

and satisfactorily covered with a bountiful repast. Ample justice was done to the fare by myself, and, despite of his mortuary intention, by mine host also. After dinner he produced a capital bottle of port, over which we discussed many of our former campaigning adventures.

"Notwithstanding the fineness of the weather (it was in the beginning of June), I had caught a slight cold on my journey, which towards the close of the evening made itself felt in the very unpleasant form of toothache; and the pain becoming worse, I said to my host—"I think I must ask your housekeeper to-night for some flannel and camphorated spirit to apply to my unfortunate jaw. You, happy fellow! can't know what toothache is, your teeth look all so good."

"Teeth!" cried my host, his countenance changing. "Teeth?" he repeated, shuddering; "ah, you little know—you can't tell!"

"What's the matter, Ellis—what do you mean?"

"I mean that a tooth—an unfortunate tooth, has been my ruin, and will cost me my life!"—And raising from his chair, he paced up and down the room in a state of the most violent agitation. Greatly astonished, I tried, of course, to soothe him, and induce him to reveal the cause of this strange excitement. "Well," he said at last, "I will read for you the will to which you have kindly promised to become executor." I had made no promise of the kind, but my poor friend took it for granted I had done so; and leaving the room, he speedily returned with a folded paper in one hand, and a very small round box in the other.

Laying these articles on the table, he seated himself in his arm-chair, pushed aside his glass, and, making a strong effort to speak calmly, began:—"About two months since I had occasion to visit the town of T.—on business, which having speedily despatched, I dined at the hotel, and afterwards set out for a stroll. I passed through the High street, and walked for some way along the turnpike-road without meeting any object of interest whatever. A shady green lane opening on my right, invited me to turn into it—the fragrant hawthorn in the hedge, and the cool fresh grass below, offering a pleasant contrast to the hard dusty road on which I had been walking. I soon found that this quiet lane led to a still more quiet and peaceful churchyard; and threading my way amongst the rustic graves and rude headstones, I moralized on them after my own fashion, if not precisely according to that of Harvey. I had had at one time a transient fancy for the study of phrenology, and still retained a habit of inspecting the cerebral developments of every one whom I met. It was, therefore, with some curiosity that I picked up a large, round, well-bleached skull lying on the ground. What particularly interested me, however, was the great beauty and regularity of the teeth; they were all perfect, and as evenly ranged as if they had been prepared to decorate the window of some advertising dentist. Led by an idle impulse, which I could not then nor can I now account for, I pulled out one of the grinders, put it in my waistcoat pocket, and carelessly throwing down the skull, returned to the inn. Having partaken of tea, accompanied by some excellent muffs, I went to bed, and being fatigued with my journey, soon fell asleep.

"I had slept for some time, but how long I cannot tell, when I was suddenly awakened by the door of my room opening. In stalked a tall figure dressed in black with a white neckcloth; his head was large, nearly bald, and he wore a pair of gold spectacles. In his hand he carried a silver candlestick, bearing a lighted candle, and advancing to my bedside, said in a menacing voice and manner, 'Why did you rob me of my tooth?'"

"My tongue suddenly became paralyzed; I tried to speak, but could not utter a word.

"You have taken my tooth," continued the figure; "and now take your choice. I'm not of a revengeful disposition; I don't want to say or do anything unbecomingly, but one of two things I must have, and that instantly—your life, or the best tooth in your head! So look sharp and take your choice."

"The extremity of terror restored my voice.

"Would it not do, sir, to restore you your own tooth again?" I gasped.

"No, no!" replied my visitor, shaking his head until the gold spectacles slipped down to the very point of his long nose: "I think I am a very good natured fellow to give you the choice; so which will you part with—your life or your tooth?"

"My tooth!" I exclaimed, in agony; and instantly the apparition, with as much dexterity as if he had been bred a dentist, introduced a forceps into my mouth, and neatly extracted a fine molar tooth. Look here," continued Ellis, opening his mouth, "see the cavity it has left." There was indeed the space where a large tooth had been extracted, and I remarked that it was the only one deficient in the entire range.

