

Mr. Mill on TENANT-RIGHT. The following are the principal passages in the speech delivered by the member for Westminster in the recent debate on the land law of Ireland.

Mr. Mill said:—It was in an auspicious hour for the history of Ireland and of the Empire of which Ireland is so important a part, that a British Administration has introduced this bill into Parliament. I venture to express the opinion that nothing which any Government has yet attempted to do for Ireland—not even Catholic Emancipation itself—has shown so true a comprehension of Ireland's real needs, or has aimed so straight at the very heart of Ireland's misery. It is a measure, which keeps the promise held out by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the beginning of the session, when, in discharging the painful duty of calling on Parliament to treat Ireland once more (let us hope for the last time) as a disaffected dependency, he declared his purpose, and that of the Government of which he is a member, to legislate for Ireland according to Irish exigencies, and no longer according to English routine. To have no better guide than routine is not a safe thing in any case; but to make the routine of one country our guide in legislating for another is a mode of conduct which, unless by a happy accident, cannot lead to good. (Hear, hear) It is a mistake which this country has often made—(hear, hear)—not perhaps so much from being more liable to it than other countries as from having more opportunities of committing it—having been so often called on to legislate and to frame systems of administration for dependencies very unlike itself. (Hear, hear) Sir, it is a problem of this sort which we still have before us when we attempt to legislate for Ireland. Not that Ireland is a dependency: Those days are over; she is an integral part of a great self-governing nation, but a part, I venture to say, very unlike the remaining parts. I am not going to tally about natural differences, race, and the like—the importance of which, I think, is very much exaggerated; but let any hon. gentleman consider what a different history Ireland has had from either England or Scotland, and ask himself whether that history must not have left its impress deeply engraven on Irish character. (Hear, hear) Consider again how different even at this day are the social circumstances of Ireland from those of England and Scotland; and whether such different circumstances must not often require different laws and institutions. (Hear, hear.) People often ask, why should that which works well in England not work well in Ireland? or why should anything be needed in Ireland which is not needed in England? Are Irishmen an exception to all the rest of mankind, that they cannot bear the institutions and practices which reason and experience point out as the best suited to promote national prosperity. Sir, we are eloquently reminded the other night of that double ignorance against which a great philosopher warned his contemporaries—ignorance of our being ignorant. But when we insist on applying all the same rules to Ireland and to England, we show another kind of double ignorance, and at the same time disregard a precept older than Socrates—the precept which was inscribed on the front of the Temple of Delphi. We not only do not know those whom we undertake to govern, but we do not know ourselves. (Hear, hear) No, sir, Ireland is not an exceptional country, but England is. (Hear, hear) Irish circumstances and Irish ideas as to social and agricultural economy are the general ones of the human race; it is English circumstances and English ideas that are peculiar. Ireland is in the main stream of human feeling and opinion; it is England that is in one of the lateral channels. If any hon. gentleman doubts this, I ask is there any other country on the face of the earth in which, not merely as an occasional fact, but as a general rule, the land is owned in great estates and farmed by capitalist-farmers at money rents fixed by contract, while the actual cultivators are hired labourers, wholly detached from the soil, and receiving only day's wages? (Hear, hear) There are parts of other countries where something like this is tolerably