

from Dublin, in his native city. Her heart misgave her as to the cause of this event. She watched him closely; she dogged him, and the rest of the bridal party, to Father Connell's door; through all their disguise, recognised who his companions were—and upon the discovery, though the woman had no reason to suspect the private marriage, arose a further ordeal of trial and punishment for Helen McNeary.

Gaby McNeary had, for a good portion of the summer, resided with his daughter, in a handsome cottage, about two miles from the town. There was little of architectural beauty or staidness in the edifice, but it was respectable, and very comfortable; and though not surrounded by aristocratic parks or pleasure-grounds, still it had its accompaniments of garden, and orchard, and shrubberies, and groves, and hedge-row lanes; with its handsome lawn, sweeping before it. On particular business, he had been obliged to return to the town, during the days we have last met him there; but on the very morning after Helen's clandestine marriage, finding his business concluded, he returned to what ought to have been his happy country home.

Helen was glad of the change; glad of anything that could serve to divert her mind from serious thinking; of which, for the present at least, she was incapable. Arrived at the little villa, she wandered about all day long, whenever she could escape from her father, walking fast in the open air, and scarcely pausing a moment to rest herself or look around her. After dinner she was again out in the fields, or along the green lanes, and evening—almost night indeed—stole upon her, ere she thought of returning to her father's roof.

It was not a bright night, though there was a moon; for large masses of clouds, with woolly, silvered edges, sailed in quick succession across the beautiful planet, scarcely ever allowing her to give more than a flash of her magic light at a time; while only scraps of the deep blue sky were visible between their interstices. It blew a breezy blast too, and corn-fields were undulating and rustling all around her, and the landrill was creaking, loudly and incessantly in the late meadow; and the trees were waving to and fro, in the breeze, not violently, but gracefully; and watch-dogs began to bark at every side, and at different distances; while from afar the broken rush of the river, making way in that direction over an uneven bed, would have fallen pleasantly upon any ear but hers.

She was hurrying homeward, through one of the boshens, or green lanes just alluded to, when a figure broke through the deep shadow, in which one of its sides was wrapped, and stood on the path a few paces before her.

Helen uttered a little low scream, turned and retreated, but the figure advanced quickly upon her, caught her by her dress, and detained her. She now faced round courageously, and confronted a tattered, middle-aged woman, whose black eyes, flashing in a momentary gleam of the moonlight, fixed upon hers and expressed much vigor and daring.

"You needn't be in the least afraid of me, Miss," the woman said, "I came here to meet you, fur your good, an' not fur evil to you; 'twas too free ov me to lay hold on you, I know—by far too free fur the likes ov me; but I have words to say that you ought to harken to; an' if you'll stand an' spake to me I'll take my hand from your coat—will you stand an' spake to me?"

"Who are you?" "Nothin' more nor less than an unfortunate beggar, that thramps on her bare feet, from mornin' until night, to seek the bit an' the sup."

"And what business can you have with me?" "That's to be told. Will you stand and spake to me, Miss Helen McNeary?" "I'll be useful for you to hear my words. Tell me that you'll stand and spake to me."

"And how comes it that you know me so well?"

"There is few widin twenty miles round, that I don't know, Miss; sure I see everybody, some time or other. But you'll make the promise to me, Miss, an' I'll take away my hand, as I ought to do? Promise me to stand an' spake to me."

"Well, I do promise; and now, say whatever you have to say, good woman."

"Thanke, Miss. But I am not a good woman, Miss; I am far, far from id. I didn't larn to be good whin I was young, and what I didn't larn thin, I didn't care about whin I was old. I was comely whin I was ov your age, Miss; but 'twould be better to me than millions ov money, that I was blind, an' broken-backed, an' fit only to be kicked out of the way, by every passer-by. An' young cratures have a notion, that beauty will do all and everything for them; but many a one lives to curse the face that brings only shame an' sorrow to its wearer; an' I know now, whin 'tis too late, that if there's pacc for a woman, rich or poor, in her old age, 'tis by keepin' herself from sin and shame when she is young; an' when once a young girl goes wrong, every one she knew afore is hard upon her, an' she is forced to take up wid people worse nor herself; an' she goes on from evil to evil, an' she never raises her head again—never." The woman dropped her shoulders for a moment and groaned.