"Well," continued my friend, "that was not all. The fellow pocketed my tooth, and then said—"

"Now you must promise on your honor as a gentleman, that you will preserve my tooth as long as you live, and make provision that after your death it shall be carefully interred with you. If you don't—," And, with a menacing gesture, the proprietor of this departed as he came."

Ellis opened the little round box, and showed me, carefully inclosed in cotton, the redoubted tooth.

I really knew not what to say; it was certainly very difficult to refrain from laughing, but my poor friend was so evidently in earnest, that I merely remarked,—

"It was a pity the good spectre was not satisfied with resuming his own property, for really his tooth is so exactly the same size and shape as yours, that I think it would have exactly filled the cavity."

"It was strange," said Ellis, without noticing my remark, "that after such an agitating occurrence I fell asleep, and slept soundly till late next morning. I awoke, feverish and unrefreshed, and returned home as speedily as possible.—"

Ever since that time my health has slowly but surely declined; not perhaps outwardly, but I know and feel that my hour will soon come; and the dread of that fiend's vengeance will embitter my dying moments, unless you, my old, tried friend, will promise to see me buried in T.—churchyard, and with your own hand to place this miserable tooth in my coffin."

What could I do but promise? The case was one of decided monomania—argument and ridicule, both of which I tried, only served to make poor Ellis angry, and he was thoroughly determined not to see a physician—a measure which I urged on him strongly.

I remained with him for a few days, and had the pleasure of leaving him, as I trusted, in better health and spirits than when we met: and I hoped that his absurd fancy, as I deemed it, would soon pass away. I was therefore greatly shocked when, about six weeks afterwards, I received a letter from his old housekeeper, telling me that her master had died somewhat suddenly, but requested with his dying breath that I should be sent for immediately.

Need I say that I hastened to obey the summons? Very mournful it was, certainly, to enter the silent cottage where I had lately met a warm welcome from my poor friend. A physician was in attendance, and pronounced that death had resulted from disease of the heart. He, the clergyman of the parish, and Ellis's solicitor, were all at my request, present at the opening of the will. After having disposed of his trifling property in legacies, the document went on to request that I whom he styled his beloved friend, should have him decently buried in T.—churchyard, and follow to all matters connected with his interment the instructions previously given to me.

The interment took place without the occurrence of anything worth recording; but, after it was over, I felt so weary and dispirited, that I resolved to take up my abode for the night at the comfortable hotel at T.—. After dinner I was suddenly attacked with my old enemy—toothache; and the pain, resisting all the usual applications, became at length so excruciating, that, starting up in a sort of frenzy, I inquired for the residence of the best dentist in the town, and speedily found myself in his study. Whether it was the effect of reaction after the rapid exercise I had taken, or the well known curative influence inherent in the atmosphere of a dentist's house, I know not, but the pain I was suffering gradually abated; and when the operator entered, I felt almost inclined to make a civil retreat, without putting his skill to the test.—However, on second thoughts, I considered it as well to lay my case before him, and try to obtain some soothing nostrum which might stand me instead on some future occasions. I therefore told him how I had been affected, and casually mentioned my having come a long journey that morning, and its melancholy cause.

"Ah," said the dentist, thoughtfully, "you come from E.—, in Devonshire. The name of that village is associated in my mind with a curious incident which occurred to me some three or four months since."

"Now, I happen to have a decided hankering, whether natural or acquired, after strange stories; and my curiosity being excited, I begged the dentist to have the kindness to satisfy it.

Seating himself opposite to me, he immediately complied, and began in these words:—

"One night, between three and four months since, I was aroused near midnight by a loud knocking and ringing at the door. I was just about to step into bed, and my servants having long before retired to their rooms, I hastily resumed my clothes, and answered the summons. An old gentleman with a military air and address entered. There was an odd, staring look in his eyes, but he told me, in a perfectly coherent manner, that he was suffering from dreadful toothache, and wished to have one of his grinders extracted immediately. Of course, I ushered him into this room, placed him in the patient's chair, and proceeded to examine his jaws. I don't think I ever saw a finer or more regular set of teeth; not a vestige of decay could I perceive in any of them; and the one which he pointed out as the offender seemed to me perfectly free from disease. However, he insisted straggly on having the tooth pulled out, declaring that his comfort, nay, his very life, depended on its being done, that I consented, though most unwillingly, to perform the operation, and in a twinkling the tooth was out. Having paid me my fee, the patient deliberately wrapped up his tooth, put it into his pocket, rose, and wishing me good night, was about to depart, when a suspicion which arose in my mind caused me suddenly to thrust a lighted candle close to his eyes. They never blinked: the pupils were fixed and distended; in fact, to cut the story short, my visitor was fast asleep, and in a fit of somnambulism had left his bed, and caused me to extract his excellent tooth. As he still continued in the trance, and it would have been dangerous to have aroused him suddenly, I prevailed on him to allow me to accompany him home. He made his way with unerring accuracy to the hotel; and the gates happening to be open for the reception of the occupants of a night-coach, I saw him to his room without attracting observation.

