

—eh? he inquired, abruptly, after a pause of more than a minute.
'No; a grant from the old queen,' replied Garrett, shaking his head gloomily.
'Then a act of settlement does not touch it—'
—'Oh! unucky,' muttered Talbot, with the vehemence of disappointment. He is summoned before the privy council, he resumed, after another brief pause.
'Yes; I delivered the summons myself,' replied Garrett.
'And the warrant, too?' continued Talbot.
'Yes; both at the same time,' continued his companion.

'More bungling!—more botching,' said Talbot, bitterly. 'What good in having him before the council, with an indictment over his head;—why, he'll not cut his own throat. What in the devil's name, can you hope to make of him?—Bah! one of your cow-boys would have made a better job of it.'
'Well, sir,' said Garrett, drawing himself up indignantly, 'am I to understand that you give the matter up? If so, speak out, and there's an end of it.'

Talbot remained silent and thoughtful; at length he arose and walked to the window, where he paused for a time, looking forth into the utter darkness with an aspect almost as black. Miles Garrett, doubtful of the effects of his sudden show of independence, watched his movements from the corner of his eye, with a covered glance of intense and absorbing interest, which became more uneasy in proportion as the silence was protracted; at length he said—
'I don't know what your secret reasons for despairing of success may be, but, looking at the case itself, and no further, I think there is, on the contrary, every cause for confidence. Sir Hugh Willoughby, like the rest of his relations, is, in heart, a rebel and nothing better; every-body knows it, though few may have it in their power to prove it. A jury of loyal men will, therefore, be little disposed to let him ride off upon a legal croquet, a loyal judge will be little disposed to—'

'Tut, tut, man, I know all that,' interrupted Talbot, turning abruptly, and walking again to the table, at which Miles Garrett continued to sit; 'a conviction, I dare say, may be had; the question is, will the king's advisers, for reasons of state policy, recommend the Crown to abandon this prosecution—that is the question.'

'What are those papers beside you?' he resumed, abruptly, after a pause.
'Some notes, hastily thrown together,' said Garrett, 'which may help to guide those who shall examine him at council, as well as to determine whether this is not a case demanding a prosecution.'

As he spoke, he handed the papers to his companion, who glanced through their contents, and, having occupied some minutes in this employment, he observed—
'You have drawn this statement well enough; I'll take it with me.'

'And—and you remember,' said Garrett, hesitatingly.
He stopped, however, ere he concluded the sentence; and, taking the candle, he looked jealously out upon the ante-chamber once more, then cautiously closing the door, he came back, and seated himself, and, leaning forward, so as to make himself distinctly heard without raising his voice above a whisper, he continued with a shrewd and anxious look—
'You remember, I presume, the terms on which we act together in this business?'

'Remember! yes, of course, distinctly. Why, you don't suppose I have lost your undertaking, and the parchment? Of course, I remember,' replied Talbot, sternly.
'You also recollect,' continued Garrett, averting his eyes, and speaking in the same cautious whisper, 'the precise relation in which I happen to stand with regard to his Excellency, your brother, you remember the—the peculiar circumstances—'

'Yes, well,' said Talbot, with contemptuous emphasis; and, then he added, in a careless tone, 'leave all that to me, Mr. Garrett; I know and remember all the circumstances well, and shall turn my knowledge to account; leave that to me.'

'Where may I see you to-morrow?' asked Garrett.
'I shall make no appointment now; in the morning you shall hear from me; we have been too long together in this place already. Rest content, I shall urge the matter this night;—take the candle, if you please and lead the way.'

With this unceremonious direction, he pressed his broad-leaved hat again over his brows, readjusted his cloak as before, and followed his gaunt companion through the dreary succession of chambers and passages, which we have already traced in their company, and so in grim silence down the broad darksome stair-case, with its ponderous balustrades of worn-eaten timber.

(Chapter XXI to be continued.)

PASTORAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.
The following letter, from his Grace the Archbishop to the Clergy of Dublin, was read on Sunday in the churches:—
DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN—The filial attachment which our country has ever displayed towards the See of Peter is a matter of just pride to every Irish Catholic. Sent by the Roman Pontiff St. Celestine, our glorious apostle, St. Patrick, kindled throughout our island the sacred fire of true faith, and bore the glad tidings of salvation to our forefathers, then sitting in darkness and the shades of death. In succeeding ages, throughout the whole golden era of our Church, the eyes of our faithful people were ever turned towards Rome, the centre of spiritual authority, the chosen seat of the graces and blessings of God. As children to their parent (to use the words of St. Cyprian), so did the Catholics of Ireland recur to the successor of St. Peter in every difficulty and every trial, in order that disunion might be healed, and menacing clouds of error be dispelled from our shores. When preparing for that mission which re-awakened France, Germany, and the northern provinces of Italy to the fervour of Christian faith, it was from Rome that St. Columbanus sought for instruction and authority. Thither hastened St. Kilian and countless other priests of our island, to receive that apostolate, which gained new nations to Christ, and spread the fame of Ireland for learning and sanctity through all the nations of Christendom. It was at the same source of Christian life that St. Malachy, and our own glorious

Patron, St. Lawrence O'Toole, sought comfort in their troubles; and a remedy for those disorders which the Spirit of Evil then sought to impart into our Church; and when the days of trial and persecution ensued, Ireland was not less faithful to her spiritual guide, whilst Rome became the refuge and sanctuary of the exiled children of Ireland; and to this inviolable attachment of our people to the rock of faith it is due that whilst our island was laid waste and plundered of all its wealth, and its noble institutions were reduced to ruins, the hand of the despoiler could never rob us of the priceless treasure of our faith. Every virtue of heaven continued to adorn our island, and we could ever reply to those who, boasting in their riches, would revile us in our poverty. 'They have called the people happy who hath these things; but happy is the people whose God is the Lord' (Ps. 143).

Impelled by these reflections, when some months ago storms had gathered round the temporal sovereignty of our beloved Father, Pius IX., the whole Nation, in a series of public meetings, unparalleled, perhaps, in the history of any country, raised her voice to defend the rights and sympathise in the trials, of the venerated Vicar of Jesus Christ. At the same time the offerings of our faithful won for them the applause of the Catholic world, and Ireland was admitted by universal consent to have been the first and foremost among the nations that rallied round the menaced throne of the Roman Pontiff. The prowess of her sons on the battle-field of Italy crowned the efforts of our island, and proved that the honor and interests of the Chair of St. Peter are interwoven with the dearest affections of our Catholic people.

Deeply, then, must you, dearly beloved, have been afflicted and sorely pained by the insults offered to the Government of our Holy Father within the last few days by a distinguished nobleman, just welcomed to our shores. Were the words attributed to him the out-pouring of the deluded votaries of Exeter Hall, we would have pitied their credulity, and treated them with contempt; but that a nobleman, long honored for his writings his eloquence, and his liberality should allow himself to be so hurried away by the current of bigotry, and permit his judgment to be so biased by the infidel press of Europe, as to join in that revolutionary outcry, which threatens destruction to the whole social fabric, was an outrage on our feelings and an insult to our Catholic Nation, which ought not to be passed over in silence. We hope that before the Association for the Promotion of Social Science shall have brought its labours to a close, these words of insult shall be withdrawn, and due reparation made for so unmerited an attack.

