

and Angela could distinguish distinctly the loved features of her father and protector. The relics had been reverentially lifted on a bier, and his successor himself, Monsignore Marengo, aided by the Bishop of Tinos, Monsignore de Rigo, supported the venerable head. The aged Bishop of Santorin knelt beside, his clasped hands and falling tears expressing the emotion that welled up in his heart on seeing once more the child of its love, whose glowing fervor in the Novitiate of St. Giovanni e Paolo his own words had served to inflame. On the other side stood the Archbishop of Naxos, contemplating in silence the scene.

Who has brought these gifts? asked Monsignore Marengo, turning his eyes on the now reverentially kneeling figure of the young knight, stooping to kiss the sacred remains. My mother, my lord, he replied—the Lady Emilia di Mendoza,—in gratitude, first, for the care taken of her daughter Angela by this holy Prelate, and then in performance of a vow made for my recovery, when suffering under wounds received in defence of the Cross.

Thou art, then, a Knight of St. John, replied the Prelate; and thy sister was the adopted daughter of the venerable Bishop.

Eren so, my lord, replied the knight; and they crave permission to kiss the sacred relics, ere they be borne to their resting-place in the cathedral.

It is but right, said the Prelate. Close the doors, and admit none but the two noble ladies without; for the crowd in their devotion, were pressing round the chapel.

He was obeyed; and, leaning on the arm of her brother, Angela di Mendoza approached the relics of her father. Her mother herself made a way for the prior right of the poor maiden. In vain were it to attempt to describe the mingled feelings of love and sorrow with which she knelt once more by his side, and kissed the hands she had pressed to her lips with such passionate sorrow the last time of their meeting in the churchyard of St. George.

Oh, my Father, my Father, murmured she, once more bless thy child.

She saw not the looks of recognition cast upon her by all around, nor the whispered information given to the Bishops by one of the attendant priests, who knew her well. Unconscious of everything, she gazed on the face of the dead, till a smile seemed gathering o'er the sweet, calm features, and she seemed to hear whispered once more, Weep not that thy poor Father is thought worthy of the martyr's palm. Be joyful, my daughter; we will meet again in Paradise.

Little cared she for the work of clothing the sacred relics in the costly vestments they had brought, or the pall of priceless embroidery wherewith the bier was covered. She was thinking over his last words, and renewing again her vow of entire dedication to God; and the holy exultation that filled her heart seemed the blessing she had asked breathed from the throne of bliss he was occupying in heaven.

There was one who observed her as she knelt on, withdrawn a little aside, where she could just see the features of the martyr,—and it was the venerable Father Angelo. Old Sir Diego's eyes were fixed upon him, for well he remembered the aged features of the confessor of Christ, though many a long year had elapsed since they had met at Venice.

But the moment was come; and the bier, borne by six priests, who would allow no one else to share the honor with them, was lifted from the ground; and, beneath a canopy of crimson and gold, the two front supporters on which were the brave knights of Mendoza and Santa Croce, it was borne forth to meet the gaze of the excited crowd without.

To describe the scene that followed were impossible—it was a triumphal procession, not a funeral march. Involuntarily Monsignore Marengo and his clergy simultaneously intoned the Te Deum, which was instantly re-echoed by the assembled multitude. Some ran in front, and spread their garments in the path; others strewed flowers and boughs from the trees; women threw off their veils, and cast them down where the relics were to pass; and mid tears of devotion and astonishment, and the jubilee of exultation, slowly it wound up the hill, and lost itself among the narrow streets. Close behind walked the forms of the noble stranger ladies, foremost in that long procession of Turks and schismatics and Catholics, all intent on one object—honoring the outraged and murdered Bishop of Syra.

When the bier was within the cathedral-gates, the last ranks of the crowd had not yet entered the town; and the silver cross glittered on the steps ere they reached the first house on the hill.

But the wonders of that day were not yet over.

CHAPTER XV.—THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Poor sufferer! is not comfort near, Thy tortures to remove? There is to whom my soul is dear, But I have scorned His love." John Henry Newman.

