

"All at once he said to me, 'Miss, I am looked upon and considered in this part of the country as a wicked and cruel man; do not attempt to deny it, for I am aware of it; I wish to prove to you that I am worth more than my reputation, and I will settle this affair.'"

"Oh! were you only to do that, said I, clasping my hands in earnest supplication."

"All depends on you. When your father died, he left you for an inheritance his portion of the commerce he was carrying on with his brother-in-law. This portion will naturally be swallowed up in the ruin that has befallen your uncle. But, if to-day Mr. Bossu owed me nothing, your fortune would consist of the house of which I claim possession. Well, let Mr. Bossu give you that house, and you consent to become my wife; not only will I cease to prosecute him, but will place in his hands all that belongs to me. He is an intelligent man—my capital will double his commerce, and it will be a grand affair for us two—for us three."

"At this proposal—which I did not expect—I wished to express my indignation; he did not allow me."

"I understand," continued he, "that this proposition is sufficient to surprise you; because, although I have been thinking about you for a long time, I know that you have never thought about me. If I desired you to decide immediately, it is probable that your answer would not be very favorable. Let me then ask you to consider during eight days; you are a reasonable person; you can understand the consequences of the action instituted against your uncle, and in eight days you will decide in all conscience."

"To-morrow," continued Mary, "the delay expires, and I have come to ask your advice as to what I should do."

I confess I found myself in an undesirable position; by refusing Bohmer's proposition, Mary would inevitably ruin her uncle, and might become the indirect cause of his death. On the other hand, should this marriage be accomplished, it prepared for her a life of suffering and unhappiness. I felt that there was no spare time; at that very instant was absolutely necessary to take a resolution, and, no matter what our determination might be, our position was not the less grave nor the less difficult.

My mother had listened to Mary's narrative with very great attention, and for some time remained buried in deep thought and meditation; at length, taking her hands, she said: "So, my good girl, if we can devise no means to save your uncle from ruin, you are prepared to accept Bohmer's proposals?"

"Yes, Madame."

"To forget Xavier, to sacrifice your affection and your hopes?"

A flood of tears was Mary's only reply. "Very well, my child; God will certainly reward your sacrifice and your resignation. But we must not allow ourselves to despair; let us help ourselves, and God will help us; and this is what I think you should do: my son will go with you to Ribeauville; he will start immediately for the office of the notary who drew up the contract of sale, he will examine it, and will endeavour to discover, whence comes the fraud of which Mr. Bossu is the victim, and after all there must be some recourse against the person who sold the property."

"Alas! Madame, he disappeared immediately, taking with him the money; he was what we call a man of straw."

"But this man of straw was the agent of some party whom you must endeavour to discover; and my son, in his double capacity of Advocate and Magistrate, will no doubt easily find some trace of him. Go then without a moment's delay. Duple, see that every thing is done with the greatest prudence; when you shall have examined the matter, you will go to Bohmer, endeavour to obtain some settlement from him; should he refuse, let him know that the rigor of the law can overtake him."

"But, my dear mother, what proposal do you wish that I should make to that unmerciful man?"

"Do as you wish, my child; you may even go so far as to request him to accept us as security for a portion of his debt, should our modest fortune be sufficient to redeem it."

"You are the best of women," said Mary, "but I cannot accept your generous sacrifice; at all events, I know that Bohmer will not consent to any arrangement."

"But, my dear child," said my mother, "do not despair all at once;" at the same time she kissed her, and pushed her quietly out of the apartment.

The family carriage was in attendance at the door; no time was lost, and we immediately set out on our journey.

At first our drive was very monotonous; Mary felt but half reassured by the hopes held out by my mother; and, on my part, I had enough to occupy my mind, to think and meditate on the object of my mission.

Suddenly our attention was attracted by a soldier, who was walking slowly along the road leading from Guimas to Ribeauville; he wore a long blue coat, fringed with time-worn golden lace; on his head, he wore a cap similarly fringed, and in walking he affected a certain nonchalance, which to me seemed characteristic.

"Do you not recognise that soldier, Mary?" Mary looked up, and screamed!

"The soldier looked back."

