

listening eyes. Their great-coats were twice too large for them, and fell in folds along their bodies like cloaks. I say nothing of the mud; it was everywhere. No wonder the Germans were gleeful, even after our victories.

We went toward a couple of little tents, before which three or four horses were nibbling the scanty grass. I saw Colonel Lorain, who now commanded the third battalion—a tall, thin man, with brown mustaches and a fierce air. He looked at me frowningly, and when I showed my papers, only said:

“Go and rejoin your company.”

I started off, thinking that I would recognize some of the Fourth; but, since Lutzen, companies had been so mingled with companies, regiments with regiments, and divisions with divisions, that, on arriving at the camp of the grenadiers, I knew no one. The men seeing me approach, looked distrustfully at me, as if to say:

“Does he want some of our beef? Let us see what he brings to the pot!”

I was almost ashamed to ask for my company, when a bony veteran, with a nose long and pointed like an eagle's beak, and a worn-out coat hanging from his shoulders, lifting his head, and gazing at me, said quietly:

“Hold! It is Joseph. I thought he was buried four months ago.”

Then I recognized my poor Zebede. My appearance seemed to affect him, for, without rising, he squeezed my hand, crying:

“Klipfel! here is Joseph!”

Another soldier, seated near a pot, turned his head, saying:

“It is you, Joseph, is it? Then you were not killed.”

This was all my welcome. Misery had made them so selfish that they thought only of themselves. But Zebede was always good hearted; he made me sit near him, throwing a glance at the others that commanded respect, and offered me his spoon, which he had fastened to the button-hole of his coat. I thanked him, and produced from my knapsack a dozen sausages, a good loaf of bread, and a flask of eau de vie, which I had the foresight to purchase at Risa. I handed a couple of the sausages to Zebede, who took them with tears in his eyes. I was also going to offer some to the others; but he put his hand on my arm, saying:

“What is good to eat is good to keep.”

We retired from the circle and ate, drinking at the same time; the rest of the soldiers said nothing, but looked wistfully at us. Klipfel, smelling the sausages, turned and said:

“Hollo! Joseph! Come and eat with us.—Comrades are always comrades, you know.”

“That is all very well,” said Zebede; “but I don't want and drink the best comrades.”

He shut up my knapsack himself, saying:

“Keep that, Joseph. I have not been so well regaled for more than a month. You shall not lose it.”

A half-hour after, the recall was beaten; the skirmishers came in, and Sergeant Pinto, who was among the number, recognized me, and said:

“Well; so you have escaped! But you came back in an evil moment! Things go wrong—wrong!”

The colonel and commanders mounted, and we began moving. The Cossacks withdrew.—We marched with arms at will; Zebede was at my side and related all that passed since Lutzen; the great victories of Bautzen and Wurtzen; the forced marches to overtake the retreating enemy; the march on Berlin; then the assistance, the arrival of the veterans of Spain—men accustomed to pillaging and living on the peasantry.

Unfortunately, at the close of the armistice, we were against us. The country people looked at us with horror; they cut the bridges down, and kept the Russians and Prussians informed of all our movements. It rained almost constantly, and the day of the battle of Dresden, it fell so heavily that the emperor's hat hung down upon his shoulders. But when victorious, we only laughed at these things. Zebede told me all this in detail; how after the victory at Dresden, General Vandamme, who was to cut off the retreat of the Austrians, had penetrated to Kulm in his ardor; and how those whom we had beaten the day before fell upon him on all sides, front, flank, and rear, and captured him and several other generals, utterly destroying his corps d'armee. Two days before, owing to a false movement of Marshal Macdonald, the enemy had surprised our division, and the fifth, sixth, and eleventh corps on the heights of Leawenberg, and in the *mêlée* Zebede received two blows from the butt of a grenadier's musket, and was thrown into the river Katzbach.—Exactly he seized the overhanging branch of a tree, and managed to regain the bank. He told me how all that night, despite the blood that flowed from his nose and ears, he had marched to the village of Goldberg, almost dead with hunger, fatigue, and his wounds, and how a power had taken pity upon him and given him bread, onions, and water. He told me how, on the day following, they had marched across the fields, each one taking his own course, without orders, because the marshals, generals, and all mounted officers had fled as far as possible, in the fear of being captured. He assured me that fifty bussars could have captured them, one after another; but that by good fortune, Blucher could not cross the river, so that they finally crossed at Wolda, and further on at Buntzlau their officers met them, surprised at yet having troops to lead. He told me how Marshal Oudinot and Marshal Ney had been beaten; the first at Gross-Bereen, and the other at Dennewitz.

