

to the circumstance, nevertheless he felt and comprehended far better than they did the nature of the late awaiting them, and hurried on to the conclusion of the mass, which was by this time, fortunately, well-nigh over.

He had hardly finished the communion prayer before the heat and suffocation had become unbearable. In an agony of terror the people made a rush to the gates, and tore down the screen of matting which separated the church from the porch beyond.

Then arose a wild cry of despair, filling the church from floor to ceiling—the cry of human beings caught in a snare from whence, except by a cruel death, there was no escaping. The porch was already a blazing furnace, filled almost to the roof with fagots burning in all the fury that pitch and tar, and other combustibles flung liberally among them, were calculated to produce. These then were the sounds which had disturbed Nellie during mass. The enemy had proffed by the rapt devotion of these poor people to build up, unheard and unsuspected, their death-pile in the porch, after which doughty deed, they had retired, closing the gates behind them, and trusting the rest to the terrible nature of the ally they had so recklessly invoked.

To attempt a passage through that sea of fire in its first wild fury would have been instant death; and amid the cries of women and children, many of whom were well-nigh trampled to death beneath the feet of their fellow-victims, the crowd swayed backward.

Then came another horror. An unhappy girl, one of the foremost of the throng, in her eagerness to escape, had rushed so far into the porch that her garments caught fire, and, mad with pain and fear, she flung herself face downward upon a heap of driftwood near her. It was all that was needed to complete the work of destruction. The wood, dry and combustible as tinder, ignited instantly, and in two minutes more was a mass of flame. In vain some of the men, with the priest at their head, leaped on it in a wild effort to trample it out before it could spread further. As fast as it was stifled in one place, it broke out in another, the subtle element gliding along the walls and seizing upon stack after stack of wood with an ease and speed that made at all their efforts to extinguish it. No words can point the horrors of the scene that followed! Heavy volumes of black smoke, ever and anon rolling upward from some new spot upon which the fire had fastened, snout out at times the light of day, and made the darkness almost palpable to the senses. Fire, bright and angry, flashing at first here and there at intervals, like forked lightning, through the gloom; then coming thicker and quicker, as it grew with what it fed on, hurrying and leaping in its exultant fury, licking up and devouring with hungry tongues all that opposed its progress; now spreading itself in sheets of streams, bearing a terrible resemblance to fiery serpents; but never for a moment slackening in its work of woe, widening hither and thither, and in and out, and fastening with all the malice and tenacity of a conscious creature upon everything combustible within its reach until the very rafters overhead were wreathed in flame; and underneath that awful canopy the panting, shrieking crowd, struggling in that sulphurous atmosphere of smoke and fire, rushing backward and forward, they knew not whither, in search of a safety they knew too well they could never find; for even while obeying the animal instinct to fly from danger, there was not a creature there who did not feel, to the very inmost marrow of his being, that, unless a miracle were interposed to save him, he was doomed then and there to die.

Nellie was the only person in the church, perhaps, with the sole exception of the pastor, who made no vain effort of escaping. Driven by the swaying of the others, after their first rush to the door, backward to the altar, she had remained there quietly ever since, praying, or trying to pray, and shutting eyes and ears as much as might be to the terrible sights and sounds around her. Accident had, in fact, brought her to the only spot in the building where safety was for the moment feasible.

The altar was built, as we have already said, of stone, and, being placed at some distance from any of the walls, the space in front, though stifling from heat and smoke, was clear of fire and consequently of immediate danger.

Hither, therefore, the priest, who, having done all that man could towards the stifling of the flames, now felt that another and a higher duty—the duty of his priestly office—must needs be exercised, endeavored to collect his flock; and, lether, at his bidding, one by one they came, every hope of rescue extinguished in their bosoms, and scorched, and bruised, and half-suffocated as they were, lay down at his feet to die. There was no loud shrieking now—the silence of utter exhaustion had fallen upon them all, and only a low wail of pain broke now and then from the white parched lips of some poor dying creature, as if in human expostulation with the sputtering and hissing of the flames that scorched him. Once, and only once, a less fitting sound was heard—a curse, deep but loud, on the foe that had so ruthlessly contrived their ruin.

It reached the ear of the priest as he stood before the altar, sometimes praying up aloud, sometimes with look and voice endeavoring to calm his people, waiting and watching with wise, heroic patience for the precise moment when, all hopes of human life abandoned, he might lead them to thoughts of that which is eternal.

