

'That's strange,' thought I to myself; 'I wonder if this Pierre can be a bad father, or at any rate a bad husband.'

A few minutes afterwards he came in. As if to strengthen this bad impression of mine I noticed that Alphonsine never moved when he entered, and did not attempt to offer her hand or cheek to him. She did not even welcome him with a smile.

No, she contented herself with taking a slate down from the wall, the pencil belonging to which was already in her hand.

'How much?' said she, coolly. Pierre Prévost pulled out of his pocket a great leather purse, and detailed, day by day, how much he had made by the sale of his fish. After which he put down the money upon the corner of the table.

All this time the woman was eagerly dotting down the various sums on the slate. Then she gravely added them all up, and determinedly counted out every sou.

By great good luck the figures tallied with the money. Then Alphonsine shut up the money in a drawer, and locked it very securely.

Meanwhile Pierre repocketed his leather purse which he had just emptied, never attempting to grumble in the least, and going through the task as methodically as possible.

'I was quite wrong in forming so hasty an opinion,' thought I to myself, as I witnessed this peculiar scene; 'Pierre is not such a bad fellow, after all.'

It was not long before the young ones made a second burst into the room, making rather more noise than they did on the first occasion.

They were not long in scrambling on to Pierre's knees, and smothering him with kisses, and it was all done so heartily, with such warmth and so naturally, that I could not help exclaiming to myself, 'Why, he's a capital father, after all.'

But, judge of my astonishment when I heard their pretty voices call out.

'Oh! we're so glad to see you back again, dear uncle Pierre!'

Then he was their uncle, after all, and he was not married to Alphonsine. But was he her brother, or merely a brother-in-law? And yet she seemed so entirely to have the upper-hand over him. It certainly was a very remarkable coincidence.

But what surprised me most of all was the fatherly affection that Pierre Prévost seemed to have for the two children.

He then took them on his knees, and played with them, and appeared to make so much of them, that I, who was a silent spectator of this little scene, became really quite interested.

This lasted for about five minutes, and then all at once it seemed as if the old pain came over him, for he turned quite sad again, and turned deathly pale, and I could see the tears starting to his eyes. And then he got up, and looking steadily into the young innocent faces of his nephew and niece, said, in an extremely soft voice,

'Go and play on the sand. Go along, my pretty ones!'

The poor children, who seemed quite astonished at the sudden change in his demeanour, hesitated for a moment. However, another beseeching look from their uncle, and an angry word or so from Alphonsine, soon persuaded them what to do; whereupon they set out very slowly for the sea-shore.

'They know perfectly well how little you care for them,' said Alphonsine, very bitterly; 'and it would be just as well if you would not go out of your way to show it.'

Pierre made no answer. He shut his eyes, and put his hand to his heart as if to express the pain he was suffering.

Then taking a spade from the corner, 'I am going to work in the garden,' said he, gently.

And then he went out, looking very sorrowful.

CHAPTER II.

Things seemed to be taking quite a dramatic turn, and I made up my mind to try hard and unravel the plot.

I followed Pierre, and having secured myself in a convenient hiding-place, determined to watch.

He walked quietly on, but soon stopped at a little vegetable garden, quite at the end of the village. At first he pretended to set to work vigorously, but his eyes kept wandering to a little rose-covered cottage within a stone's-throw of the garden. He soon left off working, and leaning listlessly on his spade, he kept his eyes firmly fixed on one of the windows, which was always covered with the luxuriant growth of roses and honeysuckle.

As the wind played fitfully with the curtain of green which darkened the window, I fancied I recognized the shadow of a woman.

Immorable as a statue, Pierre Prévost remained where he was, and though night drew on, he did not leave his post till the heavens were bright with myriads of stars; and then swinging his spade over his shoulder, he began to retrace his steps to the village.

But, just before he left the garden, I thought I heard a bitter sigh borne on the wind from the cottage window.

The next day, when I was coming away from early Mass, I saw Pierre standing in the porch of the church. The two children were clinging to one of his hands, while the other, still wet with holy water, was gently extended to a young woman who was in the act of passing before him.

She was a lovely creature, with golden hair, large expressive blue eyes, and a face like one of Fra Angelico's angels. Although she could not have been less than thirty years old, she appeared to have all the lightness and vivacity of a girl of eighteen.