"Xavier!" "Mary!"

I immediately stopped the carriage, and in a moment we were on the ground. Mary and Xavier were to an instant in each others arms! They cry—they laugh—and all at the same time "Why did you not write?" "How is my father?" "How are you?" At length I ventured to remark that it would be as well to remove the scene of explanations.

Xavier, until then, had not perceived me. I confess that when he saw me alone with Mary, his bow became a little contracted; but the first word Mary said to him caused the cloud to disappear; he took off his hat politely, and gave me his hand in a cordial manner. I then perceived that on his forehead he bore the mark of

large wound, and on his breast shone the mark of the cross.

"When we were quietly seated in our carriage, and had commenced to advance, the long chapter of Xavier's adventures was continued. His regiment which had perchance returned from Germany, had taken part in all the immortal battles which were the first and most brilliant crown of glory that adorned the brow of Napoleon The Great. Xavier had been wounded in one of these battles, and had been left for dead on the field. But, thanks to the care of a good farmer, he was taken to a hospital, and it was only after a long convalescence that he was allowed to return to his native land.

"Well," said I, to Mary, "you perceive that my mother was right when she told you not to despair."

This observation necessitated a second explanation. Mary in her turn told her tale.—She related her uncle's suffering—Bohmer's propositions,—her despair, and the object of our trip.

Xavier listened attentively; occasionally biting his moustache, and showing evident signs of anger.

When she had related all, he said: "You are a brave girl, by the word of a soldier, and in your position, I would have acted as you have done. But, thank God, here I am, and you will not be reduced to become the wife of that scoundrel. His Majesty, the Emperor, did not wish that his faithful soldier should return home empty handed; and, with a little help from Mr. Philip and his brave mother, my old father will continue to manufacture his calico as usual. As for Mr. Bohmer, I undertake to beat time for him, and that at quick march too." He then drew from his pocket a purse which, although much torn and worn, Mary, blushing, recognised. "There are in that six thousand francs, in good Imperial Bank notes," said Xavier, with a certain amount of pride, "as well as a pension of seven hundred and fifty francs."

I was a considerable time afterwards that I discovered how Xavier had obtained the Cross of Honor, and his pension of retreat.

Colonel Bandinot related the achievement to me in 1815, after the downfall of the Emperor.

At Elchingen, the French troops had obtained the victory; but one Austrian battery still remained, under cover of which the enemy might rally, and for a few hours prolong the contest.—The Emperor gave orders to the regiment to which Xavier belonged, to attack the battery.

But such was the fire of the enemy, so great were the ravages made by their cannon in our ranks, that our brave soldiers commenced to hesitate. Xavier, perceiving this, immediately gave orders to his drummers to beat the charge, and went straight to the enemy. The electrified regiment followed on his footsteps; but Xavier led them on, and without arms, other than his sword and drum-stick, he threw himself into the middle of the Austrians, killed a great number, and put the rest to flight. Unfortunately, his courage was too great, and not satisfied with having dispersed the enemy, he followed them in their flight, he soon became overpowered by the numbers, and in his turn he fell, after receiving a severe wound.

In the midst of the general confusion, Xavier was quite forgotten; his comrades thought that he was dead or had been taken prisoner; and as on the same day the regiment received orders to change quarters, he was allowed to remain on the field of battle.

Owing to the kindness of a good farmer, as has already been stated, he was brought to a military hospital, and there remained for a long time in a desperate condition. But finally his youth triumphed over his wound. One day, just as he was recovering from his illness, an unexpected movement was made in the hospital. The Emperor was paying a visit to his wounded followers. When he was about to arrive, the soldiers formed in double rank in the Court of the Hospital. Xavier's high stature, and the wound which decorated his forehead, attracted the attention of Napoleon.

"At which battle were you wounded?" asked the Emperor.

"At Elchingen, Sir."

"Sir," added an aide-de-camp, "it was he who by his bravery, obtained for us the victory at that battle, by taking possession of one of the enemy's batteries."

"I thought you were dead, my brave fellow," said the Emperor; "but since you are alive, I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and officer in my own Guards."