The procession had reached the cathedral; the bier had been laid down before the altar; Monsignore Marengo had taken his place on the Episcopal throne, and most of the multitude had made their way into the church or churchyard, while those who could not find room mounted the parapet or the neighboring house tops.—The chant of thanksgiving was still echoing through the sacred building, when a slight stir in the crowd attracted the attention of all around. A woman's form, clothed in the deepest and coarsest mourning, barefoot, sprinkled with ashes and a cord tied hastily round her neck, advanced suddenly forward, and threw herself down on her knees before the Bishop. Every limb quivered with emotion, and her face was hid in her spread hands; but she spoke not.

What wilt thou, my child? said the astonished Bishop, startled at this unusual proceeding.

The woman threw back her veil, lifted her face for a moment, and exclaimed, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee,

and am now no more worthy to be called thy child. Yes, she continued, the color rushing into her faded cheeks, and wildly tearing her hair, I have denied my faith—I have scorned the martyr of Christ—I have bartered myself to the infidel—I am an apostate, an excommunicated wretch!

Peace, peace, my child, said the Bishop; great may be your sins, but greater is the mercy of God. Come to me when the ceremony is over, and—

Nay, she exclaimed, let all see and know me. Publicly have I disowned Him; publicly let me make amends. I am Annetta Comenens!

Vainly had the Bishop attempted to prevent her speaking, and now sobbing violently she threw herself prostrate on the steps of the throne. A faint cry was heard from the corner of the church, a suppressed murmur arose; for Annetta's sad story was too well known not to create a great sensation. Confusion prevailed; some hurried the half-fainting Giovannetta out of the church, while others attempted to remove the prostrate daughter; and amid it all could be distinguished the mother's half-smothered exclamation, My God, I thank Thee! my prayers have been heard! O Annetta, my child!

They raised the prostrate girl, but she lay lifeless in their arms, for she had fainted on hearing her mother's voice. Hurrying her out of the church, they hastily bore her to a neighboring house, and the service proceeded, amid the tears and excitement this new incident had occasioned.

When Annetta opened her eyes, the first thing that she saw was her mother's face hanging over her; and on the other side stood Angela with looks of wonder and pity. She looked vacantly from one to the other, and then said, I have been dreaming; but suddenly recollecting herself, she flung herself off the couch on her knees before she could be prevented.

Mother, mother! forgive me, forgive me! I have been so wretched; I have suffered so much.

I believe thee, my child, my child! murmured the poor woman, clasping her close, and raising her. Thank God, our holy Bishop has heard my prayers, and brought thee back to me.

It is indeed he, my mother! returned the poor wanderer; don't let them come in! don't let them come in! I am polluted, degraded.—I have denied my faith! Jesus is no longer mine. I said that I denied Him; but I did not do it with my heart—it was my false tongue; and then they took me to Constantinople, and I was in the harem of the murderer. Lost, degraded, polluted Annetta!—and she would have thrown herself again at her mother's feet, from off the bed where they were striving in vain to keep her.

Annetta, Annetta! said the soft tones of Angela's voice, for the mother could not speak for the sobs that choked her, did you not say now the words of the prodigal child? and do you not remember how the father received that lost son? Even so is Jesus looking down now upon your sorrow, and has given you grace to return to Him, and make up for it by such a public acknowledgment of guilt as He did not even require of you.

O Angela! returned the poor penitent, do you not scorn me? Touch me not. I began by uniting myself to the enemy of God and His Church; and then fell into professing the faith of the impostor Mahomet! Away, Angela! my touch pollutes the sister of a Knight of the Cross—one who saved the life of her betrayer and would-be murderer, and confessed the name of Christ before the uplifted sword of the Saracen, when I basely yielded without a struggle. Touch me not; touch me not! she added, shuddering, as Angela, more tenderly than ever, threw her arms round her, and the tears of the innocent and heroic girl mingled with those of the poor fallen but repentant Annetta.

Annetta, Annetta! she murmured, Jesus and His immaculate Mother scorned not the touch of the Magdalene; and what am I, that you should speak to me thus! Remember that we are united in the love of your kind aunt Francesca, if nothing else.

