

up—up,—until a brilliant stream of light, pouring from an opening high up under the eaves, almost blinded me. But my eyes, soon accustomed to the glare, looked through, and could distinguish within and below; and, as sure as thou livest, it was the interior of the accursed Druid temple into which I gazed; and then—

"Hast thou so far forgotten the honor of a noble, Sir Saxon, as to play the spy?" asked Clotaire, with a withering look of scorn.

"Ha! spy!" he exclaimed, touching the hilt of his dagger. "Unsay the word, Sir Clotaire of Bretagne!"

"Let thy own words disprove the charge, Sir Ulric of Heidelberg. Go on," said the other, coolly.

"That I am no spy, then, be sure. Had I known there was an opening in the wall, had I even known that it was the wall of their temple I was scaling; I had not seen what I did.— But, once up,—hanging by vines at a dizzy height from the ground, my brain fevered with wine, and the spirit of adventure rampant within me—I looked down for a moment; but, Sir Frank it was a moment so full of horror that it is burnt in my brain forever. I saw a throne of gold and gems. It was surrounded by lamps so studded with opals that the light streamed out like sunbeams through them.— White and crimson draperies of tissue covered with stars of precious stones hung around it. On it was seated a terrible ONE of gigantic proportions, draped in cloth of gold. His face was grand and beautiful, but there was a faded glory and a curse in every lineament. Instead of a diadem of gems on his brow, there was a coronal of small white flames. Yes,—as I live,—flames! No jewels ever flickered and twinkled and writhed as they did. Then he lifted his hand, and I saw a glistening serpent, with eyes of flame, twining around his arm, and from the throat of the serpent issued low, sweet melodies. At the signal, a screen slid back, and Semo, followed by two others, older than himself, came into this awful presence, and, prostrating themselves, touched the pavement with their foreheads, paying him who sat on the throne homage, who uttered words I could not hear. Then there came a crash and sudden darkness, and wild music wailing up on the air, and a sound of lamentation. Half dead with fright, I returned with all the swiftness I could."

"Sir Ulric of Heidelberg, thou art sufficiently punished for thy levity. Thy head was dizzy with climbing, and, heated with wine, the light blinded and bewildered thee, and thou hast seen—a vision," said Clotaire, laughing.

"It was no vision,—no phantasy!" replied the other, sullenly, while he swallowed another draught of wine. "I only wish I was safely back at Heidelberg; for, believe me, it is little that will be battered into my brains, after what I have seen."

"Let us hope for the best," replied the gay Clotaire. "Lie down and sleep until morning, and, my honor on it, the bright sunshine will disperse these extraordinary phantoms from thy affrighted brain. There are soft pillows and a wide couch. Let us sleep."

"Sleep who can!" muttered Ulric. "I shall watch. By Pluto! I feel afraid for the first time in my life." But, notwithstanding all, he had scarcely touched the pillows on which he had heavily thrown himself, when his nasal organs announced, in no gentle or musical tones, that he was sleeping profoundly.

CHAPTER III.—SEMO.

"Nobles, day is far up in the hills!" "Pardon, O bard, the sluggishness of weary travelers," exclaimed Clotaire, who, starting from his couch, saw Abaris standing beside him.

"Nay, gentle sir, it is I who should ask pardon, for rousing thee so rudely from sleep. I was loath to do it; but Semo sends ye greeting, and is waiting in the grove without, to give ye audience," replied the bard, courteously.

"Methinks the wines of Erin give one strange dreams, sir bard," yawned the Saxon, stretching his limbs, while he shook off his slumbers.

"Our wines are generous. If used temperately, they invigorate and strengthen; if abused, they take revenge by filling the soul with phantoms from Tartarus," replied Abaris, gravely.

"It was the wine, then," began Ulric; but, silenced by a sign from Clotaire, he adroitly added, "In Rhineland, one may drink up a vintage without feeling dizzy. But I am ready to accompany thee."

Beneath an old oak-tree, whose roots had forced their way out of the earth in grotesque shapes, and were so covered with rich mosses that they looked as if they were draped with velvet, walked Semo, the Arch-Druid. Grave, solemn, and stately in his bearing, full of the dignity of learning and wisdom, and a rapt enthusiast in the doctrines of a dark mythology, his appearance was imposing in the extreme.

