

the house, but seemed impelled by some strange influence to remain. Kate, with clasped hands, knelt by the side of Captain Lynn, and sobbed aloud. Carrie had better control over her feelings, but sat awe-stricken by the solemn scene.

Mary, said the dying man, 'don't cry so; God is good, he will take care of you and the little ones. I am happy; I long to go to my Jesus, to live with him forever, and a smile of ineffable joy lit up this wasted features. He had spoken with much difficulty, and they were his last words; his breath came feebly, and his pulse told them that his time on earth would in a few brief moments be spent, and they all believed he would, when the last breath should leave the tabernacle of clay, be ushered into a better world.

'Oh! if I could die like that,' thought Walters. He had believed that no one could meet death without shrinking, however stoical he might be in life. It was the king of terrors to him; but here he saw the grim messenger approach, graciously welcomed by this pious sufferer. Night had noiselessly come on while yet they lingered; and just as they rose to leave, a shriek from the wife told them that all was over. Kate clung nervously to her companion; but as he left her side to speak a few words with some of the men who had come in to render assistance in the sad hour, she went to the side of the weeping woman and tried to comfort her. It was the first time she had ever spoken such words, and she was frightened at herself; but she succeeded in gaining her attention, and as she left her, Kate whispered: 'Think of it, Mary, and I'll come to-morrow, if you could give her up so soon. I will take her immediately.' And she knew by the fervent 'thank God' that the grief-stricken mother's heart was a little less heavy.

'My friends,' said the priest, an aged man, whose quiet dignity and Christian deportment won the respect of all, 'you have been here, no doubt, by the hand of Providence, to see how happily the good can die. You have witnessed practices of our holy Church, of which I may venture to say you have known nothing, unless as they are misrepresented by many. You have read in the sacred word: 'Is any man sick among you, let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he be in sins they shall be forgiven him. This is the promise of St. James (I am aware it is not word for word as you have been in the habit of reading it), and is every day fulfilled; often by the perfect recovery of the sufferer, and always—as you have just now seen—giving peace to the soul, fortifying it, as nothing else can do, for its struggle with its last adversary. My friends, continued the aged pastor, 'my dear young friends, there are many other practices of which you know as little, but which are fully as efficacious to salvation. I hope this lesson,' and he pointed to the bed, 'will be lost on none of you, but that you will reflect seriously, and search for the truth, and I pray God you may each find it.' Mr. Walters grasped his hand as he bid him good night, saying: 'I shall never forget this scene; it shall not be lost on me.'

Captain Lynn lingered a moment to speak with the reverend clergyman, whom he greatly loved and who was in a short time to admit him into the Church, and then proceeded to their horses. The ride home was in silence. Each one was meditating, though with somewhat different feelings, upon the scene just left, and felt no inclination to talk.

'Ed,' said Kate, as he lifted her from the saddle, 'I shall be a Catholic.'

'I hope you will, Kate,' said he, 'but do nothing in haste: study, and perfectly satisfy yourself of the truth first.'

'Years of study could not make me more determined,' she said, as she extended her hand, which he warmly clasped, and then bidding her good night, as her father came out for her, he hurried home.

'I fear Mr. Walters,' said Carrie, as that gentleman assisted her from her pony, 'that Edward is too much influenced by these imposing ceremonies. Did you not notice how very excited he was to-night?'

'How could any one appear calm or unmoved on a scene like that, Miss Carrie,' replied Walters, 'but I do not think he is, as you fear, influenced by the ceremonies of the faith. I think he had never seen any of its ceremonies when he was convinced of its truth. It would not be hard to make a Catholic of me I fear; but I've no doubt I should be more influenced by the pomp and ceremony than your brother ever will be.'

'I am almost sorry we went in,' said Carrie, 'I am so nervous I shall not be able to sleep at all to-night.'

'I feel for you,' he said, 'but my dear friend, I am not sorry we went. It will do me good.—You need no such lessons, who are too pure to think of sin, and too sure of heaven to ever doubt God's goodness.' He spoke with warmth, and something in his tone and look more than his words, sent the blood mantling to her cheek, and in silence she took his arm to walk up the avenue just as a servant came around to attend to the horses.

