

over the banister, and with his open hand throwing back the straggling grizzled locks which impeded his hearing, and with mouth agape, and scarcely daring to breathe, he listened for any stir which might prove his visitant in motion; for well he knew the accomplishments of him with whom he had to deal—a mongrel monster, combining the ferocity of the wolf and the craft of the fox—vigilant, suspicious, murderous, and prompt.

He was satisfied with the result of his observation, and without however abating the extreme caution with which his movements were conducted, he glided across the lobby to the little chamber where Praise-God Bligh was slumbering in happy unconsciousness, after the fatigues and agitations of the day. Softly and cautiously did Tisdal raise the latch, and stealthily did he move into the apartment until he stood by the pallet of his unconscious dependant, when stooping over his recumbent form, with one hand he grasped and shook the shoulder of the slumberer, while with the other he no less rudely compressed his mouth; and, as his eyes opened upon the dark form, which, like some black unsightly vision of the night, stooped over him, Tisdal said, in harsh, emphatic whispers—

‘It is I, Jeremiah Tisdal, your master; be not afraid; speak not one word, for your life; fear nothing—but up, and do thy clothes on.’

The man, thus aroused, with a little noise as even Tisdal could have wished, got down from his bed, and in silent haste began to huddle on his clothes, so that in a few minutes he stood before the Puritan sufficiently attired for the service upon which he was thus abruptly summoned.

‘Bligh,’ said his master, returning from the door, at which, with jealous caution, he had again been listening, and closing it carefully behind him; ‘your thriftless folly has placed me and my household in sore jeopardy; that fellow who now sits and keeps watch in the kitchen, is a murderer and a robber; speak not, sirrah, but listen;—what’s past cannot be mended. You shall descend from this window with the speed of light—bear these bags to Glindarragh, and—beware of me—no—that will not do—they are all at rest here—and to return with the money were ruin—utter ruin. Yet they must not remain in the house even for an hour,’ he continued, distractedly; ‘the villain may have begun his search already; anything but that—anything but that; so get you forth, and dig quickly and quietly a small hole, some three feet deep, under the crab tree in the paddock; lay in the bottom of it these two bags, which I will drop down when you are safe on the ground; throw the soil carefully back again, so that so much as a single ounce weight of it shall not remain about—tread it home, and lay the soil neatly on top, so that none can suspect it has been disturbed; dost thou comprehend? So now forth, and down with thee.’

In stern contempt of the young man’s expostulations and alarms, Tisdal compelled him to essay the perilous descent; the feat was performed in safety; and, with fluttering anxiety and eager eyes, Jeremiah watched the lad, as he hurried round the corner of the house to the well-secured spot to which he had directed him. He paused, scarcely daring to breathe, until he thought sufficient time had elapsed for the execution of the momentous commission, and then Tisdal again entered his chamber, made some alterations in his dress, as though he had but just risen, and hastily attired himself, and taking his candle in his hand, he, with an ostentatious clatter, proceeded to stamp and stumble down the stairs—calling, as he approached the kitchen, ‘Ho! Deveril!—art thou awake; rouse thee, man, I would fain have a word with thee.’

He entered the kitchen, and found Deveril apparently precisely as he had left him. ‘I tell thee, Deveril, I cannot slumber,’ said Tisdal, gloomily, setting the candle upon the table, and seating himself. ‘Though I have courted sleep with all my soul, it has fled from me. It will not return even for a moment; nor can I know repose until this matter is settled between us; so let it now be determined, and once for all concluded, and thus an end of it. We each understand the other; say then, at once, what wilt thou take and begone, so that I may never see thee more.’

‘Will you swear to play me no knave’s trick,’ replied Deveril, fixing his piercing gaze upon his host, ‘and say what plate and money thou hast in thy possession?’

With an imprecation too fearful to be repeated, Tisdal named the sum which he had just deposited in his press, as all the wealth his dwelling contained, and proffered the keys of all his presses, chests, and closets, in vindication of his truth.

