

and the money she spends on artificial flowers, lace, and trumpery of all sorts.

"Come, sister Babet, don't be hard upon the girl. Children will be children."

"But you spoil her so, brother."

"I like that, indeed. It is I, perhaps, that's always providing dainties for the girl's supper. Nothing is good enough for her. Mille must have froisesees, and poached eggs, and what not."

"Well as to that, young people must eat. The child has not left off growing yet; and she is not a bad girl after all."

The niece threw her arms round her aunt's neck, who was placing her supper on the table, and whispering, "There it is, nice and hot, make haste to eat it up."

"Oh, dear me, how vexed they will be when they hear that I am resolved to marry M. Andre."

This was said to herself, and the thought threw her into a brown study.

"What are you doing, little one," asked M. Dumont, "with your fork up in the air and your eyes fixed on the window, as if you were counting the stars in the sky? You are not like yourself to-night. What is the matter that you do not eat your supper?"

"Has Henri had his supper?"

"No, indeed; he is not come in. Young people have queer fashions now-a-days. I cannot think what keeps him. But here he is, I believe."

The door opened, and a tall, strongly built young man, square-shouldered, with a bushy head of hair, and a somewhat awkward figure, entered the house. He put down his hat and stuck on the bench near the door, and came up to the table where Rose was sitting.

"Wait a bit," said Babet, "I will get your soup warmed in a minute."

"Thank you, aunt; I am in no hurry," he answered; and sat down, as far as possible from Rose, with his elbows on the table, and his head leaning on his hands. M. Dumont spoke to him two or three times; but, getting nothing but monosyllabic answers, he soon lay back in his arm chair and fell asleep. When both the young people had finished eating, Rose offered to wash up the plates; but Babet desired her to sit still, and removed them herself to the back kitchen. She then took her spinning-wheel, and diligently plied the spindle. Henri walked up and down the room without speaking, now and then stopping short for an instant, and then beginning again to pace backwards and forwards. At last, standing opposite to her, he said in a rough imperious manner:

"What the devil is the meaning of this steeple chase, which all the tom-fools in the place were talking of just now?"

"Jean Renaud won it," she answered in a playful but defiant tone of voice. "I wished him joy just now."

"And may I ask what the prize has been?"

"The honor of opening the next ball with, if not the prettiest, the merriest girl of Jurancon."

"Oh, indeed? and that is yourself, I suppose?"

"How wonderfully acute at guessing you are my dear cousin."

"Let me tell you that I do not fancy at all this sort of thing."

"I am not surprised at it; you are not nimble enough; running and dancing were never in your line."

"Jean Renaud will have been at his pains for nothing. You will not dance with him or any body else this week."

"I beg your pardon. I shall dance with him and with as many others besides as I like."

"Not when I forbid it. I don't advise you to try my patience too far."

Rose hummed the air of a contredanse: and as she span, beat time with her feet.

"You shall not go to the ball this week."

"Do you think so?"

"I positively forbid you to go."

"And in the name of patience what right have you to forbid it? a tyrant's right, I suppose," exclaimed Rose, who was getting very angry, for she knew very well that Henri could always obtain M. Dumont's sanction to the enforcement of what she called his caprices, and then she was obliged to submit.

"If I was you, Henri, I should be ashamed of playing the tyrant. The young men will all laugh at you famously when I tell them that you will not permit me to dance. Even Jules Bertrand says it is ridiculous to be so jealous."

Henri turned pale with anger, and struck the table with a violence that made the candlesticks quiver. There was a long silence, during which no sound was heard but the snoring of his dog, who was lying before the fire, and Babet's footsteps, as she moved about in the adjoining room.

"The fact is," said Henri, trying to command his voice and appear indifferent, "that I wish you to leave off selling the fruit. That stall of yours is the rendezvous of all the idlers in the neighborhood, and you make no end of objectionable acquaintances there. I can't stand it any longer. Aunt Babet used to attend to the stall, and she can do so again."

"Oh, what a capital idea!" exclaimed Rose with a little scornful laugh. "That will indeed draw custom to the shop. My poor dear uncle must in that case send some wonderful fruit to market, or his business will scarcely thrive."

"Then it is by dint of flirting and coquetting that you manage to sell the fruit to such advantage. The devil take the money and the customers!"

