

it was a thing to be done. That if, however, I scarce slept a wink through the night. Next morning early I called on the clergyman whose sad duty it was to visit the poor lad in his condemned cell; and he and I had been school-fellows; and he was a young man of most amiable character. He told me "his poor penitent" was not unfit to die, nor did he dread the fate before him, notwithstanding his utter anguish of heart at so sudden and terrible a parting from his young mistress. I communicated the hopes we had, and asked the clergyman's opinion as to the propriety of alleviating the lad's agony by a slight impartment of them. My reverend young friend would not hear of such a thing; his conscience did not permit him. It was his duty, he said, his sacred duty, to allow nothing to distract the mind and heart of his penitent from resignation to his lot; and should he give him a hope of life, and then see that hope dashed, he would have helped to kill a human soul, not to save one. I gave up the point, and endeavored to seek occupations and amusements to turn my thoughts from the one subject which absorbed and fevered them. But in vain; and when night came, I had less sleep than on the first.

Early on the second morning I took a walk into the country, along the Dublin road, vaguely hoping to meet, even so early, our zealous attorney returning to us, with a white handkerchief streaming from the window of his postchaise; that idea had got into my head, like a picture, and would recur every moment. I met him not. I lingered on the road. I heard our town clock peeling twelve—the boy had but an hour to live. I looked towards the county jail, whither he had been removed for execution—the black flag was waving over its drop-door. Glancing once more along the Dublin road, I ran as fast as I could towards the jail. Arrived at the iron gate of its outer yard, I was scarce conscious of the multitude who sat on a height, confronting it, all hushed and silent, or of the strong guard of soldiers at the gate, till one of them refused me way. I bribed the sergeant to convey my name to the governor of the prison, and was admitted, first, into the yard, then by the guard-room door, and along a colonnade a pillars, connected with iron work on either hand, into the inner courts of the jail. The guard-room was under the execution-room, and both formed a building in themselves, separated from the main pile; the colonnade of which I have spoken, leading from one to the other.

What had sent me where I now found myself, was an impulse to beseech the sheriff (whom I knew, and was necessarily in the jail to accompany the condemned to the door of the execution-room), for some short postponement of the fatal moment. He came out to me, in one of the courts at either side of the colonnade; we spoke in whispers, as the good and kind-hearted governor had done—though there was not a creature to overhear us, in the deserted and sunny places all around. I knew the sheriff would at his peril make any change in the hour; but I told him our case, and his eyes brightened with zeal and benevolence, while he put back his watch three quarters of an hour, and assented, with my uncle Toby's oath, I believe, that he would swear it was right, and that all their clocks were wrong, and let them hang himself for his mistake. Our point arranged, we sunk into silence. It was impossible to go on talking, even in our conscious whispers: one o'clock struck! The governor, pale and agitated, appeared making a sad signal to the sheriff. We beckoned him over to us, and he was shown the infallible watch and retired again, without a word. My friend and I continued standing side by side in resumed silence. And all was silence around us, too, save some few most melancholy, most appalling sounds: one caused by the step of the sentinel under the window of the condemned cell, at an unseen side of the prison; another by the audible murmurings of the condemned and his priest, heard through the window—both growing more fervent in prayer since the jail clock had pealed one; and a third was made by some person also unseen, striking a single stroke with a wooden mallet, about every half minute, upon a large muffled bell, at the top of the prison. Yes! I can recall two other sounds which irritated me greatly: the chirping of sparrows in the sun—and I thought that their usually pert note was now strangely sad—and the tick, tick, of the sheriff's watch, which I heard distinctly in his fob. The minutes flew. I felt pained in the throat—burning with thirst, and losing my presence of mind. The governor appeared again. My friend entered the prison with him. I remained alone confused and agonized. In a few minutes the governor came out, bare-headed, and tears on his cheeks. The clergyman and his patient followed; the former had passed an arm through one of the manacled ones of the latter, and the hands of both were clasped, and both were praying audibly. My old school-fellow wept like a child. My poor client had passed the threshold into the colonnade, with a firm step, his knees kept peculiarly stiff, as he paced along, and his cheeks and forehead were scarlet, while his eyes widened and beamed, and was fixed on the steps going up to the execution-room, straight on before him. He did not yet see me gazing at him. As the sheriff appeared behind him and his priest also, bareheaded, I took my hat from my head. The action attracted his attention, our glances met—and oh! how the flush ignited forsook his forehead and his cheeks—and how his eyes closed—while cold prostration burst out on his brow, and he started, stopped, and faltered! Did he recognize me as the person who had spoken to him kindly in his cell, before his trial, and perhaps with all my precaution, gave him a vague hope? or, was it that the unexpected appearance of a human creature, staring at him in utter commiseration, had touched the chord of human associations, and called him back to earth, out