"On inquiring after him next morning, I heard that he had left by an early conveyance for E.—, in Devonshire."

"I looked attentively at the dentist. He was a tall man, dressed in black, with a white neckcloth; his head was large, nearly bald, and he wore a pair of gold spectacles, which had a trick of slipping down to the point of his long nose whenever he shook his head, which he did pretty frequently.

"Did you ever ascertain," I asked, "the name of your visitor?"

"Yes," replied the dentist. "He took the blank part of a letter from his pocket, and tore off the corner to wrap up his tooth: the remainder he dropped on the carpet, and it bore the address:—"

"Capt. H. Ellis,—th Regiment, 'E.—, Devonshire."

"Here, then, was the explanation of my poor friend's monomania. He actually died the vic-

tim of somnambulism. And such was my first adventure as executor of a will!"

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND FOR THE POPE.—His Eminence Cardinal Cullen has addressed a letter to the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of Dublin, in which he discusses the disgraceful attack made on the Holy See by the Garibaldi invaders. His Eminence denounces the infamous conduct of the revolutionists in wrecking churches, and desecrating altars, and warns the revolutionary press of England and other countries which is cheering on the followers of Mazzini and Garibaldi, that they may, in thus sowing the wind, be obliged to reap the whirlwind in their own countries. He then points out the cause of the like warmth evinced towards the Pope by governments in Catholic countries. It is caused by the influence exercised by infidels and Freemasons, although the people are truly Catholic and sympathise with the Pope. His Eminence then proceeds—

"As to France, though its rulers have done many good things for religion, yet we cannot put much confidence in their proceedings where the Head of the Church is concerned. In 1860, notwithstanding repeated promises of assistance and protection, they allowed the Sardinians to seize on all that was valuable in the Pope's dominions, and they looked on with folded arms and cold indifference whilst Cialdini, with a most numerous army, was butchering the few but gallant troops of the immortal Lamoriciere, though one word from France would have been sufficient to prevent so sad a disaster.

"But whilst, with the psalmist we must say, 'put your trust in princes, in the children of men, in whom their is no salvation, (Ps. cxv. 13), yet we have no reason to despair of, or to fear for the safety of the Pope. Perhaps, after all, God will make the rulers of the earth, however unwilling his instruments occurred in the past, and they may occur again. And, indeed, in the beginning of this century the Turks, Russians, and English all took part in placing Pius VII on his throne. But if the rulers of the earth will not act as they ought others will be called to supply the place of honour and duty which they abandon. Though there is much to be deplored in the present aspect of the world, there is undoubtedly much also to give us confidence. A great spirit of religion has sprung up in the minds of the Catholic people of Europe, and faith is now producing abundant fruits of good works. The Catholic Church was never stronger; its doctrines and practices were never more revered; and its bishops, and priests, and laymen were never so closely bound together: all good Catholics appear, like the first Christians, to have but one heart and one soul. Hence though their rulers may be weak or feeble, the Catholics of Europe are rendered powerful by their union among themselves and with the centre of the church. Loving and revering him, they will not abandon in the hour of his distress, the great Pontiff who has done so much to suppress error, to defend truth, to oppose despotism and tyranny, and to uphold the rights and liberties of the church and of religion, and who sheds such lustre on the throne by his meekness his patience his charity, his constancy, his indomitable courage, and the brilliancy of all his virtues.