"And," she resumed, "the poor crature can laugh an' shout too, after a time; but it isn't joyful she is—no—" she looked straight but vaguely before her, as if taking a long retrospect of the sinful and mysterious past—"no, it isn't—joyful she is."

"This is all very shocking," said Helen, deeply affected, "but what can it have to do with me? What is your real business with me?"

"Take care ov yourself, Miss Helen McNeary," cursed the woman, not seeming to have noticed the interruption. "You're not stronger against a strong temptation than another wid a handsome face."

"What, woman!"

"An' if you havn't already gone astray, the path that must lead you astray isn't far from your feet."

"You are a bold and an impertinent woman," said Helen, walking fast away, now in the direction of her home.

"No matter about that," answered the stranger, darting after her, and again catching her dress. "Hear all I have to say, young lady. I told you it would be useful to you to listen to me. I never was a wife, an' yet I was a mother. About eighteen years ago, I had a daughter as beautiful as the sun in May—too beautiful for such a mother to have. I thought I'd never lay eyes on her agen. Bud I found her since then; and that Christian crature never lived, that is more comely to look at than she is. You are comely yourself, young lady, but she is beyond you. I thought my old wicked heart was dead and froze widin me: bud at the sight of my lost and found daughter, I felt there was nature in id still; she brought the life and the love back to it agen. An' I remember times gone by; I remember my own misfortunes; an' if any mother ever kep evil away from her child—evil to her body, or evil to her soul—that evil will I keep from my child. Ay, by the sky above my head! Ay, an' by Him above the sky!—The man or the woman that puts hurt or harm, grief or sorrow, upon my child, must feel bitter vengeance come upon their heads for the deed. Are you harkenin' to me young lady?"

"I am, indeed; but surely I have never harmed or injured your daughter?"

"You have harmed her, and you have injured her—though you didn't know you were doin' id. Bud let you know id now from my mouth; and let the words of my mouth caution you."

"Why, I do not even know your daughter." "Bud for all that, you are the bitterest foe she has upon the face of the earth."

"I cannot possibly understand you."

"Thin I'll give you the knowledge, Miss Helen McNeary; an' forewarded forewarded, you know. My colleen, my child, that is left me, to warm the old heart widin me—she has the deep love for Edmund Fennell, an' Edmund Fennell has the love for her—ay, ay—you may start back, an' you may knit your proud young eye-brows at me—bud she loves him, an' he loves her! An' no wonder that he should love my colleen, dhuiss—for you couldn't look at her widout loving her. An my daughter, my colleen, shan't walk in her mother's road, if that poor wicked mother can put a bar afore her. Bud you stand between the boy she loves and her, and you must not stand between them. You must not thry to coax Ned Fennell from my colleen. Ned Fennell must be my daughter's wedded husband and—or my curse, an' my vengeance, will cling to whoever hinders him! An' do you understand me now, my proud young lady?"

"During the latter part of this speech, the beggar-woman raised her bare arm high above her head; her tattered mantle had fallen from about her face, allowing her grey hair to be fluttered by the breeze; and again, as if expressly to give effect to her appearance, the moonlight flashed for an instant upon her features and figure, showing her eyes glittering with anticipated fury, and her teeth clenched in determination.

"You'll stand fur me now, I see," she resumed, "widout holding you, Miss McNeary." Helen did not hear her, or at least, did not heed her, and made no immediate answer.

(To be Continued.)

HOME RULE.—V.

IRELAND BEFORE THE UNION.