of his enthusiastic vision of heaven. I know not, I cannot even guess; who can? As he faltered, the young priest passed his arm round his body, and gently urged him to his knees and knelt with him, kissing his cheeks, his lips, pressing his hands, and in tender whispers manning him again for facing shame, and death and eternity. The Governor, the sheriff, and I, instinctively assumed the attitude of prayer at the same moment. But I hate to give a character of clap-trap to a real though wonderful occurrence, by continuing too circumstantially. Moya's "own boy" never even mounted the steps of the execution room. We were first startled, while we all knelt, by, as it afterwards proved—her shrieks at the outer gates: she had escaped from the restraint of her family, and had come to the jail, insisting on being married to him—"wid the rope itself around his neck, to live a widow for him forever"—and next there was a glorious shout from the multitude on the rural heights before the prison, and my one ceaseless idea of our attorney, with a white handkerchief streaming through the window of his post-chaise was realized, though every one saw it but I. And Moya, self-transported for life, went out to Van Dieman's land, some weeks afterwards, a happy and contented wife, her family having yielded to her wishes at the instance of more advocates than herself, and put some money in her purse also.

INCIDENTS OF THE INSURRECTION IN PARIS.

THE MASSACRE IN THE PLACE VENDOME.

We glean from the correspondence of the English papers some facts in the fierce conflict raging in Paris:—

Writing on the 22nd ult., the Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—

"I was breakfasting in the Rue St. Honore, when there was a rush down the street, and a cry that fighting had commenced in the Place Vendome. Repairing to the scene of action I was just in time to witness the end of what must be termed a massacre. An unarmed demonstration similar to that of yesterday had been organized at the new opera; it was proceeding down the Rue de la Paix when it met two insurgents, who were disarmed; these men rushed back to their comrades; the manifestation continued its march, an officer of the line carrying a banner in front of the column. Cries of *Vive l'Ordre!* *Vive l'Assemblée!* were raised and hats were waved. The tradesmen in the Rue de la Paix had again to close their shutters, but the balconies and windows were crowded. The insurgents threw a line of troops across the entrance to the Place Vendome in the hope of stopping the procession which, however, marched straight on, and drove this line back upon the main body. It was at this moment that a couple of shots were fired into the air, occasioning a partial retreat, but the officer with the flag stood firm, and the unarmed column pushed on, wishing to reach the centre of the Place and parley with the leaders. However, there was a fresh discharge of musketry, fired this time not into the air but into the thick of unarmed citizens, and this discharge, of course, sent the procession to the right about. The distance to cover was fortunately not far, and Rue de la Paix was quickly deserted by all but a few plucky fellows, who foolishly wished to stand their ground; but the insurgents kept up a dropping fire, and soon there was nothing to be seen in front of their muskets but the dead bodies of those who had fallen, and the wounded who were too severely hit to get out of the way. By the side of one corpse there was a dog lying dead. A tall man in black made his appearance, holding aloft a white pocket-handkerchief. A National Guard took a deliberate shot at him, and the bullet struck the wall close to the tall man's head. He retreated, and the dead and the dying were left in the street for nearly an hour. By degrees the inhabitants of the Rue de la Paix took courage, and began to open their doors and peep out; and, as all was quiet, humane persons ventured forth and took the wounded into their houses, and shortly afterward the dead bodies were also removed, and few traces remained of the struggle, beyond a few blood-stains on the pavement and some broken windows."

THE PRIEST AND HIS PROTECTOR.

