

bona fide document. Eh! friend Juan, is not that so?

The man was breathing freely again, and the natural color had returned to his cheeks.

'Certainly, certainly,' he said: 'the device was excellent, admirable. I remember, now it is mentioned, observing his lordship act as you describe, but without at the time comprehending the motive of what he was doing. The test can be applied as soon as you please.'

'Bravo, my friend! I knew you would say so. Thus, then, let it be: the bishop happens to be at Sevilla just now. Let the document be sent there officially, for registration at the Chancery, which, I am advised, is in all cases the proper course: his lordship will then have an opportunity of verifying it. In the meantime, for I now throw all doubt and hesitation to the winds, let us have the marriage contract drawn up, and signed and sealed without delay, according to the terms you proposed, and I cheerfully agree to.'

Juan Alvarez joyfully assented; and now all obstacles smoothed away, all doubts removed, Senor Manuel's self and cigar kindled into unwonted irradiation, as emitting an extraordinary cloud of smoke, and gallantly grasping a flask of wine, he exclaimed:

'Here's to the health of the bride, gentlemen, of the charming Katerina, the divine Constanca, the most beautiful maiden in all Spain! as I told you only yesterday, Senor Ingles. I should be proud of such a daughter-in-law, if she were as poor as a poet. Still, a handsome dowry does not come amiss. I shall give the sweet damsel a father's blessing directly she comes in. Her health, gentlemen!'

As she did come in very soon afterwards—and I have no taste either for fatherly or lovely raptures on such occasions—I slipped out, just to take a turn or two, and ask myself a few questions. What could have been the true meaning of that which I had seen and heard?—That both Alvarez and Manuel were playing a part more or less deceitful, I had not the slightest doubt; and as to the latter, I guessed pretty well where his secret lay. El Cronista de Cadix had informed him of the death of Don Lopez de Gonsalvo; and having thoroughly satisfied himself that Katerina was the true Constanca, he was desirous of hurrying on the match before the news reached Alvarez, and induced him either to insist upon more onerous conditions, or possibly to break off the negotiations altogether. This I mentally looked on as certain, with regard to Senor Manuel. But Alvarez puzzled me. My first vague impression had been, that he was endeavoring to palm off his daughter upon the wealthy merchant as the Lady Constanca de Gonsalvo, under which hypothesis his conduct was intelligible, and might arise from a natural anxiety to provide handsomely for Katerina, in case the Gonsalvo house of cards fell to pieces. Yet the document I had seen—verified by the attesting bishop, and from the confidence exhibited by Alvarez, I had no doubt that it could be—seemed to establish beyond question that she was the true heiress, but if so, why was Alvarez so eager for the conclusion of the match? so desirous of uniting the representative of the illustrious house with a merchant's son; he, one of a nation, too, who are so absurdly prejudiced in favor of birth and rank? It was altogether too profound a puzzle for me, so I gave it up, comforting myself with the pleasant reflection, that Katerina, in whose favor I felt extremely prepossessed, would, however matters turned, have an amiable and attached husband, and a wealthy home. As to Alvarez and Senor Manuel, I cared but little how prosperously or otherwise their selfish ventures reached port and wreck.

We—that is, Senor Manuel, his son and myself—slept at the San Lucar that night, and the next day the marriage-contract was drawn up and executed. Senor Manuel, Alvarez, and the lawyer, of course, were extremely anxious that the wedding should take place immediately after the messenger, who had been despatched to Sevilla with the precious document, upon which so much depended, returned with the bishop's authentication; and I also, was, I confess, desirous that there should be no delay, which could not, it more fully struck me the oftener I reflected on the matter, work other than evil to one or both of the contracting parties. But Katerina—I beg pardon, Constanca de Gonsalvo—was inexorably determined on procrastination, and was warmly supported in her resolve by her friend and confidante Louisa, upon the ground of some Spanish etiquette, decorum, or something, which, they made clearly out to their own satisfaction, necessitated the delay of a month at the very least. We were obliged to yield the point, or nearly so; and it was finally settled that the 18th of October next ensuing should be the happy day.

