

the rules of good breeding, nor with religion itself.

'Very likely not, Miss Elliot,' said Lillian, her white hand shaking as she lifted the decanter and her big eyes sparkled with ill-concealed anger. 'Very likely not; but you see I care very little about what you may term the rules of good breeding; and what is more, I am not going even to try to become what you call a model young lady. Your model young ladies are full of affectation.'

'Ah, my dear Lillian, I much fear you never will indeed,' answered the lady; 'but come now put on your hats, and take a drive with us. We are going towards Blackpool; the drive is a pretty one, I assure you.'

'None of the drives are pretty,' answered Lillian. 'I thank you very much, Miss Elliot; but I do so hate the country, that I prefer trying over with Marion a new piece of music, arranged as a duet, which we have received by the morning.'

'Very well, Lillian, then I hold you excused for once in a way; but shall expect you to join us to-morrow morning; for the fresh air will do you good; if the scenery presents no charm to your eyes; added to which, I pledged my word to your father that I would not leave you young people too much alone.'

As Miss Elliot spoke thus, she moved towards the door; and, ringing the bell, heartily glad to be rid of the company of the two ladies, Lillian accompanied them to the hall door. Then, returning, she went to the window, and gazing after them as their tall, gaunt forms ascended the carriage-steps, and exclaimed—

'It is such censorious, spiteful women as you who bring opium on the single portion of our sex. I never can forgive papa for setting you both as spies on our actions, nor for the cruel humiliations he has put upon us, as if, indeed, we were children, and not able to take care of ourselves.'

Matilda Elliot threw herself back in her luxurious seat, saying—

'Is it not very odd, Martha, that a man so wealthy as Craig is supposed to be should have put these girls alone, with only a maid-servant, in a cottage like that, with rooms not half the size of their own apartments at Bowden.'

'It is,' replied her sister. 'What is the mystery, there is a skeleton in the house, depend on it, Tilda; friend Craig has only admitted us to half his confidence.'

'Very strange,' replied Matilda. 'Is it possibly things are getting shaky with him. He has been living in a most extravagant style.—What if he should be near bankruptcy. The first thing he would do would be to get his proud stuck-up Lillian, and his pretty fool Marion, right out of the way.'

'I do not think your ideas at all improbable,' rejoined her sister. 'Miss Lillian is so impulsive that I expected she would own the truth when I spoke of her father's care for their comfort.—Not a bit of it, however; I only mortified her pride. Did you notice the haste with which she rang the bell for the wine? It was nothing in the world, my dear sister, but an idle excuse to cover her suppressed passion. Mark my word, Martha—the pride of that girl will be punished sooner or later, depend on it. Just fancy that stuck-up doll in an atmosphere of poverty; and there's nothing more likely. My dear, the change will be a terrible one, whenever it takes place. I do not like the girls; I never did, especially the eldest. However, there are two motives why we must not leave them to themselves: the first, that I promised their father to visit them every day; and the second, because, with a very natural curiosity, I am anxious to know the cause of these two girls being sent here, instead of to London. There is a mystery somewhere, I am certain.'

As Miss Elliot spoke thus, the carriage stopped at their own door, and stopped also the conversation of these two amiable ladies.

We will leave them for a while, and introduce new and very different characters to the reader.

CHAPTER IV—THE CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME—THE ARTIST'S HOME—AND THE FAST-GOING YOUNG LADY.

It is a lovely evening in June. A few summer showers, in the early part of the day, have cooled the air, and drawn out the delicious perfume of the sweet-scented rose, the clove pink and heliotrope; and glowing beds of azaleas and geraniums bend beneath the weight of the pearly drops yet hanging on their lovely flowers; and no sound breaks upon the ear save the lowing of a few cows, or the bleating of the sheep feeding on some pasture land in the distance.

We are in the grounds of the Convent of Notre Dame, on Canley Heath; and though it is only a very short distance, nay, within any easy ride of the noisy metropolises, and situated in a fashionable and wealthy suburb, yet the silence is profound.