We were between three armies, who were waiting to crush us; that of the north, commanded by Bernadotte; that of Silesia, commanded by Blucher; and the army of Bohemia, commanded by Schwartzberg. We marched on turn against each of them; they feared the emperor; and retreated before us; but we could not be at once in Silesia and Bohemia, so march followed march, and countermarch, counter-march. All the men asked was to fight; they

wanted their misery to end. A sort of guerilla, named Thielmann, raised the peasantry against us, and Bavarians and Wurtembergers declared against us. We had all Europe on our hands.

On the fourteenth of October, our battalion was detached to reconnoitre the village of Aken. The enemy were in force there and received us with a scattering artillery fire, and we remained all night without being able to light a fire, on account of the pouring rain. The next day we set out to rejoin our division by forced marches. Every one said, I know not why:

“The battle is approaching! the fight is coming on!”

Sergeant Pinto declared that he felt the emperor in the air. I felt nothing, but I knew that we were marching on Leipzig. The night following, the weather cleared up a little, millions of stars shone out, and we still kept on. The next day, about ten o'clock, near a little village whose name I cannot recollect, we were ordered to halt, and then we heard a trembling in the air. The colonel and Sergeant Pinto said:

“The battle has begun!” and at the same moment, the colonel, waving his sword, cried:

“Forward!”

We started at a run, and half an hour after saw, at a few thousand paces ahead, a long column, in which followed artillery, cavalry, and infantry, one upon the other; behind us, on the road to Duben, we saw another, all pushing forward at full speed. Regiments were even battling across the fields.

At the end of the road we could see the two spires of the churches of Saint Nicholas and St. Thomas in Leipzig, rising amidst great clouds of smoke through which broad flashes were darting. The noise increased; and we were yet more than a league from the city, but were forced to almost shout to hear each other, and men gazed around, pale as death, seeming by their looks to say:

“This is indeed a battle.”

Sergeant Pinto cried that it was worse than Eylau. He laughed no more, nor did Zebede; but on, on we rushed, officers incessantly urging us forward. We seemed to grow delirious; the love of country was indeed striving within us, but still greater was the furious eagerness for the fight.

At eleven o'clock, we descried the battlefield, about a league in front of Leipzig. We saw the steeples and roofs of the city crowded with people, and the old ramparts on which I had walked so often, thinking of Catharine. Opposite us, twelve or fifteen hundred yards distant, two regiments of red juncos were drawn up, and a little to the left, two or three regiments of *chasseurs a cheval*, and between them fled the long column from Duben. Further on, along a slope, were the divisions Ricard, Dombrowski, Sobam, and several others, with their rear to the city; and far behind, on a hill, around one of those old farm houses with flat roofs and immense outlying sheds, so often seen in that country, glittered the brilliant uniforms of the staff.

It was the army of reserve, commanded by Ney. His left wing communicated with Harcourt, who was posted on the road to Halle, and his right with the grand army, commanded by the emperor in person. In this manner our troops formed an immense circle around Leipzig; and the enemy, arriving from all points, sought to join their divisions so as to form a yet larger circle around us, and to inclose us in Leipzig as in a trap.

While we waited thus, three fearful battles were going on at once; one against the Austrians and Russians at Wachau; another against the Prussians at Mockern on the road to Halle; and the third on the road to Lutzen, to defend the bridge of Lindenau, attacked by General Giulay.

(To be Continued.)

THE IRISH DIFFICULTY.

(To the Editor of the London Tablet.)

“Non tali auxiliis.”

