

One day Mr. Wardell signified his will that Miss Ahern and his daughter should return the visits that had been paid them. He had sent for Therese and told her to be ready at one o'clock, and at that hour...

'Oh, Miss Ahern,' exclaimed Therese, running into her room half-dressed, 'that's a splendid carriage at the door, and uncle Cato says it is papa's. Is not that nice. It is like Cinderella, only I hope it won't turn to a pumpkin, and the horses to mice, don't you?'

'For your sake, yes,' replied Ellen Ahern kindly.

'Papa must be very rich, Miss Ahern. I did not know it until to-day, and I am so glad.'

'Glad to be rich, Therese!' said Ellen, arranging her shawl.

'Should not one be glad to be rich. I think it is very pleasant to surround one's self with beautiful things: soft silken draperies that let through crimson shadows; bright, flashing ornaments, and music, and, and——'

'Well, go on, Therese; but remember that all these things grow old; they wear out, become tarnished and faded, and even if they are renewed, their possessor is apt to grow so wearied with them that a simple spring daisy, becomes of more value to them than their splendor. How then, Therese?'

'I was going to say, Miss Ahern, only I was afraid it would seem as if I was trying to make myself out too good, that I should take the most pleasure of all in making people happy; in giving food and raiment to the poor and taking care of little orphans.'

'That would indeed be making friends of gold, which otherwise is like a mill stone hung about one's neck. There are true and noble uses to which money can be applied, and those that you have just named are some of them. Cherish these dispositions, dear Therese, they will bear fruit one of those days which will go before you like heavenly messengers into the life to come.'

'And how will those fare who have no money to do good with, Miss Ahern?' asked Therese, after considerable hesitation.

'Almighty God accepts their patience and contentedness with their lot, in lieu of active good works, besides which the poor afford means to the rich to win merit, and teach them how and where to invest their means to an eternal profit. Thus you see these two classes depend on each other; the poor on the rich for temporal help—the rich on the poor for spiritual blessings, for unless the rich dispense their goods to their suffering brethren our Lord will not receive them at the last day, but declare that He 'knows them not.' Therese was silent and thoughtful as if the truths that Ellen Ahern had so impressively uttered had filled her mind with weighty reflections.

'He will go now, if you are ready, Therese.' 'Will I do, Miss Ahern?' said Therese, starting from her reverie and placing herself before her governess for inspection.

'Nicely. Your papa has a good eye for colors. Your toilette is unexceptionable and I think it no harm to tell you that you are looking well.'

Then they went down and got into the new, softly-cushioned, silk-lined carriage, which rolled so smoothly and with so little noise over the rough stones of the streets that they found no difficulty in conversing on their way to the houses of the ladies they were going to call on. No one was out, and a cordial greeting awaited them at both places. Therese's shyness, and Ellen Ahern's quiet, high-bred manners, and her somewhat plaintive loveliness won strangely on them, and lent to their manner so much genuine cordiality, that their visitors reserve melted quite away, and they found themselves interested and entertained in the genial society they had gone into, and felt gratified when an early and social visit was promised in return.

'The carriage is at your service, Miss, all day if you want it, Massa Wardell say. Would you like to drive out of town a little way?'

Therese pleaded for the drive, and out along the north-western suburbs of the city they drove, after which they returned home; Ellen Ahern quiet and thoughtful, Therese enchanted with the day's novelty and really invigorated by the air and exercise.

There was preparing for her first communion, and after dinner, as she sat alone by the drawing-room fire, looking over the examination of conscience in her prayer book, the door opened, and Mr. Wardell strode in and planted himself on the rug before the fire. He did not see Therese, or know that she was there, until he felt her slender, soft fingers twined about his hands, which were clasped behind him, and felt a moist kiss upon them.

'What are you doing here?' he inquired in this usual abrupt, quiet way, and turned sharply round on her; 'and what book is that you have—is it a novel?'

'It is a prayer book, sir.'

'Prayer book! so you're going to be a saint. Give it to me. It has been so long since I saw a prayer book, that I forget how they look,' he said, holding out his hand; and he flung over the leaves back and forth for a moment or two, then tossed it back into her lap, saying:

'Read me something; I want to hear you read, to see how you are getting on. Read wherever the leaves have fallen open. I want to try my fortune.'