WE are now approaching a period when events began to thicken, and the proceedings in the Irish Parliament became more and more significant, from day to day, of the crisis which was near at hand. Hence, our narrative has necessarily run more into the details of history; but we trust the sketch, imperfect as it is, will be found to have been a fitting prelude to the great act of the drama which will shortly open. On 19th April, 1780, public opinion being ripe, and the nation full of expectancy, Grattan made his first celebrated speech, when proposing the "Declaration of Irish Rights." Addressing the speaker, he said: "I have entreated an attendance this day that you might, in the most public manner, deny the claim of the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland, and, with one voice, lift up your hands against it." He boldly attacked the statute of William III., which destroyed the woolen trade; vehemently denounced the arbitrary act of George I., which subjected the Irish Parliament to that of England; and declared—"If I had lived when these acts were passed, I should have made a covenant with my own conscience to seize the first moment of rescuing my country from the ignominy of such acts of power." Then, in lofty tones, which found a responsive echo in the newly-awakened patriotism of the House, he made a stirring personal appeal to the members: "Your ancestors," he said, "who sat within these walls, lost to Ireland trade and liberty. You, by the assistance of the people, have recovered trade; you still owe the kingdom liberty. She calls upon you to restore it." With scornful irony he swept away every argument that might be suggested in favour of the bad old system, and anticipating the reproach of ingratitude, often used then by the creatures of government, as well as now, he said, with manly independence, "I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free; no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England." This should be the answer of every true Irishman to day to those same kind of reproach, now so freely bestowed by those who think Ireland ought to be happy and thankful because England is prosperous and repentant; in other words, that the country should submit tamely to national extinction for the sake of an empire of whose wealth they are not participators, and in whose glory they can feel no paramount interest.

The political sagacity, contained in the following extract from the same speech, is as true to day as when he uttered it: "As anything less than liberty is inadequate to Ireland, so is it dangerous to Great Britain. We are too near the British nation; we are too conversant with her history; we are too much fired with her example, to be anything less than her equal; anything less we should be her bitterest enemies—an enemy to that power which smote us with her race, and to that constitution from whose blessings we were excluded." Again appealing to their patriotism, in language which ought to sink deep into the soul of every Irishman to-day, he exclaims: "Do not then tolerate a power—the power of the British Parliament over this land—which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God—do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind." Concluding his address in the same strain, Grattan moved: "That the King's Most Excellent Majesty, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland." He argued the whole question of Irish rights in a style of such surpassing eloquence, and with such impassioned grandeur of sentiment that his audience caught the fire of his enthusiasm, and when his speech was published, a new spirit seemed to have been breathed into Ireland; so that the change which immediately passed over the face of the country was like a resurrection from the grave. But still the Minister of England was too powerful, or the Irish Parliament had not sufficiently grown out of its vassalage, and the motion was defeated by a majority of thirty-four members out of 232. Such a defeat, however, was only the prognostic of an early triumph. And the heart of Ireland now beat high with the hope of recovering her legislative independence. The volunteers, who in 1780 numbered 40,000, amounted in two years to an army of 80,000 men—the elite of the nation. Early in 1782 public meetings were held in almost every part of Ireland, and resolutions were everywhere passed, expressive of a firm determination to establish her parliamentary rights on a lasting and constitutional basis. The grand jurists of the several counties, and also the leading merchants and citizens generally, as well as the various volunteer corps, and finally, men of every class, adopted the same principles, and joined in the same measures: a common mutual feeling united the whole country. On the 15th February, 1782, a remarkable convention of the representatives of 143 corps of volunteers, of the province of Ulster, was held at Dungannon, and, as indicative of the general spirit of the times, it may be useful to note here some of the principal resolutions which were unanimously adopted on that occasion: "That a citizen by learning the use of arms does not abandon any of his civil rights." "That a claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance." And, after reciting various encroachments of the English Parliament, they further resolved: "That it is our decided and unalterable determination to seek a redress of those grievances; and we pledge ourselves to each other, and to our country, as freeholders, and fellow citizens, and men of honour, that we will, at every ensuing election, support those only who have supported and will support us therein; and that we will use all constitutional means to make such pursuit of redress speedy and effectual."

It is gratifying, too, to notice that the first use they made of their liberty, as Protestants, was in favour of the Catholics—no true is it, that, when a spirit of patriotism is once roused in a nation, all sectarian antipathies are swept away; and the mutual love of country embraces and binds together all those who are children of the same soil in one common feeling for the common good. If ever the day should come again—and may its glorious light soon dawn—when such a bond of brotherhood shall unite Irishmen of all creeds, and classes, and parties together, there is no power under heaven that could stand in the way of the attainment of their highest hopes and aspirations as a nation. "Resolved that as men, and as Irishmen, as Christians, and as Protestants, we rejoice in the relaxation of the Penal Laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects; and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the Union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland." If the volunteers had no other victory but this to inscribe on their standards, it was a glorious triumph over ancient bigotry and prejudice, and a moral achievement worthy of the highest fame.