Early the next morning Walters left Lynn Grove, with many promises to come again; for he had spent a pleasant day, and already felt that he had found an attraction there, which no other place offered; but the brief acquaintance of a day could not warrant him in speaking what he felt; so he went away, only hoping at a future time, not far distant, to be able to renew the acquaintance with Miss Lynn, and perhaps awaken emotions in her heart, which were fast filling his own.

Never had the earth looked so lovely, never the birds sung so sweetly, the flowers bloomed so fairly; on the river rolled onward in such silent majesty; thought Captain Lynn, as on the morning which was to witness his public renunciation of Protestantism, and his entrance into the fold of

the great and good Shepherd. The ceremony was to take place at High Mass. During the services, the sky became obscured by clouds, the low rumbling of distant thunder was occasionally heard, the wind arose, and swayed the branches of the trees almost to the ground, then the lightnings gleamed, thunders pealed loud and louder, and great drops of rain came pattering on roof and windows. The organ's tone was completely drowned, and the voice of the pastor who was celebrating Mass, the choir became silent, and the voice of the celebrant was even then scarcely audible. It was a terrific storm. Without trees were torn up by their roots, fences borne aloft, chimneys tottered and fell, but the little stone-chapel stood firm, and good Father Steinway proceeded, for he knew the Lord was in the storm, and the mingled din of crashing thunderbolts were but the tokens of His power.

The thunder split called his squadrons dark, Far thro' the trackless void of scowling space; And lightning rent the cloudy canopy, As prophets' vision tears aside the veil That shadows o'er the future; and beholds Beyond unfolded thought but dim, and wild, And fearful mystery.'

Then came the sound:— "Of sadly moaning winds, and heavy drops Of rain, as though the demons of the storm Wept o'er the ruin which their fury wrought."

The clouds still hung darkly over the face of heaven, but the rain descended with less violence when the convert ascended to the altar railing, and there knelt. There was something singularly rude and chilling, thought he, in being thus welcomed, as it were, by the sound of rushing winds, and waters, and the flashing of red signal-fires along the 'frowning battlements' of heaven.— His heart sank within him. Was this a foreshadowing of the conflicts which lay in his path? Was he to struggle with the spirits of earth and hell, who were here presented to his eye, clothed in the mystical garb of the 'rushing armies of the storm?' Was he able to cope with the dark and terrible adversaries that would henceforth lurk around, above, beneath him? Would he not find in the day of trial that he had overestimated his strength; and his faith—would it not waver, even forsake him? Was he not, perhaps, in the wrong, and would he discover his error too late? And—oh, terrible thought!—would he at last be overcome by the enemy of souls? Such feelings he had never before experienced. His soul was chilled, and he shrank from fulfilling the work for which he had been so earnestly preparing.

But suddenly, as sometimes comes a lull in the tempest, and the sun shines out while the earth is being drenched with rain, came a revulsion of feeling. Oh, were not these dark forebodings but arrows sent from the Evil One himself?—Should they find an entrance to his soul, or could he not hurl them back to the source from whence they came? Was he losing his armour of justice, and would not the very imps of darkness rejoice at their gain?

'No, no,' he cried, in agony, 'take not thy spirit from me, oh God. Be thou my strength, I am nothing.' And light and hope and peace came winging their way into his spirit, and all was calm. The bright bow of promise was stretched above the tempest in his soul, and the 'still, small voice' bid him be glad. 'He bowed and worshipped, and the Lord passed by.'