‘Some fifty pounds. Hum! You have scarce been prudent, noble captain—too much addicted methinks to creature comforts to be so thrifty as would become one of thy years,’ replied Deveril.

‘Fifty pounds is a pretty sum, I must admit; but then my habits, as you know, are expensive—and my secret worth something. Nevertheless, I mean to be reasonable; and to put you out of pain at once, I name a hundred—an hundred pounds—not a penny less. You can easily get the other fifty among your friends and neighbors, or, in short, where you list; but have them I must—that’s all.’

‘You are a merciless, griping villain to deal with,’ answered Tisdal, bitterly; ‘but I suppose I must e’en submit. All I can do is to try to find the money, though few will be disposed to lend it. To-morrow I will seek it; and come what may, on the day following by hook or by crook, I shall make it up.’

He sighed profoundly as he concluded the sentence, called up as nearly as he could the despairing look of a ruined man, and then, with a hollow groan, he turned and remounted the worn and creaking stairs, exultingly muttering between his teeth, as the distance between him and his former comrade increased—

‘And if you live until that day, or escape such a singing on to-morrow night, as will give thee quite enough of this country and its customs, may I pay thee every shilling of the hundred pounds; if my house is to be burned, ’tis well,

at least, to have such a scoundrel broiled to powder in the flames.’

His mind pleasantly occupied with plans of further extortion, Deveril, upon the other hand, chuckled with unrestrained glee, and rubbed his hands together, as the departing footsteps of his gloomy host smote heavily upon his ear; and so the two companions parted for the night, each in the happy conviction that he had overreached the other.

(To be continued.)

THE PARTY EVICTIONS.

The Rev. Father Lavelle has addressed the following letter to the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston: Brompton, London, 23rd June, 1861.

My Lord,—Your Lordship’s speech of last night on Mr Butt’s motion is one which will be read in Ireland with deep interest. You do admit, then, that a legal right may become a moral wrong, and that though the law of England justifies the conduct of Mr. Adair, the moral sentiments, and the conscience of mankind, mark it with condemnation.

He thought that a man’s mind must be very much distorted who fancied it any justification of sweeping off a whole population because he thought they ought to have given evidence as to the criminals who committed a murder when, possibly, they knew no more about it than he did himself. He had already maintained the greatest abhorrence of clearing off estates which, though not now practised as much as in former times, had yet been practised unfortunately, too extensively in different parts of Ireland.

When they had seen parties for the interested motive of adding to their income, creating hundreds of unhappy beings who could not find a refuge anywhere but on the road-side, he would say that that was an abominable transaction, and far worse than that of Mr. Adair. He was not going to defend Mr. Adair.—*Morning Star.*

These are wholesome doctrines, my Lord; and I have no doubt, or hardly any doubt in my mind, but you had before your eye when giving them utterance the “clearances” effected in the mountains of Partry, by the son of your former colleague, the Rt. Rev. and Right Hon. Lord Plunket, “Bishop of Tuam and peer of Ireland.” They are the same uttered by one of your greatest predecessors in the supreme direction of British policy, the great Sir Robert Peel, when he said—

Turning out 90 or 100 families out of their position for the purpose of increasing a gentleman’s estates, may be in accordance with the principles of political economy, but it is not in accordance with the dictates of moral principle, or of Christian duty.

Well, my Lord, the “Bishop’s” case will be brought before you on Friday night next, and then you will see in what manner he has “cleared his estate,” not merely for the interested motive of adding to his income (though he has done this also) not merely because the victims, old men of eighty, and babies of six months, would not reveal the perpetrators of murder, but worse still, because the tenants would not consent to obey his command issued under the mild form of an “earnest desire” that they should send their children to his proselytising schools. But no matter what his motives were, he has “vouched for” some, and sworn to others completely opposite. There is a Christian “Bishop” enjoying the annual revenue of some £5,000 a year, for the discharge of episcopal functions within his diocese, for giving edification by word, work, and example, to those of his own and of different faith, and in the face of day has been within the last five years evicted, in round numbers 200 human beings, who owed not a penny rent, from the land possessed and tilled by their fathers long before even his father owned a rood of Irish soil. I send you their names and the number of their family in the accompanying letter which I had the honour to address to the present Secretary for Ireland.

