

two comrades of the cave stepped out from a dark nook in the side of the glen. Ellen Roche, unlike the majority of heroines, did not faint at once, but, like the brave girl that she was, resisted to the utmost the efforts of the three, as they bore her through the forest towards the pass leading between the mountains, till at length, entirely exhausted, she sank into a passive kind of stupor, in which she continued until the kerchief was taken off her face.

On opening her eyes, she found herself in a narrow recess between two rocks, which, by way of rendering it habitable, was roofed with boughs of oak, and thatched over with bundles of heath and fern. It was situated on the side of a deep glen, through which the bright stream rushed downward with a hollow murmur; and its entrance opened towards a wide moor, whose undulating expanse stretched out, drear and lonely, until it terminated in a low range of dark hills to the west. Outside the door of the hut, the eyes of the young girl fell upon two objects, each remarkable in its appearance, but from the possession of very different qualities. One has been described before: it was no less than Cu Allee, standing guard at the entrance; and the other was the most beautiful whitehorn ever seen by human eyes, growing on the extremity of a green tongue of land at the opposite side of the glen. It shot up in a single stem to about seven feet from the ground, and then branched into three graceful arms, which extended themselves from side to side, in ramifications so singularly light and beautiful that the wild inhabitants of the mountains should not be deemed over-credulous for believing that the fairies trained its sprays,—upon which some white blossoms still lingered,—to assume those lovely forms; and that they made the little green around it one of their most favored retreats.

But, if Ellen Roche was surprised for an instant at the beauty of the whitehorn, it was with dismay and terror that she gazed on the uncouth form of Theige the Wolf, whom she mistook,—no great mistake indeed—for one of those wild spirits, who, in the shape of little red men, are believed by the Irish to haunt lonely places among the mountains, and whose appearance is a sure sign of the speedy doom of the unfortunate person who beholds them. She looked upon him for an instant; and, on noticing the evil expression of his eyes, covered her face with her hands, and sank, in the extremity of her terror, on a stone seat which lay beside her. Cu Allee noticed her dismay; and, although it did not at all advance her in his good graces, he did not hate her as he did every one else, for he began to imagine some resemblance between her and his young sister, whom he had laid not long ago in the old churchyard of Doneraile. In fact, in thinking of his sister, the only person for whom he ever felt any thing like affection, he began to cast about in his mind why he stood guard there upon a poor girl in whom he recognized a similarity of appearance, and to picture to himself how he would feel, after doing one good action, by effecting her liberation. It was with him as with all who have turned on the evil path through life. The human heart, in its innocence, is like a lovely bower, where the virtues with their fair train of good and beautiful thoughts make their dwelling; but, when the devil once gets possession of the keys, out go the virtues and their bright attendants, and, though they return frequently and knock for admittance, the stern answer of the evil demon inside scares them off, like a flock of white doves at the yell of the mountain eagle. By-and-by the demon hides the keys, the bower withers and becomes rotten, and the virtues, led by our good angel, go searching, searching, but, alas! rarely find the means of entrance to make it bloom again. The spirit of evil, in order to expel the good intention on this occasion from the breast of Cu Allee, thought fit to send a delegate in the person of the Man of Wonders, who, advancing up the glen, whispered something into the ear of the dwarf, at which he quitted his post, and proceeded with wonderful agility up the mountain at the back of the hut. Na Meerval entered, but paused for a time inside the door when he found himself unnoticed by Ellen Roche, who, with her face buried in her mantle, sat still in the same position as when she retired on seeing Theige the Wolf. At length he spoke:—

"Yerrah! my dark flower o' the mountains, is't it unnatural to see you sittin' that way, as bronch an' sorrowful as if all belongin' to you were laid out, an' the wake-candles burnin' over them?"

Ellen sat up, for she knew the voice. "An' is it you," she said, "you black-hearted villain, that spakes to me in such a way, after taking me away from my poor mother, whose heart, I know, is broke already? Let me go, I say." And she gathered her mantle around her, and prepared to dart from the door. "Let me go, or 'twill be long till some one you know will have his heavy revenge on you for this day's work."

