

gambler at home as something pestilent and polluted, may here be seen hanging lovingly over the shoulders of the players, and passing through a piece of gold or silver now and then for the excitement of a venture. This is said to be the closing season of these open gaming places in the magnificent temples of Baden-Baden, as the frequent suicides and other crimes that come of desperate gambling, have finally determined to close them after 1867. But there is a long chapter yet to be written of the past and present of this fascinating place. Even while we write the chink of gold is mingling with the sound of most delightful music, and hearts are throbbing wildly in the madness of expiring hope, or kindling expectation, over the green cloth of the *Conversation*. Magnificent costumes, as for the opera, are sweeping up and down its waxed and polished floors; the glare of crystal chandeliers is flooding all within, and the voice of the ever-singing, swiftly running stream without, furnishes a soft accompaniment to the notes of a perfect orchestra, while a soft and dreamy moonlight rests upon the fountains, flowers, and statues of the splendid grounds in front, upon the crumbling castles and giant pines of the mountain side, and far away upon the bosom of the classic Rhine which flashes like a band of silver along its vine-clad shadowy valley. But we have reached our period for to-day. When this fair spot is thoroughly explored, you may expect to hear of us as sailing down that noble river which adorns "The land of song and the land of wine," and having a study of those antiquities which lie between Mayence and Cologne. Thence we are bound for Switzerland, to pay a visit to Lansanne, on Lake Geneva; and then we hasten back to Paris to look upon the dying days of the Exposition. WILD EGERTON.

Our Special Irish Correspondence.

DUBLIN, August 5th, 1867.

There was an angel once who stirred the pool of Bethesda at stated periods. Angels don't descend to stir political pools, or I should wish for one just now to stir the stagnant pond of Irish politics.

I should not wish to be misunderstood. When you speak of "politics" here it means Parliamentary politics; and as it is dangerous and treason felony, and Attorney Generaling, and so forth, to speak of anything else, I mean, therefore, Parliamentary politics in the sentence which I have written. As your correspondent, I may tell you there are other politics which are not stagnant, and the prime principle of their impulses, emotions and sentiments is, that a *Parliament in England will do nothing but evil for Ireland*—that for any man to send or attempt to send a representative, that is, a nominal representative, thereto, by his vote, is an act of folly and a signal of insanity, and that there is something else to do instead of wasting honesty and earnestness in that line.

There is an adage about the absurdity of convincing people against their will; and to attempt to convince the Irish people against their will that the converse of their ideas is true, would leave any man in the position of the twelfth juror in the box, who found eleven were against him, and found, too, that he was the only man of brains in the box. Perhaps the evidence that the other eleven out of twelve would take as testimony against the recusant in the judgment seat might find an illustration in part of what I saw last night.

I was rather late walking home through a part of the city not believed to be a *Faubourg St. Antoine*, when the clatter of horses' feet summoned my attention. A number of thoroughfares open into the street where I was at the moment, and I could not tell whether this midnight cavalcade was before, behind, or, as Tennyson says, "on to the left of me, or on to the right of me." It rang upon the air in echoes that might lead me to expect horsemen anywhere, before or behind me. At last I did see them. A squadron of lancers, at least two troops, came galloping down towards me as I walked along, with spears trailed and carbines unslung. It looked like a ghostly invasion as it flitted by in the glimpses of the flickering and glaring lamps, and amid the silence of the deserted streets. I have been asking myself ever since what was the rout about. Is not Fenianism declared by Government organs to be as dead as mutton? are not the rebels declared to be defunct? and who says now that the people of Ireland are not loyal? Is it possible that there is alarm at the Castle under such circumstances? and is it possible that the well instructed Castle could take such an alarm as to send out two troops of lancers when there was no enemy in sight, without some information that told them something else? Can you solve the riddle? I could not, although there is something in it.

