

found not their children, their brothers, or their friends; these then, were surely dead—they were buried in that common grave, dug by the cruel hand of the barbarous Cialdini. How, otherwise, had it come to pass that not the slightest intelligence concerning them had been received.

In this terrible and poignant uncertainty did the friends of our three Zouaves at Schrambeek remain.

Since the newspapers had made known the massacre of Castelfidardo several weeks had already elapsed, and nothing had been heard of the three Pontifical Volunteers. The days went by in long and painful expectation of the fatal tidings, which would, perhaps, extinguish the last spark of hope; or perhaps they would never know what had been the fate of those darlings of their affection.

The anguish of the women, great as it was, was calm—the voice of Faith spoke in their hearts; to them the Providence of God was no idle word—their sorrow was hushed before the adorable Will of the Lord. But the old philosopher, leaning only on the feeble reed of his own reason, which threatened to break under the force of the blow, had fallen into a dark, hopeless sadness.

While his wife, her sister, and niece, found comfort in prayer at the foot of the Tabernacle, or before the Chapel of the Mother Maid, he wandered frantically through the fields, or sat for hours in his room, lonely and silent, with his head resting on his hands.

Although autumn was now far advanced, Morren had not been able to make up his mind to leave his country-house.

His wife and her sister found comfort in remaining together in their present state of torturing anxiety, and the philosopher himself did not wish to part from the gentle Mary, who seemed to have the art at times of dispelling his dark melancholy.

Well, dear uncle, said she, controlling her own sorrow to lighten his, 'always so sorrowful.' 'Alas, Mary,' answered he, in an undertone 'how can I but be sorrowful? We shall never see our dear ones again.'

But all hope is not lost. Volunteers are daily returning to their families.

Yes, poor child! but this is just what makes me despair; those who have returned are prisoners of war, and not one of them has seen our boys. They have not been seen either at Genoa, Alexandria, or any other prison. Mary, what hope can there be now? No, no; they have been killed on the field of battle.

The despairing father could scarcely restrain the tears that sprang to his eyes. Wonderful to say, Mary, who had suffered so intensely on the first invasion of the Sardinians, and whose heart was even now wrung with sorrow, had strength enough to suppress every outward expression of it. She seemed to feel that the God of Mercy had left her as the only support of that father's tortured heart, which was shut against all heavenly consolation, and was thus in danger of breaking under the intensity of its anguish.

'But, good uncle,' answered she, 'no one saw them fall on the field of battle. Even those who were fighting at their side say that they did not lose sight of them till the retreat began. Victor and his companions may perhaps have happily escaped by flight.'

'Fight! in a country full of victorious enemies? Impossible. Would they not, then have sent us tidings of their fate?'

'Who knows? perhaps they are concealed in the neighborhood of Lovetto, whence, being surrounded by Sardinians, they could not write to us without betraying themselves.'

'Poor child!' sighed Morren, 'it is the voice of love which fools you by a delusion, which you would fain share with me, to comfort me with a shadow of hope.'

'No, dear uncle, it is the voice of trust, which bids me not to despair till we know assuredly that there is no hope; it is the voice of Faith which teaches me: that there is a good Father who watches over His own, a Father to whom it is easy to deliver from the greatest dangers. It is this trust this faith, dear uncle, which I would fain impart to you, not to delude you by false appearances, but to fill and comfort your heart by a true hope.'

'Mary, I admire your feeling and your courage, but it is too late for me. If the God in whom you trust really exists, and rules the fate of men, to me He can be no longer a good Father, but a severe Judge, for I have denied Him, I have defied His power and slighted His goodness.'

'Oh, dearest uncle, speak not thus. What do you say? God needs is infinitely holy and infinitely powerful, and therefore He hates and punishes all injustice; but He is also infinitely good and infinitely merciful, and cannot withstand the voice of repentance, or refuse the cry for pardon. Oh, believe, at least, how earnestly His Heart longs to receive and pardon you.'