"And the stall-keeper too?" asked Rose with a provoking smile.

"You ought to be aware, Rose, that your proper place is at home minding the house, and looking after the cows, the poultry, all the things that a good housewife ought to care for. There is an end to trifling and nonsense; people must settle down at last; and in a month—"

"Ah, indeed," repeated Rose in a low voice as if speaking to herself; "there must be an end to all this, and the time is come to tell him about Andre."

"In a month we are to be married."

"Oh, no, indeed!" exclaimed Rose, looking frightened.

"Do not exasperate me," cried Henri in a passion. "I can put up with your caprices, your waywardness, your flitting ways, even, I have submitted to—though ten times a day I have felt so angry that I have scarcely known what to do with myself; but mark me, Rose, if you were to fall in love with one of those youngsters whom you flirt with, if one of them dared to propose to marry you, my betrothed wife, I'd kill him."

"Oh, that is the way you take to make yourself agreeable, is it? It certainly holds out a great inducement to a woman to marry you! your humble servant, my cousin. It is enough to be bullied and ill used in this way for the present without binding oneself to be your slave for ever."

"Did you say I ill-used you, Rose?"

"Certainly you ill-use me; you scold me, you treat me like a child, you forbid me to go to the ball. Because I amuse myself in town, you threaten to keep me here to work in the kitchen and feed the poultry. This does not suit me at all, I can tell you. You want to insist upon marrying me without caring to know if I love you, or if I do not love—"

She had raised her eyes to Henri's face, and something in its expression made her stop short. He hastily took up his hat and called his dog. A deadly paleness had come over his face. He left the house without speaking.

When Rose found herself alone in her little bed-room, she opened the latticed window which looked upon the garden. The calm beauty of the night, the distant murmur of the river, the perfume of the flowers, and the serene aspect of the cloudless sky, soothed her agitation. The loveliness of nature has often a powerful effect even on those who do not analyze their own impressions. It may even be more real from the very fact that imagination has no share in producing it. The little peasant girl whose heart had been stirred by various emotions during the whole of the day, now experienced the influence of that silent balmy evening hour. She sat down on her bed with her head leaning on her hand, and revolved in her mind the events of the day. The sound of a deep sigh caught her ear, and looking out of the window, she saw between the boughs of the acacia-trees, a man sitting on the bench near the entrance door. "It is Henri," she said to herself. "Yes, it is certainly Henri. There is his dog lying at his feet. What a deep sigh that was! What is he thinking of? Gently she put aside the branches of the jessamine which embowered the window, and stretched her head forward to make sure that it was indeed her cousin who was sitting there. A rose which she had gathered in Andre's garden slipped out of her dress, and fell at the feet of the young man. He laid hold of it and looked up. The widow above was hastily closed, but Rose, with her face against the panes, watched the fate of the flower. Henri had crushed it in his hands and thrown it on the ground. His dog went up to smell at it, but with his foot he thrust him aside. A moment afterwards he picked up the bruised and withered rose, and his footsteps were now heard up the wooden stairs leading to his room.

"What strange creatures men are!" Rose ejaculated as she laid her head on the pillow.

The refrain of one of Jurancon's prettiest songs came into her mind at that moment, and she fell asleep murmuring in the patois of her native land the words of advice which the poet of Agen addresses to the loveliest rose of the garden:

"To shield thee from the stormy wind,
Believe me, Rose, a guardian find."

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE VERY REV. JOHN MACDONAGH, V.G., PERITO, CANADA WEST.—We were honoured on Thursday last with a passing visit by our esteemed and very Rev. friend, the Rev. John Macdonagh, the learned and zealous Pastor and the devoted patriot of Perth, Canada West, British America. We were, indeed, rejoiced to see our dear and devoted friend and quondam fellow-student friend look so well, and evidently in the enjoyment of excellent health and full of spirits. Lapse of time and so large a span of land and water have not cooled his ardent love of native land. Hopefully and affectionately did he talk over our chance of disenthralment from the alien yoke. How lovingly did he speak of our dear native island?—He fancied himself, we fancied him, young as ever. We feel as we have learned, that Father Macdonagh's labours have endeared him to his American flock, who, on his departure from amongst them, in order to visit his dear old land as well as Eternal Rome, presented the Very Rev. gentleman with an address and a substantial offering. Father Macdonagh has gone to see his friends in Mayo. During his stay in Tuam he was hospitably entertained by the President and Professors of St. Jarlath's College and the Clergy of the Presbytery.—*Connaught Patriot.*

THE CONNEMARA SCOTTERS.
To the Right Reverend Dr. Treacy, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin.

