

she had an escort, was enabled to commence her journey that very afternoon, both she and her companion being mounted upon good swift steeds, which the young English girl had made her scruple of abdicating for the purpose from her father's stable. She had done even more than this; for she had conquered her pride and impetuosity sufficiently to write a letter to Major Orton, in which she entreated him, by the love he once professed to bear her, to do all he could for Nellie, and to procure her every facility for access to her mother. This she had given to Roger, hinting to him at the same time that her correspondent was high in favor of the Lord Deputy, and might possibly be able to induce the latter to commute the sentence of death hanging over Mrs. Netterville into one of fine or imprisonment; even if he could not or would not grant her a full pardon. Of this hope, however, Roger said not a syllable to Nellie, fearful, if it should come to light, of adding the bitterness of disappointment to the terrible measure of misery which in that case would be her portion.

The journey to Dublin was a difficult and a long one, and if Nellie had been allowed to act according to her own wishes, she would probably have used up both herself and her horse long before she had reached its end. Fortunately however, for the accomplishment of her real object, Roger took a more exact measure of the strength of both, under the circumstances, she was capable of doing for herself, and he insisted every night upon her seeking a few hours' repose in any habitation, however poor, which presented itself for the purpose.

With this precaution, and supported also in some measure by the very excitement of her misery, Nellie bore up bravely against the insipid fatigues and discomforts of the journey. The horses, however, proved less untiring. In spite of Roger's best care and grooming, both at last began to show symptoms of distress, and they were a long day's journey yet from Dublin when it became evident to him that his own in particular was failing rapidly. Henrietta had chosen it chiefly for its quality of speed, but it was too light for a tall and powerfully-built man like Roger, and more than once that day he had been compelled to dismount, and proceed at a walking pace, in order to recover it self. Night was rapidly closing in, and Nellie, who, preoccupied by her own anxieties, had not as yet remarked the state of the poor animal, ventured to remonstrate with Roger upon the slowness of their proceedings. Then for the first time he pointed out to her the exhaustion of their steeds, acknowledging his conviction that his own in particular was in a dying state, and that two hours more, if he survived so long, would be the utmost measure of the work that he could expect him to accomplish. Nellie was for a moment in despair, and then a bold thought struck her—Why not ride straight for Netterville? They had been for some hours in the country of the Pale, and they could not be very far from her old home now. Every feature in the landscape was becoming more and more familiar to her eyes, and she was certain that in less than the two hours, which Roger had assigned as the utmost limit of his steed's endurance, they would have reached her native valley. Once there, they would not only be in the direct road to Dublin, but they would also have a better chance of finding horses than they could have in a place where they were entirely unknown. Netterville, it was true, was now wholly and entirely, with its fields and stock, in the hands of the Parliamentarians; but she was certain of the fidelity of the poor people there, and as certain as she was of her own existence, not only that they would not betray her, but that they would also do all they could to help and speed her on her way. The plan seemed feasible; at all events, no other presented itself at the moment to Roger's mind, and accordingly, after having done all he could to relieve his horse, and prepare him for a fresh spurt, they struck right across the country eastward toward the sea. Nellie proved right in her conjectures. In even less than two hours from the moment in which they started, they reached the valley of Netterville, reached it, in fact, just in time; for Roger had barely leaped from his horse's back ere the poor animal was rolling on the turf in the agonies of death. Nellie then proposed that they should walk to the cottage of old Grannie, and dismounted in her turn. Her horse was not so exhausted as that of Roger, nevertheless it was even then unfit for work, and would in all probability be still more so on the morrow. Roger therefore thought it better to leave it to its fate than to run the risk of attracting notice by bringing it with them to Grannie's habitation. He hoped, as Nellie did, that they would have a good chance of finding fresh steeds at Netterville next morning; and after carefully hiding the two saddles in a clump of gorse, they set out on their way on foot. The old woman received Nellie with a cry of joy. No sooner, however, did the latter mention the business which had brought her there, than the faithful creature stifled all her gladness at this unexpected meeting with her foster-child, and turned to weep in good and sorrowful earnest over the woe and shame impending upon the house of Netterville, in the person of its unhappy mistress. While Nellie ate, or tried to eat, the simple fare set before her by her hostess, Roger told the latter of the fate which had befallen their horses, and inquired as to the possibility of replacing them by fresh ones. Grannie shook her head despondingly. Royalists and Parliamentarians alternately, she said, had seized upon every available horse they could find in the country, until, as far as she knew, there was not a 'garran' fit for a two hours' journey within ten miles of Netterville. As to Netterville itself, if there were any horses left in its stables, (which she doubted,) they must of necessity belong to the English soldier, to whose lot in the drawing of the debentures, the castle and its grounds had fallen; much, the old woman added with a chuckle, to the disgust of the officer who commanded them at the time of the recent murder, and who, having coveted the place exceedingly

for himself, was supposed to have pressed the matter heavily against Mrs. Netterville for the facilitating of his own selfish wish.

