

Nellie turned her bright, wide-open eyes with a grateful smile upon the old bag. "Lie still a bit, a-lannab! lie still, and take a sup of this fresh congee, that I have been making for you. It will bring the color, may be, into your pretty cheeks again; for, troth, a-lannab, they are as pale this morning as mountain roses, and not at all what they should be in regard to a young and well-grown slip of a lassie like yourself."

"Nellie took the tempting beverage, which Nora presented to her in an old-fashioned silver goblet, readily enough; but checking herself just as she was about to put it to her lips, she said gaily:

"Thanks, a thousand times, my dear old woman, but I do not feel that I need it much, and this would be the very thing for my poor old grandfather. He was always accustomed to something of the sort in the days when we were able to indulge ourselves in such luxuries."

"Lord bless the child!" said the delighted Nora. "Is she isn't as gay as a bird in its mother's nest this morning, for all the weary worry of her last night's travels. But there's no need to be sparing of the wiley, my honey, for sure I've a good sup of it left on purpose for the old lord as soon as ever he awakens. So drink up every drop of this, if you wouldn't have the master scold me; for he sent it up himself, he did, and it's downright mad he'd be if it came back to him and it not empty."

Something in this speech, or in old Nora's way of making it, caused the blood, the absence of which she had been just deploring, to rush once more into Nellie's cheek; and perhaps it was partly to hide this weakness that she took the goblet without another word, and drained it to the dregs, playfully turning its wrong side up as she gave it back to Nora, in order to show her how thoroughly her directions had been complied with. Made happy on this important point, the old woman trotted gaily out of the room, and then Nellie rose, half-reluctantly, it must be confessed, and commenced the duties of the toilet. They were simple enough in her case, yet difficult also from their very simplicity. Her hair, long and smooth and shining, was easily enough disposed in braids, which, folded tightly round her head, gave a grace and elegance to her appearance none of the fantastic head-gear then in vogue could possibly have imparted; but when she came to inspect the habiliments she had worn the day before, and which perforce she must wear again that day, she became painfully, and perhaps for the first time, fully conscious of the dilapidations which time and travel had wrought upon them. In vain she rubbed out mud and grass stains, in vain she pined her needle. The garment absolutely defied her skill, and, painfully conscious of the fact, she was about perforce to don them as they were, when Nora burst into the room with a look of gladness on her face, which vanished, however, to do her justice, as completely as if it had never been, at the sight of poor Nellie, shamed and sad, vainly trying to smooth her rags into something like decent poverty around her.

"God help you, a cushla!" she cried, in a tone of unfeigned compassion, laying at the same time her withered hand upon the tattered kerchief which Nellie was trying to fold round her stately shoulders. "God help ye! and is this all that them black scum of Saxon robbers left ye when they turned ye out upon the wide world to seek your fortune?"

"It cannot be helped," said Nellie, with a little choking in her voice, though she tried hard to veil it beneath an assumption of indifference. "And after all, these rags do but make me seem what in fact I am—a beggar. Only I hope," she added, with a little nervous laugh, "I hope that Colonel O'More (she had learned his military rank and his real name, Moore being only its Saxon rendering, the night before from Nora) will not be utterly disgusted this morning when he finds out to what a pauper he extended his hospitality last night."

"The colonel? Is it the master that you mean? The master be disgusted! Ah! now, steen to me, ashore, and don't be filling your head with them ugly fancies; for you may just take my word for it, and don't I know every turn of his mind as well as if I was inside of it? You may just take old Nora's word for it, that he worships the very ground you tread on, and would too, all the same, if you had never a brogue to the foot or a kirtle to the back. Beggar, indeed! Why, could not he see for himself last night that you had been just robbed and murdered like out of your own by them thieving Saxons, and wasn't it for that very reason that, before he went off to his fishing this blessed morning, he gave me the key of that big black box, and says—says he, 'Nora, my old woman, I have been thinking that the young lady upstairs has been so long on the road that may be she'll be in want of a new dress like; so, as there is nothing like decent woman-tailoring to be found in the island, may be she'll condescend to see if there's anything in my poor mother's box that would suit her for the present.' And troth, my darling, old Nora went on, exultingly, 'it's you that are going to have the pick and choice of hne things; for she was a grand Spanish lady, she was, and always went about among us dressed like a princess.'"