'Therese held up the book, and in a sweet, clear voice, which sounded solemly amidst the silence and twilight, read:

'For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath brought down my life to the earth. He hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been dead of old; and my spirit is in anguish within me; my heart within me is troubled.' (Psalm—Domine exaudi.)

'Holu!' interrupted Mr. Wardell, sternly and harshly. 'Could you find nothing better than that to read? Go away quick, or I shall tear the leaves out of your book to light the lamps with.'

'You told me to read, sir. I am sorry.' 'Be off—he off.' The next time I ask you to read, fetch-me the Arabian Nights and read about the Old Man of the Sea,' growled Mr. Wardell, with a strange quaver in his voice, as Therese, accustomed to obey him in his strange moods, fitted out of the room. Then he threw himself into a chair, and fixed his eyes on the purple glimmering flames, that quivered amid the glowing coals, and was silent.

'He hath made me to dwell in darkness!' he murmured, and a heavy sob heaved up from his breast. 'My spirit is in anguish within me. I am like them that have been dead of old. And there is no hope for me. To whom shall I confess after these long years of silence? How expiate the sin of my life? My God! how dreadful to live thus! to feel abased before the very beggar that asks alms of me—before the very negro who serves me—before my innocent child! What thought they call me merchant prince, and I count thousands where most men count tens—I would give it all—I would beggar myself to-morrow—this moment, to undo that secret sin of my life. My riches make a mock of me, because restitution and reparation are impossible. I do what men misname good, and what comes of it? A void and heaviness that are insufferable. And withal, I have at times a numbness of limb that would be to most men a simple indication of worn out energies, but to me it is a terrible warning.' Then the miserable man lapsed into a deep, sullen silence, which was interrupted at intervals by a bitter sigh.

(To be Continued.)

EXETER HALL RELIGION.

From the Church News (Anglican), May 8.

There stands a building—very dear to the hearts of the Protestants—on the north side of the Strand, in which Dean Close at a pious meeting recently held there informed the excited portion of his audience he once had shares, but, finding that they did not pay sold them. That building, which is large and lofty, with platform, organ, and benches innumerable, is Exeter Hall. Just as Archbishop Sandford was presumed to have 'consecrated' the Birmingham Reform meeting by his presence and gushing adulation of Mr. Gladstone, so Exeter Hall has been 'consecrated' over and over again by the noise of turbulent speakers and the explosion of oratorical wind-bags. Here, when the month of May comes round, are gathered on the platform Hibernian Bishops, and fifth-rate Deans; unctuous Clergy, who, from their water-like apparel, have evidently mistaken their vocation; dilapidated Admirals who, having given up oaths and cognac, have taken to the exposition of Scripture late in life; 'Evangelical' bankers, oily and bland, with an eye to business; officers in the army who having possession their mistresses, now subscribe their guineas to the Society for the Suppression of Vice; voluble Missionaries, brimful of sensation triumphs, from the Gab-and-Jumbo Islands, with a chorus of melancholy-looking persons in black in the back ground who alternately sigh out of their soul's satisfaction and frantically lead the applause. In the body of the Hall, packed like figs in a drum, sit rows upon rows, of faded or faded females, from Islington and Clapham, from Hackney and Camden Town, warm with the fatigue of listening to engrossing orators, or sucking last year's oranges to assuage their unusual thirst.

Here it is that, during one month out of the twelve—that which is now upon us—large allopathic doses of spiritual excitement are chaastically provided for thousands. The rampant enjoyment is looked forward to with child-like anxiety, and looked back upon with indescribable pleasure. In one form or another, under the auspices of this Society or that, people can listen to something attractive every day throughout May, from ten o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, and, if they like it, begin again at seven P.M. until midnight. The talk is not all pious, however. Episcopal wit directed against the Ritualists, for example, makes the benches shake with the religious laughter of their occupants. Racy anecdotes and highly proper stories alternate with expositions of the Epistles of 'Paul'—as these people think it respectful and a sign of spirituality to term that Apostle. Solemn appeals to the pocket, judicious quotations from Milton; frightful homothrusis at 'the unconverted,' with a plain spoken condemnation, both here and hereafter of 'Papists,' lie one upon the other, like the component parts of a dish of sandwiche. The performers do not, as we thus see, often fiddle long on one string. With eminent wisdom they vary the note and frequently change both the tune and the performer. Thus by sanctified adroitness, combined with commercial tact, the annual exhibition can generally be booked as a financial success.