There it is, there it is! returned the poor half-frantic girl. I killed her, I killed her; I am the cause of it all. If I had done as you did Angela, Francesco would never have dared to come near me. Had I not listened to the deceiver, he would not have been so stung by the Bishop's refusal; he would have learnt to respect the faith he afterwards hated and scorned on account of my sinful vanity in having captured, as I thought, the heart of one who had for a time preferred you and your beauty. Had I not told him in my burst of passionate anger, when he spurned me at his feet, that he might go and seek you on the hill-top, he would most likely never have known it, and he would not thus brutally have murdered my poor aunt.

Murdered her! returned Angela, growing very pale. Did he, then, murder her, after I escaped from the chapel? She gave up, then, her life to save me!

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON "TIMES" ON CANADA.

The negotiations between the Government of the United Kingdom and Canada seem to open a new and untried page in our Colonial history. Hitherto the position of a Colony with regard to the Mother Country has been, in theory at least, so purely municipal that the idea of negotiation has hardly occurred. Orders were issued from home and complied with abroad, and though on one signal occasion this plan of doing business without consulting both parties led to the most calamitous results, it has not on that account up to the present day been discontinued. It has always been the complaint of Colonial statesmen that while every other action was received with distinction in London, the inhabitants of the foreign dominions of the Crown were passed over on their periodical visits to this country without any other recognition than a hurried interview with the Secretary of State for the Colonies, or perhaps a dinner at his residence. Canada at any rate, has no such complaint to make. She sent Envoys, solemnly appointed, and very faithfully representing the different phases of opinion in the Colony, to England. They were received and recognized as her representatives, and a Committee of the Cabinet was appointed to

confer with them. Not only so; they were received in London with unusual distinction; they were, in fact, feted in a most remarkable manner. And that is the more noteworthy, as there was no question of conciliating a disaffected community, but rather of granting a favor to a Province believing itself to be in no little jeopardy. These things seem to announce a radical change in the relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies—a change from subjection and dependency into something much more closely resembling alliance and equality. We think the change a salutary one. We have never since our own American War sought to treat the inhabitants of our Colonies as citizens bound to contribute to the general defence and support of the Empire; we have even relieved them from all obligation to defend themselves. This one-sided method of treatment could not possibly last, and we have done well to substitute for it something more nearly approximating to the better understood and more equal form of alliance. Still our relations with our Colonies differ from the relations between allies in this—that we are bound not to consider our interests only, but theirs also. We have to make a contract to both sides of which we are in some degree parties, and we are quite sure that if we were to succeed in overreaching our allies, we should be inevitably overreaching ourselves.

We wish to consider the arrangement detailed some weeks ago in Mr. Gardwell's Despatch from this point of view. According to that arrangement, we are about to undertake obligations sufficiently onerous to this country, and for an object the attainment of which is exceedingly uncertain, since, whatever may be the case with the Canadian Delegates, no paper has yet been produced to the people of this country which offers any satisfactory answer to the grave objections urged against the possibility of defending Canada against an invasion from America. We are to enter into guarantees of the most various and burdensome nature, to guarantee a loan to purchase the Hudson's Bay Territory, a loan to make the Intercolonial Railway, a loan to fortify Montreal, and for any other works that Canada may undertake. We are, besides, to find the whole armament for the fortifications, and to undertake the defence of every portion of Canada with all the resources of the Empire, a pledge which seems to imply that in the case of an invasion of Canada we are to cast aside all considerations of strategy or policy, and rush to her aid, even at the risk of leaving more vital points undefended. No one can deny that these are very heavy obligations, but it is absolutely certain that before they are entered into on behalf of this country they will be carefully examined, and the fullest explanations will be asked and given as to the objects sought to be attained, and the precise degree of burden that we undertake. Our correspondent pointed out the other day, what is undoubtedly true of all new countries, that a profuse expenditure of public money in the country is always popular with the masses, be the object for which the money is asked what it may. Canada is at present suffering under a load of debt, incurred by guarantees for municipal purposes by its Government, and which it is now called upon to discharge. These guarantees were popular at the time, but have been guaranteed to Canada a heavy burden of debt and embarrassment. Are we quite sure that in the present condition of affairs we are doing what is most for her interest in affording her an enormous facility of borrowing and spending money. We will not reopen the controversy as to the possibility of defending her, after all that can be done; but are we not asking of her a sacrifice which is unwise in her to make, and unreasonable in us to demand.