Some of these evictions were effected last November under circumstances which I hardly doubt must have come even to your ears. On those I shall not now rest. I merely take the fact, as did the Bishop of Orléans, that these poor people were evicted in mid-winter by the Christian Bishop, owing no rent guilty of no criminal offence, and I respectfully ask your Lordship’s opinion on his conduct also. You have declared the system as ordinarily pursued “abominable.” Your great supporter, the *Times*, had pronounced Bishop Plunket’s conduct a “hideous scandal,” and declared that he should rather die in a ditch, or beg from his diocese than be guilty of it! May I not therefore, justly hope that you will pronounce a decided judgment on the same case, and make known to the world your estimate of wholesale “clearances,” on the part of a man who claims to do the work of St. Paul, and to invoke the Holy Spirit on the souls of the faithful, when you designate as “abominable their perpetration by a layman in the ordinary walk of life.”

Ah! my Lord, were the Foreign-office to receive a despatch as I write, announcing a similar proceeding on the part of a Roman Cardinal, expelling hundreds of indigenous Protestants from the land of their fathers, just acquired by him, and that for religious reasons, and that because, or after they refused to send their children to his newly-established Popish schools; I ask you, my Lord, as the first minister of the kingdom, how would you express yourself to the country at home, how would your colleagues at the Foreign office convey his protests to the Governments abroad on the conduct of that Roman Cardinal?—How would the people and press of England rage—aye, and justly rage, at such a proceeding?

But, my Lord, the Roman Cardinals do not evict, neither does the Pope. The Roman people do not starve—their land is not given to strangers; it is not made a draw farm for a foreign market. The tenants are not at the beck of a hostile oligarchy, mostly the descendants of foreign clerics and corporals. Their religion is not marked as a munus of superstition; its dignities are not criminals by professing their titles. Education is not made the engine of perfecting the youth, and crushing its rational instincts. And yet Italy has all your sympathies, active and practical, and nothing for Ireland but a word of barren regret that an obscure landlord should do the very thing which the law gives him a right to effect, and which you take no legal steps to prevent for the future.

To the honor of the press be it said, that it has spoken; it has pronounced its condemnation. But, my Lord, Ireland wants such a sentence as will be, if not a legal, at least a moral guarantee for the future against such deeds as those perpetrated by the magistrate of Donegal and the “Bishop of Tuam.” There does not stand a Catholic house at this moment within about a mile of the Catholic Church on Lord Plunket’s property. He has swept away the Catholic tenant and replaced them with his own sheep or his own settlers. Is not this “abominable,” my Lord? But, worse than all, in the recent case he has added moral to physical injury. He has first evicted the poor people, and then his agent attempts to justify the deed by destroying the characters of his victims. Fortunately, however, for the tenants, their vindication is found even in the contradictory motives assigned by the Bishop and his agent—by the *outh* and the word of the Bishop himself, as the world may see in the public papers; and finally by the fact that the motives assigned by the Bishop on his solemn oath are negatived by the fact that the “stripping” which he said was his object, had been effected, in all but two cases, five years ago.

If, my Lord, wholesale “clearances” are abominable in Mr. Adair, the lay gentleman, what are they in Lord Plunket, the Christian Bishop?

One word more, my Lord. You say there is no “war of classes” in Ireland. I say there is—and depend upon it time will verify my statement. There is, my Lord, a discontentment among the tenants at will which may one day make itself felt to the loss of those who provoke it by their tyrannical conduct.