The mansion, erst the residence of a gentleman of fortune, now converted into a convent, is spacious, you see; and those who enter, even if not already acquainted with the fact, would quickly surmise that they were in some establishment consecrated to religious uses, so profound is the stillness which reigns around, so exquisite the neatness and cleanliness of the place.

Let us wander down this long passage; pass we through the doors of stained glass which, standing so invitingly open, conduct us to the grounds, the lawn, with its fresh greensward so carefully kept, stretching right away till a huge clump of trees screens from our sight the large extent of ground beyond, as also the group of ladies with whom we are going to make acquaintance.

The postman has just left a little delicately-tinted note, with a pink seal bearing the words 'Au revoir' upon its surface, and the nun whose duty it is to act as portress approaches the Sister Superior and hands her the letter.

Now the good Mother Angeli que receives many a delicate and perfumed note from the fashionable and wealthy dames who place their daughters beneath the care of herself and her community, but there is, evidently, some anomaly

here between the writer and the appearance of the dainty epistle. A smile crosses her quiet placid face as she recognises the handwriting and the seal, and detects the perfume yet hovering on the tinted paper so recently laid within a fashionable ladies desk.

(To be continued.)

CONGRESS IN SESSION.

The scene and circumstances amid which Congress daily does its work are suggestive rather of Democratic institutions than of the forms, ceremonies, and restraints with which deliberative assemblies are surrounded in older countries. By one class at least the equality of man is persistently asserted. The coachman who jumps off his box and walks into the White House the equal of his fare and shake hands with the President at a levee is not likely to feel very humble before a simple member of Congress. In fact a Congressman, unless he is distinguished for some exceptional personal qualities, is looked upon by his constituents as a rather inferior person to themselves. After all he is only a paid servant, and is obliged to be civil to those who employ him, and consider their interests before any others, or he shows himself to be scarcely worth his wages. He must find places for his best supporters, or his first term of office is likely to be his last. Hence the Capitol, that unsightly, irregular, and clumsy building, is always crowded with free and independent electors, whose way of voting has not been at all concealed by the ballot, and who have come to get themselves or their sons a berth in a post-office or some other department under Government. In no other part of the States, perhaps, could a more varied or strongly marked collection of Americans be seen than about the streets of Washington, or the corridors and lobbies of the Capitol. The long, thin, bony face, yellow as parchment, moody and sullen in expression, with a tuft of thick, coarse hair on the chin, and a plug of tobacco in the cheek—this traditional type of the American is all over the city.—There are other varieties, but he is the most common one. The only amusement available for these gentlemen, whose habits are of a very desultory and prowling kind, is that provided for them in Congress, and as soon as the doors of the Capitol are opened the crowd begins to wander over the building. There are no restrictions placed upon them. On the contrary, their visit is fully prepared for by a row of immense gutta-serena spittoons, which are placed on each side of the corridors; but, capacious as these are, the floors by 3 or 4 in the afternoon are always wet and slippery. The Senate and the House of Representatives are situated at opposite ends of the building, and between these two points the crowd passes in a constant stream, pausing under the dome to admire the glowing representations of scenes in American history on the walls—the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the marriage of Pocahontas, or the wonderful picture high up on the roof in which all the gods are showering blessings upon the Republic. In the old Senate chamber, which is situated between the halls now in use, there are various hideous busts of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson scattered about, two or three statues, and a gigantic and grotesque plaster cast of 'Liberty,' the duplicate of one at the top of the dome. I have often heard this work very much admired by the visitors, and always in the same language; they sum up its merits by saying 'It is a big thing.' Then there are brozed doors to attract their attention, pieces of which they steal, so that the other day the Speaker was obliged to call the attention of the House to these depredations—plenty of hucksters' stalls, where dusty cakes and 'lemon soda,' photographs, pieces of marble, and other odds and ends may be bought. A theatrical-looking personage, clad in skin, and calling himself the 'California Hunter,' has a stall close to the very door of the House, and is always surrounded by a throng of open-mouthed country people. There are no attendants or police about the place except at the doors.—The refreshment rooms are open to the public as well as to members, and anything can be had in them except 'spirituous liquors,' the sale of which is forbidden by one of the rules of Congress. The whole building is heated to a most unwholesome and disagreeable temperature by steam pipes, and no ventilation of either Chamber in which the legislators meet is attempted.