"Fair an' aisy, Mistress Ellen," said Na Meerval, putting her back gently to her seat. "Listen to a few words I have to say, an' 'twill make you a little kinder."

"I can't listen to any thing but about my laying this. You know you often got food an' shelter an' kindness in my mother's house, an' this is not the way to pay back those who ever an' always helped you in your need."

"That very shelter an' kindness was my destruction; for, from the first night I slept under your roof, I fell in love,—you know with whom,—an' 'tis consumin' my heart to cinders ever since. Listen to me for a minnit. There is one you think that's dhramin' o' you mornin', noon, an' night. I know him, of course. But I tell you that Moran O'Brien has stooped thinkin' o' you since yesterday; so, if he promised to do so always, he's false to his word. Take the love, then, of a truer man, who'll stick to you through life an' death."

"It is false," answered Ellen vehemently. "Moran is still true to me, an' will be as true

to his revenge upon you, if you don't let me away."

"You don't know me, Ellen Roche. Three or false, you'll never have him for a husband, nor have no one else either, barrin' myself. I tell you he'll never think on you more; an' look at this," said he, at the same time drawing a small silver cross from his bosom, "if he was true in his heart and soul, would he let a purty-faced creature, nearly as nate as myself, take this from round his neck? Upon this blessed cross, taken from the neck of a false man, who never more can see you, I swear to love you through pace an' war, an' through life an' death, for ever an' ever."

Ellen looked at the cross. It was Moran's. She had herself placed it round his neck; and he, poor fellow! had vowed at the same time that he would never part with it but in death. Suddenly the thought flashed upon her mind that he was dead,—murdered by Na Meerval and his accomplices. She looked instinctively at the sword by Na Meerval's side. It was Moran's. The horrible reality burst at once upon her mind; and, with a piercing and agonizing shriek, she sank senseless on the floor of the hut.

On awakening from her swoon, she found herself lying upon some soft heath in another apartment. A wooden vessel filled with water lay beside her upon a flat stone, with some bread. This she was enabled to observe by a few streams of red light which darted inwards through the chinks of an old wooden door which separated the recess in which she lay from the outer one. She cautiously arose, and, looking through one of the chinks, saw Na Meerval and his two comrades sitting round a heap of blazing wood in the apartment she had occupied on the preceding evening: for it was now far advanced in the night. She turned round in silent misery and fear, and, sinking her face once more in the folds of her mantle, sat in her despair until another morning was shining gloriously over the gray summits and deep valleys that surrounded her.

#### CHAPTER III.

I buckled on my armor,  
And my sword so keen and bright;  
I took my gallant charger,  
And I rode him to the fight.  
We met the foe man early,  
Beside your castle hoar,  
And slew them all by tower and wall,  
And by the dark lake-shore.

BALLAD.

About sunrise that morning John of the Bridle took his way up the gorge through which poor Ellen had been borne. He had returned from Kilmallock on the previous evening, after delivering the despatch, and joined the dancers on the green of Fannystown. On inquiring for Ellen Roche, he was told the incident that had occurred, and of Ellen's accompanying Na Meerval to her home. Suspecting some unfair dealing on the part of Na Meerval, he proceeded directly to the house of Maureen Roche; but she had gone early in the day to the dance. The alarm was given, and every place searched, even the cave where John of the Bridle met the three Timothys; but no trace of the young girl could be found. John of the Bridle was on horseback most of that night, and, after sending some of his friends in other directions, took his way at sunrise up the gorge that led between the hills. On reaching the highest point of a craggy ridge, he directed his course over a wide and elevated moorland, strewn irregularly with huge masses of rock. Riding for some time in a southerly direction, he at length reached where the barren moorland merged into the stunted copsewood of the upland forest; and here he was met by a lathy and light-footed *gorsoon* whom he accosted.

(To be Continued.)

#### JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

A Berlin letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* says:—"The order has been given to raise the Landwehr battalions, provisionally 800 men strong, to a strength of 1,900 men by further levies, and to despatch them to the seat of war. By this decree the army at present in the field will receive a reinforcement of more than 150,000 men, for each of the eleven Prussian Army Corps comprises 17 Landwehr battalions. By this development of strength it may be confidently expected that our leaders will soon succeed in depriving the French people of the means of further resistance. In our military circles the capture of Paris is looked for with tolerable certainty by the middle of December."