"Though the present crisis in Rome is very alarming, and his Holiness is undoubtedly in want of the assistance and the sacrifices of all his children, yet it is not my intention to appeal on the present occasion to your wondrous generosity, or to call on you to make a collection to meet the present emergencies of the Holy See. All I shall suggest is, that those who hitherto have not given any assistance to his Holiness, should now make compensation for past negligence, and stretch out their hands to assist the holy man, whom, if they are Catholics, they must revere as their spiritual father and the chief pastor of their souls. If religious motives will not influence such persons, the desire of preserving peace and order, and public authority, ought to act on them. As to the poor and those who can give but little or no material assistance, I exhort them to give what is still better than earthly things—I mean their humble and fervent prayers. Prayer is the most powerful weapon which God has given us for the defence of the Church and religion.

"I need scarcely add that, though we may be in alarm for the personal safety or welfare of the Pope we can never fear for the duration of his spiritual authority though it may be assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. Peter will always continue, in the person of the Pontiffs, to feed the sheep and lambs of Christ; he will always retain the keys of the kingdom of heaven; he will always exercise the right of binding and loosing; and even to the consummation of ages he will be the solid foundation of the church, the rock upon which it was built. Kingdoms and empires, nations and states, cities and republics, languages and customs will pass away; they shall grow old as a garment, as a vesture, shall they change them, and they shall be changed; but thou, O venerable See of Peter, thou shalt always remain the strength and beauty of youth, thou shalt be the self same, and thy years shall not fail. (Eph. 1. 12.) Like thy Divine Founder, thou art the same yesterday, to day, and for ever. (Eph. xiii. 8.)

"The blessing of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

PAUL CARDINAL CULLEN.

THE MANIFESTO OF THE CATHOLIC BISHOPS.—The manifesto of the Catholic Bishops of Ireland has one merit which is rare in ecclesiastical documents. It speaks very plainly the mind of its authors. The feeble return of the leaders of our great party to the baneful policy of Mr. Pitt and of Lord F. Leveson Gower is met by a resolute refusal on the part of the Irish Catholic Bishops to become, in any form, or under any conditions whatsoever, the stipendiaries of the State. If statesmanship has its precedents of unreflecting conciliation and impracticable compromise, the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland also has a traditional policy to which it adheres with no less firmness and with far greater wisdom. In 1801 and in 1805, in 1835, in 1841, and again in 1843, the rulers of the Church used the language which they have been very generously compelled to repeat in 1877. They declared then, and they declare now, that they cannot and will not accept endowment by the State either out of the property and revenues now held by the Protestant Establishment, or from any other source whatsoever. The non possumus of Dublin is as obstinate as that of Rome, and a good deal more creditable both to the worldly wisdom and to the spiritual discernment of those who announce it. The answer ought to be final. The device which it repudiates has not the excuses which might reasonably have been pleaded for it when Mr Pitt mediated, or when the House of Commons passed a resolution in favour of the endowment of the Irish Catholic Church. The temper of the nation, the theories which day by day acquire an increasing ascendancy as to the true relations of religion to the civil power, are radically different from those which prevailed then. A proposal which was appropriate to the ideas of the last century, or even of the last generation may be altogether out of harmony with the sentiments of our own time. If the bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church were not tempted by the offer of endowment when their social and worldly position was far inferior to what it is now; when they were the harassed and poverty stricken pastors of a nation of serfs and helots; when the State recognised them only to oppress them; when the penal laws were in full force, and such toleration as they enjoyed was due to the disdainful and precarious condescension of the authorities, and had little sanction from law opinion—and thus matters stood before the Union, and in some degree, until the Act of Emancipation—they are little likely to be won over now when they possess, through their very indepen-

