

"Because we shall neither reach England, nor return hither alive," said a voice behind him.—It was Hilliard who had spoken.

With a feeling as if he had listened to a prophecy, Douglas gazed upon her pale inspired brow; the next moment she and her young companions had passed like a vision from before his eyes; and long ere had recovered from the shock of almost superstitious awe which her words had caused him, the boat was shoved off from shore amidst the prayers and lamentations of the spectators on the beach.

Higher and higher rose the wind that day, and darker and darker rolled the billows. Ships came hastily in for shelter, and anticipations of coming sorrow were beginning to weigh heavily on the hearts of those who had friends at sea, when word all at once went through the town that the brig conveying the English damsels was in imminent danger of shipwreck. For an hour or two she had indeed struggled bravely with the surging billows; but the tide was running high, and with a heavy sea and wind against her, the overladen vessel at length became unmanageable, was driven back upon the land, and struck upon the western head of the harbor, close to where Douglas was watching her from the shore.—Crowds of people rushed on the instant to the spot, the gates were opened, and every effort was made to save her; but no boat could have gone to the rescue and hoped to live in those tumultuous waters; and as they watched her beating fearfully against the palisades, the most experienced seamen shook their heads and prophesied her doom.

It was a terrible sight to see, and rendered yet more terrible by the fact of the imperilled vessel being so close to shore that the shrieks and lamentations of the passengers could be heard high over the howling of the wind and the roaring of the waves; and once even Douglas saw, or thought he saw—and the very thought almost deprived him of his senses—the white robes of Winifride flapping in the storm. It was but for a moment; the next the vessel foundered and went down—went down at a stone's throw from the land, and while they who perished in her were still within sight and hearing of the friends they had left but a few hours before—within sight and hearing, irrevocably divided, and yet so near that a hand or an arm put forth in pity must almost have seemed to their agonised senses sufficient for their rescue! Douglas heard the cry of agony which went up in that terrible moment from sea to sky; a rushing sound then filled his ears, a mist came over his eyes, and he covered his face with both his hands, for he felt—rather than could he say to know it—that all indeed was over.

CHAPTER VIII.—REMOSE AND REPENTANCE.

Two days after the bodies of the martyr maidens were discovered washed up among those of other victims on the beach. The venerable Padre de Cunha attended in person the procession that bore their remains to the church where they were to be buried. Thirty young girls, carrying light tapers in their hands, walked by the bier on which they were sleeping side by side, while the entire population of Ostend followed reverentially in the rear. It was arranged that the funeral should take place after early Mass next morning; and in the mean time the crowd continued to flock in and out, to pray, it might be, for the souls of the departed, but yet more to gaze with reverence on the dead—the dead for conscience' sake. Douglas also, pale and as one spell-bound, lingered through the hours of the weary day around and about, and every where but in the church. He longed to enter, but he did not dare; dreading alike the angry glance of the living people, and the yet more terrible reproach which would meet him in the countenance of the unconscious dead. The veil had fallen from his eyes, the passions that had urged him on were extinct or stifled, and remorse—God's most fearful retribution, and yet His highest act of mercy to the sinner—was already gnawing at his heart.

As night closed in, and the crowd began to disperse, he approached nearer to the church;—drawn hither, so it seemed to him, by some invisible hand which he had no power to resist. Nearer and nearer still he came, until at length he almost fainted on the threshold, so strongly did the recollection of the night on which he had stood there to watch for Winifride rush into his mind. It passed in a moment, the sharpness of that pang of agony and self-reproach; and then he staggered up the aisle, until he stood before the bier where the early dead were laid together. There he counted his victims one by one, and hegered long upon each ashy face; until at length unwillingly, and as if because he could not help it, he sought that of Winifride, and his very soul seemed to die away within him as he gazed upon her features.

Neither she nor the young girls who lay cold and still beside her, bore any traces of the death-strife on their persons. Some kind motherly hand had wrapped their forms in snowy drapery, and wiped the sea-foam from their shining tresses; and there she lay, the idol and the victim of the strong passions of his soul—there she lay, calm, and pale, and holy—calmer, and paler, and holier still for the shadows of death beneath which she slumbered. The lovely bands were folded in mute submission on her bosom. The sweet grave look still lingered on her lips and brow, and nothing of fear, or terror, or disorder was there to tell of the awful scenes amid which her young life had passed away. Douglas held his breath, and looked, and looked, until he felt as if he were turning into stone. It was she herself—the Winifride of his early youth and passionate affection; the Winifride who had never slipantly allured or capriciously repelled him; the Winifride who, in her lofty calling and high-wrought enthusiasm, had ever most entirely possessed his love, even at the moment when she was most inflexibly rejecting it.