Religion—aye, the priests take the truth—they control the truth that burns inside, but which at certain points they cannot restrain. The time may come, when even their influence would be powerless for that end. The landlords are the Government, or the mirror reflecting the Government to the eye of the people. With some good exceptions they are abhorred by their own tenants. There is not one sympathy common between them, and every day it widens the gulph that keeps them asunder. As far as my personal experience goes, this is the fact, and I have plenty of authority which I cannot question, that it is the same in other parts of the country.

The Right Rev. and Right Hon. Lord Plunket, who signs himself in his famous letter to Lord Cowley, “Bishop of Tuam and Peer of England,” will come before your Lordship on Friday next in capacity of an “abominable” (your own words) exterminator. I shall leave him in your hands; and I have the honor to remain, your obedient servant,

PATRICK LAVELLE.

A debate in the House of Commons on Friday, June 28th, reported in the *Times* next day, under the heading “Supply.—The Garibaldi Fund,” will attract as much attention on the continent as at home, if not more. It has no doubt been expected on both sides, for some time past, that some such discussion must occur. But now that it has occurred, the shock to public feeling in Europe, and to so much of it as still remains untainted in England will not be diminished by the fact that any one acquainted with the English House of Commons might have foretold the result. Mr. Baillie Cochrane called the attention of the House to an advertisement which has been appearing in the *Times*. This is the advertisement exactly as it appeared—

GARIBALDI FUND FOR THE UNITY OF ITALY. COMMITTEE.

E. H. J. ORAUFURD, Esq., M.P., Chairman.
W. Cunningham, Esq., M.P.
J. Stansfield, Esq., M.P.
J. White, Esq., M.P.
Gore Langton, Esq., M.P.
P. A. Taylor, Esq., M.P.
W. Austin, Esq.
W. J. Linton, Esq.
Fred. Lawrence, Esq.
W. H. Ashurst, Esq.
Treasurer.
J. Sals Barker, Esq., Hon. Sec.

The emancipation of Italy has yet to be accomplished. One step towards it was made by the annexation of Tuscany and the Emilia to Piedmont. The expulsion of the Bourbons from Naples, and the extension of the Constitutional Government of Victor Emmanuel to Southern Italy, formed the second step. It yet remains to free Venetia, and instal the Italian Government at Rome.

To promote this end, the above Committee has been formed, at the desire of Garibaldi, and will act in concert with the Central Italian Committee at Genoa. Its object is to collect funds, and in Garibaldi’s own words, “to take whatever steps it may seem advantageous for vindicating to the British people the aims of the Italian Patriots, and otherwise promoting the interests and independence of Italy.”

The Committee hope that this appeal for subscriptions in aid of the Unity and independence of Italy, will be responded to in a manner as to show that the sympathy of Englishmen for the cause has not diminished. Subscriptions received by Mr. Ashurst, 6, Old Jewry, and communications to the Honorary Secretary should be addressed to Mr. Oraufurd’s chambers, 3 Essex-court, Temple, E.C.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane made some very sensible remarks on this advertisement, and ended with moving a resolution—

‘That the existence of any society formed for the purpose of raising funds to assist a revolutionary party in any country with which we are in strict alliance, is inconsistent with the principle of non-interference.’

Lord John Russell’s answer was as follows—

‘It is hardly necessary for me to answer the hon. gentleman at any length. I thought some person who was more directly aimed at by the hon. gentleman would have risen to speak with regard to this Garibaldi Fund. So far from being a revolutionary association, I believe the purpose for which the Garibaldi Fund was set on foot was to support the Italian Government. (Hear, hear.) I cannot say that I approve of it, or that I think it desirable to maintain that society, but I really do not think it is a matter which requires the attention of the House at all. Lord J. Manners.—Do I understand it to be the noble lord’s impression that this society was formed for the purpose of maintaining the *status quo* in Italy? (Hear, hear.) Lord J. Russell.—I really know so little about the society that I am unable to answer the noble lord’s question. Lord J. Manners.—Perhaps the noble lord will not think it beneath him to institute inquiries and satisfy his mind whether this is really an innocent society, or whether its object is to raise civil war in the dominions of a friendly Power. (Hear, hear.)