The experience of Canada herself may well point out the inconveniences that wait upon the kind of security which we offer her. Should we be called upon, as it is almost certain we should be, to redeem our promise, and pay the interest on the loans which it is now proposed to contract, we cannot escape the most irritating and inquisitorial discussion. We shall require proof that the revenue we are expected to supplement has been economically expended, and that the most unpleasant controversies must arise, which will embarrass our relations so long as they continue, and which may very probably outlast those relations, and cling to Canada when she has become an independent State. At this moment Canada has the strongest reason to regret that she has suffered herself to be drawn into debt at all. Any sacrifice would have been light to have avoided it. The United States are obliged to impose on their inhabitants an enormous weight of taxation. The great attraction they have hitherto exercised for poor and laborious men is about to disappear. All their boundless territory, all their cheap land, all their Democratic institutions, will not compensate for taxes which, in nine cases out of ten, will be heavier than those which were paid by the emigrant in his native country. They have, besides, just at the moment when it is most important for them to raise a large revenue by the least oppressive means, aggravated their former system of protective duties to such a degree that it amounts to something very little short of total exclusion. Now is the opportunity for Canada, if she were only prepared to use it. The best protection, as the Delegates truly say, is in the increase of her population, and that increase would be certain if she could only continue to offer the inducement of cheapness and freedom from inquisition. She is already heavily encumbered, but her debt, heavy as it is, is not one-fifth part her head of the population of that of the United States, nor one-fifth part of its total amount. Even with this burden Canada might compete successfully with the United States for fugitive emigrants. She might do more. With a policy of light import duties she might easily make herself the emporium of North America. Wealth and population to fill her vast territory, and to overflow into the still vast territories which lie beyond it, are at her command, if she can only keep her debt within its present limits, and dispense with high duties, which can only serve to raise up feeble and premature manufactures within herself, and to deter the coming flood of population from her shores.

If she must contract a loan, it would be far better to make it for the purpose of facilitating a reform of her tariff, than for defensive works to save her from a danger which is by no means imminent, and which an increase of her people, such as is clearly within her power, would prevent altogether. In order to make a semblance of putting Canada in a position of defence we are urging her to deprive herself of the only means by which she can become really defensible. An opportunity offers such as never could have been expected, and the use we make of it is to stipulate for concessions which effectually prevent the very end we have in view. A Colony is a growing, not a stationary community, and its interests are to be found in its future increase rather than in its present condition.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE REV. FATHER MAHER ON FENIANISM.—The subjoined letter addressed by the patriotic and able pastor of Grague to the Men of the Queen's County, has been forwarded to us (Freeman's Journal) for publication. In presenting it to our readers we offer no comment.

Men of the Queen's County—I fully understand your character, and I sincerely admire your numerous and many virtues. I know the failings and excesses of my countrymen, too, and I have, through a long life to the best of my ability, sought their correction. I now write to you because I have been exceedingly pained to see your simplicity, your good nature, your love of country and of religion imposed upon, and greatly abused at the last election by the foolish vaporing and intolerable vanity of the defeated candidate. Do we, my friends, understand each other? or may I presume to offer advice: What