On Sunday afternoon I saw a priest march bare-headed to the Hotel de Ville by an escort of armed men, amidst cries of approval, "Shoot down the priests!" "No," said a woman in the crowd near the barricade. "Shoot Generals if you will, but do not shoot religion." "He is not a priest—he is a spy; he has gutters of a National Guard under his cassock. Shoot him! down with him—that is right." Near me was standing a lady, simply but richly dressed, with a taste which is known to French women alone. Her manners, bearing, and delicately chiselled features gave token that she was not one of the howling class by whom she was surrounded. I could observe her dark eyes flash fire as the thrill for blood was thus proclaimed aloud; her blanched cheek bore proof of the excitement under which she labored. Her indignation, it was evident, would gain the mastery. I trembled for her fate should she give utterance to it. Turning to a National Guard, she asked, "Of what has that priest been guilty?" "He was walking in the Rue Rivoli," replied the National. "What did he want there?" We arrested him and he must give account of his conduct. He will be judged, and if guilty, shot, like all traitors." "What!" rejoined the lady, "Is that his crime? Is this your vaunted liberty? I thought that you were Republicans, and that all were free. Shame on you! I am an Alsatian. My brothers have fought against the enemy; they would risk their lives to save France—they are not like you Parisians, who yesterday assassinated generals, and to-day would murder priests!" This unexpected rebuke, quietly administered,

told with stunning effect. The National Guard quailed under the steadfast gaze of his gentle antagonist, and slunk away. The crowd within hearing appeared fascinated—not a word was uttered in reply. "Allow me to pass, Messieurs," said the lady; "let me leave this place." Those near her drew back, and she left the spot without being insulted. As for the National Guard, he buried his head in a large zinc pail containing wine, which was kept on the barricade, and from which the courage of the rioters appeared to be periodically replenished. From the odour exhaled from that pail, the unsteady gait and reddened cheeks of the rioters within reach, I labour under the impression that its contents had been doctored to meet the emergency.

A "NATIONAL GUARD" RAID ON AN EMPTY CASH BOX.

Yesterday I was forced to close my letter hurriedly, in consequence of having heard that the National Guards were on the point of marching to Versailles. Two battalions did leave with the expressed intention of visiting that place. They marched out a short distance, and then it is said, lost their way.—They returned, and threatened to make another attack on the seat of government this evening. Their little game will probably be renewed nightly, and the sightseers who collect to witness their departure will continue to pray that they may be "gobbed up" by the gendarmes and troops posted near Sevres, or frightened out of their senses, if they have any left, by some stray Prussian. I find it a curious pastime to ask persons what the insurgents want. I have not come across any National Guard who was able to give a satisfactory answer to my question, but a railway official, who was just called, offered the following solution. To my question, "Do you know what they want?" he replied, "Yes, sir, they want our cash box." Two hundred National Guards visited our station this afternoon. The officer asked for the *chef de gare*. "He is not here at present." "Where is the sub-station-master?" "He also is absent, but I can answer any question you may put. What do you want?" "Well, we want your money-box." "My money-box? I am a poor man; there is nothing in it." "Then we don't want that; we want the railway company's cash-box." "The company's *casse* had fortunately been removed last Saturday. There is a report that the cash-box of the Hotel de Ville has been pillaged by the insurrectionary committee.—Want of money is a serious obstacle to the onward march of the bloodthirsty. The Central Committee has not funds to continue the payment of the celebrated thirty sous per day.—Many may be found in Paris willing to commit murder at a cheap rate; but none are willing to stain their hands with blood unless they receive a *quid pro quo* in money or in pillage.

RETURN OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM TO BERLIN.