This year, however, has been remarkable for a decided falling off in the attendance of members of the Church of England. A lower class of people than usual have packed the benches and smiled approbation of the orators. Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle and other suburban preaching-houses have contributed more than their share. The truth is that just as the Christian Young Men's Societies are losing some of their best members to the Ritualists, so the general spread of the Catholic Revival is at last telling upon the lower middle class. In this section of the British public, the generation passing from youth to manhood—at least those who are religious at all—are forsaking Bethel and Bethesda for St. Alban's and such like; hence the frantic anger and random adjectives of perambulating anti-Ritualists, who, knowing that their time is short, fume and fret in explosive sentences, with rash and shambling logic.

The meeting of the Bible Society, held last Wednesday—to take one specimen—was notable in the first instance, for the expression of Dr. Miller's conviction that the Archbishop of York is 'one of the greatest thinkers of the day'—a statement very remarkable to say the least. The doctor evidently serves up butter in a lordly dish. He should tell his story, however, to the Martines. The same speaker proclaimed in the same speech, 'I say boldly that I feel, I would almost say a thousand fold more sympathy with a Protestant Dissenter than I do with a Ritualistic Clergyman.' At the same meeting a missionary from the Feejee Islands, by name Calvert, told the following anecdote, for the special benefit of the females, concerning a Bible convert:—

Just as I was coming away two years ago, my convert said to me, 'I got my religion through the instruction I received from the missionaries, and I should like to give myself entirely to Jesus Christ and do all that I can as long as I live to help our good cause.' I replied, 'that is right—we cannot do too much for God.' 'But,' he said, 'I feel that it is not good for a man to be alone—(laughter)—and I have been thinking whether I could not manage to settle out here.' My answer to him was, 'Mr. Martin, next to the salvation of your own soul the most important thing in life for you is to get the right sort of wife. (A titter.) Do not settle here. Come along with me to Sidney, pray to God, and look out to New Zealand, and he there saw a young lady to whom he told his case. (A laugh.) She was of a like mind with himself, and I shall say nothing more in commendation of her than that she was a wife's best friend such a man.'

Of the remainder of this person's oration we can only say that it was distinguished alike for flippancy and vulgarly and nauseating cant. The Dean of Carlisle followed—scrapping his old fiddle on one, and

that a well-used string. After solemn sentences of dull platitudes, we extract a solid slice of profane buffoonery:—

Now I have had so much of the poison of Ritualism lately that I wonder I am alive. (Laughter.) It is a poison which, if it does not kill a man, makes him very low and desponding. (Renewed laughter.)—But when I came to take it a second time, and to think of the swelling vanity of those men who are connected with it, I was reminded of the frog in the fable, and I felt more comforted than at first. (A laugh.) But let me suppose that the dark shadow of Popery should come upon the land, and that we should not know the day of its visitation; let me suppose that it should please God to let loose upon us those novel heresies and those damnable doctrines destructive of the soul; let me suppose this great institution to fall to the ground, and the greater institution of Christianity itself to be overturned in this country, and let me ask what then would be left?—Why then, my lord, we could go to the Feejee Islands—(loud cheers)—where I hope my reverend brother could promise us that we should not be killed.—(Laughter.)

Mr. Thomas Nolan, a Unitarian minister apparently, proved conclusively into what so-called Bible-Christianity too frequently develops:— I believe that it will be efficacious against the evils of the day, the evil of Infidelity, and the still greater evil of Ritualism. (Loud cheers.) I have more fear of the latter than the former. I believe that there is an inherent power in the truth to burst the shackles of infidelity or prejudice. The truth will vindicate itself and will make the believer free. But I do dread the system that puts the mind into a recess and turns the screw upon it. Ritualism is nothing else than this; it puts the mind in a prison, and Romanism holds the key. How can we give light to Europe, civil freedom, religious freedom but by an emancipated Bible?

Such stuff as this, however, now forms the staple commodity of Exeter Hall. This is the pabulum for the May Meetings:—

Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.

