broken ejaculation Mr. Hogan burst into a sud- row, and we fob the gold.'
den and unpleasant fit of laughter. Enough—enough,' said Tisdal, with renewed

Hogan, stirring the ashes of his pipe, and grin-

quest ; he has pledged his honor to keep the se- tance, were awaiting his arrival. crecy of our hiding place, answered Ryan, there is nothing to fear from him.

'I'm forced to wear this disguise,' he continulead pretty much the life of the fox-hiding now shall hear, and then conduct you to his chamber; until then we must not disturb him-I have so promised.

They sunk now into a gloomy silence, which was at last broken by Hogan, who took the Hugh and the rapparee. pipe he had now finished from his mouth, and said, on a sudden-

· I thought I heard the banshee last night, both iv us now."

perhaps, impressed his companion unpleasantly.

Irish language.

Sir Hugh, who understood it, however, thoroughly, intimated as much; and with an angry growl, and an angrier glance, Hogan again sank for a time into a sullen silence. At last he Danger. said again, relapsing into the same vein of gloomy association, which seemed to have fastened upon his fancy-

'I thought I heard her more than half the night; I never heard sweeter. I remember the time, Eaman, that same crying-through the groves there, in the night, so soft and darkit is not that way it takes me now. Arah, wisha! wisha! I'm misdoubting there's something wrong; there is death in that crying, else change these tell-tale clothes.' Eaman-mind my words, there's something in it -death in it, Eaman, for you or for me.

At this moment a careless step was heard upon the stone stair outside, and a knocking ensued at the door. Hogan and Ryan exchanged and impressed silence upon their visitor by a peremptory gesture.

We must here glance for a moment at the cause of this interruption.

As Sir Hugh, accompanied by his guide, entered the chamber, where they were now immured, and closed the door behind them, a rustling might have been observed in the rubbish of one of the roofless buildings, which stood in this mewiry form and sinister face of our old acquaint- room. ance, Deveril, arose cautiously from among the The knight complied. It was smaller and loose piles of stones and tiles, and advancing darker, and in every respect more comfortless than the other. The floor was covered with with as little noise as possible to the window, he looked into the inclosure, and in all directions hefore he ventured to speak out-

· Well,' he exclaimed at last, with a chuckle, which had in it an indescribable mixture of exultation, villainy, and something very like fear-" Well, who was right? we have found the form, and, egad, the hare's sitting. Come, be hvely; the plan's your own as much as mine, so don't the devil ails you?"

tenance on which he looked bore an expression so very unlike what he had expected, to find are about to have bad work here. That soldier there, that the contrast almost startled him-

'What are you afraid of brother Snap ?what! will nothing but hurnt brandy screw you up to the point P

This encouragement was addressed, as the reader has no doubt perceived, to no less a person than our old acquaintance, Jeremiah Tisdal. who, somewhat more blotched, as well as somewhat less brawny than of yore, now rose slowly from the same well devised post of observation, from which Deveril had only just emerged.

'I saw him,' an-wered Tisdal, with a look of terror and dislike; 'I saw him, I tell you.'

Who, man ? - speak out,' retorted Deveril, in an impatient whisner.

One whom I fear to see more than the father of ill hunself,' replied Tisdal, with a shudder.

'Poo, man-you mean the old knight, Sir Hugh. Eh? replied Deveril, sharply. 'Why, roast me, but you're turned out a regular old woman; curse you, this is no time to trifle. I won't he trifled with; stir yourself?

· I'll not go into the same room, or under the same roof with that old man,' said Tisdal, doggedly; 'I have so much grace left.'

· Grace, indeed; why, you devil's meat-but no matter; you had ever, while I can remember the same dogged temper,' said Deveril, with something like disgust. 'You had always a good thick pig's head of your own; so have your own way. Do you go for the men, then; bring men, women, and children, sought work there. Chilthem round quietly and quickly; and mind, as you hang fire, you must only pay for it. I take had to be carried by asses. one half; the rest goes among you and your pals.

Deveril examined the flints and priming of his pistols, as also the charge, and then dropped one of them into each of his two heavy coat might have really been, as he desired to appear,

a perfectly unarmed man.

1 ve seen you somewhere, said Sir Hugh, alacrity. Get thee on, so soon as I have been gone for so long as may bring me to the place doubtfully.

gone for so long as may bring me to the where they await us I will not all thee?