But that muttered curse seemed to rouse another and a different spirit in his bosom, and, filled with holy and apostolic anger, he turned at once upon the man who spoke it. "Sinner!" he cried, "be silent! Darest thou go to God with a curse upon your lips? What is the curse you in return? What if he plunge you, for that very word, from this fire, which will pass with time, into that which is eternal and endures for ever? O my children, my children!" cried the good old man, opening wide his arms as if he would fain have embraced his weeping flock and shelter them all from pain and sorrow on his paternal bosom, "see you not, indeed, that you must die?—with foes outside, with de-

voruing flames within, all hope of life is simply folly. Die you must. So man decrees; but God, more merciful still, leaves a choice—not as to death, but as to the spirit in which you meet it. You may die angry and reviling, as the blaspheming thief, or you may die (O blessed thought!) as Jesus died—peace in your hearts and a prayer for your very foes upon your lips. Have pity on yourselves, my children; have pity on me, who, as your pastor, will have to answer for your souls, as for my own, to God—and choose with Jesus. Put aside all rancor from your hearts. Remember that what our foes have done to us, we, each in our measure, have done by our sins to Jesus. Pray for them as he did. Weep, as he did for your sins (not his) upon the cross, and kneel at once, that while there yet is time I may give you, in his name and by his power, that pardon which will send you safe and hopeful to the judgment-seat of God.

Clear, calm, and quiet, amid the fear and confusion round him, rose the voice of that good shepherd, sent hither, as it seemed for no other purpose than to perish with his flock; and like a message of mercy from on high his words fell upon their failing hearts. They obeyed him to the letter. Hushed was every murmur, stifled every cry of pain, and prostrate on their faces, they waited in solemn silence the word which they knew would follow. And it was said at last. With streaming eyes, and bands uplifted toward that heaven to which he and his poor children all were speeding, the priest pronounced that *Ego te absolvo*, which, speaking to each individual soul as if meant for it alone, yet brought pardon, peace, and healing to them all. Something like a low "Amen," something like a thrill of relief from overlaid bosoms, followed, and then, almost at the same instant, came a loud cry from the outside of the church—a crushing of doors—a rush—a struggle—a scattering of brands from the half-burned fagots in the porch—and, blackened with smoke and scorched with fire, O'More leaped like an apparition into the midst of the people. A shout almost of triumph greeted his appearance, for they felt as if he must have brought safety with him. It seemed, in fact, as if only by a miracle he could have been there at all. Unarmed as he was, he had rushed through the English soldiers, and they, having all along imagined him to be in the church with their less noble victims, were taken so completely by surprise that they suffered him to pass at first almost without a blow. By the time they had recovered themselves, their leaders had stayed their hands. It was better for all their purposes that he should rush to death of his own accord than that they should have any ostensible share in the business. No further opposition, therefore, being offered to his progress, he easily undid the gates, which were only slightly barricaded on the outside, and having cleared the porch at the risk of instant suffocation to himself, he now stood calling upon Nellie, and vainly endeavoring to discover her in the blinding atmosphere of smoke around him. She was still where she had been from the beginning—at the foot of the altar, faint and half-dead with heat and fear. But the sound of his voice seemed to call her back to life, and, with a cry like a frightened child, she half rose from her recumbent posture. Faint as was that cry, he heard it, and catching a glimpse of her white face, rushed toward her. In another moment he had her in his arms, wrapped carefully in his heavy cloak, and shouted to all to follow and keep close, he rushed behind the altar.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Dublin Nation, of Dec. 5, says:—In computing last week the number of Catholic members of the new Parliament at 38, we included the member for Sligo Mr. D. M. O'Connor, and the polling on Monday justified us in the assumption. The Catholic members are:—Mr. Blake, Sir R. Blennerhasset, Dr. Brady, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Callan, Lord Oastlerose, Mr. Ogan, Mr. Oorbally, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Deane, Mr. Delahunty, Mr. De La Poer, Mr. Dwyer, Mr. Digby, Mr. Downing, Mr. Egan, Mr. Egan, Captain Fagan, Major Gavin, Mr. MacEvoy, Mr. McMahon, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Monnell, Mr. O. Moore, Mr. G. H. Moore, Mr. Murphy, Mr. O'Seane, Sir P. O'Brien, The O'Connor Don, Mr. O'Connor, The O'Donoghue, Sir C. O'Loghlin, Major O'Reilly, Mr. Power, Mr. Sherlock and Mr. Syman from Ireland, with Sir J. Simeon from England.

