

words, he fired his piece into the air, deliberately reloading, and, while so employed, addressed—
"Do as I bid you, bring the gorsecon where he can have heat and comfort, or his death be on your heads, not mine," and Crohoore finally turned away, walking leisurely over the bog, and crossing a near eminence to the left, was lost to their view long before the men, though they ran almost as soon as he moved, had gained the rustic bridge which, at a considerable distance up the stream, gave safe passage to the other side.

Pierce Shea was conveyed home in a very exhausted state. The torture of his mind and the suffering of his body brought on, as the old chronicler at the wake had related, a bad fever; when past danger, his recovery was slow, owing to his impatience to be well; and two months elapsed before he was able to renew the search for his mistress.

CHAPTER VI.

But while Pierce himself was rendered incapable of pursuing the ravisher of his mistress, a substitute appeared in the person of one from whom no such zeal or friendship could have naturally been expected.

Jack Doran was the son of an opulent gentleman farmer, who lived two miles nearer to the city of Kilkenny than Ned Shea, Pierce's father, or Tony Dooling. His sire we may call a profligate old fellow; he had never married; and, of his many offspring, all were illegitimate. Reared up without a mother's care, and with the loose example of his father before his eyes, it is not to be wondered that Jack lacked morals; accordingly, he was known as a dashing fellow; to use the local idiom, 'a tattering tearing fellow'; dressing well; doing what he liked; riding a great active horse; and the altogether of his appearance and figure a medium between the blood of the neighboring town and the rustic *boulamskeech* (some perversion now prevails of the use of this word; its ancient meaning was fine—*shield striker*), whose glory was gathered by fighting at fairs and patterns, and drinking inordinate portions of bad beer, in hedge ale-houses. Not that Jack himself did not, now and then, condescend to eclipse at a pattern; and then, happy and envied was the girl who had him for a dance; though, it is added, he often left her cause to rue her vanity. Wherever he was, he would be king; and king he was acknowledged to be, even in title; Rhia Doran, or King Doran, being generally one of his appellations.

Then, although no vulgar fighter, Jack could command at pleasure all the fighting 'boys,' that is, the most wicked or troublesome fellows in the barony, and absolute reign he had, just as he wished it; none dared say nay; for treason to Rhia Doran bared a broken head. In person, he was robust and well formed; but with features hard and harsh, and disagreeable to look at. From his father, he had plenty to spend, without doing anything for it, as, indeed, on the same easy terms, had his numerous brothers and half-brothers; none of them ever attending, in any way, to the old gentleman's extensive and profitable farms, from one end of the year to the other. How that liberal giver, as well as begetter, contrived to keep all his glory up, in his own person, for he lived as gaily and as idly as any of his offspring, and in their persons, too, appeared to many, notwithstanding his considerable land profits, rather surprising. He and they evidently lived above his ostensible means; yet nor he nor they owed a shilling to any one; and head-cuts were duly settled, tithe-proctors and tax-gatherers defied, and the old sinner and his brood paid their way, right and left, as they went along, in dashing band-gallop to—the devil. He had a sudden mine of wealth, it was said; he had found a down-right pot, chokel of money; and the story was differently told, but thus by himself—

Passing by a monastic ruin, in a neighboring town, one moonshine night, or morning rather, the old gentleman heard voices within in earnest conversation. The singularity of such a circumstance made him stop. He stole softly to the building, peeping in, and saw three men busily employed in digging the rubbish. They wrought hard, and not in silence; and from their conversation he could discover they were digging for gold, which one of them had three times dreamt was buried in that very place. Suddenly they stopped, and—

"God save our souls," said the smallest of the three, "here's something hollow under my spade."
"Clear the earth away quick," said another; and they then stooped into the hole they had made, and, with much puffing and blowing, lifted up something, and were just about to place it on the ground.

"When," quoth Mr. Doran, "a loud screech came from the hole, and then a flash of lightning, and away the three ran, leaving spade, and pickaxe, and everything behind 'em; the cowardly thieves, that hadn't the courage to stay a moment, and be rich men; for the blessed name, mentioned by one of 'em, banished the spirit that put all the money there, and, till that moment, had been watching it; and he was flying off before their faces, when they cut and ran. I could do no less than step in after them and take care of the pot; it was too heavy to carry home with me; so I only hid it out of the way for that time; and many's the night after it cost me to remove it, little by little, to my own house."