The civility with which even the dearest and most tedious of speakers is allowed to prose on, either in the Senate or the House, is one of the most striking features of Congress. A member pulls out his big roll of manuscript, and makes violent efforts to work himself into animation over the stilted sentences and staid declamation which he has prepared so carefully. When he looks around the House and waves his arms, he, of course, loses the place where he left off, and stumbles back to find it out, repeats what he said before, mutters confusedly to himself, recovers his 'cue,' and makes another plunge into the abyss of his foolscap sheets. The House cannot be said to listen to what he says, but it is perfectly quiet, and never interrupts. These essays are all printed in *extenso* in the *Congressional Globe*, and thus every insignificant member is often reported through 15 or 10 columns of this paper, at the expense of the Government; it need scarcely be said. The other day the *Globe* consisted of 68 closely printed columns of one day's essays and discussions, and it is the literal truth to say that there was not half a column of practical suggestions or sound sense in all that vast waste of words. Sometimes a member asks permission of the House to take his speech as read, and it is then printed in the *Globe* as if it had been actually delivered. It will be obvious at once how much this arrangement encourages laxity of debate, and how hopeless would be the attempt to confine members to the subject before the House.—The Government pays the proprietors of the *Globe* so much for every printed column, and it takes in addition five and twenty copies of each day's issue for every member of Congress. There is a special staff of reporters for this paper, and the debates are always printed unabridged. Fully two-thirds of the speeches made are supplied beforehand to the paper by the members, and proof sheets are given to them, from which they read their remarks. It is, of course, understood that these remarks are addressed to their individual constituencies, and they are certainly read nowhere else. The style and character of the essays are often most extraordinary. The name of the Almighty is invoked a dozen times in as many minutes. Scripture is quoted to silence antagonists, and in the present debates on the South, Pontius Pilate or Judas Iscariot are seldom out of the discussions 24 hours together. A few days ago a member of the House concluded a speech by reciting the whole of the poem, 'How sleep the brave who sink to rest.' The ladies in the galleries were charmed. The Speaker was busy writing notes.—The members were chiefly asleep. Another afternoon the proceedings were enlivened by one member telling another that he had 'uttered a falsehood,' and the accused retorting that he would not shelter himself behind the rules of debate, but that his friend knew where to find him. The glorification of American 'institutions' is simply wonderful, and it is nearly always received with applause. Here is an example of this style of oratory, quoted from the official *Globe*. The speaker was a Mr. Grinnell:—

'No, Mr. Speaker; let us proclaim to the world, and let it go forth, that having conquered the rebellion, having subdued the rebel army, we are prepared to rule this land and make our people free.—And when that proud old bird of freedom shall soar across the land, bearing in his beak the broad banner of beauty and glory, let all his stars unfolded to the world proclaim in a language which will make thrones and tyrannies tremble in their centres.—This is the home of the free!' (Applause.)