frequent, but Great Britain is the only country where it is the general rule. In all other places in which the cultivators have emerged from slavery, and from that modified form of slavery, serfage, and have not risen into the higher position of owning land in their own right; the labourer holds it, as in Ireland, directly from the landowner, and the intermediate class of well-to-do tenant farmers has, as a general rule, no existence. Instead of bringing in capitalist-farmers over the heads of the tenants you have got to take the best of the present tenants, and elevate them into the comfortable farmers you want to have. You cannot evict a whole nation. The country would be too lost to hold you and your new tenants if you attempted it; and supposing even that things could be made smooth for the successors of the existing peasantry by means of emigration, are you going to expatriate a whole people? Would any hon. gentleman desire that? Would he endure the thought of doing it? If you used the right of landed property for such a purpose, is there any human institution which could have such a strain put upon it without snapping? (Hear, hear) Well, then, how are the present tenants, or the best of them, to be raised into a superior class of farmers? There is but one way, and this bill which is before you affords the means. Give them what you can of the encouraging influences of ownership. Give them an interest in improvement. Enable them to be secure of enjoying the fruits of their own labor and outlay. Let their improvement be for their own benefit, and not solely for those whose land they till. (Hear, hear) All I ask is that the improvement of the country and the well-being of the people may be attended to, when they are proved not to be inconsistent with the pecuniary interest of the landowners.—This modest demand is the only one I make, because I believe, and because it is believed by those who are better judges of the condition of Ireland than I can pretend to be, that no more than this is necessary to cure the existing evils. (Cheers.) When I think how small a thing it is which is now asked of us, and when I hear, as I have heard, members of this House, usually classed as of extreme opinions—men who are Irish of the Irish, who have the full confidence of what is called the national party—when such men assure us that the tenant who has been scarcely touched by any of the things you have hitherto done for the benefit of Ireland, will, as they hope and as they think there is ground to believe, be reconciled to their lot, and changed from a discontented, if not disloyal, to a hopeful and satisfied part of the nation, by so moderate—I had almost said so minute—a concession as that which is now proposed, I confess I am amazed that those who have suffered so long and so bitterly are able to be conciliated—or calmed by so small a gift—(hear, hear)—and deplorable would it, indeed, be if so small a gift were refused to them. (Hear, hear) Why, then, if we ourselves had not full confidence in this remedy, there is nothing in it so alarming that we need be afraid to try as an experiment what is so ardently wished for by a country to which we owe so much reparation that she ought to be the spoilt child of this country for a generation to come—(hear, hear)—treated not only with justice, but with generous indulgence. I am speaking in the presence of many who listened, like myself to that touching speech which was delivered on the last night of the Reform debate by the hon. member for Tralee—(hear, hear)—when he, who is so well entitled to speak in the name of the Irish people, and of that portion of them whom we have had the hardest thoughts, and who have had the hardest thoughts of us; held out his hand to us and declared that if there is even one party in this House and in this country who reciprocate the feeling he showed; and really regard the Irish as fellow-countrymen, and they will be fellow-countrymen to us—they will labour and contend for our side, have the same objects with us, look forward to the same end not to a different future, and let the dream of a separate nationality remain a dream. (Cheers.) Many, I am sure, must have felt as I felt while I listened to

