

it, Miss Beauchamp wrote; but if not, you must sooner or later, so I have no scruple in speaking of it. I heard it from Jack himself, but he does not tell me, in fact, does not seem very clear about what was the actual cause of the quarrel. The General has been tatty and unlike himself for some time past when they met in town, almost as if, Jack says, he fancied that he must have been to blame in his conduct towards you, to cause you to break with him. How unfounded such a suspicion is, you must know well, Rosamond. But, as poor Jack says, nothing seems to have gone well with him since you cast him off; and now this quarrel with his uncle, whom he dearly loves and reverences, has completed his discomfiture. You are aware that Jack has no claim on his uncle's property, beyond his uncle's good-will, and he inherited but little from his father, poor fellow. He talks of leaving England, therefore, where indeed he has little now to keep him, and trying one of the colonies. I think it, for my part, the wisest thing he can do.

'The wisest thing he could do! To go to the antipodes! Jack Walsingham! Her Jack—to go to the ends of the earth, where she could never see him again. O Harriet, Harriet, could you indeed have a woman's heart in your breast, and write such horrible things with such detestable coolness?' Thus cried out poor Rosamond, appalled at the magnitude of the calamity that had come upon her. But he should not go; she would fall down on her knees to the General and beseech him to be reconciled to the best of nephews, who, so far from ever having been wanting towards her, was all too good for one so unworthy. But, alas! the General was away from home, and had afforded no intelligence of his probable return. Miss Adamina, poor soul, was powerless. Well, then, she would write to Jack himself, since she could do nothing else, and pray at least that she might see him once again, if he really intended to leave his native land for ever. Yes, she would humble herself to do that, ah! how gladly. Love between them was over for ever, but at least she might be pardoned for praying to bid her old playfellow God-speed, ere they parted to meet no more. And the letter was written before she had time to tremble and draw back; and all the foolish, erring, but most loving little heart of the writer was in the brief, unsteady lines.

Then came the difficulty of not knowing where Jack resided in London; but after a while, she addressed it to his club, and could only pray, trembling, that it might reach him—which it did though with some delay; and ah! who shall tell of what cruel hopes and fears that delay was made up to poor Rosamond. One morning, beside her plate at breakfast, there lay a letter addressed in the well-known writing; Rosamond had to put it quietly aside, knowing she could not read it with becoming composure whatever it contained; and when prayers and breakfast were over, and opportunity served, and the letter was opened, fast flowed Rosamond's tears over Jack's simple, affectionate epistle.

'It was true,' he wrote, 'that his uncle had parted unkindly with him on their last meeting; true also that he was weary of England, and thought of trying his fortune somewhere abroad. It was true, too, ah, how true! that he should like to bid his dear little playfellow (whom he must remember to his dying day with the tenderest affection) good-bye; but in the present state of affairs between him and his uncle, he did not see how he could come to Mannerdale. And yet, Jack went on to say, 'now the chance of seeing Rosamond once more had been presented to him, he could not bear to give it up, so—well, if she did not mind—would she take her old walk to-morrow evening by the Drooping Well? But if she saw the slightest objection to this plan—if it gave her the slightest uneasiness—then she was not to do it; no, she was not to think of this appointment, or let that weigh in her decision. He would blithely take a longer ride from London to Mannerdale, only for the chance of seeing her.' And so, with a few words of affection, the letter ended. It contained no complaint, no reproach, no lament over what might have been; did not refer to blighted hopes and thwarted happiness; did not, more over, even make any profession of the love Rosamond had doubted; and yet, in every gentle generous word, in all his simple forgetfulness of self, and tender remembrance of her, Rosamond saw how Jack Walsingham had loved her. Yes, now when all was over, and it was too late, Rosamond knew she had been loved—not, perhaps, with the eager, exacting, engrossing passion her foolish little heart had exalted into the place of love, but with all the tender, unselfish, beautiful truth of a nature so manly and generous as John Walsingham's.

'If she did not mind taking her old walk by the Drooping Well.' As if she would not like the pilgrims of old, have filled her shoes with pebbles, and have gone bravely forth over the stoniest and most rugged of ways, if thereby Jack Walsingham would be found at the end of it. The autumn had set in chill and wet, it was extremely damp and sloppy, and the neat little Balmoral boots, with their high, slender heels, left quite a perceptible track, by which Miss Rosamond might have been traced to the rendezvous on that chill autumn evening, had any one been guilty of such an impertinence.

