

sulphurous smoke and eddying sparks; but the howling blast soon sweeps and whirles the mephitic cloud away, and reveals the rapparees, unflinching and ferocious as ever, still driving on their desperate assault; groans and wild shrieks of agony are lost amid the other sounds. A rapid yell of maddened defiance rising from all sides of the beleaguered building, answers the thunder of the cannon, and with fury whetted and courage confirmed, the assailants sustain their as yet fruitless attack, redoubling the echoing shocks which batter at the gate, and momentarily expecting to burst the old oak planking, and to rush pell-mell with all their spears and pikes, and matchlocks, into the devoted fortress, and make short work with the garrison.

While the dreadful din stunning the ear of night, shook the old building to its very foundations, the fair Grace Willoughby, with parted lips and face pale as marble, but lofty mien and kindling eye, looked from the narrow windows of the stove-valved chamber, in which, as the safest in the building, she and the other females of the household had been placed. It commanded no view but of the castle-yard; and as she watched the opposing side, in which the great gate lay, at every thundering shout almost expecting to see the human torrent of destruction burst into the inclosure, she walked from window to window in all the wild but nobly-curbed intensity of excitement and suspense. Behind her moved poor Phebe Tisdal, in silent agony of terror, now wringing her hands, and anon clasping them together, and vainly seeking words to form prayer; while at the further end of the chamber, in unrestrained extravagance of clamorous panic, a group of females wailed and wept with all the wild cadences and frantic gestures of Irish women keening for the dead.

Again, a little apart from them, and still as a waxen mask, might be seen, under the shadow of her red hood, the yellow shrivelled features of the old nurse, who, seated upon a rude arm-chair by the expiring embers of the fire, with closed eyes and trembling fingers, fast and fervently told the beads of her rosary; and thus did arise this chamber sent forth its contingent of noise, its weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, to mingle in the infernal chorus that scared the sober night.

The rapparees had lost not a few of their men, killed by the fire from the castle, whose bodies lay crushed and mangled under the feet of the enraged survivors, and about thirty or forty, besides, more or less wounded, when, disappointed by the obstinacy with which the gate had resisted the formidable force brought to bear upon it, Ryan, whose carbine had been employed as fast as he could load it, in marking every embrasure and loophole in the walls—now, with a savage imprecation, resolved on abandoning this plan of attack, and trying another, which as he believed, could hardly fail of success; sharp and shrilly he whistled again and again; and as the summons reached his followers, the wild hurly-burly subsided, and they retreated like the stormy scud hurrying before the blast, from the castle front.

Ignorant of the cause of this movement, those who occupied the point of attack cheered fiercely as they discharged their pieces upon the rear of the retiring groups, and then shook hands, and almost wept for joy, in the delusive hope that the attack was now finally abandoned in despair, and the danger which had but a moment or two before, so appalling and overwhelmingly menaced them, was indeed safely and triumphantly over-past.

Not a shot had been fired from any side of the castle but one, the immense masses which beset the building on the other aspects lying inactive, excepting in so far as they joined in the fearful war-cry which sounded as though twelve legions of yelling demons hovered in the overhanging air, making every effort vocal with their helish revelry of hate and frenzy. It would seem as though these multitudinous reserves were designed, not for actual attack, but only to prevent the possibility of the escape of a single human being from the desperately defended fortress; and now, in strange and almost awful contrast with the recent stirring tumult, all alike, without and within, sank into hushed and still repose, leaving no sound save the rush of the waters and the melancholy sighing of the wind to fill the listening ear.

The gallant gentlemen and hardy yeomen, reeking from their recent exertions, their haggard faces smeared with powder, and some among them bleeding, half choked with smoke, and holding their hot muskets in their grimed hands, looked forth into the void space so recently occupied by their terrific assailants, lost in wonder as to the cause of their sudden disappearance, and scarcely crediting the evidence of their senses, which assured them that the foe had really withdrawn. Some laughed in their excitement, others almost shed tears, and some lifted up their voices in solemn and fervent thanksgivings; and there were also some who, smarting from their recent hurts, bitterly cursed the "murderous savages," as they wiped away the trickling blood, muttering many a sanguinary and ferocious imprecation, and swearing many a vow of vengeance.