These proceedings were received with universal applause and approbation. The spirit of the Dungannon meeting was diffused throughout the whole kingdom; and its resolutions were copied and adopted by every volunteer corps in Ireland. Such, indeed, was the enthusiasm of the times, that Grattan, who was gifted with a dauntless, daring soul, was again induced, a week after the meeting at Dungannon, to bring forward his motion on the rights of Ireland. His argument on this second occasion was more legal and less declamatory than on the former occasion. The question, as he now proclaimed, was not whether Ireland had a right to be free, but whether Great Britain had a right to enslave her; and, after delivering a speech which seemed to have exhausted the subject, he again moved an address to the King:—"To assure his Majesty that the people of this country are a free people; that the crown of Ireland is an imperial crown, and the kingdom of Ireland a distinct kingdom with a parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof. To assure his Majesty that by our fundamental laws and franchises (laws and franchises which we, on the part of the nation, do claim as her birthright), the subjects of this kingdom cannot be bound, affected, or obliged, by any legislature, save only by the King, Lords, and Commons of this, his Majesty's realm of Ireland; nor is there any other body of men who have power or authority to make laws for the same. To assure his Majesty, that next to our liberties, we value our connexion with Great Britain; on which, we conceive the happiness of both kingdoms intimately depends, and which, as it is our most sincere wish, so shall it be our principal study, to cultivate and render perpetual; that under this impression, we cannot suggest any means whereby such connexion can be so much improved and strengthened, as by a renunciation of the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland—a claim, useless to England, cruel to Ireland, and without any foundation in law."

Government again used all the means at its command to defeat the motion, and again succeeded, which however, made Grattan's triumph, a little later on, only the more complete and successful. When Irishmen shall have again thrown off the habits of servitude, and learnt the manly sentiments of freemen, they will find, in the public speeches and declarations of this period, the simplest and ablest materials for expressing in thoroughly loyal, legal, and constitutional language, the feelings, and wants, and wishes of the entire people of Ireland. —Catholic Opinion.

"THE REPEAL YEAR"—THE MONSTER MEETINGS. The year 1843 was announced by O'Connell as the Repeal Year. He declined going over to London to fill his seat in Parliament, and he held meetings in every part of Ireland with a view of enrolling three millions of repealers. He moved in the Dublin Corporation for a petition demanding a repeal of the Union extinguished in 1800; and reminded his hearers of the wholesale bribery, by which the Irish legislature had been cozened into an acceptance of its own ruin; how martial law had been in force at the time; public meetings suppressed; and discussion overawed by the presence of 129,000 soldiers. He then detailed the grievances of Ireland since the Union; her slackened trade and crippled manufactures; her absentee rents and surplus taxation; her disproportionately small number of members in Parliament; and the much higher qualification for voting required in Ireland than in England, though the former was the poorer country. The petition having been adopted, O'Connell began his progress through the island, assembling in every convenient spot vast open-air meetings, and gathering together from 50,000 to 400,000 Irishmen at a time. Powerful as his voice was, it could not reach a tithe of his audience; but his presence and the reports which they heard of what he said, were enough to inspire them with fresh ardour in the cause. He taught them their strength, but he never failed to deprecate