A German paper, which recently quoted M. Thiers in proof of the right of the conqueror to annex a slice of his opponent's territory, now calls him as a witness to the propriety of refusing victualing during an armistice. During the siege of Mantua in 1796 the French Government wished for an armistice, to include the victualing of the fortress, but General Bonaparte objected, and "his reasons," says M. Thiers "were excellent. The other advantages of the armistice, for the sake of which the capture of Mantua would have been delayed, were insignificant, while the armistice plainly put this result in jeopardy. Mantua, full of sick, and placed on half rations, could have held out a month at longest. The means of subsistence introduced during the armistice would have restored health and strength to the garrison. The quantity of food could not have been exactly measured; the commandant might, by economy, have drawn from them the means for a perfectly new resistance; all our former victories would have been fruitless, we should have had, after the interval to begin all over again." Read Paris, it is remarked; for Mantua, and Moltke for Bonaparte, and the reasoning is equally cogent.

"The victualing of Paris after the surrender," says a Versailles letter, "is already engaging the attention of many speculators. The well-known Paris banker, M. Erlanger, has here undertaken to establish at Havre a large store of all sorts of edibles and colonial produce, in order, after the expected starving out, to do a good trade. This speculation cannot, of course, be officially promoted on the German side, as it is not our interest to tranquillize the Parisians as to their future, and allow them, in the consciousness that the future is provided for, to hold out up to the last biscuit. If the Parisians mean to be famished, and thus assume an heroic attitude, they must make up their minds to bear the consequences of this resolution, not only before, but a reasonable time after the eventual capitulation. They are not without warnings of this kind."

A correspondent of the *Standard* states that on the 25th November there were rations of fresh meat for two months, of salt meat for two weeks longer, and of horse-flesh for three months, and of flour, coffee, and

wine for six months. Trochu's famous "plan" is being, it is said, developed, and that it is to keep pounding away at the German lines until they shall have been so extended that the investment of the city shall practically have been raised. The great sortie of Thursday last is said to be only the forerunner of still more serious and determined attacks.

**PREPARATION OF STORES FOR THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.**—The *West Zeitung* gives a description of the manufactory of Prussian army stores at Berlin. More than 1,700 persons, adults and youths, of both sexes, are engaged from morning till night in preparing 150,000 lb. of pea pudding (*erbsworte*),—literally, pea sausage) and 210,000 rations of meat and vegetable preserves, which are daily despatched by railway. The largest room in the building is devoted to the preparation of pea pudding. Swine's flesh, especially bacon and hams, are first cooked in 12 large saucapans. The other components of the sausage are pea flour, salt, and the so-called "*lupus*," the name humorously given by the inventor to the secret ingredient which makes the article keep and gives it an agreeable flavour. When the mixture is cooked it is poured into pails, and by skillful kneading the pea sausage soon becomes firm, and is enclosed in a covering, not of skin, but of parchment. Boys and girls carry the mixture on wheelbarrows to the packing room, where 400 women and girls, after cleansing the outside from grease, affix on every portion the following label:—"Put ten ounces, or one-third of a sausage, freed from the coating, into 1½ pint of cold water, stir it up, and let it cook for ten minutes." The sausages are carefully packed in pairs, and are sent to the coopers' workshop, where they are stored into 150 lb. chests, nailed up, and sent off. The sausage or pudding becomes in time as hard as stone. The genuine article is not obtainable by the public, though imitations of it are sold. Turnips, carrots, and celery for the preserves are dressed and cut by about 120 women. The tin cases of the preserves employ 120 workmen: 100 oxen are daily slaughtered, and 275 cwt. of bacon daily bought for the manufactory. The preserves, already soldered up in cases, are boiled in the so-called marine baths. Labels with directions are placed on every case. Everything is made the most of, the bones being cooked, and supplying excellent broth. Eighteen saucapans are used for preparing "*galluech*," a mixture of bee, and maize, which is much relished by the troops. The works cover about six acres, and are now the property of the state. There are similar establishments at Frankfurt and Mayence.

