

will see you on the boat; Miss Lambert—until then, adieu!

CHAPTER III.—DE PROFUNDIS.

Late in the afternoon of the following day, the Swan touched the wharf at G— Laura was glad to take refuge from the deferred hopes of the long morning in the excitement and bustle of embarking. True, Mr. Hagan had given her no reason to expect another tete-a-tete visit; but as she was seeing her for the last time, was it not natural, judging from his foregone intentions, that a few more last words might yet be spoken. Strive as she would, the one thought, the one wish, obtruded itself above any other. But she clung to the hope of his promise, and yet she had been on board some time, the first bell had rung, and still he was not there. At length stragglers began to leave the cabin, and her friends were bidding her good bye, when she recognized the well-known form sauntering deliberately up the saloon.

'Fool, that I am,' she thought, 'to suppose that he ever cared for me. Three minutes will suffice for him to look and speak to me for the last time. Well, well, it serves me right for not guarding my heart more closely.'

She observed the Braddons speak a word to him in passing, and then shake him warmly by the hand, turn and wave a significant signal to her—but what it meant she had not time to understand, for Mr. Hagan stood by her side.

She had recovered herself, so extending her hand as the second bell sounded, she said coldly, 'You barely have time, Mr. Hagan, to bid me adieu, so I will not detain you with parting words.'

He looked intently at her and drew a chair deliberately to her side. 'As I have from this time until we reach New Orleans,' he said, 'to make my "conge," Miss Laura, I don't mean to be in a hurry about it. If you dismiss me then as eagerly as you did last night and just now, I will certainly take you at your word.'

'Do you mean that you are going with me all the way?' said Laura, surprised into a betrayal of what she knew to be his aim.

'I am going on this boat as far as her destination, if you have no objections, and will be only too happy to share the honor with the captain in serving or protecting you.'

'You are very kind,' replied Laura, stiffly; then making an excuse, rose and left him. Left him feeling that he had hurt his own cause by a little want of tact in betraying his discovery of her own suspicions.

The next day was Sunday, bright and invigorating. The wide expanse of water glistened and danced, tossing back to wood and sky the glowing colors, that seemed washed from the palette of a Titan. Laura had sat some time on the guards, studying the scenery, so new in its sombre monotony. Mr. Hagan, watching his opportunity, had joined her there. They were both serious and reflective. The conversation turned upon the solemn realities of life, of which that vast, restless, tortuous river was a type. Some allusion being made to their first meeting, he referred to the conversation he had overheard between herself and Mr. Banks.

'Were you really serious, or were you only talking to draw an argument?' he asked.

'Truly and sincerely serious,' replied Laura, 'then and forever on that subject. But I beg that you will not revive it if, as I fear, you are disposed to be the champion of my foes.'

'Foes! You will live to see the day, Miss Laura, when you will prove and acknowledge some of that people to be your best and truest friends.'

'And you, Mr. Hagan, will have the chagrin of finding yourself a false prophet. But it is getting late, and I have not yet read the gospel of the day, so I will return to the cabin.'

Some unaccountable impulse had moved Laura, on her return to her state-room, to open her trunk, take therefrom her money and a valuable jewel, and put them in the pocket of her dress. Her thoughts had been particularly bent all the morning upon home, and she had grown very sad. Her heart was filled with longing to see once more the face of her dear mother, and to aid in the little tender ministrations to her suffering father. Opening her prayer book mechanically, her eyes fell on these lines, 'Why art thou sorrowful, oh! my soul, and why dost thou disquiet me?' She paused, to let the fullness of her pathos sink into her heart, when suddenly there came, simultaneously, a crash, and a succession of terrible screams, ending as soon in the very stillness of death. A thrill of terror, a prayer for preservation, and she was on her feet, looking out into the cabin.

A scene of horrible confusion met her eye. Men and women were rushing frantically to and fro—furniture lying in confused masses over the cabin floor; one side of the boat a wreck, and through it all she stood alone. There was not one within sight to give her aid through all this tempest of ruin. She grasped the whole danger of her situation in a moment, and prepared to act. Physically, she felt as weak as an infant; but a new and strange infusion of strength pervaded her mental powers, and gave force to her will, and clearness to her perceptive faculties.