She had donned a long, brown mantle and pretty straw hat, with its bunch of scarlet poppies, and taken her way out into the park, and away through the sheltered path that led to the Drooping Well. A sweet and airy little figure, slender, well-poised, and graceful as the windflowers on its stem, but one which would have been more in keeping with summer sunshine, than this mournful autumn day, if it had not been for the fearful light in those large innocent eyes, the wistful sadness that sat on the tender childish lips. She knew she was much sooner than the time Jack had mentioned, yet could not do what she would, help quickening her steps, till they were almost a run. So, when she reached the old well, no familiar face was there to greet her, no dear, yearned-for voice thanked and blessed her for coming. She sat down on the edge of the well, and left as she had come in.

rain. And what a dreary, dreary evening! It was no longer raining, but a fitful wind vexed the fading leaves, and rushing among the trees made them toss their boughs aloft, with that seemed to Rosamond's fancy, wild and despairing pain. Showers of dying leaves shivered to the ground after every one of these gusts, as if, weary of resisting their fate, they were minded to succumb, without more ado, to their fierce enemy, and he down, once for all, in peace to die. Almost it seemed to Rosamond that it would be a good thing for her too, to lie down and suffer pain no more.

But now there comes a sound in the distance—faint at first and often interrupted—that somehow puts all thoughts of dying out of Rosamond's head; a hollow, measured, rapid sound—the beat of a horse's hoof on the miry road. Nearer and nearer. She cannot see the road from this sheltered nook; but almost she thinks she could tell the tread of Jack's horse from all other horses. Closer and closer: regular, steady and rapid; ah! if it should go past—if, after all, it should not be he. But it does not go past; there is a sudden splash and splutter among the pools in the muddy road, as if a horse suddenly reined in, a silence, a pleasant manly voice speaking words of praise and fondness to an animal, a quick footstep, and the next instant a well-knowing figure lightly stepping across the stile that gives entrance to a footway across General Manner's domain.

Rosamond rises, and would fain go forward to meet that coming figure, but her feet seem suddenly like pieces of lead, and her knees knock together. Even when Jack has both her little hands shaking in his, and is saying in his kind hearty voice: 'Rosie, how dear and kind of you to come,' she cannot speak, because that dreadful aching in her throat tells her that the tears are only waiting her voice to burst forth in torrents. Perhaps Jack sees all the struggle; at any rate, he makes a hurried and imperfect attempt to give a jocose aspect to the matter, which, though it falls short of its mark, at least helps Rosamond to a little command over herself.

She sits down again on the edge of the well, and looks up piteously into his face. 'O Jack, is it really true? I can scarcely believe it.—Are you really going away?' 'Rosamond, don't sit there; your feet must be in a pool: they must, I assure you, my dear.—Well, yes, I think it is true—and best, Rosie.'

'And are you going because of your quarrel with the General? O Jack, I can't think how that could ever have come about. Tell me how it was; and surely, surely, when he loves you so dearly, he can't be angry long?'

'God bless him!' said Jack heartily. 'No, I don't think he will be; and I couldn't go and leave unkindness behind me with one who has always been the kindest of fathers to me. I don't doubt but that will be set right, my dear, before I go, never fear.'

THE LATE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

(From the Daily Telegraph.)

After an illness protracted over several weeks Cardinal Wiseman died at 5 o'clock, on Wednesday morning, at his residence in York place, Baker Street, Portman-square. His last illness was the climax of a painful and incurable disease, under which he had suffered for many years, but during the course of which his labors on behalf of his communion were uninterrupted, except in intervals of great pain.

The death of a 'Prince of the Church,' the head of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, can scarcely fail to excite some interest in society, beyond the special interest which, of course, will ever be attached to the name of Cardinal Wiseman among members of that faith of which he was so eloquent an expounder and so able a champion; the more especially since the name of the prelate just deceased has been so frequently and so prominently brought before the world in connection with an important event of English history in the middle of the nineteenth century. The name of Cardinal Pole is indelibly stamped on our records in connection with the reign of Queen Mary; but, of the Englishmen subsequently invested with the dignity of a scarlet hat, the readers of our annals have heard but little, and perhaps care less, though the list includes the names of Howard, Allen, York, Weld and Acton. The name of Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, however, will go down to posterity as the real author and planner of the reorganisation of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, after a suspension of three centuries; as one of 'the choice and master-spirits of the age' in which his lot was cast, whether they accept or reject his claim to the much controverted title of 'Archbishop of Westminster.'