The arrival of the conqueror, and new emperor, at the railway station at Potsdam is thus graphically described by the correspondent of the *London Daily News*:—

"Let us hurry on to the reserved parts of the platform, where all are in uniform or court dresses save your correspondent. Here is staunch old Marshal von Wrangel, in the uniform of a white cuirassier, rather bandy, but good seemingly for another twenty years. Here comes Prince George, the only civilian of the Royal Family, wrapped in a large cloak, with an attendant bearing his helmet of state. He has a chat with the Jager private with one leg, who has got somehow in the forefront. Here too is General Vogel von Falkenstein, grey and grim; and Von Steinmetz, all the way from his Posen governorship. But the list is too long for enumeration. I notice that every pillar of the long station is in a flutter of flags; that on the pillars on either side of the royal passage are blazoned the words Metz and Strasburg, while over the statue of Victory behind are Sedan and Paris. Is it by accident or design that opposite the platform on a siding an ambulance train is halted, from the windows of which pallid faces look out with hollow eyes on the brilliant scene? Its roof is clustered with convalescents, and a little squad of men maimed at Spicheren and Courcelles give Steinmetz a cheer—old *Immer Vorwärts*, as they lovingly style him—and so with gossip and endless kindly salutations the moments of expectancy fleet by.

"Twenty minutes later, at the sound of a shrill distant whistle, out of the waiting-room stalks Count Bismarck, in full war paint; Wrangel doffs his plumed helmet, a stream of ladies and children follow Bismarck's stalwart form. In three minutes more a near rumble, and the train, bedizened with flags, rolls to the siding. Three carriages pass a flight of steps, and the fourth comes into sight; there rises a mighty cheer, and at the window stands the Emperor William, framed as in a picture. The old man's face is working as the cheers ring in his ears. He is down the steps and kissing the Dowager Queen Elizabeth. What! Will the women of his family mob him, then, as they crowd round him for his kisses, while grandchildren hang about his knees? No wonder that he has to brush his eyes with the back of his hand as he struggles through the women folk before him. In his path stands the white figure of Wrangel, the rays of the setting sun flashing on his snow-white hair. The soldier patriarch raises his hand, and would fain lead off a cheer; but his voice fails him, and the tears roll down his face. His master, not less moved, kissed his servant on either cheek.—The two old soldier-comrades embrace, while one of Steinmetz's wounded fellows heads, from the top of the carriage, a real rousing cheer.—Then the Emperor grasps Bismarck by the hand, and kisses him too. He serves Von Steinmetz in the same manner, notwithstanding the calumnies anent that gallant soldier. He kisses his way right through out of sight into the waiting room, the Empress following him with a look of conscious ownership; and so exit Kaiser William.

"Behind him as he came from the carriage was the younger face, that of his eldest son. I wonder the Princess is not jealous to see all these pretty girls, princesses, grand duchesses, and what not; hugging her husband with effusion." But not she. She has fast hold of his left arm, and she looks about so proudly and gladly, the light of love in every feature. Her back hair had come down and it streamed over her shoulders in beautiful confusion.

"It was comical to see how she gently exulted 'Our Fritz' from the press, when it seemed as if there had been enough of the kissing. But, then, the Prince had hairier faces to kiss, and more stalwart forms to embrace ere he reached the haven of the saloon. Von Roon, Blumenthal, all the Versailles well-known faces, follow, and then the women burst into the reserved space, and hugged and kissed the staff men who belonged to them as they came out of the carriages. The scene was like an April day, showers and sunshine, tears and smiles in about equal proportions—all state and ceremony went down before the gush of homely affection.