The philosopher made no answer, but seemed lost in thought. 'It would have cost his haughty reason too much to acknowledge himself to be in the wrong, and yet the prospect of forgiveness held out to him by Mary's words, the glimpse of peace which the return to God's service offered to him—a peace which he had not tasted for many a long year—the hope resting on the providential care of the All merciful, moved his heart—fell upon it like the gentle dew of grace, and showed him what blessedness he had lost by severing himself from the Fountain of Eternal Good.'

It was still the conflict of the spirit of good and the spirit of evil.

When Victor's father conversed with his niece, the burden of sorrow which oppressed him seemed to be lightened, and a gleam of cheerfulness brightened his countenance, but he soon relapsed into his dark despondency, and wandered for hours together through the woods on the east of Schrambeek, or stood in silent, unconscious reverie before the ruins of the old castle.

One, as he passed the Troostkapel, he found old Teresa, as usual, kneeling before it. He gave her an alms, and said gently:

'Pray for our children,' and added hastily as he passed on, 'and good women, do not forget me.'

Martin's mother looked after him in astonishment.

'Ah, Myabeer Morren,' muttered she to herself, 'your day will certainly come.' Others beside me are praying for the poor wanderer.'

It was so indeed. Mary and her mother, to whom she had told what had passed between Morren and herself in the summer-house, were praying with renewed hope for his conversion. The wife of the free-thinker! What fervent prayers had she poured forth for her beloved husband, from the moment when Victor had entrusted her with his secret. The sufferings of that pious woman, the anguish which wrung her heart, arose as a prayer for mercy for the unhappy and sinful object of her love, together with the sacrifice of blood and life offered to God by the three volunteers.

Ah, Myabeer Morren, your day will full surely come.

Notwithstanding the strength of mind which they evinced, Victor's mother, as well as her sister, suffered unspeakably from the long anxiety, and when one morning in November, after a sleepless night of anguish, she met her husband at breakfast, she looked so pale and exhausted that Morren exclaimed in alarm:

'Good heavens, Rosa, are you ill, or what ails you that you look so pale?'

The poor mother tried hard to smile, but the very attempt to master her emotion forced the tears from her eyes. 'Oh, my Victor,' cried she, 'what can have become of our poor child?'

They both remained for a while in sorrowful silence.

At last Morren stood up.

'Wife,' he said, 'I will go to the town. I hear that a volunteer has just returned, and perhaps he may bring some tidings of Victor.'

Meanwhile, be of good courage, we may still hope so long as we have no certainty of our child's death. Keep up your heart then, who knows but I may bring you good news on my return?'

The poor father was speaking against his own conviction in order to keep up his wife's courage. He was soon on his way to the town, and no sooner had the train stopped than he sprang out hastily to make his inquiries. His hopes were bitterly disappointed. In vain did he call at a multitude of houses; he obtained much information concerning the heroism of the Zouaves, the number of the slain and the sufferings of the prisoners, but of Victor and his two comrades not a single word could be heard.

The volunteer who had just returned had nothing to say on the subject, but that he had lost sight of Victor in the heat of the battle, and that the poor youth with both his companions had probably fallen on the field. None of the prisoners had met either of them after the defeat.

This was a terrible blow to the already sorrowful heart of the father.

Morren roamed hopelessly through the streets and stopped at last before the door of Ernest Van Dornael. He knocked mechanically, for he seemed wholly to have lost his presence of mind. The maid opened the door.

'Myabeer Morren,' cried she, terrified at the misery expressed in his face, 'you here? and at what a moment?'

'What has happened?' cried Morren, surprised at this reception.

'Al, don't you know? Ernest is dying. This morning in such perfect health—and now, oh what a terrible thing?'

'Can I see him?'

'I have no doubt you can. His friends are with him. Will you wait a moment till I tell him you are here?'

She led the philosopher into a small room, and returning a few minutes afterwards, she had him follow her.

The sick man lay upon his bed, suffering from violent cramps, his face was blue and purple, his eyes were burning in his head.

Around the bed stood three persons, besides the sick man's sister, the one was his elder brother, the master of the house; the second, dressed in black, was the physician; the third was a friend of the dying man, if friend he could be called; they were all members of the secret society of the 'Solidaires.'

They were keeping the devil's watch over him. Morren had scarcely set foot in the room when Ernest fixed a wild, despairing eye upon him.