Were it merely the desire of the President of that association to find some contrast with his general picture, of prosperity and progress, he could surely have had no difficulty in discovering one much nearer home; he could find a Nation as blessed by nature as any other under the sun, and which, without being desolated by war, or pestilence, or famine, was, nevertheless, in ten years diminished in its population by nearly a million of souls—a Nation whose poor are imprisoned in our workhouses, and treated far worse than the convicts in our jails—a Nation whose Church Establishment presents an anomaly never before witnessed in any civilized country, and to whose people is yet denied that education, founded on true religious principles, which every other Government of Europe has granted to its subjects. It was not necessary to seek in the lying correspondence from Turin and Naples the picture of any country to which justice was refused; and far wiser than the unwarranted denunciations against the Government of Rome would have been some effort to undeceive our legislators and awaken the attention to the harshness with which our poor are treated, and that crying iniquity by which our Catholic people are compelled, each year, to pay £600,000 to the ministers of a Church whose mission they cannot recognize and whose teachings they reject.

With the Roman Government, everything that a wise and parental rule could effect for the welfare and happiness of its people, was sure to be the cherished object of its care; and it is preposterous to accuse it of want of energy in its administration, whilst the infidel incendiaries of Europe were leagued together, impeding its action and marring its beneficent designs. Yes, beloved brethren, the difficulties and dangers which last year beset our Holy Father yet continue unabated. The fairest provinces of his dominions have been wrested from him, and every art and intrigue is employed to impede him in the administration of the provinces that yet remain. The heretic, the infidel, the enemy of all society, are leagued in encompassing his destruction. It is hence our duty not to relax our efforts in sustaining him in that temporal authority, which is so necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power. The Association of the Peter's Pence has been already founded in many places. We are now desirous to inaugurate it in this diocese, and a committee will be appointed, to meet on Tuesday, in Marlborough street, to organize that association, and to receive the offerings that may be made for that purpose.

We exhort you, above all, beloved brethren, to have recourse to prayer to the Bestower of all good gifts. It is especially by prayer that we may combat the power of darkness. In times of peril and persecution it has ever been the recourse of the children of God. Let all our hopes be centered in it, and we may rest assured that the Holy Father, through the mercy of God, and by the intercession of the Holy Virgin whose festival we are celebrating will triumph over all the enemies that now assail him, and that peace and calm will be restored to the Church.

The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all, brethren.

† PAUL CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin, August 17, 1861.

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL. TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NAPOLEON THE THIRD. Rome, Oneida County, North America, July 30, 1861.

Question—What is the Church? Answer—The Congregation of all the Faithful, who being baptized; profess the same doctrine; partake of the same Sacraments and Sacrifice; and are governed by their lawful Pastors, under one visible head on earth. IMPERIAL SIRE—The words I have just adduced were "the definition" of the Church from the beginning of Christianity. The fact of one sun in the skies; the fact of the universality of the seasons were not admitted with a more cogent testimony, by the followers of the New Law, than the clauses, setting forth and bounding this one, this universal Institution. All the Monarchs of the old world, with few exceptions, were converted in the early ages to this spiritual jurisdiction; and the throne of your Royal Predecessor, Charlemagne, was built and mislaid on the foundation of this Ecclesiastical legislation.

I am not going to argue Theology or to discuss Church-History with your Majesty; nor have I the presumption to continue an Epistolary Correspondence with the Emperor of France. No, sire, I fancy that I have a more just conception of your lofty position; and I hope I understand my own humble place too well, to be guilty of an unbecoming familiarity in your regard, and of a preposterous assumption in my own. No, Sire, I cannot forget myself, no more than I can be unconscious of your character and crown. But from my long correspondence with the European Continent, I am in possession of documents in reference to England, which documents cannot be too often or too widely circulated. And hence, before I shall close my letters to you, I am anxious to place before you the intrigues of Great Britain in several Catholic Countries; and to demonstrate to you, that long before your Royal pretensions were even thought of; long before the ex-

clusion of King Louis Philippe, English statesmen had created, and contemplated revolutionary parties in Vienna, in Naples, in Madrid, in Rome, and elsewhere; Sire, in Paris itself. These combined secret clubs were united in order to revolutionize these various countries, to overturn or to weaken the Catholic God; and, lastly, to place a Prince of the House of Coburg on the various thrones, which, like Belgium or Portugal, might become vacant, through British perfidy, or by infidel Revolution.

