

"You found the money good," says he, "but it was not enough. No matter; you shall have enough, and to spare. I'll see after your luck, and I'll give you a hint whenever it can serve you; and any time you want to see me, you have only to come down here, and call my name to mind, and wish me present. You shan't owe a shilling by the end of the year; and you shall never miss the right card, the best throw, and the winning horse. Are you willing?"

The young gentleman's voice almost stuck in his throat, and his hair was rising on his head; but he did get a word or two to signify that he consented; and with that the Evil One handed him a needle, and bid him give him three drops of blood from his arm; and he took them in the cup of an acorn, and gave him a pen, and bid him write some words that he repeated, and that Sir Dominick did not understand, on two thin slips of parchment.—He took one himself, and the other he sunk in Sir Dominick's arm at the place where he drew the blood, and he closed the flesh over it. And that's as true as you're sittin' there!

Well, Sir Dominick went home. He was a frightened man, and well he might be. But in a little time he began to grow easier in his mind. Anyhow, he got out of debt very quick, money came tumbling in to make him richer, and everything he took in hand prospered, and he never made a wager or played a game but he won; and for all that there was not a poor man on the estate that was not happier than Sir Dominick.

So he took again to his old ways; for, when the money came back, all came back, and there was hounds and horses, and wine galore, and no end of company, and great doin's and diversions, up here at the great house. And some said Sir Dominick was thinkin' of gettin' married; and more said he wasn't. But, anyhow, there was somethin' troublin' him more than common, and so one night, unknownst to all, away he goes to the lonesome oak-wood. It was somethin', maybe, my grandfather thought was troublin' him about a beautiful young lady he was jealous of, and mad in love with her. But that was only guess.

Well, when Sir Dominick got into the woods this time he grew more in dread than ever; and he was on the point of leaving the place, when he should see, close behind him, but my gentleman, seated on a big stone under one of the trees. In place of looking the fine young gentleman in gold lace and grand clothes he appeared before, he was now in rags, he looked twice the size he had been, and his face smelted with soot; and he had a murtherin' big steel hammer, as heavy as a half-hundred, with a handle a yard long, between his knees. It was so dark under the tree that he did not see him quite clear for some time.

He stood up, and he looked awful tall entirely. And what passed between them in that discourse my grandfather never heard. But Sir Dominick was as black as night afterwards, and hadn't a laugh for anything nor a word a most for anyone, and he only grew worse, and darker and darker. And now this thing, whatever it was, used to come to him of its own accord, whether he wanted it or no; sometimes in one shape and sometimes in another, in lonesome places, and sometimes at his side by night when he'd be ridin' home alone; until at last he lost heart altogether, and sent for the priest.

The priest was with him for a long time, and when he heard the whole story he rode off all the way for the bishop, and the bishop came here to the great house next day, and he gave Sir Dominick a good advice. He told him he must give over drinkin', and swearin', and drinkin', and all bad company, and live a virtuous, steady life, until the seven years' bargain was out; and if the devil didn't come for him the minute after the stroke of twelve the first mornin' of the month of March, he was safe out of the bargain. There was not more than eight or ten months to run now before the seven years was out, and he lived all the time according to the bishop's advice, as strict as if he was "in retreat."

Well, you may guess he felt quare enough when the mornin' of the 28th of February came.

The priest came up by appointment, and Sir Dominick and his reverence wor together in the room you see there, and kep' up their prayers together till the clock struck twelve, and a good hour after, and not a sign of disturbance, nor nothing came near them, and the priest slep' that night in the house in the room next Sir Dominick's, and all went over as comfortable as could be, and they shook hands and kissed like two comrades after winning a battle.

So, now, Sir Dominick thought he might as well have a pleasant evening, after all his fastin' and prayin'; and he sent round to half a dozen of the neighboring gentlemen to come and dine with him, and his reverence stayed and dined also, and a roarin' bowl o' punch they had, and no end o' wine, and the swearin', and dice, and cards, and guineas changing hands, and songs and stories that wouldn't do anyone any good to hear; and the good priest slipped away when he seen the turn things was takin'; and it was not far from the stroke of twelve when Sir Dominick, sitting at the head of his table, swears, "This is the best first of March I ever sat down with my friends."