With these words, Tisdal scrambled over ning into the bowl of it all the while, ' we'll be the loose stones and rubbish, and pushed his ungood friends yet, please God; bar the door wieldly bulk through one of the narrow loop-Ned, he continued, 'it's not a spy you are, is holes in the back wall, and so made his way through the rear, to the spot where a corporal · This gentleman has come here at my re- and four men, at scarce a quarter of a mile dis-

Meanwhile, Deveril having suffered as long a time to elapse as he conceived to be prudent without taking any further step, at length rubbed ed, with a shrug and a smile of bitterness; 'we off so much of the dust and cobwebs he had contracted as were removable, and, coming forth, preying again, and seldom safe but when we are shook the folds of his dress free of the creases let the others go to school. She said nothing, but earthed. When Colonel O'Brien wakes, I impressed by his constrained attitude, then, with the usual cock in his hat, and whistling as he went in affected nonchalance, he mounted the stone steps and knocked, as we have seen, at the door which had so recently closed upon Sir

In obedience to the gestures of his two comlooking with a surly melancholy at the hearth, panions, Sir Hugh, whose situation was beginning to be anything but a pleasant one, observed a strict silence, while Hogan mounted a table, Eaman: I thought I heard her, sure enough, and looked cautiously forth from the little wincrying through the graves and the old buildings, dow. He beheld Deveril standing alone at the as sweet and as beautiful as a colleen that id be door, with his ear to the planks, and his mouth cryin' after her lover, down in our own sweet a-gape, obviously intent on hearing whatever Munster, where I wisht in my heart we were might pass previously to his own admission. He also saw below his own shock-headed attendant, There was something almost pathetic in the the boy whom we have mentioned elsewhere.rough tones of Hogan as he said this, and in his This wild, elf-like creature shook his head with face an ominous look of gloom and doubt, which an expression of urgent menace, pointed to Deverll, unseen by that gentleman, then drew 'Come, come, Hogan,' he said, briskly, ' what his finger significantly across his own throat, and dismays you now; I never saw you cast down in the next moment he had vanished. This inbefore ?' and, after a pause, he broke into the timation was not lost upon his patron. Hogan descended, leaving Deveril still in the same fixed attitude of attention, and from time to time renewing his summons at the door, while he whispered emphatically in Ryan's ear the word

'How many of them are there?' asked he.

'But one,' answered Hogan, 'but one now.' 'Then let him in,' said Ryan, decisively .-And forthwith the bars were removed, and Deveril entered.

' Friends - friends,' ejaculated Deverill, with an appearance of relieved anxiety - friends, would have made me drop tears in plenty; but egad, and in common troubles. Here at least I am safe, if, that is, you consent to harbor me, until I can creep out of the town unobserved, or

> ' Sit down by the fire-you call us friendstreat us like friends. Sit down, I say-sit by the fire,' said Ryan.

Deveril had not expected to find Hogan there; for he was, spite of all his efforts to apa quick, ominous glance, as they suddenly arose, pear at his ease, a little disconcerted and undecided for a few moments. It wore off, however, and he sat down in the place indicated, Hogan meanwhile watching, with an intense, though scarcely perceptible, vigilance, every movement of his, as a huge, hungry cat might those of a domesticated magnie. One look of significance, the faintest and quickest imaginable, the two rapparees exchanged.

'Sir Hugh,' said Ryan, 'come hither,' at the lancholy quadrangle; and, after a moment, the same time he beckoned him into an inner

> heary flagging, and seizing a crow-bar which father's splendid house, surrounded by every luxury, lay ready among some straw, Ryan raised one of she wondered why the people should be poor at all, the heaviest of these flags, and disclosed a flight of steps, such as in old churches lead down into the crypts.

'These lead to the vaults. When you reach the last step of thirty, turn to your right, and walk straight on, guided by the wall at your right turn tail now, like a cur. Come, I say, what hand, until you see light. You will there find better entertainment than here, and you will also and to lead them to righteousness. This concluding interrogatory was delivered discover him whom you desire to see. You are with much suppressed vehicinence; for the coun- expected, and, therefore, need not fear for your salety. You must now waste no time, for we is a spy and a traitor.'