Alas for the folly of human hopes and aspirations! The world had lived only to the morning of the third of that month, when a panting messenger informed me that my presence was requested at Senor Manuel's without a moment's delay. It occurred to me that possibly the gout, which I knew had attacked his pedal extremities, might have assailed the more delicate and sensitive machinery of his stomach; but the first glimpse of the merchant and his son dispelled this fear.—Senor Manuel was stamping up and down the counting house, upon his fannelled legs, in a towering passion, cursing, lamenting, and screaming with pain, all in a breath; and poor Alfonso, wretchedly agitated and woebegone, sat statue-like, beside his desk, his sanguine complexion, changed to the color of the ashes of the half consumed cigar lying neglected before him. Senor Manuel had an open letter in his hand. 'Read that, my friend,' he exclaimed, checking the ebullition of his wrath sufficiently to be intelligible; 'read that, my good friend, and give your advice. By San Jago! my head turns round like a top; ha, ho!—and Alfonso there never had one. The infamous carajo! the rascal! ha, ha! read, my friend—read!'

I did as well as I could, but so ill-spelt a scrawl took some time to decipher. It was, I found, from Juan Alvarez; and the confused and confusing purport seemed to be, that the

writer had heard of the death of Don Lopez de Gonsalvo; that the deceased's nephew, Antonio de Gonsalvo, had arrived at San Lucar de Barmada, and claimed the guardianship of Dona Constanca, notwithstanding the clause in the testamentary act of her mother which, by implication at least, conferred that right on Alvarez. He—the nephew—moreover insisted that not only should the proposed marriage be deferred, but all intercourse between the parties be peremptorily forbidden. The note concluded with the expression of a wish, that some one in whom Senor Manuel could confide—El Ingles perhaps, as least liable to suspicion—should come over and confer with him, Juan Alvarez, as if upon business.

'Well, what do you say, my friend?' said Senor Manuel. 'I know that till your next letters arrive you will have plenty of leisure; and as to expenses, I shall of course be liberal—ha, ha!'

Alfonso's miserable phiz influenced me more than the merchant's proffered liberality. The disappointment he was suffering under is, I know, fatal only, like the *maladie de mer*, to excessively weak and sensitive organizations, but, like that also in another respect, it is cruelly distressing whilst it lasts; and I consented, after a little hesitation, to do my best to set the troubled course of true love smooth again. Two hours afterwards I was on the road to San Lucar, having taken Alfonso all that time to indite the voluminous love epistle I had undertaken to place in Constanca's hands, but which, I rejoiced to think, it formed no part of my self-imposed mission to read.

(To be Continued.)

FENIANISM IN ITS RELATIONS WITH THE STATE AND CATHOLICISM.

The following appears in *Berrow's Worcester Journal*—

DEAR SIR.—No one can be more anxious than a Catholic priest to see the State, and indeed every member of society, from the highest to the lowest, secured against the detestable plots and machinations of unprincipled revolutionists, who, acting in opposition to God and to God's Church, entail on society multifarious miseries. Catholics are, and have always been, as a body, the most loyal of subjects. Even kings who had persecuted them have, when in their power and entirely dependent on their fidelity, ever found them most faithful. Charles I. openly avowed that Catholics were his most loyal subjects; whilst Charles II. experimentally proved their devotedness both before and after the fatal battle of Worcester. Though solicited, bribed, influenced by every human consideration to abandon the monarch to the mercies of bloodthirsty Cromwellian rebels, they would not do so; they preferred their allegiance to riches and honors and every other attestation of revolutionary favor. Even in the hour of greatest pressure and injustice Catholics were willing to forget their own grievances and the crimes of their oppressors, and raise up whole legions for the defence of their country and Queen. And what was formerly done they do now; they man our fleets; they fill our armies; they enter on every arduous enterprise. This they have done from generation to generation; and who has ever heard of a Catholic who was a coward in the battle field, and not the foremost in the fight when thus allowed to attest his courage and love of country. Ask their leaders, and they will tell you enough of Catholic bravery and of Catholic unswerving fidelity; the papers of the Duke of Wellington are fortunately not unknown documents.