"It ain't the first of March," says Mr. Hiferman, of Ballyvoren. He was a scholar, and always kep' an almanack.

"What is it then?" says Sir Dominick, startin' up, and droppin' the ladle into the bowl, and startin' at him as if he had two heads.

"'Tis the twenty-ninth of February, leap year," says he.

(My hunchbacked friend pointed with his stick to a little patch of red sunset light, that relieved the deepening shadow of the passage.) "Tell your master," says he in an awful voice, like the growl of a baist, "that I'm here by appointment, and expect him down stairs this minute."

Up goes my grandfather, by these very steps you are sittin' on. "Tell him I can't come down, yet," says Sir Dominick, and he turns to the company in the room, and says he, with a cold sweat shinin' on his face, "For God's sake, gentlemen, will any of you jump from the window and bring the priest here?" One looked at another, and no one knew what to make of it, and in the meantime up comes my grandfather again, and says he, tremblin'—"He says, sir, unless you go down to him, he'll come up to you."

"I don't understand this, gentlemen; I'll see what it means," says Sir Dominick, trying to put a face on it, and walkin' out of the room like a man through the pressroom, with the hangman waitin' for him outside. Down the stairs he comes, and two or three of the gentlemen peepin' over the banisters to see. My grandfather was walking six or eight steps behind him, and he seen the stranger take a stride out to meet Sir Dominick, and catch him up in his arm, and whirl his head against the wall; and wi' that the hall-door flies open, and out goes the candles, and the turf and wood-ashes, flyin' with the wind out of the hall-floor, ran in a drift o' sparks along the floor by his feet.

Down runs the gentlemen. Bang goes the hall-door. Some comes runnin' up, and more comes runnin' down, with lights. It was all over with Sir Dominick. They lifted up the corpse, and put its shoulders agin the wall; but there was not a gasp left in him. He was cold and stiffenin' already.

Pat Donovan was comin' up to the great house late that night, and after he passed the little brook that the carriage-track up to the house crosses, and about fifty steps to this side of it, his dog, that was by his side, makes a sudden wheel, and springs over the wall and sets up a yowlin' inside you'd hear a mile away; and that minute two men passed him by in silence, goin' down from the house, one of them short and square, and the other like Sir Dominick in shape; but there was little light under the trees where he was, and they looked only like shadows; and as they passed him by he could not hear the sound of their feet, and he drew back to the wall frightened; and when he got up to the great house he found all in confusion, and the master's body, with the head smashed to pieces, lying just on that spot.

The narrator stood up and indicated with the point of his stick the exact site of the body, and, as I looked, the shadow deepened, the red stain of sunlight vanished from the wall, and the sun had gone down behind the distant hill of New Castle, leaving the haunted scene in the deep gray of darkening twilight.

So I and the story-teller parted, not without good wishes on both sides, and a little "tip," which seemed not unwelcome from me. It was dusk and the moon up by the time I reached the village, remounted my nag, and looked my last on the scene of the terrible legend of Du-noran.

THE WARFARE BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

A LECTURE BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

His Grace the Archbishop, delivered a lecture at St. Anne's Hall, Spitalfields, on Monday evening, April 27, to a very numerous and attentive audience. The efficient band of St. Anne's Temperance League was stationed at one end of the large hall, and played some excellent music during the evening, both before and after the lecture. The following clergymen, amongst others, occupied seats on the platform: Rev. Father Charnin, Superior of the Marists in the Mission of St. Anne's; Rev. Fathers Police, Sells, Brady, and McNamara; the Rev. Fathers Moore and Bond, &c.