Some of these schemes of the various English cabinets, I shall compendiously present to your consideration; and although it is very difficult to overcome my determination to discontinue forthwith a prolonged correspondence with the French Emperor, yet I shall in the present instance yield to the higher, and more powerful motives. And, therefore, I shall presume to write three letters to your Majesty: the first shall be on the character of England at home; the second shall be devoted to the conduct of England abroad; the third shall be a becoming remonstrance to Napoleon the Third, for joining the Executioners of his uncle; and I shall further inquire how the adventurous grandson of a humble Catholic Lawyer (himself reared a professing Catholic) could make common cause with an excommunicated robber to oppress the Holy Father, to dishonour the Church, to wound Christianity, and to plunge the spear of Charlemagne into the heart of Christ. Remember, Sire, that though very humble, I shall make millions further acquainted with your ingratitude and your crime; and shall make men feel that the old Pope, whose days are nearly two thousand years shall live on from age to age; shall grow vigorous with time; shall look fresh when the mountains are grey; and shall govern the world in faith and in power; when the barren stock of the proverbially childless family of the Buonapartes shall rot in forgotten or hated ruin.

Your Majesty knows from the Definition placed at the head of this letter that the Pope; the consecrated Hierarchy; the ordained Clergy; the revealed mysteries; and all other Religious facts, taught by them, constitute the official Establishment of the New Law; to which when we add all congregations, professing the one divine faith and practising the same prescribed duties, we have then before us, in practical activity, the Society called "the Catholic Church." Through the past ages of Christianity we have had several varieties of hostile-innovations in faith and in practice. The Arians and the Greek Schismatics spread themselves widely over the domain of the fold; but were removed and expelled by the old shepherd, when fairly examined and early clearly convicted. In fact, these and other early innovations had reference to dogmas wholly or half denied; to new opinions half expressed. When the Greeks did elect a local and, if I may so speak, a clerical national Pope; and they left the official Bishops and the official clergy in the discharge of their usual official duties, their novelties were, as it were, but few. The breach was not so wide but it could be easily amended. Their quasi Pope could be replaced by the true successor without much difficulty; their mistake in doctrine could be retraced by them, without great humiliation; and the Greek could be easily received by the Latin, forgiven and reinstated.

But the English innovation, the British heresy, threw down at once the whole fabric. The Monarch became the Pope, the head of the new society; he appointed mock bishops and mock clergy; he expelled from the old doctrines those parts which plainly condemned this unchristian conduct; and he explained, as allegories, parables, and metaphors, all those other passages which went to maintain the ancient faith. The new sham bishops were, of course, not consecrated; nor of course were the clergy ordained. The writers at the court of Elizabeth used to jibe the Catholic Prelates by saying and publishing that the Royal Bishops were neither "ORND OR GRASSED" like the Popish hierarchy; but "that they came back appointed to their office by the "clear stamp of the Royal nomination." A large volume called "Anglican Consecration;" and a small book of historical references on the same subject, from the pen of an American Catholic Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick, will be, before your Majesty, my voucher and my argument on this most important point of my letter. All the old consecrated or ordained officers were removed at one stroke: men who abducting other men's wives became Bishops; persons who had forced nuns from their convents were appointed priests; and in order to give sublimity to vice, and indeed for the fun of the thing, a woman was made Pope! It was a singular sight indeed to see a successor of St. Peter in petticoats! Religion must have wept, and Hell must have laughed outright; to behold Queen Elizabeth, the daughter of Anna Bullen, one of the beheaded mistresses of Henry VIII. with the mock keys of Heaven in her hand! It was a more thrilling public insanity than when the French infidels of the first revolution placed a young woman on a pedestal to adore her as the Goddess of Reason; and afterwards worshipped, in derision of Christianity, a stone female statue in the same position.