"But, Sir, he is a *remplacant*," remarked in a mocking tone, the Major of Xavier's regiment, who owed him an eternal hatred.

"I am very sorry for it," said the Emperor; "Berthier, give six thousand francs to that man."

"When I heard these words," said Xavier to me afterwards, "I thought a cannon ball had struck me on the head; my sight became uncertain, I heard strange hissings in my ears, and I thought I saw everything turning around me. But through all this cloud, I could clearly see Major Hermann, who stood beside me, laughing in a most insolent manner. I had a furious notion to jump at him, and to wreak my vengeance on him before the whole of those who were there. To do so, would be to incur the penalty of death; but what did I care for death, after having been dishonored. Happily, I at that moment placed my hand on my breast, and I felt the little medal Mary had given me before I left home, and I then thought of these words of my father—'God never abandons the honest man.' And he did not abandon me. General Bandinot had taken notice of all that had occurred; he related to Marshal Berthier the reasons that had forced me to become a *remplacant* and Berthier in his turn, promised to bring the fact under the notice of the Emperor. The next morning, I received my appointment as Chevalier, and my pension. I was free; I could return to my native land; I could kiss my poor old father, and you, dear Mary; what a happiness!"

We had almost arrived at Ribeauville, talking

gaily, and with the air of a happy man, who had just returned from a long and successful journey.

"Oh Mary," cried he, as soon as he saw us, "come quick, come quick, a great misfortune has taken place!"

"What is the matter, in the name of heaven?" "Your uncle. Oh! I could never tell it to you."

"He is dead?" "My father?"

"No Miss, he is not dead, but it is almost as bad. A bailiff brought him some papers; your uncle read them; he became pale, and fell senseless on the floor. The doctor says it is an apoplectic fit."

I there saw the infernal working of Bohmer. He had, no doubt, learned that Mary had left for Colmar, and fearing lest he should lose his prey, he wished to strike a decisive blow and frighten his victim by the accomplishment of his threats.

We lost no time; but, alas! it was too late. The poor old man was in bed; he was still alive, but could not speak, and he could hardly move.

Nevertheless, when he saw us enter, a beam of joy lit up his countenance. His children threw themselves on his bed, and bathed it with tears. By a supreme effort the old man took from his finger his marriage ring, gave it to his daughter, and joined her hands with those of Xavier.

"God never abandons honest people," said he; "and he will bless you, as I now bless you!"

A priest then entered, and gave the dying man the last blessing of the Church, while Xavier carried the insensible girl out of the apartment.

My dear old friend had ceased to exist. Some months afterwards, the dispensation necessary for the marriage of cousins had arrived from Rome and Paris; and the priest who conducted their father to the tomb, now blessed their union.

Xavier never forgot the advice given him by his father on his death-bed. He worked hard and success crowned his efforts; he became a rich merchant; he remained an honest man. He never allowed a poor man to go on uncomforred. And now that he also has gone to his last home, many an old man to whom he had extended a succoring hand prays for the repose of his soul.

THE END.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

COADJUTOR BISHOP FOR DOWN AND CONNOR.—We understand that the Rev. P. Dorian, the respected parish priest of Longhinsland, has been appointed Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese of Down and Connor. The consecration of the new bishop will, it is expected, take place in the course of a few days, the bulls, it is said, having been already received from Rome.—*Evening Post*.

THE PAPAL TREASURY.—THE ARCHDIOCESS OF TUAM.—Although the collection is not yet closed, the total amount already subscribed for the Holy Father in the Diocese of Tuam amounts to the sum of £9,259. Taking into account the great distress at present existing in the Western and other portions of the Diocese, the amount collected furnishes a noble testimony to the generosity and Catholic feeling of the people, and their devotedness to, and sympathy for, the Holy Father.—*Mayo Telegraph*.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.—We take the following interesting letters from the *Traveller Chronicle*:— Barracks, Maccratta, June 9, 1860.

Dear Mother—I hope to be excused for not explaining my position ever since I left home. Since I started from Killarney the scenery every day changed until my senses were elevated beyond comprehension.