"Twas ill managed to suffer that prying scoundrel to discover this place of concealment, said Sir Hugh, who instinctively disliked the ill-

looking musketeer. ' Not so,' said Ryan, gloomily and hurriedly, 'he'll never tell that secret to living man-that's settled; now, Sir Hugh, get you down-trust me-you have trusted me already-your life has been in my hands since I met you at St. Patrick's-trust me now-and remember that. whatever may be my misfortunes, I cherish at

least the honor of a gentleman. Nothing daunted, Sir Hugh began to descend the steep steps, and with a reverberation which echoed through unseen vaults the massive stone at the orifice fell again into his place, leaving him to grope his way as best he might in utter darkness.

(To be Continued.)

## THE SOUPERS. A SCENE IN THE IRISH PAMINE

From Frank O'Donnell, By A. H. Clington, Dublin. The infernal artifices by means of which it was sought to make converts to the Holy Protestant Faith, during the famine are well and faithfully exposed in the annexed extract from Mr. : Clington's

new work :-The works on Knockcorrig had now commenced, and liberal wages were given. The old and young, dren were employed there so young that they had to be brought on their parents' backs, and old persons

This was in the middle of a severe winter; the ground was covered with snow; sleet and snow and rain drenched the wretched creatures. The old and young were put to breaking stones. There they sat, from morning until night, their bodies half naked, and the rain and snow and sleet pouring upon them. pockets, where they lay perfectly concealed; so It is no wonder, then, that fever and dysentery were that, for anything to the contrary appearing, he frevalent, and that each morning several were crossed off the books without the least comment or re-

mark-they were dead, that's ull. perfectly unarmed man.

The Rev. Mr. Sly frequently drove about from All right, he said, with a pale and distorted house to house. Lord Clearall's tenants had to re-

Welcome home, Mr. Ryan, said he at smile. Now go you, and do your part, such ceive him with seeming courtesy at least; they knew length, sulkily enough. An who is it's with as it is? and Tstake my life on't, Ned Ryan's Even now a fresh screw was placed upon such as re-you?—aiah! he the laws— and with this head shall stick over the Castle gate by to-mor-fused to send their children to the 'souper school.' Not only were they threatened to be evicted, but they were also refused employment on the public works. This was easily managed, as Lord Clearall's deputies had the sole management of them. So it was easy to find some pretext for refusing the obsti-

Mr. Sly had the seat of his gig crammed with bibles and tracts; he also had a quantity of bread and broken meat. Lizzie Elliot sate beside him. 'What way shall we go to-day, Lizzie?' said Mr.

Siy as they were going out of the avenue. 'I don't well know. What would you say if we called on that Mrs. Sullivan? She was with me

this morning; her son was on the works, but was sent home, as she wouldn't send the other children to the school; she wanted me to get him back.' Do you think has the Lord moved her; is she pe-

nitent, Lizzie?' 'She looks to be very poor. I'm sure she is ; for I

told her there was no use in interfering unless she

'What a stiff-necked people they are, love; but God bardens those He will destroy.' Nelly Sullivan was sitting at the table with her

poor children; before them was a dish of turnip tops and cabbage leaves, sprinkled with salt. The children eat ravenously this course fare.
' Mammy, won't you eat any?' said one.

'No alanna, no ; ate away ; shure there's not enuff, for yersels.'

But, mammy, you're walking all the mornin' shure you're hungry, and you didn't are anything

these two days.' The mother looked at the coarse food, unfit for pigs and her eyes glistened; she then looked at her wretched children, and she turned away as the tears

trickled down her withered cheeks. 'No' said she to herself; 'bad as it is they havn't enough. God help them. My God, I'm dying;' and she squeezed her hands upon her sides, and sat upon

an old stool. Oh! mammy, mammy! it is so tough I can't ate it; it's choking me,' said one little thing.

And me too, said another. 'Oh! if we had a bit of bread, or a sup of milk, or

pratie,' said another. 'Here pet,' said Johnny, a little boy twelve years 'here,' and he picked the softest bits for the youngest. He then got some and took it to his mother. Here, mother, ate this, said he, and he placed the

coarse food in her hand. She groaned. He rubbed her face-it was covered with a cold sweat.

'Mammy, mammy, what ails you?' shouted the boy, 'Oh, mammy is dying!' he exclaimed.