There had been given him time to collect his thoughts, as if the venerable pastor had looked into his heart and there beheld the raging conflict within. He was thankful; and he now rose up, and in a clear, distinct voice read his profession of faith. His friends, especially Carrie, and Kate White, both young and enthusiastic—though now differing so widely in their religious views—were deeply affected. There was a tone of exultation in his voice which they could not fail to perceive, though they could have no idea of the great victory which he had just gained.— As the speaker pronounced the last words, the clouds parted and the sun burst forth in a flood of golden light, shining full upon the face of the new convert, and enveloping him as with a halo holiness, while the whole chapel was illuminated with effulgence. There was a look of triumph in his eye, but a light fuller and more abiding in his soul, as he asked himself could this, too, be emblematical of the light which would illumine his way in the discharge of duty? Might he not accept it at least as a token? 'Oh! Word divine!' he prayed, as he descended the steps, after partaking of that Bread, without which we have no life in us. 'Light of men, and who shinest through the darkness of our understanding, banish forever from my heart the fatal shades of sin; bid the Sun of Justice arise upon me, and it will enlighten me. Say, Let there be light—and nothing shall obscure it. Alas! the world which Thou createst, and which Thou camest to redeem, knew Thee not; and I—who have now the happiness of possessing Thee—what will it profit me to be enlightened by thy light, if I follow not the way it leads? What fruit shall I draw from the treasure of graces if I dissipate and waste it? Shall I ever forget the exceeding love thou hast lavished upon me? O! Jesus, who art full of grace and truth, imprint upon my mind the truth that enlightens, establish in my heart the grace that sanctifies; and make me to find in the unchangeableness of the one, and the continual succor of the other, a restraint upon my inconstancy, and a support to my weakness.'

To be Continued.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Tax Most Rev. Dr. Cullen.—The Freeman states:—We are happy in being able to announce that his Holiness the Pope, appreciating the eminent services rendered to the Catholic Church by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, has elevated his Grace to the dignity of Cardinal. In making this announcement we feel it unnecessary to add a word in commendation of the resolution come to by his Holiness.—That the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen is eminently qualified to fulfil the onerous and grave duties of the exalted position to which he has been elevated, none will gainsay. His exemplary piety, his active and persevering benevolence—which knows no rest as long as good is to be accomplished—his varied and extensive acquirements—will, no doubt, render con-

spicuous in the history of the illustrious individual, in whom the Sovereign Pontiff has chosen to honor at the same moment the faithful people of Ireland, and reward continuous and remarkable services. We are confident the people of this country will fully appreciate the honor which has been thus conferred, and unite with us in offering our hearty congratulations to the venerated and distinguished recipient. We understand his Grace leaves town on Thursday next for the Eternal City.

The PRIMATE.—On Tuesday next the month's mind of the late Primate will take place in Armagh, on which occasion there will be at least twenty Bishops present, and the ceremonies will be of a grand and solemn nature.

On the Monday following the Clergy of the diocese will assemble to select the names of three ecclesiastics, which will be forwarded to Rome, and one of whom, it is expected, will be appointed the successor of the late Most Rev. Dr. Dixon. On whom the choice may fall it would be premature to conjecture, but it is rumored that the Very Dean Kieran, V.O., will receive the largest number of votes, and the names of the Very Rev. Dr. Woodcock, of the Catholic University, and the Rev. Mr. Harrison, of the Redemptorist Fathers, are mentioned as likely to occupy the other two places on the list to be forwarded to his Holiness.—Dundalk Democrat, May 26.

ALLIED CONVERSION IN CONNEMARA.—The following appeared in the Connaught Patriot of May 19. It was originally addressed to the Times.

Clifden, Co. Galway, May 14th, 1866

Sir,—Your issue of the 16th inst. contained a letter from the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin on conversion in West Connaught. Hoping that you will graciously hearken to his Grace's petition to hear the other side, and relying on your spirit of fair play, I presume to send you for publication the following observations on his letter:—

The Archbishop has justly observed that the subject has occasioned much controversy, as the patron of the mission, on the one side, loudly boast of its success, and the legitimacy of the means employed for that end, while Catholics and many disinterested Protestants emphatically deny its success, and reprobate the means resorted to. This in brief is the first proposition in his Grace's letter.

On this vexed question he undertakes to pronounce judgment, but by giving the prestige of his name and the weight of his exalted position to one side without waiting for, or seeking information from the other, he thereby reveals himself to be an unjust, because a partial judge.

How can his Grace reconcile with his notions of just judgment, his exclusive association with the enemies of the Catholics, and the interested promoters of the profitable mission? It is undeniable, indeed he admits it himself, that his society was partisan. His guides and constant companions during his sojourn were the Bishop of Tuam and the Rev. Hyacinth D'Arcy, manager of the West Connaught Mission Society. From these he had derived his information, from these he had received his inspirations. How then can just judgment be expected from such fraternization? How could a just judge rely on the information of persons, who repeatedly proclaimed to the world that the work of the mission was attended with such extraordinary success, as that the number of converts returned by them literally exceeded the actual population of Connemara?

