

a favorite and favourite rendezvous to a desperate band of freshbooters that ruled over the neighborhood...

'Scoundrel!' said Pierce, 'tell me your reason for wishing to take away my life; did I ever wrong or injure you for I cannot recollect having seen you before.'

'Doran drew nearer. 'I'd swear upon the mass-book, Pierce,' said he, 'that Crohoore-na-bilboze is at the bottom of this cursed affair.'

'You'll suffer for this insolence as well as for the rest of the job, you villain,' rejoined Doran. 'Villain! arrah, is that the word wid you?—Dhar-Dhieu, but it will be a sore saying to you, or my name isn't Shawn.'

(To be Continued.)

ADDRESS OF THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS ON HIS RETURN FROM ROME.

We could wish that the Armonia were four times as large as it is, that we might publish in extenso a most eloquent and affectionate address which the great Bishop of Orleans has delivered to his people, after his return from Rome.

been more numerous assemblies of the kind, there was never seen on any occasion a more complete representation of the Christian Episcopate, especially if we consider the various countries from which the Bishops had come.

'The serenity of Pius IX. is the most remarkable characteristic of that august countenance, which produces on all those who have seen it an extraordinary impression. I still remember the day on which I had the good fortune to see, for the first time, the Holy Father. Oh! how glad was I to contemplate that mild and venerable countenance!

'The Church of God takes a man's heart, miserable and wretched as it is, interests it with her breath; it is faithful, and she makes a saint of it. Thus God has peopled the earth, and the Church, sustained and inspired by God, peoples heaven. Once more, yes, this is magnificent, this is Divine. Her ceremonies are also Divine. No religion can be compared to Catholicity, and the greatness of that religion is the reflection and proof of its Divine origin.

'The temporal power of the Pope. This is why we took it into consideration.' At this point the Bishop speaking of the Bishops' address to the Holy Father, answers as follows, certain sayings of the evil disposed. 'There are some who wonder that our address was not preceded by solemn or noisy discussions, as in human parliaments.

'Strange narrators, to whom for my part I declined to answer, for I would never grant to such men, by my answering, the right of entering into our counsels; strange narrators, who have given us false and vain accounts, in which they showed themselves truly inventive in insinuations and inventions of all kinds.

Finally Mgr. Dupanloup speaks as follows to his people of the affection the Romans bear to the Sovereign Pontiff. 'I have seen the Holy Father in the midst of that Roman people; I have seen him in many circumstances more or less important, but ever rendered solemn by his presence. I must say that I looked and listened attentively. I mixed with the crowd to catch the better the sense of the popular cries.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

A FRENCH VIEW OF BRITISH POLICY IN IRELAND. —Therefore, what has happened? It is England, that has given several thousands to the relief of the Hindus; that in three or four days subscribed 1,800,000 francs to assist the families of the Harley miners—who has not offered one penny to solace the distress of Ireland. She has left Christians to die of hunger in sight of the English coast, when she assisted pagans at a distance of 3,000 leagues from Europe.

The Dublin correspondent of the London Times writes on the 21st of August, as follows:—'The Federal gunboat Tuscarora, it appears, has been dodging the Ajax for the purpose of getting coals on board in defiance of the orders issued by the Admiralty. The Tuscarora has coaled within three months at a British port, and did not proceed, as she was bound to do, on a voyage to the United States.

Another correspondent, writes:—'The United States steamer Tuscarora arrived in Kingston to-day, August 9, and is regarded with great curiosity by the people. Crowds will flock to-morrow to see her. The correspondent of the Morning News notes the fact that she fired no salute, and none was fired for her when she came into harbor.'

The Wexford People says:—Men of this County, listen to this advertising proclamation:—'Co. Wexford.—To Be Let, in the neighborhood of Gorey.

A Farm, containing about 178 acres statute, on which a Dwelling House and Offices will be erected for a solvent Protestant tenant. The Land is suitable for a dairy, and is nearly all in grass.

'What is the meaning of all this? Is it feared that a "solvent" Catholic tenant would infect the premises with plague or Popery, or that his money would turn, "like fairy gifts fading away," into withered leaves, or brass buttons? Who knows?—Through a "solvent" Catholic tenant cannot get "a dwelling-house and offices" erected for him, on this forbidden ground, would he get the land on condition that he should live under a hedge—or under a tent, like a Tartar? The advertisement is not explicit on this head.

The papers in the Drogheda Workhouse are so well supplied with rations that they have been detected in selling large quantities of bread. The guardians applied to the law adviser at the Castle to see whether persons who thus dispose of the food could be prosecuted. His opinion was that they could not. The Board, however, have adopted an obvious remedy—they have reduced the daily allowance to each pauper, so that there may be no provision left for sale.

MORE ORANGE OUTRAGES.—PORTADOWN, August 18. A riot of a party nature took place in this town about eleven o'clock on the night of the 16th instant, between some Protestants and Roman Catholics, in which a man named John Redmond, a carpenter and of the latter persuasion, received a stab of a knife in the breast. The cause of the riot was that the Protestant party called out 'To H— with the Pope,' when the other party cheered for 'Garryowen.'