is our present position. It can be stated, without much detail or any exaggeration or false coloring, in a few words. The population of our country has been diminished by several millions, within the last 20 years. This is an astounding and sad fact. Who can fully estimate the misery, the heart burnings, the disruption of family ties, the tears, the deaths, occasioned by this uprooting and dispersion, of so vast a population?—far greater than that of many European kingdoms. Yet it has all happened in our own day. Do I exaggerate. The remnant of the people after the dispersion is still the worst fed, the worst clad—in a word, the poorest in Europe, in one of its fairest and most fertile countries. This, too, is an astounding and palpable fact, known to the whole world, but not yet fully recognized by the gentry or Government of the country. We are entrusted with the franchise, the conscientious exercise of which, under British laws, brings not unfrequently swift ruin on our families. Will after generations believe it. Oh! there is nothing like it under the sun. The Irishman, of the laboring or farming class, without a lease has not one spot at this side of the grave or this side of the Atlantic whereon to rest the sole of his foot in security. They are left entirely in this free country, to the mercy of the landlord—and it is too often a scanty mercy—and to the landlord's church, which has always been hostile to our interests, our race, and our name. This being our condition, do I ask you to sit with folded arms, and suffer the waves of time to pass over your heads without indulging the hope of seeing better days? Far from it. It is right, and just, and holy, that we should seek relief, that we should unite, one and all, under proper guidance to obtain it. So far, I suppose, we are quite agreed, and understand each other. The desire of bettering our condition is a praiseworthy sentiment; the love of liberty implanted in the human breast, when directed by sound reason, and regulated by religious instinct, is the fruitful and unfailing source of the most exalted virtues; whilst on the other hand, the genius of serfdom, still amongst us, is hostile to virtue and the parent of crime. Making slaves of one class, and tyrants of the other, it degrades and demoralises both, destroying temporary happiness in this life, and imperilling eternal salvation in the next. Every good and virtuous man, therefore, and the priest in a high degree within his proper sphere, is bound to labor for the public welfare, to elevate his country, not to unbounded wealth which corrupts, but to that point where the social, moral, and religious virtues are most easily and securely practised. But the struggle in this noble cause, my friends, be it ever kept in mind, must be carried on by means which reason, religion, and experience sanction, and which the laws of the country permit.

The candidate who came before you the other day, brimful of patriotism, played upon your credulity when he assured you there were 100,000 Fenian warriors in America and 100 iron-clad ships prepared to convey them to our shores, and that their landing amongst us would set all things to rights—Marvellous reveries of this kind, fairy phantasms of the excited brain, have certain attractions for the uninformed mind, and so long as they are confined to the few they do very little harm; they become the subject of laughter, of pity, or of contempt, according to the mood one is in when he hears or reads of them; but when they spread either through the agency of the press or by travelling orators, and are taken up by the people, they do infinite mischief. They rivet our chains, they justify coercion, they turn men from their proper business, they sow dissensions in society, they bring down upon us the contempt of mankind, they set class against class, and they render it impossible as long as the delusion lasts to make any rational effort to improve our condition. The project of iron-clad ships or any other scheme of Fenianism is not a whit more ridiculous than if the defeated candidate had announced the approach from New York of a fleet of monster sea gulls, carrying on their backs 100,000 warriors, each with a revolver in his hand and powder and ball and provision for a month in his pocket, to take possession of this green isle of ours; and if they were coming, don't you admire the prudence of the gallant captain in publishing it at the hustings, in order that England's fleet might be in readiness to assist at their landing. How long, my friends, are we to be abused, caajoled, and exposed to the contempt and sneers of the world, by yielding, even for a season, to foolery of this kind? When men think and talk in this fashion and, what is worse, when freeholders listen patiently, there is nothing left for us but to submit to any amount of oppression which a powerful and irritated nation—irritated by our folly and unmeaning threats, chooses to inflict upon us. Is it, I beg to ask, very much to be wondered at if, whilst we are seeking aid from America or France, from the unknown land of the Fenians, or from any foreign country, that all redress shall be refused at home. Ask what is reasonable; what is justly due, and what England ought to grant, namely, security for agricultural industry, which would give employment and a habitation to the people; encouragement for trade and manufacture; a liberal and just administration of the poor law; education in harmony with the nation's creed, and relief from the burden of the English institution, which the Times designates 'the great scandal of the age,' and which, having failed to convert the Irish from the religion of their forefathers, sought their extinction by a cruel and barbarous code of penal legislation. Ask for those measures without vain threatening; show by calm reasoning the justice of our claim, that their concession would increase the strength, the security, and add to the glory of the British empire. Ask as an united people, and therefore not to be despised—united as one man under the guidance and control of the prudence, wisdom, and piety of the nation; and we may reasonably hope at no very distant day to obtain justice. United in days past we asked for Catholic Emancipation, and in the face of almost insuperable obstacles obtained it. We achieved also perfect liberty of conscience. The priest cannot now, as in the days of our fathers, be persecuted as a felon for saying mass, or the people for hearing it. We have obtained many invaluable rights; but since the rise of Young Irelandism or Fenianism, dissolving the union of the people and the priests, we have been left without resource, almost without hope of further progress.