That Kings, Queens, and Emperors are always trembling before the 'starry banner' is a theory that the members of Congress are never tired of proclaiming.

ing, although it is more believed in by the House than the Senate. It is very seldom, indeed, that any member of the House ventures upon humor. The debates are always dreadfully serious, and scarcely a sentence is ever uttered calculated to raise a smile. Sarcastic speeches are also little known, and a brisk impromptu discussion has not risen once during this Session. The written essay tells heavily on the spirits of members, and yet all resort to it in turn, except a few who are able to trust to their natural gifts for debate. The majority of the members seldom speak without making vehement professions of their sincerity and disinterestedness, which are doubtless chiefly addressed to their constituents. They are usually something like the following passage, which I quote from the speech of Mr. Williams, of Pennsylvania:—

'But if I stood alone on this floor, and it were my last utterance, holding the high trust which God had given me, with a nation in travail, and in view of the dark portents that cloud the horizon and shake the very atmosphere around us, I would say to the people, Awake from your false security, or prepare yourselves for another holocaust. Here I have taken my stand, and by the help of God I will maintain it to the end. Others may falter in the trial, but through me no right shall be abridged, no privilege surrendered, no single leaf plucked, no jewel torn from the crown of the representative body.'

It would be asy to quote from any day's debates a large selection of these flowers of Congressional rhetoric; but one other sample, from the speech of a Mr. Newell, must be sufficient:—

'So shall our beloved country, healed of her wounds, and disentangled from the enchantment which has bound her for a hundred years, spring into a new existence, to exceed in grandeur and greatness the wildest visions of the patriot fathers, and her banner, planted high upon the everlasting hills of truth and justice, illuminated by the sun of freedom, shall become a beacon to the oppressed children of men who shall come hitherward and find a refuge and a heritage for themselves and their children, and their children's children, till time shall be no more.'

This, however, is very tame compared with the speeches which are popular outside Congress. For instance, a member of the last State Convention held in Mississippi said, as reported in the papers:—

'I am a mossy-back, Sir, and I stand here to-day to represent the county of Jones. People said that the county of Jones seceded from Mississippi. Yes, Sir, we did secede from the Confederacy, and, Sir, we fought them like dogs, we killed them like devils, we buried them like asses. Yes, like asses, Sir!—My people down there in the county of Jones did, in their sovereign capacity, secede, and did become mossy-backs. We did fight them like dogs, and kill them like hellions—like hellions, I say, Sir. But I didn't come up here to gas, Sir, and I surrender my rights to the floor, Sir, expressing only the one sentiment that I stand up for the county of Jones in general; yes, Sir, I am for Jones all the time. In my suffering county the walls of 380 widowed women and shirt-tail children are ascending before the God of right, and appealing in tears to the powers appointed for relief.'

It is not often that this is equalled in Congress, but the same style of speaker abounds there, and his brother members call him by the significant name of 'blower.' The waste of time which takes place in irrelevant discussions and the reading of essays is, in fact, so deplorable that it is worse than idle to sit out the debates day after day. A leading New York journal recently had the following just comments on this subject:—

'Practical legislation is wanted, and we have had instead a dreary wilderness of debate. Conciliation and magnanimity are indispensable, and in lieu of these we have had displays of despotism and vengeance unworthy of a legislative body in any circumstances, and especially unworthy in the full flush of the nation's triumph. Within the halls of Congress not a single step has been yet taken in the direction of reconstruction. Not only has nothing been done to assure the South of its rights under the Constitution, but the claims of even tried Southern loyalists have been systematically ignored. It were a fatal mistake to suppose that these things have not been closely scanned and duly weighed by the great majority of those whom the Union members represent; and it were equally an error to believe that there is any general inability to comprehend the consequences of persistence in the course which has been until now pursued.'

Each member of the House receives \$2,000 a year, and certain mileage fees, which vary according to the distance he has to travel. Moreover, he franks all his letters, and also the Government reports, and is allowed (as already mentioned) 25 copies of the *Globe* a day, and three daily papers. Besides all this, copies of books may be voted to the House by itself, as was done recently in the case of a new edition of Madison's works. Senators cannot be arrested for debt, but this immunity does not appear to be extended to Representatives.—*Times' Correspondent*.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

IRELAND UNDER BRITISH RULE.—The following letters have been addressed to the Editor of the Star, with reference to an article which appeared in its columns:—