Apart from the share which his Eminence took in the 'Papal aggression' of 1850, and the helping hand which he held out from his former home at Oscott to the Tractarian party at Oxford, who were struggling under the leadership of Newman, to find a perfect and ideal Church, such as should satisfy the aspirations of their restless souls—apart from those two facts, the life of Cardinal Wiseman, like that of most ecclesiastics and theologians, was not very eventful, nor does it offer many incidents for his biographer. We will, however, do our best to give our readers a connected view of the career of his Eminence, our authorities being mainly the 'Dublin Review,' which he edited for many years, and his work entitled 'Recollections of the Four Last Popes.'

The late Cardinal was born of a good and once wealthy family, of English origin and extraction, which two or three centuries ago, held broad acres in Essex and other counties. His elder branch has held a baronetcy since the reign of Charles I, and is now represented by a gallant and able naval officer, Captain Sir William Wiseman, C.B., whose name is well known for his gallantry in New Zealand and in the Chinese Seas. The ancestors of the Cardinal, however, had been settled for some generations in the south of Ireland, and his father was an eminent merchant at Waterford who traded largely with Seville in Spain. The mother of Nicholas was a lady named Strange, of a good old Irish family, and nearly related to that of Lord Bellew. She lived to a great age, having seen her son raised to the Cardinalate, and having survived her husband for many years. Their son was born at Seville on the 2nd of August, 1802, so he had recently completed the sixty-second of his age. He was sent to England when a child six years old; and having spent two years at a private school at Waterford, he was removed to the Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical College of St. Omer, then lately established at Ushaw, near Durham. Here he became a pupil of the late eminent Roman Catholic historian, the Rev. Dr. Lingard, whom then held office there as Vice-President. At Ushaw he remained until he was about sixteen years of age, when, having given satisfactory proofs of his 'vocation' to the ecclesiastical life, he was sent to Rome and entered as a student at the

English College there. This ancient institution which had been dissolved some twenty years before, was revived in 1818, when he and five other English youths were the first students of the college under its new auspices. They arrived at Rome just before Christmas in that year, and shortly afterwards had the happiness of being presented to the Pope, Pius VII., who together with his able minister, Cardinal Consalvi, had been the chief promoter of the restoration of the English College, in the hope that the new institution would sow the seeds of future victories of the Roman Catholic Church in England, or at all events greatly minister to its progress in a country now Protestant and heretical, though it had once been an 'island of saints.'

At the English College the youth prosecuted his ecclesiastical studies with such industry and vigor, that in July, 1824, when he had not reached 22 years of age, in recognition of the ability displayed in a theological disputation held before Pope Leo XII., that Pontiff conferred on him the degree of doctor of divinity, and early in the following year he was admitted into holy orders. Two years later, having attained the priesthood, he was nominated Vice-Rector of the English College, and took an active part as a teacher in various branches of the ecclesiastical curriculum and also in classics and philology. Before long his reputation as a lecturer was so thoroughly established that we find him nominated to the professorship of Oriental languages in the University of Rome. In the same year he was appointed by the Pope to preach in English before the English Roman Catholics in Rome, who up to that time had never had an opportunity of hearing their native language in public within the walls of the Eternal City.

The sermons proved a success and an attraction; and it was, therefore, certain that the young ecclesiastic was marked out for promotion. Nor was such a surmise ill-founded. Towards the close of 1821, Dr. Gradwell, the Rector of the English College, was sent to England as a 'Vicar Apostolic,' and Dr. Wiseman was advanced to the vacant post. During the same year he published the first of his more noted or elaborate works, one quite in harmony with his position as professor of Oriental Languages. This was the 'Horæ Syriacæ, seu Commentationes et Anecdota ad res vel ritus Syriacæ spectantia.' The title-page of this book announces that it is 'tomus primus,' but no second volume ever appeared to complete it.