SIR,—In my last letter I observed that the Irish difficulty had on former occasions presented itself in the form of a contest between England and Ireland. England at first, invited by an Irish party in Ireland to intervene, conquered Ireland, much as the Dutch came over here, invited by the malcontent Whigs, and conquered us. But England kept its hold on Ireland, while Dutch bayonets were got rid of here when their work was done. Afterward the question between England and Ireland was whether England aided by the English garrison in Ireland, should hold the country. Now, on the contrary, the Irish difficulty presents itself in the form of a contest between English parties as to who shall occupy the Treasury Benches. Who doubts—I ask the question in the firm belief that no well informed and candid man of either party doubts that, if Mr. Gladstone had sat on the Speaker's right for the past twelve months, and was still sitting there, he would not have pronounced any of the words “religious equality,” “disestablishment,” or “disendowment.” Mr. Bright would no doubt have done so, but certainly not Mr. Gladstone. In Mr. Bright's mouth those words represent a policy to which he is sincerely, even passionately attached. In Mr. Gladstone's they are an expedient which must have taken his party by surprise. Yet, now that they have been uttered, Mr. Gladstone is a man or a mouse according as he sticks to them or gives them up. Nor is this all: he must make a show of carrying out the policy expressed by those words or he must submit to political extinction. The words are portentous—even cabalistic—they have raised a devil whom he cannot fly. No one, perhaps, regrets their utterance more than Mr. Gladstone himself. I do not think that a repetition of the tactics which marked the adoption of the appropriation Clause is possible. Mr. Bright is not Mr. Ward. There are other reasons, but this one is enough. Mr. Bright is sincere and definite in his views. He can use Mr. Gladstone, but Mr. Gladstone cannot use him. Both are men of immense ability and mental power, both are very great, very successful, if not unrivalled orators. Perhaps Mr. Bright is, in his day, unrivalled; looked at as an orator I think him superior to Mr. Disraeli, though his mind is one of a much narrower range. He runs and hollows all he knows so much. He does not see both sides of a question, which is very much in favour of bold and free oratory. He sincerely believes himself to be simply, quite, and altogether in the right, and that in everything, great or small and he would boldly, and in perfect good faith, apply all his notions about religion and policy to the thousand years old country of ours, and remodel the institutions which have grown out of, or survived, the conflict of great minds, great principles, great events, great interests, and many centuries. I write with a sincerity equal to his own, and that is saying

a great deal, when I say I very much admire and very much fear him. I will make a clean breast of it—I don't like that immense tender benevolence and philanthropy of his, I can't get Robespierre and St. Just out of my head. His principles are so very great, so very perfect, that I am mortally afraid that, if I stood in the way of them, he would cut off my head out of sheer benevolence and universal philanthropy. At the very least I quite believe that his successor will, as a matter of fact, cut off my successor's head, unless I do my little part now to prevent, or at least delay, the triumph of that universal philanthropy which awakens my fears. I suppose it likely that, in any case, his successors will for a time win the day, and that all we can hope to achieve is to save our own heads and our sons' heads, leaving possible grandsons to be the victims of civic virtue. Let us at least exert ourselves for ourselves and our children. If I had a grandson I might ask people to aim at more.

Every one will see that I am a timid man, but I am not afraid of Mr. Gladstone. He is a very great orator, and has more and better words at command than are wanted to express his meaning. His language outruns his thought—his colour and manipulation are better than his design. His mind is richly stored, and he is keenly alive to great and generous impulses, but he lacks judgment and, above all, that natural instinct which is Mr. Disraeli's strong point, and without which no man can play first fiddle in statesmanship. Whilst Mr. Gladstone plays the part of some other man's “Man Friday” he is most formidable and effective; but I venture to predict that when he has attained the object of his ambition he will not develop those powers of pilotage which are necessary in stormy times.

But when I put ‘non tali auxiliis’ at the head of my letter, I did not mean to apply the words to Mr. Bright or Mr. Gladstone. I should, in fact, be only too happy to get their help, and to serve in any way under such great captains. The help which I do not desire—which I disclaim—is the help of their principles. I cannot consent to the disestablishment and disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland for their reasons or in their way. I cannot hold for Mr. Bright, and against the Pope, that the Church ought to be separated from the State, and the State from the Church. Nor can I, with Mr. Gladstone, renounce for the future the attempt to maintain, in association with the State, under the authority of the State, or by public or national property in any form, a salaried or stipendiary clergy. I think that the property of the Protestant Church in Ireland is ecclesiastical property, and that any attempt to deprive the Church of her property without the consent of the Sovereign Pontiff is sacrilegious. Also I do not believe in the omnipotence of the civil power, whether represented by Parliament or otherwise represented; and I believe that it is not competent to the civil power to invade the rights of property.