his eloquent and feeling words, that if this House only will it; that speech is the beginning of a new era. Let us not fling away in waste of thought—for it is not want of heart—the reconciliation so frankly tendered. (Cheers.) History will not say that we of the present generation are unwilling to govern Ireland as she ought to be governed. (Hear, hear.) Let us not go down to posterity with the contemptible reputation of being unable to do so. (Hear, hear.) Let it not be said of us; that with the best possible intentions towards Ireland, no length of time or abundance of experience could teach us to understand her, whether it is insular narrowness making us incapable of imagining that Ireland's exigencies could be in any way different from England's; or because the religious respect we cherish for everything which has the smallest savour of a right of property has degenerated, as is sometimes the case with other religions, into a superstition. Let us show that our principles of Government are not a mere generalisation of English facts; but that in legislating for Ireland we can take into account Irish circumstances, and that our care for landed property is an intelligent regard for its essentials and for the ends it fulfils, and not a servile prostration before its mere name. (Loud cheers.)

AN OLD DANISH BREWERY IN A BOG.—For several years back a farmer named James Minnie, who lives near the Club house Cross, a few miles south of Dunmanway, was often impeded in the ploughing of one of his fields by what he considered was a piece of bogwood. Not having any time to spare on those occasions, he used to pass it over, and resumed his labors. This year, having made up his mind to sow turnips in the field, he and one of his labourers set to work to remove the old obstruction, and on digging about it and bringing it to the surface, they were surprised to find a strong oak beam, well fashioned with some sharp instrument, and having a square hole at one end, as well made as it would be by any country carpenter at the present day. Thus encouraged, they persevered, and they brought to light another and another. Soon the news spread, and all the neighbours flocked into see what was going on, and they cheerfully assisted to unveil the mysterious building—a building which the oldest people in the vicinity had never heard of, and which evidently belonged to an age long since buried in the murky past. After a great deal more shovelling, they came upon what they thought and felt convinced was the coffin of some old king, and their hearts rose high. Who knew but the Royal Firbolg, or Milesian, or Dane, or whoever he was, lay there with his crown on his head and his sceptre in his hand, or he might be some old bishop who lived in the good old times, and might might have a gold cross on his breast and a jewelled pyx beside him. Dragging it up on end, for they could not wait to disinter it properly, they removed the lid, which was securely fastened down by oak pins, and, alas! the coffin did not even contain the residuum to which all humanity must eventually come, dust and ashes. The coffin was a water shoot and nothing more.—The place was visited on Friday last by Mr. Zachariah Hawkes, an eminent antiquary; Mr. George Bennett, and others. Mr. Hawkes minutely scrutinised everything, took the measurements of the various beams, the remains of the old flooring, the mill stone, only half of which has yet been discovered, and which on the rim seems as well chiselled as if it were but the work of yesterday, and after considering all the evidences before him he was quite confident that what he saw were the remains of an old Danish brewery, which was used by some of these adventurous intruders during their stay in this country, for brewing a kind of drink which they made from heath. Amongst other articles brought to light by the workmen was a piece of stick about 12 inches long. This was covered with cabalistic figures, but under the rude manipulation of some rustic by-stander it crumbled to pieces.—Cork Constitution.

In the Court of Common Pleas yesterday judgment was given upon a motion for a new trial in the ejectment brought by the Earl of Mayo against Harriet Bentley, which was tried at the last Trim Assizes, and attracted a large share of public notice. An affidavit of the plaintiff was read by his counsel, stating that the Earl of Mayo never received the subpoena to attend the trial, it having been left at his house while he was ill, and directions given by his medical adviser that all business matters should be kept from him. The affidavit further stated that if his presence had really been required at the trial the subpoena would have been served at an earlier period.

Chief Justice Monahan said the Court did not entertain any doubt whatever as to the rule they should make. According to the ordinary principles of justice there should be a new trial. Whether Miss Bentley had or had not a good defence, he knew not. She swore that she had, and she said she wanted to have the benefit of the evidence of the plaintiff in support of her case. Having referred to the circumstances under which the subpoena was sent to Lord Mayo and those under which he directed a verdict for the plaintiff in the Court below, his Lordship said that if he had been made aware prior to the commencement of the trial and before the case given into the hands of the jury that this very necessary and important witness was absent, he would have postponed the trial *de die in diem*, in order that his attendance might be procured.

Mr. Justice Keogh observed that Lord Mayo, on hearing that the writ of the Court had been withheld from him, ought to have been the person to travel out of his way and disregard his own convenience in order to obey it at the earliest possible moment.

Mr. Justice O'Hagan concurred in the judgment of the Court, which he believed to be fully sustained by its practice and procedure.

The conditional order for a new trial was accordingly made absolute with costs, their Lordships holding that the motion to show cause against it was untenable.—Times Dublin Cor., 25th ult.