I know full well the difficulty of obtaining redress from a British Parliament, and that difficulty is indefinitely increased by seeking it from any other quarter. Why are not Priests, and bishops, and the laity to the last man, standing now, shoulder to shoulder, as in the days of O'Connell, with a grand organization to express public opinion, and a national association well sustained. Simply because the wisdom of Young Ireland is waiting for the iron-clad ships, and the Fenian cohorts from beyond the seas. The order has come not to trouble ourselves with parliamentary petitions, with the educational question, or tenant right, or the disendowment of the State Church, or matters of the kind. The word has gone forth that Ireland must be regenerated by the sword. We are told not to spend money upon chapels, or colleges, or convents, every penny of it will, it is said, be wanted for powder and ball, and for the equipment of the fleet. In truth, my friends, a small contemptible faction has arisen amongst us, without name, or character, or standing, distinguished principally by the extravagance of their views, the wildness of their aspirations, and a feeling of hostility to the Catholic Church, which they well know can never sanction their criminal folly. Their predecessors amongst whom there were some men of honor and sincerity, raised the green flag with a flourish of trumpets in '48, in the kitchen garden of the Widow Cormac to emancipate Ireland and shake off the British yoke, and I need not tell you that the bailiffs of the district were not required to defeat the projects and overthrow the strength of those gallant youths. A dozen or two of old women, with brooms in hand, would sweep them quite clean

off the earth. Oh! what an example was made of dear old Ireland on that day! Never was a country before so disgraced, and the men of bravery and prudence who counselled that disastrous movement, some of whom have not yet recognised the enormity of their offence, of those who sympathised with them are still at work dividing, distracting the people, and abusing their credulity. They have a press and a staff of anonymous writers, whose principal business is to malign the clergy and the Catholic Church. Every act of theirs is criticised in a hostile spirit. If they vote at elections, they are denounced; if they abstain from voting, they are denounced. Do what they may they are assailed. Every effort which a vicious ingenuity can suggest is employed; calumnie the most atrocious are invented to induce the poor people to withdraw their confidence from them and bestow it upon the memorable heroes of Ballinagarry and the Fenians beyond the Atlantic, Men of the Queen's County, if you knew, as I know, by reading their journals, the bitterness of their hostility to our ancient and long-persecuted church, their ill-concealed hatred of everything religious, you would trust them as little as you would the Orangemen of the North. I am, as you know, an old man—very old—and have, therefore, nothing to hope, nothing to fear, from this world. My account with it is nearly closed. Its praise or censure can in no wise affect me. I therefore speak freely and without reserve.

The leading principle of that peaceful agitation by which Ireland gained a large instalment of her rights was thus expressed by O'Connell, 'liberty was too dearly bought by the shedding of human blood, and that whoever committed crime or violated the law was an enemy to his country.' These principles, slow but sure in their operation, were unfortunately abandoned before the grand work of national regeneration was completed. Dissensions, in consequence, set in the right direction ever since. Are you, men of the Queen's County, prepared to purchase freedom, or tenant right, or any change in the law, or in the ruling power, by the sword, by the shedding of blood, or in other words, by the slaughter of 100,000 of your nearest relations, your fathers, brothers, husbands, and cousins? Do you wish to see our villages and towns burned to ashes, women and children massacred in the streets, and property destroyed beyond calculation? These are the terms proposed by the Fenians. One of them, the other day, at the great meeting in New York, called on his companions to try in the cause of Ireland what virtue is in rifles—in powder and ball instead of Parliamentary protests. 'We now appeal,' he said, 'to the sword. Blood must wash out what blood and crime have stained; and if we fall with honor in a noble fight, we shall try it again and again.' This is the pagan view of man and society, with the pagan ignorance of the great end for which man has been created. What has been gained in America by the horrible butchery these last four years of more than a million of her bravest sons? What in Naples and Sicily? What in Paris by the slaughter of 40,000 men in the memorable days of July. Playing at soldiers in civil war is always a losing game on both sides. The vanquished are trampled out of life, contemned and defamed, whilst the conquerors retire dejected and sorely damaged; laws and rigor, and breathing revenge, are enacted and remorselessly enforced; and the bloody tragedy generally ends in the establishment of an iron despotism. This is the state, with all its horrors, which the heroes of the French ships are preparing for us. How long, my friends, how long, will even the smallest fraction of our people listen to such men in their madness—the apostles of sedition and slaughter.

