

THE "OCCASIONAL PAPER."

Belgravia, London, Wednesday.

MY DEAR LORD,

What a happy evening we passed last Tuesday, when your dear darling pamphlet, "Occasional Paper," was read aloud by brother Fred. to a circle of friends. What sufferings! and how vividly they are related! Your rescue from that horrid popish plot—the sinking of the "Northerner"—was miraculous. I say "popish," for surely it could be nothing else. They certainly must have known of your leaving by a steamer which would have to connect with the "Northerner," and the dark hirelings, no doubt, scuttled the ship, mistaking somebody else for the Bishop. As to the Jesuit who caused your milk to be stopped, that is just like them; but better it happened so, perhaps, for who knows but your milk might have been poisoned! Another interposition of Divine Providence!