An Irish contemporary pertinently remarks, that the number of Catholic members of the new House of Commons is 38, exceeding that in the last Parliament by 6. The same journal observes, that while in all Great Britain only one Catholic has been returned, England has given seats to 6 Jews.—Tablet.

Among the most prominent and effective Liberal agents during the late elections in Cork, was a popular lady known as Mrs. Scannel. A correspondent of the Irish Times thus describes her action and words at the declaration of the poll for the county election:—When the doors of the Court-house were thrown open, she was one of the first to enter, but she took up no prominent position, merely seating herself on one of the benches in the body of the court. When however, the High Sheriff (Mr. Gould Adams) and Messrs. McCarthy Downing and Smith Barry entered court shortly after, she suddenly bounced off the seat and jumped immediately on the table in front of the bench, leaving her cloak behind her; and then was seen in her hand, what had been before studiously concealed beneath her cloak, a small green silk flag with a harp emblazoned in the centre of it, and the words "God save Ireland" done in white above and below the harp. This she shook out and waved enthusiastically, saying at the same time, "This is the flag that was never conquered!" She then moved up close to the bench, and, stretching over it, shook Mr. Downing by the hand warmly, then the High Sheriff, and finally, Mr. Smith Barry, whose hand she kissed repeatedly. Great cheering followed this prelude, and Mrs. Scannel, after waving the flag to her heart's content, said, "This is the gallant flag that captured Billy on the Boyne. Where's Mr. Shaw, the hero of the Boyne?" She then sat down on the table, and the High Sheriff and the members retired to make up the polling books. On the entry of Mr. Shaw, M. P. for Bandon, (who beat the Conservative Bernard, he again rose, rushed to the bench and waved the green flag over his head, saying, "You fought the battle of the Boyne." The High Sheriff then came forward and announced the state of the poll, which was greeted with laughter, ironical cheering and hisses, during which Mrs. Scannel stood up and waved her flag energetically, cheering at the same time for Messrs. McCarthy Downing and Smith Barry.]

At a late Queenstown petty session, a woman named Catherine Ootter was arraigned on the charge of forgery. It appeared that the offence was committed in the year 1857. The information of Mr. Francis Henry, jun., Secretary to the Queenstown Loan Fund, sworn shortly after the offence was committed stated, that the prisoner presented to him an application to the fund for £2, bearing the signature of the Rev. Mr. Parker, R. C. O., then residing at Queenstown, and Mr. Dorman Newman. On this note she obtained the money, and subsequently it was ascertained that the signatures were forged. He accordingly swore the information, and a warrant was issued, but the accused having run away, she evaded arrest up to the 10th ult. The prisoner was returned for trial at the quarter sessions.

An investigation into the circumstances connected with the attack upon the house of Mr. Richardson, the gunmaker, of Cork, on the day of the borough election, and the firing of shots by the inmates upon the populace, has occupied the attention of the local magistrates for some days. Among the persons in the house were two policemen, and it was alleged there was no justification for the discharge of firearms from the house, only a few stones having been thrown in by the crowd. For the defence it was sworn that shots had been fired into the house and that the inmates acted in self-defence. An application was made to have informations taken and the parties committed for trial, but the Bench refused it.

The Castiglione, of Liverpool, bound for Bombay, has been wrecked off the coast of Wexford, and six of her crew were drowned while attempting to land in a boat. The Marie (Hanoverian, bound from Rio Grande, with hides, has been wrecked off Cork harbour, and all hands are supposed to have perished.

The Advocate of Nov. 28, says:—We regret to learn that at the last fair of Cappawhite a faction fight took place which resulted in serious injuries to several parties engaged, and fears are entertained as to the recovery of some of them. It is lamentable that in this age the old feuds of the past should be excited, and Irishmen arrayed in disgraceful contests against each other.

The Tipperary Free Press of the 2d inst., announces that at a meeting of the corporation held that day, Town Councillor Thomas Cantwell was elected to the office of Mayor of Clonmel for the ensuing year. Mr. Cantwell has been for a long period a member of the council, and will we are assured, make an active and energetic chief magistrate during his occupation of the civic chair.