Scarcely a stone of the new Church was preserved to form the new English conventicle; the new thing became truly a new building. But they gave the spiritual architecture the same external shape. They made a fictitious Pope, viz., the King or Queen of the country; they had false Bishops and false clergy; they had a mock faith made up of the Apostles' Creed, and of the decisions of the English Privy Council! The only remnant of the old Church which they preserved was the mutilated Scriptures which they presented to the public to cajole the ignorant and to deceive the unwary. As well might Sir Hudson Lowe, the scallion of St. Helena, present one of your uncle's boots (real of course), and call it Napoleon Bonaparte and the French army, as for Oranger and Somerset to exhibit an imperfect volume, and call it by the definition of the head of my letter, Sire, the face of the English Church is, at this point perfect: a blasphemous device, a palpable mockery of God. It is substituting an English Biblical religion in place of the faith of the Apostles; it is being made holy by act of Parliament; it is to be justified against the will of God; it is clearly a mad, wicked invention of stark-naked infidelity. If we did not see the invention in practical working, we never could be made to believe that men could appoint a woman to be a Pope; that characters of known immorality could be the apostles of sanctity; that the enemies of God could be the Ministers of His will; and that a remnant of the Scriptures could become a Church, such as was defined by all antiquity. If this definition was, heretofore, correct, it follows that the present English system of religion is an atrocious iniquity, an incurable burlesque of Revelation, practised on the credulity of mankind.

As the old faithful Church of Ireland resisted the blasphemy, the English Pope (Queen Elizabeth) banished and killed, during her reign, from 1558 to 1603, nine hundred of the Irish clergy; and she expelled and put to death seventy thousand of our sainted fathers! She seized our abbey lands, threw down our ancient churches, and the graves of our martyred ancestors are buried under their crumbled ruins. We were guilty of no crime; we asked nothing but our ancient faith, and our national liberties. We begged no favor but liberty of conscience: we demanded no privileges except to leave us our homes, the cross, and our lives. They answered our petitions, our cries, by the sword. The left us nothing but the graves of our fathers. They wrote on their banners, words of the same import, as the threat of Mahomet, "Ransom, conversion, or death." We retreated to the fortresses of our mountains; we lived among rocks. Only a wretched fragment escaped the slaughter. These were only saved to cultivate the soil. We prayed to God for patience; and we cried to Heaven for redress. For one whole century we bled under the axe of the executioner. Woes and lamentation filled our valleys; the heart of Ireland was pierced, but we clung to our ancient faith.

New deaths in the English books—they presented death by a scientific torture, with invented agonies. Priests were taken back to back, and thrown down steep rocks: Bishops were strangled, and hung up as targets for infantry ball-practice. The rack, the triangle, the scavenger, were instruments of pain to render the agonies of death one hundred fold more terrible. There was more blood spilled in the first establishment of this English fraud, than has been shed in any country of Europe, in the passage and victory of the most hostile sanguinary army. Ovens in rocks, deserted pits and cuts in valleys are still pointed out to the rising generation as the melancholy spots where the trembling Irish lay concealed from their murderous pursuers in these days of terror. The plunder of our lands, the robbery of our altars, the assassination of our kindred are the historic facts that have preceded and accompanied the Lutheran gospel in Ireland; and the forcible assaults on our women; the murder of our virgins (as at Wexford); the perjuries of their mock trials leave nothing wanted to render this English mockery of God to be the most factitious, profligate, cruel, sanguinary aggregate of crime that perhaps has ever been enacted in any country at any period of ancient or modern history. Although I am myself an accurate professional historian, I beg, in addition to my own testimony, that your Majesty will consult on this subject two works—namely, "Cobbett's English Reformation;" and "Walsh's compendium on the missionaries and martyrs of Ireland."