"Nora had opened the box at the beginning of this speech, and with every fresh word she uttered, she flung out such treasures of finery on the floor as fully justified her panegyric on the deceased lady's wardrobe. Nellie soon found herself the centre of a heap of thick silks and shiny satins, and three piled velvets and brocaded stuffs, standing upright by virtue of their own rich material, and of laces so delicate and fine, that they looked as if she had only to breathe upon them in order to make them float away upon the air like cobwebs. "She was quite too much of a girl as yet to be able to resist a close and curious examination of such treasures; nevertheless, her instinct of the fitness of things was stronger than her vanity, and there was an incongruity between these courtly habiliments and her broken fortunes, which made her feel that it would be an absolute impossibility to wear them. Selecting, therefore,

a few articles of linen clothing, she told old Nora that everything else was far too fine for daily wear, and began, of her own accord, to restore them to their coffer. Not so, however, the good old Nora. That any thing could be too fine for the adornment of any one whom 'the master' delighted to honor, was a simple absurdity in her mind, and she became so clamorous in her remonstrances, that Nellie was fain to shift her ground, and to explain that she was bent at that moment upon 'taking a long ramble by the sea-shore, for which anything like a dress of silk or satin (Nora's own good sense must tell her) would be, to say the least of it, exceedingly inappropriate."

At these words a new light seemed to dawn upon the old woman's mind, and, plunging almost bodily down into the deep coffer in her eagerness to gratify her protégée, she exclaimed, "So it's for a walk you'd be going this morning, is it? and after all your bother last night! Well, well, you are young still, and would rather I dare say, be skipping about like a young kid among the rocks than sitting up in silks and satins as grave and stately as if you were a princess in earnest. Something plain and strong? That's what you'll be wanting, isn't it, a-lannab? Wait a bit, will you?—for I mind me now of a dress the old mistress made when she was young, for a frolic like, that she might go with me unnoticed to a 'pattern.' And may I never sin if I haven't got it," she cried, diving down once more into the coffer, and bringing up from its shining chaos a dress which, consisting as it did simply of a madder-colored petticoat and short over-skirt of russet brown, was not by any means very dissimilar to the habitual costume of a peasant girl of the west at the present hour. —Nora was right. It was, as ladies have it, 'the very thing.' Stout enough and plain enough to meet all Nellie's ideas of propriety, and yet presenting a sharp contrast of coloring which (forgive her, my reader, she was only sixteen) she was by no means sorry to reflect would be exceedingly becoming to her clear, pale complexion and the blue-black tresses of her hair. It was with a little blush of pleasure, therefore, that she took it from the old woman's hand, exclaiming, "Oh, thank you, dear Nora. It is exactly what I was wishing for—so strong and pretty. It will make me feel just as I want to feel, like a good strong peasant girl, able and willing to work for her living; and, to say the truth, moreover," she added, somewhat confidentially, "I should not at all have liked making my appearance in those fine Spanish garments. I should have been so much afraid of the O'More taking me for his mother."

The announcement of this grave anxiety set off old Nora in a fit of laughing, under cover of which Nellie contrived to complete her toilet.—Madder dyed petticoat, and russet skirt, and long dark mantle, she donned them all; but the effect, though exceedingly pretty, was by no means exactly what she had expected; for Nora, turning her round and round for closer inspection, declared, with many an Irish expletive, which we willingly spare our readers, 'That dress herself how she might, no one could ever mistake her for anything but what she really was, viz., a born lady, and perhaps even, moreover, a princess in disguise.' With a smile and a curtsy Nellie accepted of the compliment, and then tripped down the winding staircase of her turret, took one peep at Lord Netterville as he lay in the room below, in the 'callagh' or nook by the hearth, which, screened off by a bent matting, had been allotted to him as the warmest and most comfortable accommodation the tower afforded, and having satisfied herself that he was still fast asleep, stepped out gaily into the open air.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEAN CLOSE ON THE IRISH CHURCH.