His Grace rose amidst loud and prolonged applause. He said: My subject to-night is so large that I do not know where to begin or where to end. I think, perhaps, a lecture on the warfare of the world against the Church may not be out of place just now because evidently at this moment the warfare is becoming very fierce and menacing, and is spreading very wide. And it may be that some of us—some of you—may at times be a little scared by the prospect—the outlook which is before us. Well, now, I think it is very good for us from time to time to take courage a little, and to do that we have only to look back to what has been the history of the Catholic Church from the beginning. You know that sometimes when we are trying to prove what is the true Church and where it is to be found, we go to our Catechism, and there we learn that the Church has four notes. I will say there are five. The Church is One; it is Holy; it is Apostolic; and it is Catholic. These are four notes; but there is a fifth, and that is that the world calls it Antichrist. I never yet heard that anybody called the Kirk of Scotland Antichrist. (Laughter.) I never yet heard the Wesleyan Methodists called Antichrist. (Renewed laughter.) So I might go all the way round. They all call us Antichrist; and therefore it is with the Church of Christ that they do exactly what they did to Him. When the true Christ came they called him Beelzebub. And He has said, "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord—if they called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of the household." And, therefore, the thing I should like for the Church, which is the body of that Divine Head, is that she should have the very same name given to her which He had Himself. If the world should begin to speak well and fairly, and call the Church by fair names, then I should be perplexed; but when it calls the Church by the same name by which it called her Divine Master, then I rejoice.

And next, if ever I found it was a militant Church on earth, then it would lose one of its signs. It was foretold from the beginning that it should be so, and those very things which are so dishonouring to the Church, and particularly to those not of the faith—the pledges of our confidence, and the fulfilment of the prophecy which our Divine Master spoke. Well, now, what is the world? Preachers in the pulpit, and you pious people, in your homes, are in the habit of talking a great deal of the world—that it is very wicked—that it tells lies, and is very envious. What do you mean by the world? Let us see what the world is. The world seems to me to be this—men without God; the intellect of man without the knowledge of God; and the will of man without the law of God. (Loud applause.) That seems to be

the world, and ever since the world began—ever since Adam—the race of mankind, has been more or less in this state. More or less, it has lost the knowledge of God—the faith in God, and the law of God; and, therefore, it has become sinful, corrupt, idolatrous, rebellious, and murderous—man against man. Such was the old world before the flood came, and took it all away, and such was the new world once more after the flood—just as man was before, so man became again; and such it is at this moment, wherever the knowledge of God, and faith in God, are out of the hearts of men. Mankind is just the same, and so it always will be to the end of time. And, therefore, by the world I mean this—I mean mankind separated from God; and without the light and the love of God; and, therefore, in the mere state of human nature—and, therefore, also, in the state of human pride, human willfulness, human passion, human confidence, rebellion against the Divine law, and full of envy, and jealousy, conflict, and contention—man against man and nation against nation. That is what we call the world. (Loud applause.) There is one difference between the old world before our Lord came into it, and the world which is called the Christian world since that day. It is this; the old world before our Lord came into it, worshipped stocks and stones. There were idolatries of all sorts and kinds, some of the most intellectual and refined, and others the grossest and the most stupid. We do not see that now, in the Christian world, at least. In the world outside Christianity such things are to be found. We are not talking of the world outside Christianity, but within Christianity itself. St. Augustine, one of the four Doctors of the Church, has said, "Because Satan can no longer draw men away to the worship of false gods; because he can no longer tempt men to multiply false gods; because he cannot draw men into polytheism or into idolatry; therefore he has done this—he has sown the whole Christian world over with heresies; he has divided it with all his might into schisms, and, therefore, the heresies and schisms," says St. Augustine, "which are now in the world, are all the idolatries and polytheisms of the old world—they are the snares intended to draw the hearts of men from God. See how in the last 1,800 years heretics have gone out of the Church, and schism has been practised; they have divided themselves as much as they could, and set up false churches, and false communions and sects, and these had crumbled and split into other sects. All this is the working of the spirit of error in the world. Wherefore in all heresy or schism you will find this mark—it is an enmity against the Catholic Church, out of which it came, and from which it fell. Such, then, is the world. And the world may be found at this day in the kingdoms and the empires, and the republics of those nations which call themselves Christians still—and were Christians once—but I am sorry to say, have for most part very little public Christianity left amongst them.