The Kilkenny Journal of a late date says:—As a proof that the breed of horses is not degenerating in Ireland, we may mention that Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, who was lately on a visit with Mr. Bryan at Jenkinstown, has purchased from Mr. Mulholland Marum, his mare 'Gazelle,' for 250 guineas, and Mr. John de-Bely Obadwick purchased last June, from the same gentleman, his mare 'Affidavit,' for £170.

HOW JOHNSTONS CAME MARCHING HOME.—The Orangemen and women of Newtownlismavady celebrated the return of Johnstone of Ballykilbeg in a peculiar fashion. The largest gun that could be obtained was drawn to Protestant Terrace, the residence of Miss Sterling, who fired the first shot and as she applied the fuse, said—"To the glory of God; the honor of Mr. Johnstone, and the Orange Volunteers of Ireland." The heavy boom of the cannon was accompanied with prolonged cheers for Johnstone, and shouts of no surrender. Brother John Stirling, D. L., then mounted the carriage of the gun and addressed the crowd. The victory in Belfast was, he said the greatest since the battle of the Boyne. What would 'this great man' (Johnstone) do in St. Stephen's? 'He would support the Bible and nothing but the Bible. He would support the Queen and the Constitution of Old England as long as she and it remained Protestant and no longer.'

It is stated that an irregularity has occurred which will vitiate the election for the county of Monaghan. The nomination was held on Friday, and the polling on the following Monday. Two clear days should intervene, and Sunday being a dies non, it is believed the return is bad, and a new election must be held, the expense of which will fall upon the Sheriff.

The conducting agent for Sir L. M'Olinstock yesterday lodged £1,000 as security for costs. It is expected that the case will be heard early in January.

There is little doubt that Mr. Serjeant Barry will present a petition against the return of Mr. Matthews for Donagavan. It is rumored that a petition will be presented against the return of the members for Wexford, on the ground that they had issued invitations for the recent banquet to the electors before the day of nomination. It is not likely, however, that such a point, if it can be made at all, will be pressed in the absence of any Conservative candidates to claim the seats.

The opening meeting of the College Historical Society was held last evening in the Dining-hall of Trinity College. It had been announced a fortnight ago, and summarily postponed by the Board from prudential motives, to prevent any display of political feeling during the heat of the elections. All the excitement has since subsided, and the meeting last night was characterized by a spirit of perfect harmony. On the platform were the two most prominent combatants in the late electoral duel—Sir D. O'Riordan and the Hon David Pincknet—and around them were ministers of various religious denominations and other gentlemen representing every shade of political sentiment. The society is popular with all classes on account of its national traditions, the distinguished names inscribed upon its roll and the generous spirit which it infuses into the educated youth of the country. Additional interest was excited on this occasion by the fact that Mr. O'Hea, the auditor, by whom the inaugural address was to be delivered, is a Roman Catholic gentleman. It is a remarkable circumstance that some of the ablest essays heard in the society of late years have been composed by students of the same creed. No more satisfactory evidence need be offered of the willingness of the Roman Catholic youth.—[Times Cor.]

On November 29, about two o'clock, A. M., a number of persons resident on the Belfast road, and within two miles of Newry, came to the Hild market Police Barracks and informed the barrack orderly, Sub-constable Farrelly that they had found a man named John Digney lying dead on the road. Sub-Inspector Fitzpatrick and eight men proceeded to the scene of the alleged outrage. The police found the body in the house of William Johnston, to whose place it had been carried some few minutes before. A man named John Murtagh, it appears, was in company with deceased and both were proceeding home when two men came out of a loosing and attacked them with colts. Murtagh was first struck, but being only slightly injured, he managed to escape.

Dr. Nicholas C Whyte, city coroner, held an inquest on the 26 ult., at Mercer's Hospital, Dublin, on the body of the late Edward J. Myles. There was a large number of medical students present, who evinced considerable interest in the proceedings. The deceased (as we stated last week) was a son of Capt. Myles, of Sandford, and was about 27 years of age. The three young men who were arrested—Thomas Walsh, Edward Walsh, and Joseph Hamilton—were present in custody. A respectable jury were sworn, who viewed the body of deceased, which lay in the dead-house of the hospital. The verdict finally returned was:—That Edward J. Myles died in Mercer's Hospital, in the parish of St Peter's on the morning of Wednesday, Nov. 25 1868, from a fracture of the skull and other injuries inflicted on him at the junction of Westmoreland and College at, in the parish of St Mark, on the morning of the said 25th of November, and that the said wounds were inflicted by coming in collision with a party of men, of whom the persons now charged, and in custody, formed a

portion, but we have no direct evidence as to the person who inflicted said wounds." The prisoner entered into security, themselves in £100 each, and two securities for each person in £100 each to appear at the next committal. They were then discharged.