Returning to her stateroom, she seized upon a life preserver, fastened it round her waist, and seeing the crowd of nearly two hundred passengers making their way to the upper deck, followed them. When there, the number to be saved, by lowering into the boats, the pressure of each one to be first in the mad contest for life—the one all overpowering sense of self-preservation, swaying the crowd, to the exclusion of every other human feeling, soon convinced Laura that if her life was to be saved, it must be alone through the force of her own courage and self-control. Retracing, then, her steps deliberately, turning her back upon a possible certainty; cutting herself off from even the chance comfort of companionship in doubt and terror, she, this frail young girl, heretofore compassed around by watchful, loving eyes, and ready hands for any emergency, kept bravely on her way until she reached the lower deck.

The boat was now on fire; and the roaring and crackling of the flames sounded like the last crash of a dying world in her ears. Bodies of

the dead met her eyes as she passed the main cabin, and she turned away with a sickening studder, lest the one ever now in her thoughts, and whose absence could on 'y thus be accounted for, might be lying there among them.

There was a small window separating the two sides of the wheel-house, now the only possible means of exit to the lower deck. The fire had also seized it, but she knew that with her active, light step, she could clear the passage at a bound. What was her horror, then, upon reaching the spot, to find the aperture filled by a large black travelling bag, against which a German woman was pushing frantically to get it through to the other side.

'For God's sake, my good woman,' exclaimed Laura, 'let that thing go, or we will lose our lives.'

'No, no!' replied the woman, with true Teutonic phlegm: 'me no lose mine clothes—me keep all.'

Minutes widen into eternities in such a crisis and the fast spreading fire overhead now scorching her very clothes, seemed to hiss a horrible doom into the ears of the baffled girl. At length the first corner—the only one beside herself—had passed safely through to the other side, and Laura followed. Mountains of cotton bales were before her, but she jumped from one to another with the agility of a chamois, until finally she reached the lower deck. There was assembled a large number of men, all frantically juggling at the cumbersome staging, which they were striving to launch. The roar of the flames, the terror of these strong men, the inevitable approach of the end of this fearful contest between man and the elements, was a sight to appal a stouter frame and heart than even our little heroine possessed. She was the only woman there—young, frail, beautiful—looking appealingly from one face to another. Yet there was not one eye looked pityingly upon her—not one hand extended for aid—not one voice raised itself in words of hope or cheer. The soul was dead within these stalwart forms. Only the animal man lived—lived to war with fate and fight for self.

Laura watched their efforts, and kept near the edge to be ready to jump when the raft was launched. Just at that expectant moment there came a wild cry: 'Jump into the river and save yourselves.'

Raising her eyes, they were blinded by a thousand tongues of red, hissing flames, encompassing her on every side. Closing them, then, and breathing one agonizing prayer, she sprang forward; but oh! horror unutterable! She failed to reach the water, but hung by her dress on a nail or splinter, between the two destroying elements. Tearing, pulling with the strength of frenzy, she at length extricated her skirts, and with a plunge went down, down, into the watery grave. Coming up with a rebound, her head struck against some hard substance. She knew, instinctively, that it was the plank on which clustered the men. Her presence of mind was still complete. Using her hands, she paddled herself into open water, sank again—came up, struggling, fainting, dazed with the roaring in her ears, bewildered with the throng of memories and visions that pictured themselves in this magic camera obscura, showing her, at one turn, every act, thought, and feeling of her life—showing her the anguish of a bereaved mother, and the harrowing grief of the dear household, never, never to be seen again. Then the awe and mystery of eternity opened before her, and thus, in a moment, she lived years, and still kept going down, down, into fathomless depths of darkness, with a wild prayer in her heart, now already ceasing to beat. Going under the glorious sunlight, in the full sheen of nature's loveliness; strong in health, radiant in beauty, buoyant of heart, round which had just before begun to cluster the aureole of requited love. All, all to be swallowed up by the cold, pitiless, relentless waters. One more sound, the last, mingles with the rattle in her ears; it is that of a human voice. Once more a thrill of hope and love bounds through her frame, then all merges into the silence and darkness of the grave.

(To be Continued.)

THE IRISH CHURCH AND SEDITION.

The late Mr. O'Connell advocated a trinity of nations, and a unity of empire. Only eight and twenty years had then elapsed since Ireland was a distinct kingdom, just as Hungary now is in relation to Austria. The era of independence, in 1782, had abolished Poyning's law, when,

A Nation overleaped the dark bounds of her doom, And for one sacred instant touched liberty's goal.