Sire, here at my cold desk, my mind cannot have the just sentiment of burning rage; nor can my heart entertain the expected feeling of unassuageable woe at this merciless death of my countrymen. In order to place myself in a congruous position and temper, to treat fully this rending subject, I should go to an Irish churchyard; and I should go at night by the mournful light of the waning moon; and there, sitting alone on the crimsoned graves of my martyred ancestors, I believe I could acquire an inspiration, not only to tell you my own legitimate anger, but to make you comprehend the undying hatred of the past, the present, and the unborn generations of all Ireland against these laws of forgery on God, and of the butchery of my country. It is from the dark cold grave like the flash from the lowering cloud, that the sudden involuntary fire must issue to warm and ignite the national revenge. In our distress we often fancied that our cries for relief would reach the ear of France; and that the Gallic heart would be moved in some way to mitigate our sufferings. We hoped that the sons of Saint Louis would pity the children of St. Patrick, and save us from the offspring of Calvin—but alas! we cried in vain. We had no friend on the European Continent to arrest the English sword, to staunch our blood, to heal our wounds. And our penal laws not permitting us to write ourselves, England had, therefore, no exposure to dread from Europe, while she wore the vizor of an assassin rioting in impassable cruelties to Ireland. I am only glancing, sire, at the general terrors. How could I compress in a few sheets, the agonies, the death of thousands, the tears, the despair of the survivors? How could I describe the executioners that killed our fathers, their red swords, their cruelty to the dead, their vengeance on the living? All our lands seized, the church levelled, our kindred beheaded, our women hiding among the tombs, the survivors hunted like wild beasts, and the whole nation trodden down under the feet of a savage, lawless, brutal soldiery! Sire, I am only glancing at the salient points of our national sorrows.

There is an important item of policy in later days in reference to the connexion of England with Ireland, which policy should be made known to your Majesty. Within the last half-century England has passed laws in favour of equality with Ireland. These laws are called by the Irish "parchment laws," but still the same political exclusion, the same penal code are, in many instances, felt in the administration of the law, with the same venomous malice as in the worst days of Elizabeth. You have, no doubt, heard of this relaxation of Ireland's woes called emancipation. The instruments of torture are now changed, but the persecution is the same. We are now hanged by a silken rope. Bigotry has seized the House of Commons, and their laws are framed to degrade Catholicity. Again, the Protestant landlords hold almost all Ireland in fee, and hence they can expel the tenantry at their pleasure. And the Protestant Church, between money and lands, commands one million sterling of Irish revenue. These garrisons of offence like masked batteries are built and arranged for the subjugation of our faith, and for the extinction of our people. Of course in such an unequal conflict the poor Irish have lost their liberties, their lands, their houses; but, faithful fellows, they have preserved their faith. These many years the whole power of England is concentrated to Protestantize Ireland; yet the noble Irish have vanquished the combination. There never was in Europe such a terrific struggle, such a violent tempest; yet the glorious Irish have conquered.—Their bullets could not reach the soul; we stooped our heads to let the hurricane pass; and the living have not lost one man by dishonor, cowardice, or infidelity. I cannot describe to you, Sire, the ceaseless treachery of the English, or the unflinching courage of the Irish. Our enemies are reducing our numbers by famine and emigration; but few have deserted our ranks as traitors. The world is deceived by England; she advocates freedom abroad, but practises tyranny at home. She complains of the dungeons of Naples, yet opens graves for Ireland. She condemns the Pope for lawfully taking one Jewish boy, Moratara, from his father, while she banishes from home tens of thousands of the Irish for rejecting Protestant gold to corrupt their faith. Ireland is thus oppressed, persecuted, and unhappy: and Ireland hopes against hope for some event in the way of Providence to check the domination of her rulers, and to give justice and peace to her people.