I rally a report, authenticated by the signature of the Rev. Hyacinth D'Arcy (his Grace's vicar and host) of his former wife, Fanny D'Arcy, and of Lord Roden, in which they stated that they had eleven thousand six hundred and forty nine children attending their mission schools during the week ending 16th January, 1853. Reconcile this, if you can, with the Government census of 1861, which returned the number of Protestants in the whole county of Galway as only a little over eight thousand!

Passing over Castle Kirk, which does not belong to our district, and which we therefore leave to be accounted for by its own generous pastor, we come to the three localities visited in our own neighborhood, viz—Errismore, Sillerna, and Clifden.

No, with regard to the number of original Protestants, given by his Grace as belonging to Errismore, I do hereby declare before the world that instead of sixty-seven original Protestants mentioned by him, there are only eighteen to be had in that whole district. Now, I ask, when a man does not know his own co-religionists, how can his testimony be relied on when speaking of converts, when it is his interest to exaggerate on that topic.

Now, touching the number of converts, I do state publicly that there are not two hundred and six converts in that district; but including the children of teachers, of readers, of all grades and of both sexes, the number is absolutely under eighty in the entire district, forty of whom are not natives of Connemara. With regard to Sillerna, I have to trace a similar misstatement from his Grace. The converts there exclusive of tribes of readers, of Irish teachers, who have been imported into this country, do not number sixty persons, almost the whole of whom are children of the above named teachers, readers, &c.

Now, coming to Clifden, the head-quarters of the mission, and consequently the focus of every rambling adventurer from every point of the shore of Ireland, as well as of the spurious offspring of every rake and ruffian throughout Ireland, swept and gathered from the purlieus and other places which my pen refuses to name; hence came the bright eyes and intelligent countenances that have won the affectionate admiration of the holy man, but how he presumes to rank them among the inhabitants of Connemara is a problem, the solution of which we throw back on himself. So much for the false numbers given by his Grace of the converts. Now, as to the means employed, and the schemes resorted to, to magnify those false numbers.

It is a notorious practice, with the managers of the system to concentrate all their followers, young and old, male and female, at every appointed place and separate independent congregation. This was done during the sojourn of the right rev. Prelate.

I stake my veracity as a gentleman and veteran Catholic missioner on the truth of this notorious fact. Thus followers were brought to the meetings of Errismore, Sillerna, and Clifden, from other points distant nineteen, twelve, and six miles, to each and every one of those gatherings, and the total number put down as the respective congregations of each of those localities—Errismore excepted—where he admits that two hundred more than the resident number attended.

We repeat our challenge to the proselytisers to come to a close and rigorous scrutiny. We will prove, by unimpeachable testimony, that this fraudulent manoeuvre is invariably resorted to by them.

The right rev. Prelate repudiates the imputation of bribing, and scatters to the winds the oatmeal and Indian meal with the use of which, as mediums of conversion, the parties stand charged. Well, now, his Grace's letter is a clear proof, that bribery is resorted to, else why make the touching appeal for funds, to give vitality and stability to the system. I quote his own words: 'If meal, and money, and clothing, and free holdings of land and dwellings rent free, do not constitute bribery, then the shameless medium is a myth.'

The rigorous inquiry which we invite will bring to light all these elements of bribery, or will, on the other hand, expose the falsehood of the charge, which we publicly, and before the world, lay at their door. The assertion of his Grace that meal was given only three months of the year, is as notoriously false, as it is shameless; for throughout the entire year the carts are in daily motion towards the mission schools, and every month throughout the year the pay day, called silver Monday, attracts to the town of Clifden such shoals of bible-readers and missionary attaches, that the expenditure is over two hundred pounds sterling a month, yet in presence of this palpable fact the right rev. Prelate dares to say there

is no bribery. How is it possible for any honest man not to receive his testimony on points of feeling those conversions with extreme caution, if not with distrust.