(To be continued.)

IS THERE NOT A CAUSE?

(From the London Times.)

This pamphlet can well afford to be judged on its own merits; its author need not be indulged from the least partial critics. But our readers will probably agree with us that it derives an additional and peculiar claim to consideration from the facts that it is the production of a clergyman, when we inform them that it is a thoroughly fearless and unspoken exposure of the evils resulting from the maintenance of the Irish Church. Considering what this Church is, may seem a strangely bitter satire upon the clergy to have to praise one of their number merely because he has the caudron to discover, and the courage to expose, its weak points. But the political history of this country too clearly proves that, whenever a question is brought before them which may seem to affect the privileges of their own order, the clergy treat it, not on broad grounds with reference to the claims of justice or the good of the nation, but on the narrowest basis of professional self-interest. We, of course, are speaking of the clergy only as a body. We gladly admit that there are numerous exceptions among them to this general rule. We are even not without hope that, as the spirit of free inquiry gains more and more ground, these exceptions may gradually leave the whole lump, and remove from their order the stigma of being too ready to sacrifice to its own professional interests the public good. On selfish grounds alone—to say nothing of any other the clergy would do well to get rid of this unavoidable reputation. Men who are notoriously ready to defend a cause naturally get less than their fair credit when they happen to be in the right. If the English clergy ever have to fight for their own Establishment, the arguments which they then put forward will lose much of their legitimate weight with the public when it is remembered that the same arguments were used quite as strenuously in defense of such an Establishment as the Irish. The clergy will then find their best allies in those whom they now, perhaps, consider their worst enemies—such traitors in the clerical camp as the author of the pamphlet before us.

The pamphlet is a forcible and thoroughly readable summary of the case against the Irish Church. The author's style is clear and flowing, and controversy is evidently his forte. We have not often met with a writer who showed more skill in turning an adversary's argument round upon him, and using it to prove the reverse of that for which it was advanced. And as Mr. MacColl always singles out the ablest antagonist he can find, this turn for controversy invests his pamphlet with a peculiar interest as a curious and instructive repertory of the weak arguments which strong men have been driven by the very badness of their cause, not merely to hazard by way of experiment, on the chance of their being taken for more than they were worth, but to rely upon as towers of strength. Lord Derby, for instance, has made as much of the Coronation Oath as if it put the *dust*-establishment of the Irish Church beyond the range of controversy during the life of the present Sovereign, and nothing, can be more effective than the way in which his own arguments are turned round and made to do duty against him by Mr. MacColl. Lord Derby declares that 'the oath constitutes a solemn and personal obligation from which you cannot release the Sovereign,' and that 'it would be violated if Her Majesty endorsed a proposal to disestablish and disown that which she has sworn implicitly. But, as Mr. MacColl retorts, according to this literal interpretation of the oath the Sovereign has not only already broken it but has actually done so by the advice of the now conscientious champion of the Crown, Lord Derby. The oath binds the Sovereign to 'preserve unto the Bishops and clergy of England and Ireland, and to the Churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them.'

It follows from this that, if Lord Derby's interpretation of the oath is valid, he is himself the first transgressor—the Jacobin who made Israel sin. For his Temporalities Bill, which received the assent of Her Majesty's predecessor, destroyed at one blow two archbishoprics and eight bishoprics, and thereby robbed the Bishops and Churches of those rays of the rights and privileges which by law appertain to them.