"Welcome, young lords of Heidelberg and Bretagne,—thrice welcome. Come near me; for the cloud of age gathers over my vision, and the voice of mortals is like a far-off echo," he said, extending his hand, which the strangers touched with their lips, as they bowed the knee before him,—an act of reverence which his age and position demanded. "I knew the father of each of ye. I was the guest of the Lord Count of Bretagne, and also of the noble palatine of the Rhine, Count of Heidelberg, when I last journeyed toward the ruins of Tyre and the broken altars of Egypt. Their sons are welcome."

"We are here to learn wisdom in the schools of Erin," replied Clotaire, "and are commended to the auspices of Semo, because his fame as a sage and philosopher is known throughout Europe."

"Ay! so well is Semo known, not only for the wisdom of his age, but for the glorious achievements of his youth, that his name is written in letters of gold on a marble tablet in

the hall of my ancestors at Heidelberg," said Ulric, with a proud air, while he reverently bowed his head.

"It is ever so," said the old Druid, leaning on his staff. "The *Ruaga-Catha** sounds sweeter in the ears of impetuous youth than the soft lays of Latona or the rapt strains of Apollo. The helm and shield, the war-horse and braying trumpet, are in his dreams of glory. In the Leabhar-Gabhaltust† he reads the scroll of destiny. But Time, like a torrent flowing down from some cloud-capped hill, sweeps all away together in an inexorable current. Of the Danans, who first peopled this isle, and who were conquered by our forefathers the Phenicians, a brave and fearless nation, what is left? A few broken tombs and ruined temples mark the path of the victorious invaders, while the vanquished lie forgotten beneath the waves of the sea and the sands of the shore. Fame is silent above their ashes.— Their destiny is over. There is only one aim worthy of man,—virtue! TIENNE, from whose glory ages cannot shear one ray, is the governing principle of Wisdom and Perfection, in the pursuit of which, man, enlightened by holy sciences, can only become a pure being, a suitable companion for Deity."

"Tell me, O sage!" said the Saxon youth, eagerly, and perhaps rudely, "has Erin no heroes? no cohorts? no battalions? no chiefs and warlike sons? Is the broad land filled with long-bearded sages and rambling bards?"

"Thy youth, O Saxon, must plead for thy ignorance," replied Semo. "While Erin, which is known throughout the world as the *Sacred Isle*, bows the knee to *Sheanachus*, the old and first cause, while the altars of sacrifice smoke with offerings to TIENNE and NERF, while the Druids in their sequestered temples keep alive the sacred fires of Religion and learning, her heroes, attended by their bards, who record on the deathless pages of Leabhar-Gabhaltust their deeds of valor, perform acts of prowess which would not shame the walls of Troy, nor lay their spears in rest until the proud invader is driven off or the aggressor subdued. Come hither, Abaris, and sing the glories of Tuathal and Fion the Brave," said the old Druid, with kindling eye.

The young bard swept his fingers over the strings of his harp, throwing out a gush of wild, warlike strains on the air. The stirring notes floated like banners over their heads, and the willing echoes sounded like the muffled tramp of hosts marching to battle, while in tones of exquisite clearness and volume, modulated to softness or rising in grandeur, he chanted the deeds of Tuathal, who was not only terrible in war, but wise in council. "The princes and chiefs of Tara assemble. The septs come thronging down from the fastnesses in the hills and their strongholds in the valley. They hear that the proud Roman, arrogant and flushed with conquest, threatens their wave-washed shores with invasion. He has boasted that the Eagle shall perch over the 'Sunburst,'‡ and that this gem of the seas shall be plucked from its possessors, to glitter in the imperial diadem, her heroes and princes be chained to Roman chariots, while her maids and matrons shall be torn from their firesides and sold into slavery. Roused to frenzy, they grasp the spear and buckle on the sword.— Their arrow-points glitter in the sunlight, and every bow is strung. They rush with wild war-cries on the sleeping legions of Imperial Rome, who fly at the onset, leaving rich spoils in the hands of the victors." This was the burden of the song of Abaris, draped in poetry which we cannot imitate, and filled with eloquence so stirring that Ulric of Heidelberg grasped his dagger, and, with flashing eyes, threw his fine muscular form into an attitude of attack, while Clotaire listened breathless and eager until the bard closed his song with the wild and romantic story of *Fion MacCumhall*.