The members of the detective force made a raid on Monday night and Tuesday on several parties connected with the city, towards whom their suspicions have been directed for some time under the impression that they were connected with the Fenian movement. Between the hours of four and five on Tuesday morning Detective-officers Smollen and King, of the G division, proceeded to 26 Chapel street, where they arrested Peter Kelly, leather-cutter. Some time since Kelly had been foreman to Mr. Heather, leather merchant, Bridget street, which employment he recently left. The police believe that he was one of the military organisers of the Fenian movement, and that he held extensive intercourse with the soldiery of the garrison. It is said that it was a favorite project with Kelly to organise cavalry raids into the country, *a la* Morgan's guerrillas; he also was manufacturing military belts extensively. The next prisoner arrested was T. Brady, alias Flood.—He was arrested by Inspector Dawson and Detective officer Doyle on Tuesday morning, at an early hour, in Chapel street. He would give no residence.—This prisoner lodged in the house in Denzille street, in which Stephens is said to have held numerous meetings, and in which he was the night the Irish People was suppressed. Brady was arrested on Monday evening in Chapel street, coming out of a house into which he had been traced by Inspector Dawson. The third prisoner is Bryan Gibney, who was arrested on Tuesday morning, at four o'clock, at his residence, 3, Little Britain street, by Inspectors Hughes, Dawson, and Wolf. Gibney, it is said has been a 'B' under Sheedy, and on his commitment to Mountjoy prison succeeded him as 'centre'. He had on a belt, apparently an American military one, when arrested. The two remaining prisoners are John Reilly, of 6, Great Britain street, and Thomas Brady, of Green street. They were both arrested on Monday evening at their residence by Inspectors Botwistle and Clarke. Of these two men it is stated that they were active agents of the Fenian police, and had in many instances rendered nugatory the

plans of the detective force. It was a regular game of mine and countermine, in which, as will always be the case, regular training and discipline had the advantage, as is proved by these arrests. The prisoners, it is presumed, will remain in custody under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, but they have not yet been sent to prison. The police attach great importance to these arrests, as the five prisoners are looked upon as being amongst the most daring and active actors in the recent revolutionary movement.

DRUGGERS.—The most diligent searches have been made during the week for the fugitive John Nugent, who made his escape on the 15th inst. from the police by jumping out of a window twelve or fourteen feet high; but up to the present the constabulary have been unsuccessful in discovering his whereabouts. The united police of Drogheda and Mell Stations, under arms, have made a thorough search in various premises throughout the town, including those of his bailsmen and his father. In the house of the latter, some delay having occurred in opening the room doors, they were, I understand, broken in, the police being determined that nothing should mar their efforts to secure him. Rumors of a reward being offered for his apprehension were freely circulated, but his arrest is not considered of such importance at headquarters. John Henry McCabe, a reporter, who was taken into custody on the same day as Nugent, is at present confined in the Drogheda jail, this being his second arrest and commitment. His friends are allowed to see him three-times a week, a turnkey being present; and they are exerting themselves to obtain his release from custody by a memorial and solemn declaration made by the prisoner before the Mayor, in which he avers that never, since the period of his first arrest, had he any connection with the Fenian conspiracy; that his visits to Dublin, which are supposed to have given rise to suspicion, were purely of a domestic nature; and that he has not the slightest intention of ever taking part in any movement for the overthrow of the Queen's Government in this country.—No other arrests or discoveries of any kind have taken place in this town; so that Drogheda appears to have preserved its good character in the matter of Fenianism as in everything else.

A stranger of suspicious appearance was noticed by two policemen standing idly at the corner of a street in Clonmel. They questioned him, and he bolted, but was overtaken, and a pistol and ammunition got in his pockets, together with a blue velvet cap, with gold lace trimmings, bordered with shamrocks. He resisted violently, and sought to get free the pistol, but was overpowered. When brought before the magistrates, he gave such absurd answers to every question, that he appeared to be a fool, but the magistrates suspected he is shamming. He gave the name of John Rabilly, said he was a tailor, and worked in Limerick and Tipperary, in both of which 'they do say there is people they call Fenians,' but he didn't know what that meant. He also said he was terribly afraid of the Fenians. When asked—'What he wanted of a pistol, and powder, and ball?' he answered—'Begor, sir, I does be practising along the road.' 'Practising at what?' 'Begor, meself don't know.' He was remanded.—Munster News.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Patrick Furlong, tailor, being in bad health, was on Sunday morning discharged from our prison, without bail; and on Monday Mr. Edward Kenny, pig-dealer, was also discharged, on his own security of £100, with two bails of £50 each. Mr. Joseph Hyland, who had served as a captain in the American army, and was the first arrested in this city after the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, when he was in the act of leaving this city in the Milford steamer, was escorted on Wednesday last by a large force of police from the jail to the railway station, from whence he proceeded by train, accompanied by a 'guard of honor,' consisting of Head Constable Barry and Sub-Constable Higgins, whose duty it was to see him on board a steamer at Queenstown on yesterday, bound for America, which were the conditions imposed on his liberation. There still remain in prison Messrs. Thomas Whittle, Dunmore; Laurence Maher, Waterford; Patrick Sutton, Tipperary; Thomas Brien, and James Hurley. An order was yesterday received in town for discharge of Hurley, if he enter into bail. Mr. Dillon has been removed to Dublin. We understand a memorial has been got up in his favor.—As the Irish vote recently saved the Government and kept out Whiteside, who, no doubt, would keep in the prisoners as long as he could, we think Government would perform a still more graceful act by discharging the whole of the prisoners on finding securities. At all events, it would be ingratitude on our part to forget the friendly disposition of Mr. Lawson and Mr. Barry, towards the Waterford men, especially brought under their notice by the many influential friends of the prisoners, including Sir H. W. Barron, M. P.; Mr. Blake, M. P.; the High Sheriff, Ald. Deany, J. P.; Dr. John Mackay, J. P.; Captain Johnson, J. P., &c.—Waterford News.