Sir,—There are several points in your lucid summary of Irish history to which exception might be taken. You say, for instance, that the settlers of the Pale never amalgamated with the natives. I think you will find that some of them became 'Hiberni ipsi Hiberniores'; this was, in Tudor times, a constant charge against them. But the point to which I wish to confine myself is your assertion that 'the Sicilian Vespers and St. Bartholomew were surpassed by the great Ulster massacres of 1641.' Now, I think it is proved to the satisfaction of any impartial person, in the latest work on this very obscure subject, 'The Cromwellian Settlement in Ireland,' by J.P. Prendergast, that there was no massacre at all of the kind detailed in almost all the authorities, beginning with Sir John Temple's sensational book, published in 1646. The 'massacre' was called into existence for political ends, chiefly to make Irish help rather a detriment than otherwise to the Royal cause. Reprisals there were, atrocities there were on both sides, but the English began it. I will quote one passage; for the rest I refer your readers to Mr. Prendergast's most valuable book. Sir Phelim O'Neill was beaten off at Newry by the Scots; then 'some eighteen of the Irish women were stripped naked, thrown into the river, and fired on in the water.' The 'Levites Lamentation' again speaks of four 'murders by these bloodsuckers on the sixth of May. For we had put nearly forty of them to death upon the bridge of Newry, amongst which were two of the Pope's pedlers, seminary priests, in return of which they slaughtered many prisoners in their custody.' This was no 'massacre'; indeed, Professor Goldwin Smith (whose admirable 'Irish History and Irish Character' I recommend to everyone who wishes to see what an impartial Englishman says about Ireland), though he is deceived by the 'manufactured' depositions given by Rushworth, confesses that there was no organized massacre, and that the English and Scotch colonialists perhaps exceeded the Irish in atrocity, especially when we consider their comparative civilization. He instances the massacre of every living soul on Island Magee by the Scotch of Carrickfergus, though the islanders were utterly innocent of any connection with O'Neill's outbreak. The Lords Justice Borsdale and Parsons do not hesitate to stigmatize as 'two scoundrels desirous at heart of a good rebellion with plenty of confiscations in its train.' Yet these men had the getting up of the evidence on which, five years after the alleged events, Sir J. Temple wrote the book which was to make the Irish stink intolerably in the nostrils even of the English

Royalists. But the most decisive proof is what I hope to see added to a new edition of Mr. Prendergast's book—the lately published testimony of the Rev. Mr. Oloxy, Bishop Bedall's son-in-law. His friend Dr. Henry Jones, rector of Kilmorck and Ovaran afterwards Bishop of Meath, was, with twelve hundred other English, taken prisoner. The rest remained in captivity for seven months; four were treated with kindness, and allowed the practice of their religion, and at last were exchanged to the garrison at Drogheda, in June, 1643. 'At parting,' with them, says the account, 'these Irish wept for sorrow.' I will not deny that the drowning at Portadown was an atrocious piece of cruelty. It was the act of a furious mob, who engaged at the slaughter of priests by the other party, fell on a band of prisoners who were being conveyed under Sir P. O'Neill's safe-conduct. All that can be said is, it was no 'massacre,' but a cruel act of reprisal, unfortunately paralleled by similar atrocities on the other side. It is significant that the depositions in the Remonstrance of March, 1642, contains no allegation of a general massacre. The tale was invented to ruin the King. It was kept up to excuse the monstrous 'transplanting,' and 'settlement,' the effects of which are still felt in all those 'isms' which periodically afflict the country. Drowning, by the way, and the shooting of drowning men were favourite ways of getting rid of the Irish 'Oananite.' In Guizot's book you will find regular noyades of Irish Papists taken with arms in their hands in Cheshire and thereabouts. I write at such length because I am anxious to set an important point at rest. Your paper is, I believe, largely read by intelligent working men, who ought not to be left in error on such a matter. You, too, who endorse Mr. Bright's noble speech on the Habeas Corpus Bill, would not, I am sure, desire to add any needless bitterness to a subject which is unhappily only too embittered already.—I beg to remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY STUART FAGAN,
Rector of Charlocombe, Bath.