violence and to counsel peace. He had often, he said, in the midst of some monster meeting like that of Tara, the materials of a greater army than that of the armies that fought at Waterloo combined. "But take heed," he cried, "not to misconceive me. Is it by force or violence, bloodshed or turbulence, that I shall achieve this victory, dear above all earthly considerations to my heart? No! perish the thought for ever. I will do it by legal, peaceable, and constitutional means alone—by the electricity of public opinion, by a moral combination of good men, and by the enrolment of 4,000,000 of repealers. I am a disciple of that sect of politicians who believe that the greatest of all sublimity blessings, is too dearly purchased at the expense of a single drop of human blood." But the absence of outrage in these assemblies did not prevent their causing great alarm. The better organized they were by Repeal wardens and O'Connell's own "police," the more they were to be dreaded in the event of the Government refusing to yield to their demands. Demonstrations of physical force, are always a formidable menace; and in this case the Catholic priests, bishops, and nobles were favouring the dangerous movement. Suppression of the Repeal agitation was talked of in Parliament, and some steps were taken by Ministers to increase the means of defence in Ireland. But these symptoms of coercion were treated by O'Connell with ridicule, and had in the first instance no other effect than to swell the ranks of the Repealers. At a meeting of the Association in Dublin, on March 11, 1843, he denounced the Duke of Wellington, Peel, and Brougham, for their vindictive hatred of Ireland, and promised that when her Majesty visited her Irish subjects she would hear of nothing but Repeal from one end of the country to the other. Such attacks provoked counter-declarations from the heads of the Cabinet, to the effect that all the resources of the empire would be employed to preserve the union, and that even if all the members for Ireland should be in favour of Repeal, they should still feel it their duty to resist the measure. In the actual temper of men's minds, it was believed that if Repeal were carried, it would be followed by a dismemberment of the Empire.

In the meantime the establishment of the Nation by Mr. Thomas Davis, a young Protestant lawyer, of the County of Cork, added strength and consistency to the Repeal movement. It was edited by Mr. Duffy, and it afforded to many young and ardent spirits the means of propagating their favourite doctrines. They were called "Young Ireland," and their great aim was to combine Irish Protestants and Catholics in a national struggle for independence. They were not altogether with Daniel O'Connell, for their devotion to him had a limit, and he feared and suspected their proclivity to military organization and the use of arms. The Disarming Bill which was under consideration in Parliament proved that the Government shared the same apprehensions, and that the cause of insurrection would, in the face of a well trained army, have no better success than in the outbreak of 1798. Additional regiments were sent to Ireland; war steamers and gun-brigs cruised round the coast; barracks were loop-holed and fortified; police-stations were strengthened with iron gratings. England was not likely to be taken by surprise, and this O'Connell knew full well. He continued to preach peace; but his allies of the Nation school were not so scrupulous about shedding blood. The Government did not, however, always make nice distinctions between the leader and the led. They dismissed O'Connell, Lord French, and some twenty more Repealers from their office as magistrates, while several others, who sympathized more or less with the Repeal movement, declined to continue justices of the peace. The dismissed magistrates were appointed "arbitrators" by O'Connell's influence, and in many places they were, in their respective districts, resorted to by the people instead of the Queen's magistrates. This attempt at local government was ill-judged, and certain to entail disastrous consequences. England was not prepared to grant Repeal as she had granted Emancipation, and her ministers, therefore, had no choice but to concert measures for the overthrow of Repeal agitation. The general conviction in Parliament was, that if the Union were repealed, "the glory of the country,"—to use Sir George Graham's words—"was departed, and England, all-avenging England, must be classed with those countries from whom power has dwindled away, and present the melancholy aspect of a falling nation." In this view the English Catholics of that day generally concurred; and heartily as they desired a redress of Irish grievances, they did not think that a legislative separation from the mother country would be the best means of securing it.