And, at the end of the discussion— Lord John Russell explained that the Government would vote in favour of the question that the words proposed to be left out of the original motion—namely, that the Speaker leave the chair—should stand part of the question.

No parallel to these replies has yet been read in Europe, except in a report of some scoundrel American filibustering expedition. Their impudence and utter disregard of truth are thoroughly characteristic.

Sir George Bowyer, exposed the falseness of these shabby excuses. In fact, however, to show the real object of these English brigands, it was only necessary to refer to the advertisement which we have reprinted. Mr. Slaney added his authority to Lord John Russell’s by saying that he “thought inquiry perfectly unnecessary, as the Italian Kingdom had now been recognized.”

After the advertisement had been read to the House by Mr. Baillie Cochrane, Sir George Bowyer had, therefore, to deal with that condition of things which exists when a man asserts a lie in the presence of persons who are witnesses to the proofs on the other side. One reads such scenes in the unhappy details of the police court and the Old Bailey; but they are rather new in Parliament. Accordingly, Sir George Bowyer had to convey to the noble Secretary that he was quite aware of the character of his opposition, although usage would not allow him to describe it with the simplicity which we have now ventured to use. The *Times* report says—

‘Sir G. Bowyer felt it difficult to express in Parliamentary language his opinion of the answer which had been given by the noble lord. Could he mean to tell the House that he believed the only object of this society was to maintain the *status quo* in what was now called the Kingdom of Italy? A great many things were publicly said under the guise of debating dexterity which he would pay the noble lord the compliment of declaring that he would shrink from avowing in private. The character of the society was stamped by the name which it bore—that of Garibaldi, the most aggressive man in the world. What danger threatened the Kingdom of Italy that it could be said this was merely a defensive organization? The noble lord, surely, had not heard the advertisement, which stated distinctly, “It yet remains to free Venetia and to instal the Italian Government at Rome.” (Ories and counter cries of “Hear, hear!”) If that did not mean aggression against the Emperor of Austria and the Pope there was no meaning in the English language. If the noble lord heard the terms of the advertisement, he was still more astonished at the reply which he had ventured to give.’

We cannot afford space to give all Sir G. Bowyer’s speech. The Solicitor-General attempted a reply. But, on his opening his speech with a declaration that he was as ignorant as Lord John Russell of the “organization, combination, and objects of the Society,” the following incidents occurred. It is given in the *Times*, in brackets, in the speech of the then Solicitor-General, Sir W. Atherton—

‘[Sir G. Bowyer, here, charged the hon. and learned gentleman, the Solicitor-General, of the society, which the Solicitor-General did not pause to read.]

‘[Mr. Oraufurd, one of the filibusters of the advertisement, was in the House, and said that “he felt grateful to the hon. member for having so effectually advertised the society while laying the ground whatever for a resolution condemnatory of it.”]

‘[The *Saturday Review* of June 29, referring (p. 655) to the same subject, and to the brigand King of Piedmont, says “it is not usual for a Sovereign in time of peace, to announce his intention of annexing the dominions of his neighbours, and the Princes who are menaced, would be perfectly justified, in anticipating the threatened attack by immediate hostilities.”]

‘[The King of Italy may be technically regarded as a wrongful spoiler.]

‘[But the feeling of his subjects, of his detached countrymen, and of Europe at large, is favourable to his claim.]

‘[Detached countrymen, we suppose, a paraphrase of Neapolitans, Tuscans, Sicilians, and Romans; some of whom are so actively engaged in showing their hatred of his bloody usurpation.]

‘[Well, we think the materials which we have put together in the shortest possible form, clear the way for some inquiries as to the future law of Europe, with regard to Great Britain and Ireland, and the colonies, Canada, for example.] Will the same views be maintained when Seward allows, as Lord John Russell is allowing against Rome and Austria, filibustering associations for an invasion of Canada? Really, he will have a very good case. He will be able to shelve any attempt at a debate upon right by a single reference to Lord John Russell and the debate of the 28th of June, 1861.]