What is the Church? There is no need to go into the question in talking to you. (Hear, hear.) I will say though, that the Church is man united to God: That union began in the Incarnation of God Himself, in which God and man were united in one person, and from the mystery of the Incarnation came the material body of Christ; that is to say all those who being born again by the faith and by the Spirit of God are united to the Saviour of the world—to the Divine Head of the Church in Heaven. It became His body. It is one because He is one, visible as He was in this world: holy because united to Him; imperishable because He is the life of it, and spread throughout the world according to His promise and by His power. It is carried perpetually—one holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. (Cheers.) I need not dwell on that; I only mention it for this purpose, to show you that the warfare of the world against the Church ever has been, is now, and ever will be; because between man without God and man united to God there is an essential and an inextinguishable animosity, just as the prophecies foretold: "I will put animosities between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed," so is there an inextinguishable animosity between the Incarnate Lord and His disciples and the world.

I have laid down these five general principles in order to bring out clearly the subject I have undertaken. First of all, let me remind you how this great warfare between the world and the Church opened. What was the first great declaration of war? Where was the first great battle fought? On Mount Calvary. (Applause.) The first great warfare, and the opening of that warfare (which was continued ever since between the world and the Church), was when God Himself, Incarnate and visible, placed Himself within reach of men's arms, and they nailed Him on the cross; and that which so began on Mount Calvary has gone on ever since, and He has warned us that we must look for it. I will remind you of some of His words. He said: "Think not I am come to bring peace on the earth, but the sword." Therefore every true disciple of our Divine Master will look in the measure in which he is faithful, not for peace, but for the sword. And again he said: "Marvel not my brethren, if the world hate you; it hath me before you." Again, "If you were of the world, the world would love you; but because you are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you." And once more he said: "You shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." And you remember that awful prophecy, when He spoke about the end of the world and the signs of His coming. He said:—"That there should be tribulation of all kinds; that nation would go against nation, and betray one another; that brothers should deliver brothers to death; and those who kill should think they did service to God. Do not be surprised at these things. I may say the whole history of the Church is a history of persecution. The history of the Church is a fulfilment of the prophecy. It is, therefore, the seal on our faith, and the more the animosity of the world is kindled against her, the more the warfare of the world is directed against the Church; and the more menacing and the more apparently on the point of victory the world appears to be, the more our faith is confirmed, because it is the fulfilment of the prophecy."

We will go on to the application of what I have said. The first warfare, after the head of the Church ascended to His throne, began by the persecution of the Jews against the Apostles, and against the first Christians. It is the time of Saul (afterwards St. Paul); you will recollect how bitter was the Jewish Persecution against the early Christians. What was the end of that persecution? Where is the Jerusalem which persecuted the Apostles? There is hardly a stone to be found resting upon another of the Jerusalem of that day. The end of the first persecution was the utter and entire destruction of the city of Jerusalem, the scourging of the persecutors, and the clean sweep that was made of them, of their name and their power. (Cheers.) After this began the Pagan persecution, which for 300 years spread itself through the world, throughout the whole of the great Roman Empire. The suspicions and the hatred, which had been stirred up by the Jews, sharpened the hostility of the emperors and their officers in every part of the great Empire of Rome against the Christian name. An effort was made to destroy the name of our Lord and the Church of our Lord off the face of the earth. What was the effect of this? For 300 years there were thirty Roman Pontiffs, of whom every one but one were martyred; and during these same 300 years there were eighty emperors, of whom I think I am right in saying, only one died a natural death; so that, while the martyrs and Vicars of Jesus Christ were martyred—thirty of them having gone to their crown—eighty of the persecutors, with only one exception, died a death of violence. (Cheers.)