JAMES MAHER P.P., Grague, Queen's County.

It is stated that in consequence of the spread of Fenianism, the number of regiments in the south of Ireland is to be increased.

AN ENGLISH JOURNAL AND THE FENIANS.—The following is from the Pall Mall Gazette:—Surely the Government are carrying the laissez faire system a little too far in the matter of the Fenian Brotherhood. It is well to laugh at the follies of a few hundreds of hot-headed young men practising an illegal drill in out-of-the-way places in the county Cork; but with the laughter it is high time that the follies should be put an end to. The mischief to which these proceedings may lead is not to be measured by the character or number of the misguided fanatics themselves. The more serious mischief lies in the impression produced abroad. English people generally have little idea of the ignorance that prevails on the Continent and in America respecting the position of Ireland and our treatment of her. These seditious manifestations seem far more important to foreigners than they do to ourselves, and tend to keep up the notion that we are not the strong and united people we give ourselves out to be; while, in the event of a European conflict they would be fruitful in danger to our interests. Considering, too, the long-standing irritation in the United States against this country, it is worse than thoughtless to suffer anything approaching to sedition to come to a head among the Irish. The millions of Irish emigrants who are there settled may retain little of their love for the old country, at least so far as to wish to return to it. But whatever they lose in the way of love for Ireland, it is certain they lose nothing in the way of hatred for England.

The attention of many of the Irish newspapers, if not all, has been directed to the increase of Fenianism in the country. It is now admitted on all sides that such an organization pervades almost every corner of Ireland. The Northern Whig admits its existence in the North and suggests the extinction of Orangeism as a cure for it.

TOO LATE.—Telegrams were received on Friday week by the Lord Mayor from J. McKenna, Esq., M.P., and by E. Purdon, Esq., from F. W. Russell, Esq., M.P., announcing that the government had telegraphed to the Lord Lieutenant on Friday evening authorising him to issue an order prohibiting the importation of cattle into Ireland from any port in Great Britain. This will be most satisfactory, provided we are yet safe, and by issuing this order the government has sought to escape a tremendous responsibility. We believe that England will have to depend upon Ireland for a renewal of her stock, and that the order would be of even more benefit to England hereafter than now to Ireland. The prohibition of importation may appear to violate the theories of Free Trade, but exceptional cases require exceptional enactments. We used above the expression, 'provided we are yet safe,' because, together with the telegrams, there reached us an announcement that the closing of the ports had been conceded too late. On the most indubitable authority we learn that a nobleman in Westmeath communicated to Professor Ferguson yesterday evening a detailed account of symptoms, which ended in the death of the animal attacked, and which correspond exactly to those of the plague. The only reason for doubting the authenticity of the account is its exact and complete correspondence to the description given of the plague—more exact and minute than could be naturally expected from one who was not a veterinary surgeon. The report may have been communicated to the nobleman alluded to, but if it be true we have ascertained that the introduction of the disease is traceable, beyond all doubt, to calves imported from England a few days since. Should the terrible truth be that the disease is really in Ireland, imported from England, subsequent to the refusal on the part of the government to close the ports, fearful indeed is the responsibility incurred by those who ignored the request of the Lord Lieutenant and the unanimous entreaty of all Irishmen.—Irish Times.

Belast is in the midst of a water famine. The hot summer has lowered the wells; the town has built no reservoirs, and the people have nothing to drink except water brought in barrels, carried on donkeys, from the environs.