Cliffden, Connemara, April 22nd, 1865.
Most Rev. Sir, I desire to accord to you all the official courtesy which the Canons enacted by the first female head of your Church prescribe. I have two reasons for doing so: first—I do not wish to cast any impediment in the way of the searching inquiry to which I challenge you and your associates into the working of your proselytising system in West Connemara. Secondly—I have no ambition to follow the example given by you in the offensive fashion in which you introduced yourself as Chairman of the April Meeting held the other day by the Church Endowment Society in Dublin. You are reported to have used on that occasion the vulgar idioms of rabid fanatics and the scurrilous phraseology of ignorant itinerant ranters. "Errors of Romanism, Romish darkness, Romish idolatry," and such like. Protestant Fanaticism may be pronounced radiant gems of oratory by the meeting which you were addressing, and by the Whig Government which imported you to conciliate Catholic Ireland? A time may soon come when we will see what amount of support from the Catholics of Ireland your opening speech and your identifying yourself with the soup system will have acquired for your Whig patrons.

You alone state that last year you were so coy and bashful that you did not see your way—in fact you were purblind by dint of diffidence; and therefore that you declined to take the chair at last year's meeting? What new light broke in on you since?

—Did you satisfy yourself of the truth of the statements made by the soup-brigade? I do unhesitatingly

ly tell you that a more shameless swindle than the soup system was never yet invented, that the statistics procured by the agents and abettors of that system are either palpable lies or exaggerated statements coined by interested persons to draw money from anti-Catholic gullibility. During the last 12 years the Clergy and people of Connemara have repeatedly challenged soupers and proselytisers of high and low degree to an enquiry into the statements and counter-statements of both parties: we offered to pay half the expenses of two or more impartial and honourable commissioners of inquiry. But the soupers, like the perpetrators of dark deeds, shunned the light. Again we throw down the gauntlet to you and to your associates. Will you take it up?

It appears the canny patrons of the soup system hope to procure new vigour for the fraudulent scheme by enlisting new allies, you and Mr. Benjamin Guinness are pressed into the ignoble course of propagating the Protestant religion through the medium of yellow meal and grassy soup. It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Guinness would make so frivolous a summer-sault from the bear-rat into the seething soup-boiler. Perhaps he intends to substitute his foaming brown stout for yellow strabont—the former being more consonant than the latter with the effeeveing epistle of his new zeal. But neither you nor he shall escape the imputation of willfully patronising an infamous sham if you refuse to come to an honest scrutiny into the working of this degrading system—surely, if you have truth and decency on your side, you will not refuse to let in the light on your doings. Those babes of grace yeelp converts, numerous and radiant with their new conversion as you state them to be, can be easily discovered by the ordinary accidents which designate other poor mortals. They can be known by names and surnames. It may be taken for granted that they, whilst in the flesh, occupy like the other mortals some place or abode on this cloud of earth.

I cannot but notice the tribute of rapturous gratitude given by Mr. W. O. Plunket, nephew of the celebrated bishop of Tuam, who was said to have innocently borrowed some years ago a charge from an Anglican Brother, and to have delivered that charge to his astonished clergy of Tuam as his own veritable composition. Mr. Plunket is reported to have stated at your meeting the other day that four new districts were added to the jurisdiction of his beloved uncle.