About this time Pope Leo died, and was succeeded by Gregory XVI., who was a firm friend of the rising young ecclesiastic. During the first years of Gregory's Pontificate Dr. Wiseman's relations with Rome became closer and closer, and about the year 1835 he was permanently transferred to England, or, to use the technical phrase, was sent upon the English mission. As Rector of the English College, he had drawn up for private instruction some 'Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion,' which were read to the students, and became highly popular at Rome. At the request of friends, he was induced to deliver these lectures again, in the apartments of Cardinal Weld, to a more extended audience. This was followed by a wish on the part of the English Roman Catholics to have them published: with a view to see them through the press and to superintend their publication, Dr. Wiseman resolved to visit England; and it was during this visit that he delivered at St. Mary's, Moorfields and at the Sardinian Chapel, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, those 'Lectures on the Doctrines of the Catholic Church,' which first made his name known far and wide in this country as a theologian, a preacher, and a writer. They soon found their way into print, commanded an extensive sale, and have continued down to the present day to be one of the most popular manuals of controversial theology for members of the Romish communion.

In 1836, his 'Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion' were published, and shortly afterwards the assistance of his pen was required to meet another emergency. About this time the project of a Roman Catholic Quarterly Review was broached by the late Mr. Quin; and Dr. Wiseman, with the late Daniel O'Connell, was appealed to for assistance. The result was the foundation of the 'Dublin Review.' The first number of the 'Dublin Review' appeared in May, 1836, and Dr. Wiseman was one of its most persistent and able contributors. Seventeen years afterwards (in 1853) the Cardinal republished his contributions to the 'Dublin' in a collective form. The large volumes were entitled 'Essays on Various Subjects,' and very nearly the whole of them is devoted to a consideration of the causes and effects of the Tractarian movement in the Church of England, the commencement of which had slightly preceded in date the foundation of the 'Dublin Review,' and to which, unlike the majority of his dull and suspicious co-religionists, Dr. Wiseman was always ready to extend the right hand of fellowship. Indeed, it may be said that, from first to last, the advanced Tractarians never found among the Roman Catholics a ready ally to help on their yearnings towards the Medieval Church and its system who, in point of general sympathy and intelligent appreciation of their views and aims, could bear comparison with the future Cardinal.

The rest of the biography of Dr. Wiseman may be soon told. In 1840 Pope Gregory XVI. resolved on increasing the number of the Romish bishops in England, by subdividing and doubling the number of the dioceses over which they had ruled since the reign of James II., with the titles of vicars apostolic; and in the same year, in furtherance of this plan, Dr. Wiseman was raised to the episcopate, and permanently appointed to the office of coadjutor or assistant to Dr. Walsh, then Bishop of the Central District, cum jure successionis, and at the same time was made Head of St. Mary's College, Oscott. 'It was, says Dr. Wiseman, returning to this event, 'a sorrowful evening at the beginning of autumn when, after a residence in Rome prolonged through twenty-two years, till affection clung to every old stone there like the moss that grew into it, this strong but tender tie was cut, and much of future happiness had to be invested in the mournful recollections of the past.'

Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago,  
Quæ mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit,  
Cum repeto noctem quæ tot mihi caræ reliquit,  
Lacrimæ ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meus.

Such were the classic words in which, after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, Cardinal Wiseman expressed his remembrance of the feelings with which he turned his back, as he then thought, all but for ever, on the Eternal City. Other promotions followed under the auspices of the present Pops who succeeded Gregory in 1846. In 1848, on the death of Dr. Griffiths, Dr. Wiseman was appointed Pro-Vicar Apostolic of the London District. Very soon he was nominated coadjutor to Dr. Walsh (cum jure successionis) on the appointment of the latter to episcopal jurisdiction over the Roman Catholics of London. Dr. Walsh died in 1849 and he was succeeded by Dr. Wiseman as Vicar Apostolic. In the following year, 1850, occurred the most notable incident in the career of Dr. Wiseman. Summoned to Rome in the August of 1850, he was made a Cardinal, with the title of St. Pudentiana; and it having been resolved by the authorities there to restore England in its place in the ecclesiastical firmament by changing the vicars apostolic into Bishops with local and territorial titles, he was nominally appointed of this latter nomination—the consequences of this latter nomination—the theological, political, and administrative protests and controversies which were among its results—being rather a history than a biography, and must be so fresh in the memories of most of our readers that we may be excused from making more than a passing allusion to them here. It is a good saying, Nil nisi domum de mortuis. It is enough to add here that Dr. Wiseman's elevation to the 'Archbishopric' was dated Sept. 29, 1850, and that his Cardinalate