An odd incident is reported to have taken place at a meeting of the Belfast Board of Guardians recently. An old and infirm inmate of the workhouse announced that he wished to change his religion from Protestant to Roman Catholic. The Chairman inquired 'if the patient was of sound mind,' and that point being settled in the affirmative, a difficulty arose as to the guardians who should act as a deputation to bear the paper's confession of faith. A Roman Catholic guardian not being at the moment procurable, an Episcopalian and a Presbyterian were selected to act as a watch upon each other during the scene.—Mr. Bonwille and Mr. Tierney, then retired to carry out their instructions; and on their return Mr. Tierney astonished his friends by announcing that their interesting disciple 'wished to be a Unitarian.'

On the 22nd ult a man named John Digney was found lying dead on the road near Newry. He had been coming home the night before with a man named John Murtagh, who states that they were attacked by two men, who first struck him, when, being but lightly hurt, he escaped and told the neighbors, amongst others a man named Johnston, who found Digney dying on the road. Murtagh has been kept in custody on remand.

Some further outrages are reported from the county of Sligo. Several heads of sheep and cattle have been stolen off the lands of the late Capt King who was shot while proceeding to vote in the borough. On the night of Nov. 26, a patrol of police was fired upon by a mob of three hundred persons. The police returned the shot, but no lives were lost. Three persons were arrested.

A very destructive flood came down on the 30th ult into the river Liffey from the Wicklow mountains, carrying away the greater portion of the main bridge over that river close to the factory at Ballymore-eustace. The flood came with great violence, between two and three o'clock in the day, and carried away five or six arches of the road leading to Dunlavin and other important towns in the county Wicklow, thereby rendering the traffic impassable. The bridge was a six-arch one, and therefore the expense on the cess-payers must be something heavy, independent of the inconvenience, and it is not likely the work of rebuilding can commence until next Spring.

On Nov. 22, as some men were walking through Larrycormick, about one mile from Moneymore, they found a man lying dead. An inquest was held on the body of D. Kelly, Esq., coroner, when it was made known that his name was Arthur Longbrun, of Peccan, Parish of Lissan, and that he had left home on November 21 to go to Moneymore fair, to sell a horse. It seems that he had got some drink, and had wandered out of his way, in leaving town at night, into the field where he was found, and that his horse had went home during the night. There were no marks of violence on his person; and the verdict of the jury was that he was found dead, and that he had died from exhaustion and exposure to the cold.

The matter of the verdict of the Monaghan coroner's jury against David Beard was before the Court of Queen's Bench on Nov. 25, on an application to make the conditional order quashing the verdict absolute. The question, as may be remembered arose out of the riots in Monaghan, in which a man named Hughes was shot. At the coroner's inquest, there was a jury of twenty-three persons, and twelve were for a verdict of wilful murder against Beard, while the remaining eleven were against it. The coroner refused to take the verdict of the majority, and ultimately dismissed the jury; but he afterwards called a portion of them together again and then returned the above verdict. The conditional order quashing the verdict was granted on the 9th November; and on November 25 the Attorney-General not appearing, the Court made the rule absolute.

An incident among the strangest in the history of the police force, and one which is affording considerable local gossip, has just happened in the neighborhood of Parsonstown. The Earl of Rosse, accompanied by his brothers and some friends, were returning along the Brough road from shooting on the evening of November 28th, and within a mile of the Castle, they were met by some constabulary of the Anrah Station, who peremptorily ordered the young nobleman to halt, one of the policemen giving proof that the command was no joke by deliberately loading his rifle and making the most convincing gestures. His lordship and party had the presence of mind to forego a long parleying, simply contenting themselves by stating who they were. But the policemen would listen to no statement or explanation, and his lordship and party had no alternative but to save themselves from the indignity of the handcuffs, or probably a personal encounter, by going with the policemen into the town, where the tables were soon turned, as the sub-inspector, on hearing the strange narrative, forthwith had the whole of his lordship's late escort taken into custody.