When their fingers met an almost imperceptible thrill seemed to affect them both, and as they gazed into one another's faces they both turned deathly pale.

Could it have been the shadow that I recognized through the roses the evening before?

The tide came up very early that evening, and necessitated the departure of the fishermen before eight came on.

Pierre Prévost was one of the first to start, but he went a long way round to get to the sea-shore, and passed before the windows of the rose-covered cottage.

A flower fell at his feet. He picked it up eagerly, and kissing it passionately, thrust it into his bosom and hastened away.

As the evening wore on, and while the little stars were just fading away in the distance, I watched again, and distinctly saw a white handkerchief waving from the window of the pretty cottage.

I was naturally anxious to find out about this little romance, and was continually puzzling my poor brains to discover the truth of the story.

There were hundreds of people I might have asked, and, of course, Alphonsine would have been only too happy to have enlightened me. But I determined, if possible, to hear it all from Pierre's own lips, and accordingly made up my mind to stifle my idle curiosity.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ARCHBISHOP McHALE.—As a patriot of the highest order, he is public property. Irish Nationalists feel that their character must receive additional brightness from the lustre of his. They feel, too, that from among them a bright link, in his person, has been added to that continuous, unbroken apostolic chain, which, reaching back through the mazes of centuries connects Pius with Peter; and they, therefore, omit no opportunity of showing his Grace that whatever concerns the Pastor interests the flock; both form harmonize in the same unity of purpose—both form one body, perfect and connected, without clash or jar like the dogmatical and moral code which Holy Church teaches. From the hour he grasped the crozier to the present, the Great Bishop of the West has been ever found identifying himself with the people in all their struggles for Civil and Religious Liberty, invariably standing by the side of the oppressed against the oppressor, and using his gigantic exertions to elevate the moral character, ameliorate the wretched and impoverished condition of his fellow-countrymen. His labors for this purpose know no bounds. His is the untiring effort to train to saving knowledge and virtue the rising youth with the father's fondness and the apostle's zeal. Churches, Monasteries, Schools, and Convents bear eloquent testimony to the charity which is ever providing for the wants of religion and learning. They are incontrovertible proofs, too, of the successful working of the voluntary principle, which has made the Irish branch of the Catholic Church the purest, noblest, and most efficient among the Churches of the earth. They are more—they are a symbol of those links of affection which bind the ever-faithful people to their Hierarchy, notwithstanding the unceasing efforts made to sever them. For years, almost single-handed, he combated the aggressions of Government, through the National System, or the Old Faith. He assailed the stronghold of bigotry. He tore away the cobweb superstitions which which deprived our country of the Godless System of Education spread broadcast through the land. The Pope blessed his labors, and he now stands at the head of the Hierarchy, filling them with his own fervid energy, and reaping, even here, the reward of his efforts, in the unanimity with which his views are accepted by that most learned and venerable body.—Telegraph.

THE HIBERNIAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Weekly Register.) Sir,—A good deal of local excitement has been lately created in Westmeath by the fact of the Roman Catholic High Sheriff, Mr. Dease, of Turbotstown, having refused the application of the Hibernian Bible Society for the use of the County Court House for the purpose of holding their annual meeting therein.

The High Sheriff refused it on the ground that the object of the society, which is well known to be proselytism, is one offensive to the majority of the inhabitants.

Several rather intemperate letters and articles having appeared in the local Protestant journal—written with the object of making it appear that Mr. Dease had refused the application from motives of intolerance, and also that other Roman Catholic High Sheriffs, including Mr. Dease's father in the number, had granted what he now refused, Mr. Dease has written to the above-named paper a letter which goes straight to the point on the subject of the crying evil of proselytism.

ONE OF YOUR IRISH SUBSCRIBERS.

Mullingar, Oct. 30. The Editor of the Ulster Observer complains that he and other respectable Catholics in Belfast have been annoyed by anonymous letters, full of 'low, loathsome, abominable abuse, such as one might expect to find only in the meanest haunts of iniquity, and mingled with the most blasphemous imprecations in religion.'

'There is one Catholic gentleman who is specially favored with similar effusions, and whose slightest actions seem to furnish occasion for fresh threats and renewed abuse. If Mr. Hughes only brings a clergyman to his house he receives a warning, on peril of his life, not to repeat the offence. Yesterday he received a well-written letter, couched in the most insulting and threatening terms, abusing him for having dared to invite priests to his dwelling, and praying for the opportunity to have a shot at him for the crime.'