And, as if to guard still further the interests of States the Pontiffs of Rome have passed the most stringent laws—laws which are of universal application—against all secret societies. These having been proved experimentally to be the focuses of insurrection and disloyalty and crime were solemnly interdicted; no priest nor layman being permitted to aggregate themselves to such associations. Not only were Catholics not permitted to be members of such societies, they were, in case of disobedience, placed under the ban of the Church, and thus deprived of all sacramental privileges. The priest was *ipso facto* suspended from his sacred ministrations, whilst the layman was refused, even at the hour of death, in case of an obstinate adherence to the societies, the benefits and consolations of religion. These regulations were not promulgated by the Holy See in consequence of the uprising of the Fenian society; they existed scores of years prior to the formation of that destroying and self-destructive association; and every Bishop was and is bound when conferring missionary jurisdiction on any priest to limit his faculties in the following words:—'Notandum Sacrodotem nullum habere facultatem absolvendi eos qui secretæ adscripti cam deserere recusant.' From this it is evident that the Fenians are in open warfare with the Catholic Church. Instead of deferring to her as to a Queen and obeying her as a mother, they oppose her authority, are under her anathemas, and are looked upon as among the worst enemies both of Church and State. Not to Catholicism, then, which is the supernatural enemy of all rebellions, but to other influences are the acts of certain desperadoes who have filled society with horror and alarm, and whose plottings and machinations are still dreaded and being guarded against, to be ascribed. Others have raised the storm; it is for them to quell it. They have let loose the dogs of rebellion; they have to catch and hold them safely by the restraining leash. But who are these others? This is indeed the important question—a question, however, which very few Englishmen are willing to answer. Some few, indeed, like Mr. Bright, have made no mystery of their convictions. They have laid the blame at our own doors. They have declared that we have goaded the Irishman into fury, and that if in his fury he has turned upon us no one can wonder. Even the worm when trampled upon rises up against its crusher. But it is from other quarters that we are to learn the whole truth. Foreigners are not afraid of looking fixedly at our present position; and, when they have traced efforts to their real causes, of openly stating the origin of our calamities. They say then that the Russell and Palmerston administrations were the open factors of foreign rebellion. They advocated for other lands the principle of nationalities and plebiscites. They did more; they, as well as the princes and nobles and merchants and magistrates of this country, publicly honored and feted and praised and almost idolized that sad originator of Italian misery, misrule, rebellion, sacrilege, and blasphemy—that foolish man Garibaldi. They supplied him and his lawless hordes with advice and money and arms. They did more; with their ships they protected, and with their soldiers they helped the spoilers of Naples and the Sicilies. The Italian Fenians have made the sword; the sword has been repeated in the Piedmontese and Florentine Assemblies of Deputies, and published in the records of the Italian Government. Thus do unbiased spectators report of us; and as if it seems to me every syllable of the accusation bears the impress of truth upon it. They make us then answerable for the calamities which we are still deploring. Irishmen know—who does not?—what has been done and said in favor of democracy over thrones and all constituted authorities. They know, too, how many men in whom they trust, both here and elsewhere, have interpreted our national interference. Irishmen are quick learners—they are quick too in drawing consequences—and if the consequences flowing from our lessons and examples justify deplorable

results, those results cannot be deserving of greater reprobation than the teachers themselves of unholiness and unchristian and revolutionizing principles. Irishmen, then, in consequence of our conduct, have said, and their words have been heard in Europe and every quarter of America, where they form a mighty people. 'We too were once a nation why should we not be an independent people again. Is that forbidden to us, in the hour of our discontent and misery, which is allowed to the Neapolitan and Sicilian, the Florentine and Parmese Duchies? England told them to free themselves: why are we alone inhibited from claiming for our people independence and an Irish throne? What if we have for a time forfeited our national independence; we have still a national literature and poetry, and language; our national spirit has not fled, nor has our national patriotism. We still live, breathe, feel, move, and act as a nation. England may bend, but she never can break our national character. Force may coerce the body, it cannot trammel the souls of Irishmen. The oppressor and his rod will never kiss, nor shall our aspirations for independence ever cease until Ireland is what she was in the days of her glorious and warlike kings.' Such are the expressed feelings of Irishmen. An elasticity of spirit raises them above the power of oppression, and a single ray of hope makes them rush forward to grasp at shadows and too often to plunge themselves and others into inextricable and ever to be lamented miseries. Still, it is difficult to see how their remarks can be fairly answered, if England's statements and England's interference with other States and England's palpable encouragement of rebels, be capable of justification.

Nor is this all. Ireland has been the land of oppression and misery for a long while. No one can travel through it and not be depressed at the sight of innumerable ruins, and wrecks, and evidences of the gloomiest poverty and want. Her miseries have been described by the historian, by the orator, and by the patriot; whilst the songs of her sweetest poet are full of the bitterest sorrow, and of the most startling prophecy.