Besides, those who choose thus rigidly to interpret the oath, according to the letter must take it all or none; they cannot lay stress upon just what part happens to suit their purpose, and leave the rest, and they have therefore to meet the fact that the oath speaks not only of England and Ireland, but also of 'the territories thereof belonging.' From Lord Derby's own point of view, therefore the Jamaica Suspensory Bill of his own Government—to say nothing of the Canadian Clergy Reserved Bill of the Aberdeen Government—is as clear an infraction of the oath as Mr. Gladstone's Suspensory Bill. If every infraction strikes as terrible a blow at the Royal conscience, the Sovereign must by this time have scarcely enough conscience left to be worth all this zeal on the part of her chivalrous champions. But this, we need scarcely say, is not our author's own point of view. He shows, indeed, that even if the words of the oath are taken one by one, 'it simply binds Her Majesty's not to interfere, as some of his predecessors were apt to do, with the temporal status of the Church without the consent of Parliament.' But he prefers to take not the letter of the oath, but its spirit, judged in great measure by the circumstances in which it had its origin, and the object for which, as the whole tenor of our history shows, it was framed:

'I confess I find it difficult to enter into the train of thought which would make the Coronation Oath a perpetual bar to the action of the Legislature on all fundamental questions. If every person in the United Kingdom, the Queen herself included, should come to the conclusion that the dictates of justice and the safety of the Empire demand the disestablishment of the Irish Church, still, according to Lord Derby, the remedy must not be applied during the reigning Sovereign's life, though the consequence should be civil war. We are ready to suppose that the Coronation Oath is intended to act, not as a check on the Royal prerogative, but as a limitation on the free action of Parliament during each successive reign! The two Houses of Parliament are so mischievous of their own legislative capacity that at the commencement of each reign they bind the Sovereign by a solemn oath to refuse the Royal assent to some measure of their own, which they may perchance consider essential not to the stability only but even to the life of the nation! Surely an argument which involves a series of extravagant absurdities refutes itself. The English parliament has, in the course of ages, gradually surrounded itself with a bulkwark of privileges against the encroachments of the Crown; and as each Sovereign ascends the throne of his predecessor he promises the nation, by a solemn oath, that he will rule as a constitutional Sovereign—that is, by the advice of his Parliament. But Lord Derby's doctrine is that the Coronation Oath binds the Sovereign to govern as an absolute despot—to reject the advice of Parliament, and, it may be, even his own sense of what is wise and right! If this be the true

Is There Not a Cause? A Letter to Colonel Greville Nugent, M.P., on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, with a vindication of Mr. Gladstone's consistency. By the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, K.T., &c. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1868.

view of our Constitution, it is remarkable that it should have hitherto escaped the observation of all the great men who have devoted their learning and talents to its elucidation.'

Another well-known argument of Lord Derby's, what may be called the private-property argument in favour of the Irish Church is shown by Mr. MacColl to be equally suicidal and subversive of the ground its author has himself before maintained. Lord Derby prives to his own satisfaction that there is no difference in principle between Church property and private property, and that the nation has no more right to disestablish the Irish Church than to resume such national gifts as Blenheim and Stratfield Saye. As Mr. MacColl retorts, 'by what right, then, did Lord Derby suppress archbishoprics and eight bishoprics?'

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In other words, England robbed the Catholics of Ireland of their property, and closed against them all the avenues of knowledge, and shut them out from every honourable enterprise; and because this barbarous policy has borne some fruit, though less than it would have borne among a people less buoyant than the Irish, the two Primates of Ireland adduce that fruit as a reason for perpetuating our injustice. We did our best to degrade the Irish, and when we have in some degree succeeded we cry out, 'See how degraded they are, compared with the Protestants!' Sometimes the champion of the Establishment ventures to even greater lengths, and represent themselves as the injured party. The Roman Catholic lamb is always muddying the stream. The Archibishop of Dublin accounts for the great numerical inferiority of the Protestants in Ireland by reminding us that 40,000 of them—a very liberal estimate, be it observed were massacred by Roman Catholics in the rebellion of 1641, but forgets all about the 500,000 Roman Catholics estimated to have been in various ways done to death by way of Protestant retaliation. Again, the Archibishop of Armagh actually ventures to assert that the Protestant Church has failed, so far as it is a failure, because it has been 'thwarted by the civil Government.' Mr. MacColl multiplies instances to prove that, so far from thwarting the civil authorities, England has been too ready to assist the ecclesiastical in their spiritual crusade against the 'common enemy,' whether it took the form of taxing an unbelieving peasant's cow, or recalling an Archibishop to a sense of his heresy by 'toasting his feet against the fire with hot bo's.'

But we have, perhaps, said enough to show what Mr. MacColl's searching criticism of the Irish Establishment is like. This is, we believe, his first, but we trust it will not be his last appearance in the controversial arena; for the battle has still to be fought, and such weapons as his cannot well be spared. Of his ' vindication of Mr. Gladstone's consistency' nothing need now be said, as it has been superseded by Mr. Gladstone's recent appearance as his own champion. But we may briefly mention that the pamphlet further contains a criticism of Mr. Disraeli's political career, and a very quaint collection of the forcious sayings of his earlier days.