We regret to hear from correspondents in Down Antrim, Armagh, and Tyrone, that the appearance of the flax crop is very backward this season. This may be said of other crops also, in a more or less degree, as the plant or seed is more or less tender, and calculated to be affected by the very severe frosts which prevailed, not only during the month of April, but which have continued up to the present time. We have heard of several cases of this crop having been destroyed by what is understood as the 'fly'; and several farmers, whose crops braided well have reported to us that they have gone back—most unaccountably, as they thought, but, on examining, they found the leaf eaten up by the fly. There have been many complaints sent to us of the dull growth of seed.

Many attribute this to a bad quality of it. Now this cannot be said to be correct, as the coldness of the ground or the want of either moisture or heat in the atmosphere, would appear to be a sufficient cause; and in such cases it may be, and we hope will be, found that with increased moisture and heat this backwardness will soon disappear. We also hear that some flaxseed, sown on the faith that it was all good, has turned out the contrary; and cases have been reported to us of seed never having even budded, although sold for new or one year old seed. Any person in the trade knows that one year old seed, well preserved, is quite safe to sow.

It is still hoped that with heat and moisture things may improve; but the ravages of the fly are certainly very serious, several fields having been almost devoured. One very notable instance has been brought under our notice in the neighbourhood of Dunganon, where a field of several acres has been eaten to a stubble. It is said that strewing salt over the ground is a good remedy against this fly.— Belfast News.

GREAT BRITAIN.

TRACTS OF THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.—The Protestant Alliance is circulating tracts, and is otherwise buying itself in order to baffle the wise and just provision of the Legislature, which concedes to Roman Catholic paupers and prisoners the ministrations of their own clergy in our workhouses and gaols.—The Protestant Alliance attempts to show that, in proportion to its numbers, the Roman Catholic population of England is more criminal than the Protestant, and maintains that this fact results entirely from the depravation and evil teaching of the Roman Catholic priesthood. We fear, however, that religion has, in reality, but little to do with the matter, and that in whichever population there is most poverty, there will always be most crime. We are told, in the tract lately published by the Protestant Alliance, that out of 443,874 souls in Liverpool, 150,000 are Roman Catholics; and 293,874 Protestants, and that, nevertheless, in 1864 5,821 Catholics, and but 4,092 Protestants were committed to Liver-