"By my faith," said Percy Neville, answering a vehement tirade of Stepney's, "call them towards and savages if you will, but as far as I may pronounce from my own poor personal experiences, their flesh wounds smart as much as those of the politest and most valorous people upon earth; and thus much to I will aver, that in this skirmish they have borne themselves as prettily as any men need do."

"I fear that we have seen but the beginning of this night's work," said old Sir Hugh, as, leaning upon the muzzle of his piece, he looked anxiously into the increasing darkness, in the vain search of some decisive manifestation to determine the doubtful problem of the enemy's designs. "I would rather than a thousand pounds," he continued, gloomily, "that I had thrown all the corn and hay into the river this morning—but that cannot now be cured; and prayed be Heaven, these walls are strong, and have been proved by fire before; nevertheless, I would fain that this wind went down."

"It blows a fresh breeze," said old Stepney.

"I wish the gentlemen outside would make up their minds at once," said Neville, with a shiver; "it's odds, if they don't, but we shall all take cold. Here stand we all cooling, like new candles in a row, while the barbarians are supping comfortably on old Tisdal. 'T' faith, if they deliberate much longer, I shall, for one, go peaceably to bed—but ha! they are at it again."

"And now—God guard and save us; for what I feared is indeed come at last," echoed Sir Hugh, with despairing vehemence. "Were it not for this accursed storm, I would still fearlessly defy them—but—but—we must not despair."

As the old man thus spoke, several lights, like red meteoric fires, came dancing and running in serpentine and wavy lines up the road, and shedding long streams of sparkles in the blast.

"What, in wonder's name, are these?" whispered the young man, as he watched the strange phenomenon—"squibs—fire-works?"

"No such thing," replied Sir Hugh, sternly, as he rammed home the wadding of his piece—"lighted turfs to fire the corn and hay-stacks—and all the store of turf, and to burn us out if possible."

So saying, the old knight, resting the carbine on the sill of the loophole, fired—and, with a yell they saw the dark form of the foremost runner, roll to the earth, while the lighted coal bounded onward in the blast, till it spent itself along the road in showers of sparks. The moon being now set, the darkness had so increased, that it was impossible any longer to discern the forms of objects, except when very near, so that the will-o'-the-wisp vagaries of these gliding stars alone guided the aim of the marksmen within the castle, and now once more began to peal the same wild war-cry from every side, and the musketry from the walls to flash and clang with sharper echo from without.

"I fear we can scarce stand here much longer," said Percy Neville, for the first time exhibiting something like dismay—"the smoke begins to thicken so, that the place is all but stifling."

Still, however, the shots fell fast, and as he stood by the window and levelled his piece, through the rolling masses of dense white smoke he suddenly staggered backward, exclaiming with an oath, "I'm hit!" at the same moment his right arm dropped powerless by his side, and his weapon falling on the floor, exploded.

"Don't mind me," said the young man, "it's nothing—nothing—it has my unstrung arm for the present, that's all." And so saying, dizzy and faint with pain, he staggered down the steps.

And now the cloud of smoke, white, dense, rolling and eddying in the rushing breeze, and huge enough to hide a mountain—in its mighty folds, came streaked with streams of glittering sparks, flying high and low in its rolling tide. And now again, this awful cloud of smoke that tumbles and whirls till every corner, nook and crevice of the great yard is lost in thickening vapor, begins to glow with a broad hue of deep fierce crimson, now reflected and now fading, anon coming and again lost, and then returning with increasing, wickening, deepening glare; while the air grows hot, and the wild yells of the assailants swells and soars from every side, until it seems as if it were to overreach the devoted structure in one huge dome of ringing and roaring iron. And now it is done; the flame bursts clear, magnificent, appalling—in one vast, surging, living sheet of red, with a sound like the rattle and roar of thunder through the dense shroud of rolling smoke, and over the front wall of the castle, towering high and wide, and spreading and pealing, while hill and wood and sky glare like a furnace in its terrific illumination. Well was it for all within the castle walls, that the buildings most exposed were roofed with vaulted stone, and for the most part floored with the same—else all within must have been speedily destroyed—the iron stanchions of the windows, heated to whiteness in the torrent of flame, bent and warped like bars of wax, and the lead trickled down the old walls in streams like tears along the furrowed cheeks of age.