'Ah, Morren,' cried he, 'a priest! a priest! they will let me die without a priest.'

'But, Ernest, you will not die; it is only a passing illness from which you will soon recover. Our friend, the doctor, will soon cure you.'

'No, no,' screamed the sick man; 'it is death. I feel it burning within me. A priest! Go, you will not call a priest, and I cannot die like a dog.'

'Myabeer,' said Morren gravely to Ernest's brother, 'you see what your brother wishes. I do not share his feeling, but I think you are bound to do what he requires; it would be barbarous to refuse his last request.'

To be Continued.)

THE GREAT IRISH QUESTIONS.

We take some extracts from another letter of Mr. J. A. Mowatt to a Manchester contemporary on the land and other questions. It follows up the subject of the excellent communication by the same writer that appeared in our columns last week:—

I admit the difficulty which Englishmen have in dealing with Irish questions where the native born is greatly inferior. But do we differ more than Englishmen do as to matters affecting their own country? I hold that we do not. Your English people cannot now agree on even an educational system for their own country. One class would usurp the whole school authority into their own hands, caring not for the interests or well being of the rest of the community; and on every point of the question you can find men who hold views as diametrically opposed to each other as any two classes of Irishmen can on Irish topics. Are English affairs not to be settled till you agree? When the Irish Church question was before Parliament, the Irish Episcopalian, the Orangeman at home and abroad, the Tories of England, all shouted out 'spoliation and robbery' at the full strength of their voices, and promised all sorts of disorder and commotion if the bill ever