(To be Continued.)

* War-song.
† Book of Conquests.
‡ The banner of Ireland.

INCIDENTS OF THE PARIS INSURRECTION.

The Times publishes the following from a Parisian correspondent:— "The gentlemen of Belleville and of the prisons lose no time if they know well that the power will not remain long in their hands, and they wish first to satisfy their vengeance—one might also say, to give free scope to their folly. I know of no other word to apply to some—shall I say to the greater number?—of their acts. This morning they arrested a singer, M. Villaret, a tenor at the Opera. What do you think was his crime? He was walking and smoking a cigar in the Place Pigalle. They accused him, like M. Clement Thomas, of taking a plan of the barricades, and would have shot him but for the intervention of some neighbors. M. Jules Favre was right yesterday in asking pardon of God and men for having refused to M. Bismarck the disarmament of the National Guards. Firearms should not be placed in the hands of children of furious madmen, still less in those of idiots. How shall we get out of this chaos in what every one asks. Three means present themselves. Either the better part of the population combined will regain the upper hand, which is easy if properly commanded, if they do not allow themselves to be disarmed, if they agree together and know how to arrange things properly, or else the indignant provinces will rise and precipitate themselves on Paris, with the assistance of any good elements in the army that may be at Versailles; or, lastly, the Germans will carry out their threat, and will occupy Paris, after having driven before them with their shells the fugitives from Belleville. I do not hesitate to recognize this last means as the only efficacious one, because it alone can cauterize the wound in which the rabid virus is contained.

The following is an extract from a letter from Paris, dated March 28:— "I suppose it has never been your lot, you happy Englishman, to see a barricade erected before your very windows? I am less lucky, and can tell you exactly how the thing is done. At day-break on the 18th inst our quarter, was overrun by the patriots of Batignolles, and from that moment it has been one continuous round of drums beating the 'rappel' and trumpets sounding the alarm. This of itself was sufficiently irritating for the quiet inhabitants of a usually very quiet street; but you get used to most things, and even in the occasional firing close at hand there was nothing very startling and it only called forth an angry exclamation, and perhaps an imprecation or two against the passive 'atti-

tude' of Government. This state of things remained unaltered until Wednesday the 22nd, but after the lamentable affair of the Place Vendome the 'patriots' of Batignolles got afraid some reprisals might be attempted, and that very evening a barricade was made at the top of the Rue de Turin, cutting it off from the Boulevard de Batignolles. A most black-guardsly looking sergeant of the National Guard came up, escorted by six cut-throats, you would say, judging by their appearance. The sergeant stopped, and said to his followers, 'Eventrez moi c'ete rue, un peu leste, et faites moi une barricade que ce soit ca.' A lieutenant passing by stopped and asked 'Why make a barricade in that place?' The sergeant looked round with a scowl, and said, 'we have orders,' and then turned his back on the officer, who went away shrugging his shoulders. And our barricade was made 'que c'est ca,' in stone and earth five feet high and four feet deep, with two embrasures, before which two 7 pounders were pointed, and sentinels were placed to guard this new toy. It is always surrounded by a knot of hideous looking ruffians dressed as National Guards, such men as one only sees during a revolution, as if they remained below ground the remainder of the time. Every day a few stones are added to 'the works,' and a smaller barricade has been constructed in front of the parent barricade as an 'outwork.' The 7 pounders, too, have been replaced by 24 pounders. Every now and then a detachment of patriots takes one of the cannons out for an 'airing.' They drag it along the Boulevard for half an hour or so, and then it is restored to its place before the embrasure. At night unsuspecting cabmen drive up our street, when they are stopped by a sentinel who crosses bayonets, and in commanding tones calls out, 'On ne passe pas! Au large!' and with praiseworthy prudence the cabmen drive rapidly away. In the daytime every now and then some alarm causes the shops of the neighborhood to be hastily shut up, and the dirty guardians of our liberties are in very bad odour with the shopkeepers, especially with those who have been subjected to 'requisitions' and have been paid with red 'bons.' 'Des bons qui sont tres mauvais,' as a grocer remarked to me. How is all this to end? It seems difficult it should end without much bloodshed, but then help must come from without. The minority of the armed well thinking men inside Paris is most alarming. At the time I write there is continual drumming going on under my windows, and cannon in the distance, but it may be a salute from a Prussian corps. Our barricade has been made, how will it be pulled down? That is the question. I am but a quarter of a century old, and without mentioning the 'coup d'etat' and 'sundry emettes,' I have seen the latter years of a monarchy, an empire, two republics, and two revolutions.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Temps furnishes a curious sketch of the state of affairs in the French capital. "One sign of the times," it says, "is that game is not to be had and milk is scarce. Butchers' meat will soon be difficult to procure, but potatoes are plentiful and cheap, indeed, in some parts they are given away, a practice which it would be convenient to make general, as gold and silver are becoming scarce. Everything, however, goes on as usual, except the hackney coaches and the railways. The reason assigned for the irregularities of railway trains is because they are stopped, but that is absurd. The cab-drivers give a more intelligible explanation: forage is scarce, and horses also, the latter because most of them have been eaten. But it must be admitted that the coach-drivers are somewhat unreasonable. Their charges are extortionate, and they will not take paper 'bons.' 'Sir,' said I to a coachman the other day, 'those are 'bons' duly marked and stamped by the Commune.' Observe, I said, 'Monsieur,' and not 'Citoyen' which might offend the aristocratic coachman. I soon found that my 'bons' were not 'bons,' as the coachman declined to be paid in what he elegantly termed 'monkey's money,' so I drew out my purse and was about to pay according to the old tariff. 'Citizen,' said the coachman to me in a contemptuous tone, 'do you think the revolution was made for dogs? There is no longer any tariff.' 'Then, M. le Cocher, how much must I pay you for what in the old time would have cost 5f?' 'It is 2f, Citizen, and the *pourboire* at your discretion, Monsieur."

