

beauty dashed out forever, and that voice, which to me was sweeter than the music of birds in spring—Alas! amid the roaring billow it shrieked for help unheard, unpitied! Oh, Mona! why was it not I—I, the time-worn and time-wary Dairene—on whom this ark destiny fell?"

"Dairene," said a low, sweet voice near her;

"Dairene," said a low, sweet voice near her; Dairene turned quickly, and tearing off her veil with wild emotion, beheld Mona standing calm and beautiful before her.

"And didst thou hear me in thy spirit-home, O loved and loving one? Has NERF NOAM taken pity on her old handmaid, and sent thee to comfort me?" said Dairene, with awe, while she folded her hands over her bosom and knelt on the sands at Mona's feet.

"Rise, Dairene. I am no phantom. I am Mona. I live," she said, tenderly.

"Thou livest? Then let me touch thee; then let me feel thee. There! put thy arms about my neck, and put thy cheek to mine!—O NERF NOAM! it is true! she lives! Mona lives! But, Mona, why this mystery?"

"I have come to tell thee; for I have watched thee these many days. Thy anguish filled me with pity; and moved by my old love for thee, and a feeling still more divine, I have perilled my life on this moment. Oh, Dairene, there is a great and holy God, the Creator of heaven and earth, whose creatures we are, who so loved us that He gave His only Son Jesus Christ to die for our ransom. He is the Deliverer of whom I dreamed, before whose power demons and idols fall, the Lord and Maker of HEAVEN and NERF!" said Mona, speaking rapidly.

"But—but—Mona," gasped Dairene, confused, and half wild with horror, "come: let us retreat. Even now I see you hill-tops luminous with light. Hasten with me, song-bird of my heart, lest we be too late for the mid-night rites."

"I return no more, Dairene. I worship only the true and living God. Never more shall I bend the knee to idols, but, if needs be, will suffer death for Christ," said Mona, in her sweet, clear tones.

"Thou art—!" began Dairene, with a shudder.

"A Christian? Yes," replied Mona, lifting her head from Dairene's shoulder, and unclasping her hand.

"Oh, blessed child of a faithless mother!—Better hadst thou struck the knife to thy heart years ago! Better had it been for thee hadst thou perished in the billows! for then thou wouldst not be so lost to me as thou art now! But thou shalt not escape. I will denounce thee, and, if need be, O sacrilegious one! mine shall be the hand to avenge the honor of NERF NOAM!"

She returned to grasp Mona's arm to drag her back to the temple; but she had vanished; she was gone; and uttering a wild and despairing shriek, Dairene ran leaping along the shore, tossing her arms and tearing her gray hair, until, overcome by maddening agonies, she fell prostrate and senseless to the earth.

Mona had fled back to the cavern, where Lena, the fisherman's wife, awaited her return with anxious dread. She looked so pale, and there was such a glow in her large eyes, as she entered, that Lena sprang up, and, folding her brawny arm around the fragile one, led her, unresisting, to a seat on the rushes.

"I have seen Dairene. I have spoken with her, Lena," she said, in a low voice, while she panted like a hunted fawn.

"And how—what was her reception of thee?"

"Rapture,—joy,—until she learned that I was no longer a follower of NERF NOAM, but a follower of JESUS CHRIST. Then, in wild fury, she would have dragged me to the temple and placed me at the mercy of the Druids," she replied.

"It is true, then, that this is no longer a refuge for thee," said the good Lena, thoughtfully. "My husband has been here, gentle lady, and tells me that while he was fishing many miles up the Shannon yesterday, near the shore, he saw a large party, among whom were Semo and the other Druids from Lough Tor, riding slowly along toward Innistore. He has learned that there is to be a hue and cry after the Christians in these parts; and, now that Dairene has discovered that thou art living, it will increase the fury of the Druids, and their keen wits will not rest until thou art captured. But there is one thing,—one way of escape, gentle lady: only it seemeth like insolence to propose it to one of thy degree," said Lena, with respectful tenderness.