passed. When it became law they forgot every threat. I am happy to say, and Irish Orangemen have actually been congratulating each other that their Church will be better than ever. Differences of opinion amongst Irishmen on public questions is debate is no more and no worse than amongst your English people. We could not do more, or do worse, in Ireland than break up a City hall meeting with a mob led by one of your local Tomabones. You can not settle quietly the burying of your dead. You differ on this question, even. We settled that question harmoniously and agreeably. Your Home Secretary can illustrate this 'grave question by reference to the United States. Yet he had Ireland to his hand, and much more to the point than America; and he and every member of Parliament seemed to know nothing of the Act of Parliament which settled the very same burial question in Ireland which is still in dispute in England. What am I to do when the 'native born' so widely disagree as to the cause and the remedy in English political affairs. In the letter of my Lancashire friend there crops up one of those national characteristics of Englishmen of which we in Ireland strongly complain. Evidently, with the unconsciousness of the meaning of the words, he says: 'I am an Englishman who would be glad to see Ireland prosperous, an honor to us and our race. I admit the kindly, well meant intentions of the writer of this essay. But why all this about an honor to us? Why talk of our race? Is this a united kingdom or not? If it be a united kingdom, then why should Englishmen talk about Ireland as 'an honor to us and to our race'? There is no action if this be correct language Ireland treated after this fashion—'our race' is but a mere dependency; an affair of the British Crown, not an integral part of an empire. This style of language, so repeatedly and persistently used, tends greatly to foster sedition in Ireland. My Lancashire friend never dreams of his words in this light; and yet this is how we Irish read and interpret every such expression used by Englishmen. We wholly object to this patronizing egotism. We object to any Englishman saying, 'We will do this, that, and the other for Ireland.' Mark you, we all object to this Protestant and Catholic alike—and many times have I heard a Wesleyan missionary denunciation from England destroy the who's effect of an excellent speech by trying on this patronizing air, which he hoped would please us immensely, but which just 'got up the backs of his Irish Wesleyan audience. This patronizing egotism breaks out still further in this 'What am I to do, when the 'native born' so widely disagree? Here, one Englishman assumes to himself with the very best meant intentions towards Ireland, the air of a man upon whose shoulders the entire 'state of Ireland' rested. I do not want to deal unkindly with my correspondent; but to use his own words as merely illustrating the prevailing spirit of even the best-intentioned Englishman, and to point out to him and your large body of readers that this patronizing style is most objectionable to all classes of Irishmen. But the Protestant portion of Ireland is more prosperous and contented than the Catholic; is the statement of my friend's Orange acquaintance; and this 'argument' (?) my friend 'cannot satisfactorily refute.' Let me say at once that it is not an 'argument' at all. It is an unfounded assertion, contrary to all facts and experience in Ireland. But I could not expect better from any man who would not on the score and about the priests? This is what the Orangemen actually did this very season at Drumaloo, county Cavan. They coolly and deliberately shot at two priests on the public highway, and shot dead one of those just behind the priests' car. And I suppose this was done to illustrate the 'prosperous and contented' state of the orderly, law-abiding, Bible-reading Protestants of Drumaloo. What part of Ireland is it which is 'Prosperous? None that I know of. I am aware that in England, and in its Houses of Parliament, it is very usual to talk about 'Protestant Ulster.' But this is really only relative, after all. It can only truly mean that Ulster is more Protestant than Munster, or than Connaught. It cannot be correctly said that Ulster is 'Protestant.' There are many more Catholics than Protestants of all denominations in all Ulster; and in Cavan, Monaghan, Fermanagh, Down, and Tyrone, the Catholics are in an overwhelming majority. It is only in Antrim, Armagh, and Down where Protestants of all denominations equal or exceed Catholics in numbers. Out of the thirty-two counties of Ireland there are therefore, only three in which Protestants bear any fair proportion to Catholics in numbers; and taking the entire Province of Ulster into account, the Catholics far exceed the number of Protestants. These facts settle the religious aspect of this part of the question. But there is the 'prosperous and contented' condition of Ulster, to which, I dare say, the Orangemen refer. If the farmers and rural population be 'prosperous and contented'—which are relative terms after all—then it is not to Protestants this is due; but to other circumstances, social political and physical. Ulster farmers have enjoyed 'tenant right' for the many days of James the First, in some form or other with greater or less advantages and modifications. The rest of Ireland has for a long time borne with confiscations, landlords' oppressions, robberies and spoliations. Ulster farmers have had the linen manufacture encouraged and fostered at their doors, given them a market for their flax, a produce of their acreage, and also a good market for their potatoes, wheat, barley, &c. in the manufacturing towns, where busy populations require to be fed. In the rest of Ireland, every native manufacture was by Act of Parliament wholly suppressed. The woollen trade of even such Protestant towns as Bandon county Cork, where no Catholic was permitted to reside, was entirely destroyed by the acts of the reign of even 'the pious, glorious and immortal' William III. What will the Orange critic and priest-shouter say to this—that even the 'prosperous' manufacture of the wholly Protestant towns of Bandon was obliterated under the benign rule and reign of William of Orange? The Protestants of Bandon did not preserve their 'prosperous' condition against penal and hostile legislation. All the rest of Ireland would have preserved its manufacturing industry just as Ulster did, had not English legislation destroyed it because the woollen and other manufactures of Ireland competed with selfish English traders. And had our manufactures been left us, and been allowed to be developed, we would not now be depending so much on the mere acreage of soil, and our land question would not be so bitter a source of contention. Further, the comparatively prosperous portions of Ulster lie on the sea-board, with English and Scotch ports within a few hours' sail. Scotch coals for manufacturing purposes, can be carried cheaply and speedily to Belfast; while it would be a long voyage to take them to Limerick, Galway, Westport, Ballina, or Sligo. The same applies especially to the carriage of iron, or of necessary machinery to Belfast and to Galway. It also applies, again, to the shipment of the Irish manufactured goods to the English markets. Physically, therefore, the more 'prosperous' portions of Ulster have immense advantages over any and all other parts of Ireland. With even all these things in their favor, the Protestants of Ulster have been as troublesome to British rule as ever the Catholics have been. The 'United Irishmen' were Ulster Protestants, and the name of Orr is as much thought of in Irish national circles still as the name of Emmet almost. Who have been the leaders of every revolutionary movement in Ireland? Protestants not Catholics. Emmet, and Wolfe Tone, and Napper Tandy, and Orr, and the brothers Sheares, and Smith O'Brien, and Thomas Davis, and John Martin, and John Mitchell, and Luby, of the 'Irish People' were all Protestants. In the political arena it has ever been the same. Grattan, and O'Connell, and Plunkett, and Flood, and Burke, and a host of others, were Protestants. And to day Sir John Gray, Isaac Butts and others, the leaders of popular opinion in Ireland, are Protestants. It is utter nonsense, therefore, to talk of Protestant Ireland as le-