Two of the sentenced prisoners in Mountjoy, otherwise termed *Mountgrief*, have become insane. How do those who have been tried and condemned find their treatment endurable? An accident revealed the fact, and the same accident is likely to cause the Government trouble, as it will raise the whole question of the treatment of the political prisoners again. Venice was rather distinguished in the old times for her harshness towards prisoners; so was Spain, and so was the Duke of Alba in the Low Countries; but I do not believe that any jailers, in any country, ever found out the secret of driving their prisoners mad, except English jailers. That they have it, is proved latest of all, by the transfer of two of the prisoners arrested on suspicion to the district lunatic asylum. Repeatedly and ominously, to my knowledge, the medical

officer of Mountjoy warned the Government that they were pursuing a course towards the political prisoners calculated to kill or madden them, and he warned the Government in vain. They would not be deterred from the course which they were determined on taking, and that was to punish these men who "dared to be free" with the utmost rigor, the utmost suffering which they could inflict. They knew well that the distinguished physician, who holds the post of medical officer to this convict jail, could not be accused of any tendency to be lenient to the Fenian prisoners for any cause except the one just and honorable sentiment. He saw that those men were *not criminals*. He saw that they were not of the coarse, low, desperate, brutalized band of guilt and sin, for which alone the silent system was invented, perfected, and put into practice, and he protested against its enforcement, firstly upon men who were only accused, and secondly upon men whose conviction meant neither to themselves nor anybody else a conviction of any breach of moral laws. There is no man less to be suspected, even by the very suspicious Government of this country, of outstepping his duty even in favor of the Fenian prisoners, than this gentleman. The nephew of the Right Hon. Alexander McDonnell, a Privy Councillor and Commissioner of National Education, the nephew of the Hon. Judge Dobbs and the son of the Hon. John McDonnell, the medical officer of Mountjoy, has been loved, nurtured, reared, and now lives amidst the very aroma of officialdom. But a consummate master of his profession, and an honorable, high-minded Irishman, he has from the first instant up to this taken the greatest interest in the treatment of the political prisoners, and rather harassed the Government with reference to them. There was no harshness exercised towards them which he did not interpose to prevent, there was no injustice done them at the hands of the autocracy of the dungeon that he did not strive to ward off.

This occurrence may bring him before a Commission of investigation; and if it does, I promise you revelations which will appall and astound you by their horror. The O'Donoghue has given notice that he will ask the Chief Secretary for Ireland, on Tuesday next, if it be true that the incident of prison insanity which I have just detailed has taken place. This is the form of Parliament, and idle as it seems, must be gone through as a preliminary to more useful action. The Chief Secretary must reply that it is true, and then the O'Donoghue will move for a Parliamentary Commission of inquiry into the business. Whether the Government will agree to give that of course is a different matter, but I think with the facts the O'Donoghue has in his possession that *they must*, and I promise you in that case, no sham like that which glazed over the cruelties of the English prisons towards the Irish prisoners. [The English Government have since refused to make any inquiry.]

Speaking of that, as there must be no little interest in hearing from the poor fellows who are chained in these depths of despair, I have learned that Mrs. Luby and Miss O'Leary had an interview with their relatives in Portland last week. Luby spoke about the Special Commission of inquiry into their condition with no little disdain. The voracious Commissioners, Messrs. Pollock and Knox, found everything about the Irish political prisoners quite *couleur de rose*. They either made no complaints to them, or their complaints were frivolous, according to their story. By the same text, "treason felony convict," Thomas Clarke Luby, is declared to have stated that he was "preternaturally well," and he "volunteered no statement." When "treason-felony convict" Luby speaks for himself, he tells quite a different story. He did say he was "preternaturally well under the cruel treatment which he had experienced." He did volunteer a statement, and Mr. Knox, when he was about to make it, took out his watch and said his "time was up," and "treason-felony convict" Luby told him then, in very brief and decisive language, that "hell could not be worse in horror, than was the prison of the Irish political convicts." However, although the Commissioners knew their duty too well to let Parliament into their secrets, it is a fact that since it required them, notwithstanding that it did not get them, the treatment of the Fenians in the British prison dens has been much ameliorated, and so far some good has been done.