In 1639 the Irish rose, not for a king whom they despised, but for their native land and their own religion. Again, in 1641, they had a moment of triumph. Again their triumph was speedily turned to disaster. William of Orange then completed the work of Cromwell. Protestant ascendancy was assured. The penal laws were enacted, and for a whole century, utterly crushed and spirit-broken, the Irish Catholics crouched beneath the rod. Not even in 1715 and 1745, when the foundations of the English throne were shaken, when the Scotch armies were at Preston and at Derby, did the Irish move. Theirs was the spathy of despair. It is true that meanwhile many brilliant passages of Irish history were enacted. The Parliamentary struggles of the English party, whose aim was dependence on the Crown, and the Irish party—headed at different periods by Swift by Moynoux, and by Grattan—afforded many splendid examples of eloquence and vigor. But to the unhappy peasant it mattered little, for whoever was master he was doomed to be a slave. In this miserable time, of which we may read an imperfect record in the work of Arthur Young, has left a festering wound in the Irish heart which can wonder at it?

During the century of slumber, Ireland, under the penal laws and the cottier system, was fast hastening to utter ruin. The increase of the population brought only an increase of misery, and the persecuting laws perpetuated ignorance and crime. The mutterings of that great storm which swept away so many hoary abuses, first in America and afterwards in France, was long in reaching the dulled ear of the Irish peasant. But when it did reach him it awakened an irrepressible hope. Some bold and able men of whom the ablest beyond comparison was Wolfe Tone took advantage of a national and religious enthusiasm which they did not share to obtain those Republican institutions to which they had honestly though unwisely vowed their allegiance. Another rising, resembling the risings of 1641 and 1639, in that the chiefs had one object and the people another took place in 1793.

This last, however, was influenced from outside, not by any of the European monarchies, as in the former cases, but by the French Republic. It had little of Republicanism about it however; it hated England as Saxon not as monarchial, and its moving spirit was that religion which the French had trampled under foot. Irish patriotism has also been ever of an aristocratic type. Its devotion has been paid more to rank than to merit. In 1688 Tyrconnel, in 1798 Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in 1843 Mr. Smith O'Brien were selected as chiefs in preference to able men apparently for no other reason than that they were of good birth. Clearly Republicanism had little chance in Ireland.

The insurrection failed, though it had better chances of success than we are usually in the habit of thinking. It failed and rendered the Union a necessity. The Union which had the designs of Pitt been carried into effect, might have made Ireland an auxiliary to England in political progress instead of a dead weight, was shorn of all its benefits by the madness of the king and weakness of the minister. Disappointment at this treachery and indignation at the savage cruelties with which the rising of 1798 had been repressed, rankled in the hearts of the Catholics and produced the abortive conspiracy of which Emmett was the head.

Then again followed a long period of peace. A constitutional agitation succeeded the Emancipation Act, O'Connell demanded Repeal, but the cry for Repeal soon swelled into a cry for independence. To a people keenly sensitive to the evils of their system of land tenure the Socialist doctrines promulgated by the French Revolutionary party in 1848 were dangerously attractive. This feeling, and the pain of a recent infliction of unexampled pestilence and famine caused the movement which terminated in the ignominious *fiasco* of Ballingarry. Then ensued a long peace, an unparalleled depletion of population; and we began once more to feel secure, to settle down into the old ways, and to treat the grievances of Ireland as chimerical. Fenianism has awakened us from our pleasant dream. Stronger than the movement of 1848 in its looking towards America instead of France, and in the support which is given to it by the multitudes of Irishmen whom our cherished system of land tenure has driven into exile—Fenianism is a significant warning. All history goes to show us that in proportion as we have removed injustice in Ireland we have disarmed disloyalty. Rebellion grows less and less strong as our ruling spirit grows better. Why should we not, by abolishing all injustice and scandal, extinguish disloyalty altogether.—*London Star*.