At the time that O'Connell opened the Repeal agitation, the whole of the adult population of Ireland then in middle life had fresh and vivid personal recollections of Grattan, Flood, and Plunkett, the great patriots and jurists who in the Irish House of Commons denied that the packed Irish Parliament had power to commit constitutional suicide, and asserted that the Act of Union, if passed, could legally bind no Irishman. The hundreds of magnificent houses of nobility then being transformed, some of them into trimming shops, a few into schools, others into lodging houses, and the most magnificent of them all into a museum, appealed strongly to the citizens in proof of their deserted and denationalized condition. The gay and refined metropolis of an ancient nation had suddenly collapsed to the narrow and impoverished dimensions of a decayed provincial town. An absentee proprietary, a peerage recruited from venal parties that voted away national independence, a monster alien Church, increased taxation, and bitter disappointment at the partial effects of the great measure of 1829, all incurred the popular mind, and prepared the way for O'Connell's matchless movement of the people during the memorable years 1843-45. However Englishmen may deplore or may oppose the object of such proceedings, the fact remains, clear and undeniable, that a people who, in 1782, carried by moral force—armed volunteers in the porch of the Senate—the great Declaration, 'No power on earth hath or had right to make laws for this kingdom, save the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland,' cannot be accused of anything revolutionary in demanding, less than thirty years afterwards, the repeal of the Act which, from 1801, abolished this independence and reduced the kingdom to an impoverished province. During the period of that fervid agitation, the Anglican prelates, the Anglican clergy the Orangemen of Ulster—par. ly Anglican, partly Presbyterian—were the bitterest enemies of the movement. Yet these are the men who now attempt to revive the Repeal agitation and upon grounds that demand the grave consideration of the whole British people. The monster meetings of 1843, from Moanaghan to Malloy, from Olantra to

Olantra, never reckoned one Anglican parson amongst their millions. Unknown to Mulligan, absent at Tara, not a solitary curate put in an appearance for the restoration of the legislative independence of Ireland. Yet, strange, that movement produced no more in warmth of sentiment to equal the declarations of a section of the Anglican Church, Bishops, parsons and lay, now made in favour of a repeal of the Union. Mr. O'Connell never uttered one word personally disrespectful of the Queen. In his 'Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon,' humbly inscribed to her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and of Ireland, while discussing the bitterest and blackest pages of the history of his country, he treats the Sovereign with profound personal respect. It was left to the defenders of the Established Church, of which the Queen is the legal head, to insult and revile her, to utter ribald slanders against her Sovereign, to load the Ministers of her choice with the foulest epithets, and to threaten the dismemberment of the empire, should justice be done, should religious equality be granted, to the vast majority of the three kingdoms, to the Catholic people of Ireland.