Persecution is a bad trade after all. What was the end of Rome? Rome was destroyed, every stone by siege, by fire, by ruin, and desolation; so that we are told for forty days there was not a living creature breathed in Rome, except the foxes on Mount Aventine. Again we have the end of persecution. (Hear, hear.) And, now, we will come later on in history—to the medieval persecution. To go a little back in history, when the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, reflecting on the dignity of the empire, and upon the supernatural majesty of the Vicar of our Lord, came to this most wise conclusion, that it was not possible and it was not fitting for him to dwell as a sovereign within the walls of the same city where the Vicar of our Lord resided: He then transferred the city of the Empire to Constantinople, and went to the East himself. After that time the Emperors of Constantinople, many of them, joined the heretics and schismatics, and persecuted the Roman Pontiffs for a long time, and a conflict was kept up between Constantinople and Rome. What was the end of Constantinople? In the 15th century the Turks came, sieged it, took possession of it, took every Christian church in it, pulled down their altars and dressed them as mosques, and desecrated them with Mohammedan infidelity. God has three times put His hand on the centres of persecution—on Jerusalem, on Pagan Rome, and on schismatic Constantinople. (Loud cheers.) As the warfare is perpetual the tide of persecution never dies out. Though it is an unfruitful and an unprofitable trade, men are never tired of it.

His Grace here entered into a most interesting historical description of the various trials to which the Church was subjected. He showed how history repeated itself in the present persecution waged by Germany against the Church of Christ. In conclusion, he said a terrible state of things has been brought about by the secret societies, heretics, schismatics, conspirators, and Freemasons, who all plot in secret to overthrow the throne of the Vicar of our Lord, and to sweep His Church off the face of the earth. Some six or seven millions of armed men are daily trained by European nations, for what purpose you may easily guess. They do this out of mutual fear, out of mutual suspicion; they know that they cannot be safe unless they are armed to the utmost of their power. Are we so simple as to think that this enormous accumulation of combustible matter is to be slaked down and die out without explosion. Be sure of it, the nations of Europe in falling away from the order and unity of Christendom are preparing a mutual conflict, in which they will consume one another. (Loud applause.) So long as there is a Christian world, Christian men will not cease to believe that the Roman Pontiff is the Vicar of Jesus Christ. (Loud cheers.) They will not cease to love the law of justice and the unity of faith, and they will, therefore, pray and strive to see him restored to his rights; and if the Christian world be still healthful and vigorous so as to prevail over its apostates, then we may see the day when he shall be restored to his rightful throne. (Renewed cheers.) Pius IX., whose life, I may say, has been prolonged in a supernatural manner—twenty-seven years of pontificate, and eighty-two years of natural life—has not lived and outlived his adversaries without some purpose. (Loud and repeated cheers.) His soul is filled (as those about him know with confidence that if he does not see the full triumph of the Church, he will see the day spring, and the full lights that shoot up the sky. (Loud cheers.) And the only alternative—the other event which I can look for—is the coming of his Master to set things right. (Loud cheers, during which his Grace resumed his seat.)

After a cordial vote of thanks to the Most Revd. Prelate the assembly separated.

LETTER FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF DERBY, SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

St. Jarlath's, Tuam, May 2, 1874.

MR. LORD.—It may be imagined that in writing to your Lordship on the present condition of Ireland and its people I have labored under a mistake in addressing myself to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Far from resultin' in any such mistake, the present letter is respectfully addressed to you as a Minister intrusted with an important department in the State—viz, its foreign affairs, to which Ireland, from its connection with England, has ever been assumed by the latter uniformly to belong. Nay, of all the foreign dependencies of Great Britain, I question if there be one that has not engaged as large a share of Ministerial solicitude for its paternal government as Ireland, nor would it be exaggeration to add much more.

For the government of those remote States persons are carefully selected acquainted with their condition and possessed of those qualities calculated to fit them for their fair and successful administration. Not so in Ireland; public functionaries were sent not only unacquainted with the inhabitants and their character, but entirely ignorant of their social condition, and destitute of the many advantages which an intimate knowledge of the country would be sure to confer. In the appointment of such individuals it would seem as if to provide for them were the end, and the good of the country only a mere secondary consideration—instead of the public weal being the great principle, to which the interests of secretaries and the entire staff of officials were to be subordinate.