"The Emperor almost at once passed to his carriage, and drove off unescorted at a trot, followed by carriages containing the Royal Family and the other personages, along Thier Garten, the Brandenburg Gate, and down Unter den Linden to the Palace, amidst immense cheering. As he passed under the arch the Imperial flag was run up on the Palace.—The cheering continued after he had alighted. His Majesty lingered on the threshold, and at length went in; but his subjects were not to be denied, and he had to appear again on the balcony, helmet in hand, and the Empress on his arm. His last appearance was at the window of the corner room, where he showed himself on the declaration of the war, and here he listened to the "*Wacht am Rhein*," sung by the crowd."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A VOICE FOR HOME RULE.—The following article from the *Morning Advertiser*, is a cheering and remarkable sign of the times:— Lord Derby could see no prospect of pacifying Ireland, which he regarded, from the growing conviction of an incompatibility between Saxon and Celt, as in a hopeless condition of antagonism. These views, perhaps, explain his lordship's intimated resolution to sell his Irish estates, although they are traversed by the unanimous solicitation of his tenants that he should still remain among them. Under this striking and original exposition, however, we cannot help suspecting lies a dawning impression to which the speaker felt he could not give utterance. The real drift of Lord Derby's suggestions seems to us to involve the raising of a doubt whether the concession of some modification of self-government would not be the best solution of the Irish difficulty. There are many reflective men who began to question the policy of the abolition of the Irish Parliament and its advantage to either country. Perhaps the proportion of Protestants to Catholics—of the well-affected to the disaffected—was greater before the Union than it is now. The legislature was indeed corrupt and inefficient, and that was simply because it was filled with English Court favorites and every Papist and every Dissenter was excluded from it—because in fact Ireland was kept out of the Government of Ireland. With all its faults, it did wonders. But if it had really honestly represented the nation, what reason is there to doubt that it would have developed national resources, promoted national interests, and conciliated national confidence? Even as it was, the bond which linked the two countries was stronger than it is now. It is in vain for economical quacks to deny that absenteeism is an evil. To a poor and purely agricultural country like Ireland the sending of its peers and all its leading men from Dublin to London, the obliteration of most of its governmental establishments, was ruin to it economically—still more disastrous to it socially and morally. It is also quite absurd to doubt that Irishmen would know, and would be more honestly inclined justly and wisely to administer their own affairs in a Parliament in their own country, than an alien legislature sitting in London, and more inclined to listen to rich absentees than to native statesmen. For the last seventy years we have been groping our way to a policy which a Parliament of real Irishmen would have adopted a century ago. Our own panacea for all public evils is a free Parliament. Why is it not equally good for Ireland? The Parliament of Scotland was corrupt, servile, and seditious. But it was so simply because the people were not represented, and the members were the mere tools and nominees of the Crown and the great landowners. But does any man of reflection believe it to be for the economical or social advantage of Scotland that her peers, her squires, her leading men, her Government, are drawn away from Edinburgh to that populous imposthume which Cobbett called the "Great Wen?" Does anybody think that five hundred Englishmen sitting in London can manage the domestic affairs and settle the local legislation of Scotland better than Scotchmen deliberating in Edinburgh? The Scotch are Saxons and Protestants. We have reserved to them their own religion, Church Government, and system of law, which has reconciled them to a yoke they have not always endured. But we left the Irish neither their creed, their Church, their law, nor their natural representatives; and the whole tendency of our recent legislation has been, as Mr. Gladstone says, to govern and legislate for Ireland from an Irish point of view. What does that mean but that it is best that the Irish should govern themselves?—Canning exclaimed, "Repeal the Union!—Restore the Heptarchy!" So say we. So said the Americans when they preferred a ruinous and destructive war to the nullification of their federal compact. But every American

state has its own legislature and local Government for the management of its domestic affairs, whilst it sends members to the Senate and Congress at Washington, to vote taxes for the general Government of the whole Republic and to determine all imperial questions. At present our Parliament is overwhelmed with local business, parish jobs, and private bills, which corrupt it, which draw improper members into it, and which render it impossible efficiently to administer affairs of imperial concernment. Where is the danger or disadvantage of relegating parish business—mere provincial matters—to local Parliaments, who best understand them? If the Irish Commons proved unreasonable they would be checked by the Irish peers, and overruled by the royal veto. They would have nothing to do with questions of imperial taxation, of war, of armaments, or, indeed, of any but local administration; and it is not easy to see how, on the subjects of education, of religion, of railroads, of land, of waste lands, drainage, public works, domestic expenditure and revenue, jurisprudence, social disorder, agrarian outrage, they could not administer their own affairs, and develop their own local resources, better than strangers. These are opinions which are thrown out by many well-affected Irishmen, and are, as Lord Derby has said, fast spreading Orangeism and Protestants. They are not in any degree to be confounded with the dreams of those who call for a Repeal of the Union, the elimination of Irish representation from the Imperial Parliament, and whose aim is the separation of the three kingdoms. The two parties are as distinct, and as antagonistic, as the American Federalists and Confederates. In fact, the loyal propose only Federal Parliaments for local affairs and the continuance of the Imperial legislature as it is, with all its functions left intact. We merely open the question. While we do not commit ourselves to any settled convictions on the subject, we think it desirable to strip it of the errors by which alarmists have surrounded it. We do not see that a mere provincial Parliament is likely to give additional force to the irregular disintegrating influences which are chronic in the sister kingdom. There are, on the other hand, many loyal subjects who are of opinion that a local legislature is the real panacea for the discontent, disaffection, and material stagnation of the sister island.