It was she herself, and it was his hand that had brought her there; and but for him she might still have been bright, and beautiful, and glad as ever. He was her murderer; and though the law condemned him not, and the world would never tax him with it, he knew that Heaven had pronounced him guilty.

"Murderer, dost thou dare to look upon thy victim?" Douglas started, so awfully were the words an echo to his thoughts, that for a second he almost felt as if the dead had risen to convict him of his crime; but it was a living man who stood before him, and gazed upon him with a face more terrible in its rebuking calmness than the wildest energy of passion could possibly have made it. Well, indeed, might he shrink from that glance of stern endurance, for it was the father of Winifride who stood before him, a man grey-haired before his time, and older by twenty years than when he had seen him last with his daughter in his arms. The conscience-stricken youth stood for a moment beneath that stony look, unable either to meet or to evade it, and then sinking on his knees, he struck his hand violently against his breast, exclaiming, "Curse me not, Elliot! I knew not what I did!"

In a brief but terrible instant the father, bereaved and childless, looked irresolute; but one glance at his pale child as she lay upon her bier, one wordless prayer to the Great Forgiver of all injustices who dwelt in the silent tabernacle on the altar, and then with a mighty effort he laid his hand upon his nephew's head and said, "I do forgive you. May God forgive you also; and may the day at length arrive when (though I can hardly think it) you shall be able to feel you can forgive yourself."

Then, as if not daring to trust himself to utter another word, Elliot left the church, set his hat firmly on his head, and strode away, far from the presence of his guilty nephew, whom he never was destined to meet again in this world. Douglas, on his part, waited another instant to recover himself before he staggered back, as well as he could, to his own abode; and what happened afterwards he never rightly knew: for a burning fever deprived him of his senses, and for many weeks it seemed impossible that his brain could ever recover the shock it had received. Youth, however, and a good constitution, carried him through all; and at length, almost against his own wishes, and certainly against the prophecies of his medical attendants, he walked forth from his sick chamber a sadder, but unhappily not as yet a wiser man. For not even then had remorse taken for him the form of practical repentance, and therefore it weighed almost unendurably upon him, by turns wearied him or made him sad, consuming him with the desire to get rid of it and of himself, and rendering his life for many long years afterwards one vain effort to forget.

Happily for him he did not succeed. No noisy mirth could hush the still small voice of conscience; no pursuit of riches or of worldly honors could drive the gloomy image from his mind; and when at length he found the effort fruitless, and that, however exciting or however absorbing neither business nor pleasure had power to efface the memory of that fatal day which had set the mark of Cain upon his brow, then, and not till then, did he cease to struggle with his own soul, and to suffer it to seek in prayer and in repentance the peace of which sin had robbed it, and which therefore nothing but sorrow for sin could ever restore. And so at last he became a truly heart-humbled and repentant man; and when after many years had passed away, and he returned to Ostend once more, the oldest inhabitants of the city had either forgotten his story altogether, or at all events failed to recognise the hot-headed handsome youth who was its ill-omened hero, in the grey-haired, dim-eyed man, bowed down alike by sorrow and by age, who might be seen from morn till dewy eve lingering in their beautiful old parish-church; and thus they never guessed, that if he had come to lay his bones among them, it was chiefly for the sad privilege of passing the evening of his days near the tombs of the young heroic girls, whose early death had doubtless been intended alike as the reward of their all but angelic virtue, and as the terrible chastisement of his own selfish and unbridled passions.

REV. DR. CAHILL ON PORTUGAL.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

At every period of Irish history since the reign of Henry the Eighth of England, whenever penal enactments were framed to extinguish our liberties, or to crush our creed, examples were ever sought in foreign countries to justify this British persecution in politics and religion. At one time it would be argued that the Pope claimed the right of bestowing kingdoms, of deposing monarchs, and of demanding obedience and homage from all the rulers of the earth: that he exacted allegiance from all the Catholics of the world of a higher obligation than what was due to their rightful political Sovereigns; and hence that such a power being inconsistent with social law and liberty, the Catholics of this country should be excluded from all political rights, and chained down by penal restrictions as enemies to the state, and rebels to the throne. At another time it would be asserted that the Pope assumed the prerogative of dispensing the subjects of all nations from their oaths to the crown: that perjury and murder were lawful, and even meritorious, whenever the interests of the church or the command of the chief Pontiff required the commission of these crimes. And hence it was again maintained that the Catholic mind and conscience being so constituted, they were unfit to hold any place of trust under the government: and moreover that their existence in the state was full of danger and disaster to the commonwealth.