Sire, hear me. We ask no pity from you. We petition you for no assistance. These requests would be against our feelings, our laws. Besides, we could not believe the word of Napoleon the Third. But hear me, while I tell you that the bitterest pang in the sorrows of Ireland is, when England publishes our freedom while we are laden with chains; to tell us freedom; to extol the extended system of National Education, while they insist (like the former college de France) on forcing a wolf into our fold; to boast in public meetings of our prosperity, while we are dying of hunger; and to parade the equality of Ireland with England, while millions cry out from the famine graves, from the poorhouses, from the emigrant ships, that neither Attila nor Mahomed have killed more millions in Spain or Barbary than the English Cabinets have destroyed during the last twenty years in Ireland. Sire, let no British sophism, no diplomatic perfidy, stand between your judgment, and the figures of arithmetic which I have adduced in reference to the violent extinction of the Irish. Hold the imperishable fact of history in your mind: refer to the unanswerable argument of the countless Irish dead; and ask, if England be just, if there be equality in her laws, how could tens of thousands of the Irish die of famine, while twenty-four million sterling filled the English treasury; and how could two millions of souls be forcibly, cruelly removed from the population within twenty years? And if anything could add to the scalding persecution and injustice of the Irish survivors, it is the almost incredible fact, namely, that they are compelled to pay tithes to the descendants of the men who beheaded their fathers; to support a counterpart society, called a church, which robbed our ancestors of the entire soil of Ireland; and to pay a large annual sum for the propagation of a doctrine which the most learned among themselves believe to be a public blasphemous lie.

I own, before God and man, I believe, and I swear on my knees, that England has made the material and the domestic, the mental condition (all and sundry) of the Catholic labouring and cottier peasantry of Ireland, far, far, and away, incomparably worse, and more crushing, more degrading, more self-debasing in its present policy, than the condition of the Negro slave-population of the Republic. The late Secretary of War of this country, General Floyd, in a masterly letter, which he has written in the commencement of the present year, has called the attention of America to their own tyranny and tyranny of England, namely, publishing abroad over all the world, her toleration, her justice, her constitutional equality, while at home, her persecution of the Catholics of her nation; her bigotry, her penal laws, render the condition of the poor of Ireland, infinitely worse than the position of the slaves of North America.

Sire, when I shall have placed before your Majesty the whole Church of England at home and abroad; and when I shall add to this statement the conduct of Victor Emmanuel in Sardinia and Italy, I do believe that your being an accomplice in this English and Sardinian combination renders your Majesty (under the guise of friendship) the most perfidious enemy of the Catholic Church.

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Queen's visit to Ireland, has, necessarily, created an extraordinary stir in that country. Her Majesty and the Royal party reached Holyhead on the evening of Wednesday, embarked, and, after a four hours' passage across the Channel, arrived at Kingstown before midnight. The entrance into the Irish metropolis was deferred until the next morning, and it was in every sense an ovation—the most demonstrative as regards Royalty which has taken place in the sister country since the landing of Geo. the Fourth, forty years ago. At the Vice-Regal Lodge a grand banquet was given in honour of the Queen's visit, and it is a remarkable circumstance that Dublin, at the present moment, is crowded with English philosophers, men of science and others, attracted by the meeting on the Social Science Congress. The two visits, whether the result of accident or previous arrangement, occurring at the same time have added largely to the interest of the occasion. The Minister in attendance on the Queen is Earl Granville, but the new Irish Secretary, Sir Robt. Peel, is also discharging his official duties in waiting on the Sovereign, and it seems to be a happy introduction to his new duties, for he will participate in a large extent in the joyous greeting extended to the Head of the State. Certainly, the present condition of Ireland contrasts most favourably with the misery which existed in the life time of the Queen's uncle—a misery that rendered the people discontented, and gave rise to almost every imaginable violation of the laws. The crisis through which the country has passed since the famine and pestilence, fourteen years ago, has been severe, but it has been productive of the most beneficial consequences to those who have survived it. The people are now prosperous and happy; the trade of agitation has died out; the old pauper landlords, who pressed upon their tenantry, and wrung, without remorse, the last penny from their famished hands, have been succeeded by a new and vigorous race of landed proprietors, who live on the spot, and bring industry and energy to the discharge of their duties. The change in every essential is almost miraculous and for this change the country is mainly indebted to the Act of Parliament which forced into bankruptcy the owners of land who could not meet their pecuniary engagements, and thus, by causing a change of tenure, infused new blood into districts which previously were dying of inanition. No stronger proof of the change need be cited than the fact that many of the better sort of peasantry and small traders have themselves become owners of the soil, and are doing well. We do, indeed, occasionally hear of evictions, but, as compared with the past they are exceptions to the old rule of Irish misery, and as her Majesty traverses the island from its eastern to its south-western limits, she will find a marked improvement everywhere during the few years that have elapsed since she was last there.—European Times August 24th.