dates from the following day. The famous 'Pastoral Letter,' in which he announced with such a flourish of trumpets to his flock, 'We govern England as ordinary,' and which he subsequently explained as referring to nothing but 'spiritual' rule, was issued from 'the Flaminius Gate' of Rome, on the 7th of the following month. The outcry and tumult with which its publication was received, was received, was to some extent mitigated and toned down by some sermons which he preached at St. George's, Soutwark, immediately on returning to England, and by a judicious and well-timed pamphlet, which he entitled 'An Appeal to the Reason and Good Feeling of the English People on the Subject of the Catholic Hierarchy.' But in spite of this, and his many subsequent acts of courtesy in appearing as a lecturer on art and science, the act of the Cardinal in assuming the title of a local archbishop, designated after that city which has been for centuries the very seat of our English Legislature, was a deed which the British public has never overlooked or forgiven.

During the fifteen years which have since elapsed, the Cardinal's activity was incessant and unremitting; he presided in person over nearly every meeting ordinary and extraordinary, of the Roman Catholic Episcopate, and he largely influenced their collective counsels. In spite of the constantly recurring attacks of a very painful disease, the Cardinal still found time, besides his ordinary occupations, to contribute very regularly to the Dublin Review, and to lecture, both on religious and on miscellaneous topics, to large audiences both in London and in the provinces. In illustration of the Cardinal's wide range of learning and information, we would draw attention to the following list of some of the works which have proceeded from his pen, in addition to those which we have already had occasion to mention. His 'Future Historian's View of the Present War' (1855), is a brochure elicited by considerations which occurred to his mind during the progress of the Crimean campaigns. Of a later date are his lectures on such subjects as 'Rome, Ancient and Modern,' 'On the Influence of Words on Thought and Civilisation,' and on 'The Perception of Natural Beauty by the Ancients and Moderns.' The Cardinal has also appeared as a writer of fiction; the most successful effort of his pen in that direction is 'Fabiola, a Tale of the Catacombs,' which gives a truly touching and beautiful account of the scenes in which the virtues of the Christian martyrs of the first three or four centuries were displayed in their brightest colors. His 'Recollections of the Last Four Pops' is an interesting store of miscellaneous reminiscences of days now gone by at Rome, probably never to return. His other publications include a 'Treatise on the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist,' against Dr. Turton, late Lord Bishop of Ely, together with a 'Reply on the same subject'; 'Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week'; 'Sermons, Speeches, and Lectures delivered in Ireland'; 'Points of Contact between Science and Art'; 'Lectures on Concordata'; and some miscellaneous sermons.

With the countenance and appearance of the late Cardinal, thanks to photography, the public are familiar enough; it is therefore scarcely necessary to describe him further than by saying that he was tall and proportionately stout, and that his features were large, coarse, and heavy, until lit up by conversation, when they beamed with intelligence. To his friends he was always affable and kind, and though he had many enemies, those enemies arose, not out of any personal feelings or private antipathies, but out of the circumstances in which he found himself placed. To the Oxford converts, or perverts, lay and clerical, he was always a true and genuine friend; and he deserves the credit for it really belonged to him of having been the one among his co-religionists who have most emphatically hailed and encouraged the great Romeward movement initiated by the Tractarians, and to the issue of which he contributed by his writings and personal intercourse. So far was this the case that it was one of the Cardinal's powerful articles on the Donatists of the Early Church which first shook the faith of Dr. Newman in the Anglican system.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Thursday, Feb. 16, a Month's Mind was celebrated in the Roman Catholic Chapel, Paulstown, county Kilkenny, for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. James Hume, C.C. The esteem in which the lamented deceased was held by all classes for his many virtues, and his untiring zeal in the service of God, could not be better exemplified than by the number of persons both clergy and laity—who repaired to Paulstown on Thursday to offer a fervent prayer for the repose of his soul. The ceremonies were most imposing and were presided over by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh. At the termination of the Mass his lordship pronounced the solemn Absolution of the Dead, after which the large congregation dispersed.