Decay has surely smitten the section. The hand of Death is on them. Neither Lord Shaftesbury, therefore, nor the dilapidated Admirals, nor the Pharisaical bankers, nor the staff of the Record, nor the literate (?) ministers, can reverse the approaching catastrophe. Slowly but surely the day of tribulation will come. Catholics and Infidels will take their sides. When the divine authority of the Church Universal was cast away it soon followed that the descent to naked Unbelief became a mere matter of time. Blinded partisans see it not, for spiritual blindness is a portion of their curse; but the death warrant of Protestantism—a practically infidel system, weighed in the balance and found wanting—clearly stands out in the unprecedented degradation of its decreasing adherents.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH CHURCH QUESTION.—We cannot regret that Sir John Gray brought forward his motion respecting the temporalities and privileges of the Established Church in Ireland, nor that the House resolved that the time has not yet come to consider this question which a view to practical results. The Irish Church is gradually wearing itself out. Many of its own members and dignitaries are convinced that its position is untenable. It is an injustice to its clergy, amongst whom its revenues are distributed with ridiculous inequality, on the principle, apparently, of paying those most who have the least to do. Its most zealous supporters do not defend it on its own merits. They would have it upheld because it is a bulwark against rebellion, or because it is an outwork of the Established Church of England, or because the bulk of its revenues comes out of the pockets of Protestant landlords, or because it keeps up a supply of well-educated gentlemen, who, scattered over the country, act as models of learning and good manners; while some will have it that we should hold it sacred because it is the real original Irish Church, which was founded by that zealous Protestant, St. Patrick. Others warn us that if we wish for peace and quietness we will not lay a sacrilegious hand on the venerated fabric; for if we do, the religious discord which exists at present is nothing to the uproar that will follow. Mr. Vance told the House on Tuesday that if it tampered with the Established Church it would forfeit the allegiance of the most loyal subjects in Ireland. Lord Naas, taking a different line, assured it that the Church in Ireland did not constitute any practical grievance, and that the Roman Catholics do not regard it as such. Such an argument sounds oddly by the side of the warning he at the same time gave the Catholics of Ireland that if they claimed the right to confiscate the property of the Established Church, that right would at no distant day be exercised against their own Church property. But we nowhere find any one, whose opinion is of weight, defending the Church on the ground that it is truly the national Church of Ireland, that it possesses the confidence and love of the people, that they listen to its teaching bring their children to its fonts to be baptized, or ask for the ministrations of its clergy when they are dying. We nowhere find such a man committing himself to the preposterous assertion that a provision made by the State for the religious instruction of the people is equitably administered when it is given only to the pastors of a tenth part of the population while the remaining nine-tenths have to provide pastors and churches for themselves. On the contrary while it is defended by its supporters always on collateral grounds, never on its intrinsic merits, it has been denounced as a flagrant and iniquitous violation of the rights of the people, an outrage of justice, and a scandal to an enlightened age.

There was a time when the Irish Church was of the highest utility to the State; but it is the history of that time which has caused it to be said that in Ireland forgetfulness is the truest patriotism. It served our purpose when we ruled the sister country by penal laws, when we denied it the liberties we claimed for ourselves, when the display of any national emblem was an offence against the Crown, when we set Russia the example of those barbarities which she has since practised upon Poland. The Irish Church stood by us firmly then. She was an ally in all that work of which we are now so ashamed, and which we are now so anxious that Irishmen should forget. To be the friend of the Church in those days was to be on the winning side, to be sure of any good thing that was going, to find favourable judges, and juries, boxes which the sheriffs would take care were properly packed. To be on the other side was to want all this. Even then, indeed, there were clergymen of the Irish Church whose compassion for the people went as far as the conduct of individuals could towards redeeming the cruelties that were practised upon them in order to uphold Protestant ascendancy. But the Church as a body is identified with the frightful oppression which the Irish people then suffered, and to forget which ought rather to be called the truest loyalty than the truest patriotism. 'Papist' and 'traitor' were convertible terms. To be a member of the Church was, *ipso facto*, to be loyal. But since we have abandoned those missionary efforts by which we sought to convert Irishmen to the principles of the Reformation by a sowing them down or hanging them up the Irish Church has lost ground in public estimation. We have laid it aside as an implement of torture, and, as it never had any other natural use, we don't know what to do with it. If we could make up our minds how to dispose of the half million sterling which flows annually into its treasury, this difficulty would disappear. There is not an enlightened Englishman who would not be delighted if he could tell the 'intelligant foreigner' who reproached him with the