Amongst the Bishops, several have uttered, in no uncertain terms, a determination to do up a meed of loyalty proportioned to the degree of ascendancy and justice secured to them. Dr. Gregg, the Bishop of Cork, transcends all his brethren in the grace and amenities, not to say the charities, of Irish Protestant episcopacy oratory. The Theatines of the Bench, if disestablishment secured no other good than purge the roll of Barons of his name and the House of Lords of his foul tongue, some odium is averted from the dignity of the peerage. It is but a short period since the respectable members of his flock, in the city of Cork, rose up to publicly protest against his blasphemous attacks upon the most cherished dogma of their Catholic fellow-citizens. Dr. Gregg's abuse of Mr. Gladstone is so degraded in conception and so coarse in language, that we could not publish it without apologizing to our readers for such a violation of all propriety. A Mr. Puzley, a Welshman, who has settled in the mining district of Castlewardrehaven and who holds the commission of the peace, and occupies Dunboy Castle, the memorable seat of O'Sullivan Beare, repeatedly warns the Queen against the crime of 'perjury,' and accuses Mr. Gladstone of having basely kept back his Church Bill until the Sovereign was bereaved of a husband, who would have impressed on her the horror of the crime of perjury, and made her withhold her assent from the iniquitous measure, though Lords and Commons should pass it. Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of Killmore and Killaloe are milder and more dignified than their Cork brother; but Dr. Daly, of Cashel and Waterford, unchilled by fourscore-and-six winters, fervidly denounces the spoliation and robbery of the Church. Maternally descended from the Maxwellls, whose Scotch family were intruded into more than one Irish See, out of who revenues they founded the Earlom of Farnham, his Episcopal, consisting of the four united dioceses of Cashel, Emly, Waterford, and Lismore, is the paradise of persons, expulsion from which would drive the occupants to courses more evil still than even Repeal and sedition. His lordship has himself received as his personal share during his ministry £134,140, of the Church property of Catholics. In an aggregate population of 370,978 persons Dr. Daly has an Anglican following of 13,853, or 37 in every 1,000, scattered over five counties or parts of counties, in 107 distinct benefices, with only 94 churches, and ministered to by 152 clergymen, including the Bishop, the dignitaries of four dioceses, and four complete cathedral corps. The 107 benefices include 261 civil parishes 40 of which do not contain one Anglican Protestant; while sixty-five parishes contain only from one to ten Anglicans each; so that 105, or 40 per cent of the 261 civil parishes contain either no Anglican Protestant, or only one to each. Sixteen benefices have no Church. The annual sum expended on the spiritual instruction of those few thousand Protestants, the bulk of whom is to be found in the city of Waterford and in a few towns, is £43,137, or £3 2s 3d. a head for every Anglican man, woman and child dispersed over 2,196 square miles of country; whilst there are 25 benefices with an average population of 24 Anglican families each, and whose spiritual provision rates at £96 12s 2d. per family annually. Two Catholic parishes in the diocese of Tipperary and Thurles contain 14,915 Catholics, or 1,091 more than the 13,833 Anglicans in the four dioceses in the venerable Dr. Daly's charge. The moment that this gigantic Establishment is threatened with demolition, mark, Bishops turn demagogues, sedition shelter itself under the shadow of the Cathedral, and where only the voice of 'prayer and praise' should be heard, malediction issues from the pulpit. While O'Harley and other Archbishops of Cashel were martyrs for the Faith, not a few of Dr. Daly's predecessors were disposed or publicly executed for atrocious forbidden even to be named amongst Christians it is only 105 years ago, since Dr. James Butler author of 'Butler's Catechism, one of the many members of the House of Ormonde who filled the Archbishopric of Cashel, ventured openly, to reside in an humble thatched house, in Thurles; while his immediate predecessor, another Butler, was accustomed to date his Pastoral, 'e loco refugii nostri'—from his 'hiding place.'

On the night of Tuesday the 30th March, the Catholic Church of Faughanvale, county Derry, was entered by some person or persons, and five beautiful and valuable candles taken thence. Except three other candles which were on the altar, and which escaped observation these were the only articles of value in the church at the time. It is somewhat singular that about a month ago while a Mission was being conducted here this church was entered in a similar way, and a costly chalice and splendid remembrance stolen the reform. It is to be hoped the ruffian perpetrators of these sacrilegious acts will be discovered and receive due punishment for their crimes.—Northern Star

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THE LITURGICAL BOARD OF GUARDIANS has adopted a summary method of getting rid of able bodied paupers. The master of the workhouse has been directed to notice forty-four persons of this class to leave the establishment, and in case they should refuse to put them outside the walls. The guardians have ascertained that the individuals to whom this order applies are well able to work, and could get employment outside if they chose to exert themselves.

The Weekly Herald of April 5 says:—That depletion of Ireland which has become chronic at this period of the year has commenced in right earnest. The Great Southern and Western Railway brought on Tuesday about twenty carriages full of hearty young emigrants, who left Queenstown on Wednesday and Thursday for the Greater Ireland on the other side of the Atlantic. Thanks to steam, America is now as near to Ireland as San Francisco will be to New York, even with the help of the ironhorse.

Referring to the reception accorded the Prince on Monday, the Dublin Express says that very little public interest was manifested through the city during the early portion of the day, and but for the discoloured building which adorned a few of the buildings, there was nothing to indicate the proximity of any unusual event. Compared with the preparations which were made, last year to give the Royal visit eclat, nothing could have been more marked than the total absence of any such attempt to-day.