You will be pleased to allow me now to glance at the facilities, the advantages, the numerous sources of support which the proselytisers had constantly at their command. Four fifths of the landlords of Connemara, are Protestants, their agents, and most of their officials are Protestants—every public office is filled by a Protestant—the post-offices are managed by Protestants—the letter carriers (with one exception) are Protestants—numbers of anti-Catholic associations and societies in England and Ireland and the Irish Ecclesiastical Commissioners, poured in fabulous sums of money every year during the last twenty; yet, see how little cause they have of exulting in their success. Taking their own false, or exaggerated numbers as the test, we can ask what progress have they made?

The census of 1861 returns a population of this parish of Clifden which comprises the three districts of Errismore, Clifden, and Sillerna, to be ninety thousand four hundred and thirty-nine. After twenty of unceasing effort, sustained by immense wealth amongst a dense famine-stricken population, the mission can now number only a few wretched adventurers, gathered from every part of Ireland, added to a few lazy outcasts in Connemara.

What a degrading, demoralising system it is that can retain its followers only by bribing; when that ceases, of adherents vanish. When the hour of death comes the priest is invariably sent for by those who conformed exteriorly to the material religion. The most fiery zealots, amongst the missionaries have done so. Michael Ward and John King, the latter engaged twelve years, the former fifteen, on the mission, sent for the priest at the hour of death. Was it to promote harmony and good will amongst her Majesty's subjects in Connemara, and to encourage sentiments of loyalty to British rule, that the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who is a member of the Privy Council, and occasionally one of the Lord's Justices came to West Connaught in the capacity of a partisan Bible-reader to calumniate the faithful people of Connemara? It is a base calumny to assert that Catholic parents wish their children to adopt the soup system as a purer and better religion than their own. He knows well that they would not exchange their religion for the sort of spiritualty exhibited in some of his own churches in Dublin.

A new crusade is now commenced against a faithful people, by the Dublin and Tuam binal light of the Reformation which is exhibited in St. Bride's and Grange-gorman's.

In conclusion, I do hereby proclaim before the world that I shall give up the whole cause, if Archbishop Trench will produce one convert, young or old, male or female, who has not been seduced by bribery in one shape or other. I further state that I will abandon the case if he can produce a single adult convert, whose antecedents will stand the test of honesty, industry, or morality.

Whilst those magnates of an insolent galling Protestant ascendancy are exhibiting themselves throughout the country in all the blazonry of wealth and romance, the guardians of the people's faith, derive consolation from the fidelity of their flocks; and they do fearlessly ask their friends and liberal Protestants to come amongst them and see with their own eyes the fervent Catholic devotion—the unpurchasable attachment of the overflowing congregations to the faith of their fathers.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant, PATRICK MACANAMA, P.P., V.G. of Clifden, Co. Galway.

REPRESENTATION OF WATERFORD COUNTY.—Mr. Edmund, having accepted the office of Lord of the Treasury, has addressed the electors of the county of Waterford, and offers himself for re-election. He says the appointment was sought on his part, but he willingly joins an Administration that has given proof of a conciliatory, generous, and just policy towards this country.

The Marquis of Clanricarde headed a very influential deputation last Friday to the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the purpose of inducing the Government to come to the aid of the suffering railway industry in Ireland, by an advance of money at a moderate rate of interest, well secured, to enable the companies to complete works that have been begun, and that are necessary to the profitable working of the lines that are constructed. The interview was, upon the whole, satisfactory.—Weekly Register.

Much indignation is felt in Ireland at the appointment of Mr. Strong (brother of Sir James Strong, the ultra-Tory member for Armagh), a police magistrate in Dublin, and Clerk of the Peace for Tyrone, to the valuable office of Irish Solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue, lately rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Smyley. This office to be always filled by Tory lawyers or rather barristers, for Mr. Strong has no pretensions whatever to be called a lawyer. He is a connection by marriage of Lord Charlemont, but that is not, surely, a sufficient cause for this promotion. Are there no Liberal lawyers in the Hall of the Four Courts to whom £1,500 a year would be acceptable?—Ib.