"Alas, Lena, why such language to one like me? Am I not too the servant of a crucified Lord? The more, suffering, the more humiliation, the more pain I have the more shall I be like unto Him who died for me. Oh, Lena, this morning, when, under the sacramental veil, the holy Finian bestowed His on me,—the sacred humanity, the immortal divinity, the mystical life of Jesus Christ, true, full, and entire,—my heart was so replenished and filled with such strength and love, that had I ten thousand lives I would offer them unreservedly to His glory," exclaimed Mona, with a radiant and sublime expression.

"But, my child," said Lena, humbly, while she gazed on the seraphic smile that lit up Mona's face, "simple obedience to the Divine will must be our guide. The holy Finian declares that it is our duty to avoid dangers; for by a needless exposure of ourselves to the rage of our enemies we should incur the guilt of presumption and lose the exceeding great reward of martyrdom. In the hour of peril let us fly to shelter in the holy name of God; then, when all fails, if it is the divine will that we seal our faith in the Word with our blood, let it flow, let it flow, O JESUS CHRIST, from our head, our hands, our side, for Thee, even as Thine flowed for us."

"Lead me whither thou wilt, Lena. Thou seest I am but a weak child," said Mona, kneeling down by the good woman's side and leaning her head on her bosom.

"Yes: Dairene, maddened by her love for thee, and her pagan zeal, will not rest until thou art immolated to her stern deities. Semo and the Druids will search the very depths of the sea, that they may sacrifice thee to their vengeance. There is no time to be lost. I have a sister at Innistore, who is the tiring-woman of the noble lady of the castle: she will receive thee as an assistant in the nursery in the place of the slave Panthea, who is crippled and helpless," said Lena.

"Innistore! I am known at Innistore by some of its inmates, who have been accustomed to see me since I was a child, from time to time," said Mona, looking up with surprise.

"For all that I am prepared, gentle lady," said Lena, opening a bundle. "They will not know thee in this disguise I have prepared.—Dairene herself would pass thee by unnoticed. So, let me fold thy long hair beneath this cap, let me sponge thy face with this dye,—thy neck, hands, and arms. Now put on this peasant attire. There! thou art safe."

"A servant!" murmured Mona,—"a servant! Is this glorifying God? Is this ignoble flight worthy of a Christian?"

"Dear lady, in holy obedience we imitate and glorify JESUS CHRIST, who became a servant, an outcast, and a reproach for our salvation," said Lena, quickly.

"Yes: to become a servant for Christ is very sweet, Lena. To be subject to others, and feel no will of my own, is very sweet, because in place of my own will the adorable will of the Most High God will reign, filling me with newer and brighter life, until my soul is lost in heavenly communings which are types of eternal rest. I see it all, and feel it, now.—Servitude or death, servitude or death, be mine, dear Lord, according to thy good pleasure. Let us go now, that we may reach Innistore before day-dawn."

"His hand is leading thee, His right hand is about thee!" said Lena, throwing a large gray mantle like her own over Mona's head and shoulders. Then they stepped out of the cavern, and wound their way cautiously down the steep and narrow path until they reached the level shore, when they walked on rapidly and in silence.

"I must go in here an instant," said Lena, pausing near her cabin, which lay in their way. "I have eggs and woolen hose to carry to Innistore, which I shall sell, to buy bread for my little ones; and I wish to let those within know our movements."

In a little while she came out, with two light willow baskets on her arms. The one containing eggs she gave to Mona, the other she carried herself.

"We will go on now," she said, cheerfully. "They are all well within. My husband and son would have risen to go with us; but I usually go alone, and I feared it might excite surprise to see me thus attended."

The moon was now shining in unclouded glory over their way, while the beacon-light at Innistore guided them on. It was a rough and rugged path; sometimes it led them over sharp, broken rocks, and sometimes through thickets of thorn-bushes and holly. The delicate vestal, nurtured like a song-bird,—whose life had been passed amid flowers and music and song,—felt footsore and weary, wandering at midnight in search of humiliations and bondage. Humiliations and bondage! Was this all that the new faith had brought her? No, not all. For that part of which the body is the prison—that sentient and keen life, so deathless, of which the body is only the earthly garb—was filled with a peace so tranquil, a courage so high, a brightness of hope so heavenly, a faith so strong, that it counted all things as loss for the cross of Christ, and was borne up, as on eagle's pinions, beyond the dull wailing of afflicted nature, so near the confines of heaven that the bleeding feet were not thought of, the weary limbs asked no repose, bondage was forgotten, and death itself was lost in the sweet fullness of hope.