**GENERAL TROCHU'S ROLL OF HONOUR.**—General Trochu, rightly judging what a stimulus praise is to the soldier, has caused a roll of honour to be drawn up of those under his command, "who have deserved well of the country since the commencement of the siege. Some of those names are dead, like Latour d'Auvergne, "on the field of honour," but they are not forgotten; living or dead, all, testifies the General, "did more than their duty."

Among the heroic defenders of the city who are still in the land of the living, prepared to signalise themselves anew, the first in order, as I have marked them on the paper before me, is Captain de Montbrison, orderly officer to General Ducrot. De Montbrison, De Nugent, De De Dampierre! Have you remarked how the "sangrinary aristocrats," the men who stink in the nostrils of Belleville because of their gentle blood, will turn up where there are laurels to be plucked?

A correspondent of the *Standard* says the French artillery officers are most of them men of good family, sprung from the Ecole Polytechnique, and already distinguished by their bravery during the campaign. Several of them are already decorated. I dined with them last night, and I never sat down at so pleasant a dinner party before. It quite brought back to me Charles Lever's inimitable description of the French officers under the old Napoleon—their high-bred courtesy, their perfect ease, dashing bravery, invincible, yet almost Irish, gaiety, and racy anecdotes. They had all served before Amiens, and all were of one accord that the Prussian artillery was magnificent. One of them told me that he was bringing three guns into position, and before the men had time to serve, a Prussian battery that was so far out of sight that neither men nor guns could be distinguished, detected the movement by their telescope, and in shorter time than it takes to write it had killed six men with one shot, and utterly silenced the battery. There was something terrible in their accounts of the mysterious manner in which the men fell. The commandant himself told me that one regiment of Chasseurs were exposed from morning till night to the hottest fire of the enemy. To use his exact words—"The men dropped in swarms, like flies, and they never once saw the enemy during the whole day."

The *Paris* relates the circumstances under which a number of peasants resident in the neighborhood of Paris recently effected their escape from their German conquerors. A requisition having been made for labourers to work at the construction of some intrenchments and redoubts in the plain of Chatellain, the country people were called upon to assist in the task of completing works which were destined to bombard the Forts Vanvres, Issy, and Montrouge. The men thus employed were for safe custody lodged at night in a church, but resenting their involuntary employment against their countrymen, they determined to escape, and accordingly, by a preconcerted arrangement, they burst open the doors of the church, killed the sentries, and fled to the woods, whence they singly made their way to the French outposts.

The *North German Gazette*, referring to the reconnoitering expeditions sent out by Prince Frederick Charles, says,—"These were mostly attended with great difficulties. The cavalry were fired at from every farm and every distant point. Solitary agricultural labourers at their approach threw away the spade, seized a gun lying beside them on the ground and fired, every house became a petty fortress, every blouse a *Franc-Tireur*. Such persons are daily brought to the general commands, to whom the decision in such cases is trusted, and many of them are accompanied by priests, partly as instigators, and partly as actors. Everybody taken with a gun in his hand, in accordance with a notice placarded at the town or village corners entering any district, is condemned to death. Only by Draconic severities can this treacherous way of carrying on war be repressed. The towns of Sens and Nemours have been severely punished. In the former postal and telegraph officials were disarmed by the inhabitants and led away prisoners; in the latter 47 Uhlans were surprised. The isolated officer who is sent out to get information or reconnoitre is exposed to the greatest danger."

Von Moltke.—"The Silent Man" is seventy years old. He is the greatest commander since the great Napoleon, and he never led a division in his life. He manages his forces from a closet, and directs his manoeuvres through subordinates. His father was a soldier, and he never had any high opinion of his son's genius. The family removed from Mecklenburg when Von Moltke was a child, and they began a new life in Holstein. They sent the lad to a military school remarkable for its stern discipline and frugal administration; for the family were very poor. When he was twenty-two years old he entered the army as a cornet. Almost immediately his family were ruined. The pay of the Prussian officer is extremely small, and Von Moltke was compelled to live as parsimoniously as many a private soldier. This training formed the rigid, stern, cold, silent old man whose military sagacity has astonished the world. He occupied his leisure in the most inexorable and unceasing study. He mastered several languages, though, oddly enough, he very seldom used any language at all. He is