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suggested, the Church, from the Primates to the youngest curate, brighten with rage, the boasted loyalty of three centuries, put in for by hundreds of millions of money and seas of blood, vanishes. The Sovereign is insulted, and civil war is threatened. As the witty O'Connell, St. Paul's, Sidney Smith, truthfully described the Protestant Church in Ireland years ago, so it is to-day: 'There is no abuse like it in all Europe, and in all Asia, in all the discovered parts of Africa, and in all we have heard of Timbuctoo.' Had as the Irish Church Establishment, it is to its defenders we are most largely indebted for the clearest view of the full extent of the danger to the peace and security of the empire of which it is capable.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The accession to the Wicklow peerage threatens to be a question of legal dispute—a lady, said to be the widow of Mr. G. W. Howard, the late heir presumptive, claiming the title for her child.

At a late New Ross Quarter Sessions there was no single criminal case for trial. Hence the Chairman, Henry West, Esq., Q.C., was the recipient of the customary white gloves, which were presented by Mr. Wilkinson, sub Sheriff.

The Mayor of Cork presided at a dinner held there in honor of Warren and Costello, the released Fenian prisoners, prior to their departure for America. His worship made a speech, warmly eulogizing the guests. Several other gentlemen also spoke in the same strain.

A lady named Boyd, living near Ballycastle, has given to the Catholics of that district five acres of ground as a site for a church, schools, and a burial ground. The gift is situated in an elevated position, overlooking the town, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding scenery.—[Belfast Examiner]

Emigration from the south of Ireland has actively recommenced with the opening of spring. One hundred and thirty persons, chiefly of the agricultural class, left Limerick on Wednesday for Cork to embark for America. They came from the counties of Limerick, Clive, and Tipperary.

The Earl of Enniskillen has, on the requisition of some members of the Orange Society, convoked a meeting of the General Lodge, to consider the propriety of laying before the throne the solemn remonstrance of the Orange Institution against the pending assaults on the Protestantism and Constitution of the realm and to declare to her Majesty our united and determined resolve to rally for their defence; and to invite the co-operation of the Orangemen in Great Britain for the like purpose, also the colonies.

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The circumstances under which the third son of the Queen has come to Ireland, is an essential difference between this occasion and that of the Royal visit last year. Then the Heir to the Throne came accompanied by his fair Princess, whose gracious presence irresistibly appealed to the gallantry as well as hospitality of the people. There was all the pomp and circumstance of a State progress to give imposing splendour to the event. Those who know how much the multitude are impressed by beauty and pageantry can easily understand why they were less demonstrative in their reception of the youthful Prince who yesterday entered the city with so little ostentation. The absence of a military display, for which Dublin possesses such ample resources, was noticed with regret, and was no doubt a disappointment to the populace, who expect to see Royalty invested with great magnificence. It is due to them to say, however, that they appreciated the modest yet gallant bearing of the Royal visitor, and testified their pleasure by cordial manifestations. But such expressions of public feeling are not to be contrasted with the outburst of popular enthusiasm which is only reserved for some political idol. The masses of the people have almost forgotten how to cheer. Their greatest efforts are poor and faint compared with the ringing acclamations which they were wont to raise when listening to some favourite orator or stirred by some great political excitement.—[Times Cor.]

The Express reports a meeting of Protestants of all denominations in the county of Moanaghan, which was held yesterday in the Assembly rooms of the county town, to protest against Mr. Gladstone's Bill. It is stated that 2,000 persons were present. Strong resolutions were passed, and among them the following respecting the Act of Union:—That we shall continue to uphold the legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland so long as the international compact is respected and held inviolable by the British Parliament; but should the fifth article of the Treaty of Union—which is expressed to be essential, fundamental, and perpetual—be repealed, we shall be forced to regard the Union as virtually dissolved.

An inquest was held at Lyons respecting the death of Lord Cloncurry. It appeared from the evidence of the surgeon who was in constant attendance upon him, and of a p-rson who was in his employment, that on Saturday evening it had been proposed to take a walk, and he went out ostensibly for the purpose of complying with the request, but making an excuse of wanting to return for a few minutes, he was allowed to re-enter the house. He immediately went up to the third story, and opening a window, was observed to get out on the sill and hang for a moment by his hands and then fall to the earth. He lived, though in a state of insensibility, for two hours. Surgeon Adams was examined, and deposed that he had advised him to be kept under constant surveillance, though with as little appearance of restraint as possible. He had made other attempts on his life, and instruments of destruction had been carefully kept out of his reach. The jury found that he came by his death by falling out of the window while in an unusual state of mind.