Lord John Russell's diminutive figure seems to have been a fertile source of inspiration to this severely satiric mouse. He is called 'miniature Mokaham' exalting upon the constitution of your country all that long-haired venom and all those distempered bairouns that have for years accumulated in your potty heart, to be scattered by the punishment, however, was abolished, and England survived, just as she will, not improbably, survive the abolition of the Irish Establishment. The same solemn war-cries were uttered, the same irreparable injury predicted to the sacred right of property, when Reformers proposed to alter the law which doomed a man to death for cutting down a cherry tree, and hanged a boy of ten for stealing a pocket-handkerchief! Mr. MacColl narrates an instance painfully interesting, for which we must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself, of the revolting barbarities to which this 'sacred right' led.

As another illustration of the palpably weak and dangerous arguments to which the ablest controversialists may be driven by a bad cause, we find a defender of Lord Salisbury's weight endeavouring to meet the fatal objection that the Protestant Church of Ireland is the Church of a minority by asserting that if you take Great Britain and Ireland together, as you are bound to do, 'the Church of England will still be the majority.' Yet no one would be quicker than Lord Salisbury, if an opponent ventured to offer him a statement of this kind, in seeing that, 'if you take all the country together,' the Church of England is not a majority. It may, indeed, be a majority so far as the Roman Catholics alone are concerned, but by what right are all other Dissenting sects excluded from consideration? A more dangerous and suicidal theory could not well be put forward by a defender of Establishments as they exist in Great Britain and Ireland, for, if the right of English Churchmen to an Establishment is based upon the fact that they are a majority as compared with Roman Catholics, you have only to compare them with Roman Catholics and Dissenters taken together and their right at once disappears. But, perhaps the strangest of all the arguments singled out for criticism by Mr. MacColl is one advanced by a professed logician of considerable repute—the Archibishop of York. The passage in the Archibishop's speech containing it is itself too long for quotation, but as the following is a very fair summary, and is, further, a good specimen of our author's spirit and style we extract it in full:

'One of the strangest things connected with recent discussions on the Irish Church is the sort of judicial blindness which induces its friends to believe that they are defending it when in truth, they are arguing for its extinction. Consider for a moment the legitimate conclusion of the argument which I have here quoted from the Archibishop of York's speech. The Irish Church, he says, 'was never designed as the Church of the majority. It was designed as a mark of the disapproval of the Crown and the rulers of the country of the Roman Catholic religion. It went along with most oppressive measures and it was the outset of those oppressive measures. But it was part of a whole system,' which system, his Grace thinks, has been 'altered for the better; and he is very glad that those oppressive measures have been removed.' But the fruitful parent of those 'oppressive measures' is outward and visible symbol of that bad 'system' still remains. To what purpose? To do penance for its past iniquities and by preaching 'the truth in love' endeavor to win the population of Ireland into its despotic temple? 'No,' says his Grace of York emphatically, 'that was not its original design,' and it is not its proper work now. The original design, 'is true, was bad, and the modern idea of making it a missionary Church is impracticable!' What remains, then, but that the Irish Church, at least as an establishment, has no design at all, no purpose whatever to serve, but merely acts as a chronic irritant to the Irish people, and a perpetual vexation of spirit to the English Government? As a missionary Church it is, by the confession of its friends, a disastrous failure. As a mark of disapproval of the religion of the Irish nation it is a gratuitous insult and a political blunder of the first magnitude; and I will go so far as to say that the Irish people 'ought not to be loyal in England' while they are thus affronted and outraged in the tenderest and holiest feelings of the human heart.'

This argument of the Archibishop is specially noteworthy as an illustration of the astonishing coolness with which the advocates of the Protestant Establishment can make a right out of their own wrong. Where we should expect to find them doing penance in sackcloth and ashes we find them in the most jubilant, self-complacent spirit of parochial exultation. Lord Cairns for instance, points with pride to the plantation of Ulster as a glorious instance of Protestant superiority, quoting Sir John Davis to show that 'was before one waste and desolate wilderness became (in Protestant hands) the garden of Ireland.' But why, very naturally asks Mr. MacColl, did not Lord Cairns explain how Ulster came to be this waste and desolate wilderness? The answer is obvious. The desolation was the work of English soldiers, behaving with inhuman ferocity worthy of