maltreatment of Ireland; that monster abuse, which has been the cause of all other Irish abuses, had been swept away. And we should think that there is not one of those Irish gentlemen who are now obliged to constrain their consciences into advocating the support of a great national fraud, who would not heartily thank Heaven whenever its political demise freed them from a task which, to no honest mind, can be congenial. O'Connell once compared the state of Ireland to that of a horse whose owner complained that though he worked him hard, though he subjected him to periodical bleedings, and encouraged him by other similar demonstrations of kindness, the ungracious beast was in such poor case that he was out of his wits to know what to do with him. Did you ever try him with corn?' said the friend to whom he made his complaint. For many years we have been trying the effect of 'corn' upon Ireland, and, on the whole, the result has been favourable. To our surprise and delight, we find that Irishmen are very like Englishmen in loving justice and hating oppression, in revenging injury and welcoming conciliation. We have pacified the upper classes of the Roman Catholic body, and the priests and bishops have stood by us loyally in the late Fenian business. The only persons who seemed ready to go against us were the peasantry, in spite of that liberal supply of well-educated, well-bred gentlemen, which at the cost of half a million a year we have scattered amongst them, and whose presence there is said to be productive of so many social blessings. But the loyalty which the Catholics of Ireland their priests and bishops, have displayed so conspicuously during our late hour of peril has been, in some degree at least due, to the belief that the English people and the English Legislature will not pause in the work of conciliation until every vestige of complaint has been removed from the sister country. If there is no great agitation now amongst them for the abolition of the State Church, it is because they would rather leave it to the justice of Parliament, and allow it to fall by the same hands which raised it up, than undertake the task of its demolition themselves. Indeed, it is our business rather than theirs. As long as the State Church stands, it will be a reproach to us. In no other country in the world is there so sad a memorial of the abuse of power. We all know that it is not now what it was. We know that its clergy deserve everything that can be said of them as amiable, intellectual, and learned men, the majority of whom have, we doubt not, endeared themselves by their personal worth to the Roman Catholics in their parishes, who would not listen to them as religious teachers. But personal worth is not of itself a sufficient basis for a national Church, nor can it absolve us from the obligation to set ourselves right in the eyes of the world upon this subject. No one can read the words which fell from Mr. Gladstone's lips on Tuesday without feeling convinced that the days of the Church establishment in Ireland are numbered. When the first statesman of this country, the man to whom above all others England looks for comprehensiveness of view, for sincerity of conviction and honesty of purpose, says that on no ground can its existence be justified, we may be sure that it is doomed. And when its partisans say that the agitation against it is wholly an English agitation and not Irish, we are willing to accept this assertion, true or not. We are told that in sixty years the poor Roman Catholics of Ireland, earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, have subscribed four millions and a half sterling for the building of churches, convents, schools, and orphanages. With such a fact before us we are asked to believe Irish Protestantism cannot be left to stand on its legs, but can only exist when it is propped up by the State. We do not believe it. We believe, on the contrary, that the Protestant religion would have had a far greater chance of being propagated in Ireland if it had never had any connection with the State, and had not in past times been identified with its sins. Much of the tenacity with which the Irish Roman Catholic clings to his faith is due to the exasperation with which he and his have resented the attempt to divorce him from it by force. But are there no facts which favour the supposition that, if the temporalities of the Church were abolished, its vitality would be increased? Has not the voluntary principle been tried in some parts of Dublin, and with success? We have been credibly informed that it has. Doubtless there are numbers of parishes in Ireland where, were the temporalities of the Church abolished, Protestantism would altogether disappear—those, to wit in which its only representatives are the incumbent and his family. But is it worth while to maintain it in these places at an average cost of between four and five hundred per annum for each incumbent? We should certainly say it is not. While such facts can be thrown in the face of the Irish Church, its members must remain what they are, a small minority of the people. At present they do not exceed twelve per cent. of the whole population. What a result after three centuries of occupancy under the patronage of the State! Let it not be supposed that this patronage will be much longer continued. The people of England are convinced that it ought to be withdrawn. And whenever they have resolved in what other quarter to bestow it, they will lose no time in acting on that conviction.—London Review.