For myself I cannot see how any instructed Catholics can join in the attempt to secularise the property of the Church. That property is indeed intrinsically held by the Protestant Establishment, but it is still applied to ecclesiastical uses, and may be, and very likely is, held by those who honestly believe that they are rightful owners. I can quite understand that we Catholics may plead for the transfer of the property to us as the rightful heirs, but I cannot understand how we can join in transferring it to any other uses than those which we, the rightful heirs and the Protestant Church, the actual holders of the property, hold to be the right ones.

Also, with Mr. Disraeli, I hold that the union between Church and State is sacred and salutary. I cannot therefore join in a crusade against the principle of that union. Mr. Disraeli does not agree with me as to who represents ‘The Church,’ but I cannot on that account join him and my enemies in affirming a condemned proposition. So much for disestablishment.

As to disendowment I will illustrate the position of Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, and ourselves by a parallel drawn from a pending suit which has attracted a large share of public attention. The trustees and guardians of the infant Sir Alfred Tichbourne are in possession for him of estates which are really the property of Sir Roger Tichbourne if he is alive. How can any one in existence, believing that the estates rightfully belong to Sir Roger Tichbourne, propose that they shall be taken from the infant and given to some one who has no rightful claim to them; or how can they aid others in alienating the property to another party who, in belief of both sides, has no right whatever to it.

The Irish Catholic Whigs who have been so instrumental in keeping their party in power for the last twenty to thirty years, and have done so little for their country or their religion during that time, will no doubt find excuses for following the leadership of their ‘elect friends’ in England in the declarations or opinions of the Irish Bishops. These by no means cover the ground taken up by these same ‘elect friends’ here. But, if they did, I say at once that I am a Papist, not an Episcopalian; and that these mixed questions are outside the jurisdiction of Bishops and pertain exclusively to the competency of the Holy See. On the questions of ‘Establishment’ and ‘Endowment’ the Holy See has spoken. On the former question the principle of Mr. Oa the former question condemned, and on the latter, the duty of the State to support and defend Religion, and to provide for its temporal necessities, is abundantly affirmed. This duty Mr. Gladstone says that the State shall not perform, and the Irish Catholic members, as I fear to a man, will help him to their utmost to give effect to this unchristian, irreligious, and unparliamentary policy.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
2nd April, 1868. E. R.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CARDINAL CULLEN'S PASTORAL.—The following letter from his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin has been addressed to the secular and regular clergy of the diocese of Dublin.—“As the future prospects of Ireland, for good or for evil, may be seriously affected by measures now before Parliament regarding the Protestant Establishment, educational matters, and the protection of the agricultural classes it is meet and just that in such an emergency we should turn our eyes and hearts to the Supreme Lord and Ruler of the Earth, humbly imploring Him to fill our lawgivers with wisdom and a desire of doing what is just, and to direct the course of events in such a manner as will tend to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of this country, so long afflicted and oppressed. . . . The spirit of the age, immersed in earthly matters, seems to overlook everything supernatural, and many statesmen and political economists rest all their hopes for success in the management of human affairs—not on justice or right but on force and more earthly or material courses, and exclude from their calculations the intervention of the great Lord of the Universe, who watches so assiduously over the course of this world that a hair of one's head cannot fall to the ground without His permission. From men guided by such principles the experience of all ages and kingdoms teaches us that we should not expect serious advantages; the Scripture cautions the faithful children of God that in general they should not confide too much in the protection of the arm of flesh. . . . We must pray for all temporal things with full resignation to the will of God, and ask for them only conditionally—that is, provided they shall be useful to secure eternal happiness. When, therefore, in this country we beg of God to assist us in our efforts to secure temporal happiness and prosperity, or to obtain redress for our grievances, we should do so under the conditions just pointed out. And if our prayer be not heard, may we not console ourselves with the consideration that, though Ireland has been

a land of suffering, yet her afflictions have undoubtedly opened the way for innumerable souls to Heaven; and the poverty produced by persecution has prepared her to be a useful instrument in the hands of God for the propagation of the Catholic religion in many extensive regions of the earth, which, had they not been visited by poor Irish emigrants, would now be sitting in darkness and the shadow of death? On the other hand had our country been prosperous, perhaps she would not have clung so courageously to that faith, without which it is impossible to please God, or contributed so much to extend Christ's kingdom upon earth.—Freeman.