From this source, then, it would appear, the old gentleman continued easily to feed his own and his son's extravagance; turning to a spendthrift account that which might have been better employed, if, as he himself candidly expressed it, the original finders had just had the heart to brave the spirit's scream for the loss of his treasure.

Now, Jack Doran, or Rhia Doran, eldest son and hope, by the way, of this lucky old night-walker, once became with Alley Dooling at a wedding, and became desperately enamoured.—Her then almost childish vanity was pleased at his well turned flattery; and, not weighing consequences, she foolishly coquetted with him.—Jack, though a constant declaimer against the shackled state, volubly, after some hard conflicts with himself, to ask her of her father; but, notwithstanding the honor intended, his reception was none of the best.—Old Tony fell into an un-

seemingly passion, turned him from the door by the shoulders, reproached him with his birth; set the dogs at his heels, and commanded him never to cross the threshold again, as long as his name was Jack Doran. But, worse than all this, Jack got a glimpse of his fair tormentor, while thus endeavoring for her sake, and she seemed to enjoy his disgrace; he saw her titter and point at him, and then, with mock gravity, make him a parting adieu.

No matter; Rhia Doran was not so easily to be put off, in such a way. He summoned his liege men, and had recourse to a method, then almost in daily practice, and even at this day of frequent occurrence; he watched his opportunity made a forced *enleve*, and, at the head of his bravos, took Alley by force from her father's house.

It was the barrest season, and Pierce Shea had been to Kilkenny, to hire a number of reapers, who at that season always repair in swarms to the streets of large towns, awaiting bidders; and he was returning home with them, when the screams of a woman drew his notice, and Jack Doran came forward, surrounded by his myriads, bearing Alley before him on horse-back.—Her well-known voice called on Pierce for aid. He sprung to her, seized the horse by the bridle, and Alley fell into his gallant arms. Then rose the storm of battle. Pierce, seizing a sickle from one of his followers, and with Alley hanging on one arm, bravely defended himself with the other; his reapers manfully assisted him; every sickle was unsung; and they fought as 'reapers descended to the harvest of death,' rather than to the cutting of the peaceful crops that awaited their gathering.

But they were inferior in numbers, as also in desperation, to Doran's party, and, we may add, in arms, and the arts of using them; for the murderous alpeens, wielded by the most experienced hands, and blithe and ready for just such a field, came down on every side. Victory seemed to declare for Jack; who, now, watching his time, aimed a crushing blow at Pierce, still outnumbered by his senseless charge. The young man partly broke its force with his sickle, but it nevertheless wounded him severely in the temple; and in return, he gave his assaulter a frightful gash, that laid the cheek open from eye to jaw; tauntingly remarking, at the same time, that he thus bestowed on him a mark that, one day or another, would help to hang him.

In this doubtful state of the battle, timely reinforcement, headed by old Tony Dooling, and his neighbour, old Ned Shea, came up; and Doran and his army were driven from the field, and Alley borne home in triumph by her lover; both covered with blood; he, with his own and Rhia Doran's, and she with the warm stream that flowed from his temples. This adventure extinguished altogether Alley's desire for extensive conquests. During his cure, she was his attendant, and dressed his wound with her own pretty hands; but her soft smile, her tearful eye, and, perhaps, the honey of her lip—but of this one cannot be positive, as young maidens scarcely ever wish for more than one witness on such occasions—tended more to his recovery than all the salves and cataplasms, made up by all the old doctresses in the parish; though many there were of great celebrity as rural *medecins* in the neighborhood.

At the time of our history, such an outrage as that perpetrated by Jack Doran was looked upon more as a chivalrous exploit, deserving a degree of praise for the danger to be run, and the courage and boldness necessary in the execution, than as a breach of the law, subjecting the doers to the law's most lawful punishment; we question if, to this moment, the technical 'abduction' has any meaning or translation among even the second or third generation of the same people. Anthony Dooling took, therefore, no legal notice of the transaction, thinking that the ill success of the enterprise, and the ugly wound inflicted on the principle actor, were a sufficient visitation.