FATAL AFFRAY BETWEEN POLICE AND CIVILIANS.—Another melancholy instance of the painful results accruing from the collisions between the police and civilians, now of somewhat frequent occurrence in this country, occurred on Monday night. The scene of the affray is Kiltirritan, a village eight miles southwest of Bandon and up to the present the circumstances are exceedingly difficult to reach, owing to the various stories that are circulated respecting the matter being quite opposite in tone. The one great fact is, however, that a fierce and violent assault ensued in the village on Monday night, which terminated in the death of a young man named Donovan, and the wounding of four or five policemen. Two stories in particular are told—one, the version of the police, and the other, the tale of the civilians—both setting forth the facts with much confidence and apparent truth. The police tell the following account of the transaction: Monday being the fair day a large auxiliary force was drafted into the village, but everything went off in the usual peaceful manner for that locality—no occasion arose for calling their services into requisition until the occurrence, late in the evening, which led to the deplorable circumstances to be related. Shortly before 11 o'clock, Constable Clifton and a party of six men proceeded to clear the public-houses in the village, and met with no opposition till they came to the house of a man named Barrett. Here there was a large number of civilians assembled and the constabulary met with much opposition in performing their duty. Remonstrance and argument were used, the danger of obstructing the police in the discharge of their duty was explained to the people, but they refused to leave, and eventually a row ensued, through their endeavors to eject the people by force. All descriptions of missiles were hurled at the police, including some drinking vessels. Soon the place was the scene of a terrible fight, the police drew their swords, and, after considerable trouble, several of the men having received serious wounds, they succeeded in clearing the house. Donovan was one of the party, and unfortunately for him, the fight was resumed outside. A considerable crowd had gathered in the street, and on the police coming out they were attacked with vigor and determination. They were surrounded, and a fierce conflict ensued. The stones fell upon them like hail. Nevertheless they succeeded in making good their retreat, bringing with them, as prisoner, the man Donovan, who, however, was rescued by the crowd; a fresh attack was commenced, and the police fired, one shot striking the unfortunate man in the abdomen. He was removed to the dispensary, where he died on Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock. The people say that the police entered the house before the time for clearing out—11 o'clock—

and demanded that the people should be turned out Donovan remonstrated, the police were determined on a row ensued. The conflict was a hand to hand one, the police fighting with their swords, bayonets, and the people with whatever weapon they could lay hand upon. After a severe fight, in which a man named O'averly received two wounds in the head from the swords, and four policemen were more or less injured, the constabulary retreated, and, as is alleged, returned to the contest with reinforcements, as well as firearms. The house had by this time been cleared, and outside they proceeded to disperse a crowd that had collected. Donovan was arrested, although at the time, it is stated he was proceeding quietly home with his mother and brother, and while in the custody of the police it is said that he was shot. He was seen between two policemen, and was observed to resist the capture; a shot was fired from the group around him and he fell mortally wounded. The poor man was removed to the dispensary, where he was attended by Dr. Crowley, his wife, and the Rev. Mr. Hurley. The ball was extracted successfully, and the reverend gentleman at once, knowing the dangerous position in which the man was, endeavored to have his depositions taken, but could not procure the services of a magistrate for the purpose. He gradually sank, and died on Tuesday morning. The shot must have been fired quite close to the man, because it pierced him completely, and where it entered at the abdomen the clothes were scorched and burned. The bullet proved to be that of a revolver. The four policemen were much injured about the head and face. Their names are Constable Clifton, Acting-Constable Carroll, Sub-Constables Warcock and Hennessy. The publican, Barrett, was also injured. He received a wound in the leg while assisting the police. Much commiseration is felt at the death of Donovan, for at the time, it is alleged, he was perfectly sober, and was going home when arrested. He was aged about twenty-six, and was for a long time in the employment of Colonel Stawell.—[Cork Reporter.]