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A NOBLEMAN.

At the corner of the Rue Meyerbeer, near the new Opera (says one of the Daily News correspondents) a little scene occurred which forcibly illustrates the horrors of the life we are now leading in Paris. A young National Guard evidently belonging to the quarter, had gathered a small group of neighbors around him. He was trembling in every limb. His face pale and distorted with excitement, he explained to us how a friend of his had been killed yesterday. It was a son of the Vicomte de Molinet, who lives in the house above the celebrated butcher, M. Dural, in the Rue Tronchet. The Vicomte de Molinet, who had joined in the demonstration, threw himself over the dead body of his son, crying that nothing should separate him from his child. He was in consequence taken prisoner by the insurgents. They demanded that he should send for two of his friends to claim him and prove his identity. The young National Guard had just seen these two friends, and it was their story which excited him in so extraordinary a manner. Instead of liberating the Vicomte de Molinet, the insurgents, in the presence of the friends who came to claim him, began to spit in his face; they then tore from his coat the medal of the Legion of Honor, and threw it at him. After this they knocked the old man down; they trampled on him, they kicked his body about. "Now," said the insurgents to the friends of the Vicomte, "you may go away, for he is condemned to death." The unfortunate man had but time to murmur a demand that his body should be decently buried, when he fainted. His wife is anxiously waiting for him at home. She does not know of her husband's danger, nor of her son's death. The young National Guard who told us all this had been to see her, but he had not had courage to tell her more than that her son was wounded.

HOW GUSTAVE FLOURENS DIED.

(Versailles Correspondence of the London Times, April 2.) Many of the insurgents changed their clothes when they found that their retreat had been cut off. Among the rest the aide-de-camp of Gustave Florens, one of their chiefs, did so. In the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, the gendarmes were searching the village of Chatou, when a shot came from the window of an *auberge*, kept by a man named Ducoq. The gendarmes entered the house, and when they reached the first floor one of them received a bullet in the shoulder at the moment when he was entering one of the rooms. His captain, M. Desmarcet, rushed into the room, found the man who had fired the shot with a revolver in his hand, and instantly cut him down with his sabre. This man was no other than Florens. His aide-de-camp, an Italian named Cipriani, was wounded by a sabre cut and made prisoner. He had assumed civil attire, but Florens himself was in military uniform. His dead body now lies in the Amphitheatre Hospital in this town.