Again, the records of slander, and the malicious inventions of the infamous of all countries would be ransacked in order to bring before the British public forged accusations against the Jesuits and other religious bodies, charging them with conspiracies against kings, with private crimes, with public guilt, and with being the accomplices in several of the most heinous atrocities that stain the pages of foreign and domestic history. And hence that the nation can have no security for liberty, morality or life, until every vestige of the various religious orders will have been effaced from the soil, colonies, and territories of Great Britain. Finally it would be supported, that no intermediate step could be adopted towards this odious, monstrous anti-Christian

face of Catholics, between their total expulsion or their conversion to the Protestant ideas of political education; and to the religious faith of the Established Church. And hence that all the means within the power of the state, in reference to influence, money, intimidation and law, should be employed throughout every branch and department of the universal government to carry out this most desirable consummation.

The picture of state policy and legislative enactment of past times which is here drawn is not copied from fancy, or prejudice, or ignorance: it is the rigid truth, proved by the evidence of facts which are carved on every inch of the Irish soil for centuries, and which may be learned as well from the tombs of the dead as from the agonizing lamentations and bleeding trials of the living:

Not the least remarkable appendage of these historical reminiscences, is the modern scheme of effacing and blotting out all allusion to these past transactions: and schools are now established, and books are now printed which ignore the history of our country, the courage of our fathers, and the triumphs of our creed: which are equally applicable to China as to Ireland, and which might be read with the same interest by the young converted savages of New Zealand as by the hereditary Christian children of Patrick and Columkill. This new scheme, if successful, will present Ireland, like the field of Waterloo the year of the battle, namely, a green field or a smiling crop, without one mark of the fierce bloody struggle that had passed away; and covering beneath a smooth surface, the mouldering, unflinching hearts, and the crimson gore that lie deep in the bleeding soil.

In addition to the argument of foreign slander, misrepresentation of the Pope, and the imported lies against the religious orders which England had employed by way of justification for her past unjust and cruel treatment of Ireland, she has also taken advantage of the foreign revolutions (which she herself had aided in fomenting) as a supplementary reason and proof of her constitutional conduct. When the French revolution of '89 exploded, and when in '93 the heads of the King and Queen, and of four thousand priests and bishops for a moment satiated infidel fury, England, through ten thousand pamphlets, exclaimed that the French had only initiated the lesson set before them in the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth, in overthrowing an effete Church, in seizing the wealth and taking off the heads of an idle clergy.

Again, when in 1795 Poland was finally partitioned between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, England (although in modern times the pseudo friend of Polish liberties) lauded the policy which changed this Polish constitution, and which remodelled it on English principles.

Again, in later years—namely in 1833, when Spain had expelled her Religious Orders, seized the Church property, abolished the old Constitution, raised to the throne a Usurper (a child of two years old), banished the legitimate heir, Don Carlos, England lauded this national progress; sent millions of pounds sterling to carry out its final accomplishment, enlisted ten thousand men in England and Ireland, called the Spanish Legion, to aid the Revolutionists; and boasted that in every country in Europe the Papal farce would be soon brought to a conclusion, and Constitutional Protestantism made the ruling law and creed of civilized mankind.

Who can forget, too, that during the various revolutions of 1847 and '48 the literature, the history, the press of England teemed with exultation at the scenes then enacted in all the neighboring countries. At one time the tyranny of Catholic Austria had met its merited fate in the Revolution of Hungary! in which the praise of Kossuth and his associates were celebrated to the skies, while the degradation of Haynau and his Austrian companions in arms were branded with all the atrocities of reckless savagery!

Every reader of the public press must recollect, too, the homage offered to the noble Reformers of Rome! when the Pope was fired at, and was obliged to quit the Vatican in the disguise of a servant, flying from his capital and people, through the malice and conspiracy of the English agents!

Up to a very late period also the King of Naples was denounced as the veriest Popish despot; a demon; a royal gaoler; a cruel, merciless tyrant: where Popery was on its last legs, and where the Bible and the Reformed Faith would soon replace the mummery and superstition of the Pope!