This affair took place in the harvest before the opening of the story, and is here related, in order that the following dialogue may be understood. The speakers were old Ned Shea and Jack Doran; the scene in Shea's house; the accompaniment a huge jug of strong ale, home-brewed, of course, and then the only common drink of those who could not every day afford wine.

"Give me your land, Jack; *Dhar law ma chardius cluete?* (by the hand of my gossip) but I'll have a hearty shake at it; a good right you have to be the bitter enemy of all belonging to Tony Dooling—rest his soul!—and to me and mine, and where's the man but yourself would be the friend instead of the foe? My notion of you always was, that you were a scatter-brain o'-the-devil, a raking rollicking fool of a fellow, but with the heart in the right place, and that makes up for all; I had a drop of the same blood in me, myself, once upon a time, as everybody knows."

"For what should I keep up my ill-will, Ned? Poor Tony used me badly, to be sure; but he's now in his grave; and we hold no malice to the dead. As to Pierce, poor fellow, he did no more to me than I'd have done myself to him, had I met him on the same spot, running away with my *colleen* from me; and the reaping he gave me, holding up his finger to his scoured cheek, which had considerably drawn the muscles of the mouth at that side of the face; and now, when he assumed a careless grin, to suit his careless words, gave a twisted and rather hideous expression to the seat of risibility—'why, it was only to say, thank you kindly, Jack, for what I gave him a minute before. I was doing foolish backward to say I have a hankering regard for her, to this day; but I didn't know that herself and Pierce were contracted, or I'd have run my head into the fire, rather than do what I did.—I thought she had no great dislike to my ugly face; it wasn't so ugly, then, as it is now you know?—and he grinned again, in such a sort that, though it must have been meant to make a good impression, old Ned felt uneasy and queerish, and sluffed himself on his chair—and I thought

Tony—rest his soul—the only bar between us. But all's past and gone, and forgot and forgiven, and I'll show her and Pierce that I love them both still, as I told you before; for I'll turn the country upside-down to give her to the boy of her heart: bad end to me but I will!"

"Och! never fear you, me *bouchal!* and it's your own self can do it!" exclaimed Ned Shea, again clasping the hand of his guest.

"Yes, Ned; I make bold to say that there's not that other man in the country able to hunt her out so soon as myself; 'the boys' are ready to go through fire and water at the turn of my hand, and we have them far and near, at a pinch; and it must go hard if the limb o'-the-divil, Crohoore, can hold against me, when once I set about ferreting him; which I will do, day and night, from this blessed moment."

"*Stain-tha-guth*, Jack. I hope poor Pierce will live to give you thanks you deserve; but the gorsecon is in a bad way now, Jack; the old man let a tear drop into his cup;—I pray God to lave me my only child; but, living or dead he'll never be the same to me if Alley is gone from us, or, what's worse, a rumed creature—come, Jack, here's long life and prosperity to you, and may you have the present wish of your heart!"

"Thank you, thank you, Ned; and fill again." He stood up, raised his glass, while he slowly said—A speedy up-rise to Pierce, and, when he recovers may he get Alley from my hand just as I'd like to give her."

The both gulped down the toast, holding each other's hand; and, as he resumed his seat, Jack gave the old man's an additional squeeze of great vehemence, while he exclaimed—

"Rum to my soul, Ned Shea, but that is the present wish of my heart."

Who and what kind were 'the boys,' upon whose assistance Doran so confidently reckoned, now seems an inquiry of some weight and interest.

(To be Continued.)

THE STATE OF IRELAND.
(From the Star.)