Cressa neu caret plichs dies nota. But there is something nearer home than Canada. What about Ireland? Suppose, in some time of great distress to us, in a war with America in consequence of Russell filibustering in Canada, complicated by a war with America’s friend, the Emperor of Russia, France being our friend and at peace with us, the French papers should contain such an advertisement as that which we proceed to form by the simple expedient of altering the advertisement read by Mr. Baillie Cochrane to the House—

‘The emancipation of Ireland has yet to be accomplished. One step towards it was made by the annexation of Tuscany and the Emilia to Piedmont. The expulsion of the Bourbons from Naples, and the extension of the Constitutional Government of Victor Emmanuel to Southern Ireland, formed the second step. It yet remains to free Ireland, and instal the native Government at Dublin. To promote this end the above committee has been formed at the desire of Marshal McMahon and will act in concert with the Central Irish Committee at Paris. Its object is to collect funds, and “to take whatever steps may seem advantageous for vindicating to the British people the aims of the Irish patriots, and otherwise promoting the interests and independence of Ireland.”]

‘Suppose such an advertisement should appear, and that a debate in the French Legislature was to occur with an expression of sentiments by Billault or any Minister, like those of Lord John Russell. What then? At least Europe would not forget what Lord John taught her.—*Weekly Register.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE MOST REV. DR. CULLEN ON THE PRINCE OF WALES’ VISIT.—During his Grace’s discourse at the laying the first stone of the Church of St. Patrick, Monkstown, he made the following allusion to the Prince of Wales’ visit:—“Whilst we are here engaged in prayer and supplication the Prince of Wales is approaching our shores, and we shall soon hear the peals of artillery announcing his arrival. He is sent amongst us by our gracious Queen, not only to study the defences of the country, but to acquire a knowledge of its wants, and to learn the best means of improving its condition. Let us all pray that God may give him wisdom abundantly and fill him with a spirit of justice and mercy, so that ages may enrol his name among the benefactors of the country, and compare him to the Edwards and the Alfreds who shed such lustre on the pages of history. Whilst giving him a sincere, a cordial and a warm welcome to our shores, you will connect his arrival with the ceremony of this day, and it will be recorded in history that the Church of St. Patrick, of Monkstown, was commenced at the moment when the heir to the British crown was approaching the neighboring harbour.”

AN IRISH COMMENT ON ENGLISH MEETINGS ABOUT PATRY.—The *Connaught Patriot* of Saturday last says:—“It affords us great pleasure to read in the London journals as well as liberal Protestant ones, glowing accounts of Father Lavelle’s mission in the capital of England, where he has been so well sustained by so many zealous and pious clergymen. On Monday evening next the great meeting for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the pastor and flock of Partry will take place in the great rooms, Hanover-square, London. Sir George Bowyer will preside, and at that meeting will the ‘huge scandal’ of ‘Tom Tuam,’ in all its deformity, come out. Little does Lord Plunket think, and less does he care, that his ceaseless persecution of the Catholics of Partry and Tuam have been kindling up a fire which must shortly lay the whole fabric of the Protestant Establishment in ruins. Men look each other in the face, and seem to say—‘How long shall this scandal of the majority paying for the support of the religion of the minority exist?’ Lord Plunket has gone from home to use all the influence that his cruel conduct may not be fairly and palpably brought before Parliament. His very name is as inodorous amongst all classes of enlightened Englishmen as his appearance is truthful of how he lacks the qualities necessary for a Christian dignitary. We ask him not to be angry with us for telling the truth, as there is no man who, in secret, will more freely recognise the application of our words than himself. We are delighted to see the name of Mr. P. R. Welch of Richmond, Surrey, amongst the supporters of Father Lavelle in London. But it is no new thing to find Mr. Welch’s esteemed name amongst the friends of his oppressed countrymen. We wish we could see him in Parliament, as we are satisfied that nothing would lure him from the true path. [Mr. Welch will be seen, was present at the meeting. That he did not speak was a disappointment to many, including some of the Committee, who had been led to believe that he would have been desired to have addressed the meeting.]