With four of those alleged districts I am well acquainted. I must here remark that I am astonished by the smallness of number of the converts which he modestly and timidly assigns to each of those districts. In Silerna about 300; in Moyrus, 150; in Derrygola, 258; and in Ballyconree, 150; such are the facts and figures placed before the public by Mr. Plunket, at your last meeting this year of grace 1865. You and the public cannot fail to be astonished by the denegate and the discrepancy between those numbers and those assigned to each of the above named districts by the Rev. Hyacinth D'Arcy of Ollifan, and by his first wife Mrs. Fanny and Lord Roden. I hold the report for the year 1853 by those local chief agents. Mr. D'Arcy in his report for the week beginning with the ninth January, and ending on the 15th of same month—says that at Silerna there were 675 children attending school that week, and about 145 were at home sick; that 818 children exclusive of parents and adults were to be found at Silerna in 1853? Mr. Plunket comes out in 1865 and says that, in that district of Silerna there are about 300 converts in all! Yet you and he are beaming with joy at the onward advance of your soup system in West Connemara. Again to Mr. D'Arcy's report during that aforesaid week, he says—that at the school at Moyrus, there were 584 children in attendance. This year, 1865, Mr. Plunket says there were 150 converts of all ages at Moyrus. Which of those modern apostles are we to believe? Again let us look to Mr. D'Arcy's report for 1853. In the school of Derrygola we find the number of children at that school during the week to have been 1056, and that 34 other children were sick at home, that is to say, 1090 children, exclusive of parents and adults, were to be found at Derrygola during the aforesaid week in the year 1853! But Mr. Plunket comes out in April, 1865, and says there are 258 converts of all ages and sizes to be found at Derrygola where the apostate priest, Ryder, from the county of Clare, presides. Again to Mr. D'Arcy's report for the year 1853. We find 802 healthy children attending the school at Ballyconree, and that 12 children more were sick at home. That is, 814 children were at Ballyconree in 1853! But Mr. Plunket boasts that the system is progressing, and avers there are about one hundred and fifty converts of all ages at Ballyconree.

Again, which of those apostles are we to believe? The total number assigned to Connemara, by Mr. Plunket, at your last meeting is 888 converts. Mr. D'Arcy, the local chief manager of the "successful" soup system publicly reports that in Connemara there were 11,042 healthy children attending the schools during the week named above in the year 1853; and that over and above this number five hundred other children were home sick—can the force of falsehood further go? than to declare there were in Connemara alone 11,542 children in the schools and sick at home during the week between the 9th and 16th of January, 1865.

It is not, therefore necessary, Right Rev. Sir, to inquire into this state of affairs in asperity? The census of 1861 records only 9,000 for the whole of the County Galway, one of the largest in Ireland. Comments on souper statistics is absolutely sickening—so shameless—so reckless—and so manifestly redolent of filthy lucre.

I am, Right Rev. Sir,
Your obedient servant,
PATRICK MACMANUS, P.P., V.F., of Cliffden.

P.S.—I earnestly request the Catholic and liberal Protestant press to afford a portion of its space to the foregoing. I know from my connection with Connemara how false are the statements of souperism.

P. MACMANUS.

Every link that has been struck from the fetters that bound the Irish Catholics, every grievance that has been removed, every salutary law that has been enacted, every bad law that has been repealed, every wrong that has been righted, every right that has been secured, every useful measure that has been put in operation, every unfair burden that has been lightened, attests the existence from time to time of useful and energetic political associations in Ireland for the last eighty years. During that long period we challenge reference to a single benefit conferred upon Ireland except Sir Robert Peel's liberal and generous enlargement of the Maynooth Endowment, that has not been the reward of agitation by some political association. And when such agitation ceased it is undeniable that benefits also ceased to flow through legislation into Ireland. The absence of agitation, the non-existence of a popular association, have been enacting but most unfairly appealed to as proof demonstrative of the contentment of the Irish people and therefore of the non-existence of ground for complaint.—*Weekly Register.*

The Prince of Wales's visit to Dublin has been most acceptable, in spite of bad weather and inevitable disappointments. Since the Queen held her Court at the Castle in 1849 no more impressive spectacle has been witnessed in the Irish capital than the opening of the Exhibition. Like that of 1853, this enterprise reflects great credit on Irish patriotism and energy. The former originated by Mr. Dargan, with the express object of developing the industrial resources of Ireland, and although it entailed a heavy loss on its munificent projector, who guaranteed all the expenses, others have not been deterred from repeating the experiment. The Duke of Leinster and Mr. Guinness, seconded by many leading citizens of Dublin and encouraged by the approval of Her Majesty, determined to erect a permanent building in Dublin, where science, art, music and manufactures might be cultivated under the