Dean Close, setting an example to that Episcopal Bench which he doubtless one day hopes to adorn, recently issued an address to the electors of Carlisle, paternally and patriotically admonishing them of the obligation imposed upon them by the British Constitution of returning members to Parliament pledged to maintain the existing legal ascendancy of the Established Church in Ireland. The good Dean's strength is in the fervency of his appeals to the prejudices and passions of the least informed of the people. Upon matters of fact, contemporaneous or historical he has never racked as a very high authority; and there is much in his address to the electors of Carlisle to awaken a distrust of his testimony in support of the Irish Church Establishment. One point only we propose to examine, and that merely embraces the vindication of the zeal and perseverance with which the Government of this country, for nearly three hundred years, tried every means, and exhausted every device and contrivance in the vain endeavour to make Protestants of the people of Ireland.

While admitting that the Established Church in Ireland is the Church of the minority, the Dean of Carlisle accounts for this by the assertion, "If she has not enlarged her borders the British Government is chiefly to blame, for it has always frowned on proselytizing in every shape." This from a champion of the Irish Church Establishment is most ungrateful towards all the administrations and civil rulers of this country, from the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the death of George III. Not only did the British Government not frown on proselytism as carried on by the Protestant clergy for the extinction of Catholicity in Ireland, but it co-operated with them in that work by offering the highest inducements to Irish Catholics to renounce their faith, and visiting with the heaviest penalties and severest punishments all who adhered to the religion of their fathers. The British Government can honestly claim to have exhausted the whole armoury of persecution, and all the blandishment of court favour and worldly prosperity in what proved to be a vain endeavour 'to enlarge' even to the remotest corner of Ireland, 'the borders' of the Established Church; and even admit that it was only when Catholics seemed to multiply, and Protestants to decrease under the influence of this system, that recourse was had to conceding to Catholics legal permission to build churches and open schools, and practice so much of the external rites of religion as did not offend the jealous susceptibilities of their Protestant neighbors. What Dean Close would have the Government attempt to do now, has been sought to be done unsuccessfully for centuries, with such results as the whole world is witnessing in the hopeless condition of the State Church of Ireland. The incontrovertible evidences of this are to be found in the statute book, and more especially in the period subsequent to the Revolution of 1689, to which all English historians prefix the descriptive epithet of 'glorious,' on account of the civil and religious liberty which it secured to the

English people! Here are the proofs of this statement.

In 1695, and the years immediately following, an Irish Parliament, sitting in Dublin, enacted several penal laws against Catholics. One act was for 'dismaying' them; another for 'restraining their foreign education; another for 'banishing all Popish clergy out of the kingdom; another for preventing them from exercising the profession of the law by 'becoming attorneys.' The statute for the banishment of the Clergy enacted that 'all Popish archbishops, bishops, vicars-general, deans, monks, friars, priests, and all Popists exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, should depart the kingdom before the 1st of May, 1698.' Those neglecting, or unable to depart, were to be imprisoned till they could be transported beyond the seas; and if they returned, they were to suffer the then fearful penalty of high treason. Any persons found guilty of having thrice concealed a priest, or other Catholic ecclesiastical, were to suffer death and forfeiture of all their possessions. Whatever Dean Close may think of this mode of making converts to the Protestant Church, it certainly met with a cordial approval of English Deans and Chapters in the reign of William III., as most efficient in the removal of the greatest obstacles to Protestant preaching and teaching in Ireland. But these statutes not diminishing the Catholic population, in the reign of Anne others were passed still more oppressive. Any child of a Catholic, however young, professing to be a Protestant, passed under the guardianship of his father, and became entitled to an annuity and the inheritance of such portion of his estate as the Chancellor might determine. Catholics were prohibited from purchasing any landed property for a longer period than thirty-one years; and should farms held by them produce profits exceeding one-third the amount of the rents, Protestants choosing to claim them might do so, and the sheriff would oust their Catholic cultivators, and put them in possession. No Catholic was allowed to teach a school of his own, or to act as an usher in a Protestant school; no Catholic could serve as a juror, or vote for a member of Parliament. For the discovery of Catholic bishops the reward was £50; for a priest or friar, £20; and for a schoolmaster, £10. Priests conforming were to be paid an annuity of £30; and married Catholic women conforming were to have secured to them an annuity out of the property of their Catholic husbands. These latter Acts were passed in the eighteenth century, so that it is not so very long since all the power of the Legislature was exercised to no purpose in the way which Dean Close regards as likely to be entirely efficacious.