The others ran to her, clapping their little hands

and calling their mammy.
. Johnny,' said she, very faintly, bring me a drink. He brought her a vessel of water from which she

drank; she then ate some of the leaves. 'What ails you, mammy?' said a little thing, nestling at her knees, and placing her hands in hers. 'Nothing, pet; nothing. I am well uow,' and the poor woman stroked the little flaxen head.

'Oh mammy, here's a lady and gentleman!' said another as he saw Mr. Sly drive to the door. 'Thank God,!' said she, clasping her hands and looking up. 'I hope they come to save us.'

Good day, ma'am ! said Mr. Sly. 'This is a miserable place, ma'am;' and he looked about the wretched cabin in a most commiserating manner.

'Indeed it is sir,' said Mrs. Sullivan, with a curt-sey. 'It is a poor place for a lady and gentleman to come to; but then, if people can keep from starving now it's enuff. I am sorry I havn't a sate for the

lady,' and she bowed to Miss Elliot. 'Don't mind, ma'm, said Mr. Sly; we can stand. Would you let this little chap hold my horse for a moment?

'Yes sir. Run Johnny, and hould the gintleman's borse.'

Miss Elliot was all this time taking a view of the cabin. The roof was broken in several parts, and the rain had formed little pools on the clay floor. In a corner was a bed of straw laid on the cold ground. A vessel was pinced in the centre of the bed to receive the dropping rain. There was an inner room. but it was deserted as being unfit to be occupied, for the roof had nearly fallen in. A few embers burned on the hearth, and the emaciated, half-clad looking

children cowered around it. line knew little of or have such wretched hovels to live in. It is only lately she began to comprehend the causes that made them so. As she accompanied Mr. Sly, her young and sensitive heart was touched at the tales and scenes of misery she beard and witnessed. She might have become a ministering angel; but her artful guide smothered these aspirations of gentle pity in her breast, by telling her that all their sufferings were sent by the Lord to afflict them for their sins.

'How do you live here at all, ma'am?' said Lizzie, as she glauced at all the signs of wretchedness that

surrounded her.
'Really, I don't know, miss; we hadn't a bit since ere yesterday, but some cabbage and turnip leaves, I didn't ate a bit myself to-day, God knows I am

'Run Robert,' said Lizzie to the Rev. Mr. Sly, ' and bring them some bread. You see we have some with us, ma'am for urgent cases.

God bless you, miss !' said Mrs. Sullivan. Go, Robert, if you please? said Lizzie, turning to the rev. gentleman, who all the time stood still 'Yes, darling, yes; but first let us see has this poor woman seen the error of her ways, and is she

moved to grace. I am sure-' Here his speech was interrupted by a regular scramble at the door, and cries of 'give me a bit! Tom has it all!' Bring it into mammy.'

'Bless me !' said Mr. Sly, but these brats have taken all the bread;' and be ran to the door. Johnny got into the gig. and seeing a loaf of bread and hearing the lady telling Mr. Sly to bring it in,

he seized it, and was bringing it in, when the others assailed him at the door. 'The brain,' said Mr. Sly, as he seized the bread. 'Here, mamma,' whispered Tommy, as he slipped a part of the loaf, unseen, under her apron, 'ate

She was hungry. Perhaps that crust of bread might save her life. Who could blame her if she paused? She then drew forth the bread-

' No child, no. It's not ours; it would be sinful give it to the jintleman.' 'Here sir,' said Tommy, handing him the bread.
Mr. Sly took and placed it in the car.

Leave it to him, said Lizzie. 'No; it would be encouraging robbery, Lizzie Well my good woman, said Mr. Sly, 'your son was turned off the works?" 'Yes, your bonor.'

Your reverence, ma'am if you please, said Mr. Sly, with a bow. 'I think, ma'am, he must have deserved it; you see he's a dishonest boy; how soon he stole the bread.' 'I never knew him to act dishonestly, your ho-

riverence I mane. I'm shure be wouldn't take the

bread, but he heard the lady telling you to bring it 'Indeed I wouldn't mammy,' said Johnny; and share I was bringing it in to the jintleman when they stuck in me.'

Likely story, that: no matter, I wil see about getting him reinstated ... 'God Almighty bless your riverence!' said the poor

'But, ma'am, you must send these other children to my school, where they will be well treated. They

will be educated and fed for you for nothing, so you ought to be grateful ma'am.' Mrs. Sullivan did not look grateful, but held down her head and wept.