Artilla's sparing none, of what Charles, or any other killing man, woman, and child, male, female, and whatever we could find—'to quote the words of a worthy himself engaged in that plough Protestant work.' Or take as, perhaps, a still more striking instance of this determination to get right out of wrong—an argument used by numerous defenders of the Establishment, among them two Archbishops. They boast that the Protestants are the 'enterprising and intellectual' portion of the nation, including 'the great majority of the landed proprietors, the merchants, and the skilled artisans, and then ask how you can rich and clever people:

'In other words, England robbed the Catholics of Ireland of their property, and closed against them all the avenues of knowledge, and shut them out from every honourable enterprise; and because this barbarous policy has borne some fruit, though less than it would have borne among a people less buoyant than the Irish, the two Primates of Ireland adduce that fruit as a reason for perpetuating our injustice. We did our best to degrade the Irish, and when we have in some degree succeeded we cry out, 'See how degraded they are, compared with the Protestants!' Sometimes the champion of the Establishment ventures to even greater lengths, and represent themselves as the injured party. The Roman Catholic lamb is always muddying the stream. The Archibishop of Dublin accounts for the great numerical inferiority of the Protestants in Ireland by reminding us that 40,000 of them—a very liberal estimate, be it observed were massacred by Roman Catholics in the rebellion of 1641, but forgets all about the 500,000 Roman Catholics estimated to have been in various ways done to death by way of Protestant retaliation. Again, the Archibishop of Armagh actually ventures to assert that the Protestant Church has failed, so far as it is a failure, because it has been 'thwarted by the civil Government.'

The Irishman makes some characteristic observations on the change of Ministry. It is glad the Tories are out, but sees no reason to rejoice that the Whigs are in, and entertains no sanguine expectations of advantage to the country until the Parliament meets 'within the hallowed precincts of College-green.' It proposes the following three tests by which the people are to judge of the sincerity of the new Government:

'1. Will it instantly repeal the Suspension of the habeas Corpus Act? 2. Will it grant an amnesty to all Irish political offenders, prisoners or not prisoners? 3. Will it decline the services of those who, under Russell, established Protestant ascendancy in the Court of Justice, and bade every Roman Catholic stand aside?'

The following appeared in the *Cork Examiner* of Monday:—'A Rake—It is rumoured here that the O'Donoghue is about to accept an office from the government, and that Sergeant Barry will seek the representation of the borough of Tralee.' Can it be true? It is said that the Irish Junior Lordship of the Treasury is vacant, and that there is a brisk competition amongst Irishmen for the possession of the coveted prize. Mr. O'Donoghue certainly deserves some recognition for his services to Barry at Dungarvan—which services although they did very sensibly assist the 'kicking out' of the 'miserable man,' may very possibly turn out to have not been so very disinterested after all.

An Irish Heroine.—Mr. Peter Blair, the quartermaster of the unfortunate ship *Hibernia*, whose total wreck, accompanied with appalling loss of life, was announced last week, gives a graphic and terrible account of the sufferings endured by himself and his companions in an open boat, after the steamer went down. On the second day the supply of fresh water ran out many of the men drank sea water, grew delirious, and threw themselves overboard. A deep and immoveable despondency fell upon the greater bulk of the survivors, and this became more and more evident when the women and children sickened, died, and were flung over to feed the sharks. Blair strove by every means in his power to sustain the sinking spirits of his fellow-sufferers by the sailor's well-known device, spinning yarns. 'One old Irishwoman,' he says, 'was indefatigable in her efforts to keep up the spirits of all on board. She would get the women into a line of conversation, and by her drolleries would cause them to laugh heartily. We told her that she ought to wear the 'breks' if ever she got ashore, and she replied that she was determined to do so. She would say to the women that they were not to sit there and cramp themselves, but should get up and stretch their legs.' The name of the gallant old lady has not, unfortunately, been preserved; and this is the more to be regretted, as she went to the bottom when the boat capsized, and all but three men perished. I may add that the Rev. John O'Connor, who was accused of having mixed himself up with the London Fenians some time ago was a passenger by the *Hibernia*. He is safe.—[Cor. of Irishman].

Liberated.—Many of your readers will remember Thomas Hayes, who was convicted of Treason-felony at the opening of the campaign against the Fenians. Hayes was a wheelwright, and was regarded as a sort of political oracle by his fellow-workmen. No suspicion of his loyalty crossed the intelligent mind of the police, although they were