There is no more amiable nobleman in the English peerage than the Earl of Carlisle. If the quality of blood is to be judged by the manners of its possessor, then, this nobleman, beyond all question, may claim gentle blood. Of him it may be emphatically said, that he embellishes whatever he touches. There is a bright aura in his mind, which imparts its rosy hue to every subject he speaks of. Of force of intellect and enlarged statesmanlike views we cannot speak in connection with his name, but these are qualities which a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at the present day has no need of. In fact, they would prove rather an inconvenience and an obstruction. It is not the business of the Irish Government to be forcible and decided; it ought to possess no strong views of its own, and when it speaks at all it should speak as Lord Carlisle does, not as Sir Robert Peel. His duty is to be bland and courteous, and, in profession at least, perfectly impartial to all parties in that unhappy part of the kingdom. It would be well if the form of a separate administration were abolished, Dublin Castle shut up, the Chief Secretaryship as well as the Chief Secretary suppressed, and Ireland left, like Scotland, to be managed by the Home Secretary and the chief law officer conjointly.—To this it will come in time; but meanwhile the present Lord Lieutenant may fairly claim the credit of never having mistaken himself for a real governor, or of never having interfered with what does not concern him, nor, like his Chief Secretary, determined on altering "all that." His Excellency is a charming host, whether at the Lodge, in the Park, or at the Castle. He does not go to Derry or Belfast to make furious speeches against Roman Catholic prelates. Lord Carlisle is a holiday speaker, and to that description of oratory he confines himself. The annual banquet of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the meetings at the Royal Agricultural Society's cattle-shows, are the favorite, we might say exclusive, scenes of the polished and cheering, although somewhat feeble, orations of his Excellency. Generally Lord Carlisle sees everything under beautiful aspects. The benevolent wishes of the man colour his mental vision; what he desires he decries; and the pictures he has hitherto drawn at those gatherings of the condition and prospects of Ireland have been remarkably void of shade, and suffused all over *couleur de rose*. Even the Earl of Carlisle, however, has been at length forced out of his optimism. There are clouds and shadows before us; he is not an advance order in Ireland. Material and moral evils make head there. The Lord Lieutenant, although faintly, and as if it gave him pain to dwell upon such topics, admits the fact. But in the one case he avoids altogether an inquiry into the cause, in which perhaps, under the circumstances, he acts wisely; and in the other he assigned a most inadequate reason. Whether there be any immediate connection between the falling off of agricultural prosperity and the revival of agrarian murder in Tipperary and Limerick it is unnecessary to inquire—in all probability there is; but it is an undoubted fact that the agricultural wealth of the country has greatly diminished for some years past. We dare say it is quite true that a sum of £200,000 has been expended in Ireland since 1838 in thorough draining and subsoiling, as the Lord Lieutenant announced at the Limerick show the other day, but it is equally true, as resting upon the official reports, that the area under cereal crops last year was smaller than in any year since 1854, and that the area under green crops was smaller than in any year since 1855. Even of meadow land there was a decrease of 48,000 acres as compared with 1850. How is this alarming decadence accounted for by the Earl of Carlisle? First, he says, there has been a succession of very unfavorable seasons as regards the weather. But let this be granted. Bad seasons may diminish the yield of the crops that have been sown, but how can a bad season diminish the quantity of land under crops? This reason is inadequate. Then, argues the Lord Lieutenant—and this is the second string to his bow—the soil and climate of Ireland are better suited to the production of stock, to pasturage and the rearing of cattle, than to the growth of corn. Well, that is a question of scientific agriculture, and there may be truth in what the Earl of Carlisle says. But let us try its relevancy. Has stock in Ireland lately increased? Has pasturage, or stall-feeding, taken the place of the land, and labour, and the capital thrown out of the production of cereal crops? If so, there is force in the argument. But, unhappily, it is not so. Pasturage land last year decreased; so did the acreage under green crops. There may have been a little more stall-feeding, as some 15,000 acres of turnips were grown more than in 1860. As to the number of live stock, his Excellency says its value has increased. That may be so. We are sure it is; but it is because the quantity of stock has diminished. We have not before us the returns of stock in Ireland in 1861, but those for 1860 show, as compared with the preceding year, a decrease of 9,264 horses, 1,609 asses, 202,224 head of cattle, 50,724 sheep, 49,000 pigs of one year and upwards, and 24,831 goats. The decadence of agricultural wealth has thus occurred all round, and cannot be attributed to bad seasons. Add that the numbers of the Irish people have also diminished; by emigration, and the view which all these figures combined present is certainly one not calculated to please.