When proselytizing legislation ceased, Irish landlords, Irish preys and persecutors, Irish Protestant bishops, and Kildare Street Irish Church Missionary and other evangelizing societies, entered upon the work of Protestantizing Ireland, with the tacit approval of almost every succeeding Government in this country. There was a new Reformation, and the Achil Mission, and the West Connaught Mission, and later still the aviaries for fidejuncts supposed to inherit a taste for Popish pap, and a latent predilection for beads, medals and the sign of the cross. How it has fared with all these Governments-approved proselytizing agencies is known to every statesman in Europe and America—is confessed with feelings of shame and with a desire for reparation by a great majority of the people of England—is not denied by any member of the Disraeli Administration, and so far as we know, has only failed to reach the usually not inattentive missionary ear of the Dean of Carlisle.

From the accession of Elizabeth, then, to the present time, the English Government has either directly or indirectly countenanced and encouraged proselytism in Ireland. No doubt several individual Premiers did not approve of the system; and if such men as the late Lord Melbourne, Earl Grey, and Lord Palmerston had been in a position to disregard public opinion out of doors, such deturbers of the religious peace of Ireland as the late Peer Bishop of Tuam and the members of his family would have had an official intimation given them of the inconvenience to the State of zeal so ill-directed. But successive Governments bowed before the influence of proselytizing societies; and it is only when every conceivable contrivance for Protestantizing Ireland has utterly and hopelessly failed, or rather has had the effect of making Ireland more Catholic, that the greatest statesman of our day has recourse to the adoption of the principle of perfect religious equality. We urge this the more emphatically in order to impress upon the mind of Dean Close, and upon the minds of all who may be disposed to agree in opinion with him, that if blame be attributable in any quarter for the failure of the so-called Reformation in Ireland, none is attributable to the Government. But it is hard kicking against the goad. It is to receive wounds, not to inflict them; and there is no doubt that the persecution of the Catholic Church in Ireland contributed to send forth clouds of Catholic witnesses, whose labours as missionaries in all lands, and more especially in every region of the New World, arrested the growth and diffusion of Protestantism everywhere. The devastating and persistent storm of the persecution of Catholics in Ireland only carried the seed of faith to distant regions, there to take root and flourish in increased fertility. All that is at an end. The day has dawned upon us when Protestants in Ireland must descend from the pedestal of a domineering and insulting ascendancy, and take their place on a common level with their Catholic and Dissenting fellow-countrymen; and no terrors awakened among the electors of Carlisle by the prophetic warnings of one so ignorant of the past history of the Established Church in Ireland as Dean Close, will delay but one hour the consummation of this great, just, and salutary work.—[London Tablet.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Corporation of Dublin met on Saturday, and adopted a petition to Parliament praying for an amnesty for the political prisoners.

The house of Mr. Johnson, Sub Sheriff, Cork, was attacked by a party of (supposed) Fenians to-day, during his absence. They entered disguised, and presented revolvers, demanding arms. Mrs. Johnson and some lady visitors were terrified. Two of the men guarded the house, while two others ransacked the dwelling, and taking a gun and a sword, withdrew. No clue has been got to the offenders.—[Daily Express.

A serious affray has taken place between the police and the people at Kibbrittain, Cork. A fair was held there and a disturbance took place arising out of the Bandon election. The police endeavoured to eject the people from a public-house and were resisted and assaulted. A riot followed, and stones were thrown. The police fired, shooting a man named Donovan dead. The spectators allege that the man was shot while in custody.

A curious example of the uncertainty of pledges given by electors in small boroughs is furnished by the *Carlisle Sentinel*, which publishes the names of 22 voters who signed a requisition to Mr. Rochfort pledging themselves to give their 'undivided and unqualified support.' Nine of them kept their promise, four abstained from voting, and nine voted against him.

man, the Rev. Mr. Ryan (though the motto of the presence of the parties was quite sufficient.