An orator at Montmartre summed up his idea of a republic by saying it was that form of government under which every citizen, whether he worked or not, should receive from the public purse thirty sous a day for himself, fifteen sous for his wife, and five sous for each child. This he considered his right; and for that he would die; and the sooner he did it the better. So profound a political economist must see that thereby he would save his country thirty sous a day.

THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

Tours, March 30.

I had made an appointment with Captain Renwick, R.A., to drive yesterday morning to the old chateau of Beaumont la Ronce, and accompany the proprietor over some of the communes which had suffered most.

How is it that we in England are taught to believe that respect for ancient families, attachment to the 'seigneurs' have died out in France except, perhaps, in remote corners of Brittany and Vendee? All I can say is that during a thirty mile drive we met not a man in blouse who did not touch his cap, or a single village mayor who did not bow with deference as the Marquis passed. Yet this was in Touraine, within 12 miles of Tours, which has always returned a Democratic candidate. "How would ye like to have back a King in France?" I asked the Mayor of St. Laurent. "Very much, Sir," he replied, "if he is strong enough to keep order; all we want is quiet. We are not what is called Legitimists about here, but the great proprietors are, and they would support a King, which in itself would be some guarantee of strength and therefore of tranquillity; but we all fear Paris, and that the King would be soft-hearted enough to be enticed into living there until he was again upset by the mob. We are all more or less ruined and cannot afford another revolution. If a King will come, and be strong enough to deal once for all with the Parisians, we will all become Legitimists the moment after; but in the meantime we have our private opinion that no King will do this, and that it requires something stronger." In this he expressed I believe the universal sentiment of the peasantry. This same Mayor we found with some difficulty, as his own house was empty, the Prussians having made him a prisoner and demolished the domestic possessions of the family because he could not produce within half an hour the number of cows, oxen, sheep, pigs, and other animals required for a day's provision, of a regiment of Uhlans. The old gentleman had not yet got over his captivity and spoke with a dejected air, which rendered the conversation far from cheerful.

GOOD BY TRUTH.—When the envoys of M. de Rothschild paid the war contributions of Paris, 200,000,000 francs, at Versailles, they let a counterfeit 25 thaler bill slip in among the others. The quick eye of a Prussian official at once detected it, and the bill was thrown out. Rothschild's people insisted that it was genuine and must be accepted, otherwise they would return to Paris with all their roles of notes and sacks of coin. With that official exactness which is the glory of Prussian routine, Count Bismarck was at once informed of the misunderstanding. He answered: "Herr Director, accept the bill. I will myself make up the deficit and preserve the counterfeit note as a memento of this great day. A great war about nothing more tangible than a *Chateau en Espagne* has just been concluded between two great Powers; and I can't afford, just on the heel of it, to turn round and declare war with the house of Rothschild, the Sixth Great European Power, on account of a 25 thaler note."

Citizen Assy is said to have expressed an opinion that the republic is in no danger. Nevertheless, he maintained that all who wish to attack the republic should at once be shot.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

A special correspondent of the London Daily News thus describes the arrival and disbandment of a Landwehr regiment at Berlin:—

This morning Berlin received the first genuine consignment of home-coming warriors in the 1st battalion of the 2nd Guard Landwehr regiment. The battalion went out over 1,000 strong; I do not care to estimate how far beneath that number it mustered as it marched down the Linden this morning. Nearly all the men had bound green wreaths round their helmets. Some had stuck nose-gays in the muzzles of their needle-guns; others carried chaplets on their bayonets. Big muscular fellows all of them, of set frames and mature years, hair to the eyes, and clumsy rather of build and gait, but of rare weight and toughness—troops that evidently knew the meaning of fighting, and had good fight in them as a matter of course and quite in the way of business.