more terse and laconic than General Grant, the present President of the United States, who, when called on to make a speech at a ladies' meeting simply said "Good Night." Von Moltke's administrative capacity procured him promotion; but his silent unassuming ways and a natural delicacy of constitution prohibited any brilliant display in the field. He was always content to direct affairs privately, and although many men were persuaded of his genius he never became popularly known as a great man. When the four years' war broke out between Turkey and Asia Minor, from '35 to '39, Moltke was despatched to make observations. His power of concentration, which is an instinct of his mind, enabled him to become acquainted with the ways and weaknesses of armies: a matter of which he had had little or no experience. He came home stocked with practical knowledge and to this he applied his own extraordinary power of theorising. He published several works which excited great attention; but with characteristic modesty, they were all anonymous. He was retained on the general staff; and was known to be a deep, thinking strategist. He hoped for many years over the plans of the great Napoleon's campaigns; and has since shown that that commander's theorem as to generalship was as true as it was brief—all summed up in concentration and rapid movement. For the greater part of a long and busy life he remained in comparative obscurity, and it was only when the Austro-German war of '65 broke out that Moltke quietly came forward with the plan of the campaign completely developed. He was appointed to the nominal command. Instantly he poured an immense army into Bohemia, and by rapid marches succeeded in passing the mountain defiles before the enemy came up. The Prussian host invaded Bohemia at three several points, Prince Frederick Charles, General Von Bittenfeld, and the Crown Prince being in command. The whole force mustered 225,000 men, with 750 guns. The Austrians had 260,000 men, and an equal power in artillery. The Austrians, under Benedek, awaited the attack from Silesia, Moltke having made a feint which suggested this notion. When the Prussians came up with the isolated brigades of the Austrian army in quite a different quarter, the work was simple annihilation. He now succeeded in dividing the Austrian forces and beat them in detail. Benedek never succeeded in gathering any large force, for the feline watchfulness of Von Moltke constantly defeated any concentration. On the 3rd of July the opposing hosts reached Koniggratz. The Crown Prince lay 15 miles off. Benedek determined to make the attack and by a flank movement to cut off the Crown Prince. Von Moltke suddenly extended his line and dispatched orders to the Prince. The battle was fiercely contested. The Austrian soldiers fought with splendid bravery, and several times dislodged the Germans from their positions. The Austrian cavalry, perhaps the finest in the world, performed wonders, and excited admiration in the foe. Benedek was manoeuvring with great skill, and Von Moltke then determined to keep up an appearance while he brought the artillery into position. He swept the Austrian lines with dreadful havoc, and at that moment when Benedek had succeeded in bringing up his forces, the Crown Prince arrived on the field and attacked his right wing. Caught between two fires, the Austrian defeat was inevitable, and the great host turned and fled. Nine thousand Austrians lay dead on the field; sixteen thousand Austrians fell, and twenty-two thousand men were taken prisoners, and a couple of hundred guns captured. Napoleon III. interfered soon after, and a peace was made. Such was the first campaign of Von Moltke, and then the world heard with awe of the silent little man in spectacles. How he managed the present campaign for the Germans we need not tell. The story of unmerciful disaster which has followed the French troops from the first is one of the most painful facts in all history; and there can be no doubt that, apart from bad generalship, it may be greatly attributed to the strategy of Von Moltke. The King of Prussia made the general a Count on his last birthday, the 28th of October. When the wars of our portion of the nineteenth century come to be written there can be no doubt that Helmuth Freiherr Von Moltke will be regarded as the greatest captain of his time.—*Weekly Freeman*.