DUBLIN, Nov. 18.—The scene at Belfast yesterday was most extraordinary. The approaches to the Court-house were occupied from daybreak by motley groups of the lowest classes. Mr. Johnston's supporters mustered in great force around the door of the Court house, and succeeded in obtaining almost exclusive occupation of the building. The mob danced, shouted, and yelled, and brandished sticks at those on the platform. A stone was thrown through one of the windows and in a trice the mob demolished every fragment of glass it contained. Those outside then clambered into the building through the aperture. Another window was quickly subjected to a similar process, and used for a like purpose. A third was protected by an iron grating, but even this was obliged to succumb to the blows of a ponderous hammer. A nomination was attempted, but not a word of what was said could be heard even by the speaker's nearest neighbour. The uproar continued, and the climax was reached when, through a chance word the mob made a raid on the reporters' box. From this time until the proceedings terminated it was really a struggle for life. The candidates and their supporters and every one else, made the best of their way out of the Court-house, and the Mayor adjourned the nomination until to-day.

The nomination at Belfast, which was interrupted by the riotous conduct of the Orange mob on Tuesday, was resumed yesterday. Bitter arrangements for preserving order were made by the authorities, and the presence of a sufficiently strong force of constabulary in and around the Court House repressed the violent tendencies of Mr. Johnston's friends. Mr. Rea renewed his attempts to address the electors, although his face bore evidence that he had received very rough usage at their hands. They were as obstinate as himself, however, and expressed in unmistakable terms their determination not to hear him. He stood wildly gesticulating for over half an hour, and complaining that Mr. Johnston ought to have interfered to obtain a hearing for him. Several of the electors called upon the Mayor to proceed with the business, and the crowd threatened a renewal of their violence towards Mr. Rea, but he remained unmoved. The Mayor insisted that he should either retire or propose a candidate, and he removed the formal objection by proposing John Stuart Mill, Rev. Mr. Osborne, Stewart Blackie, Sir John Kettlewell, and Lieutenant-General Chambers, of the Italian army, and he offered to pay the expenses of any of those whom the electors might choose. The Mayor again interferred, and requested that Mr. Rea would resume his seat. He refused to do so, and challenged the Mayor to put him out. At length his Worship ignored his presence, and called on Sir O. Lanyon to address the electors. The two speakers simultaneously competed in vain for the attention of the assembly, in congruous fragments of each speech occasionally rising with ridiculous effect above the uproar. Finally, Sir O. Lanyon abandoned the attempt to speak, and handed his address to the reporters. Mr. Mulholland and Mr. McClure also tried to speak, but shared the same fate. Mr. Johnston alone was listened to, and when he rose the audience cheered with enthusiasm. A show of hands was taken, which the Mayor declared to be in favour of Johnston and Lanyon. A poll was demanded for the other candidates.

DUBLIN (City).—The nomination took place on Tuesday. There were four candidates in the field, Messrs Guinness (C), Pim (L), Plunkett (C), and Corrigan (L). The proceedings were attended with considerable uproar and confusion. Mr. Pim obtained a fragmentary hearing from the mob; Sir A. Guinness made several ineffectual attempts to speak, and was finally booed down. Sir Dominic Corrigan was well received on presenting himself. He strongly advised his Tory opponents to accept the liberal terms which were offered by Mr. Gladstone for the settlement of the Church Question, and gave them the following warning:—"In the words of Gladstone, 'We will treat you not only with justice, but with more than justice—with liberality. You shall have more than even what we consider your rights. Your life interest shall be preserved. No private property shall be interfered with.' These are our terms now. Let them be rejected, and what may our terms be? Gentlemen, the storming party does not always give the same mercy to the conquered that the beleaguering army offered. Let them bear that in mind.—'What we say is, 'We smart under wrong and insult, and we will no longer bear it.' It is felt from the kitchen to the barque-hall. It pervades the atmosphere from the peasant's hut to the palace. We see it in the streets, and everywhere. To take a simile from my own profession, it is like a malarial fever, which has spread its poisonous mist over our whole country and tainted everything like social and national life; and out of it we cannot rise till we have destroyed it. I have said that we can have no nationality as long as this incubus rests upon us. Condescension and pride can never interchange hands, and we can never meet as United Irishmen, and feel proud of our country, and demand, as the Scotchman do, rights for our country, till we meet on the platform of equality. He asked did the defenders of the Church expect that the House of Commons would reverse its decision of last session, or that, if they held out any longer, English bayonets would be sent over to form a fence around the church? He asked, did they suppose that England would fight for the Alabama of the State Church when she shrank from fighting about the American Alabama? He added, amid cheers:—"I have said we are willing still to hold out the hand of peace. Don't go too far. We are gentle, but we must have religious equality.—We shall, keeping within the law, gain all we desire. Do you dare to talk of going beyond it? All of you know what the motto on the artillery was—'Free trade or else.' Don't force us to raise our motto—'Religious equality or else.'"