At the last meeting of the National Association the following letter from Mr. Bright was read:—
London, March 3.

My Dear Sir,—I have received the copy of the resolution of thanks voted to me by the Committee of the National Association of Ireland. I value it very much, and ask that you will convey to the committee my gratitude for the approval they have expressed of my recent speech on the affairs and condition of Ireland. I think there is a better prospect for your unfortunate country, and I shall gladly do all in my power to assist her own representatives and the Government in such legislation as may be required for her good. From the present Administration I am sure you will receive sympathy, and I cannot but hope that at an early period there will be a resolute attempt to conquer the malady which from time to time, brings so much suffering to Ireland so much discredit to England. I believe it is in the power of Parliament to remove all just causes of discontent with you, and I shall heartily co-operate in every effort tending to that result.

Believe me always sincerely yours,
Peter Paul M'Sweeney, Esq. JOHN BRIGHT.
Some of the provincial papers state that Morris, the Fenian 'Centre' for Carlow, allowed himself to be captured that he might sell his information to Government.—*Post*.

THIS MILITARY POSITION OF IRELAND.—In constructing the military works of Ireland the first point looked to was the defence of the principle seaports. Dublin, which is at once one of the greatest of Irish seaports as well as of the capital, is defended seaward by a fort of moderate strength, quite sufficient to assist in keeping up the communication with England, and to serve as a place for storing and guarding artillery, arms, and munitions of war. In the city of Dublin itself there are no fewer than eight barracks—namely, the Royal Barracks, for cavalry and infantry; the Castle Barracks, for infantry; Alborough House Barracks, North Circular-road, for infantry; Richmond Barracks, near Kilmalshagh, for infantry; Portobello Barracks, for cavalry; Island-bridge Barracks, for cavalry; Beggar's Bush Barracks, for infantry; and Pigeon-house Fort, with barracks for artillery and infantry. These barracks, though not strong enough to be defended against a force furnished with artillery, are quite capable of being held successfully against a mere popular insurrection hastily got up and consisting of a partially armed mob. The position of the barracks are chosen with a view to the defence of the capital against such an outbreak. The harbour and city of Cork are much more strongly defended, the former being the best harbour for ships of war in Ireland, and containing many valuable naval and military establishments. In the harbour of Cork are the three islands named Spike Island Haulbowline, and Rocky Island. Spike Island, which covers an area of about one hundred acres contains Westmoreland Fort, the strongest military position in the South of Ireland, with the officers' quarters and various military stores and appurtenances. It also contains a prison and depot for convicts, to which, it is said, the Fenian prisoners are to be moved for greater security. Haulbowline Island covers about twenty acres, and is used as a depot for Ordnance stores, besides containing the governor's house. Rocky Island, which is only about 24 acres in extent contains two powder magazines and a small barracks. Carlisle and Camden Forts, which are opposite each other, near the entrance to the harbour are not now maintained; but a variety of new works on the mainland, calculated to make Spike Island a strong fortress with outworks on the mainland, were sanctioned by Parliament in the Fortifications Bill introduced by Lord Palmerston's government three or four years ago, and could easily be executed in case of need. In addition to the works at Spike Island there are large barracks at Cork, capable of holding 1,000 cavalry and four regiments of infantry, with all the appurtenances required at the headquarters of the southern military district of Ireland. The barracks cover the eminence of the beautiful suburb rising over the Glastinire road. The old fort near the Cathedral is now the constabulary barracks. The whole line of country between Dublin and Cork is furnished with strong barracks, constructed in former days of turbulence, and available if such times should return. At Newbridge, on the line of railway from Dublin to Limerick and Cork, there is a large barracks for cavalry. At Templemore, further south, on the same line, there is a large infantry barracks, capable of containing 1,500 men. At Malwone there is a small infantry barracks. At Fermoy, in the county of Cork, on the banks of the river Blackwater, there are the most extensive infantry barracks in the south of Ireland. They form two separate squares called the East and West Barracks. The former occupies