The Owl says—We have reason to believe that the main features of the Irish Reform Bill are a £4 franchise in boroughs and £8 in counties, with voting paper. It is not intended to make any addition to the number of representatives, nor is it proposed that any borough should be disfranchised on account of the small number of electors, but the system of grouping will be resorted to in order to redress inequalities. It will also be proposed to give one member to the Queen's University.

Several members, including the Irish Secretary of the late Government, insisted on the necessity of removing the grievances of which the Irish people still complain, and not even Mr. Roebuck denied that such grievances exist. He, indeed, considered that the Irish Church is a small matter, a relic of a past polity without any practical significance at the present time, an anomaly about which no wise community ought to be angry. He compared it with the Church in Wales or the manufacturing towns in the North, where the majority of those who attend public worship are Dissenters, and where Baptists or Methodists feel little reluctance towards the dominant creed. Yet even Mr. Roebuck would allow that this is rather an excuse for abstaining from an attack on the Irish Church than an argument in defence of it. His analogy may be just, and he may have the right to say that the Irish people ought not to be more hostile to their Establishment than the English Dissenters are to the English Church. But what if they are, as a fact, more hostile to it? Does he not see that his argument falls to the ground when it is shown that in Ireland the mass of the people really do consider the Establishment a badge of subjection, while in England the Dissenters have at most a slight theological or social jealousy? It may be true that the Irish Church is no great public burden, that its downfall would not perceptibly relieve any human being in Ireland, or give to Roman Catholics one iota of additional freedom; but if the people be really against it, we must consider it separately from its more secure and respected sister in this island, and ask whether its mere existence compels us to maintain it. Let well alone by all means—do not meddle with anomalies where people acquiesce in them; but when an institution is brought by the popular voice to the Bar of Parliament, let it stand or fall by its own merits.—Times.

DEATH OF CATTLE IN CONNEMARA.—It is estimated that, owing to the severity of the spring weather, very nearly 2,000 cattle perished in Connemara, belonging to the poorer classes.

DUBLIN, June 6th.—The party of Fenians who were arrested a few days ago, when attempting a landing at Dunganon, County Waterford, say that they were from Boston, Mass.

DUBLIN, June 10.—Two prominent Fenians, Naigie and Warren, formerly of the 'Army of the Potomac' were arrested at Dunganon.

The Irish Court of Appeal in Crown cases has decided upon the points reserved in the cases of S. J. Meany and Captain M'Oafferty. In both cases the decision has been in favor of the Crown; but in Meany's case the court was almost equally divided, the validity of the verdict being affirmed by a majority of one only; whereas in M'Oafferty's case only one judge, Mr. Justice O'Brien, held that the evidence did not sustain the finding of the jury.

In the case of M'Oafferty and M'Clure, all the sentences of death have been commuted. In the case of M'Oafferty a writ of error in review of the conviction was sued out in behalf of the prisoner.

REMOVAL OF BURKE.—At shortly before five o'clock on Tuesday morning the prisoner, Thomas F. Burke, was removed from Kilmalham to Mountjoy Convict Prison. The prisoner was conveyed in one of the prison vans, which was escorted by a detachment of cavalry police, the arrangements attending the transmission being under the direction of Inspector Ward. On arrival at Mountjoy the prisoner was delivered to the governor, under the authority of the Lord Lieutenant's warrant of transmission. He was at once put into the convict uniform his moustache and beard were removed, his face clean shaven, and his hair cut close to the head. In consequence of his delicate state of health he will not, for the present, be put to hard labor. He is now under medical treatment. Previous to leaving Kilmalham, the prisoner took occasion to express to Mr. Price, the governor, his acknowledgments for the considerate kindness which he had experienced from him and the prison officers. On the arrival of a number of Fenian prisoners from the provinces—probably in the course of this week—a batch will be removed from Mountjoy to Portland.

ANNOUNCING THE COMMUTATION OF BURKE.—At four o'clock Monday evening the Very Rev. Canon Kennedy, who was in conversation with Burke in his cell received a telegram informing him that the sentence of death passed on him to whom he was in converse on matters of great moment for hereafter, had been commuted to penal servitude for life.—Nothing could exceed the joy of the good priest at the happy tidings, but he wisely deferred telling the news to the condemned man until he had seen Mr. Price, the humane and kind governor of the prison. Mr. Price had received another telegram, but no official announcement of the commutation. Canon Kennedy lost no time in placing the welcome document which he had received in the hands of General Burke who read it without betraying the slightest emotion, and, after having read it carefully over, he calmly observed 'It is only a matter of a few years, as I cannot last long; however, I am proud of the sentence being commuted on account of my poor old mother.' In few minutes after Mr. Price received the following document, which he at once read for General Burke:—

Dublin Castle, May 27, 1867.