dence of the State, a moral influence and authority or, if the phrase be preferred, exercise a spiritual despotism, which no other priesthood could exercise. It proves not only that the Tories are prepared to deal with them in the broadest way, and by means which commend themselves to the judgment of statesmen, rather than of the mob. They are prepared not only to give up Orangemen, who will be furious at the first rumour of concession to Catholics, but the deep-rooted prejudices which bind the Tory party to have no transaction with Rome. Moreover, they really understand the situation. Instead of dealing with an individual like Cardinal Cullen, who is rather an Irish partisan than a Roman Prince, or with a body like the Irish priesthood, who never can separate their sympathies from those of their ignorant congregation, they deal at once with the supreme power, which has the world to think of, as well as Ireland, and whose concessions in Calcutta as well as Dublin, and whose revolution in Italy much more than it would deter it in Tipperary. They have had—if this account is correct—the courage to set English prejudice at defiance, and try for that which is really required to settle the religious difficulties of Ireland—a Concordat like that through which the Protestant Government of Prussia rules its Catholic Churches in comfort and tranquillity. That Rome will grant such a Concordat, it is her interest to grant; it is past all doubts; for she does grant it to Governments far more hostile and heretical than our own; and that it is our interest to take it is, as we conceive, a truth almost beyond the reach of argument. It has been, no doubt, for three hundred years an etiquette of the British court not to negotiate with Rome, but that etiquette is merely the registration of a lie. The Roman Court is powerful within the British Empire; it does appoint persons in Ireland who have the full power of Bishops; it can aid us or thwart us, can make revolution national or confine it to a class, and why an earth should we not recognise those facts? We do recognise them in Canada, where the Romish Church is established; in Malta, where it is supreme, and in India where if a priest preaches treason, a Commander in Chief first appeals to the Catholic Bishop, and then strongly approves his decision, which was loyal to passion, carries it out, in calm defiance of every law of the land, by military force. That really occurred, though the details are not likely to make their appearance in a parliamentary blue-book, and to refuse to recognize the power of Rome only in the province where it is most complete is, on the most extreme Protestant view, as silly as to refuse to recognize crime or to deny the existence of penitence in our streets. The fact is not altered by the refusal while the results of the fact are infinitely worse than they would otherwise become. It is, we suppose, almost vain to hope for such a display of courage, but if the Government are in earnest they will carry out their policy still, in spite of a refusal which would cause the instant Roman Court had accepted the British terms. Free Catholic Churches do not exist, and if Rome ordered the acceptance of endowments, endowments would be declared by every Bishop, priest, and Catholic journalist, by the Dublin Evening Post as well as by Cardinal Cullen, to be the instrument of justice for which they had been striving ever since the Emancipation Act.

"THIS CHURCH IN DANGER."—A grand game is being played now, but in a very short time there will be more engaged at it than are at present. It is something in imitation of 'Aunt Sally.' The portly dame known as 'Old Mother Bang'—the Irish Established Church—is being treated in a very cavalier manner. Protestants and Catholics take a fling at her in turn, and the enormous and portly lady, dressed out in all her finery, is easily tumbled head over heels, amidst the shouts and laughter of thousands. The bishops and parsons, to whom she has been a loving and kind 'parent,' she having plied their capacious stomachs with abundance of 'loaves and fishes' do their utmost to put her on her legs after every knock down. They arrange her dress, wipe the perspiration from her face, brush her tangled hair, and a river to make her look as 'mild' as ever. But it will all prove fruitless. The time has come to leave Protestantism living in Ireland to their own resources, and relieve the Catholic millions from the insulting wrong inflicted upon them, of supporting the ministers of a creed they have for more than three centuries rejected as erroneous. No threats from Hillsborough or any other place can avail in arresting the overthrow of this wealthy Establishment. Down it must go, and its fall will take place amidst the acclamations of millions. The Parliament of England, which put the Establishment on its legs, and defended it round with horse, foot and artillery, will give it the final stunning blow and Queen Victoria herself will fling the last missile at 'Old Mother-Bang,' and tell her to strip off her tawdry garments, put on working clothes, and earn what will support her.

What portents the Catholics of Ireland have been to tolerate such a grievance so long. They might have extinguished it years ago but for the foolish support they blindly gave to the paltry Whigs, who would do nothing, and who have never done anything to relieve them. The Church Establishment is such an anomaly, that no respectable man of any creed could defend it. If it were in any way at all friendly to Ireland, something could be said in its behalf. But from its beginning to the present day it has been an enemy to the country. It has been the parent of strife, the conductor of mischief, the nurse of hatred and ill will, the plunderer of the poor, and the calumniator of everything Irishmen love and cherish. Here in Louth, in Monaghan, Meath, and all up the South, and also in the West, there are parishes found in which there are only two or three Protestant families, and in some none at all, and the Catholic inhabitants are compelled to pay the parsons! There is an old adage which says 'no peace no Paternoster'; but here we have it reversed, for the Catholics are compelled to pay, and what they receive in return is a curse or a calamity.