The significant appellation of "shave-beggars," bestowed by O'Connell on those experimental apprentices for Irish statesmanship, is still remembered nor likely to be forgotten whilst Ireland, bereft of the fostering care of a paternal Home Rule, feels all the cold alienation of a foreign Government, especially in the nature of the relief which it affords in the midst of distress as severe as any of those scenes of suffering to which it has been too familiar. The intensity of this distress especially in the more remote districts of Conemara, is attested by a sad unanimity of all classes which leaves its existence beyond doubt. Yet what is the remedy, if not proffered, manifestly suggested by those provident functionaries to whom I have alluded? An inspection of the distressed districts, already overburdened by poor-rates, with a view of imposing a more oppressive taxation! This ambiguous sort of relief, wrung from persons not differing much in destitution from the pauper inmates, is not what the country needs in its present circumstances. It requires the manifestation of a public energy which will labor to bring out for the service of the State the abundance of those resources with which Ireland is teeming.

For the mitigation of the present deep distress throughout all Conemara an effectual remedy if availed of, has been fortunately presented by the project of a railroad from Galway to Clifden.—The requisite Act of Parliament has been obtained; the heavy preparatory expenses have been met; the lands have been taken; and Mr. Mitchell Henry, the eloquent and efficient member for Galway, is, I am credibly informed, ready to advance without delay £25,000 on this grand work, which would go a great way to diminish the existing and avert the impending distress. Let but the work be inaugurated by the Government and funds will not be wanting to secure its speedy progress and completion.

It is said the Legislature is overwhelmed with such a variety of projects, continually increasing, as to be unable to attend them all. Of the truth of that statement there can be no doubt. It is attested by the number of bills abandoned at the close of every session and several of them necessary to the well being of different portions of the Empire.—When the English Parliament is so burdened as to be unable to perform such a mass of business, justice and reason proclaim the necessity of a division of labor, and transferring to Ireland and Scotland

their respective shares of the responsibility as well as the patronage, of such an astounding weight of public business. Kind nature, in the long run, asserts its prerogative, and from the English House of Commons at the close of every session comes forth a solemn appeal of respite from crushing duties, in perfect union with the continued requirement of Ireland to have its local interests exclusively managed by its own National Parliament.

It is high time, then, to forbear reproaching the Irish nation for its generous desire to relieve the Empire of a portion of the legislative labor to which it is compassed unequal. It does not aspire to a separation from England, or to the establishment of a distinct and separate Crown; it forbears from discussing fanciful or untried theories. It only asks a quiet restoration of the Parliament which a combination of force and fraud had abstracted, and which will contribute much to ease the pressure of English business, and enable Ireland and Scotland to obviate their local distress without an overwhelming pressure on the Imperial Parliament.

In the face of the imminent distress fast spreading in this western district, I have confined myself to a few observations as the nature of the case admits. Our people are patient and self-denying to a degree which the very persons who afford them most occasion for its exercise would be the loudest in canvassing the merits of the virtue. If their patience provokes the indignation of further oppression, our people will not depart from the lessons of their predecessors. The time is urgent; the people are menaced with starvation; they faithfully discharge their social duties, and it now remains for the heads of the State to provide specially for the preservation of such a faithful people.—Your lordship's faithful servant,

JOHN MACHALE, Archbishop of Tuam.

HOME RULE—REPEAL.

(To the Editor of the Nation.)

KILCOGAN, May 4, 1874.

SIR.—I regret the publication of Mr. P. J. Smyth's letter to the Marchioness of Queensberry. I do not indeed suppose that it will create a division among Nationalists, or withdraw a single Home Ruler from adherence to the programme adopted by the League. But it furnishes a pretext to the enemy for impugning division to our body; and it has been seized on by certain Whig Liberals as an excuse for keeping aloof from the popular movement. I do most sincerely respect the abilities and the patriotism of my friend Mr. Smyth. Nay, more—I do not hesitate to say now, as I said when addressing the Dublin Corporation in July '72, that I should prefer the restoration of Grattan's constitution to the Federal scheme, if I were offered my choice between the two. But as I see that the facilities of obtaining Home Rule are incomparably greater than our chances of succeeding in any agitation for Repeal, and as I also see that Home Rule as defined by the League contains a large portion of the benefits which Repeal pure and simple would confer upon Ireland, I deem it right to say, as Mr. Smyth said at the Conference, that I believe it to be an act of patriotic duty and of public virtue to go with the Federalists. I hold with Mr. Martin that our business just now is to create more for the practicable than for the theoretically perfect. Let us strive for all that we can get, although it may fall short of what we ought to get.