We (Ulster Observer, Feb. 16), regret to have to announce the death of Canon O'Brien, P.P., Archdiocese of Armagh. A ripe scholar and a zealous priest—he was both respected and revered. The archdiocese has sustained a great loss in his death, and the congregation to which he ministered will not be easily consoled for their bereavement.

We understand that his Grace Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh, has received the Papal Bulls authorizing the consecration of Very Rev. Dr. Donnelly as Bishop of the diocese of Oglough. The ceremony will take place, we believe, on next Sunday week, when a sermon appropriate to the occasion will be preached by Most Rev. John Pius Leahy, D.D., Bishop of Dromore.

A correspondent writes:—The Mission in Ballinacorney, progresses most satisfactorily. Penitents are beginning to crowd from the more distant parts of the diocese, and it must afford sincere gratification to the good parish priest, Father Brady, that the blessing which he has brought amongst us is being so greatly availed of and profited by. The eloquent teachings and labors of the venerable superior, Dr. Healy, and Rev. Father Fortescue, will be of much benefit to the community.

The late Lord Viscount Massareene marked out and granted a beautiful site for a Catholic Church in the town of Colton, county Meath. Previous to his lordship's death this grant was not confirmed; but his successor, the present lord, has generously confirmed the grant of one half acre of ground, in the main street of Colton, at a nominal rent. Grateful for his lordship's kindness and generosity, the following resolution was passed at a meeting of the Catholic parishioners of Colton: Moved by L. Kieran, Esq.; and seconded by Luke McGivern, Esq.—That Lord Viscount Massareene and Ferrard is entitled to our marked and lasting gratitude for his generosity in granting, at a nominal rent, so eligible and so good a site for our new church.

The report of the visitors of Maynooth College—the Duke of Leinster, Archbishop Cullen, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Chief Baron Pigott, C.B.—has just been issued. The superiors and professors at the date of the visitation, the 23rd of November last, were 20 in number. The number of students actually in residence was 517; the number on the books 535. Seventy candidates out of 82 who presented themselves in the present year have been admitted to a matriculation. Within the last 3 years 168 students have been ordained to the priesthood. The visitors again draw attention to the inadequacy of the public hall and of the college chapel, and of the poverty of the fittings of the latter. With this exception, and an expression of regret that the necessary repairs remain uncompleted for want of funds to provide the necessary furniture, the visitors say the result of their visit has been satisfactory.

The New National Association. We may as well broadly state what is in the minds of many, and what will manifest itself in spite of all courtsey and restraint. The committee of the National Association does not possess the confidence of the country, and, as at present constituted, can never command it. There are names upon it that should never have been thrust into public notice, or invested with false distinction. The Bishops, who are deservedly respected, and to whom the country owes a deep debt of gratitude for their participation in the movement, cannot be expected to take an active part in its development. All they can be asked to do is to give to the benefit of their wisdom and the sanction of their authority. On the working committee must naturally devolve the task of accomplishment, and unless that committee be composed of men capable of influencing the country and commanding its attention the undertaking must prove abortive. With one or two exceptions, there are no names on the working committee which the people of Ireland can respect, or which they should be called upon to confide in. With all due deference to the gentlemen in question, the Gaxons of the Archdiocese of Dublin, the erudite and versatile professor of the Catholic University, and the undistinguished barrister who shares the responsibilities of Messrs. McSwiney and Dillon are not the men to awaken the sympathy of the people, or win them to active exertion in the country's cause. We do not attach much importance to rank or influence, as the terms are ordinarily accepted, and we believe that plain men, with clear brains and honest hands, can accomplish a great deal of good, and do accomplish nearly all the good of which the world reaps the advantage. It is on this very account, however, that we demur to the constitution of the Executive Committee of the National Association, and ask for its amendment. It would be a pity, and indeed a misfortune, if the excellent project for which the Association was called into existence were to lapse for want of the support which direct policy and reputable management can so easily secure for it. It is due to the distinguished prelates, who took part in the inaugural proceedings, to render the undertaking in which they have embarked, and to which they have accorded their solemn sanction, eminently successful. The country looked to their interference, and the country is bound to sustain their exertions. It is not too late to amend what is faulty in the organization. We tell the simple truth when we say that the country was mortified at the programme put before it, and started at the 'game' to which it was invited. Why were the priests of Meath, and Louth and Longford, and Wexford excluded from the Committee? Or why, at least, were they not invited to serve on it? We may be indelicate in saying it, but it is a notorious fact that Dublin is not politically sacred ground, and that everything that emanates from it is regarded with suspicion. The clergy of the archdiocese are excellent men, but they have never been identified with popular movements, and they have never been remarkable for their participation in popular struggles.