(To be Continued.)

THE INSURRECTION IN PARIS.

I have already noticed the efforts made by the Commune to upset all social relations, and to destroy some of the essential elements of property and family life. The work is continued today. The Judges of the Paris Law Courts having "basely abandoned their seats and compromised the interests of the citizens," the Commune, in the interval of their places being filled, appoints a President "to give judgment in cases of appeal, of conciliation in cases of separation, and of legalization of signatures;" that is to say, of urgent and summary business generally confided to the President of the Tribunal. People who are acquainted with the requirements of the French law will be terrified at the effect that such a breach of the laws of the country may produce. The Judge of Appeals has almost absolute power in certain cases; he may order sales, interrupt or hasten proceedings, cause, in fact, irreparable losses and confusion. If his judgments were reversed it would be impossible to replace matters in their former state. The persons injured will have only a very fallacious resource against the Judge who has despoiled them. With the exception of two or three, the men who take part in this insurrection possess nothing, and have nothing to lose. They expose their lives, but run no risk for their property, and it is not very certain that even their lives are much exposed. In the hour of danger they will be seen to escape by every outlet.

Evidently the desire of honour and glory is not extinct in France. A Frenchman undecorated is at this moment a curiosity; but after all the crosses of the Legion of Honour that have been distributed for services rendered in the late war, there are at this moment 64,000 applications for that distinction awaiting the decision of M. Thiers. It appears to us here that this civil conflict is regarded in a more serious light by foreigners than by the French themselves. To-day I heard an eminent French statesman say, "I am afraid it must be owned that nothing will make our people serious. They were not serious during the great war with Prussia, and they are not serious now. How different would be the bearing of the English people under such national calamities!" It is no wonder he should so express himself, when I saw in print an announcement that the actors of the Palais Royal are coming down to give three representations a week

at Versailles! At this moment in the Avenue de St. Cloud there are penny shows and half-penny shooting galleries being erected opposite a line of military tents, and next week we shall have clowns entertaining a laughing multitude while the ambulances are passing with dead and mangled Frenchmen. The vain glories of the people are as curiously manifested by the comments one hears as the bombardment proceeds. "Ah, how the French can fight!" "Paris is not taken yet." "Why did not the Generals let them go out and beat the Prussians?" "I say parole encore—*à tout pas*." "Certainement, Madame. Les Insurgés sont des braves, mais, comme tous les Français, ils sont très braves aussi—*très braves*."

The great barricades which intersect the streets on all sides are rapidly growing into redoubts; the erections, indeed, that protect the Place Vendôme might almost be called little fortresses, so elaborately built are they, with scarp and counterscarp, protected by wide ditches, and wedged with fascines and bags of sand. At present they have a warlike aspect as seen from afar off, but are in reality harmless, not having been yet furnished with guns. Another day or two will see them armed, and Versailles appears to an outsider to be falling into the same mistake as that made by the Prussians eight months ago, who allowed Paris time to prepare a serious defence, instead of marching quickly upon her while her hands were yet tied.—*Times* Cor.

The following letter of an "insurgent" to his wife is published in the *Full Mail Gazette*, dated from the outpost at Levallois:—"It is now twelve days since I left you, my good Jeanne, but I have no time to tell you all that happened—it would break your heart. Some of my comrades are mad to fight, but most of them, like myself, would prefer to be back in the workshop instead of living in mud and under a shower of projectiles. I wish the Republic well, but the gentlemen of the Hotel de Ville have so managed affairs that I cannot say what I am fighting for. I am not indolent, nor afraid of putting my shoulder to the wheel; but yet if I were free I would eat my soup this evening with you and the brats, which would be better than killing Frenchmen. What annoys me the most is the thought that your brother is with the opposite party, and that I may put a bullet into him, or that he may make a widow of you. Without joking, it was nearly all up with me on Thursday, and but for my half-I should have been over-trumped. I have had news to tell you, which you may as well keep to yourself. The son of Mother N— fell yesterday at ten paces from me at a moment when we were being driven back by the Versailles party, who charged to the cries of '*Vive la France!*' '*Vive la République!*' This rather astonished us, as we have been impressed with the belief that they always shout '*Vive la Bête!*' We are forced to cry '*Vive la Commune!*' If I could only get away you should see me this evening, and I would be followed by more than one man belonging to our quarter, but the gates are shut, and there are no means of getting back. I only wish that I had taken your advice. How are the children? When I think that I used to be angry when they made too much noise! I should like to hear them now. This morning we caught a linesman, who fought like a cat going to be drowned. He told us we were demolishing the Republic, and laugh at us for allowing ourselves to be commanded by foreigners who do not care if Paris be destroyed or France ruin'd. The batteries are recommending to fire; if we kill as many regulars as they kill Federals, husbands will be scarce next year."