At a late meeting of the Cork Corporation Mr. Dwyer said that he had brought forward at the last meeting of the improvement department the question of a petition in reference to the constabulary carrying firearms when on ordinary duty, as was their present custom. It was a dangerous practice; for, with the best possible intentions on the part of the constabulary, accidents might occur. It was not customary in England for constables to carry firearms in the daily discharge of their duty, and on the part of the citizens of Cork he thought it most desirable that a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant be adopted, or else that the Town Clerk be directed to communicate with the Chief Secretary on the subject by memorial. The motion was seconded by Alderman Barty, on the ground that he considered the city of Cork was one of the quietest in the three kingdoms. After a long discussion the motion was agreed to.

PULPIT DENUNCIATIONS.—The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Treach), according to the Dublin Freeman, issued an order that the several clergymen in the several churches of Dublin should preach on Sunday from each pulpit on the 'sin' of allowing Catholics to enjoy the same rights as the Protestant fellow-countrymen, as is proposed by Mr. Gladstone's Church Bill. The general topic was the 'robbery of God'—God's meaning, of course, those mammoth worshippers whose God is their belly; and who confound state pay with the pure and undefiled gospel of the Redeemer. There was (says the Freeman), we regret to learn, more cursing from the Dublin Protestant pulpits on Sunday than issued from the same stand-points since the days when Downham, Bishop of Derry, terrified the Vicar into a raid upon all 'mass-houses' by his anathemas against the 'sin' of tolerating Popery, or allowing Catholics freely to exercise their religion.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN AND THE FREEMASONS.—In a recent pastoral on the approaching jubilee of the Holy Father, his Eminence has given great offence to the Freemasons by incidentally reminding Catholics that they incur the penalty of excommunication by participating in, or encouraging any of the proceedings of Freemasonry, and that such encouragement would be given by attendance at a ball which it is proposed to give with all the splendour of aprons, sashes, and mock jewellery during the stay of the Prince. The craft, mindful of the utter indifference with which Establishment Bishops are wont to regard the goings and comings of their flocks, are quite incapable of understanding why the Cardinal should interfere with them. Some unthinking Protestants probably seeing no harm in the tomfoolery of signs and self bestowed degrees and orders, forget that their oath reduces them, whatever be their pretensions to the same level as the worst secret societies. All secret societies profess that they are not only harmless but meritorious. A most unwarrantable liberty has been taken with the name of the Catholic Lord Chancellor in connection with the ball, it having been publicly stated that his lordship proceeded to be the authority of the Church at defiance by being present.—Dublin Cor. of Tab. et.

PROTESTANT STRIKES. The Protestant strikes are beginning in Ireland. Dr. Alexander, the Bishop, an able man, in favour of whose elevation to the Episcopal Bench we said our word heartily, and from whom we vainly hoped for sense and moderation at least, characterised Mr. Gladstone's bill at London-derry last week as 'written treason; written tyranny and bearing the stamp of falsehood.' He called its treatment of the curates—which is very equitable—as 'the very atrocity of tyranny.' He asserted that a voice was raising in England which would some day 'call to solemn account the statesman who perpetrates this wrong and this insult to the Reformed Church and Protestant religion.' And he denominated the Liberal majority 'the brute majority.' It is of no more use to reason with a man in this condition of mind than to cast pearls where we are told not to cast them; and we, for our part, do not believe that any set of men who are so evidently incapable of calm reason and judicial opinion as this, will be severely, though they may be solemnly, judged for curates so silly and mischievous. But if ever the voice of which Dr. Alexander speaks does call the statesman who are passing this measure to solemn judgement, it will call the Irish Bishops who are so violently resisting it to a judgement quite as solemn—and the Bishop of Derry with all his great intellectual gifts, will hardly be one of those to be beaten with the fewest stripes.—Spectator.

O'CONNELL AND THE CLARE ELECTION.—It was the Clare election of 1838 which first fully displayed the nature and extent of the ascendancy which O'Connell had attained over the Catholics of Ireland. Mr. Fitzgerald, previously member for Clare, had deserted well of the Catholics, and only in the consciousness of irresistible potency would the association have dared to oppose him. Once the word was given,