IRISH SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.—In the year 1858 Wm Smith O’Brien made a suggestion to the Royal Dublin Society which promises to result very favourably for the cause of the intellectual progress of Ireland. He recommended a subscription for the purpose of defraying the expenses of two young Irish art students, who were to go to France and Italy for a year or two, to study the sculptural remains of antiquity and the productions of the great modern schools of painting. The Branch Fine Arts Society in San Francisco have adopted the suggestion, and generously forwarded funds to the home body to aid in carrying out the project. The object of this project is, in the words of the statement made by Mr. William McCann, president, and Mr. Wm. Hamill, secretary, to “enable our fellow-countrymen in Ireland to nourish and cultivate those purifying and elevating aspirations which are among the most ennobling attributes of a people,” and it is expected that “by the aid of this and other kindred societies Ireland will produce minds worthy of being foremost in the ranks of those destined by God to elevate, refine, and beautify humanity.” To this aspiration we can only add, God grant it. As it is, Ireland is not behindhand in exhibiting some of the brightest genius of literature and the fine arts—as witness the names of Hogan, MacLise, Barry, and the first lyric bard of Ireland,

Thomas Moore. Such names half compensate a people for the want of material prosperity, and they certainly will be among the most distinguished of those that, in better times, will give a grace to the improved fortunes of their native land. We wish the undertaking all the good success it so eminently deserves.—*Irish News.*

DUBLIN, July 2nd.—The Prince of Wales arrived at the Castle at half-past 3 o’clock yesterday, accompanied by the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston, and four, with outriders. A squadron of Dragoon Guards followed the Royal carriage. The guard of honor of the 19th Regiment presented arms, and the band played the National Anthem as the Prince entered the Castle-yard, which was crowded with spectators, who cheered in the warmest manner. For a considerable time previous to his arrival St. Patrick’s-hall was densely crowded with the *élite* of Dublin society, the most distinguished representatives of its rank, fashion, and wealth, presenting a brilliant spectacle. Shortly before the arrival of his Royal Highness the Lord Mayor and the members of the Corporation, clothed in their rich and picturesque robes, and attended by all the insignia which mark the dignity of that ancient body, took their place on the dais in front of the throne. The Prince entered the Hall, and was conducted by the Lord-Lieutenant to the throne. His Royal Highness was accompanied by General Bruce and Colonel Keppel. The Lord Lieutenant stood beside the Prince, to whom he presented the Lord Mayor, who read the following address:—

“To His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.”

“The Address of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Dublin.”

“May it please your Royal Highness.—We, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the city of Dublin, beg to approach your Royal Highness on the occasion of your visit to Ireland, and to assure you that your presence affords to the people of Ireland the most sincere pleasure and gratification.”

“Recognizing in the person of your Royal Highness the bright and early promise of the many exalted qualities and virtues which, while adding lustre to the Throne, have so endeared your Royal mother in the hearts of her devoted subjects in her vast empire, we trust that your visit to Ireland is but one of many which it may be your pleasure to make to this part of the United Kingdom.”

“We venture to express a hope that during your Royal Highness’s stay in Ireland the vast material and industrial resources of our country may be observed by you; and that you may feel when departing from our shores, that you have derived information and advantage from your stay amongst us.”

“We can state, on behalf of the citizens of Dublin that they would have felt it a high privilege to welcome your Royal Highness in a more formal manner; but understanding that it is your wish to abstain as far as possible from public manifestations during your visit to Ireland on this occasion, we avail ourselves of this mode of giving expression to our feelings.”