When the Cure of the Madeleine was first arrested—the gravest charge that could be brought against him was that, doing his duty as a priest, he had administered *à première communion* to the Prince Imperial and had confessed the Empress—a few vulgar ruffians of this stamp treated him with, so far as words went, revolting brutality. They were not content with outraging his feelings by coarse attacks upon all that he held most sacred. But they did what they could to make him believe—a man of 75, whose gray hairs alone might have secured him some little regard—that he was in immediate danger of his life. "We will soon give you your Paradise," said one fellow. "If six men are wanted," said another, a captain of the National Guard, "to execute this criminal, apply to me; I have them all ready below." It is probable enough that men who talk in this way would be ready to act with no less brutality, and that, if the matter rested with them, the Archbishop of Paris, or any priest who had the misfortune to fall into their hands, might think himself fortunate to escape with no worse punishment than close confinement in a felon's cell.

The Communists at Paris have at last managed to knock down the famous Vendôme column; here is an account of the destruction of this fine monument:—

FALL OF THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

There was a tremendous scene at the fall of the column of the Place Vendôme at half-past five o'clock this afternoon. The fall was announced for two o'clock, and all the balconies in the Place Vendôme were thronged with ladies. The Rue de la Paix and Castiglione were crowded. Bands of music arrived while the workmen were engaged in clipping the base of the column. Next came some engineers who inspected the windlass. The excitement was intense. Rochefort appeared, and the people crowded around him, giving him loud cheers. Soon arrangements were completed, and the bugles sounded. The cable stretched and tightened, and the pulley flew in the air, and descended, striking a sailor and wounding him. After this accident, M. Abdee declared he needed two hours in which to repair the tackle. At a quarter past five it was given out that the column would not fall before seven o'clock. A general expression of disappointment ran through the crowd. M. Abdee was accused of complicity with the Versailles Government and threatened with the guillotine. At twenty minutes past five o'clock the cable was again stretched for the work of demolition. Suddenly, to the surprise of the spectators, the vast column moved and swayed; it next swept magnificently down, bursting into fragments as it struck the earth. It fell lengthways into the Rue de la Paix, exactly on the cushion prepared for it, splintering with a dull, heavy, lumbering sound, while a thick cloud of dust and crushed and powdered masonry rose in the air. The crowd, as soon as the column fell, gave tremendous shouts of '*Vive la Commune!*' and the bands played the Marseillaise Hymn. When the dust cleared away, there lay the glorious column, shattered to pieces, its bronze and masonry in two masses together in the middle, and the statue of the Emperor several feet from one end, with the head knocked off. The crowd rushed forward to collect fragments as relics, and the guards were unable to resist the rush. Next, the orators commenced their speeches, indulging in all sorts of extravagant language. The statue of the Emperor was treated as if it were the Emperor himself. The National Guards spat upon its face and struck it with their rifles. After these interesting ceremonies were concluded, the crowd dispersed, and the soldiers moved off, waving their red flags, and giving expression to their joy by continued shouting. The excitement was tremendous, and is even now high. This is the story of the destruction of a great work of art, which cannot readily be replaced.