pool gaol. From these statistics the Protestant Alliance deduces that the teaching of the Roman Catholic clergy in Liverpool must be terribly pernicious, and that it ought consequently to be forbidden in the workhouses and gaols of Lancashire, and, indeed, all over the Kingdom. But the Protestant Alliance blinks the very important point that the Roman Catholic population of Liverpool consists almost exclusively of the very lowest and poorest class of Irish, and that it is therefore inevitable that there should be amongst them more crime than amongst their wealthier Protestant fellow-townsmen. The Protestant Alliance then gives a return of the Roman Catholic prisoners in every gaol in England in Jan., 1862, showing the number who had voluntarily desired permission to see their priest during the three months preceding that date. By this return it appears that out of 2,622 Roman Catholic prisoners about one-third had voluntarily sought the consolations of religion; and the Protestant Alliance thence infers that Roman Catholics in general are indifferent, and even hostile to the ministrations of their own priesthood. But the society does not give a similar return of the cravings of Protestant crime for religious consolation under similar circumstances, for the excellent reason that Protestant criminals are allowed no option in the matter, but are visited by the chaplain whether they wish for his presence or not; it being very reasonably held that those who require religious instruction most are precisely those who are least likely to seek for it. Anything more illiberal or disingenuous than this tract of the Protestant Alliance we have seldom seen; as Jesuitical is it in its tone and reasoning, that it might have been composed by Father Whalley and edited by Father Newdegate. As to the correctness of its statistics, we do not think it worth while to inquire.— Pall Mall Gazette.

THE REVOCATION BILL.—This Bill is beaten, and the real point is whether it would be wiser for the Liberal chiefs to withdraw it or resign. The tactics of the Tories are deserving of severe reprobation. Not content with resisting the Bill, which is not only just, but in our judgment wise, and delaying it, which is allowed by the understood rules of political warfare, endeavouring to stifle it with 'improvements' in which they do not themselves believe, which is dishonest. They resist the grouping for example, by a proposal which, if carried, would gut the counties of Liberal voters, and hand those seats over to men who believe that God revealed agriculture and the Devil invented trade. They support an educational suffrage which would speedily become universal, because they hope if Mr. Gladstone's plan is carried that of the Government will be so weighted that both will fail to the ground. The idea on Monday was even more tricky than that. You may sometimes meet a man who has a special spite at clergymen, and who, whenever a priest gives an opinion, produces a text to which at first sight the opinion seems opposed. If the vicar is a rector he smiles, pardons the ignorance of his lay opponent, and goes on all the more tranquilly, but it he is a curate he is done. He has not the nerve to expose his opponent and usually subsides with an expression of respect for the 'argument' into a *tele-tele* with the nearest being in music. Sir R. Knightly treated the Government on Monday as if the Cabinet had been curates. He demanded that it should be an instruction to the Committee to include in the Reform Bill a provision against corruption. Of course Government were argumentatively powerless. They could say, that a Reform Bill was not the place for penal clauses against bribery any more than for the Apostles' Creed, but they were obliged to profess that bribery was a constitutional nuisance, to be put down as effectually as human nature would allow. They were compelled to be reverential in words, and therefore to rely on force, and some of their own soldiers took the opportunity of deserting. They dared not vote against Reform but what is a dissenting voter to do when told that the Liberal candidate has deserted his party only to protect the secret principle of purity of election? It was a safe dodge, and dodged accordingly. Mr. Gladstone met cleverly by professing readiness to consider the practical measure which Sir R. Knightly—doubtless had prepared, but the defeat revealed the temper of the House. The Tories meant to defeat the Bill and too many Whigs were ready to join them, if only a fair excuse could be discovered. Now, for not doing what ought to be done there are always fair excuses and so at some stage or other the Bill may be accepted as doomed. It may be on Captain Hayter's motion, which is merely an 'own true' assertion of the general credence of one of the clumsiest efforts to do a right thing ever made in Parliament, and which will bind together every section of the great party of discontents. It may also be on some new point, say, for example, that Reform is inexpedient during a Continental war, or the end may be effected simply by delay, but effected it will be.—The inner feeling of the majority is against the Bill, and when that is the case nothing but political necessity, or a surge of popular feeling, ever carries a Bill through. In this case the political necessity is not an immediate one and of popular feeling in its favour there is not a trace. It has not an enthusiastic friend in England. No non-electors has got drunk in the fervour of his effort to make it clear, nobody's head has been broken because he was not sufficiently ardent in its support. The Bill will die and Her Majesty's Government have probably by this time decided whether to give it up or die fighting hard.—Spectator.