EMIGRATION FROM CORK.—On Friday three steamers sailed from Queenstown for New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The Cornac emigrant ship Aleppo started on Wednesday with nearly three hundred passengers. The City of Boston left on Friday at four o'clock with about four hundred passengers, a steamer of the Warren line with two hundred passengers, and the National Steam Navigation Company's steamer Scotland took about five hundred, making the whole number of emigrants embarked at Queenstown in two days thirteen hundred.

Conspiracy in Ireland has become a profession, and in skilful hands it is a lucrative one. Its practitioners pass through the usual training. They are first apprentices, then journeymen, and afterwards masters. Mr. James Stephens, the great head of the craft, served his Lehrjahre in 1848, under Mr. Smith O'Brien; he had his Wanderjahre during the Phoenix Conspiracy in 1859, which he spent chiefly in France and in America; and he has at length become beyond all question a master. His claims have been fully recognized by the fraternity. Imitating the example of the Congress of the United States, who, to meet the unique merits of General Grant, have created in his honour a new rank to the American army, the Fenian Brotherhood have elevated Mr. Stephens to the unprecedented dignity of Head-Centre-General. This proof of confidence will no doubt stimulate the patriot to renewed energy in the great work of liberating Ireland in America. Mr. Stephens does not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He has already formed the bold and comfortable design of a tour through the principal hotels of the United States, 'in order to reorganize the Fenian circles, preparatory to the development of a new plan of operations.' The objective point of the movement is not, as we are told with gentle irony, either Canada or Japan, but Ireland. We are inclined to think that it is not even Ireland, but, as heretofore, Stephens. The luxury of travel, of good living, and of gratified vanity, is the condition under which Mr. Stephens acts the part of a patriotic exile and deliverer.

The transfer of Mr. Stephens from a position of some insecurity and privation in Ireland, to one of safety, and, among certain classes of consideration in Paris or New York, is a poor gain to himself.—The British Government has every reason to congratulate itself, too on the latest addition to the ranks of the Irish emigration in the United States. Mr. Stephens has relinquished it from the trouble and responsibility of guarding against a mischief which, though it did not amount to danger, was yet attended with considerable inconvenience; and he has imposed

that obligation on the Federal Executive. It is fitting that the evil should be combated in its source; and that the American Government is unable to put down the pest, it should take the precautions to prevent its extension. One class of persons will, perhaps, suffer from the exchange. The Irish maid-servants and day-labourers of New York, and of the other cities of the Atlantic coast, will probably pay dearly for Mr. Stephens' presence, unless they have lately learned a wisdom of which hitherto they have not exhibited any trace. If Irish maid-servants are willing to pay for the mere promise of such a struggle, no one can deny their right to buy these pleasures of 'imagination' at their own price. One thing is consolatory, amid much that is melancholy in this state of things. Mr. Stephens' Irish dupes in America may smart in pure for their folly; but they will not smart in person. On the unfortunate fellow-countrymen at home, the whole Mr. Stephens can do less mischief, whether to himself or to others, in the United States than he can here, and we do not grudge him his safe deliverance from Briewell. Possibly his presence in America may induce or, we should rather say, may afford opportunity to the Federal Government to take such steps as, within the limits of the constitution and laws, policy may dictate towards suppressing a society which is likely in connection with frontier quarrels and fishery quarrels, to be at least as annoying to the United States as to England. They owe us nothing in this matter which they do not also owe to themselves. If England has sowed the seeds of the discontent which has borne fruit, at once rotten and unripe, in Fenianism, America has afforded the conditions of its growth. Moreover, England, to whose misrule the miseries of Ireland and the political faults of the Irish character are mainly due, was the England of our and their common ancestors. Our American friends are never backward in vindicating their share in Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, in Alfred, and Hampden, and Eliot; and they are right. The honour of noble lineage is not confined exclusively to the eldest son who succeeds to the title and estates. The younger brother who seeks and carves out his fortune abroad has his equal portion in the noble traditions of his race. But our kinsmen in the United States must take the shame with the glory. For six of the seven centuries of Irish misgovernment with which England is liberally credited, the Americans are not less responsible than the English of to-day. They cannot claim Cromwell and William in England and disown them in Ireland. If they boast with us of Fyn and Algeron Syney, they must abuse themselves with us for Strongbow, and Strafford, and Wharton. In the historic wrong, out of which the present difficulties arise, they can only to a very small degree separate themselves from us; and their co-operation in combatting its effects may be justly challenged.—Native American sympathy with Mr. Stephens is out of the question. The Irishry of the cities regard him as a hero, and the less scrupulous demagogues of the democratic party may, perhaps, try to turn him and them to political account. But the American people feel towards him as the English people do. Mr. Stephens will receive only such attention as are prompted by curiosity, and not such as are dictated by respect. The interest felt in him will be that which might be felt in a political Jack Sheppard and a political Barum combined—in a clever prison-breaker and a clever charlatan. He has the gifts which impose on maid-servants and on plough boys, and which seduce turnkeys and policemen from their duties. But these are not the qualities which sway a nation or its statesmen.