The stranger shall hear thy lament o'er his plains; The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep; Till thy tyrants themselves, as they rivet thy chains, Shall pause o'er the songs of their captives and weep.

Some of the greatest thinkers and writers have detailed the cruel oppression and miseries of Ireland. Lester, in his history of the 'Fate and Condition of England,' says, 'that Ireland is clearly an invaded and plundered nation; her degradation is directly chargeable to England; and British cupidity, &c., has been the Alpha and Omega of Irish suffering.' Dr. Smith observes that 'the records of religious persecutions in all countries have nothing more hideous to offer to our notice than the Protestant persecutions of the Irish Catholics.' On them all the devices of cruelty were exhausted.' Preface to 'History of Ireland.' Catholics were forbidden to instruct their children; a price was set on the head of a priest just as if he had been a savage and not the people's saviour. The apostate son could expel his grey-headed sire from his own home and possessions; and systematically the Irish were oppressed in order to drive them into revolt and despoil them of their property. And this explains the anomalous and otherwise unaccountable fact, that whereas four-fifths of the Irish are still Catholics, more than three-fourths of the landed property is in the hands of Protestants. The short speech of Elizabeth on hearing of the rebellion of O'Neill is a full history of her horrid policy. See Lester II. 82. To adopt the language of the Edinburgh reviewers, 'The conduct of Elizabeth was such as could not be excused by any principle either of justice or necessity.' Describing the general character of the Governmental system in reference to Ireland, Burke says—'Their declared object was to reduce the Catholics to a miserable populace, without property, without education. They divided the nation into two distinct bodies without common interest, sympathy, or connection—one, which was to possess all the franchises, all the property, all the education; the others were to be drawers of water and cutters of turf for them.' Lester tells us, 'of the Irish Governors and English Parliaments was the utter extermination of all the Catholics of Ireland.' Nay, Clarendon assures us that Parliament had sworn to effect their extermination; and if they reproached the King, it was because he was supposed to be too kind to his Irish subjects. Well might Dr. Johnson say, 'There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as that, which has been exercised over the Catholics of Ireland.' Mind, these histories of horrors have been handed down from father to son in their entirety; nothing has been forgotten; and these memories help unfortunately to give a coloring to recent hardships and unkind words. Who can wonder, then, if a certain soreness and a good deal of uneasiness be occasionally exhibited?

What then should be the conduct of our Government and of Englishmen generally towards our Irish brethren? Why this: acknowledging past errors, we should treat them kindly, affectionately, sympathetically. We should convince them that we deeply regret the divide et impera principle, and that at length equal rights and liberties are to be enjoyed by all the members of the United Kingdom. The words Englishmen and Irishmen should hereafter only indicate a difference of origin, but not a difference of treatment, interests, and rights. Were this system faithfully pursued, every Irishman would be a friend to England; and instead of a howling wilderness Ireland would soon be,

'Great, glorious, and free, The pride of this land and the gem of the sea.' Trust the noble race: they are, when well treated among the very best specimens of human nature. They are elevated, chivalrous, refined, talented; they are also warmhearted, generous, affable, ready witted, and emphatically fitted to charm society; they are, too, bold and strong and daring, and well able to contend with any foe. Trust them, treat them kindly, they will be found to be the best allies and supports of England. Already they have done much for us; not only have they increased our population, but they have greatly helped in developing our resources. They have dug our canals, tilled our lands, laid down our railroads, made our docks, and assisted us in every kind of onerous labor. They have cheerfully enlisted in our army and navy, and gallantly fought our battles, and in the hour of revolution have, as a body, been characterized by unflinching fidelity and loyalty. They have, in fine, added immensely to the fame of this country as generals, orators, judges, statesmen, lawyers, poets, and musicians. Can these things be known; and if known, shall they pass unremembered in consequence of the villainies of a few worthless men unworthy of the name of Irishmen?