Without any exaggeration, thousands of English agents, tens of thousands of Bibles, and millions of pounds sterling were employed in all these countries to execute the cherished scheme of England in the overthrow of Catholicity; to furnish accumulated evidence at Exeter-hall and the Rotunda of the decline of Popery all over the world: and hence an irrefragable argument in the mouth of the English Legislature and the English Church to persevere in the expulsion of the poor faithful Irish: and to redouble their persecuting exertions, in attempting to proselytize the nation.

But throughout the various countries in which England had tried her anti-Christian scheme against Catholicity, and ultimately against the liberties of Ireland, there is not even one nation on which she has inflicted such a deep wound as on the kingdom of Portugal. Napoleon invaded Portugal in 1807: and as every one knows, he was expelled by the English from Spain and Portugal, and finally conquered at the battle of Waterloo. Portugal being thus reinstated in her national position through the alliance of the British, Portugal became from that moment a mere colony of England. Their commercial fabrics, their cutlery, the musical instruments, their coal, their iron, their entire imports were all from England: and Lisbon has been almost as much an English town as Dublin. An English ship of war, sometimes a squadron, has been ever found at anchor in the Tagus; and while her foreign policy has been guided by England interference, her constitution has been framed by English open dictation. The English flame which ignited Spain in '33 reached Portugal too in the same year: and the same or similar scenes were enacted in Lisbon as at Madrid.

Don John the Sixth died in the year 1826, leaving two sons, the elder being Don Pedro, the younger Don Miguel. There were two paramount constitutional laws in Portugal, namely, the Salic law forbidding females to ascend the throne: and secondly, the law called "the heir to the throne law," by which it was provided that if the elder son, or the heir to the crown seized the empire of the Brazils during the lifetime of his father the King, he forfeited, *ipso facto*, his right to the crown. It must be further remarked that Don Pedro was a half infidel, a slave of England, while Don Miguel was a zealous Catholic, and a determined enemy of the domination of Great Britain. Don Pedro had only one child too, and this was a girl. In view of these premises Don Pedro did seize the kingdom of the Brazils, in the lifetime of his father, and therefore he had become a rebel and an outlaw and had forfeited, all right to the crown.

In this juncture of affairs England saw that this was a favourable opportunity to throw the country into confusion, to expel Miguel, to abolish the Salic law, to proclaim the child Queen, to join Don Pedro, to quarrel with the Church, to seize the Church property, to expel the religious orders, and in a word to rehearse in Portugal the whole policy of revolutionary Spain. Hence the Convents were seized, the revenues plundered, the Churches desecrated, the religious scattered and starved, and the cathedrals converted into theatres, gymnasiums, stables, and bazaars. France being at this time governed by England, she joined England in the expulsion of Don Miguel: and it was even on board a French frigate, he was betrayed, chained, and confined, and carried away from his throne and his country! In order to complete the subjection of Portugal to England, a Coburg was married to the young Portuguese Queen: and the country and crown thus assigned to Great Britain. With such success in southern Europe, need we wonder at the assumption of Russell and Palmerston in claiming the right to dictate laws and religion to all the neighbouring Catholic families; nor need we be astonished at the open, audacious assaults made on our own liberty and creed at home. And if Napoleon the Third had not been raised by Providence to arrest this English stratagem and conspiracy, no one can tell how far this iniquity would have succeeded in crushing the national liberties and the ancient religion of Europe.