The Editor adds,—'What we feel most is the evidence which these letters afford of a debased intelligence among apparently educated men, and of an utter want of that sense of decency which is essential to the respectability of the individual and the character of the society which he contributes to form. If we are to judge by the documents which have come under our notice, and the number and character of which entitle us to attach some importance to them, we must say—without meaning any undue reflection on the community—that civilization in Belfast is at a low ebb indeed, particularly among those who claim to have to do with its advancement.'

Saunders's News-Letter gives currency to a rumour that Sir Robert Peel has resigned the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, and that he will be succeeded by Mr. Monsell, M.P. for the county of Limerick.

The Cork Herald states that almost daily hundreds of persons, young and old, embark at Queenstown for the United States. A large proportion of the emigrants is of the agricultural class, but there are also many tradespeople—some of them apparently in good circumstances, and others of no particular occupation.

The Clonmel Chronicle says:—At Fethard petty sessions, and in other parts of this district, several parties were refused licenses for the keeping and carrying of fire-arms; and we are informed by two of our county magistracy that some of those for whom they refused to certify, at once stated to them that they would obtain game licenses, which would entitle them to have arms in their possession—thus evading the decision of the Government and the local magistracy.

Martin Higgins, of Tuam, arrested in Dublin and transferred to Galway for examination, on a warrant against him as a Fenian, has been committed for trial. On searching the prisoner's box all that was found was a ramrod and a work in MSS.

THE LONDON 'TIMES' UNDER POLICE SURVEILLANCE.—The London correspondent of the Irish Times says:—Among the recent triumphs of the Irish police in their pursuit of Fenianism, may be recorded the surveillance to which they subjected Mr. Delane, editor of the Times. Mr. Delane paid a visit, this autumn, to the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Beesborough, and in his progress he was tracked by the detectives, who supposed that he was the notable Stephens, Head Centre. Mr. Delane is unfortunate in his visits to Ireland. He went over there in 1848, and at that time the police, as now, were in quest of Stephens. So, when he got to the South of Ireland, the authorities seized him and locked him up. To satisfy them, he named several noblemen and gentlemen to whom he was known, and begged them to communicate with them, but each name that he gave had not the ring of loyalty which would satisfy the police. He asked them to write to Archbishop McHale, but 'John of Tuam' was not the kind of reference which would then go down, and so his admission that he had been in correspondence with the dignitary rather weighed against his release. At last he begged them to write to the Lord Lieutenant; and the constables, glad of an excuse for showing their zeal in Dublin Castle, sent off a despatch. A note by return of post from Lord Clarendon, testifying to the loyalty of the accused, enabled Mr. Delane to leave the police barracks after two days' confinement.

The Galway Express (an Orange sheet) says:—The Government have decided upon increasing the military force in Ireland this winter by 100,000 men of all arms. For some time past they have been quartering troops in various towns throughout the country. Castlebar has got two companies of infantry and one troop of cavalry; but the chief town of the province, Galway, only possesses one red coat—a recruiting sergeant. We must have troops, and a memorial to Government through the Marquis of Glaircarde should be sent. We think it would have formed a much more profitable subject of discussion than the advisability of bestowing a watchman's 'cast off' suit upon the town crier.

The following is a copy of the summons and plaint which has been served on the Lord Lieutenant, the Under Secretary, and Mr. Stronge, the police magistrate. His Excellency accepted service through his private secretary:—

SUMMONS AND PLAINT—COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH. Thomas Clarke Luby, of Parliament street, in the city of Dublin, proprietor of the Irish People newspaper, plaintiff. His Excellency John Woodhouse, Baron Woodhouse, Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland, of Dublin Castle, in the county of the city of Dublin, defendant.

Victoris, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, defender of the faith, and so forth, to the said John Woodhouse, Baron Woodhouse, greeting: John Woodhouse, Baron Woodhouse, the defendant, is summoned to answer the complaint of Thomas Clark Luby, who complains that the defendant broke and entered the house of the plaintiff, situate at No. 12, Parliament street, in the city of Dublin, and continued therein without the consent of the plaintiff and against his will, and disturbed the plaintiff in the peaceable possession thereof, and broke open his doors thereof and the locks thereto affixed, and broke open the boxes, chests, and drawers of the plaintiff in the said house, and searched and examined the rooms in the said house, and read over, pyred into, and examined all the private papers and books of the plaintiff therein found, whereby the secret affairs of the plaintiff became wrongfully discovered and made public, and took and carried away manuscripts, printed papers, and pamphlets of the plaintiff.