“His Royal Highness, in a clear and distinct voice, and with appropriate emphasis, then read the following gracious reply:—

“My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen.—I receive with most heartfelt pleasure the cordial address, which, emanating as it does from the Corporation and citizens of the Irish metropolis, I venture to regard as expressing sentiments entertained by the country at large. Although, in compliance with my own wishes, public formalities were in a great measure dispensed with on the occasion of my landing, the enthusiastic welcome spontaneously tendered to me by the vast and important community which you represent was not only grateful to myself, but afforded the most unequivocal evidence of their affectionate devotion to the Queen, my mother, and to her family. That you should discern in me any promise of the virtues and exalted qualities which have so endeared Her Majesty to her subjects is, I fear, due rather to your generous partiality than to my own deserts. But you may be assured, at least, that I am profoundly sensible of their inestimable value, and that to learn to imitate them is my earnest study and fondest desire. I come here, as I have visited other parts of the country, for the purpose of self-improvement, and specially on this occasion to profit by the great advantages which the plain of the Curragh present as a school for practical military instruction. My time will be chiefly occupied in this pursuit; but I am most anxious to acquire a more full acquaintance with the material and industrial resources of Ireland, and yield to no one in my sense of their importance and in earnest desire for their increase and development.”

At the conclusion of this ceremony, which occupied only a few minutes, the Prince proceeded to the Art Exhibition in Kildare-street, accompanied as before, by the Lord Lieutenant and suite. Dame-street, College-green, Nassau-street, Dawson-street, Molesworth-street, and Kildare-street were thronged with spectators anxious to see the Prince. The enthusiasm was extraordinary.

His Royal Highness proceeded to the Curragh to-day, where he is to remain some time studying the details of military science.—*Times Dublin Corr.*

ORANGE ANNIVERSARY.—SHAM FIGHT AT SCARVA.—Our accounts from Ulster do not mention any disturbance on the First of July. One of our correspondents, however, has forwarded the following:—“The usual sham fight is to take place at Scarva on the 13th instant, at which generally three to four thousand people assemble, armed with guns, and having party colors displayed, also drums and fifes. On former occasions, they kept parading up and down the street the entire day. Now that there is early intimation of this intended display, it is hoped that measures will be taken to suppress it.”—*Evening Post.*

THE JULY ANNIVERSARY.—ARMSH—For the first within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, July has taken its place among the balgown days. The anniversary of the battle of the Boyne (o.s.), which was heretofore the signal for the display of party emblems, whose colours were almost “faded and gone,” the playing of party tunes, and other demonstrations calculated to wound the feelings of Catholics, and at variance with the wishes of respectable Protestants, has this time been introduced without any naming exhibition whatever. The churches are not decorated by the tardy attempt at decoration, and except in some obscure window the orange lily is not seen—even where it does show itself it forms part of a bouquet, and looks all the better for its association with flowers which tone down the picture you would paint from it alone. During the whole of Saturday and Sunday nights the constabulary of Armagh were on the *qui vive*, in case an attempt should be made to pace the Orange flags on the tower of St. Mark’s Church, or what is known as “the big tree” in front of the Savings Bank. It was generally reported that an effort would be made to set at nought the emblems bill, and the police were so much the more on the alert. Conformably with this report, a few persons did present themselves at the church for the purpose of hoisting the banners, but the police were there before them, and their object was disappointed. At a subsequent hour at the night, or rather in the morning, the party made a second attempt, which was equally unsuccessful. So far as I can learn the neighbouring churches, which were always decorated at this season, carry no Orange emblem whatever. It may be added that up to the present “not a drum nor a funeral note” at the interment of the insignia of faction.—*Freeman.*

THE ORANGE OUTRAGE AT NEWRY.—JULY 1st.—The police have succeeded in arresting a notorious Orangeman named Gourley, against whom they allege that they have strong evidence of being one of the perpetrators of the outrage at Ballyholan. The wounded boy, Murtagh, lies dangerously ill in the hospital. The magistrates have refused to take bail of Gourley till the boy is out of danger.