same roof, and to inaugurate it with a second International Exhibition on a grand scale. The first stone was laid by Lord Carlisle in 1863, and the Prince of Wales was delegated by Her Majesty to attend the opening. No one could have performed the ceremony with equal grace or propriety. The late Prince Consort was the first person who conceived the idea of an International Exhibition, and to appreciate the merit of the conception we must remember the distrust and ridicule which greeted it at the time. It was, in fact, the idea of his life, and if its immediate effects fell short of his benevolent expectations, it has certainly proved fruitful in the development of new tastes and interests in this country. No one can have failed to observe a marked improvement in the form of ornamental objects, even down to the commonest utensils, within the last few years. Glass, china, and furniture, for instance, have assumed far less grotesque and ugly shapes, and no longer offend the educated eye as they once did. We believe this growing reconciliation of beauty and utility may be traced mainly to the influence of the Great Exhibition, and it is in itself no contemptible result of that colossal undertaking. The Prince of Wales has often expressed his desire to carry out this favorite ideal of his father, and it was a subject of regret to all that he was not present to open the London Exhibition of 1862. His presence at Dublin, therefore, was doubly opportune and appropriate. His reply to the addresses read by the Duke of Leinster and the Lord Mayor showed that he felt this and his reception by the people was all that could be desired.

The second impression which we derive from the account of the Prince's reception is one of surprise that so popular and politic an act is so seldom repeated. Ireland has suffered long and deeply from asceticism; but of all asceticism that which is most keenly felt is the inveterate absence of Royalty. Loyal sentiments are inherent in the Irish character, but they require to be kindled from time to time by personal visits from the Sovereign. Eva George IV. was so well aware of this, before his coronation and when he sadly needed the respect of his subject he went over to Ireland and won the hearts of the people by his gracious manner. James II. had done the same, and with the same effect, when his cause in Ireland was almost desperate. There is, probably, no part of Her Majesty's dominions where she is more beloved, or where any member of the Royal Family would be more affectionately welcomed. Unhappily, there is no part in which so little is seen of them. The Queen herself spends three months of every year in Scotland, and not unfrequently stays for weeks at Coburg, whereas in reign of twenty-eight years she has certainly not resided half as many days in Ireland. There may have been good reasons for this; at all events, there are reasons now which are above all criticism; but it does seem a great pity that the Prince and Princess of Wales should not more frequently represent her where their appearance would call forth such heartfelt gratitude Ireland abounds in princely mansions, and there are Irish noblemen who would feel it a high honor to entertain them. Irish discontent, so far as it is real, is closely allied to a sense of neglect, and for this feeling there could be no better palliative than the occasional residence of the Heir Apparent in Ireland.—*Times.*

The portion of the Exhibition building occupied by Canada, and indicated by the very handsome flag of that province, forms the north-west gallery angle immediately fronting the grand staircase. One of principal—if not the principal—feature of the collection is the very full display of economic and other minerals. We have here iron ores from Lake Huron and Superior and from Macmora, in Central Canada; and from Three Rivers in the neighbourhood of Quebec; copper, both native and in the ore from the great lakes, and from the district known as the Eastern Townships, which lies between Montreal and the American frontier; galena, plumbago, and phosphate of lime from Upper and Lower Canada. Building stones and marbles from Annapolis, Gloucester, Montreal, Portage-du-Fort, and Point Claire. A map specially prepared and colored for this exhibition, showing the various localities where the minerals are found, affords a pleasing index to the collection. Of the agricultural products of Canada there is also a fair display. Very fine samples of wheat, barley, rye, and other grains from almost every section of the province are conveniently exhibited in large glass vials. Specimens of fax, which is now coming generally into cultivation in the provinces, will also attract attention; as well as several specimens of native tobacco. In building and ornamental works, the province is well represented. There are samples in solids and veneers, of oaks, pines, walnut, maples, &c. There is also what must prove to the ladies a very attractive object—a collection of choice Canadian furs arranged in mosaic. Several articles of fancy and ornamental work made by the aborigines may be said to possess a similar interest. There is a large collection of photographic views, for which the climate of Canada is so favorable, and a few water-color drawings of more than common merit the subjects of both cases being mostly Canadian. We may resume at an early day our imperfect notice of this very interesting collection from Canada.—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

We clip the following from a Clare paper of May 6th:—On every morning this week, large numbers of emigrants from the neighborhood of Kilmish, Kilmee, and other adjoining districts, passed through our streets, on their way to the Foyne's steamer—the first stage in their long exile from a land of misery to one wherein industry has a chance of solving old age with other gerod than the workhouse. Nearly all of them were accompanied by friends or relatives anxious to bid them "God speed," and still the majority of these—particularly the younger and better-dressed portion—spoke hopefully of following their exiled friends at an early date.