And the plaintiff also complains that the defendant converted to his own use and wrongfully deprived the plaintiff of the use and possession of the plaintiff's goods—that is to say, the working plant of an operative printer and publisher, types, books of account, ledgers, and papers of the plaintiff.

And the plaintiff also complains that the defendant detained, and still detains, from the plaintiff, the goods and chattels of the plaintiff—that is to say, the working plant of an operative printer and publisher, types, books of account, ledgers, and papers of the plaintiff, to the plaintiff's damage of £1,000, and the plaintiff prays judgment against the said defendant to recover said sum of £1,000 and costs of suit.

Therefore the defendant is hereby required to appear at the said court within 12 days after the service hereof, and answer the said complaint, or in default hereof judgment shall be given according to law.

Witness, the Lord Chief Justice and other Justices of Her Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench at Dublin. Dated Friday, the 27th day of October 1865.

M. O'LOUGHLIN, ISAAC BUTT, JOHN LAWLESS, Attorney for the Plaintiff, No. 5, Upper Ormond-quay, Dublin.

THE ACTIONS AGAINST THE ROYAL BANK.—We are authorized to state that the directors of the Royal Bank of Ireland have intimated to Mr. John Lawless that, on considering the opinion of Messrs. Butt, Q.C.; Sidney, Q.C.; Dowse, Q.C.; and Michl, O'Loughlin, they have come to the conclusion that they would not be justified in any longer withholding the money standing in their books to the credit of Mr. O'Leary, and that they are prepared to honour cheques to the amount of his account.—Evening Mail.

ACTIONS AGAINST DETECTIVE OFFICERS.—Writes of summons and plaint, in every respect similar to those against the Lord Lieutenant and Sir Thomas Lyrcorn, have been served upon Mr. Superintendent Ryan and Acting Inspectors Smollen and Dawson, at the suit of Mr. Thomas Clarke Luby.—Evening Mail.

Last evening writs of summons and plaint were served upon Mr. Copland, as public officer of the Royal Bank, at the suits of Mr. J. Lawless, solicitor, and Mr. John O'Leary one of the Fenian prisoners. The writ in which Mr. Lawless is plaintiff complains that the defendant wrongfully refused to honour a bill of exchange for £500 in favour of O'Leary, and prays judgment for the amount; that in Mr. O'Leary's case damages, laid at £1,000, are prayed for injury to credit resulting from the dishonouring of the bill.—Id.

With reference to the action brought by Mr. O'Leary against the Royal Bank, it appears that he had a sum to his credit there, which the Government alleged was the proceeds of bills remitted from America for reasonable purposes, and with a view to the stopping of such remittances and preventing the money being so applied, the Crown Solicitor requested the bank not to pay it without the direction of the Attorney-General. An application was made by Mr. Lawless, the attorney for Mr. O'Leary, to draw part of the sum deposited for the purpose of his defence, which was at once agreed to, and the money was paid accordingly. The bank having refused to pay any further checks without the authority of the Crown Solicitor, Mr. O'Leary commenced the action which I mentioned yesterday; but his attorney having stated that the balance in the bank was also required for the defence of the prisoners, and that it would be so applied by him, it was at once permitted to be drawn, and so the matter ended.—Dublin Times Cor.

The actions brought against the magistrate and the police will be defended by the Government.—The defence is that nothing was seized in the office of the Irish People except what was necessary to the purposes of the prosecution. It would be a strange doctrine to maintain, that, on an arrest for treason, treasonable papers and other proofs found in the house of the accused party were privileged from capture.—Id.

The Dublin Exhibition was formally closed on the 9th inst.