We left Cork, sailed to Bristol, thence proceeded by rail to London. We had two days in London. We did not see here as much as we expected. We then sailed to Ostend, a city in Belgium. The country here is far under the level of the sea. It is one vast plain, splendidly cultivated. We remarked one thing here. The land is cultivated, all except headlands, which they use for a double purpose—namely, for grazing cows, and for carting and walking. Nearly all the field work is done by women. The men are occupied at all sorts of trades.

Our next stay was at a pretty town in the south of Belgium, named Malines. The most religious people in the world are in this town: it is the cleanest we passed through. There is a splendid cathedral there. We had a stay of two days here. During this time we were delighted with the joy bells. Really it was only here that we saw anything like religion since we left home. We then passed to Saxony—a mountainous country—Hungary—also mountainous—next Austria very mountainous also. After travelling three nights and days, without ceasing, we arrived at Vienna, the capital of Austria. Here, we had three days, stay, during which we saw the Emperor's palace, a magnificent place, adorned with statues, fountains, &c. We next proceeded for one night and two days' journey, after which we arrived at Trieste. We here saw the Gulf of Venice. We here commenced with the Peninsula of Italy. We sailed immediately, and, after one night and one day's journey, we arrived at Ancona, in the Roman States. Like all the Roman towns, it is beautifully fortified. We had a stay of a few hours here. We then had a march of twenty miles, after which we arrived at Loreto, after a march of five and a-half hours (a march being only refreshing to us after all our training and sailing).

I cannot pass by this town, or city, without explaining its magnificence. First, there is the splendid cathedral, in which the shrine of the Blessed Virgin is. It is worth one million at least. We saw in this cathedral about thirty-five priests celebrating Mass together. Also any time you went in up to twelve o'clock you had Mass. Next, we saw processions of monks and priests, together with a great many other details which I can explain more fully in my next letter.

We then had a march of twenty-two miles to our present station, Maccratta. It is a large town surrounded by a vale of about thirty miles. (It is not exactly a vale; but in southern countries that is the best word you can well use, as all to the south are hills.) Now, as I have explained so far, I must next tell our situation. We were and are treated first-rate. We couldn't get better treatment. It is fit for James O'Connell, or the most respectable man in Kerry, and I am sorry we haven't a few of the young men. They could see what Italy is—that there is no exaggeration in what we have heard of it at home. It is really the garden of Europe.

Dearest Mother, our bounty will receive in a few days, and don't think I'll forget you. We are to be paid as soon as the next lot arrive, which will be in about a week. I must again assure you to be satisfied about my coming here, and please God I'll return to you with something in about three years, or sooner. Your prayers for our welfare, I must ask. We'll proceed to Rome soon, where we are to receive the Pope's blessing.

[Here follow a number of fond enquiries for friends at home.]

I am, dear mother, your loving son, DANIEL Mc'GILLICUDDY.

N.B.—On the feast of Corpus Christi, we had a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in which upwards of 2,000 priests and pious men attended.

Maccratta, June 17th, 1860.

Dear Parents—We all arrived here after three weeks' journey both by land and sea, after receiving first class accommodation along our journey; and what made our journey so slow is, that we remained five days in England and four days in Vienna, during which time, however, we had the opportunity of seeing some of the most beautiful scenery in England and on the Continent. We arrived here on the first day of June, and on the Feast of Corpus Christi we had the pleasure of seeing the finest procession of

clergy men attended by the different orders—Carmelites, Franciscans, &c.—together with monks and pilgrims from Rome. The Guardsmen for police of the city, marched with their bands, with the Irish Brigade in the van, until we came in front of the church, where every one fell on bended knees in adoration of the living God. In fact, it raised my heart so much that I actually thought it was heaven: The whole streets were strewn with a variety of flowers before us, and no greater honour could be shown to gentlemen in Ireland than was shown to us here. Dear parents, we will get our bounty soon, and when I get it I will not forget you. I hope all the neighbours are well, but especially (here are mentioned some friends, and I hope I won't die until I see you all again. I hope you will answer this by return of post, so no more at present from your affectionate son. PATRICK SULLIVAN. Maccratta Barracks, No. 3 Company, Irish Brigade.

IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.—The weekly organ of one of the two great parties into which English nationality is divided confesses the fears and the weakness of England as regards her unrighteous rule over this country. There can be no doubt, on this side of the channel, that upon the "Irish Question" both those parties are unanimous enough, and in perfect accord together. And what the public mouthpiece of either of them utters on the subject of that interesting discussion in Europe, lately opened by the admirable pamphlet of M. Henri Martin, may be taken to be the expression of all England upon it. "It is not now necessary for Irish rebels," so the mouthpieces we refer to politely express itself, "to proceed abroad to invite foreigners to invade their native country. In these days when Emperors and Kings go to war for an idea and the augmentation of territory, Ireland has become the subject of discussion in Continental newspapers, and the propriety of seizing or annexing has been gravely suggested and forcibly urged." It is indeed a melancholy truth, but it is undeniably true that "the Irish Question" is under discussion on the continent—and that from an English but rather a very anti-English point of view!—After all, steam and electricity have done their work; and England can now no longer keep her prisoner hidden from the world. It is a melancholy state of things—but such is the state of things at last,—that not even the most elaborate, the most "statesman-like," the most specific, the most constantly and coolly reiterated falsehoods, of newspaper and minister alike, no longer bear their long accustomed part—no longer blind the eyes and soothe the too easily excited humanity of our continental brethren! "The old battle cry of anarchy" (it is) is revived—and revived not in Ireland only but in other Europe: "Ireland for the Irish!" "Italy for the Italians," is not it all a "cry of anarchy" nor "Sicily for the Sicilians;" nor in England is the genuine sentiment of "To H— with the Pope!" anything but a praiseworthy and quite a patriotic form of expression of manly and Christian feeling. But "the Greek Islands for the Greeks," a very lawful phrase; India for the Indians, ungodly and seditious language;—and Ireland for the Irish, of course, flat blasphemy, at least, as well as treason,—in fact, of all phrases that express any existing thoughts among men, the worst aspirations of that Devil, the very battle cry of whose worse anarchy it is? "Ireland for the Irish"—it is really quite a shocking idea!

As long as such phrases were confined to Ireland, it seems their use was considered of very little importance. As long as all attempts to realize the prayer of the Irish People were confined to disarmed isolated, proclaimed, and pinioned Ireland, there could be no fear of the result. But once the Irish Question made familiar to a sympathising Europe, and attempts might be made, not only in Ireland, but outside Ireland,—not only by a gagged and powerless though irritated Irish people at home, but by free men of Irish race in lands where arms are not denied them, and by the friends of that race throughout the world, whom its gallantry as well as its misfortunes has endeared to the brave and truly free in every quarter of the globe. And such discussion, and such possible attempts in France, or by the French nation,—there, indeed, may lie danger enough; for Ireland passionately loves France; and France, for whom Ireland for two centuries shed freely her best and bravest blood, owes, and willingly at all times acknowledges that she owes her sympathy more active than in words alone, when the time comes. The cause of Ireland is quite as clear as that of Italy. The "Idea" is quite as well worth a war. The independence of Ireland would even be far more important to France than that of Italy itself; and the separation of Ireland from England would be of ten times the value to France that the annexation of Savoy and Nice can ever be—nay, were that of the Rhine added already, as it will be next year. England knows all this perfectly well; and therefore it is that her statesmen and her publicists, her newspaper writers and her essayists, allow no day to pass without some new or some still more cleverly reiterated falsehood concerning that state of things which if fully and really known and believed beyond the Straits of Calais, would see its doom sealed within a twelvemonth. Lately England begins to recollect that, not only are her social and political relations with this country necessarily more and more made known abroad, by the greatest amount of personal intercourse—for which steam and a cheap press are to blame—but that the silent Emperor, whose magnificence of warlike preparations so alarms the modern Carthaginians just now, has himself spent years behind the scenes within their social camp itself, and in those years has not omitted to become personally acquainted with life in Ireland too. England begins to suspect that the Emperor himself knows more about the Cause of Ireland than he cares to disclose; and that he only waits perhaps to let that Cause be made better known to the great people over whom, in an evil hour for England, he was called to preside, and upon whose perfect appreciation of his acts, in the interests of whose glory and honor, and power, he must depend for the means of perfectly accomplishing the grand designs bequeathed to the name of Napoleon.—*Irishman*.