DUBLIN, March 31.—A meeting of the friends of united education was held yesterday in the Music-hall, Belfast, for the purpose of protesting against the proposed grant of a charter to a Catholic University, and to propose the admission of Catholics to fellowships in the University of Dublin while retaining the control of the Divinity School. The assembly, as reported in the *Daily Express*, fairly represented the diversity of opinion which prevails in Belfast upon all subjects. With respect to the first object proposed in the requisition, the great majority of those present cordially agreed though their antagonism to the charter scheme was based upon different grounds. As regards the proposed opening of Trinity College the meeting was divided in opinion but the majority was in favour of the change. Disunion reigned for the rest. After the Mayor had been called upon to preside, the Rev. J. S. Porter read letters of apology from gentlemen who were unable to attend, but who expressed their views in writing. Mr. B. Lindsay, in his letter condemned the Ministerial proposal as retrogressive in character, unsound in policy, and destructive of the principle of united education, and thought that such a policy would tend to embitter instead of healing national animosities; and to bring the country under ecclesiastical rule instead of extending its principles of civil and religious freedom. The claims of any denominational body to special representation ought, in his opinion, to be ignored. Mr. William Dunville moved the first resolution, which affirmed the principle of united education as one to be maintained in its integrity, both in the higher and lower departments of education. The Rev. Dr. McGosh, Professor of Logic in the Queen's University, seconded the motion. He repelled the charge that the Queen's Colleges were godless, and said that in respect of religious feeling and moral character the students would bear comparison with those of any college in the empire. The old idea, which was a very beautiful one, that every teacher should give instruction in religion, was fast passing away, and he did not regret it, for he thought that religious teaching should be provided by the parents of the children and the ministers of religion. If the principle of sectarian education were admitted into the Universities it would soon extend to the middle and primary schools. They did not oppose the proposed establishment of a Catholic University because it was a boon to their Catholic fellow countrymen. He did not believe it would be a boon to any denomination, and he would not do it for such an institution for his own Church. He referred to the example of the Scotch Universities where youths of different creeds were brought up harmoniously together, and said he could not understand why the same system should not be adopted in the University of Dublin. It could not be denied that the ten Catholic Judges in Ireland had acted as fairly and impartially as the Protestants, and what had been done so successfully at the Bar might surely be done with the secular emoluments of Trinity College. He disclaimed all hostility to the Government, and reminded the meeting that the friends of united education in Belfast had opposed the late Government under similar circumstances. He regarded with satisfaction the change of opinion in England and Scotland in favour of the principle of united education. Mr. R. D. McGeagh expressed opposition to the charter, but also dissented from the latter part of Dr. McGosh's speech. A warm discussion followed, a large section of the meeting declaring their readiness to go with the majority to the extent of their opposition to the charter, but declining to join in the demand for opening Trinity College. At length a show of hands was taken, and the result of the division gave 126 for the resolution and 77 against it. The announcement of the numbers was received by the majority with as hearty a cheer as a party victory would be in another place. Mr. Murphy moved the next resolution, which declared—“That in our opinion, the granting of a charter to a Catholic University, as proposed by the Earl of Mayo, would be a measure inconsistent with the principle of united education, retrogressive in its character, at variance with the whole tenor of University legislation, adverse to the free institutions of this country and calculated, by the establishment of denominationalism, to preclude the organization of our higher education on a sound basis.” He could not see any ground of common sense upon which the principle of united education could be resisted, and complained that the present Government proposed to give a charter to a University which was to be under the dominion of the Catholic hierarchy. No other Government in Europe would think of doing so, and no Protestant Government would concede to Protestant Bishops the absolute power to grant degrees. For aught Government knew, a doctor's degree might be obtained by passing an examination in the works of St. Thomas Aquinas. The Rev. Dr. McNaughten, in seconding the resolution, repudiated any idea on the part of the meeting of raising the ‘No Popery’ cry. He believed they would be ready to redress any grievance of which Catholics complained, and he for one would be ready to place his Catholic fellow subjects on the same footing as himself, but no higher. He would never try to remove a small grievance by the creation of a greater one. He thought a new institution such as the Government proposed to establish would be ‘the curse of the country.’ The demand for it was in harmony with the Ultramontane spirit which the since arrival of Dr. Cullen had made such progress, but it was not in harmony with the genius of the British Constitution and the legislation of late years respecting Universities. Mr. Hewitt moved, and the Rev. Charles Seaver seconded, an amendment, which was in these terms:—“That this meeting protests against the establishment of a Catholic University as opposed to the Word of God.” This led to an animated debate in the course of which Dr. McGree ventured to declare his belief that the Catholic hierarchy concurred with their clergy in demanding a Catholic University, and that as ‘a Tory and a moderately warm Protestant’ he approved the course taken by the Government. The meeting expressed an indignant dissent. The Rev. Dr. McNaughten said he thought the existence of the Queen's Colleges and the attendance of Catholic students in them, notwithstanding all the threats and inducements of their clergy to enter the rival College, was a sufficient answer to the assertion. At the termination of the discussion a show of hands was taken, and it appeared that 89 voted for the amendment and 111 for the resolution, which was accordingly passed. On the motion of Professor Nesbitt a resolution recommending that the honours and emoluments of Trinity College should be opened to Catholics was adopted by a large majority after a sharp contest.—*Times Cor.*