One word more and I shall conclude. I am strongly of opinion, that what is being done here is inconsiderate and mischievous, under the circumstances. We are engaged in the vilest skulchery—fighting with shadows at the best. We are converting our own fears into enemies, against which we rush with more than Quixotic fury. There is not, I am sure of this—there is not a single Irishman or Irishwoman or Irish child resident in this city who has the remotest connection with Fenianism. There is not one who does not detest it. They hate it because the Church does so. They hate it because they have ever been taught to detest anarchy and lawlessness, and to obey the Sovereign for God's sake. Why, then, sweat in so many special constables, and make such preparations as are calculated to lead the ignorant and timorous and mischievous to imagine that danger is imminent? It is bad at any time to awaken fear; far often eventuates in panic, and in a panic God only knows what mischief will be done. The result of this supererogatory work is this: the Irish are injured materially; they are treated with suspicion, and now with scorn, and now again with open insult. They are called Fenians by the thoughtless and the

wicked, and the results to be feared are these: broils and contentions and fights and many of those miseries which the precautionary measures resorted to were intended to obviate.

Yours, &c., W. WATERWORTH.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, the Catholic Bishop of Kerry, who on other occasions has honorably stood forward to maintain the cause of loyalty and order, has addressed the following circular to the clergy of his diocese:

'Venerable Brethren.—We saw yesterday in a Dublin weekly newspaper a list of places where requiem masses or other solemn services were celebrated for the persons lately executed in Manchester. To our great surprise one of the places named was Killarney. We lose no time to contradict this statement, which is a calumny, no doubt unintentional, on the clergy, secular and regular, of this town, and which would be, if true, a scandal to the diocese. As some of the laity were very pressing in their demands for such services, it may be useful to state the grounds of our refusal. It is, of course, a right and holy thing to pray for all who died in the peace of the Church; and those who pay the last penalty that human justice can exact have a special claim upon our charity. Prayer for their souls is the only mercy with which society can temper the severity of its dread award. It takes from punishment the appearance of vengeance. It reminds us that God loves to pardon those whom man condemns. There are circumstances which render the victims of the late executions more special objects of compassion. Their crime had not that character of atrocity or brutality which marks the murder so frequently reported in the English newspapers. It was not perpetrated through hatred or revenge, or for sordid gain. We may charitably suppose that all concerned had wished and hoped to effect their purpose without shedding human blood. The manner in which the executed met their doom was, by all accounts, edifying and Christianlike. Many, too, are of opinion that, however certain the alleged facts may be, there was not a fair trial inasmuch as the evidence was proved to be false with regard to one of the accused. For these reasons, in addition to the general motives of charity, we prayed for them in secret, and asked the Almighty to take them to His eternal rest. Now if the demand for special public service was based on such considerations we should not deem it objectionable on the ground of morality. But it was not sympathy or compassion that we asked for, but honor; and it would be false to assert and childish to believe that it was for such reasons that it was sought to pay public exceptional honour to the deceased. Those among us who planned funeral processions, or who asked funeral services, must have believed that the conduct of the executed was praiseworthy, and that they sacrificed their lives in a just and noble cause. If their conduct was morally wrong they should not be made objects of public honour and admiration; and to participate in paying such honour, or to sanction it, would be a violation of our duty, as the divinely appointed guardians of morality. In what light, then, must we view those acts of violence which eventuated in the death of a fellow being.

First, it seems plain to us that they were perpetrated in the cause of revolution; and though these poor men may not have been conscious of the tendency of their acts, yet we know that revolution is the chief form of antagonism to God and to religion which the spirit of evil assumes in our day.

Secondly, it will not be denied that these acts were done in defence, and for the furtherance of the Fenian conspiracy—that is, of an excommunicated secret society. We tell our people that to belong to this society is a grievous sin. Can we at the same time applaud its champions? We tell them that the Sovereign Pontiff forbids us to absolve members of secret societies unless they renounce the society and repent of the sin, and we are to tell them in the same breath that it is heroic and patriotic to fight and die for that which the Pope has condemned? God forbid that any Kerry priest should be ever guilty of such double dealing towards the people, and of such disrespect to the Holy See!

