as asserted, that the United States Minister for Foreign Affairs has given his sanction to the Fenian movement, with a view to an attack on Canada if Ireland could not be successfully assailed, it is not likely that the information said to have been forward-

ded from Washington to London could have been derived from Mr. Seward. This gentleman does not entertain a friendly feeling towards England. If she were going to get a blow he would not care much to ward it off. In this Fenian business, England did not, perhaps, want any information from Mr. Seward. Fenian meetings have been held in different parts of America in the most public manner; and no doubt, at those gatherings there were English agents fully posted up on everything connected with the projected rising, as there were in Ireland, and in the very councils of the Fenians, lots of informers and spies ready for pay to denounce their deluded accomplices to the Government.—Dublin Irishman.

The wildest rumours are flying about; and among the rumours one is very generally circulated and believed in—namely, that it was a member of the Brotherhood, and one moreover who had been engaged in teaching drill and military manoeuvres, who played the part of traitor. The very readiness with which this rumor was caught up, supposing it not true, is a proof of the little trust which popular experience has shown may be placed in such organizations and on what slender reliance men will rest their liberties and even their lives. The law and the power at the command of the authorities are too strong to be contended with; and putting aside altogether the higher motives which should induce those who love, or who affect to love, their country, to refrain from disturbing her peace, and giving loose to evil passions of every kind, there now is the motive for self-protection. Appealing then to common sense and personal interest of those who may have been entangled into an organization which is formidable only for mischief, we advise them to abandon it with all possible speed. If they have families dependent upon them, as several of the men now in the City Jail have, let them, in the name of God, think of those who have the first and boldest claim on their love and protection, and avoid what must be prejudicial to their dearest interests. Were those to whom we now appeal, and appeal as well for their own sake as for the peace and tranquillity of the country, arrested and held as prisoners in jail, to whom could they look for the support of their wives and little ones. Let them be assured that the warmest friends become very soon tired of assisting the calicives of those who, to adopt the heartless sneer which follows misfortune, have ‘made fools of themselves.’ It must now be seen that the authorities throughout the country—in Dublin as well as in Cork—are on the alert, and that those who are mad enough to try the issue with them are certain to become the victims of their miserable folly.—Cork Examiner.

The Temps publishes a letter from London, giving an historical sketch of the Fenian movement, from the pen of Louis Blanc, in which a contrast is established between the meritment with which the first announcement of that association and its objects was received, and the much more serious view now taken of it. The portion of his letter most interesting to the English reader is his conclusion, in which he gives his opinion as to the importance of the movement. He says:

I am quite willing to admit that the power of the Fenian Confederation has been enormously exaggerated in the American narration. I do not doubt that the English are able to crush Ireland did she attempt to resist them. I am agreed that the present movement has nothing very serious in an insurrectionary point of view, especially if we consider that it is disapproved by the Irish Catholic priests. But if Fenianism has no great importance as organized resistance, it has considerable importance as a symptom of the aversion of the Celtic race to Saxon domination. And what proves the violence of the feeling I speak of is exactly the remarkable fact that priestly influence is no longer needed to excite and stimulate it. Can one believe that such a feeling would not be an embarrassment and even a danger for England in the event of a war breaking out between her and the United States? There is a great deal to be deducted, I know, from those grievances of Ireland, about which she has sometimes made so much noise. It is certain that of the evil she has suffered in her compulsory conjunction with England hardly any now exist except in the history of the past. She may still sigh for the grant of tenant-right; even at the present day she has grounds for complaint of the monstrous share allotted to a Protestant clergy in a country where the great majority of the people are Catholic; but it is just to acknowledge she owes a great deal to the progress made in England during the last half-century by ideas of tolerance and justice. The rights of the citizen have long ceased to be refused to the Catholic. In 1860, out of 12 judges in the Irish magistracy, eight were Catholics; and in the English magistracy, out of 15 judges, four were Irish—Messrs. Willes, Keating, Hill, and Martin. Wellington and Castlereagh were Irishmen. The present Prime Minister of England, Lord Palmerston, is an Irishman. If Ireland is now better cultivated, if its soil has improved, if it tends to emerge from the system which covered it with miserable cabins inhabited by miserable cottiers; if middlemen have been gradually done away with and the owners of the soil brought more and more into immediate relations with those who occupy it; if vast domains, from which the proprietors knew not how to derive advantage, of which the profitable cultivation by farmers was impossible for want of fixed leases, and which could not be improved for want of a sufficient revenue, have at last gradually passed into the hands of intelligent and active capitalists, promising thus to put an end in Ireland to the divorce of capital and agriculture,—if all this has been done these happy results have sprung from a series of legislative measures, such as the Land Improvement Act, the Renewable Leasehold Act, the Encumbered Estates Act, which have done more to improve the condition of the Irish than an Irish Legislature would probably have been able to do. But the question is not there. What is wanting between the two countries is the moral tie; it is the power of blending two races, each of which has its distinct genius, and which by their qualities as such as by their faults repel, instead of attract each other. The importance of Fenianism is only there, I think; but there it is.

We cannot believe, then, in a wholesale insurrectionary movement either in Ireland or from America. We cannot on the other hand, suppose that Government has bestirred itself without having some ground for alarm. Probably they have had intelligence of a filibustering prospecting excursion on the part of disbanded soldiers of the United States army.

Such an attempt, in our opinion, could only end in utter failure. We believe that any armed attempt now made against English power in Ireland could only prove disastrous. England is nearer to America; her army is ready to be poured into Ireland, her fleet—better than ever it was—guards the coast.

Holding by the maxim that ‘every man is innocent in the eye of the law until he be proved guilty,’ we can, therefore express no other opinion of those who have lately been arrested in Ireland until they shall have had an open and impartial trial before a jury of their countrymen. Until proof be shown, the law bids all men regard them as innocent. Irrespective of them altogether there seems, however, to be circumstantial evidence sufficient to show that the assertion of the Pall Mall Gazette has some truth in it—namely, that Government, made no move until it had full information concerning all the ramifications in Ireland. If this be true, does it not prove that no society can exist in this, or in any other country, unknown to a Government which wishes to know it?

And if Government can know this, it can know when to expect a landing from abroad, and what measures to take to render it abortive. As a matter of fact, no ships enters Queenstown from America without being searched. And to make this great re-