ing more 'contented' than Catholic Ireland. The priests, who ought to be 'shot' down in an Orangeman's view of it, are the greatest opponents which Fenianism has in this country, and their voices are ever raised in support of 'law and order.' They are not certainly the fomenters of discontent, sedition, or revolution. As a body they are, on the contrary, stern opponents of all these things. No one but an intolerant, narrow-minded bigot could attribute any of the evils of Ireland to the Catholic clergy. As a Methodist, myself, I wholly repudiate these charges made against the Irish Catholic priests; and, for my own part, I only wish that many more of them were much more distinctly and emphatically 'national' than they are. I am anxious, however, to do something towards dispelling in Lancashire silly notions like those of this Orangeman, which seem lately to have been persistently propagated amongst your people. I shall consequently take up the rest of the letter in another communication.—Northern Press.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Cardinal Cullen has arrived in Dublin from Rome, and was received by a large number of private friends.

On the 1st ult. a post-office clerk was committed for trial, charged with stealing two hundred pounds worth of jewellery passing through the Dublin post-office.

According to the returns obtained by the enumerators, the number of emigrants who left the port of Ireland during the quarter ending 31st December last, amounted to 10,653, 6,015 males and 4,638 females, being 1,874 more than the number who emigrated during the corresponding quarter of 1868.

The guns seized by the police in Cork a few days since have been returned to the owner, Mr. Cockery of Kenmare who has satisfied the authorities of his right to sell arms. They were fowling pieces, and not rifles, as erroneously reported at the time.—Freeman.

West, a servant of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company was arrested at Farnham, on the Killarney line, charged with having sent a threatening letter to Mr. Napier, the engineer of the line.

I am able to state that Lord Spencer will leave Ireland after Easter. There is a strong rumor that he will be succeeded by Lord Duffrin; but if a stop gap can be found between Ester and the opening of the Land Bill, Mr. Fortescue will take the Viceroynalty, with an English Peerage.—Evening Mail Cor.

Patrick Kirwan, caretaker to Mr. Charles Clarke, D.L. Grangemore Park Holycross, was murdered. His head was beaten in with some weapon, and he died shortly after. Three men have been arrested on suspicion. The murder is of a very bad type, and unquestionably agrarian.—Dublin Irishman.

Copies of the Peace Preservation Act with a circular of instructions from the law officers of the crown, were despatched from the Castle Dublin on Monday evening, to all magistrates in Ireland.—Freeman.

Joe Campbell, a butcher in Derry, Ireland, was shot in the street by his nephew, just returned from America.

THE WATERFORD ELECTION PETITION.—An objection filed on behalf of Mr. Osborne against the securities of the petitioners has been declared by Master Burke to be 'perfectly wanting,' as he regarded the securities as the very best that had in any election petition come before him.

The 'Evening Mail' compliments the Liberal party on having had the management of Ireland for nearly 40 years, and now being only able to pick up the ends of the shambles of Louis Napoleon. It adds that it is no wonder that Mr. Bright labors under nervous depression.

On the evening of the 7th ult., a case, containing silver plates and other hardware, recently received from Liverpool, was found by the Custom House officers in the stores of the Cork Steamship Company, addressed to a shopkeeper in Kinsale. On being opened three rifles were found concealed amongst the various articles, having the stocks detached for convenience of packing.

It is rumored, says the Waterford 'Mail,' that owing to the influence of Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. Byrne of Clonmel has been appointed a stipendiary magistrate. Mr. Byrne, though not belonging to Waterford, was a very prominent supporter of Mr. Osborne. Another of Mr. Osborne's supporters, Captain Brennan, has been appointed a magistrate for the borough of Waterford, though he does not reside in the city.

From Newry and neighborhood large numbers of young men and women have emigrated to America and the colonies since the commencement of spring. Almost every steamer that sails from our port carries away some of the bone and sinew of the country to that land where, in the simple words of the popular song 'A man is a man if he's willing to toil.' On Saturday, no less than eighteen young men, principally of the mercantile class left Newry for America via Liverpool.—Newry Reporter.