'Sir I am directed by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant to inform you, relative to my letter of the 24th inst., that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, on the reconsideration of the case of Thomas Burke, sentenced to death, his Excellency has been pleased to commute the sentence to that of penal servitude for life.—I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

THOMAS LAROCHE.

To the High Sheriff, the Sub-Sheriff, and the Governor of Kilmalham Jail.

General Burke maintained his usual quiet, gentle demeanor, and when the Rev. Canon Kennedy was taking his departure for the evening, he shook him warmly by the hand, and thanked him for all his zeal and kindness.

A cool thing in the way of airing an informer was done on Sunday. I was walking with some friends in the direction of Daudrum, one of the more fashionable promenades in this locality, when just near Milltown railway station I saw a well-dressed, rather good-looking young man sauntering along the road in company with two policemen in uniform. I imagined at first he was some 'suspect,' but judge of my surprise when, on nearer view, he turned out to be no less a personage than 'General' Godfrey Massey. It was certainly a piece of the coolest assurance I ever heard of, to parade the scoundrel amongst the crowds of ladies and gentlemen who thronged the banks of the Dodder, but the 'General' was recognized before he got to Palmerston-road, and his escort made tracks as fast as possible to escape an attention they might not have been pleased at receiving.—Dublin Freeman.

The London Spectator, alluding to the career of informer Corydon, says—We suppose it is necessary for the national interest to employ scoundrels of this kind, but if they could be used and then comfortably hung, the world would feel the cleaner, and probably be none the less safe.

DISCOVERY OF FENIAN AMMUNITION IN CALLAN.—A quantity of powder and bullets was discovered here in the river near the town. One of the troops of cavalry that arrived here rode his horse to the river to drink. He discovered something shining in the water, which, on close examination, he found to be bullets. He at once communicated with the police, and, on the place being examined, they found a bag of powder and bullets which had evidently been thrown in there to prevent detection.—Irish Times.

ARREST OF A SUPPOSED OAHINGIVEN FENIAN.—A young man named Daniel Griffin, for whom the police have been on the look out, and who stands charged in the Hue and Cry with having taken part in the Fenian rising in Kerry, was arrested on yesterday, while engaged in farm operations at a place called Ballycarbery, a short distance from the town, by Sub-constable Farrell. It is a remarkable fact, and well worthy the attention of the constabulary authorities, that almost all that has been done here since February last, in the way of making arrests, and procuring information in connection with the Fenian movement, has been effected through the instrumentality of Sub-constable Farrell, whose good fortune it has been, by tempering zeal with discretion, and avoiding all offensive display and unnecessary officiousness, to retain the confidence and respect of the public whilst performing duties well calculated to render him obnoxious to a large section of the community.—Cork Examiner Correspondent.

DISCHARGE OF AN ALLEGED FENIAN.—Since the outbreak in March last, the discharges on bail of prisoners confined in Mountjoy Prison under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, have been very few. Previous to that month the steamer leaving Queenstown for America every week took regularly batches of three and four of discharged 'suspects,' but since then not a single one has been released till last week. A young man named Irwin, brother of Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, who had been confined in the county gaol, when the Habeas Corpus Act was first suspended, and subsequently removed to Mountjoy Prison, was discharged on bail on Monday last, having been imprisoned for nearly 15 months, the conditions of his release being that he should leave the country. Accordingly, he arrived in Queenstown on last Thursday, but not being able to get a passage till Saturday, he did not go away till that day.—Cork Examiner.

IRISH EMIGRATION.—The Sligo Independent says—Since the spring commenced the tide of emigration has not ceased to flow from this and the neighboring counties. The steamers plying from Sligo to Liverpool are in every instance crowded with a number of adults of both sexes, all of whom are bound for America or Australia. If the emigration of the life-blood of the country be, as some would have it, a blessing, then indeed are we singularly blessed, for at no other period have we seen so many leave our shores with the firm determination of never returning.