allent Lord Carlisle, as a nobleman, as a statesman, as a contented and happy possessor of the Irish people.—What has become of the people who used to live upon the land, and who were out of cultivation? They cannot all be expected to be dead. If crops do not yield for successive seasons on account of bad weather, and if farm rack-rents are still exacted nevertheless, or distraints and evictions resorted to, it is plain that hardship and discontent must be the result. Public writers on both sides the Channel seem to think that there is in the nature of the Irish peasantry something unnatural, if we may so express it—that murders in Ireland are committed without intelligible motive, and that the sympathies of the rural population which lead them to shield and succour the agrarian murderer are unaccountable and monstrous. They cannot make it out at all—and, unable to discover the cause, cry out for the stern repressive measures of criminal justice. By all means, we say, let justice be strictly administered; but as Burke said, you cannot indict and execute a whole people; and if the statements propagated by these journalists be true, it is not a few individual murderers you have to do with,—you have the minds and affections of the whole rural population of the south of Ireland alienated from the law and the Government, distracting your officials, bating with the hatred of deeply aggrieved men the system of landlordism established among them, and, as a consequence, giving all their sympathies and assistance to those who break the law, even to the perpetration of red-handed murder. There is nothing startling or unaccountable in all this to those who have given some little attention to the state of the law as between landlord and tenant in Ireland, who know the position of the Irish peasant, and have observed the cruel practical hardships he has endured under the sanction of that law which some persons are surprised that he does not love and obey. Repression may extinguish a slight social evil of this kind, but in the present case the disease is too deeply seated to be removed by anything less than boldly grappling with and destroying its cause.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A COMPARISON.

To the Editor of the Tablet.

Sir,—I sent last Monday, for publication, to the *Times* the enclosed letter, but it appears, its provincial hostility to the Pope and the Irish people would not permit it to open its columns to anything in favour of either the one or the other.

I hope you, Sir, will be less inhospitable to a foreigner, and that you will be so good as to insert the letter, which expresses the opinion of a vast majority of Europeans on that subject.

I have the honour, Sir, to be your most obedient Servant, HUGUE.

Le Havre, August 9th.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—The impartiality, of which you have given so many proofs by opening your columns to opinions adverse to your own, leads me to hope that you will extend the same gracious hospitality to these observations, though from a foreign pen, but which have been suggested by the reading of an article that appeared in your journal of Saturday last *à propos* of the murder in Ireland of a Mr. Braddell.

The writer, after stating that murder now ceases to create any sensation in England, which he attributes to society in that country being preoccupied with more interesting events, proceeds to say that it is only an Irish murder, so often accompanied with circumstances of peculiar audacity or atrocity that has the power of arresting public attention.

He then describes the particulars of the crime in question, which was committed in mid-day, in a public hotel of a large commercial town in Ireland, and the murderer was allowed to escape without any attempt being made to arrest him; he charges, therefore, the whole population with complicity in the murder, or, at least, with a moral solidarity, and then concludes:—"Such an event shows how difficult it is to change the nature of men so lawless as the Irish. Such a tale tells us what Ireland is better than all the reports and returns that politicians can ask for or officials produce."

I fully agree with the writer that a whole population assisting as passive spectators of such a crime is evidence of a very lawless and disorganised state of society; it is also a grave admission by the leading journal of England of her incapability of governing; for after seven centuries of the deminution of Ireland, that country is still lawless, still unchristianised, and let me add, still subject to periodical famine; her population is still diminishing, while that of every country in the world is increasing; though her people have proved themselves, and are admitted to be as brave, as laborious, as industrious, as any other on the face of the earth; nevertheless, in a country capable, according to English agricultural authorities, to feed a population of fourteen millions of souls, its inhabitants, diminished since 1848, by famine and emigration to something under six millions, are dying, at this present moment, according to a letter of the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald in the *Tablet* of last week, in certain parts of the country.