The tide of emigration this spring is going on steadily from this neighborhood. Week after week may be seen parties of comfortably clad young men and women taking leave of their friends. One day lately Mr. Marmion's three horse omnibus was literally packed with emigrants who were booked for that new and magnificent vessel of the Inman line, the City of Boston. All these passengers were from Cape with the exception of two, who had been inmates of the workhouse here for a lengthened period, and whose passages were paid by friends in America. As these poor girls were entirely without the necessary clothing to enable them to avail themselves of the liberality of their friends, the guardians kindly and considerately procured the sanction of the commissioners to an outlay of a sum of money for the purpose of providing them with a suitable outfit, and right comfortable and neat did they appear under their altered circumstances. Mr. J. F. Lewis, the indefatigable agent of the company, spared no pains to advance the comfort of those committed to his charge.—*Shibbereen Eagle.*

The O'Donoghue has postponed for a fortnight his motion for an address to the Crown to grant a charter to the Catholic University. This was a discreet resolution, for it would have been injudicious to have pressed the question forward in the absence of so many Irish members of Parliament, who no doubt felt it their duty to be present at the opening of the International Exhibition in Dublin on Tuesday. When the motion comes on the conduct of the representatives of Ireland will form a pretty good test of their claims upon the future confidence and support of their constituents, wherever the electors are composed principally of Catholics. Any member of Parliament who votes against the motion is utterly unworthy of the support of a Catholic elector in any part of the United Kingdom. The claim of the University upon the Crown for a charter for their University is founded upon right, sound principle and justice. A charter involves no cost to the nation. It will not give the University any right or pretension to apply to the Treasury for an endowment. It will

not make any Protestant in the Empire liable to contribute anything towards the maintenance of the University. It will not give to the Catholics a single special privilege. Its only effect will be to raise the standard of Catholic education and improve the course of Catholic studies by enabling the Catholic youth of the empire to graduate without the peril to their faith which unquestionably and notoriously besets them in the Protestant Universities. To that protection they have a clear right, and as its concession will not cost the nation a penny, its refusal can only be the consequence of the grossest combination of bigotry and injustice. If the country were governed by a Ministry that understood its duty, and had the honesty and courage to discharge its duty, no appeal to Parliament would have been necessary in such a case. Had the Catholic University been founded thirty years ago, Lord Palmerston and Russell would not have waited for an impetus from the House of Commons to advise the Crown to grant it a charter. But May, 1865, is very different from May, 1835. Then the Whigs were restored to power and maintained in office by the Catholic vote; and Earl Russell could denounce the opposition of the ultra-Protestant party to the concession of Catholic claims, including the virtual disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland as "the whisper of a miserable faction." Then O'Connell was in the zenith of his influence as the chosen and successful leader of an united people, and the Irish popular members were a solid phalanx, counting 70 on a division. We will not characterise the state of Ireland at the present day, so far as political feeling and combination are concerned, or the character of the Irish representation. Suffice it to say that there is no leader no union, no influence, no power, no independence, nothing to make the Minister feel that the concession of the rightful claims of the Queen's Catholic subjects is the condition of his tenure of office. May we hope that the general election will improve the posture of our affairs? Worse than it is now it cannot possibly become.—*Weekly Register.*

Paragraphs copied from Irish newspapers are going the round of the press, stating that a learned Irish Catholic Judge, the late opposition and tenant-right M. P. for Ennis, Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, subsequently Her Majesty's Attorney-General for Ireland under Lord Palmerston's Administration, and now Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, of the Irish Common Pleas, has brought an action at law against the Very Rev. Dr. Northcote, President of St. Mary's College, Oscott, for facts connected with the expulsion from college of Master Fitzgerald, the Judge's son. What Master Fitzgerald did to deserve expulsion, how he was expelled, and why the expulsion inflamed the father's feelings and the Judge's indignation so as to determine him to invite the world's attention to himself and son, we shall all know in good time, if the case goes on, as few lovers of amusement can help hoping that it may.—*Tablet.*