You will have learned ere this comes to hand that General Halpin was arrested on board a steamer at Queenstown, as he was proceeding to America. That estimable character, John Joseph Corydon, was his betrayer, and identified him. However, it is my private opinion that some one else had a finger in the pie, so far as to let the police know that Halpin was in the ship which touched at Cork on her outward bound journey. There was a traitor behind the gallant fellow as well as a traitor before him. Extraordinary rumors are current here with regard to the arrest of a person said to be General Fariola, so much mentioned in the Cork trials. He was caught in London, and it is stated with Stephens, at all events with somebody who made his escape. Rumor states, too, that Stephens pointed him out as he ran away. This prisoner himself declares, though the Castle won't believe him, that he is a German, and not General Fariola, and that his name is Liebhart. Of course, for the present the detectives and Castle keepers shake their blessed heads at that piece of information, and keep shutting him up. However, I think he is right. Even Corydon does not identify him, and that puts everything into a region our Government gets into often, called Queer st.

I can cater no other incident worth relating for you more than those I tell. However, I expect to have more stirring news next mail.

POETRY.

Written for The Irish Republic.

The Mountains.

BY UNA.

A land of plains may hug her chains,
And wreath them round with flowers—
For sluggish ease is born in vales,
And nursed in rosy bowers;
A mountain land, with flaming brand
Will rush on the invader—
Resolved to be forever free,
As the Almighty made her.
The languid slave may idly lave
In shaded marble fountains—
The strong of limb and stout of heart
Are found among the mountains—
The grand eternal mountains.
When Freedom's hunted from the plains,
She's welcomed to the mountains.

O, mountains of our Irish land,
Like guardians grim above her,
In stern defiance strong you stand,
The hope of those who love her.
The ancient kerne o'er heath and fern
Oft rushed against the stranger;
A few to-day, as brave as they,
Flee to the hills from danger.
While tyrants trample Erin's plains,
And choke with blood her fountains,
The eagle souls they try to crush
Are sheltered by the mountains—
The blue majestic mountains.
To guard our nation's liberty,
God made the Irish mountains.

O, holy hills, your thousand rills,
From soil untainted leaping,
Shout Freedom's anthems to the plains,
While swiftly seaward sweeping.
"No chains," they chant, "were e'er too strong
For her hands to sever;
The brave and proud are sometimes bowed,
But can be conquered never!"
The mountain air drives off despair,
Of action sings the fountains,
Then, up, and be forever free,
While stand the Irish mountains—
The chainless, changeless mountains.
The ramparts of our struggling land—
God bless the Irish mountains!

Written for The Irish Republic.

The Thunder Storm.

I sat by the old cottage window, and gazed
On the low distant skies, that were wildly in motion,
Like legions of gods, while their skirmishers raised
Their white crested heads o'er the rim of the ocean.
And hither they swept o'er the sea field of war,
Pressed on by the heavy battalions, like raiders;
While the rock guards on shore, slashed with many a scar,
Rear their vet'ran fronts to repel the invaders.

From the depths of those war clouds that frown grim and
black,
Like the cannon's white glare now the red lightning
flashes;
The shore sends it echoes defiantly back,
'As the deep thunder roar thro' the elements crashes.
Hurra! the white horsemen leap wild to the land;
The lightning swords gleam and the thunder guns rattle
And voices ring out as of gods in command,
Leading on the wild charge in the elements' battle.

Like serried battalions, the mad frothing waves,
With deaf'ning hurras, and with flags loosely shaken,
Above their wild heads, hurry on to their graves,
That lie at the feet of the cool and unshaken
Gray rocks, that fling back the sea into foam,
And rise like true victors, grim, silent and hoary—
The wind and the waves soon repentant will come,
Like slaves to their feet, to proclaim their great glory.

Already the roar and the glare dies away;
The rain on the roof beats tattoo like a drummer;
The invaders are routed and flee off—hurra!
Down the heavens pursued by the smiles of the summer.
There is not a frown on the blue vaulted span;
While beauty and life from their coverts come leaping;
And nothing is dead but the spirit of man,
That weeps in its chains, and grows earthly with weeping.