We may notice, *en passant*, a rumor which, after haunting literary circles for a time, finally found expression in the *London Review* of Saturday. It is to the effect that the author of 'Ecce Homo' is no other than the Emperor of the French. The book, it is contended, is a translation—a not very plausible or probable hypothesis.—Tablet.

The Rev. Dr. Stanley, Protestant Bishop of Honolulu says that the result of the teaching of the American Board of Missions there has rendered the natives ten times worse than they were under the heathen system.—Exchange.

The fact is no news, but its admission by a Protestant Missionary is worth noting.—Pittsburg Catholic.

There is a feeling that this war, if once begun will assume a revolutionary character. If these millions of men meet in conflict, thrones will not remain where they are. German, Italian, Magyar, Czech, and Pole will be moved as they never were moved before. Such convulsions may be inevitable in the progress of nations, but they are not pleasing to Emperors and Kings. The position the masses have taken in these countries, the intense interest of all classes the enthusiasm of one country, the indignation of another, and the proof which has been given that if the Sovereigns raise a tempest they will not be able to lay it, must have its effect upon every wise Ruler, however exalted his rank and extensive his power.—Times.

Father Whalley, although slightly embarrassed at the disclosure insidiously made by Father Newdegate of his real position in the Church of Rome, does not seem discouraged by it. The reverend gentleman has given notice of a motion for a committee to inquire into the Fenian movement, with the ostensible object of proving that the Pope is the Head Centre of all evils in Ireland, but really with the object of casting ridicule on the over-zealous Protestants who persecute his Holiness. The *Weekly Register*, a Roman Catholic organ, frankly admits that the RR. PP. S. J. Whalley and Newdegate are wolves in sheep's clothing, and expresses its surprise that the fact of the former gentleman's last election at Peterborough having been carried by Roman Catholic votes, coupled with his previous career in Parliament, did not sooner betray the trick which has been played by the Vatican on Exeter Hall. On Friday night, when Father Whalley's motion was to have come on, the House was counted out.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE ART OF KILLING.—While everything around us, says the *Temps*, has progressed, the art of killing our fellow-creatures seems alone to have remained immovable during the last century. In the time of Marshal Saxe each man that was killed in battle represented a quantity of bullets equal to his own weight. Notwithstanding the invention of rifled guns the proportion remains about the same.—At Solferino, for example, the Austrians fired 8,400,000 musket shots, while the number of killed among the French was but 2,000, and of the wounded 10,000. Thus a man was hit every 700 shots, and one killed every 4,200.

In 1848-9 we had the Italian and Hungarian wars, and the battles of the Revolution in Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Prague, Rome, Sicily, Milan, &c.—In 1854-5 we had the Russian war. In 1849 the Italian war, and since then the Polish and the Danish wars, but it has been felt throughout that each of these was but a precursor of the Great War that had to come; that none of them had settled anything, and that when each of them ended, the day of reckoning had only been postponed. At this moment, appearances seem to indicate that the great crash is close at hand, though the next few months may show that after all the expectation that the drama had arrived at the catastrophe was only one more mistake. But if any faith be due to all that is daily printed and published it would scarcely seem possible that Italy should now be able to draw back from war with Austria, without an internal convulsion which would shatter the kingdom of the Piedmontese usurper. The Italians have already paid no inconsiderable penalty for their crimes since 1850; but unless the precedents of history are to be reversed, they have yet to suffer far more than they have suffered yet. At present they are described as in a state of wild excitement, longing to fling themselves against the Austrian armies and fortresses, and quite beyond control. Nothing that can happen to them will be too bad for their deserts, and every honest man to whom right and justice are sacred will feel relieved and comforted to learn that they have had an ignominious drubbing.—Tablet.