INDEPENDENT OPPOSITION.—The country seems everywhere, at length, resolved to bestir herself from her inglorious and disastrous lethargy; to shake the cold chain of silence from off her tongue, as the awakened lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane; and to labour henceforth with determinate and steadfast energy for the entire removal of her grievances, and the whole recovery of her rights. The National League; and "The National Association" are in their respective ways, evidences of this recent resurrection or Ireland from the tomb of her previous political indifference. But whilst we wish to refer to each of these bodies with all due respect, and pray for each the fullest measure or success it merits; it is not with the principles or the prospects of either that we mean to deal at present. We have to speak of something that seems to us more practical and more pertinent just now. Not only is the country renewed to life; but she is renewed to life in the right direction. She is determined to adopt the means which will suffice to secure; and which only, in her present circumstances and prospects, can secure to her a healthful and prosperous existence. In our article on last Saturday, we said that she had already made a significant beginning, and one that might be hailed as the first fruits of the rich harvest of election successes soon to be gathered through the land. Louth proved, after a fashion that we hope shortly to see imitated in every county and borough of Ireland, what a resolute people and united clergy, co-operating in the spirit of pure and upright patriotism can accomplish against any opposition no matter how strong and formidable; and in the person of honest Fitzsimon Kennedy, whom—to quote our respected contemporary, the Dundalk Democrat of Saturday—they supported because they felt he was a honest man, and would not join the cause of either Whig or Tory—they have consecrated, as it were, anew, for the holy battles in behalf of faith and fatherland, the auspicious weapon of independent opposition. Patriotic Meath, too—Meath that, with its noble people and enlightened priesthood, held the flag of independent opposition proudly aloft, even when in wellnigh every other part of Ireland, it was ignominiously dragged through the mire by the indifference of the constituents, or the perfidy of the representatives—patriotic Meath has at the Tenant Right Demonstration held some few days ago, at Navan, re-affirmed in simple but stringent terms the necessity of independent opposition for the equitable adjustment of the present one-sided, tyrannical, and pauperising relations between landlords and tenants in this country. The Herald, which has always, through good and evil report, proclaimed "independent opposition" to be the sole sheet-anchor of Ireland's hopes of rising in safety, like another ark, over the many waters of the surging deluge of injustice and misrule wherewith she is surrounded; needs not here to repeat its thorough coincidence of conviction with the people and priests of Meath, when they declare that: "we are more convinced than ever that the policy of independent opposition of every ministry that refuses to make the Tenant Right question a cabinet measure is the only parliamentary policy to save this country." Yes, we believe with the men of Meath that this policy of independent opposition of every Ministry, without difference or distinction—of Whig equality as of Tory, and of Tory equality as of Whig "Trois Tyranniques miki nullo discrimine agitur"—that refuses to make the Tenant Right question a cabinet measure is the only parliamentary policy to save this country. The want of such a Tenant Right measure as the people of Meath demand in firm, strong, and straightforward language is working, the rapid destruction, as its obnoxious would, of a certainty, be the sure salvation of our people. With the men of Meath, we believe, too, that such a salutary measure can never be wrung from any British Legislature, by any other parliamentary policy than that of real, earnest, bona fide opposition to Whig alike and Tory such as it has been above defined. And we sincerely trust that every constituency in Ireland will hasten before the coming general election, to emulate those of Louth and Meath, by practically reasserting the policy of independent opposition, and publicly proclaiming its necessity for the well-being and salvation of our native land.—*Tuam Herald.*

The Cork Examiner, speaking of the beautiful weather which has visited Ireland lately, and its effects on the young crops, says: "If the farmers of the country were given the choice of selecting what weather they deemed best for agriculture, they could not have selected any more beneficial to them than that with which we have been blessed for the last few weeks. First the days have been midsummer brightness and warmth, succeeded by nights, during which heavy, nourishing dews fell; and within the past few days we have had soft, genial showers of rain, which penetrate and stimulate the soil. The result is delightfully apparent to any one who walks out into the country and sees the rich, healthy verdure of the fields, and the signs of a prolific vegetation around. Should the weather for the future be as propitious as that which has passed, a plentiful harvest will be the result."