ORANGE DOINGS AND THE EMBLEMS ACT.—As we anticipated, the acquittal of Tate and several of his accomplices at Armagh has resulted in the recent re-appearance of the cloven foot of Orangism in the North. People in general were premature in imagining the evil spirit had been exorcised, partly by the Emblems Act and partly by the lenient treatment which the perpetrators of the sanguinary outrages at Derry-macash had received at the hands of the Crown. The Orange nature, irradicably rancorous, savage, and implacable can only be rendered manageable by rigor and severity. Utterly incapable of generous instincts, it must be lashed into tractability, but cannot be brought to obedience and conformity either by kindness, remonstrance, or persuasion. The Londonderry Journal puts the whole case in a nutshell, when, after describing the flagrant violation of the Emblems Act and partly by the display of flags, firing of cannon, and other Orange demonstrations on the 12th July, it says:—"The Roman Catholics are to be punished with renewed insults for respecting the law, and the Apprentice Boys rewarded with renewed impunity for violating it." As matters stand, the Catholic clergy are the chefs de police, and the authorities whom the country pays for enforcing obedience to the laws look complacently whilst they are defiantly violated. But if the Catholics, whom the Orange peace-disturbers did all they could to provoke to retaliation had attempted to resent the outrages on their feelings and the insults which were so persistently offered to them, these same authorities would probably have stepped in to prevent them from yielding to the provocation, and taking the law into their own hands. Hence the case stands thus: At fixed periods, and on certain days every year, large bodies of her Majesty's subjects in Ireland, openly, premeditatedly, and with malicious prepossession in the streets in certain localities of the country, displaying offensive colors and flags, playing offensive tunes, firing cannon, ringing bells, parading party colors in their dress, their windows, and wherever they are most conspicuous to the eye of the public. It is useless to say that all this is harmless, mere usage, and commemorative of certain events and occasions which Orangemen feel themselves called upon to celebrate at stated periods of the year. It is useless to say this when they know that from beginning to end these orgies are, and are intended to be, most irritating, offensive, and insulting to the whole of the Catholic inhabitants of such localities, and that therefore, they are manifestly as much designed, as they are evidently calculated, to provoke, as they so frequently have provoked, serious breaches of the peace, terminating in loss of life, injury to the person, and destruction of property. All this the Catholics of the North had to endure, year after year, till at length Government framed and the Legislature passed a law for the suppression of these unseemly and fanatic manifestations. But the factorists, who designate themselves loyal subjects of the realm, and who are eternally babbling of their attachment to the throne and their love of the Constitution, show their insolent disloyalty to the former and their contempt of the latter by their laughing the one to scorn and, avowedly, infringing the other. But this is not all: they insist that those whom they are thus determined to insult, and whose political and religious feelings they thus maliciously wound and exasperate shall not even protest against so monstrous a grievance, much less seek to redress it either by an appeal to the law or by any other means. In fact, having so long indulged in these insufferable insults without molestation, they lay claim to impunity as a species of right, and as they persist in the same course now that a Liberal Government, sup-