After their Kaiser had had a look at them, and they had marched past the palace, the battalion broke into companies, each company taking a different direction to a halting point. I accompanied the 2nd company through the Friedrich Strasse to the top of the Jager Strasse. While it was in the Linden rigorous discipline was the order of the day. But it relaxed somewhat in the Friedrich Strasse, and the people got among their martial fellow-citizens. It made one laugh, though mirth was not the sole emotion, to see the women claim their husbands, throw arms round their necks, and kiss them heartily; while the honest fellows, fair to reciprocate, had still to keep step and not materially lose their dressing. Once the women-folk got possession of the men that belonged to them there was no parting these twain of one flesh, and so the tours became eights in many cases; in yet others an indefinite number, as when the women had babies in their arms and when elder children got a hold of their father somewhere and objected to leave go of him. One woman I saw with two babies, plainly twins. She wanted to hug her husband; but if she did she must drop one of the babies. A comrade, whom no wife claimed and who was, I suppose, a sort of Landwehrman Brother Cherubly, genially relieved her of one baby, which he carried with singular address on his left shoulder. The young one pulled the nosy out of the muzzle of his needle-gun carried on the other shoulder. And so the company struggled on under difficulties, striving to be martial to the last, but visibly embarrassed by family considerations, till they reached the top of the Jager Strasse, where they halted. "Front," was the sergeant's word of command; and with normal intervals and doubled files, how to perform it was rather a puzzle. Somehow a double line did get formed; but the sizing was queer, resulting from the fact that it was partially composed of women, who, clinging fast to their husbands' arms, came "Front" along with them. With the "stand at ease" came unreserved intercourse. Friends trooped around, hand-shaking was incessant, the hurly Landwehrmen perspired with exuberant joy. The lieutenant-colonel rode by, waving his kindly adieu to the men who had so staunchly stood by him when he led them to victory; they fell in and carried arms to the bluff old soldier, responding to his "Adieu" with a hearty cheer. Then the captain, who had been transacting a little family recognition on his own account on the pavement, stood out among his men, and they formed a circle about him as he began to speak. Orders as to disposal of arms and accoutrements were given for pay, &c., were the matters with which he had first to deal; then his voice changed, as after a little pause, he addressed his command as "comrades."

"We have been together, men," said he, "through the campaign. I marched you out of Berlin, and now I march you back again. Not all indeed that went out with us have come back with us. God so willed it that some should have fallen in the way, but they died for King and Fatherland. You have done your duty, men, as good Prussians, and so now adieu!" "Adieu" came back from every throat in answer, and with the response the company was disbanded.

Lord Bacon beautifully said: "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is not an island, cut off from other islands, but a continent that joins them."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE LORD BISHOP OF KILLALOE.—It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of the Most Rev. Nicholas Power, the venerated and beloved Coadjutor Prelate of the diocese of Killaloe. The sad event occurred at his Lordship's residence in Nenagh, on Monday morning, at five o'clock. It is an announcement that will be read throughout Ireland with as much surprise as sorrow. In the diocese in which he had ministered, as priest and prelate for so long a period, his death will be regarded as the saddest of bereavements, and his people will mourn for him with all the bitter grief of children for a father. Amidst the cherished body of the Irish Episcopacy there was not one of them who had fixed himself more firmly in the affections of his charge than the amiable bishop whose demise we record to-day, and every memorial that he leaves behind him is an evidence that he was, in every respect, a great prelate "who in his days hath pleased his God." As we have intimated, his death was comparatively unexpected, and he sank to his "sleep in the Lord" in the peace and quietude of a soul "that had fought the good fight, and persevered unto the end." When the sad intelligence of his decease had spread through Nenagh, sadness was visible on every face, and the feeling amongst the poor was one of desolation and anguish for a departed friend and benefactor. Dr. Power was a native of the diocese of Killaloe, and at the time of his selection by the vote of the clergy of the diocese to the coadjutorship of its see, was the respected pastor of the parish from which the diocese takes its title. He was consecrated bishop on the 25th of June, 1865, by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, the Archbishop of Cashel, and the sermon on the occasion was preached by the eloquent Bishop of Kerry, the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty. The graceful references to the virtues and endowments of the newly consecrated prelate formed a touching portion of his Lordship's beautiful discourse, and found a ready echo in the hearts of those who heard him. Perhaps the most gratifying testimony to the new prelate of the good wishes that hailed his appointment was afforded in the fact that ten of his venerated brethren in the Episcopacy were present at the solemn and interesting ceremony. Five years and a half were not much of an episcopal career; but in the case of Dr. Power, they were enough to prove him eminently fitted for his lofty dignity, and to secure for him a grateful and a lasting remembrance among the devoted faithful of Killaloe. It is not long since they went out in joy, and with all the symbols of filial gladness, to welcome him to their midst from the labours and anxieties of the Vatican Council. They were proud that their spiritual Father should have been amongst the great and illustrious throng, and that the name of their diocese should have its place in the list of those that had furnished signatories to its decree of Papal infallibility. They gave him a cordial welcome to his Irish home, and prayed that God would spare him to them for many years to come. It has seemed wise to the merciful Dispenser of all events that it should be otherwise, and we offer our sympathy to the bereaved flock of Killaloe. But, in their affliction, they have the consolation of believing, with as much of certainty as in those things it is permitted to mortals to assume, that he is gone to a better kingdom, and given that charge over many things which, in "the joy of the Lord," is the reward of fidelity over a few.—*Freeman.*