I have said that I do not think Mr. Smyth's letter will induce the Home Rulers to abandon their cause. But if his harsh censures of the Federal project could paralyse our movement, does he really suppose that he would be able to substitute for it an effective agitation for simple Repeal? He assuredly cannot deem it an act of patriotic duty to damage that very same Federalist movement to which he proclaimed that it was an act of patriotic duty to adhere; unless, indeed, he believes that from its ruins he could construct an effective organisation for the recovery of our Constitution of 1782. But we all know that this is not possible with our present available forces. The Federal scheme commands an amount of support which it is highly unlikely that any agitation for simple Repeal would receive. Add to this, the leaders of the movement would justly incur the imputation of unwise caprice, if they were suddenly to haul down the Federalist flag after a large majority of the Irish constituencies had pronounced in its favour at the general election.

I do not consider that in accepting the Federal programme I condone the Union of which execrable Act my estimate is the same as Mr. Smyth's. On the contrary, our programme involves the repeal of as much of that measure as we see any proximate chance of abolishing. What we propose is not exactly identical with the status quo ante 1800; but it is the restoration of the largest amount of that status quo that we see a rational hope of soon obtaining.

You have dealt so ably with the arguments adduced by Mr. Smyth, that I deem it needless to follow his details. My object in writing to you is not to engage in controversy, but merely to state that I adhere to the Federalist project; not because I deem it theoretically the best, but because it is beyond all reasonable doubt the most practicable mode of restoring to Ireland the great blessings of domestic legislation.—I am, sir, very faithfully yours,

W. J. O'NEILL, DAWY.

LORD FRENCH ON HOME RULE.

Elm Park, Merrion, May 2nd, 1874.

GENTLEMEN.—I have to acknowledge with many thanks, the second number of "the Home Rule Papers," which I received on the 1st instant. It may be advisable at present to remark that it should never be forgotten that many public measures of great national importance, which were generally deemed unattainable, even a few years before their enactment, were afterwards highly appreciated by public opinion throughout the kingdom. It should likewise be remembered that the advocates of those beneficial measures met with great discouragement and underwent much obloquy during a long course of political agitation, in their behalf, before the legislature could be induced to agree to the enactment of those measures. Every intelligent observer who takes any interest in the welfare of the realm should, consequently, reflect on the important fact that the majority of the people of Ireland have undoubtedly evinced, in a constitutional manner, their unalterable desire and eager expectation that by fair and legal means, under the blessing of Divine Providence, in the course of a few years, their patriotic zeal and persevering exertions, under the wise and skilful guidance of the Irish Home Rule League, will be duly rewarded by the restitution of their right to a national parliament in Ireland, according to the practical and well-devised plan which was deliberately adopted at the Home Rule Conference which was held last year in Dublin. Every enlightened or benevolent person who has any patriotic feeling, or sense of justice should, therefore, on due reflection, consider it desirable that, under the regis of the British constitution, the best endeavours of the people of Ireland and the general co-operation of some millions of Irishmen elsewhere should be legally combined and wisely directed, in order to promote the success of the national cause, for which they have cherished an unchangeable desire since the beginning of the present century, when the British Minister, by force, fraud, and corruption, was enabled to effect the grievous act of the legislative union. The people of England and Scotland should also recollect that this act of national injustice was inflicted upon the Irish people who were weakened and distracted, and also suffering exceedingly from the intimidation and severity of martial law, on account of the unfortunate rebellion of 1798. It should at the same time, never be forgotten that the fatal rebellion of 1798 was fomented in consequence of the many