'Well ma'am ?' said the Rev. Mr. Sly. I can't do it, sir; I'll starve first, and God knows
I am near enuff to it already. Oh! give us some
bread, sir, and get work for my boy, and may God reward you: Oh! Miss Elliott, will you aid the poor

widow and her blessing fall upon your head. 'Do Robert do.' said Lizzie." Well ma'am do you repent?' said Mr. Sly. 'I can't-I can't sell my sowl. Shure the priests

told us not: that ye are trying to make soupers of 'The priest's, ma'am, are a great humbug; teaching ye to adore idols, and worship saints, and living people like surselves.'

'No, sir- your riverence I mean-the priests are our only comfort; they visit us when sick and afflicted; and if they had the means we wouldn't want.' So jon refuse sending them to hear the Word of

God!

'I refuse sending them to your school, sir.' 'Then the consequences be upon yourself. You are refusing warm clothing, plenty to est, and a snug house. Recollect, sinful woman, 'I called and you refused.'—'Evil doers shall be cut off.' I will now leave you to yourself and your priests. Mind, you will not only be refused employment, but this very house shall be levelled over you. This is Lord Clearall's orders.'

God's will be done I said Mrs. Sullivan, clasping her hands together and looking towards heaven. 'Come Lizzie,' said Mr. Sly; let us leave this house of iniquity. Here, however, is food for your soul, and he handed her some tracts.

## THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND. (From the Morning Star, Protestant.)

When that type of ail that's harem-scarem in public life, Sir Robert Peel, third of his name, was uppointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, predictions were not wanting which foretold embroilment and strife. It required no extraordinary sagacity to make these predictions, and we may, therefore, without overstepping the modesty of nature, refer to our own recorded previsions on the subject. In somewhat less than three months the strife has broken out which we foresaw; and it is with no surprise that we find Sir Robert Peel in the wrong. He is a man of a generous character and good impulses. So much

is to be gathered from the record of his youthful career. But side by side with these evidences are the plainest proofs of an utter absence of judgment and discretion; and let what may be said in favour of the generous ardour of noble natures and their freshening influences upon mankind, history has read to us ber lessons in vain if she have not taught us to distrust impulse, and to rely, in the management of affairs, upon the cool, calm, judgment, which, emancipated from the tyranny of strong feelings and blinding passion, can take a comprehensive and clear survey of causes and effects, and combine the fruits of mature wisdom in its action. In the management of Irish affairs this unimpassioned wisdom is specially desirable, and for that reason we felt bound to censure the appointment of Sir Robert Peel to the Chief Secretaryship. He has justified our censure, for he has, we shall not say contrived, but, as it were, spontaneously fallen into a serious squabble with the recognised guide, and adviser of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, and on a question, too, in which he, at any rate, is entirely wrong. The Chief Secretary is wrong on two points. With respect to the Queen's Colleges and the University which they constitute, he is wrong; and in his speech at Derry he was wrong in assailing Archbishop Cullen. Let us shortly dispose of the personal aspects of this squabble first. In this Derry speech Sir Robert Peel assailed the Roman Catholic for "denouncing" him, and in King Cambyses vein he hurled back the denunciation. He did not care three rows of pins what the Archbishop said of him; and, with astonishing humility, described himself as a mere worm, and no better than the Archbishop himself. He also charged the most rev. prelate with desiring to keep alive animosity, with attacking his political conduct, and with opposing a Government which intends to act straightforwardly and honestly to all classes and parties. And all this with a warmth and feeling which only men like Sir Robert Prel have at command on such occasions. Now, what was the provocation? In the first place, when the new Chief Secretary assumed his duties in Dub-lin, he called upon the Roman Catholic Archoishop, but the latter, for reasons of his own, did not choose to receive him Then, Sir Robert Peel, with characteristic folly, undertook publicly, at the last meeting of the Queen's University, to endow new scholarships in the college, or to found another college, we forget which. That done, he sets his name to a circular note addressed to the Protestant and Roman Catholic gentry, earnestly inviting them to subscribe to new endowments in these colleges. If it be free to the Chief Secretary to solicit endowments in this way, it is sorely free to Dr. Cullen to warn those of his communion against subscribing. This is what Dr Callen did. In his pastoral that prelate recalled the condemnations of the Queen's Colleges by the Pope, as being dangerous to Roman Catholic faith and morals, and surely he has as much right to condemn them as others have to praise them. What the Pope or what Dr. Cullen may say has only the moral power of opinion in Ireland. Their influence is exclusively moral, and, claiming to exercise a moral influence ourselves, we cannot deny the same right to others simply because they differ in creed from us Dr. Cullen warned the Roman Catholic gentry against responding to the circular of Sir Robert Peel and the Secretary of the Queen's University. In doing so, he recalled the antecedents of the Chief Secretary, and showed, without reference to his political opinious how he had been consistently adverse to the Roman Catholic faith in Spain, in Switzerland, and in the House of Commons. This surely was fair discussion on a public question and a public man. And it was not pertinent? Clearly it was appealing for Roman Catholic co-operation to extend the influences of these colleges, has been all his life an open foe of the Roman Catholic Church. If Dr. Cullen had not written his pastoral be would have incurred the reproach of being a sleeping watchman. It is Sir R Pesl's natural fondness for a fight which has precipitated him into this contest with the Archbishop; and the latter has done no more than his duty. But the more important ques tion remains. What are these Queen's Colleges and their University? This, after all, is the interesting. question for the country. We have to state, then, that the Irish Queen's Colleges have been a thorough failure in everything save in providing a number of snug berths for the race of office-seekers who have always infested the Castle of Dublin. They were a conception of the late Sir Robert Peel: and his son. with excusable veneration for his father's work, is