The contest was closed on Wednesday with the following result: Guinness, 5,588; Pim, 5,573; Plunkett, 5,442; Corrigan, 5,382. The city was greatly excited. A sheriff's deputy bringing the poll books on a cart from Green street, with a constable, was assaulted by the mob. They took refuge in a house in Mary street, and mounted police charged the crowd, but were received with stones, bricks, and bottles, and obliged to retreat. A division of foot police dispersed the people with difficulty, receiving some injuries. About twenty persons were arrested. Galway presented no exception to the scene of tumultuous uproar which has characterized the nominations in contested boroughs. It appears from an account in the *Express* that when the Court-house was opened yesterday morning, a half-drunken mob headed by a set of desperate ruffians, called in the locality 'bottlen boys,' who are distinguished by a very limited costume, rushed forward to take possession of the table in front of the bench, which is the usual battle-ground on such occasions. A body of police had been stationed to prevent their further advance, and, foiled in their attempt, they gave expression to their mortification in terrific yells, accompanied by the brandishing of sticks and the waving of caps in the air. Those in front were driven by the pressure of the crowd behind upon the ranks of the police, who drove them back again with the points of their rifles. On the table was a shifting mass of people who were unable to stand upon so small an area, and, forced in their struggles for a footing too near the edge, were split over into the passages below, where they sprawled in heaps. Some of them attempted to wreat the rifles from the hands of the police, and to climb up again by their side, but had reason to regret their temerity, and were flung back into the mob again. The reading of the writ and the speeches of the proposers and seconders of the candidate, as well as the addresses of those gentlemen, were totally inaudible to the crowd. Sir R. Blennerhassett was nominated by Mr. Valentine Blake, J. P., and Mr. Thomas Kyte; Lord

St. Lawrence, Captain Lynch, J. P., and Captain Foster, Captain O'Hara, (the Conservative candidate) by Mr. Thomas Perse, J. P., D. L., and Mr. James Campbell, J. P.; and Mr. Martin O'Flaherty (an Independent Liberal) by Mr. Isaac Comerford and Mr. Joseph Semple. The proceedings were all conducted in dumb show, intelligible communication being only possible by means of notes which were interchanged. A show of hands was then called for and declared to be in favour of Sir R. Blennerhassett and Lord St. Lawrence. A poll was demanded for the other candidates. The police were at length directed to clear the table, which they succeeded in doing after a hard fight. The friends of the candidates were abused by the mob as they left the court. The town is much excited, but there is a large force of military and police to maintain order.—[Times Correspondent.

Last evening the return of Messrs. Maguire and Murphy was celebrated by great rejoicings all over the city. Several five-and-seven bands paraded the streets, followed by thousands of enthusiastic persons, carrying lighted tarrarrels, and using their lungs after the most approved fashion. The utmost enthusiasm pervaded their displays and cheers for Mr. Maguire with a zeal which offered a strange contrast to the sympathetic hisses that greeted every mention of Mr. Abbot's name. Unfortunately several acts of violence on property have been committed, but there is every reason to believe that these were the acts of isolated persons and did not gain the sanction of the crowd. As the tar-barrels were conveyed through the streets some cold disposed persons amused themselves by throwing stones at the windows of those whom they considered, perhaps, politically opposed to them. The house of Mr. Richardson, gun-maker, Patrick-street, was selected, in common with others, for an assault. Several stones had been thrown, and many panes of glass were broken, when shots were heard proceeding from the windows. No less than seven or eight shots were discharged from the windows of Mr. Richardson's house, and nothing could exceed the consternation caused by this act of reprisal on the part of the owner of the house attacked. A woman shrieked that she was shot, and others also complained of having been wounded. The scene was one of wild confusion, and but for the timely interference of the constabulary and military it is not known what may have been the result. An account of the occurrence was at once communicated to the headquarters of the constabulary, and Mr. Hamilton, R. M., who was in readiness, proceeded at once to the spot, with a large body of police reinforced by a detachment of military, both infantry and cavalry. The streets were immediately cleared, and the disturbances, which at one time threatened to be very serious, were happily obviated. Anne Dwyer, of Paul street is the name of the woman who was wounded. She was taken to the North Lincum to receive medical aid, and it was ascertained that she had been struck by pellets or slugs in the face and about the eye. The poor creature is at present in a very bad condition, and it was feared she will lose her sight. A man whose name we were unable to ascertain was wounded in the shoulder, and several other persons sustained slight flesh wounds. In Slandon-street, a mob bearing lighted tar-barrel, halted shortly after eight o'clock opposite the police-station, which they pelted with stones, demolishing nearly all the glass in the building.—Cork Herald.

