

RESURGENT IRELAND.

('Irishman,' May 13.)

Any utterance of one who has occupied so distinguished a position in Irish politics as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is sure to receive the respectful consideration of his countrymen. Duffy, Davis, O'Brien, Mitchel, Martin, Meagher—these were prominent names in the brilliant epoch of Forty-Eight. Of the earnest men who bore them but one survives to-day, and his words come echoing from beyond the "long wash of Australasian seas" to this, his Fatherland, whose welfare he still places foremost in his heart. Irishmen have, and will ever retain a loving regard for the gallant band who, in those tempestuous and terrible days, when men's souls were tested by strenuous strivings with the Angel of Death and the Demon of Despotism, battled foremost in the vanguard of our nation.

The giant form of O'Connell led them on, they supplemented and enlarged his work, and if there had been in addition the organising element of former or later days, the period would not have passed without perfect victory. We are blinded to what defects existed in the men or the measures with which they were identified, but because we recognise the errors of action or the defects of condition clearly, we can, with all the more certainty, render justice to their motives, conduct, influence, and deeds.

Addressing his audience on St. Patrick's day, in Melbourne, Australia, Gavan Duffy gave an interesting account of his recent visit to Ireland. After a long interval, during which important events had happened in Europe, and some in Ireland, the ex-Premier of Victoria sailed for his native land. During that space of time, the population of Australia had more than doubled—whilst the population of Ireland has fallen greatly away, under the blasting breath of Eastern rule. "At this hour," he remarked, "there are fewer Irishmen in Ireland than when the oldest man amongst us was born." The contrast was not formed by these elements only. Whilst the Australians had been prospering greatly under a fostering government, the Irish have been "scourged with scorpions." Rapidly as new homesteads were being built up in Australia, far more rapidly were the homesteads of the Irish people being destroyed by the ruthless hands of exterminating landlords.

Coming to a nation so afflicted from a country so favored—to a land clouded by alien rule, from one glowing with the sunlight of self-government—it was natural that the voyager should picture to himself that Irishmen had lowered their lofty hopes, and shadowed their noble past. He came at a good time to test the truth of the supposition; he landed on the eve of the O'Connell Centenary, and "next day," he says, "my fears were at an end." And he adds: "Never did I see the Irish race to greater advantage, more manly in bearing, more confident in spirit, more frank, joyous, and resolute. And their banners, their music, and their cheers, spoke the undying determination that Ireland should be a Nation again. I could not help exclaiming: 'Thank God, Ireland is not dead, but full of vigor and manhood, and sustained with something more precious, than even many thews and sinews—with soul and spirit.'" *Quantum mutatus!* This was not that "corpse"—that murdered corpse—which he had seemed to see "upon the dissecting table," in former days, which it were labor in vain to attempt to galvanise. Nor was it that corpse apparently in corruption which on a later day lay before him, whilst West British Whigs and Tories, were chaffering for its bones. No, those impressions were mirages—this presence was the reality. Ireland then lay, exhausted and ensanguined, as a man who throughout a long dark night has been exposed to the depredations of insatiable vampires, and appears ghastly and deathlike in the pale glimmer that precedes the dawn. The corruption with which, on his second glance, he beheld it surrounded, was not its own—but that of the sicklied and foul vultures which had gathered around, their beaks and bodies bedraggled with gore and spoil of the grave.

Even at that moment, beneath the cold and pale features of the apparent corpse, the red blood was quickening in the minute vessels that permeate the brain, and far down the great heart was beginning with slowly accelerating throbs, to mark the return of conscious life—the herald of heroic action.

Hence, the Ireland, which Gavan Duffy had left an apparent corpse, which he had again beheld as a corpse in the midst of corruption, he now saw once more erect and active, filled with glorious memories, and inspired by glorious hopes. We wonder not that he was thrilled at the sight—but, if moved at this evidence of abounding vigor, how much more profoundly would he not have been stirred and to the very depths of his heart, by the greater evidence given of Ireland's soul and spirit had he but seen her, when, a few years ago, her marshalled hosts, with neither loud band nor fluttering banner, commemorated in solemn silence the majestic memory of her Martyred Dead. Then, in grief and mourning, she raised her manacled arms to heaven;—and, whilst the glaive of Tyranny threatened her breast, she invoked the God of Liberty, amid the tombs of departed heroes.

It is officially reported by the French Minister of Marine that the sardine fisheries are gradually diminishing in yield. The reason is not that the fish are becoming scarce, but the supply of bait used—the roe of codfish imported from American fisheries—has been inadequate to meet the demand. It has lately been found however, that grasshoppers, pounded into a paste, imitate the roe so exactly that the most knowing of the sardines cannot distinguish the difference; and accordingly the French Government has imported large quantities of the insects from Algeria in order to try the new bait on a large scale. This fact of the grass-hoppers being good for fish-bait might be looked into somewhat further here, and it may appear that the insects which yearly ravage our Western country may be turned to good account for catching fish indigenous to our waters.—N.Y. Tablet.