The Legislature of Protestant country is to be asked to declare that Protestantism in Ireland has been and is a failure. This demand is to be made by no obscure nonconformist deputy. It is not to be put before the country by some influential representative of a few hundred votes, nor will it come from an enemy of the Established Church. The declaration is to be laid before the popular assembly by a Protestant statesman of long experience, of great talent, of immense influence, the representative of one of the largest constituencies in the kingdom, the acknowledged leader of a great party, and a gentleman believed to be devoted to the sect of which

he is a member. Moreover, the declaration is to be backed by his supporters including the representatives of nearly every large borough in the United Kingdom—by the representatives of nearly every constituency which is not influenced in its choice by the admissions of the country parson, respect for the ‘squire,’ or fear of the landlord. When next Friday night the House of Commons divides to declare its opinion on an institution professing to be Christian, but which for three hundred years has lent a willing hand to oppress, insult, and impoverish a people among whom it is an alien, we may rest assured that they who declare against it will include every man with the mind and heart of a statesman, while ignorance, injustice, prejudice, and unprincipled self-interest will stand within the rotten bulwarks of an effete Establishment with the cry of ‘No surrender.’ Whether the result of the debate of next week be to order the destruction of this so-called Christian Church, or whether timid politicians may hesitate to follow their leaders, thinking their course too daring and precipitate, the result will be the same. When, three hundred years ago, the big game, priests of the Church of Ireland, were driven from their people into exile, or imprisoned, or martyred, and who the shams which have at last been abandoned to their long anticipated doom were substituted, every reader of history must have known it was but a question of time. The shams were sure to be found out. Some people thought, perhaps, that a few years would be sufficient. It has taken three hundred years, but they have passed over at last, and now the shams are being laughed at or execrated. From the first these acquisitions with the past triumphs of the Church must have been certain of the result. Wolves in sheep's clothing may do a great deal of mischief, and asses in lions' skins may get themselves into a great lot of trouble; but, as a rule, the mischief must be done and the trouble undergone in a very short time. When the experiment of a Protestant Church in a Catholic land was commenced, uninterested observers must have seen how it would end. And the end has come. It is a failure. Its doom may be uttered next week, or a short time may be given to it to say its prayers and make up its accounts; but next week, or next year, or at no very distant time, the end will be. No physic will save it. It may live longer in another climate, but it partakes too much of the character of the living things which St. Patrick exercised to flourish among the people to whom he gave the faith. It is even past praying for. The sum of his wickedness is made up, and it is going into the future as a thing of the past, and surrendering itself to the judgment of history without a single good deed to place as a set-off to the sins of a long career of self-seeking tyranny and cowardly oppression. It has stood a monument of conquest among a conquered people, and a prototype of the abomination of abominations standing in the holy place. With the shamelessness of a harlot proclaiming her virtue, it has paraded itself before the world with the lip of religion and the head of a thief. Its very corruption has been corrupted. Its agents have been the scavengers of Christianity. What wonder that refined men should want them out of their company, that even their allies should meet them with gloved hands and pinch their nostrils in conference? But the nuisance is about to be removed, and we will not search the dictionary for the mild terms we can bestow upon a dying sinner.—*Liverpool Northern Press.*