A Versailles letter in the *West Zeitung* says:—"The French generally come out every morning about 6 o'clock with three or four battalions, chiefly from Forts Vanvres and Montrouge, and alarm our outposts. An attack does not occur, but after the enemy has dug up the remaining potatoes at a distance of 800 paces, he goes back to the fort without firing a shot. Every morning the French send out the same 18 or 20 oxen in front of the Bavarians, as a proof that their provisions are not exhausted. The Bavarians recognize them by their physiognomy, and have christened them the gala herd. The exchange of newspapers is carried on in a friendly manner. According to mutual agreement the papers are tied to a stone and thrown to and fro, without a shot being fired in the process. I had yesterday in my hands a copy of the *Gaulois* of the 18th. It had a long article decidedly in favour of peace, and conjured the men of the 4th of September to resign their functions and summon a National Assembly, and even dissuaded Trochu from making a useless sortie, as Paris could no longer reckon on help from the Army of the Loire.

**THE GRENIER D'ABONDANCE.**—In the calculations which have been made respecting the ability of Paris to stand a siege, we have not observed any mention made of the Grenier d'Abondance, or de Reserve, situated near the Place de la Bastille. It is an immense storehouse, commenced by Napoleon I., for the express purpose of containing the grain and flour required for the consumption of the city for four months. Though not completed on the scale originally projected, it is 2,160 ft. in length, 64 ft. in breadth, and 32 ft. in height, and is capable of containing 80,000 sacks of flour. Every baker in Paris was obliged to keep 20 sacks constantly deposited in it, and was allowed to warehouse as much more as he pleased on payment of a moderate charge. The ordinary consumption of Paris in 1861 was considered to be 2,900 sacks a day.—*Globe*.

It has been observed in the French hospitals at Orleans that the wounds of the Germans are chiefly from pieces of shell—comparatively few bullet wounds—but that the French have chiefly been wounded by the needle gun. The inference is obvious that the French fired wildly, too fast, and without aiming, and perhaps at too great a distance. The Chassepot is a bad weapon for recruits, and especially for young French soldiers, impetuous and difficult to control.

In the French navy there appears to be as little subordination as in the army. The *Steele* publishes the letter of an officer on board the *Reine Blanche*, which indulges in the severest expressions towards his captain for having neglected to capture German ships which came in sight. The *Steele* not only registers this criticism by a naval lieutenant of his superior as quite a matter of course, but remarks that among the French captains there are still many who hold further resistance to the enemy useless, and have expressed an opinion that the members of the Government ought all to be shot.

A partial statement of the German losses in men during the present war has been issued at Berlin. Up to a fortnight ago the North German, Bavarian, and Baden armies had lost 77,387 men in killed, wounded, and missing. These are merely the casualties in actual fighting. What disease has done is not stated; but it is admitted that the present war has not been an exception to the old rule of disease being a more deadly enemy than powder and shot. There are no returns of the Wurtemberg losses.

It is observed in hospitals where wounded and dying soldiers of the French and German armies are lying side by side, that the former do not bear pain so well as the latter. They scream and howl where the Germans will not utter a sound. The German soldier's fortitude in this instance is owing to the overwhelming terrors of inevitable death, and upon the Germans' training breaks down, and they give the most unmistakable signs of terror. The Frenchmen, on the contrary, show generally, the greatest coolness and unconcern.

General Keraty the other day tried the effect of a coup de theatre at the Conlie Camp, near Le Mans, with great, immediate, and very probable ultimate success. A private of Mobiles was sentenced to death by Court Martial for insubordination. His pardon, strongly solicited from the general was sturnly refused. Nov. 18 the whole army was drawn up to see the execution. The drums rolled the death notes. The culprit received the last consolations of religion, and the firing party was ready awaiting the signal. But at the very last moment Gen. Keraty galloped to the front and said he had determined to spare the man's life, hoping that his clemency might not be misinterpreted, and that in future discipline would be strictly observed. The astounded rebel, thus rescued from the jaws of death, threw himself at Gen. Keraty's feet, or rather at the feet of his horse. The general said, "Rise up, my friend; and remember that a Frenchman should never go down on his knees." This is a *beau trait* such as French history delights in.

#### IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, Dec. 16.—A monster meeting of sympathisers with the Pope was held at Thurles last evening. Speeches were made and resolutions adopted, in which an opinion was expressed that Great Britain should defend the interests of her Catholic subjects now menaced at Rome.

Mr. Johnston, M.P., has been deposed from his office as Grand Master of the County Orange Grand Lodge of Belfast, for refusing to pledge himself completely to the interests of the Conservative party.