THE SEARCHING AT QUEENSTOWN.—Whether or not with the object of evading the search to which passengers arriving from America are subjected, at Queenstown, none save vessels having mails to land have called at this port on their homeward voyage, for the past fortnight, but proceeded direct to Liverpool. There is only one search made for 'exciseable commodities,' which is easily passed, and there is nothing to prevent persons having in their possession arms or 'treasonable' documents, to come thence to this country, either by the Holyhead or the Cork steamer, without, according to present arrangements, having to undergo the ordeal of a minute examination. The search, by the way, sometimes becomes extremely ludicrous. It is difficult to say whether a male spectator feels more indignant or amused at beholding a policeman 'feeling a female passenger's back hair done up in the present extraordinary fashion, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it conceals 'arms, ammunition, or documents.' The process is naturally repugnant to the feelings of respectable females, but instances also occur where the 'victim' is a woman of spirit, and makes the searching officer thoroughly ashamed of his work. It will, at the same time, readily suggest itself how inefficient the searching of females by policemen must, in every case, prove as a means of detecting anything occupying a small compass, which may be intentionally concealed. The Edinburgh, of the Inman line, passed the harbour on Sunday evening, on her passage from New York, and proceeded to Liverpool. She had twenty passengers for Queenstown, and these were brought over from Liverpool yesterday, per the outward bound City of Washington.—On landing they underwent the same search as if they had just arrived from America, but, of course, nothing objectionable was found. The National Company's steamer Louisiana was due at Queenstown on Wednesday night, and the constabulary were off, in the tender, to meet the passengers coming ashore. The vessel, however, did not come within hail, but proceeded to Liverpool.—Cork Herald.

The Cork Examiner thus forcibly remonstrates with the dupes of the Fenian delusion:—

One might be curious to know with what feelings three fourths, say four-fifths, of the Fenian prisoners have read, or will read, the grand orations and triumphant doings of the Brotherhood in Philadelphia. In solitary cell, or in sad communing with each other, the majority of the prisoners must receive in bitterness of spirit the glad tidings of freedom wafted across the ocean, and curse in their hearts the mocking phantom of the Irish Republic, with its crowning harp and its glorious sunburst. And even if they should not have as yet awakened from their delusion, and should still rejoice at the progress of 'the cause,' exemplified by bonds, and contributions, enthusiasm, much eloquence, and promises of privateers and invading hosts, we can easily imagine how their legal advisers and advocates estimate the enormous injury which these speeches and other published proceedings in Philadelphia have inflicted on their unhappy clients. We may likewise imagine how the majority of the mothers, wives, and sisters of the men in gaol read or hear of the fine speeches of Head Centres and other great leaders—in which their incarcerated relatives are coolly referred to as 'a few of the advanced skirmishers' who have fallen into the hands of the enemy, and as coolly left to their fate; that fate being rendered more perilous by the blustering nonsense of men whose limbs are free, and who speak and act without responsibility because without fear of personal risk. There may be a few among the relatives of the men now in the grasp of the law who are insensibly blind to the real nature—that is, the utter hopelessness and absurdity—of the Fenian movement, and with them reasoning is altogether thrown away. They, and those who hold their opinions, or share in their delusion, regard remonstrance as the language of cowards or slaves, and they pronounce every man a traitor to his country who will not believe with them—believe against his judgment, his reason, the evidences of his senses—that the 'Brethren' at home, aided by the Brethren abroad, are to wrest Ireland from the power of England, and establish an independent republic by the side of one of the oldest and most powerful monarchies of Europe. These are people who despise reasoning, and who only see and hear and believe according as their delusion prompts. But we still venture to think the majority of the poor fellows in gaol and their relatives are now of opinion that the whole thing is a sham, a bitter and terrible sham, although the Head Centre and the grand officials at the other side of the Atlantic talk so hopefully of their prospects, rely so confidently on their resources, and deal so contemptuously with the power to which they are opposed. The Confederates had fleets, armies, generals, resources, enthusiasm, unity, and had likewise the sympathies of Europe; but they were defeated, crushed, and to a certain extent with the aid of the very men who are now endeavoring to excite an unarmed people—a people much divided, too—to wage a war of life and death with a country of four times the population of the country which is so divided, and of a hundred times the resources, in money and materials, of the country which is comparatively without either? They (the American Fenian leaders)—we speak of their military leaders—have helped to crush a Secession to which eight millions of a brave race, animated by the most extraordinary enthusiasm, were pledged; they saw it crushed—nay, they still hear the clamour for the captive Confederate President, and yet they call on an unarmed people to rise in rebellion against a Power greater than that which has trampled upon the very ashes of Southern Secession. Were not the consequences of the delusion serious, and even calamitous, one could laugh at the misrepresentations by which innocent people are fleeced of their money, and at the promises of aid and assistance by which the people of this country are excited to idle hopes and mischievous organizations. But the whole thing is too sad, too solemn, too terrible for mockery; and reasoning must be addressed to those who are so liable to receive as truth that which is spoken in the name of the country of their strange affections. We have done our part hitherto, and, with God's help, will still continue to do it, in the attempt to counteract the appeals and promises of those who, we charitably suppose, are utterly ignorant of the state of things in Ireland, and who rely implicitly on the communications of people at home who must be either enthusiasts or knaves, egregious dupes or deliberate traitors.