Foreign nations looked on with interest to see what would be the issue of the monster meetings.—They were anxious, as usual, to see England involved in difficulties; and neither at home nor abroad was so peaceful a solution of the repeal question expected as that which actually took place. Repeal meetings were held weekly in America, and attended by natives as well as Irish, while the French press teemed with articles expressing sympathy with the impending struggle. "It was clear," says Mitchell, in his history of this crisis, "that the Irish people then expected, and longed, and burned for battle, and never believed that O'Connell would adhere to his 'peace policy' even in the last extremity." But the mighty masses assembled in the monster meetings—the 200,000 at Mallow, the 300,000 at Tara and at Mullaghmast—looked up to the Liberator in vain with eager eyes, expecting that he would give the word. He would not go beyond the demand for a Parliament in Dublin; that was his ultimatum. The meeting on the hill of Tara carried the enthusiasm of Repealers to its highest pitch. The numbers present on the occasion are variously computed.—"One who has whistled at the Plough" wrote, "At two o'clock, when, as I may say, the tide was at its height, when thousands yet arriving were about to be driven back by tens of thousands leaving, at that hour on and around Tara there were about 1,000,000 of people, probably 1,200,000. Taking into account the throngs that filled the roads, and never got within miles of Tara, there were certainly 1,500,000 drawn from their homes by the business of the day." The power of O'Connell had grown colossal, and the possession of it appeared to augur something astounding—men knew not what—it might be in the way of success—it might be in the way of disaster. "Old Ireland," he exclaimed on the hill of Tara, "is a lovely land, blessed with the bounteous gifts of nature; and where is the coward who would not die for her? (Cheers.) These cheers will penetrate to the extremity of civilisation, for your movement is the admiration of the world." His next step was to propose a plan for a Council of 300 delegates to assemble in Dublin. It recalled the Convention of the Dungannon Delegates in 1782, and the recovery of independence under the auspices of the Armed Volunteers. Monster meetings were held at Roscommon, Clifden, and Loughrea, with every demonstration of a fixed and united purpose; but at the Rath of Mullaghmast, where the massacre of the Irish chiefs by the treacherous English of the Pale took place in 1577, the proceedings of former meetings were repeated with circumstances of new and grave import. Nobles and ornaments are not without their effect even in democratic assemblies. O'Connell took the chair in his scarlet alderman's cloak, surrounded by town corporations in similar attire. John Hogan, the Irish sculptor, came forward and placed on his head a richly embroidered cap, resembling an ancient chieftain's crown, and addressed him in the words: "Sir, I only regret that this cap is not of gold." "I will wear it," O'Connell replied, "while I live, and have it buried with me when I die." The responsive voices of 500,000 spectators proved at all events that the crown of popular favor was worn by the orator, who assured them that England must yield,

before such demonstrations; that the Union was virtually annulled, and that he had already made arrangements for the new Parliament in College Green.