MR. WHALLEY AND THE BELFAST ORANGEMEN. —The following remarkable article, considering that it is the principles of the paper from which we take it, we believe, Whig as well as Protestant, we quote from our contemporary, the Mercury, of Tuesday last. The length has compelled us to abridge it somewhat:—As if there were not elements enough of mischief in Ireland already, we are now threatened with the revival of the foolish and abortive anti-Maynooth agitation.

The 'great Protestant demonstration' took place the other day at Belfast on the too famous Orange anniversary of the 12th of August, at which Mr. Whalley delivered one of his silly and violent tirades against the Roman Catholic religion, and pledged himself to make the abolition of Maynooth the grand business of his life. The meeting was not, however, a remarkably imposing affair; and we think we may venture to hope that the success of the member for Peterborough and his Orangemen in fomenting strife and discord will not be proportionate to their zeal in the holy cause of religious hate.

Mr. Maguire, M.P., on the PALMERSTON MINISTRY.—At a dinner at Skibbereen, on Tuesday, given to the Catholic Bishop of Ross, Mr. Maguire, M.P., made a speech in response to the toast of 'The Members of Parliament.' Among other things he said:—'My lords and gentlemen, if a vote of confidence in the present government were to be proposed to-morrow—and I tell you now by anticipation what I would do under such circumstances, and let me not afterwards be misjudged or misrepresented because I do it—I say, if a vote of confidence were asked to-morrow, and if the destiny of the Government or the fate of the Opposition rested upon it, I should most certainly vote against the Palmerston government (loud cheers) on two grounds. One because that Government, as the Pope himself declared to me, is the worst enemy of the Church of God upon the face of the earth (Cheers)—and the other because of their heartless cruelty and insensibility to the sufferings of our people (great cheering and applause).

The Right Rev. Dr. Keane: And you would do right (applause). Mr. Maguire: I would do this, even though the Tories should come into office; and still I would accept no place, office, or emolument under, or owe any allegiance to, the Tory party (hear, hear). I am not one of them.

A Voice: What are you—are you a Tory? (Cries of 'Order!') Mr. Maguire: I tell you what I am. I am an Irish Catholic—(Cheers)—a Catholic to my heart's core, and as ready to proclaim it on the floor of the House of Commons, against any opposition, as I am here to reply to a drunken query (applause). I say now that if the opportunity were offered to me to-morrow, I would solve the question by voting against the Palmerston ministry; but I would be ready the next day to vote against the Tory party upon the first occasion they would do wrong (cheering). Is that, my lords, or is not, a right policy?

The Right Rev. Dr. Keane and the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea. It is (cheering). Mr. Henry F. L. Strangue has authorized his agent to allow his tenants at Couna, in the western part of the county of Cork, twenty per cent. on the September rent. He has also contributed £10 towards the repairs of the Catholic Church of that district.

On the 25th ultimo, the packet ship Raymond sailed from Dublin for Buenos Ayres, with a full complement of first and second class passengers; the latter being respectable farmers' sons and daughters, from Westmeath and Longford, who go out to join friends, all of whom have given substantial proof of their success by their large remittances home, it being a country where the respectable Irish agricultural peasantry are welcomed and encouraged.