IRISH VOLUNTEERS—REVEAL.—The *Tipperary Examiner* has the following remarks on the proposal to enroll a Volunteer army in Ireland:—"There is only one condition which we care to make before giving our earnest support to the call for a Volunteer army in Ireland. It is this—that the People of Ireland be set perfectly free from all tyrannical, unconstitutional, and invidious distinctions, and be allowed to arm, drill, and otherwise prepare themselves, as free men to defend their country, precisely as Englishmen are free to do under the same Crown. That is all we ask. We have already answered Captain Knox's well-timed, able, and indignant article in the *Irish Times* upon the deliberate and purposed exposure of Ireland to invasion. We have offered to follow and lead in the direction of Ireland's independence. We believe that a Volunteer army of 100,000 men would not be long under arms before they would unite in a National declaration, something to the effect that 'the Union was carried by fraud, against, and in despite of the universal wishes and opinions of the Irish People; that the said Union is therefore not binding upon the people of this country; and that no power on earth has a right or shall be allowed to bind Ireland save only the Queen, Lords and Commons of Ireland.' If we be wrong in holding this opinion, we must be under a grave misapprehension as to the feelings of the vast majority of the Irish people. That the English Government fully shares our belief, is evidenced by the careful refusal of all offers on the part of the Irish to Volunteer on Irish ground. Now here is the dilemma: If the Irish be content with the Union, there can be no fear (to England) of their making a bad use of their arms and drill. But if they be discontented with the Union and resolved to set it aside at the first opportunity, then, according to all law and justice, both human and divine, they are entitled to

their freedom. England has no right to hold them as bond slaves, and she has no right to appeal to the tyrannical and despotic 'Peoples and Nationalities' respected in the British dominions of Italy and Belgium. Either, then, Ireland is notoriously discontented with the Union and resolved to repeal it, or she is not. If she be England dares not allow Irish Volunteers to arm for fear that her own injustice would be stayed, and curbed: if she be not, there can be no just or reasonable cause for refusing the common right of freedom to carry arms, to the Irish people. The only motive that could be assigned in that case for the disarmament of Ireland, and the arming of England and Scotland, would be the demonic one shadowed forth in the *Irish Times*, viz., the exposure of Ireland as a bait and a lure to draw off the horrors of war from England; and to tempt the invaders to swarm over defenceless Ireland, and make our land the battle-ground of both our foes foreign and English!

THE IRISH QUESTION.—There is some talk on town, and it is not complimentary to Lord John Russell's wisdom. For his lordship has laid it down as a *dictum*—upon all constitutional questions he is a great authority—that the people of a country have a right to dispose of their Government or change their allegiance by universal vote. The people say, what about Ireland? Is she contented? And is she at liberty to put Lord John Russell's principle in practice? The French seem to think so as well as the Irish. They former have devoted a pamphlet to the "Irish Question," and the Irish are hurling a petition at the head of Lord John. The town talk is that he is a compound of conceit with a dash of humbug. And respecting the "Irish Question," people say that in its own way the *Times* is even more mysterious than Lord John Russell. Apropos of this French pamphlet, the journal named has an article intending to prove that the Irish people are the happiest, and freest, and most prosperous in the world. That all this is fair enough is said, because people should "put the best leg foremost." That Frenchmen know the truth. That there are French agents in Liverpool, who know and will acquaint their ruler that the Irish are starving in one quarter of Ireland, and emigrating from all quarters. And the French ruler knows that people don't run away from happiness and freedom. But the *Times*, in its eagerness to misrepresent the state of Ireland, hurls the Irish people in such sort as no one up to this has dared to do. For instance, it says, speaking of his Holiness the Pope:—"He will find in his Irish levies, unless we are greatly mistaken, very poor materials for the construction of an orderly and well-disciplined army. Ignorant of the language and the country, peculiarly exposed to the attacks of diseases, noisy and quarrelsome amongst themselves, and formidable to all whose duty it is to preserve order, the Irish troops, imported and trained at a vast expense, are more likely to terrify their friends than their enemies." One might be excused for speaking of this infamous slander in the strongest terms, but the *Times* itself of the previous day confutes it. Under this date we find two Irish soldiers gazetted to the Victoria Cross "for bravery and humanity" displayed in the face of the enemy. The one is sergeant Hartigan, who, near Delhi, in June, 1857, saved one companion's life, and at Agra, during the same year that of another, though contending against four men. The next is private Patrick Mc'Hale, who, at Lucknow, in October, 1857, was the first to capture a gun in the battery. He did the same in December, 1857; and on every occasion he was the first to meet the foe, leaving little work for those who followed." If the Irish members were worth one jack-straw, they would make this slender reeve through the legislation on the hide of the slanderer. The town talks this week of the extraordinary and unexpected tribute to the virtue of Irish women, paid by Mr. Morston, the inspector of factories and schools in Scotland; and they say it more than answers the vile assertions of their own countrymen, repeated for the last two years, at various times.—*Liverpool Northern Press*.