Thirdly, if those acts of violence are lawful and praiseworthy it must be lawful and praiseworthy to repeat them. Are we, as priests of the living God, prepared to give such counsel? Is it lawful to fire shots in a crowded street, with danger to the lives of innocent and unoffending people? If a band of Orangemen strove to rescue one of their brethren charged with felony or treason, and, in the effort, shot an unarmed Catholic, should we not deem it immoral, nay, brutal to give to the homicides a popular ovation? We have heard of another fearful outrage causing death and damage to several who never did harm to us or to our country. Are we expected to canonize the men who fired the gunpowder at Clerkenwell? And yet to make a breach in a goal wall by a dangerous explosion does not imply as direct an intention of homicide as the firing of loaded revolvers. We are told that political offences should not be punished with death. If this doctrine is to be accepted, all political offenders should benefit equally by the immunity it affords. The British Government, which is deemed the oldest political offender in this country, may fairly demand that its servants shall not be put to death by their assailants. It is too much to expect that there should be such a one-sided bargain as would give the power of life and death only to the subject and take it from the ruler. If those who see to redress the wrongs of our country will abstain from acts or threats of violence, there is no fear in this age that any amount of written or spoken disaffection will ever be visited with the last penalty of the law. The struggle for justice and for reform can be carried to a favorable issue under the conditions and according to the rules and principles laid down by the great Kerryman who has been as yet the only successful champion of Irish freedom. Here we should not forget O'Connell's maxim, that the man who commits a crime drives a nail in the coffin of his country. We have thus written to you, venerable brethren, first to contradict the statement to which we have alluded, and then to give an answer to those who may be dissatisfied with the part that we and our clergy have taken. We sometimes hear the names of hirelings and traitors applied to those who will not join in the insane movements of the present time. If we were hirelings we would flatter the folly and pander to the prejudices of those on whom we depend for food and raiment. If we were traitors to our country we would cherish those secret conspirators who are stabbing her at the heart. But then we should be also traitors to conscience, traitors to God, traitors to the Gospel which He intrusted to our keeping and commanded us to preach.

Yours faithfully in Christ our Lord. DAVID, Bishop of Kerry.

Killarney, Dec. 30, 1867.

FENIAN FACTS AND RUMOURS.—Various disquieting rumours obtained a certain currency in Dublin yesterday from having been mentioned by more than one of the local morning journals, but on inquiry were found to have but slight foundation. One of these stated that the sentry at Beggar's Bush Barracks, in the east suburbs, gave the alarm the night before, having seen a man on the barrack wall at a distance from where he stood. Search was instantly made, and a number of men were observed scampering over the fields, who, in their haste, dropped documents which were afterwards found, and which threw light on the military organization of the Fenians. The story was true, excepting the important passage respecting the documents. Another report was that a woman had succeeded in obtaining entrance to the Castle late at night by dressing herself in the regiments of a corporal, and it was added that, when subsequently arrested inside by a constable, 60

rounds of ball ammunition was found in the pouch which she wore. There was some truth in this story, but it is probable that there is nothing Fenian in the affair. The corporal, whose uniform was borrowed, and whose name is Orrot, 74th foot is under arrest. The inspectors of the Dublin Police are, it is understood, held responsible by the authorities for the safety of the gunsmiths' establishments of the city. The reports from almost every part of the south and west of Ireland are of the general adoption of still further precautionary measures against Fenian surprises. The government have reserved to themselves the power to employ, at any hour of the night, the telegraph offices at Limerick Junction, Tipperary, Clonmel, and Carrick-on-Suir. One hundred of the 92nd Highlanders have been stationed in the town of Tipperary. Several of the barracks in the town of Tipperary are patrolled outside at night by soldiers with fixed bayonets; bags of sand are stored up in such buildings in case of Fenian compounds being used against them. In Tralee barracks they raised platforms and other defensive adjuncts which have not been in use since 1848 are being repaired. A new constabulary barrack has been built at Greigue, in the county Carlow, which will probably be considered a model for such forts. It is built of stone, and has a square projecting tower, forty feet high, pierced for musketry. The walls are of granite, over two feet thick, and there is a large water tank on the roof. The barrack is to contain 20 men, but would accommodate 100 in an emergency. A court of military inquiry is ordered to be held this week in Cork in the circumstances attending the robbery of arms at Martello Tower, and from the gunsmiths' warehouse of that city.