SIR ROBERT PEELE'S EXTREME DELICACY AND CAUTION.—Sir Robert Peele's mode of governing the Irish people has been a mystery for some time past. He is not a fanatic. He shows no desire to gain popularity after the fashion of Mr. Whalley. He neither quotes Maynooth songs in the House of Commons, nor builds a round tower for the accommodation of Orange picnics on his estate. But he excels Mr. Whalley himself in the abundance of the insults which he contrives to heap on the religion of the vast majority of the Irish people, every time that an opportunity in Parliament presents itself. As he had no fanaticism to gratify, and as he certainly did not gain votes by the proceeding, the motives of his conduct were very difficult to guess. Some said he was mad. Others thought that it was a subtle plot for raising a No-Popery cry against the Tories. Others, again, were of opinion that it was an intelligible device to show that he was not afraid. But on Monday night the difficulty was cleared up in a curious manner. He was asked by Sir Hugh Cairns to explain the policy of the Government in reference to the procession which took place in Dublin last Sunday week, to celebrate the foundation of the Queen's University. Sir Robert Peele rose to answer with much solemnity. In a measured voice, tuned to accord with his sense of the responsibilities of his position, he announced that "the subject had caused considerable feeling in some parts of Ireland," and that "as far as the Government were concerned, it was a matter that required to be dealt with extreme delicacy and caution." The House cheered sympathetically. They were evidently a little puzzled to hear such a sentiment from such lips; but they were only too glad to welcome the penitent Secretary back to the paths of discretion. Sir Robert Peele went on to explain the law of the question, and to detail the reasons which has precluded the Government from applying the Acts against party processions to the ceremonial which was used on the occasion in question. Having got over this drier portion of the subject, he proceeded to give a specimen to the House of the extreme delicacy and caution "with which, in his opinion, the Government should treat such matters. It is impossible to supply a fair idea of the tact and discrimination with which he performed this difficult duty, without quoting his own words. [The Review here quotes Sir Robert's reply.] It was difficult to understand why he should have made the round of Ireland in a low backed-car in order to utter philippics against Doctor MacHale. It seemed scarcely worth while to introduce a scene in the House of Commons for the sake of telling. The O'Donohue that he was a "mannikin traitor." There was no prudence in fulminating vague denunciations of the electors of Longford, which he afterwards could not venture to establish before a committee. To go out of his way, in a discussion on Irish destitution, to insinuate that the priests exaggerated the distress in order to stir up the people against their landlords, appeared to be ingeniously and laboriously foolish. But a glare of light is now thrown into all these dark places of Sir Robert Peele's career. He was merely exhibiting, according to his own light and knowledge, his "extreme delicacy and caution." The whole of his sessional efforts have been in close keeping with his performance on Monday night. Just as he claimed credit for his own discretion and forbearance after he had been ridiculing a solemn procession of the Roman Catholic Church, on account of the horse-shoers, chimney-cleaners, and orogue-makers who bore a part in it, so he evidently thought that by his remarks on Dr. MacHale and The O'Donohue, and the priests of the South, and the electors of Longford, he was rather flattering them than otherwise. This colour-blindness in distinguishing between an insult and a panegyric is undoubtedly a disadvantage to a Minister; but it appears to be endemic to the Treasury Bench. It is a serious matter that the Irish Secretary should be a victim to this malady. His reckless language generally amuses the House of Commons, but it is a costly laugh. The Irish are not a people of a practical spirit. A Celtic race is not willing to estimate an insult according to the worth of the insult. It is impossible to limit ourselves to the fact that disaffection is much stronger in Ireland than it has been since the cabbage-garden defeat, and that it has made a great shoot upwards since Sir Robert Peele's year of office. Two or three years more of Sir Robert Peele's vindictive rule will teach us, by sad experience, how great a fire even so insignificant a tongue can kindle. —Saturday Review.

THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.—If we were asked to point out an institution which stands pre-eminent in the qualities of dishonesty and impudence, we should name the Protestant Church Establishment in Ireland. With its theology we of course do not meddle. It was, we know, many sincere members of undoubted piety and personal worth; but if all its followers were as exemplary as the theologians of the deceased Primate Beauford allege him to have been, yet the broad, unmitigated wrong and robbery remain—the church of a small Protestant minority is sustained by an alien power in its fraudulent possession of the entire State Ecclesiastical revenue of a nation principally Catholic. Setting quite out of view the theological arguments and motives that attach the Irish Catholics to the faith of their ancestors, the very position occupied by the alien church in their midst is of itself sufficient to repel them from its membership. Its historic associations are all adverse to the natural sympathies of the great mass of the people. Originating in the wickedness of a lascivious tyrant, it was introduced into the kingdom by means which were characteristic of its originator. A reformation which commenced its labours by putting the clergy of a former religion in peril of death, and by forcibly seizing the entire church property of Ireland, undoubtedly adopted at the very outset the most effectual steps to secure for itself the everlasting detestation of the Irish people. We do not intend to make this article a martyrology. Those who desire to know the fearful reality of that "peril of death," so lightly named by Spenser may consult the works of O'Sullivan and O'Daig, Drennan's Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, Bourke's Militeria Dominicana, Curry's Review of the Civil Wars of Ireland, and the Catholic martyrologies of the period. There they will find copious catalogues of sufferers, and details of a curious variety of contrivances of torture. This sanguinary reformation, stained in its cradle with murder and sacrilege, has never to this day shaken off the anti-Irish influences whereby it was originally fostered. Track its course through the pages of history, and you find it in its corporate capacity invariably hostile to the rights and privileges of the Irish nation. We say in its corporate capacity; for we do not forget that among the Irish Protestants there have been many glorious and high-souled individuals devoted to the political freedom of Ireland, and whose names evoke feelings of affectionate reverence. But the State Church, as an endowed corporation, is necessarily and essentially the enemy of Ireland. Its endowment is a perpetual usurpation of property to which it has no moral right; nor any other title than that which is conferred by unjust, and consequently unchristian laws. It is a standing fraud upon Ireland, and a standing insult to seven-eighths of our people. That a church thus circumstanced can ever acquire the attachment and religious assent of the people whom it robs and insults—that it can ever extend itself by any other means than those of persecution or bribery—is simply impossible. Its champions at home are those who personally profit by its dishonest emoluments, or who look to its endowments as a provision for the promotion of mutual hatred and consequent national weakness among the various sections of Irishmen. They look on it as a capital machine for embroiling this kingdom in domestic jealousies and heartburnings. It is a spectacle to make angels weep and demons laugh, which such a nefarious institution is defended on the grounds of its Christian utility and doctrinal purity. Many of our contemporaries, both in England and here, have had their attention called to this subject, by the fact that the Primate of this most unchristian Church has