It looks very like presumption, or at least it is regarded as such by the country, to put into the position of philosophers and guides men who are either wholly unknown, or known only by their avowed sympathy with parties and influences opposed to the project with which they have become identified. Had there been wise heads over it the foolish and inconsistent programme which the Association has put forth would never have appeared; still less would there have been initiated a line of policy which seems specially framed to favor vacillation, and cloaked dishonesty, and open to political trifles and subterfuges which their own ingenuity would not enable them to create. The character of the committee is obvious in its action and the declarations. We do not wish to dwell upon these disagreeable matters; but we may safely say, if we are to effect anything for the good of the country, it must be by an agency more direct and intelligible—more straightforward and practical than that which is presented to us. We abhor Toryism, but we could endure it in all its natural ugliness in preference to whining Whiggery. The bishops have taken a good step in the movement they have inaugurated, but they have only done half their work. They should see that the principles for which they contend are carried out in their integrity. They should not rest satisfied with merely telling the people their duty; and, with all due respect, they should assign us better political instructors than Canon Farrell, Councillor Devitt, and Professor Kavanagh.—Ulster Observer.

In the Court of Common Pleas, Dublin, an action was recently brought against the Caran Gas Light Company by Eleanor Holywood, administratrix of William John Holywood, deceased, who lost his life by an explosion of gas in the town of Caran, on the 27th of September, 1863. The defendant was a plumber employed by the company, but it appearing that the disaster was caused by his own negligence, the jury found a verdict for defendants.

In the Commission Court, Dublin, on Thursday Feb. 16, Mr. Justice O'Brien resumed his charge to the jury in the trial of Murphy, charged with the murder of his two sisters at Balbriggan. The delivery of the address occupied the court till seven o'clock in the evening. His lordship entered into the minute details of the case, and examined the evidence from a point of view favorable to the prisoner. At the conclusion of the Judge's charge, the jury retired, and, after an hour's absence, returned to court with a verdict of not guilty. The verdict was received with applause in the gallery and cheers outside the court house, where an immense crowd had collected to hear the result.

The bark Brandy, laden with Indian corn, was wrecked near Wexford on Thursday morning. Thirteen persons, including Dr. Pierce, a passenger, were drowned. The master and 14 persons were saved through the exertions of Captain Blake, Mr. Oughlan collector of Customs; Mr. Walsh, agent to Lloyd's, and Mr. Laffan, who proceeded to the wreck in a steam-tug, and rescued the survivors from the rigging at great risk to their own lives. A correspondent of the Freeman speaks highly of the skill and courage of Captain Blake.

The children of the late Mr. Longfield have been made wards of Chancery. His estates in the county of Cork, worth 12,000l. a year have been placed under a receiver. Mr. French, a gentleman of property in the county, has been appointed to the office, on the recommendation of Mrs. Longfield, mother of the minors.

For the past two days it has been blowing a gale of wind from E.S.E. on the coast of Wicklow. On Sunday night a fine iron-built schooner, the Anne, 270 tons, laden with coals from Liverpool for the Mediterranean, went ashore about midday between Wicklow Head and Muggins Head, and soon became a total wreck. The crew were providentially saved by the Coastguard from the Wicklow station under the command of Captain Balfour, R.N. Captain Balfour and his men remained on the spot throughout Sunday, rendering what assistance they could to the half-drowned crew of the schooner. Mr. Walsh, Lloyd's agent, has since visited the wreck, which is this day reported as 'hull below water.'

Representation of Cork City. Mr. N. D. Murphy has been returned for Cork City without opposition. Mr. Maguire was proposed in order to make a statement. The best feeling prevailed on both sides, and the proceedings ended harmoniously.—Times.

The O'Donoghue has been elected for Tralee, beating the other candidate, Mr. McKenna, by 34 votes. The following is the official declaration of the poll:—O'Donoghue, 114; McKenna, 80. Majority, 34.

An attorney-at-law, named Patrick McEneaney, has been committed for trial at Belfast on a charge of using seditious and treasonable expressions. Bail was refused.