A force of about nine thousand cavalry and infantry have been ordered to Londonderry in view of disturbances expected on the Anniversary of the establishment of the Union of England and Ireland.

The Catholic Defence Association of Londonderry has been dissolved by order of the authorities.

LONDONDERRY, Dec. 15.—The Derry Boys ignore the proclamation of the magistrates forbidding processions.

The Derry Boys having demanded, and been refused admission to the walls of the city, had a slight collision with the Catholics in rear of their procession. The following letter, addressed by Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Dease, member of Parliament for Queen's County, has been published:—

Downing-street, Nov. 30, 1870.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., transmitting a memorial from the inhabitants of Strabally, in which you state that they express their desire that Her Majesty's Government may see fit to use "such diplomatic intervention as may secure to the Pope the continuance of such a temporal Sovereignty as will protect him in the discharge of his spiritual duties, together with an adequate income." The memorial itself is couched in larger or less definite language, but I do not doubt that I am to recognise you as the best expounder of the feelings it is intended to express. In reply I have to state that Her Majesty's Government have not, during the various changes which have marked the reign of the present Pope, interfered, nor have they now proposed to interfere with the civil Government of the City of Rome or the surrounding country. But Her Majesty's Government considers all that relates to the adequate support of the dignity of the Pope, and to his personal freedom and independence in the discharge of his spiritual functions, to be legitimate matter for their notice. Indeed, without waiting for the occurrence of an actual necessity, they have during the uncertainties of the last few months taken upon themselves to make provision which would have tended to afford any necessary protection to the person of the Sovereign Pontiff. The subjects to which I have adverted will continue to have their careful attention; although they have had great satisfaction in observing that the Italian Government has declared in the most explicit manner its desire and intention to respect and defend the Pope's freedom and independence, and to take care that adequate provision shall be forthcoming for the due support of his dignity.—I have, &c.,

(Signed),

W. E. GLADSTONE.

E. Dease, Esq., M.P.

LETTER FROM THE POPE TO AN IRISH NUN.—The *Nation* gives publicity to the following letter from His Holiness to the authoress of the Life of Saint Patrick, and of one of the best histories of Ireland that has ever been written:

TO OUR BELOVED DAUGHTER IN CHRIST, MARY FRANCES CLARE, OF THE SISTERS OF ST. KENNAMORE.

Pius P. P. IX.

Beloved Daughter in Christ, Health and Apostolic Benediction. We congratulate you, beloved daughter in Christ, in having completed a long and difficult work, which seemed to be above woman's strength, with a success that has justly earned the applause of the pious and the learned. We rejoice not only because you have promoted by this learned and eloquent volume the glory of this illustrious Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick, but also because you have deserved well of the whole Church, for in recording the actions of so great a man, you have placed before the eyes of the world the benefits received through the Catholic religion, so clearly that they can no longer be questioned. For not only did he bring the light of faith to a people that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, but he reclaimed and civilized their wild and barbarous customs, so that the island became entirely changed, and was justly styled the Island of Saints. The clergy appointed by him throughout the land, together with being remarkable for faith and piety, devoted themselves also to the study and advancement of science; and when the rest of Europe was wasted by barbarous hordes, and overpowered with ignorance and darkness, your country was the secure refuge of literature and scholarship, and received with welcome the youth that crowded to her shores, and sent out very many men, most distinguished for learning and piety, to be the Apostles of various nations.

Now, for so great a gift, Ireland was indebted to this Apostolic See, because St. Patrick taught no other faith except that which was handed down here, and which from the very beginning of Christianity, having raised up the nations that were enslaved by superstitions and error and sunk down in the foul mire of sensual indulgence, bound them together in love, and reduced them to those habits of life which are worthy of man's dignity. While these facts reflect most clearly the false charges of ignorance, darkness and opposition to progress, which are constantly brought against the Church and this Holy See, the Life of St. Patrick, as written so carefully by you, has the further merit of pointing out this benefit to every one, and the more forcibly and effectively, because this result flows naturally from the narrative. But as we look with wonder at the abiding fruits of this most holy prelate's mission, evidenced by the constancy of your nation