What has England, the redresser of wrongs in other countries, to answer to this grave accusation against her capability of governing (to use the mildest phrase) in her own possessions? She can reply, certainly, by producing an interminable list of laws, repressive and oppressive, framed and buried in rapid succession, up to a comparatively late period, and with unflinching ardor, against her unhappy victim.—She can make a great display of her confiscations, of her wholesale exterminations, of her religious persecutions, all which accusing history relentlessly records,—she may then exclaim, "You see what an impracticable people I have had to deal with! I have robbed them of their all, but there is no contenting them.—I have employed superhuman efforts to exterminate them, behold, they are still living to torment me; I tried to convert them to my religion, by every sort of persecution that the fertile imaginations of the pious Pastors could invent, and there are, however (see the last census), proportionately more Catholics than ever at this present moment; and the more I do for them the more they hate me; what ingratitude!"

Will the world accept this defence? No! universal public opinion condemns you; and your present policy against the Pope is a strong condemnation of your own government of your own country. You proclaim loudly by your writings, by your acts, by your intrigues that the Pope merits to be driven from his dominions because he has misgoverned them.—Let us admit it, and let us compare his people with that of the enlightened government, for excellence, of England? What do we find? In the Roman States there is no instance of any one dying of starvation, nor the hundreds of thousands that have died in Ireland in the last fifteen years. No landlords are murdered in the Papal States by evicted and oppressed tenants, as is the case too often in Ireland. The population is increasing instead of diminishing in the States of the Church; the Roman people, notwithstanding the oppression they are supposed to be enduring, are not flying from their country like the Irish, who prefer to go even where civil war rages at present to remaining on their native soil, where they would be condemned, by the incapacity of their governors, to perpetual misery and consequent lawlessness. If the proof of misgovernment is to be found in the wretched condition of the people, which of the two governments, the English or the Roman, is the most culpable? I believe no one out of England can have a doubt on the subject; all would agree that if the Pope deserve to be de throne for misrule, England merits infinitely more that Ireland should be rescued from the Power which has proved itself incapable, after seven centuries of dominion, of civil-

ing her of raising her people above starvation. Go then, *Popes de Rome*, before you can have the right to redress the wrongs of other countries, and restore to unhappy lawless Ireland her independence, better late than never; endeavour by your future good services as a neighbour to expiate your past wrongs. Then and then only will England have the right to raise her voice for the oppressed of other countries; till then her intervention can be only looked on as egotistical, and should justly subject her to be treated as an intermeddler, and to be bluntly told, 'Go mind your own business.'

Pray receive, Sir, my cordial salutations, HUGUE.

Le Havre, August 4, 1862.