What sort of men must they be who can stand up and defend such an iniquity as this? The highwayman, who demands 'your money or your life' is justly condemned as a vile creature, and is not the Church Establishment, which 'reaps where it has not sown' a near relative of his? Does not this Establishment exact one million pounds yearly from a country which rejects its teaching? Does it not pocket money to which it has no claim in equity? Those who defend such things should feel ashamed of themselves? But the time is fast approaching when no sophistry will be able to prevail against the call made for the extinction of the tithe impost. The shouts at Hillsborough and the pigmy threats of all who may assemble there will only excite the laughter of Catholic Ireland. The Establishment is doomed. It is a rotten branch, which produces no good fruit, and it must be cut down, that it may not any longer encumber the ground.—Dundalk Democrat.

The Northern Whig publishes a protest addressed to the Bishop of Down and Connor by the clergy of his diocese against the observations made by his Lordship in the House of Lords in reference to the Irish Church. There are 75 names attached, including those of the Archbishops of Down and Dro-more. The presters complain that his Lordship, not only did not refute the statements made in Parliament, but stated that the Church was 'possessed of superfluous wealth,' and that 'its revenues should be in part confiscated,' that four bishoprics and one of the remaining archbishoprics should be suppressed, and the number of the clergy reduced. They also attribute blame to the bishop for not replying to the observations on the Church question made in the recent Social Science Congress.

The Freeman states that the following appointments have been recently made in connexion with the College of St. Patrick's, Maynooth.—The three trustees nominated to the Board of the College are the Most Rev. Dr. Kieran, Lord Archbishop of Ar-

magh, and Primate of all Ireland; the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Lord Bishop of Dromore; and the O'Connor Don, M.P. To the Professorship of Theology, rendered vacant by the appointment of Dr. Neville to the parish of Passage, the Rev. G. Molloy, D.D., was appointed; and the vacancy in the professorship of the first year's course caused by his appointment has been filled by the appointment of the Rev. William Walsh. Dr. Tyrrell, of the Catholic University, has been appointed surgeon to the college; in room of the late Surgeon Ellis; and Dr. Hughes, of Merion square, East, has been appointed consulting physician.

Of the 143 parishes contained in the Dioceses of Ossory, there are seventy-three, or more than one-half, which contain a Protestant population ranging from 10 to 15 each. The total population of these 73 parishes gives an average for each which amounts to less than the average number of a whole family. It appears that the total number of members of the Establishment in the Dioceses of Ossory is only 8,258—a number not equal to the number of the population of a single Benefice (Cullen) in the same diocese. A nearly equal number of Protestants have all their spiritual wants supplied for a sum of less than £800 a year, but the State provides for the 8,000 and odd Protestants in Ossory, about 110 Clergymen, at a cost of more than £21,000 a year.—Dr. O'Brien, the Bishop of this diocese has recently appeared as the public defender of the Church Establishment. The condition of his own diocese affords, in our judgment, the strongest grounds yet put forward for its total abolition; and no doubt his Lordship will feel it his duty to endeavor either to displace the facts put forward by our Commissioner, or to explain the reason why a whole 'regiment' of Ecclesiastics are quartered on the country for the spiritual instruction of a number of people not greater in amount than the population of a single parish.—Freeman Commission.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The annual commencement and inauguration of the fourteenth session of the Catholic University took place recently in the presence of his Eminence Cardinal Cullen, and of a numerous and influential assembly. Shortly before three o'clock, the professors and students, attired in the full academic costume, entered the chapel of the University, to await the arrival of his Eminence. His Eminence soon arrived, and was received by the Very Rev. Mr. Woodlock, Rector of the University, and a large number of prelates and professors. His Eminence, having taken his seat on the dais prepared, the Rector of the University read the inaugural address, arguing at great length on the system of mixed education, and in favor of granting a charter to the Catholic University. The address concluded as follows:—"The history of Ireland, too, have read the history of their country, our Ireland, too, have, I hope, read the history of Ireland, and begin to see, what we have long known and felt, that the attempt to force upon us educational systems not according with our religious sentiments, as well as every other attempt to maintain ascendancy and to hinder equality by imposing civil disabilities for religious opinions, a full and constant source of misery to Ireland; that it has blighted every policy however wise or good; that, as long as there remains a particle of the old ascendancy political or educational, so long we shall be a divided, and consequently a misgoverned people."