DOMESTIC LEGISLATION.—THE PETITION.—Those who cannot discern that 'Ireland's opportunity' is approaching must be very short-sighted, indeed, and unable to see those shadows which coming events cast before them. We have no more hope in Imperial rule, and we are resolved henceforth to try if Ireland cannot win a Native Parliament. We demand that parliament as a right Ireland has never forfeited. When Grattan and the Volunteers met in Dungannon, they passed a resolution declaring 'that no power on earth had a right to make laws binding on this country but the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland.' George III endorsed this resolution of the Volunteers, for in a short time after he sent a message to the Irish senate announcing that he had consented to sanction its complete independence. When and how was this right filched from us? When English jealousy resolved to crush our trade, and when she used the power of her army to trample us down, and the power of her treasury to bring us into committing treason. But although the parliament was extinguished by fraud, the right of Ireland to a domestic legislature was never given up by the country. The voice of the nation was stifled; public meetings called to protest against the robbery were dispersed at the point of the bayonet; and all the agencies of fraud, corruption, and rascality were put into operation, to extinguish the government that had made the nation prosperous. But neither the rights of an individual nor those of a nation can be extinguished by fraud or tyranny. They can be wasted from them for a time; but when the period arrives to call for restitution, the outraged individual or nation is justified before heaven and earth in demanding the restoration of the rights they have been plundered of. That time has come for Ireland; and it seems to promise success, provided the Irish millions act wisely and with firmness and fortitude in working out their deliverance from the wrong they suffered when the disastrous act of Union was carried into operation. There is no danger at all to be encountered in making this effort for the redress of Ireland's sufferings from bad government. We will simply call for the repeal of an act of Parliament, and there can be no risk of life or limb in a proceeding of that nature. Numbers, however, may ask, 'How are we to proceed?' To which we reply, the country has already commenced the good work in signing the National Petition, calling on Queen Victoria to order the voter of the Irish people to be taken on the mode in which they wish to be governed. This principle of permitting all peoples to choose their own form of Government is now admitted in England, and we should speedily take advantage of it, in calling for an Irish Parliament. Palmerston admits it; Russell approves of it; the English newspapers advocate it; nay, the Queen of England sitting on her throne, has sanctioned it by her approval. But some will say, suppose they deny to Ireland what they have approved of for Italy, what then? To which we reply, if they should deny the right to this country, we shall then decide on the course to be adopted. But we are to recollect that England is in difficulties, and may be in a far worse condition some months hence. She dreads an invasion; and the Commissioners on National Defences have solemnly declared that her fleet, her army, and her Volunteers combined would not be able to prevent an enemy landing on her shores. Without wishing for any such event, we may be making preparations to profit by it, should it take place. With an invading army thundering at the gates of London, and assaulting Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester, England would not hesitate to repeal the Union, in order to obtain Ireland's assistance. The act would pass the two branches of the Legislature in one day and a messenger would be sent with all speed to Dublin, with a royal command to convene the Lords and Commons of the country, to take prompt measures for the defence of the realm. Taking all these things into consideration, we ought to be up and stirring in the good cause of old Ireland. We can