G. F. TRAIN.—HIS PRONOUNCEMENT. Dublin, Dec 13.

Civis Americus sum (pumpkins.) Gladstone quails. I am released with an autograph request from the Queen, brought to me by Earl Spencer, in full Lord-Lieutenant's uniform, to secure America's forgiveness for the Alabama outrages. Prince Alfred offers to accept the crown of Independent Ireland, with Train for Prime Minister. Remember the answer of indignance France to the proposed Regency of the Duchess of Orleans: 'It is too late!' Fiat justitia. Delenda est Britannia. E Pluribus Erin Train go Bragh! I return by the Australasian. Have ordered the hotels in Omaha to be set on fire. That blaze will beacon Ireland to Liberty, England to her doom, America to the Empire of the World. Mens sana in corpore sano. Turkish Barb. Tell the Truth. No Tobacco. No Whiskey. Never say Die. I still live.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

The results of the contests in the Three Kingdoms are as conclusive as they are satisfactory. The Liberal majority is greatly in excess of the most sanguine expectations, and even the Lords must be convinced that further resistance to the principle of religious equality is vain, and can only be productive of evil. Ireland more interested in the settlement of the question of the hour than any other portion of the Empire, has responded to the appeal of the Sovereign with a vigor and a passionate earnestness indicative of the depth to which popular feeling has been moved, and of the danger that will arise should the national hope be disappointed. Up to the close of the week the numbers returned for Ireland stood thus:

For Disestablishment and Disendowment.....11
For Orange Ascendancy.....42

Large, however, as this majority is, an analysis of the elements of which it is composed is of still greater significance as a demonstration of the progress of opinion in Ireland, and of the growth of a conviction amongst Protestants that the Ascendancy of the Anglican Church should cease, and that no supporter of the ministry that defends that monster of iniquity should be tolerated.

Derry, 'Protestant Derry,' as that city is usually called—that city within whose walls no Catholic was permitted to reside—that city which is chronicled in the story as the fortress of Anglican Ascendancy in Ireland, and which served as the watchword of Ascendancy at the recent Dublin election, has rejected Conservatism, and returned to Parliament by an enormous majority, a staunch advocate of Disestablishment and Disendowment. The battle of 'No Surrender' was fought under signal advantages. The Champion of Ascendancy had been the previous member—was the son of the Irish Viceroy—a large dispenser of patronage—his family were the owners of large possessions in and around the city, and against all these odds Mr. Dowse, one of the most able advocates of Catholic rights, has been elected, and commissioned by the 'Prentice Boys' of 'Protestant Derry' to reverse the policy of exclusiveness with which the name of Derry has been associated in song and in story for nearly two centuries.

Bandon—which was the southern fortress of Ascendancy, as Derry was the northern stronghold, has also rejected the Ascendancy candidate and declared for Religious equality. Mr. Shaw was elected as the representative of progress, and of the growth of that opinion which long since erased the inscription from off Bandon's gates—

Turk, Jew, or Atheist,
All may enter here
Except a Papist.

'Protestant Bandon' like 'Protestant Derry,' the historic fortresses of Ascendancy, have declared that the hour has come when exclusive privileges must cease, and when Religious Equality must prevail in Ireland.

To return to 'Protestant Ulster,' Carrickfergus has rejected the policy of Disraeli, declared for Mr. Gladstone, and emphatically adopted the programme of the hour. Belfast, the capital of Ulster, has adopted a still more emphatic programme. The Ministerial candidates were rejected, and a democratic tenant-right Orangeman, Mr. Johnston, elected in association with a Liberal Presbyterian, who is a supporter of Mr. Gladstone. Belfast, then, pronounces against the Ministerial policy, against Anglican Ascendancy, and, through Mr. Johnston, in favor of Dr. Drew's tenant-right principles, which are identical with the programme enunciated by the member for Kilkenny. Newry another great centre of industry and of opinion in Ulster, has also declared for the policy of Disestablishment and Disestablishment. Thus the capital of so-called 'Protestant Ulster,' with its three chief centres of thought and action, have emphatically declared for the Liberal party—giving on a division eight numerically in support of Mr. Gladstone's Disestablishment Disestablishment policy.

In New Ross one seat and two votes on a division have been won. In Wexford, the model county of Ireland, another seat and two votes on a division will be won from the enemy. Galway has expelled a Catholic Conservative, placing a chivalrous young nobleman, a sound Protestant Liberal, in his place—the Catholic electors placing the Protestant Liberal at the head of the poll. Two other Catholic Conservatives—Sir George Bowyer and Sir Joseph McKenna—were displaced by O'Connell's constituents, an Irish Nationalist and an English Liberal Protestant having been selected to replace them.

Thus have we already won ten seats, which are equivalent to twenty votes on a division. From this gain we have to deduct one less in Sligo, which leaves, up to this, a clear gain of nine seats won from Tories, which will count eighteen on a division.

Three other seats have been won in the counties. The Queen's County and the King's County have