THE "LONDON TIMES" ON THE IRISH CHURCH.—The Irish Church will be made a subject of declamation at almost every borough hustings, but it will generally be regarded only from an English point of view. Now, we may think what we please about the Irish people, but they can themselves have only one opinion about it, and that is that England has taken away the revenues of their Church, and given them to her own Church for her pleasure. There are nearly five millions of Roman Catholic Irish, most of these of the old Celtic race; and there is probably not one of them who does not believe himself robbed, oppressed and insulted by the Establishment. If the Irish possessed one-tenth part of the worldly wisdom of the Scotch, they would long since have got back every sixpence of their Church revenues. But unfortunately, they have pursued their interests by the most foolish course, prosecuted their quarrels by the most violent means, and thus have been perpetually thrown out of court by their own rashness. That, however, is not a defence for us, and the Irish if they have not succeeded, manage to keep the quarrel well open, to make Ireland very uncomfortable, and their treatment a reproach to England all over the world. No body can dispute their right to do this. But England thus secures against herself the active services of many hundred thousand advocates, some at home, others scattered over the world, saying a good deal that is true, and not the strength of it, a great deal more that is not. No establishments, no laws, no money, not all the Protestant preachers or professional pleaders in the world would be a match for foes whose name is a hundred Legions, who have their hearts in the cause, and whose brief is always at the tips of their tongues. The English cannot pretend to say that they would not do for they would long ago have put a final stop to the nuisance by driving their oppressors into the sea. It was not quite three hundred years since the Catholic Powers of Europe were combining to force us to return to the religion of our forefathers. Let us suppose they had succeeded, with the aid of the Irish, and had planted in the island half a million Spanish, French, and Flemish gentlemen and bangers on, well marshalled, strongly garrisoned, and promptly putting down any attempt at resistance. Of course they would have put a priest of their own into every church in the kingdom, and given him the tithes, parsonage and glebe. In the event of their success, it is possible that England, by this time would have found itself the present position of Ireland, only that the Roman Catholic would have been the Established Church. Out of every eight persons six might have been very good Protestants, calling the Pope Antichrist, and thinking the Established religion a base superstition. One might have been something else, and the remaining one might have been a Roman Catholic of Spanish, French, or Flemish extraction, set up over the other seven, lording it over them all and having a monopoly of the whole Church property. Let the English people think how they would have liked this. It is impossible to conceive the English people enduring such an insult and oppression. It is not impossible to conceive them vanquished by force, or by policy, or both. But it is quite impossible to conceive six or seven Englishmen out of every eight letting the eighth enjoy the provision they had set apart for religion, letting him set up a religion actively opposed to their own, paying him tithes or rentcharge for perpetually stigmatizing them as fools, and allowing him to take upon himself all the pomp and glory of the land. Englishmen would not endure this. At no time in their history would they have endured it, and they are not nearer spirited than their forefathers. They would have gone to work very differently indeed from the Irish; but they would have made short work of it, and that state of things would have passed off so quickly as hardly to appear in history. Englishmen know this. They know also that they despise the Irish for enduring so long what they would never have endured themselves; and that they set it down to the inferiority of the Irish nature. Men are apt to recognize the maxim that if people are oppressed it is because they are proper subjects for oppression. When a man persists in doing to others that which he would allow nobody to do to himself, and professes all the time to be a very good Christian, we must do our best to understand how such religion can go with such practice, and the only way to understand it is to suppose that the Englishmen who act thus do not regard the Irishman quite as their 'neighbor.' As to the Scotch, it is unnecessary to ask what they