blind to their failure. He even says they are a suc-

cess. A success! These three colleges, and the

university which they constitute, have cost the coun-

try-not Ireland, but the United Kingdom - £500,000

since their foundation. And what have they done?

They average annual number of students who have

matriculated in the three colleges is 144. The num-

ber who complete their education is about 25 per ct.

tively enormous number of presidents, professors, and officials at an exceedingly large outlay to the public. There can be objection to a subscription by public. There can be objected emical education of private persons to support academical education in private persons to support a to protest on the part of the tax payers of the United Kingdom against the of the tax payers of the outer and against the squandering of their money in the support of a set of official leeches in Ireland, under cover of maintaining Queen's Colleges, which are simply the avenues to public employment, through which a few young men are highly bribed to pass to the government offices. The country pays £200,000 a year without grudging for elementary education for the poorer gradging for elements. to maintain expensive establishments for the acade. mical education of well-to-do persons of the middle class, who, after all, fail to appreciate the gift.

## (From the Irish Times.) Sir Robert Peel has made numberless discoveries

during his perigrination of three hundred miles on a low backed car, in an inclement season. He has discovered that Ireland has progressed wonderfully during the last twenty years; he has discovered, also, that resident landlords are an advantage to a tenantry. His last discovery, however, has something novel about it; we know not where he hit upon it— whether at Clifden or Sligg, or the ancient and most loyal town" of Derry. The cairn under which the treasure lay hid is unknown; it is sufficient to say, that Sir Robert Peel professes to have discover. ed that the present ministry is most popular in Ireland. It is strange, however, that in order to prove the popularity of Lord Palmerston's Government in Ireland, Sir Robert Peel adduces the elections at Plymouth and Lincoln, in England. We might say that it is rather an Irish way of proving popularity here, to refer to elections which, for solid reasons, were not earnestly contested elsewhere. If the Irish Attorney-General, or the Irish Solicitor-General, bad managed to obtain seats in the House of Commons, that would have been some indication of popularity. If any Irish representative ventured to accept that Lordship of the Treasury so long vacant, and then faced his constituents successfully, this would show some little gleam of popularity. But, when the Irish law officers cannot obtain a single seat between them, when no Irish representative dare accept a lucrative post, through a conviction that, if he did, he would lose his seat, we must request a little proof of this newly discovered popularity. It was in Sligo that Sir Robert first burst forth in unexpected panegyric upon Lord Palmerston's ministry. It required some hardihood to deliver such an escapade in Sligo. The people of that ancient borough have not vet forgotten that celebrated Lord of the Treasury, John Sadleir. They have painful reason to remember him. To John Sadleir and his clique Lord Palmerston and the Whigs surrendered Ireland as a prey. The crimes of that colleague of the Whigs, and that confidant of Lord Palmerston, lost the borough of Sligo to the most popular of ministries. Sir Robert told his auditory that be spoke as "an Englishman," and the "agent" of Lord Palmerston in this country. Exactly so; 'twas the puff patent. Did it not strike Sir Robert Peel as strange, that in this ministry, most popular in Ireland, there was not a single lrishman? Is this assumed popularity here due to the fact that Irish gentlemen are jenlously excluded from the smallest share in the government of their native country? Mr. Herbert, M. P., may entertain the Queen, and receive the royal family in the midst of the tenantry he cherishes, but he must not dare to aspire even to advise an inexperienced minister upon the affairs of Ireland, with which experience had made him thoroughly acquainted. If "no Irish need apply" be the shibboleth of popularity, we doubt Lord Palmerston has reason to be deemed popular in Ireland.