But we must not be too hard even on Mr. Stephens. He himself is a result of misgovernment. The history of Ireland has made a conspirator of a man whose nature intended for a clever, bustling attorney, fertile in expedients, and not over scrupulous in employing them; who, with a more legitimate opening in life, might have been a respectable notability, in due time, it may be, a borough magistrate very hard upon offenders, and especially upon all promoters of privy conspiracy, seditious, and rebellion.—Daily News, May 24.

The following report has just been issued:— 'Veterinary Department, Dublin Castle, May 26.

'No fresh case of cattle plague in Down, to which county the disease was confined. None of the alleged cases of that malady reported from other counties presented, according to the descriptions given, symptoms resembling those of cattle plague. The mortality among bovine stock in Ireland has been greatly increased since the prevalence of east winds, the principal fatal disease killing bovine animals in a few hours. One of the most prominent symptoms of it is cerebral derangement, evinced by violent delirium. Several of the animals that were found to have died apoplectic. It would be desirable to let all descriptions of stock, particularly black cattle, have free access to salt, even when at pasture. The latter class of animals should have a plentiful supply of water, particularly if they have access to salt.

HUGH FERGUSON, H.M.V.S.

Unfavorable symptoms have been manifested yesterday in the wounds on Warner's neck, O'Connor, his murderous assailant, was brought to his lodgings during the day, when the injured man fully identified him as the person who had made the murderous attack upon him, and then made a deposition detailing the circumstances of the case as already reported.

At six o'clock this morning a large force of police made a strict search for arms on the premises occupied by Mr. Murphy, National schoolmaster, Howth.—All the houses were searched, and the garden dug up, but nothing of the kind was found. Warner is much better this morning.

MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND.—The Land Tenure Bill.—A meeting of this body was held on Saturday last, Alderman M'Sweeney in the chair. Mr. John B. Dillon, M.P., entered into a lengthened justification of the support the Irish members had given to the Government in the present session, and read a letter from Charles Gavan Duffy approving of their policy. They had determined to support the Government on the Reform question, because there was a Government Land Bill on the Parliamentary paper for the next night, and because three men best disposed to do justice to the Irish tenant—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Bright—were more conspicuously connected with it. He then entered into explanations respecting the Irish Land Tenure Bill, approving of the measure as the nearest approach that could be expected to what the Association wished for. He was of opinion that it would pass the Commons, but was not sanguine as to its adoption in the Lords. In case it were rejected, he would advise the Irish tenants to adopt the same measures as are employed by the artisans of England for adjusting the relations between themselves and their employers—he meant a great agricultural union, comprehending the bulk of the tenant farmers, and as many of the landlords as would co-operate. Such a union should be thought, extended into every parish in Ireland be ruled by a committee sitting in Dublin, acting strictly within the law, aiming at nothing but justice, enforcing its rules by no deeds of violence, but by the same species of moral sanction which secures obedience to the rules of the trades' unions.'

Mr. M'Kenna, M.P., also believed that the Bill was an honest one, and thought it dependent on the people of this country whether the measure would be carried.

Alderman Plunket asked Mr. Dillon why the Government did not adopt his (Mr. Dillon's) Bill, as it was so simple. Mr. Dillon replied that in his opinion there was little difference between them, and after a short discussion a resolution was passed, approving of the Government Bill, and the meeting separated.