GENERAL NEWS.

The arrival of Don Carlos in London has not excited much popular interest, but it has considerably fanned the antagonisms between the champions of right and of might. One party argues that Don Carlos is "legitimate," that he had the sympathies of all good Spanish Catholics; that he was the representative of the Catholic principle; and that he would have succeeded had France only befriended him. The other party objects that even the most distinguished Spanish jurists are at issue on the question of legitimacy; that the sixteen millions of Spaniards who did not join the Prince's standard are as good Catholics as those who fought for him (though this, by the way, cannot be soundly asserted; for those sixteen millions never enjoyed the opportunity of expressing their real views upon the subject); that the Catholic principle should not be tied to any dynasty, as though the promises of a "pretender" could be trusted; and finally, that the Holy See has recognised King Alphonso, and has not encouraged the campaign of Don Carlos. Whichever party may have the best of the argument, it is much to be regretted that our reception of Don Carlos has been rude and even coarse in the extreme. He was loudly hissed on arriving at Folkestone, and must have thought our "væ victis" disgraceful. Being still only twenty-seven years of age, he will feel a lively contempt for such meanness, and will be confident of a future success of a personal if not political kind. His appearance is soldierly and brave, with a dash of the chieftain of mountaineers. He is certainly of an opposite type to his "little cousin."—Correspondent 'N. Y. Tablet.'

The Coolies of this Camp have been celebrating their "Christmas" in a manner no doubt gratifying to themselves, though to ordinary individuals of a lighter complexion their daily and nightly demonstrations are anything but pleasing. The sound of the everlasting tom-toms may appear very romantic to the young man just arrived in India, as reclining on some soft couch, he listens to the monotonous sounds borne on the night air, but to the prosaic diamond-digger or merchant, or even to the editor of a Diamond Field newspaper they are anything but charming. Then the fantastically painted idiots who get their bodies into all postures as they march through the streets, always to the accompaniment of the never-ending tom-tom, may afford material for an essay on the folly of human nature, to a philosopher, or sport for children and nurse-girls, but to ordinary Englishmen these displays are so many intolerable nuisances. Why the very small minority should subject the very large majority to all sorts of annoyance is inconceivable; still it is done, and the weary Britisher is kept out of his just sleep by the antics of a parcel of unclean Orientals.—Diamond News.

Madame Bonaparte (Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson), of Baltimore, is seriously ill. She is upwards of ninety years of age. The history of this remarkable lady is familiar to the country. It is understood she has prepared an autobiography, to be published after death.

Dean Swift has found an imitator. An Advocate of Colmar has left one hundred thousand francs to the local madhouse. "I got this money," says the candid lawyer in his will, "out of those who pass their lives in litigation; in bequeathing it for the use of lunatics I only make a restitution."

Bee culture is spreading rapidly in California. The Los Angeles 'Herald' says that, at the present rate, in four years there will be 1,000,000 stands of bees in that and the two adjoining counties producing annually 100,000,000 pounds of honey, which are more valuable than the sugar and molasses crop of Louisiana, Texas, and Florida combined.

Monsignor Yussuff and his Vicar-General have expressed their thanks to the readers of the 'Rosier de Marie,' who have enabled them to build and support a splendid seminary on Mount Lebanon in Syria.

We are happy to hear that every facility continues to be afforded at the Vatican to the Public Records Office, which, through the generous interposition of Cardinal Manning, obtained, as we mentioned some time ago, permission to examine the documents relating to English History preserved in the Papal Archives. The agent employed by the Records Office has forwarded to London copies of some most valuable documents. Some hopes have been entertained that this year we should have seen the commencement of the new wing of the Records Office, which is to run southwards, in a line nearly parallel with Fetter-lane. The Treasurer, however, finding the estimates for 1876-77 attaining such large figures, has deferred the matter for another twelvemonth.—Athenæum.

Our latest differences with the Kohat Afridis appears to have arisen from a praiseworthy attempt of the local Government to turn the energies of those wild Pathans to some useful purpose. The Kohat Pass, which the Afridis have hitherto kept open for us on payment of a yearly blackmail, lately fell into disrepair. There was some talk of mending it, and fair payment was offered the Afridis if they would undertake the work themselves. This they would have done, it seems, had not certain fanatical *mollahs* gone about among the tribes saying that the English only wanted to annex the country and turn the tribesmen into Government rayats. When they waxed insolent, our authorities took the most effective way of bringing them to their senses. "If you would rather not have us use the pass," they said, "your pay shall be stopped, and all trade between you and us shall be stopped likewise." Travellers from Peshawur to Kohat had to go round by way of Attok, and the Afridis were cut off from all communication with British territory. This quiet but powerful pressure soon began to tell. We learn from a Lahore paper that Colonel Sir J. Pollock, Commissioner of Peshawur, was about to leave for Kohat, that he might effect a settlement with the recalcitrant tribes. It is also reported that a metalled road may yet be laid down through the pass. The conditions for that end are not more unfavourable in Khelat than