The Fenians will not be satisfied with less than an Irish Republic; but there are millions in the land who would ask no more than an Irish parliament, and amongst these men we take our stand. The great bulk of the English people, however, say they will not repeal the Act of Union. They say they will spend their last shilling and lose their last soldier before they submit to anything of the kind. This, however, is mere nonsense. Austria said something of the same kind towards Hungary, but still she was obliged to yield. And so will every other nation similarly circumstanced, when she meets with adversity. The *London Spectator*, a calm and moderate journal, discusses the proposition, and declares that it would be quite impossible to make any arrangement of the kind which would work harmoniously. It says—'Let us look this proposition straight in the face, with as little prejudice as it is possible to bring to the task. The demand for Repeal, translated into the political dialect of day means that Ireland shall be placed in the position of an Austrian colony, remaining part of the British empire, but with full, or nearly full autonomy. The Irish Parliament must, of course, have full permission to settle her own taxes, to organize her own army, to establish as Lower Canada, for example, has done—her own peculiar faith. The latter privilege would, of course, be exerted, and England would find herself in a few years intimately allied to a strictly Catholic and almost independent State. What, then, is to be the organization for Imperial purposes? In the event for example of war with America, is Ireland at liberty to declare herself neutral, to refuse supplies, to withhold troops, to allow Americans to make of her harbours bases of operations against Great Britain? If so, Irish independence, the absolute independence for which Fenians hope, would be far easier to deal with. We could make treaties with an independent Ireland, treaties of alliance which would bind both parties; but what could we do with an independent Irish Parliament, which in the nick of time desired, as a Catholic Parliament almost certainly would desire, to pursue a foreign policy different from our own. We should have to protect a third of the Empire from all external foes, while uncertain whether we should receive from that third either aid or favour. Such position would speedily become as intolerable as it was before, and would end either in a war of independence, like the American war, or in a peaceful but irritated separation.' These are only imaginary difficulties. Enlightened statesmen, anxious to promote peace between the two countries, would soon find a solution for them. All Ireland asks is the power to make her own laws, as England does not know how to make them. She seeks no arrangement but one that will protect her people from the wrongs they are at present suffering, and which they must continue to suffer till the Union is repealed. If England engages in a just war, we have no doubt that Ireland will assist her; but no one could ask her to join England in such a war as was waged against Russia in 1854, or that against Abyssinia in 1867. But anything that threatens the empire or its commerce, will, we are certain, find in Ireland a determined foe. When England was exhausted after attempting to subjugate the American revolutionists, and when a combined fleet compelled her to keep her vessels in her harbours, what did the Irish parliament under Grant do for her? Why it voted her both men and money; and then her fleet put to sea, pursued the enemy and gained a single victory. That is the way Ireland treated England when she was in difficulties, and when the war was just one; but no one would ask Ireland to aid her in a war that had not for its object the freedom of the Empire.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

A refractory spirit has been shown within the last few days by a few of the prisoners in Kilmeshinham, but it was at once subdued. The fidelity and caution of the troops is illustrated by a singular incident which occurred on Monday evening in Belfast. Two soldiers of the 28th were walking through the town about 6 o'clock in the evening, when they were accosted by a gentleman, who got into conversation with them on the subject of the army, its strength and details of organization. They were not disposed to gratify his curiosity, and resorted to various expedients for getting civilly away, but he kept close to them for two hours wherever they went, and offered them money for drink. At last, suspecting that he wanted to seduce them from their allegiance they gave him in charge to a policeman. When the charge was being entered at the station-house it was discovered that the gentleman was a very influential person in Belfast, and a member of one of the public Boards, who takes a great interest in military matters. His name and address were taken, and it was left optional with the soldiers to prosecute him if they thought fit—a caution to people of too inquiring a turn of mind. A few particulars have been received by the *Express* of the murderous attack on Colonel Forbes, J. P., on Friday evening, at Carna, which is situated about 30 miles from Clifden, in the County Galway. The old gentleman, who is aged about 70 years had retired to rest at an early hour, about 7 p.m., when a man with his face blackened entered the house, and, there being only a female servant at home, walked straight up to the Colonel's bed room and commenced a savage attack upon him with a stone or bludgeon. He only resisted when he thought he had completed his murderous intention. Dr. Payne, of Roundstone, 15 miles distant, was sent for, and was soon in attendance. No hopes, however, are entertained of the old gentleman's recovery. The police have arrested a man named McDonagh, against whom there is strong suspicion. *Times Dublin Cor.*

A Dublin telegram says that the articles for which the *Irishman* newspaper are to be prosecuted are eight in number, and were printed between January, 1867, and the 4th of the present month. The advertisement of the Dublin funeral procession is included, as well as a letter signed 'Jeremiah Vaughan, J. P.' entitled 'Ireland's Patriot Archbishop,' and certain mystical figures, 98 | 48 | 68 |

The Martello Tower at Duncannon, near Waterford, Ireland, was attacked last night by a body of Fenians; the garrison fired upon the assailants, who after returning the fire, fled. No casualties reported.