The testimony of those who doubt the least is not unusually that which ought most to be doubted.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PRESERVATION OF IRISH ANTIQUITIES.—During his Easter holidays in the West, Sir William Wilde, in accordance with the suggestion of the Right Rev. Dr. Bernard, Bishop of Tuam (already published in the *Phoenix*), visited, in connection with Mr. W. H. Gregory, one of the members for Galway, and the Rev. P. Duggan, P.P., of Connor, the ancient abbey of Knockmoy, with a view to its preservation, and we hope to see some action taken thereon. Sir William then proceeded to Roscommon, the ancient abbey of which he has been instrumental in preserving from further decay and desecration. He was there met by the Rev. Dr. Phillips, P.P.; Messrs. J. Burke, Moriarty, O'Connor Eccles, *Roscommon News*; J. Kelly, County Surveyor; and several inhabitants of the town, and assistance having been procured, the tomb of Felim O'Connor, long celebrated for the remarkable effigies of the gallow-glasses which supported the full-length figure of the King, was investigated. The massive though dilapidated slab covering the tomb having been carefully removed, the space behind them was found to consist of rubble work and some bones, evidently thrown in after the tomb had been rifled, perhaps centuries ago. In the grounds of Mr. Burke and Mr. Moriarty, adjoining, were found, in good preservation, two slabs, each containing two figures in high relief and good preservation of the mail-clad gallow-glasses, with their long swords and short, long-handled death-bearing battle-axes, that originally stood stone sentinels before the remains of the chief. It will be remembered by readers of Irish history that such was the prowess of those warriors, and such the strength, skill, and effect with which they wielded these *crabs*, Geraldus Cambrensis states that a horseman receiving an ax-blow from one of them on the thigh, the body fell on one side and the leg on the other of his horse. Messrs. Burke and Moriarty at once presented the missing slabs, and in a few hours the entire set, fitting in exactly, stood as in battle array on their original plinth, which fortunately had remained undisturbed at the base, and was probably on the level of the Abbey floor. The interior of the sepulchre, which, like most other altar tombs, especially of "founders," was placed in a recess to the north of the high altar—its bright, marked by string course, is to be filled up securely and the regal monumental slab replaced upon it this week. The arch over the tomb, which was blown down many years ago, is likewise to be immediately restored—as Sir William said he possessed original drawings, engravings and plans of the place, made about a century ago. It is to be hoped that the restoration of this interesting portion of the Abbey will not only be effective but very attractive. Some of our archaeological readers may remember that Sir William recently published in the *Kilbrony Archaeological Journal* an illustration of two of these gallow-glasses, from a photograph supplied to him many years ago by the Hon. Mrs. Dillon, of Clonbrock. Mr. Kelly offered valuable assistance in the progress of the work. Considerable excitement prevailed amongst the by-standers, but the presence of their venerated parish priest calmed the scruples of the people, who towards evening felt much gratified at the result of the day's work. In the adjoining grounds of Mr. Moriarty were found carefully preserved, since the storm of 1839, nearly all the stones of the two beautiful pillars that formerly stood on the north side of the great aisle, and these with the permission of the gentleman who so long preserved them, it is the intention of the committee of management immediately to restore. Several most interesting sculptured monumental slabs were discovered in the course of the excavation. A gate has been placed at the western entrance; some of the trees that threatened injury to the eastern gable have been removed, and a wall has been built round the northern side of the Abbey, in which it is intended to place a proper stile, so that those who from day to day desire to enter the Abbey, either for pious purposes or to gratify curiosity, may have a continuous and ready access.—*Phoenix*.