## IRISH INTELLIGENCE

POLITICAL SENTIMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC PRE-LATES OF IRELAND .- The London Tablet gives the subjoined extracts from the addresses of the Bishops of Ireland to their several flocks, as illustrative of the political tendencies of Popery :-

The Apostolic Delegate and Primate of Ireland, the Archbishop of Ireland, the Most Reverend Dr. Cullen, says : -

'No grievances, no afflictions, will induce us to join in chanting the praises of sedition and rebellion We shall ever be good and faithful subjects, not brough any romantic or absurd sentimen through principle, and for conscience sake. The writers in the English press seem to think that we are all conspirators, and that we desire nothing so much as a French invasion. I am persuaded that every man in Ireland would look upon any foreign invasion as the greatest calamity that could befal the country.

The Primate of All Ireland, the Archbishop of Armagh, the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, says :-

'Of Her Most Gracious Majesty, whom may God long preserve, she has no more loyal subjects than The Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy

We know how to preserve inviolate the allegiance

we owe to the Queen as our only temporal Sovereign; and to none of Her Majesty's subjects do we yield in obedience to her authority. The Eishop of Limerick, the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan,

The people would prove themselves to be not only

good citizens and loyal subjects, but sincere and pious Christians Let no one imagine that it is not part and parcel of Catholic discipline and Catholic morality to obey the chief authorities in the State.' The Bishop of Cark, the Right Rev. Dr. Delaney,

We need not delay in declaring our loyalty to the gracious Sovereign beneath whose sceptre these great realms are governed.'

The Bishop of Ossory, the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, speaks was. The Queen's Colleges were condemned by the 'Of Catholic Ireland, with five millions of faithful Roman Catholic Church, and Sir Robert Peel, who and loyal subjects ready to maintain with their blood Of Catholic Ireland, with five millions of faithful

and lives if necessary their kingdom and their Queen against foreign invasion.

The Bishop of Galway, the Right Rev. Dr. Mac-Evilly, says : -

We will yield to no other portion of our fellow-

subjects in sentiments of undivided allegiance to the gracious Sovereign of these resims From the dictates of duty we never fail to proclaim, with the Apostle, that obedience - voluntary, interior, hearty ohedience was to be tendered to all persons who were placed in high authority over them, and this not only to those who wielded the supreme, but also the subordinate occupiers of authority, governors, and magistrates, so long as they inculcated nothing evil, and outstepped not the limits of their authority .-For not only is the temporal power from God, but the different gradations, and species, and distributions of governing authority are also arranged by Him, and exist by His sanction and ordinance.

The Bishop of Elphin, the Right Rev. Dr. Gillooley We have always been dutiful subjects of the British Crown. Allegiance to our gracious Queen is with us a duty prescribed by allegiance and strictly

enforced by the Church.' The Bishop of Ferns, the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, of the whole, and up to 1857, when the colleges had says :-

The history of the Irish people proved that they been in existence for eight years, the number who were, as they ever would be, faithful to her gracious completed their education by paying for it themselves was just three out of every hundred students who entered. The rest were bribed by scholarships

And the Bishop of Killaloe, the Right Rev. Dr. Flannery, says :-

and exhibitions to go in for a degree. It has been 'The loyalty of the Catholics of Ireland is called calculated that the diploma of a single engineer in in question, but only by their enemies. The meetthese colleges costs the public £4,060. The truth is that the Queen's Colleges have done nothing ex- ings of the people are declared by the anti-Catholic cept subsidise a few students, and feed a compara, writers, and anti-Irish newspaper proprietors, and