On a recent night upwards of a hundred tons of hay the property of Mr. Simon Dallen, were maliciously burned at Tineury, county Wexford. Constable Mustard, of Edross, county Wicklow, received some information as to the person who committed the outrage, and, accompanied by Sub-Constables Nolan and Ward, arrested a man named Andrew Patrick, who will be tried at the next Wexford quarter sessions.

A Kells correspondent, under date April 4, says—On yesterday a strange man visited the house of Patrick Lynch, a herd to Mr. Joseph Lowry of this town. He told Lynch that he came to give him a second warning against herding on grass land; and that if he did not quit the work, he (the stranger) would call again and blow out his brains. The correspondent adds—Crawford, who was fired at some time ago, and wounded in the face, is striking a very little hope being entertained of his recovery.

A series of proposals respecting the Irish Land question, have, according to the 'Freeman's Journal,' been signed by a number of Irish members, and embodied in a memorial to the Premier. The subscribers ask that any Irish landowner may have the power of removing his estate from the operation of Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, on condition that he observes certain stated provisions, which would secure what is called a system of 'Parliamentary Tenant Right.'

The 'Freeman' says:—The funeral of a man named Taylor, lately a cook on board the British ship Royal George, and a well known Orangeman, was made the occasion of display by the brotherhood of Kingsdown and the surrounding districts, who mustered in large numbers and marched in military order after the coffin (which was carried) wearing caps on their arms and blue ribbon. The procession proceeded to Monkstown through the principal thoroughfares, where Taylor's remains were deposited. No breach of the peace occurred.

As the train conveying the judges and counsel to Dublin was passing Geeshill some person threw a stone at it. The stone passed through the window near which the Crown counsel sat, but without injuring any one.

Mr. Sudder, residing near Ennis, having purchased some property in the Encumbered Estates Court has received a letter of a most menacing character. Another gentleman, who made a bid for the same estate has received a communication of a somewhat similar kind.

who had been sentenced to death in the King's County, a point has been raised for the Court of Criminal Appeal. When the sentence was being pronounced on Friday several women in the gallery screamed violently.

The 'Mayo Telegraph' of April 6 says:—Mayo seems desirous to part with this year. The tide of emigration is sweeping from every town and village in Ireland the 'bone and sinew of the land'—the prospect of a country's hope, the few remaining sons of toil that still remain at home. Most of our countrymen are driven to exile through the insupportability of the late 'message of peace' which has been received from the maternal hand of our municipal Government.

The 'Cork Reporter' says:—Th. P. Myers, belonging to the Queen's line, sailed on Wednesday, April 5th, for New York, taking with her 200 passengers, and 50 more who were booked for the same ship, were left behind for want of sufficient accommodation. So great is the tide of emigration at present arrival of the next transatlantic steamer, and the several steamship companies have refused for the present to book any more passengers. The emigrants appear to be of the respectable farming class.

The recent report of the Inspector General of Prisons in Ireland presents some of the curiosities of prison life there. Two brothers James and John, were sentenced to five weeks imprisonment in Limerick jail, for being concerned in a fight. John had employment; and it was not convenient for him to go to jail. The two brothers were very much alike so James, who was at leisure, surrendered and got sent to prison, calling himself John, and was lodged in jail, and served John's five weeks. Some time after his discharge he was again sent there, and served his five weeks, exhausting the sentence.

The 'Cork Herald' says:—In the old mill gate of Kilmee, distant about nine miles from K. n. n. lives at present a woman named Peg Thompson, who has reached the round age of 109 years. Old Peg is still in possession of all her faculties, and may be seen on every Sunday and holiday in the front porch of the western aisle of Kilmee chapel, a real old woman, Jeremiah is 79 years of age. Her only son, James, and his vicinity supported her by a weekly subscription for years. James Black, of Berhobne, has also crossed the meridian of 100 years. Through respect for his venerable old age, the guardians of the locality have allowed him out-door relief. Old Jim is to be treated soon by his ray, to visit to Old Peg, his neighbor, who lives three miles distant.