THE NEW ORGANISATION.—The public mind is now so excited and divided—so worked upon by the craft of rulers and the sophisms of infidels—that the humble voice of simple truth can scarcely for the moment be heard in defence of either constitutional liberty or of religion. We are forced into a position, in which, considering the state of the country, we cannot make an effective stand for either our religion or our temporal interests. We cannot, because we will not, forget our division for a season, laugh to scorn the wiles of our rulers, and establish, by our combined exertions, civil and religious liberty on a basis from which the despot shall not be able to hurl the one, nor the infidel the other. The comments of our national contemporaries on the latest attempt to revive constitutional agitation in Ireland is anything but cheering to the genuine friends of progress. Some of them, like ourselves, though by no means satisfied with the amount of patriotism, energy, and earnestness of purpose put forth, as a first instalment, on the occasion, do really rejoice that, even at the eleventh hour, a beginning has been made in the right direction. The *Nation* and the *Morning News* deserve the credit of doing all that talent of the first order could do to launch the project in the most brilliant colours to attract the attention and conciliate the good offices of all whose opinions are worth notice and whose co-operation is worth having. We might, if it were desirable to make selections, particularise some of our provincial contemporaries also as having done much to encourage those who still have hopes in the efficacy of vigorous parliamentary agitation. We certainly are of those who hold that there should be no ill, no pause, in the National ranks, while a grievance that parliament should remove remains, or, in other words, while the blighting Union is in force. The opponents of the Progressive Party are, singular to say, the loudest in their demand for unqualified liberty and independence. They, however, for purposes known to themselves, while denouncing bigotry, support the Godless Colleges, and whatever is anti-Catholic in education. The Educationalists of this class are a motley compound of nominal Catholics, nominal Protestants, and nominal Presbyterians. Their hatred to religion arises from a narrow minded revenge. They seek to destroy what they would not obey; they believe if religion were banished they would cease to feel that remorse which disobedience to its precepts has left—a living, consuming fire in their bosoms. Hope tells them if their scornful laugh became universal, the tide of public opinion would not, as it does now, run counter to their designs, and that, in the general degradation of society, their especial wanderings would be less notorious. These are the semi-infidels who rejoice in mixed education where all is anti-Catholic. They profanely put science above religion. With them algebra is preferred to Revelation, mechanics are better than the Prophets, the differential Calculus surpasses the Gospels, and any complete course of mathematics is far before the Bible. The Catholic who knows and practices his religion, and wishes to hand it down to his children pure and unadulterated, naturally asks himself what might be expected if the system were unopposed, when its advocates now, with all their caution, cannot prevent the "mouth speaking what the heart feels." They, therefore, feel that while the infidel system is being forced on them, they cannot form any political organisation without making uncompromising opposition to the Godless Colleges one of its principal features. The same reasons, with many additional motives, compel them to include the Established Church in their programme. We deny that in this there is the slightest tinge of sectarianism. The only thing asked by the Catholic is equal justice—the same right of freedom of opinion and freedom of education which is enjoyed by all the other subjects of the Crown. This they cannot have while they are compelled to submit to a system of education which conscience does not sanction, and to support a Church whose teaching they regard as false. But these causes for agitation, though great and pressing, fade into insignificance when compared with the landlord and tenant question. While the millions are at the mercy of a few men termed landlords, liable every six months to expulsion from house and home, the man who says agitation should be abandoned is a bad politician, indeed. The grave doubts that have been raised touching the efficacy of any political organization numbered by such Whigs as Mr. J. Reynolds, and others who appeared at the late meeting, should not be entirely overlooked. But we deny that the presence of such men in the front ranks should deter true Nationalists from giving the movement their countenance and support. The strong mind still asserts its proper influence wherever it is; and if Whiggery can drive the National Party from the Irish platform, then we say Whiggery has a right to do so; but if, as we believe, Whiggery has no *locus standi* just now in Ireland, it is criminal in the National Party to allow any of its old adherents to prevent them from working the renewed agitation according to advanced opinions of the people.—*Castilian Telegraph.*

Dillon, whose case I mentioned in my letter of the 5th instant, was brought up for further examination before the magistrates at petty sessions in Ennis, county Clare, on the charge of sending a threatening letter to Lord Dunboyne. The prisoner is the head of a very extensive business establishment in that town, and has no connexion with land. It was alleged, however, on the part of the prosecution that he had a relative named Dooban, a tenant on the Dunboyne estate. This man had purchased the interest of another man in an arm contrary to a rule, which required the consent of the landlord for any such transfer; and Lord Dunboyne refused to recognize him as the tenant of the holding thus irregularly acquired. Under these circumstances it was alleged that Mr. Dillon had written a letter for his friend to the landlord, which the latter refused to receive. About six weeks after he received a threatening letter, and on search being made at Dooban's house, it was found that the two letters were written in the same hand and on the same sort of note paper. Lord Dunboyne deposed to having received the threatening letter on the 24th of May last. To the best of his belief the threatening letter was in Dillon's handwriting. The following is the notice:—"Take notice that if you make any transfer of land now in the possession of any of your tenants through the means of any goodness done to your lordship, that I'll very soon transfer you to eternity if you incur my displeasure beware of the Tipperary gents and observe their fate. I'll spare no turn to have your life, if you deserve it. I have a very ingenious way of accomplishing my intent. So long before you." [The handwriting in this letter appeared to be slightly disguised.] Two other witnesses having been examined to prove the handwriting, the magistrates decided to send the case for trial. Mr. Dillon was bound, himself in 500l., with two sureties of 250l. each.—*Dublin Times Correspondent.*

A letter from Mr. W. H. Gregory, M.P., relative to the Galway subsidy, appears in a Galway paper, in which he states that he had received a communication from a member of Parliament who had conversation with Lord Palmerston, saying:—"I spoke to Lord Palmerston, and have no doubt that all is right, and that the whole matter will very shortly be finally and satisfactorily arranged."