IRISH PROTESTANT ORTHODOXY.—It is a significant fact that, no sooner are the leaves and fishes withdrawn from the Irish Establishment, than her "orthodoxy" begins to tremble. At the general Synod of the Protestant Episcopal Church—the Archbishop of Dublin in the chair—the Duke of Abercorn's motion was discussed:—"That a Committee be appointed to consider whether, without making such alterations in the Liturgy or Formularies of our Church as would involve or imply a change in her doctrines, any measures can be suggested, calculated to check the introduction and spread of novel doctrines and practices opposed to the principles of our Reformed Church." Now, there is more in this motion than appears at first sight. The Committee, whose report has been presented by Master Brooke, proposes to cut out of the Protestant Ordination-service the words of Our Lord on Absolution. The same measure is suggested for the Protestant Service for the Sick. It is curious that so long as the Irish Protestants were paid to be (Protestant) "orthodox" they raised no objection to being so. But immediately the payment is withdrawn, their consciences assume the offensive. And, in truth, they are right in reforming their attitude; historically, at least, if not Christologically. The Irish Church, as it is factually called, was originally membered by Cromwellian Seculars, by Independents (of every body but themselves), and also by certain Fifth Monarchy men; all of whom had no more in common with high and dry Churchism than Mr. Spurgeon with the Bishop of Winchester. So that to return to the "doctrines" of Cromwell's exponents is really a consistent revision. The odd thing is that the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other pillars of Anglicanism, have been sending money to support a "Church" which is confessedly in antagonism to themselves. It was at least unwise in these Irish Protestants to hastily shatter an orthodoxy which threatened to be lastingly lucrative. Besides, what could it possibly matter whether the Prayerbook were orthodox or not? No Protestant believes a doctrine the more because his Formularies teach it, nor will believe it any the less because his Formularies omit it. Since Protestants teach their Church, instead of their Church teaching them, it seems a pity to lose English money for the sake of altering a book.—*Tribune*.

It is rumored that the English Government will propose as their remedy for Ribbonism in Ireland that in cases of offences committed by members of the Ribbon Society, the prisoners shall be tried by three Judges without a jury.

At the Ballina Quarter Sessions there were only two bills to go before the grand jury—one for larceny and the other for rescue from a sheriff's bailiff.

THE LAND ACT.—At the Skibbereen land sessions, on Saturday, a man named Crowley claimed compensation from Mrs. Attridge, for eviction from a small farm at Coolaghmore. Claimant took the farm in 1850 at a rent of £7 10s., which was subsequently increased to £12, and ultimately to £14. In 1866 and 1869 claimant was served with notices to quit, and in the latter year was induced to sign an agreement by which he ceased to be tenant from year to year, and became tenant for a year certain. This agreement deprived Crowley of the right to compensation for disturbance under the third section, but the Chairman, regarding him as an industrious and improving tenant, evicted without any assigned cause, awarded him £47 17s. for improvements. The Chairman expressed regret that the

respondent had not come forward to explain whether the agreement imposed on Crowley was not intended to be a fraud upon the land bill.

THE OLD REMEDY FOR IRELAND.—Instead of seeking to promote a feeling of respect for the law in Ireland, the *Economist* falls back on the old remedy for Irish disturbances. It says:—"Such a remedy would be the temporary suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, enabling the police for a time to meet to arm the Irish executive with the power of practicing. The great thing is to give the executive power to act promptly—the continual reference to the special remedy which is clearly pointed out by the evidence, and the public committee will not have been useless by showing to all what the necessity is, and that it is really most exceptional." Such remedies as the *Economist* suggests, so far from having been "exceptional" as it tells us, have unfortunately been the rule in Ireland, as is only too well known to any one who has watched the simplest plan of improvement is always the best. It is only shifting the tribunal from London to Dublin, where those who are intimately acquainted with the causes of the disturbances in Ireland, would soon provide a remedy which, as it would secure the co-operation of all classes of Irishmen, would be far more effective than any Coercion Bill emanating from a London Parliament.

SERIOUS RESULTS OF A QUARREL.—On Friday last a quarrel arose between two families named Ford and Ryan, residing near Castlegrave, county Galway, about the trespass of cattle, when Margaret and Mary Ford, mother and daughter, were violently set upon by Michael, Martin, and Catharine Ryan; and Margaret Ford was so badly beaten that considerable fear is entertained as to her chance of recovery from the effect of the severe wounds in the head inflicted by her assailants, the three of whom have been arrested and remanded. It appears that a very bad feeling has existed for a considerable time between these people, and that very recently, at petty sessions, they were bound over to be of the peace towards each other.