COMMENTS.—On Sunday night a Sergeant of the 20th Regiment named Quinlan, was attacked by three men on the Green, who struck him with a stone on the head, and rendered him insensible for a time, after which they deprived him of his sword which they carried away. The police got information of the occurrence soon after and instituted a search. Six men were arrested on suspicion, all of whom, with the exception of a man named Torrey, have been liberated. He is identified by an unfortunate named Elliot as having been one of the attacking party, and the sword has not been recovered.—Freeman.

The government announces that the commission to inquire into the condition and treatment of the Irish political prisoners will consist of two Irish and two English gentlemen, and will be presided over by a gentleman of position. The Home Secretary is engaged in forming it, and it will be constituted soon after Easter.

Mr. Gladstone's monopoly for Irish Land Bill purposes of the mid day sittings in the House of Commons, has materially interfered with the privileges of private members, who occasion after occasion are compelled to postpone important motions. This has been especially the case with Mr. Gailan, who contemplates the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the rules affecting and the actual treatment of the Irish political prisoners. After being obliged for its pleading on the notice paper, and obtaining rather a favourable place, he found that other business crushed out his motion, and it now stands for Tuesday, the 3rd of May, but so low down on the Parliamentary paper that the member for Docks will have again to bide his time, and try the effect of another ballot.—Irish Times.

DUBLIN, April 6.—The discussion of the Irish University question is continued in the Press with considerable spirit, the speeches in the late debate and the declaration of the Catholic hierarchy forming topics for comment. With respect to the proposal of the Fellows of the University, it is not at all certain that the clergy outside the walls of Trinity College will give it their undivided support. There is a very earnest and determined, if not very numerous, section who are irreconcilably opposed to the admission of Catholics into any share in the government of the College. Their attention has been diverted from the subject by the more pressing concerns of the Church, but now, since the adjournment of the Convention and the reopening of the controversy they have taken alarm at what has been done. They cling to the belief that a change is not inevitable, but if there must be a change they would prefer a denominational system to a mixed system, which would infringe upon the exclusively Protestant management of the College. They profess great anxiety about the Divinity School, which they apprehend will be exposed to the risk of falling into unsteady hands. It is probable that the numerical force and political influence of this party are at present considerable, they comprise the most irreconcilable opponents of the national system of education; and it will not be easy to persuade such men to modify the policy of the heads of the University. It will soon be seen how far the rest of the clergy and the bulk of the Protestant hierarchy will stand with them, as they are about to agitate in opposition to the proposal of Mr. Fe-wellat. A meeting is to be held to-morrow to make arrangements for sending the feeling of the country, and a protest has been already prepared for signature. The Conservative papers express satisfaction at the speeches of Dr. Ball and Mr. Plunkett. On the other hand some leading Liberal journals condemn the scheme, and attribute the declaration of the leading men of the University to a selfish desire to preserve that institution from sharing the fate of the Church. The Freeman observes that—

'The vast preponderance of teaching power would still be on the Protestant side, and the education just as opposed to the feelings of Catholics. No change in the constitution of Trinity College will satisfy them. It is impossible that it could.'

It thinks the Government would commit a fatal mistake if it forced such a system on the Irish people. It says:—

'Without a Catholic College Irish Catholics must continue under the old prescription, and secularity will not have died out with the disestablishment of the Protestant Church. The declaration of the Catholic hierarchy places the question on the true ground—the constitutional right of Catholics, as British subjects, to adopt whatever system of academic education they prefer. It is the corollary of the civil and religious equality the State professes to extend to Catholics. Without free education religious equality would be only a name.'

The Freeman publishes in full the declaration of the Catholic hierarchy, which is signed by 18 Peers and Privy Counsellors, 10 Bishops and Knights, 34 members of Parliament, and over 900 of the most influential of the Catholic body in Ireland. The Cork Examiner gives a running analysis of the signatures, which included those of 11 Queens' counsel, 42 deputy-lieutenants, 265 magistrates, and 535 miscellaneous names—of mayors and sheriffs, barristers, doctors, solicitors,