There is, indeed, no end to the howling of Orangemen, in order that the voice of the 'loyal' disturbers of the peace of Ulster may be heard. Railway directors are called upon to put their engines and carriages on their sides to suit the convenience of the ragamuffins who are to assemble at Hillsborough, and no effort is left untried to swell the chorus of Orange voices on behalf of the alien Church, which is eating up a million's worth of Catholic property every year, and living in luxurious idleness. The Orange press tells us that the 'Romanists' are in a terrible rage, whilst looking at all this; but there never was a greater falsehood uttered. The 'Romanists' are on the winning side, and we all know that 'those who win may laugh.' It is the Orange rowdies who are in a rage, because they see the plunder of the Catholic millions slipping from their grasp. The Catholics have every honest man in Ireland, England and Scotland on their side, and all combined will knock this alien Establishment round the heads of the 'brethren,' leaving not even a wreck behind. What a parcel of knaves they are to raise their voices on behalf of such plunder of the Catholic people (if they had any shame—but they have not—they would hush at their own wicked conduct. Several English Protestants have recently spoken on the subject, and they have denounced the wrong this Church has inflicted on Ireland in unmeasured terms. Mr. Miall, M.P., declared a week or two since that it was a scandal to the empire. On Monday last, at the great Reform demonstration in Northampton, Mr. Gilpin, M.P., delivered his opinion on the question. He said, in the course of his speech—"There is one thing more we must do as soon as we get the reformed parliament, and that is to deal with the Irish Church. I intended to do it for a moment before, Ireland is too Tory difficult, and it will be the Whig difficulty until we proclaim equal laws and equal justice for all portions of her Majesty's subjects. The Irish Church is a monstrous thing. It is a monstrosity that the Church of a small minority should be the establishment for a country. But let me say that one of the hindrances in the House of Commons to carry our resolution in reference to the Irish Church, is that miserable *regium donum* that is accepted by the Presbyterian ministers, whose hands it ought to scald as it falls into them. They therefore don't join in the denunciation of what they know to be wrong, in order that they may continue to receive this miserable pittance from the state." There is the opinion of an English Protestant on the rapacious dispositions of both the Protestant sects in Ireland. And it is in behalf of this rapacity—this lastling affair mammon—that the meeting at Hillsborough is to take place. It is a useless effort to maintain the plunder of the Catholic population. It will produce no result favorable to the Orangemen. Their days of power have passed, never to return. This country must be ruled for the future in accordance with the feelings of the majority of its people. Ireland is a Catholic nation, and must be governed in a Catholic spirit. But Ireland is tolerant and kind, and she will never inflict any wrong on the minority. On the contrary she will show them fair play, and give them full liberty to worship God as they please, and to rejoice and grow fat if they be so disposed. But they must pay their own clergy as the Catholics do at present, just as they pay their doctors and tailors. Catholic Ireland has burst the fetters of the past, and she will never submit again to the indignities which barbarous and blood-thirsty men inflicted upon her. Let the Orangemen, therefore, give up their folly, and submit to their fate. They have no influence, and Ireland only laughs at them. They may shoot at Hillsborough till they become hoarse, but they will gain nothing by their shouting. The die is cast, the note of destruction to the Establishment has been sounded, and the monstrous structure awaits the blow that is to precipitate its fall.—Dundalk Democrat.

ALLIRED FENIANS.—Two men, who gave their names as Arthur G. Vaneau and Edward Bateson, were arrested on Tuesday on board the Eblana steamer, on her arrival from Liverpool. The prisoners, who have what is known as a Yankee appearance, were taken into custody by the detective police, and were taken to Sackville place station on suspicion of being connected with the Fenian movement.—Freeman.

The Cork Constitution thinks it is a mistake to suppose that Fenianism has quite transferred its operations to the other side of the Irish Channel, and states that drilling is going on in the neighborhood of Cork.