a three-sided quadrangle 800ft. in length by 700ft. in breadth. The latter is similar in arrangement, but somewhat less extensive. In the rear of the eastern quadrangle are small barracks for cavalry, with all the hospitals and other appurtenances necessary for so large a military establishment. The West Barracks have not been used for military purposes for some years, but might easily be made available in case of need. There are barracks at several other places in the south of Ireland, including large cavalry, and another cavalry barracks at Clonmel. There are large infantry barracks at Kilkenny. Limerick is the headquarters of the south-western military district, and there are four barracks—namely, the Castle Barrack, Englishtown, for infantry; the new barracks, near Newmarket; the artillery barracks, in Irishtown; and an infantry barracks in St. John's-square. There is also a naval force in the lower part of the River Shannon at the present time, which would be of great value in case of any attempted movement. Limerick may be considered the lowest point in a line of fortifications intended to command the whole line of the River Shannon, which divides the provinces of Leinster and Munster from Connaught. The strongest fortress on the line of the Shannon is Athlone, which has always been a military position of great importance, and has become more important than ever in consequence of the construction of the great line of railway, which runs across Ireland from Dublin to Galway, and crosses the Shannon at Athlone. The castle of Athlone which occupies a spur or set-off from the higher grounds on which the western portion of the town is built, was erected so long ago as the reign of King John, and was enlarged and strengthened in the time of Elizabeth. The ancient keep is in the centre of the court or area of the castle, and is used as a barracks. The buildings which have been erected on the platform next the lower side of the town are occupied by the officers of the castle, the walls of which, rising above those that sustain the mound, adding to their commanding appearance upon the outer side. In other parts the platform is surrounded with modern works mounted with cannon so placed as not only to command the approaches from the Connaught side, but to sweep the bridge across the Shannon. The military defences of the place, now all upon the Connaught side in addition to the castle, consist of advanced forts and redoubts outside the town, so placed as to command the main approach along the great road from Galway by Ballinacloes to Athlone. The canal made to avoid the fords of the Shannon adds to the strength of the works, and the bridges across it are defended by palisades. The extensive bogs are sufficient protection to the works alongside the river to the south, on the Connaught side. On the north of the castle are the armory, which usually contains muskets for 15,000 men, with barracks for infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and the necessary stores, hospitals, and parade-grounds, the whole occupying an area of 15 acres. Athlone is, in fact, the strongest and most important military position in the interior of Ireland, and has been the scene of some of the greatest military events. There seems to be no doubt that the American-Irish conspirators have recently not only endeavoured to obtain plans of the fortifications of Athlone, but also to corrupt the garrison by large bribes. They may have probably succeeded in the former attempt, but not in the latter. There is now railway communication in a few hours from Athlone to Dublin, through Mullingar, where there are also large barracks for infantry, and also in the opposite direction to Galway. One of the latest pieces of intelligence is that a military force has just been sent from Athlone to Galway, where there have been no troops for a considerable time, although there is a barracks for infantry. A ship of war has also been placed in the bay, and other vessels in the principal bays along the coast, round to Lough Foyle and approaches to Londonderry. There are scarcely any fortifications in the North of Ireland except the old walls at Londonderry and the old castle at Carrickfergus. In this part of Ireland the loyal population has a great ascendancy, and would, no doubt, in case of need, defend the crown and the British connection to the last extremity.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

THE IRISH GARRISON.—The motion which Sir J. Gray intends to propose on this subject is concluded in the following terms: 'That the Church Establishment in Ireland is a grievous wrong to the people of that country, and its continued maintenance prevents them from having confidence in the justice or in the wisdom of the imperial Parliament.'

A vessel containing several hundred barrels of powder has been seized by Custom officers in Ourlingford.