There were three courses which the English Government was free to adopt in this emergency. It could grant the demands of O'Connell and the monster meetings in full, and repeal the Union; but it was felt in England that to do this would be to shiver the British sceptre and let its crown, like that of King John, be lost in the waves of the Wash. Secondly, it could take the grievances of Ireland—commercial, political, and religious—into serious and kindly consideration, with the honest intention of dealing even-handed justice. Thirdly, and lastly, it could prevent the further Repeal meetings by force, proclaim them illegal, and arrest the leaders of the movement. The last of these methods was the easiest, and it was that, in fact, which the Ministry of Peel, Lyndhurst, Graham, and Aberdeen adopted. On Sunday, the 8th of October, immense masses were to assemble on the shore of Clontarf only two miles from Dublin; but late in the afternoon of Saturday a proclamation posted on the walls of the capital, and signed by all the highest authorities, commanded all whom it concerned to abstain from attending the projected meeting, and to prevent it being assembled. 4,000 soldiers in the garrison, with abundance of field-pieces, were ready, with 1,000 policemen, to carry into execution the orders of the Castle, whatever they might be. The menaces of countless Repealers were now confronting the breast-works of English force; and it needed the skilful guidance of a leader like O'Connell to prevent a most sanguinary and disastrous collision. There was no time for the Irish to arm, nor was arming what he desired. But thousands were already on their way from the counties of Meath, Kildare, and Dublin. The Committee of the Repeal Association, therefore, wisely resolved on preventing bloodshed, and sent out gentlemen on horseback to turn back the people on the several roads by which they were approaching. The troops were marched out and stationed on the shore and on the hill; the cannon were planted so as to rake the place of meeting; but no meeting took place. Before a week had passed O'Connell and eight others were held to bail to take their trial for conspiracy and other misdemeanors. The names of the eight were John O'Connell, M.P. for Kilkenny; Charles Gavan Duffy, editor of the Nation; Richard Barne, editor of the Pilot; Dr. Gray, editor of the Freeman's Journal; Messrs. Tyrrell and Tierney, priests; Thomas Ray, Secretary of the Repeal Association, and Thomas Steele, a "Head Pacifier of Ireland." Repeal agitation did not cease during the eight months of the legal proceedings. The open-air meetings, indeed, were discontinued, as it had been intended that they should be during the winter months, but Conciliation Hall in Dublin was made without interruption, under the auspices of Smith O'Brien and other leaders, a focus of national excitement.—London Tablet.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Dec. 5.—The Home Government Association held its quarterly meeting last evening in the small hall of the Ancient Concert Rooms. There was a tolerably full attendance. Mr. Macarney, B. L., occupied the chair. The chief speakers were the same as have appeared at previous meetings, the only noticeable change being the addition of a new member, whose accession was hailed with satisfaction. Mr. W. Vesey Fitzgerald, J. P., a gentleman of property and station, who enjoys considerable popularity, has thought fit to join the standard of "Home Rule," and made his first appearance in the ranks. His presence further illustrates the heterogeneous character of the society, for his theory of Home Rule differs widely from Mr. Butt's plan. He advocates the holding of triennial Parliaments in Dublin, the building of a Royal residence, and the formation of a committee to revise and prepare Irish Bills, as suggested by Mr. Pitt. He thinks that would be better than Mr. Butt's scheme, but considers the latter "practical, safe, and feasible," and therefore supports it, though he does not consider it the best. A resolution was given to him to move, which called upon Irish constituencies to require candidates seeking their suffrages to declare themselves in favour of the principle of Home Rule, and to reject them if they refused, no matter what their personal or political claims. It asserted that Home Rule was a thing of vital importance which had commanded itself to the judgment of the immense majority of the Irish people. He thought the passing of the resolution would be the turning point of the movement, and that only those who were in favour of Home Rule could look with complacency upon the political prospect. He declared his determination in the counties of Clare, Louth, and Kerry to adopt the advice given in the resolution, although in doing so he should have to sacrifice private friendships. It seemed to him a very original idea for Mr. Gladstone to fancy that he could coöperate people into attachment. He thought the game was in their own hands, and however some might denounce "Home Rule," instalment after instalment would be given. Mr. Butt, in seconding the resolution, reminded the meeting that Mr. Fitzgerald's grandfather, Prime Sergeant Fitzgerald, resigned the highest legal office under the Crown rather than vote for the Union. He warned Irish constituencies of the danger of returning members to Parliament in whom they could not place confidence, and warned Irish members to "look to it." He believed of the triumph of the cause was not far distant, and that the indications of it were everywhere. A Scotch member, for instance, demanded Home Rule for Scotland, though only in a modified form, such as Mr. Pitt's, who advocated the formation of a grand committee for Ireland. Such a committee would be accepted as a halting-place on the road to Home Rule. He said it was not the interest of Ireland to seek for a separation from England, but it was her interest to enter into a league with England upon terms of perfect equality. When he saw that accomplished he would be a friend of England. He did not say what he was now, but he believed he was a far better friend than the counsellor who would tell the monarch that she could retain Ireland by crushing it. He regarded it as a miracle that at the end of 70 years of broken Treaties and of the crushing of Irish independence, the Irish people were willing to say to England, "We are your friends if you will do us justice." At the next election he would be disappointed if Ireland did not return 80 members pledged to Home Rule, and it would be then impossible to refuse their demands. He believed the day was not far distant when there would be an uprising of Protestant power in support of the cause. He had no doubt that in the next session a proposal would be made for establishing local tribunals, but that would be more revolutionary than any measure which the Association proposed, for that would take from Parliament the power conferred on Parliament alone. Referring to the Education question, he asked what right had Englishmen or Scotchmen to talk of Irish education. He complained that they had not a British Constitution in Ireland; for if they had they would have the right of carrying arms, they would have trial by jury, and liberty of the Press. He recounted what a Protestant Parliament had done for the benefit of Roman Catholics, and characterized as absurd any apprehensions of either party receiving injury from the other. The Rev. Professor Galbraith and Rev. W. G. Carroll commented upon Mr. Fortescue's speech at Bristol, and called on the electors of the county Louth to do their duty at the next election.—Times Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Dec. 7.—The Commission of Oyer and