The following sketch of a Senator of the 'Irish Republic' is given by the editor of the Ulster Observer. It will, perhaps, be recognized as the likeness of an old acquaintance by some persons in England as well as in Ireland. The 'Senator' in question is Mr. Stephen Joseph Meany; and who is he? He was a rebel in 1848. He was one of the fortunate few who enjoyed an easy and luxurious confinement, which gave them, ever afterwards, a sort of relish for arrests and a longing for the inside of Her Majesty's prisons. He made his terms with the Government, and was released, wearing all the honors of martyrdom without any of the traces of its sufferings. If we mistake not, Belfast was the scene of his first operations in his new character of renegade rebel, and there is many a doleful creditor who tells to the present day how he was duped out of his money and goods by the plausible patriot who recited the fiction of his miseries in Richmond gaol. He was employed as reporter on the Belfast Whig, and soon disqualifed himself by his misconduct for any position in that or any other respectable establishment. His career after he left Belfast was a continuation of the swindles which he perpetrated here, and which are too notorious to need recapitulation. He tricked his creditors, deserted his wife, abandoned his children, and fell to the lowest depths of degradation. He was in the poorhouse, came out of it, and at last had his course of villany (for there is no other word for it) out short by being arrested for frauds committed in the London Exhibition. He

was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor. On the expiration of this term of confinement, the priors of Liverpool made up a subscription and sent him out of the country. He went to America, and 'now the first tidings we hear of him is that he is the friend and ally of the Head Centre of the Fenians—one of the Privy Council of the new Irish Republic, and a member of the Senate whose number is confined to 15 of the most distinguished Irish patriots in the States. Comment on this would be superfluous.'

REMAND OF A BANTRY PRISONER.—Patrick Carey, who was arrested some time since, charged with complicity in the Fenian movement, was brought up on remand on Thursday, Oct. 26, at Bantry, before Mr. Payne, one of the local magistrates, and was further remanded for any period not exceeding eight days. Mr. Everett, the prisoner's solicitor, was in attendance, and was informed by the presiding magistrate that he had forwarded his client's case to the authorities at Dublin Castle for their opinion, on the receipt of which the prisoner would again be brought forward for trial.—Cork Herald.

ARREST OF DONAVAN AT BLACKROCK.—On Monday night, 30th ult., a man respectably attired, and who presented the appearance of an American, was brought in custody to O'Hanery-lane Station House, where he was charged by Acting Inspector Rice and Acting Sergeant Magee, of the G Division, with having unlawfully presented a five chamber Colt's revolving pistol at Mr. Lynch, of Blackrock, at the public house, 12 Orampton court. He was also charged with the unlawful possession of the revolver pistol. On being asked his name, he gave the convenient one of 'John Smith,' and refused to give his address. A memorandum book and documents were found with him, which are now in the hands of the detectives. On investigation, the prisoner was remanded.

The Evening Mail has the following with reference to the Special Commission:—

'The Special Commission for the trial of the Fenian prisoners were this morning signed by Mr. Ralph S. Guesak, Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper, and issued in due form. The 12 Judges and the three sergeants are named in the Commissions, but special warrants have been directed to Mr. Justice Keogh and Mr. Justice Fitzgerald. The Judges acting under the Special Commission have reserved to them the power of adjournment to Cork if they think it desirable on the score of convenience; but at present, so far as the arrangements have progressed, the intention is to try all the accused parties in Dublin, as members of the one confederacy, having its central point at the office of the Irish People newspaper. In order that no inconvenience may result from want of preparation, the requisite precepts for a Special Commission for the county and city of Cork were this day signed, and will be forwarded to the Sheriff by to-night's post. The commission will be opened in Dublin on the 27th inst., and the Cork prisoners had been notified to be prepared to take their trials on or about the same date.'