Some of the results of the Government Land Bill, as developed by recent decisions of legal tribunals, are remarkable as showing how little practical relief it is likely to bring to Irish tenant serfs. It has been asserted indeed that it was really intended to only root out the Irish tenants from the soil, and it would seem in working to have that effect. Emigration has not ceased, on the contrary it has even increased of late, and ejection processes are as plentiful as ever. It is no check on the evicting landlord that he is supposed to be compelled to compensate his tenant. He knows better. He is aware that the act allows him so many loopholes to escape that he will have little or nothing to pay, while the tenant may be ruined by law expenses. Let us take a case in point. At the late Quarter Sessions at Boyle, an ejected tenant—one Charles Meehan—sued his landlord for compensation for disturbance, for the reclamation of waste land, and for certain unexhausted improvements. It was admitted that the tenant's labour and capital had nearly doubled the value of the land, notwithstanding which the landlord disputed all the claims for compensation, and the tenant was finally compelled to retain possession at a rent nearly double that which he had previously paid. That is to say, the tenant lays out money and lavishes labour on his little farm, and for having the temerity to do so is fined by the imposition of an increased rent. This, too, under the beneficent provisions of Gladstone's Irish Land Act, which was to "root" Irish tenants in the soil, and make everybody comfortable and prosperous. No doubt Charles Meehan has a very lively sense of the benefits of the measure: he will pay his doubled rent until compelled by poverty to go to swell the ranks of Irish disaffection in the United States; and he will, of course, be particularly grateful to that head centre and protector of Irish landlords—William Ewart Gladstone.

The spread of Republicanism in England has alarmed our watchful and sensitive contemporary the *Mail*, which, we need hardly inform our readers, is the chief organ of indignant disestablished Irish Conservatism, and consequently a deadly foe not only to Republicanism everywhere, but to liberalism in general, and Gladstone's liberalism in particular. It cries out in alarm—whether affected or not we don't pretend to say—"the statesmanship of English Parliamentary leaders in all probability is to be put to a severer test than has been experienced since the days of Chartism," and declares that "Bullaugh is a power in the land." We are not particularly solicitous about the success or failure of English Parliamentary leaders, and shall therefore rather rejoice should they go down before the "test." So also would the *Mail*, we doubt not, particularly if the accession to power of its own pet parliamentary party were to eventuate. But we do wish for the spread of Republican principles, and as we are utterly uninfatuated by party, we may be excused if we take the *Mail's* alarm as a genuine expression of its feelings, and regard the evidence it adduces of the spread of Republicanism in England as especially valuable. The spread of Republican feeling in England is, in our opinion, much to be desired, and its dissemination in Ireland would most assuredly not be productive of evil. A new Licensing Bill, which was introduced by the Home Secretary in the English House of Commons on Monday, and which seems framed to please everybody, is, as a natural consequence, certain to please nobody. It won't please the advocates of the Permissive Bill, as it goes but a very short way in their direction; it won't please the people, because it places exceptional restrictions upon their right to obtain drink at certain times, while aristocratic frequenters of clubs and hotels can drink and get drunk when they please, without restriction, or interference; and it will most certainly not please the publicans. Anything tending to check the spread of intemperance is a good thing—even coming from England we should be disposed to welcome it—but we doubt if repressive legislation will have that effect. We have far more confidence that the awakening intelligence of our people, and the moral influence springing from an enthusiastic adoption of their country's cause, will do so. Nothing so purifies and ennobles a man as patriotism, and therefore it is the very best preventative of intemperance. The "Irish Confederation" is already a success, for English organs in England