This policy of England has therefore reached its extreme point; and things are now beginning, like the ebbing tide, to return to their original condition. And as Ireland has suffered so much from the past state of affairs in Europe, it is now to be hoped that our national destinies will be reversed, and that a corresponding progress will take the place of our former wasting decline.—As long as France holds her present predominant sway no further argument can be adduced against us from revolutionized Europe: and as long as France will continue to be the great arbiter of the surrounding countries (as she now undoubtedly is), there never can arise in the English Cabinet two such men as Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. The history of Europe does not afford any parallel instance of the rapid fall and the ignominious silence which have overtaken these two statesmen: proving, beyond all controversy, that their former course was one of political shame and official disaster: and hence that the only mercy which can now be extended to these Ministers, in their fallen condition, is the generosity of total oblivion of their policy and their name. The great Belarius standing in the public Roman thoroughfares, begging an alms from the men whom he led to battle and defeat, is the only just comparison in modern times by which the total extinction of the late Whig leaders can be conveyed to the public mind. Better times are now in store for Ireland: the Bible farce and the foreign policy scheme being now removed, Ireland may take courage to make a successful effort in her national policy: and if the Ballot were once secured in England, Reform and Tenant Right would follow as necessary consequences; rendering the peace and the prosperity of Ireland the certain and the propitious result of these desired and popular measures. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE MOST REV. DR. CULLEN.—We are happy to announce that letters have been received from Rome, stating that the venerated archbishop, since his arrival in the Eternal City, has been completely restored to health. His Grace had been improving during the journey to Rome. On passing through London, he had been received with the kindest solicitude and most anxious attention by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. On arriving at Rome—where he had been long resident—the Archbishop was received with distinguished consideration; and the decided improvement in his health has caused the greatest satisfaction. This information we derive from a private letter, written by a gentleman now on a visit to Rome, who says:—"I am delighted to tell you that the Archbishop is as well as ever! I have seen him; indeed, he appears to be getting into robust health. We make this announcement with sincere pleasure; and we are sure it will be received with delight, not only in the diocese of Dublin, but in every part of Ireland. The public—Liberal and right-minded Protestants, as well as Roman Catholics—have a lively recollection of the successful labours of Dr. Cullen, when proselytism was permitted by a Royal Commission, and most scandalously tolerated in the Army. At that emergency, the Archbishop had the courage and the firmness to grapple with the offenders against Christian charity, and for the first time, proselytism was rebuked in high places, and ultimately defeated.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

THE BELFAST CATHOLIC INSTITUTE ASSOCIATION.—It is extremely gratifying to notice the steady speed with which the shares of this Association are being taken up. At the last meeting of the Directory, for example, there were upwards of one hundred and fifty applications for shares, and at the previous weekly meeting two hundred applications. We congratulate the Directors on the success of their good work; and we call on all to rally round an Association which, under God, will prove, we are confident, an advantage inestimable to the Catholic population of Belfast. The total number of shares which can be allotted is six thousand; and every Catholic in Belfast and Ulster who can should endeavour to have a share, if possible, in the carrying out of so good and useful a work of morality, religion, and education.—*Irishman.*

FATHER RINOLDI, IN ARMAGH.—We are glad to learn that this distinguished pulpit orator, Father Rinoldi, is leaving the good old City of Armagh on the first Saturday of Advent (28th of November) and appealing to the charity of the faithful on behalf of the Christian Brothers of that city. We are sure that many of the Catholics of Belfast, Newry, &c., who had the happiness of hearing this truly great preacher, will avail themselves of this opportunity, and by their presence testify their esteem for the man who won all hearts to God, and with whose touching eloquence they were all so delighted. We congratulate the good Christian Brother of Armagh in having so eloquent an advocate, and wish them success.

THE JUBILEE IN TUAM.—The solemn ceremonies of the Jubilee were carried on, a few days since, in the parish of Rounstone, Co. Monaghan. The clergy of the diocese were in attendance, and the numbers that were congregated each day, to partake of the sanctifying graces vouchsafed them through the Divine Mercy, was great and truly gratifying to behold. The Jubilee commenced with the celebration of a solemn High Mass. The officiating clergymen were:—The Rev. Patrick Sheridan, Rev. H. Cahill, Rev. Patrick Ryan, and Rev. Thomas M'Walters. Sermons were preached on every day both in the Irish and English languages, by the different clergymen. The Confessionals were thronged from early morning until a late hour in the afternoon, and nothing could exceed the devotional fervor evinced by all the devout worshippers who thronged to avail themselves of the blessings of this holy and penitential season. It certainly afforded the most convincing proof of the steadfastness with which the people cling to the ancient faith of their fathers, and no better evidence could be had of the zeal of the missionaries of God's Church, aided and directed by our illustrious Archbishop—the lion of the Fold of Judah—in his frustrating and countering the insidious, and (by fools as well as fanatics) well supported designs of the Proselytisers. Truly may it be said of His Grace, that amongst the 'good shepherds' of Christ's flock he stands in the foremost ranks—and long may His precious life be spared to uphold and maintain that proud position which he so well and honourably has earned for himself. Two days ago were given to the Bullinagh Mission, which formed another portion of the parish; and during the whole week the clergy were most hospitably and generously entertained by the zealous and indefatigable Father Pat. Sheridan, the present Administrator of the parish. The blessings of the Jubilee have been dispensed, this week, in several of the neighboring churches in this diocese. On Monday and Tuesday the Clergy of the surrounding parishes assisted at Meulagh. On Wednesday and Thursday, in Kilmoylan and Belleare. His Grace administered confirmation in the latter church on Thursday, to nearly 300 persons.—*Tuam Herald.*

PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY.—A correspondent of the *Monster News*, in exposing the hollow and falaciousness of this country, says:—"Any one who recollects Kerry since 1827 will find it hard to recognise the fruits of this prosperity—unless, indeed, it be compared with the state of the country in 1846-7-8 and 9. Where now are the respectable, independent men who thronged in well-mounted and equipped 'fields,' to meet the 'Grough hounds,' in the valley of the Gweeston? Where are the O'Sullivan of Corbally—the Poles of Angalore—the Besses, the Thompsons; the emul list of brave, stalwart, independent fellows; those Ajaxes of Civil and Religious Liberty? They are gone—driven out, and their farms given at raised rents to men who were their servants and labourers. Because these latter can subsist on butter and milk, and manage by scrapings of extra butter made from mangolds, cabbage and turnips—butter of which they themselves scarce know the taste—to pay the raised rent while high prices favour them. Because this is so the country is 'prosperous.'"

A MUSICAL PRACTICAL JOKE.—On Thursday week a gentleman, a perfect stranger to the Mayor of Cork, handed that functionary a letter addressed to him, and instantly vanished. On opening it he found therein five notes for £100 each, with a letter signed 'Timothy Tightboots,' requesting the money might be distributed amongst the poor at Christmas. The conditions of the donations are curious. Here is the mysterious epistle, which shortly but explicitly tells all about them:—

Ballyhooley, 21st October, 1858.
Dear Mr. Mayor—I beg to enclose a prize, value £500, to be raffled for in tickets of £1 each (more or less), the proceeds of which to be distributed at Christmas, among the helpless of all creeds and denominations.—Yours respectfully,

TIMOTHY TIGHTBOOTS.
N.B.—I feel quite satisfied you will select a few good names for the committee, that will give the utmost confidence both in the drawing and distributing.

The Right Worshipful the Mayor of Cork.
The *Cork Examiner* says:—"As the busy tongue of rumor has already proclaimed the real Simon Pure, the magnitude of the gift having at once directed suspicion to the proper quarter, it is unnecessary for us to maintain silence upon the matter. The gentleman whose benevolence was exercised under the name of 'Timothy Tightboots' is Mr. John Annett, alderman of this city. We understand that £500 is to be divided into five prizes of £100 each, and raffled for under the management of a committee to be nominated by his Worship the Mayor."

THE CORMACK CASE AGAIN.—A remarkable case was tried this week in the Court of Exchequer. A Tipperary magistrate—no other than the great Mr. Gore Jones, R.M.—has received a lesson which we hope will be of service to him. He has been taught that after all there is really some limit to the arresting and imprisoning power of a J.P., and that even in the time-honoured practice of "seizing the country," one must not exactly run a muck at young and old. He has been convicted of the false and prolonged imprisonment of a little girl of thirteen years of age in the endeavour to screw out of her some evidence of a trivial nature, which it was impossible she could give, in connection with the case of the unfortunate Cormacks. We wish we could say that was the only mistake made by the officials of the crown in the case of those unhappy men. It was a foul job altogether, and looks darker the more it is investigated.—*Nation.*

Instead of what was so confidently predicted a few months since—namely, the total annihilation of the freemen of Galway, not only have they weathered the storm but have added to their strength by an accession to their numbers on Monday, before the assistant-barrister, of one hundred and forty-nine, which, with the five hundred and forty already on the roll, makes their number exceed, by about fifty, all the other electors of the borough, and virtually places that of the representation of Galway in their hands. The number of applicants was 104, but fifteen were struck off either for being under the age of twenty-one, or failing to prove that they had any trade or occupation.

The criminal business of the Coleraic quarter sessions commenced on Wednesday, sen., before William Armstrong, Esq., assistant-barrister, who congratulated the grand jury on the lightness of the calendar, there being only seven cases of a trifling nature for trial.

A correspondent informs us that in many parts of the county of Limerick, particularly Newcastle, Rathkeale, Ashdown, and Pallaskerry, the potatoes are so much injured by the disease, that not more than one half of them are fit for use, and in many cases not more than one-third. Still from the quantity planted this year, and the crop in general being so abundant in quantity—if the disease does not affect those put in pits, there will not it is hoped be any scarcity of this necessary description of food.—With regard to the crops in this country also, we regret to say that the disease has been spreading considerably for some time past, in various districts.—*Clare Freeman.*