The Corporation of Dublin have unanimously passed a resolution, expressive of the desire of the Council to join in the general sentiment of respect and regret which, apart from all political considerations, has been called forth by the demise of the late Lord Palmerston, and to convey to Lady Palmerston the expression of their sympathy and condolence in the bereavement she has sustained. This is a very becoming resolution, and very different, indeed, from the most improper resolution which the Orange Quaker Lord Mayor thought to carry last week by a coup, and which the Morning Star, by a strange misconception, confounds with the resolution that has been unanimously adopted, but to which our contemporaries erroneously states that some Catholic members of the Council were opposed. As the Catholics are a large majority in the Council, it is superfluous to observe that any resolution to which they were opposed could not be carried.—Weekly Register.

THE ORANGE INSTITUTION AND THE FENIAN MOVEMENT.—The Earl of Enniskillen has issued the following address to the Orangemen of Ireland:—

My Brethren,—A few words of council and warning at the present time seem imperatively required. The revelations of the last few weeks have furnished startling proof of the fundamental importance of our principles and the value of our organization. A monstrous conspiracy, pervading the entire country, and having for its object the massacre of the Protestant and loyal inhabitants of Ireland, has been brought to light.

The Orangemen of Ireland have been long convinced that the elements of such a conspiracy existed in their midst; and our loyal defensive association, originating in a time of rebellion, has continued in existence from a deep rooted conviction (which various occasions have justified) that such a plot was possible and probable when opportunity offered. Many localities will be indebted for their feeling of security chiefly to the existence of the Orange Institution.

The perfection of our organization gives us the means of rendering service of incalculable importance to our country at this time; use those means advisedly, extend our organization, and observe in all respects a rigorous compliance with the laws; exercise the utmost vigilance in suspected localities. You have ample means of detection. Let it be felt that your conduct at this critical time is such as to manifest and justify the necessity of our institution. Show yourselves sober, wise, resolute, watchful; augment your numbers. You may expect that many who have hitherto misunderstood and disregarded us will be now disposed to co-operate and unite with us. An association such as ours, composed of men of unquestionable energy and fidelity to all that Christian men should hold sacred and dear, spread far and wide through the land, can scarcely be contemplated with any feelings but those of thankfulness for its existence by the great mass of Protestants in the Empire.

The sacred defence under God for our country, not only at the present crisis, but in time of similar dangers in future, will be found in the universal extension of and adherence to those principles handed down to us from our forefathers, and which the Orange Institution has ever maintained. We believe that 'God is on our side, and therefore we will not fear.'—Your faithful and loving brother, ENNISKILLEN, G. M.

Florence Court, 23d October, 1865.

ORANGE OUTRAGE NEAR LURGAN.—An act which has caused considerable commotion in this neighborhood was perpetrated on Sunday last by the Orangemen. The Rev. Mr. Morgan, P.P., usually celebrates Mass in the Cross chapel, a remote building, which he has to reach by passing through a place called the Blue-Stone-lantern. Here the Orangemen erected a stone wall on Sunday last so as to effectually bar the priest's passage to the chapel.—Fortunately, it was the Rev. Mr. Burns who officiated in the Cross chapel on Sunday, and he went to it by a different road. The Orangemen were thus balked of their sport, which, it is generally believed, was not intended to stop at the mere obstruction, as they flung stones, a week before, at the Rev. Mr. Morgan in the same place. The event has caused considerable excitement, as the Rev. Mr. Morgan is a most respectable clergyman, highly popular with all classes, and held in the greatest esteem by the respectable Protestants of the town and neighborhood. Ulster Observer.

ANOTHER ORANGE OUTRAGE.—On the evening of Wednesday last Mrs. Kane, of Randalstown, wife of Mr. John Kane, merchant, was proceeding to visit her mother, who was dying, at Cranfield, about two miles distant, when she was attacked on the road by a party of Orangemen, who threw stones at her from behind the hedge. She was severely injured. This is a case of unparalleled cowardice, but not at all inconsistent with the spirit which pervades Orangism, and which urges its votaries to seek their victims amongst defenceless women and children.—Id.