UNITED STATES

ORDER BY GENERAL MEADE.—General Meade has issued the following order at Malone:—

"All persons assembled at this place in connection with, and in aid of the Fenian organisation for the purpose of invading Canada are hereby ordered, in compliance with the President's Proclamation, to desert from their enterprise and disband. The men of the expeditionary force will, on application to the officer in command of the United States forces, on giving their names and residences, and satisfying him that they are unable to provide their own transportation, be provided with transportation to their homes; and all officers below the rank of field officers, who are unable to provide their own transportation, on giving their parole to abandon the enterprise, will be enabled to return to their homes;—officers above the rank of field officers will be required to give such bonds as may be satisfactory to the civil authorities; it being the determination of the United States Government to preserve neutrality, and the most stringent measures having been taken to prevent all accessions of men and material, the Commanding General trusts that these liberal offers will have the effect of causing the expedition now hopeless, to be quietly and peaceably abandoned;—and he confidently expects that all those who have any respect for the authority of the United States, will conform to the requirements of the President's Proclamation; and of this, which, if not promptly obeyed, a sufficient force will be brought to bear to compel obedience.

(Signed) GEO. H. MEADE, Major General U. S. A.

GENERAL ORDER.

Headquarters Army of Ireland: St. Albans, Vt., June 9, 1866.

To the Senior Officer with the Troops of the Army of Ireland, at Malone, Potsdam, and elsewhere

Sir,—In view of the President's proclamation and the stringent measures adopted by the U. S. authorities, to prevent reinforcements and supplies reaching our forces on the frontier, and destitute as we are of war material, and not likely to obtain any under present circumstances, the General commanding the Army of Ireland instructs me to inform you that he considers it his duty to direct you to avail yourself of the United States Government to furnish transportation for your officers and men to their respective homes, as the object of the expedition cannot be accomplished at present. The General feels certain that the soldiers of your command will continue to deserve the high character for good conduct now awarded them by the people of the United States.

JOHN MERRILL, Col. of Engineers and Chief of Staff.

The arrest of General Sweeney at St. Albans is significant.—It is what French novelists are wont to call 'the beginning of the end.' The Fenian army is encamped along the line of the frontier, the men sheltered in barns and outhouses, subsisting poorly enough on the charity of the farmers. The general-in-chief of the Irish army, having ministered to his hunger and thirst at the well appointed table of the principal hotel at St. Albans, retires to his comfortable room and lies down to pleasant dreams. This is his idea of war. At midnight his slumbers are disturbed by the officials of the United States, who enter not rudely, we will presume, but with suave politeness, and seize upon the sleeping warrior. He becomes their prisoner without resistance. Roberts, the president of the embryo republic, meets with a similar fate at New York, and is sent to Fort Lafayette or some other equally safe place of confinement. These events may be counted as the very deep and palpable shadow of the approaching retreat of the Fenians. They may as well lay down their arms and return home by the next train. The Canadians have now had ample time to concentrate their forces at the threatened points, and, warned by spies, to guard every approach to Montreal or Toronto. The invaders, so called, half-fed and half-armed by their leader literally 'caught napping' and bagged, have now not the slightest hope of success and the truth must soon be forced on sanguine minds. It was undoubtedly the wisest plan for Sweeney and Roberts to allow themselves to be caught.—Boston Advertiser.

The New York Herald says:—The Canadian campaign of the Fenians is ended. The expeditionary forces, baffled and disappointed at every turn, demoralized and disheartened, have been recalled, disbanded and dispersed. It adds:—The question now seems, what becomes of Fenianism? The O'Mahony wing failed at Campello, the Roberts-Sweeney wing failed in a more extensive military adventure for an Irish base of operations on this side the Atlantic, and now there only remains untried the plan of Stephens, the O. O. I. R., and his men in the gap? O'Mahony has fallen under a cloud, Killian has been killed off, Sweeney has collapsed, Spear has retired in disgust, and now Stephens looms up again as the Head Centre. What chance is there for Stephens just now? None. Between the O'Mahony and Roberts Fenians the American field of Irish patriotism has been pretty thoroughly harvested for the present. Hardworking Irish Americans will probably now think it better to send on to Ireland the funds they can spare to assist in bringing to the country the members of their families still left behind, than to contribute any more money to these Fenian adventurers.

It is announced from Washington that the investigations of Assistant Secretary Oshandler have disclosed the startling fact that the United States Treasury has been defrauded of more than one hundred millions of dollars during the past year! These frauds involve military and civil officials at the South. These men are not Southerners.