AGRICULTURAL CRIME AND ITS CAUSES.—While an English Ministry is engaged in the congenial task of appointing a Secret Committee with the view of preparing material for coercive legislation in Ireland, and an obsequious Parliament—in which the renegade Irish element is not wanting—subsequently endorses the Ministerial request on the mere recommendation of a brand-new Castle official, recently imported from England: the most remarkable document which it has ever been our duty to discuss has been presented to the public by one whose position and character are sufficient vouchers for the facts it contains, and the terrible revelations it discloses. The world has been puzzled why Meath should be an exception to the rest of Ireland in the record of agrarian crime. The world has been shocked at some of the crimes enacted there. All Ireland felt the force of the evil involved in the principle of the Ribbon Association. It was deplored and condemned by all—and by none more strongly than by those to whom the national cause is a heritage of labour and of sacred duty; but none knew the causes which have given rise to the abnormal social state of Meath. None were aware of the terrible trial through which the people had passed—the instinct of self-preservation inspired—the wild justice of revenge—and the people in their phrenzy forgetting the counsels of prudence and the Christian admonitions of their pastors, banded themselves in unlawful combinations with the object—as they wildly believed—of exerting from fear what justice and law denied them. None can more strongly condemn the principle and practice of agrarian crime than we do. None more deeply deplore the stain which it has left on the national character. But it is only justice to a people remarkable for all the social virtues to expose the causes which have led to the exceptional social relations existing in one or two counties by deploring its existence and condemning its excesses. Certain proprietors desolated whole districts by batches. Hundreds of individuals were rendered homeless by the abuse of a single individual whose edict to them was little short of a sentence of death. The sites of houses and villages became multitudes of gullies till the successive clearances converted whole districts into grass-fields. From 1851 to 1861—that is after the famine had abated, and prosperity had again begun to dawn on the land—there was a decrease of 51,000 in the population of Meath and Westmeath—or over a fifth in ten years; and the good Bishop has good reason for believing that when the census of the next decade will have been published, "it will reveal a still greater ratio of decrease," so that up to 1871 there will have been no cessation of the causes which have led to the commission of agrarian crime in Meath and Westmeath. "A sentence of eviction from the land (in a state of society in which, without the land, it is impossible to support life) is," adds Dr. Nulty, "tantamount to a slow but certain execution." This is precisely how the people felt it, and hence the secret organization of Ribbonism, with all its evil consequences. "It is a very arduous task," says the Bishop, "to reason into patience and resignation a man who once enjoyed affluence in the home in which he was born, and from which he was unjustly expelled; who now sees his wife and children slowly tortured to death by starvation, in spite of all his efforts to save them." "It is a splendid achievement if you persuade him to wipe his eyes and restrain his arm," when he sees "he can retaliate on his oppressor with deadliest effect and with perfect security;" and thus between the tyranny of the landlords and the outraged feelings of the people, has been for years the mission of the priest in Meath. "The injustice of bad landlords first created Ribbonism; their 'cleverness and sagacity' directed them to nurture it to serve their own ends. It is strange and startling to be informed on such unquestionable authority as that before us, that 'the most cruel and extensive exterminations in the diocese had been centres of Ribbonism in their respective districts, while carrying their inhuman clearances through,' and that 'the relations existing between exterminating landlordism is the very reverse of unfriendly.' Facts, which whatever may have been the origin of Ribbonism, must render its present operation detestable in the eyes of all men. If the recently appointed committee would only devote a portion of its time to tracing out this connection, it would in some measure compensate for the outrage offered to public feeling in its institution, and expose in their true light the real authors and agents of agrarian crime in the districts coming within the scope of its enquiries.— We can merely indicate the original causes of agrarian crime in East and West Meath, and cannot follow Dr. Nulty through the illustrations of its present