Lord Grey has addressed a letter to Mr. Bright on this subject. His lordship fully agrees with the gentleman that ‘the Established Church lies at the root of every other question in Ireland’—indeed he finds it difficult to understand how any man can seriously consider the past history and actual state of Ireland without being convinced that the establishment of the Protestant Church in that country has contributed, more than any other single cause, to produce the evils by which it has been so long afflicted. He cannot however accept Mr. Bright's proposal that the Protestant Church should be disendowed as well as disestablished. He holds that there are no reasonable grounds on which a general objection can be made by Dissenters to the existence of any religious endowments. Of course there may be circumstances connected with any particular endowment which may afford good reasons for disapproving of it but against the principle of religious endowments generally they are precluded by their own practice from objecting. On the other hand, there are a very large number of persons in this country, of whom he acknowledges himself to be one, who consider it of infinite importance to the highest welfare of a nation, that by some means or other a large fixed income, not merely depending on the voluntary contributions of the passing hour should be available for the religious instruction of the people.—He regards it as a palpable and dangerous fallacy to affirm that those who require religious instruction and consolation, ought to pay for it, and that the support of the ministers of religion ought to be left to be provided for by the voluntary contributions of their flocks. Those who stand most in need of religious instruction are precisely those who are the least willing to pay for it, and experience clearly proves that, even with the assistance of a large endowment; the most strenuous voluntary exertions on the part of both Churchmen and Dissenters, fail to provide nearly adequate means for the religious instructions of the population.—*Freeman's Journal.*

PREDICTED FALL OF THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.—Dr. Doyle, with the voice of a prophet, and the pen of an inspired writer then (A. D. 1827) proceeded—“The Church Establishment must fall sooner or later. Its merits in Ireland are too well known, it has been brought to the light, and its works being such as do not bear the light, it must sooner or later be an impartial judgment can be passed upon it. Olanon, bigotry, enthusiasm, a spirit of selfishness count its chief support. It derives no aid from reason, justice, or public utility. Its old connexion with the Crown, and that wise aversion to experimental innovation which characterizes every wise government, unite to defend it; but, if the passions of the people were calmed, some men with the power and spirit of Burke, who arranged that chaos, ‘the Civil List,’ and purified, without injuring them, the revenues and prerogatives of the Crown itself—some such man would arise and free the nation from the reproach of the Irish temporal establishment, he would relieve religion from an incubus, and the land of the country, with its proprietors and cultivators, from an intolerable pressure. It is monstrous to think of an annual income amounting to several millions sterling, being appropriated in such a country as Ireland to the maintenance of the pastors of less than one-thirtieth part of the population. The English people are, as yet, but imperfectly acquainted with the nature and greed of this Establishment. We, in Ireland, have been accustomed to view it from our infamy, and when men gaze for a considerable time at the most hideous monster, they can view it can view it with diminished horror; but a man of reflection, living in Ireland, and coolly observing the workings of the Church Establishment, would seek for some likeness to it only amongst the priests of Juggernaut.—*Life of Dr. Doyle.*

On the 28th ult. the police of Athlone were suddenly called off to Ballybay, about three miles from that town on the Roscommon road, where a brutal and cold blooded murder was perpetrated. A poor old woman, living in a lonely hut by the roadside, who carried on a little traffic in eggs, was found murdered on the hearth of her desolate habitation, a tongs, clotted with blood being alongside her, which is supposed to be the instrument made use of by the perpetrator to accomplish his horrid purpose. Subsequent reports state that a stone of immense weight was placed over her head, and a large beam across her body, and that her throat seemed to be cut. The supposed murderer has been taken and lodged in the bridewell.