QUESTIONABLE LOYALTY.—A discussion took place in the Protestant Synod on Saturday as to the form to be tendered to the clergy, and the question whether a declaration of allegiance should be required. Mr. Dane protested against the forcing upon the clergy a "declaration" which was offensive and derogatory. He asserted that the Queen had no claim on them as Irish Protestants, as she had "readily assented to the stipulation that." This statement was received with cheers. Dr. Ball and Mr. Bloomfield took exception to Mr. Dane's language, and the latter explained that as an Irishman he was loyal, but that as a member of the Protestant Church he thought the clergy should not be called on to step out of their way to "do that which was derogatory to them in order to show their allegiance to the Queen." The Synod appear to have been divided in opinion upon the propriety of this statement, for, according to the report in the *Daily Express*, it was received with cries of "hear, hear," and "no, no."

The Prince and Princess of Wales are, it is stated positively, to come to Ireland in August, and more than that, it is not unlikely that we may be made the recipients of another "graceful act." Says the *Full Mail Gazette*:—"A correspondent writes to us:—'May I, as a loyal subject, be permitted to suggest that Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert having obtained his majority, it would be a graceful act to our sister isle were he to be created Duke of Dublin?'"

THE WESTMATH DIFFICULTY.—The *Globe* says:—"It is rumored that the Government will propose, as their remedy for Ribbonism, that, in cases of offences committed by the members of the Ribbon Society, the prisoners shall be tried by three judges, without a jury." The proposal to abolish trial by jury which, as is naively said by one of its advocates, will be useless without a simultaneous "relaxation of the rules and laws of evidence," is no doubt a very happy thought. It will be a popular idea with those who have but one idea on the subject, and that is how to punish criminals in the best and speediest way; but those who wish to repress crime, have a suspicion that the increased probability of punishing innocent persons, will, by stimulating the popular sympathy for all accused persons, tend greatly to the security of the real criminals.—Dr. Nulty has shown that the people have no sympathy with assassins, but when the laws and peace of the country are handed over to three Government officials, and when probably a struggle will be made to make every case a Ribbon case, so as to bring it under the authority of the three judges, then who will answer for the sympathies of the people? This kind of legislation is disorganizing the Liberal party in Ireland fast, as the Government will find by every fresh appeal to the hangings.

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.—The two great Protestant sects, the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians, are likely to fall out over property belonging to neither. The Presbyterians say their Church is as much the Church of Ireland as the Episcopalian, because the numbers at the last Census in 1861 were nearly equal, and probably the present Census will show that the Presbyterians are the more numerous. The Catholics, who so far outnumber the two parties united, are considered to have no title to the name at all. In connection with this subject a very comic idea of distributing the numbers returned in the Census papers as Protestants, between the various sects, is calmly and deliberately put forward by the Belfast Presbyterian Synod.—The value of Irish Census statistics can be estimated from this:—"Inasmuch as it is believed that a considerable number of Presbyterians have been returned in the Census papers merely as Protestants, it is hereby ordered to the Synod of Belfast to bring the matter under the notice of the Census Commissioners, with the request that, instead of allocating those who may be returned as Protestants to any particular denomination, they shall either return them in a separate column, or distribute them proportionately among the different Protestant denominations."

DESPATCH OF TROOPS TO IRELAND.—The steamers Windsor and St. Patrick, belonging to the City of Dublin Co., have been engaged for the conveyance of a number of troops from Birkenhead to Dublin. The detachment will consist of a portion of the 6th Dragoon regiment, and will embrace 19 officers, 308 men, and 379 horses. The embarkation will take place on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of May respectively, the detachment being divided into four divisions. The troops are now on their march from Aldershot.

THE TRAGEDY AT CASTLETOWN CONVEYS.—One of the four parties, the elder Quinlivan, detained in prison on suspicion of relations with the crime above-named, has been released on bail. His two sons, and the other person, a Thatcher, are still in custody. Thus of the many parties originally arrested the number retained is reduced to three, and a further reduction is not impossible.—*Monster News*.

ARREST FOR ALLEGED FENIANISM.—A special telegram from our Cork correspondent reports that Florence Crowley, a young man of respectable appearance, was arrested on board the Falcon steamer on Monday by Detective Hobin, on a charge of Fenianism. The prisoner had just come over from Liverpool in the Falcon, and was about to emigrate, having a passage warrant in his possession. Arms and seditious documents were found in his luggage. He was brought before the magistrates, and remanded.—*Dublin Freeman*.