The whole front of the building was of course abandoned, and those who had manned its towers and embrasures were forced by the scorching glare, to fly for safety to the further side of the yard, and shelter within the buildings, where resolutely they took their stand, resolved, whenever the flames should abate, to dispute the entrance of the marauders, to the death. Meanwhile, between the hostile parties there reared a surging gulf of fire; within was wild panic, or sullen despair—the black and deadly determination of men who feel that their hour is come, and have resolved to sell their lives as dearly as they can. Had there lain a passage through the door which opened at the side, no threats, arguments or entreaty could have prevented the little garrison, though the attempt were the veriest madness and certain destruction—from sallving forth and plunging furiously into the thick of their related enemies—but that door had been secured both on the outside and within by solid masonry, and now there remain for them nothing but the horrors of suspense, the resolution of despair.

Without—what a spectacle—what a wide sea of upturned grinning faces—long elf-looks, bearded chins, wild gleaming eyes—what rushing and pressing, and swaying hither and thither of the dense living mass—what flashing of spears and pike heads, in the broad red effulgence of the towering conflagration.

Pressing among the burning turf, and heedless of the scorching fire, the foremost of the throng caught up the glowing sods, and hurled them through the arching flame over the castle walls, in a thickening hail-storm of fire. Tumbling, bounding, rolling, hopping, these missiles, speeding like rockets through the pitchy air, burst into fragments upon the pavement, scorching and burning the maddened cattle—who, bellowing, butting, rearing, and bolting in blind fury; broke loose from their pens, and gored each other—rushing hither and thither, and adding new horror and confusion to the frantic scene.

(To be continued.)

In some tranquil apparently amiable nature, there are often unsuspected and unfathomable depths of resentment.

M R T U R N B U L L S O A S R

(From the Saturday Review.)

Mr. Turnbull, in bringing his action against the Protestant Alliance, showed the same nervous susceptibility and the same overstrained delicacy of feeling which actuated him in taking that very sentimental but very unwise step—his resignation. He has all along played into the hands of his persecutors. He is just the sort of man whom it is a pleasure for the families of the Holy Brotherhood, not established but dominant in this country, to torture. There is no real enjoyment in an *auto de fe* unless the victim yell and howl soundly. Religious persecution is akin to those extreme and exaggerated aspects of torture which approach to the sublime of cruelty.—It is met with in perfection among cannibals and savages, and sometimes in captains of merchant vessels. Everybody can remember instances when some especially fiendish captain gets hold of a wretched sailor, and tortures him to death by slow degrees. The evidence in such cases usually contains minute particulars of the victim's agonies and entreaties, the only result of which is as a stimulant to the torturer—that is, the torture grows and expands with what it feeds on. And another peculiarity attends these cases. They seem to exercise some horrid fascination over the bystanders. Nobody protests, nobody interferes. Cruelty in its extreme forms is contagious. If the bystander does not at once stop the atrocious, he is sure at last to take a part in it. This is just the case with the Protestant public. Mr. Bird and the Protestant Alliance reproduce the ship captain, and Mr. Turnbull is the victim, writhing under every blow of the capstan bar, shrieking and appealing at every kick and every lash. He shows that he feels it, and this makes others join in the pleasant sport. The more he shows that he feels, the more his executors rejoice with a grim delight; and if the crew do not at once knock the captain down, they soon begin to kick, and pinch, and torture in sympathy with the arch-torturer.—Perhaps this sympathy with the persecutor helped the special jury at Guildhall in arriving at their verdict, though Mr. Turnbull might have expected a defeat, when he appealed to that peculiar institution, the British law of libel. That law is a remarkable one. What Mr. Bird said of Mr. Turnbull was in itself undoubtedly libellous; but it might not be—and the jury under judicial direction held it not to be—malicious, though a libel not malicious seems to please people as much a contradiction in terms as a murder not malicious. If there is a libellous statement—a statement which actually injures a man's name and fame, and destroys his prospects in life—it must be presumed that it intends that which it effects. Mr. Turnbull might, however, be looked for what has come of appealing, under such circumstances, to a "Protestant jury." With all our profession of religious liberality, we all rejoice in religious persecution. Only a sensitive and susceptible person like Mr. Turnbull would have thought of such a course as that which he has taken.

For this reason we own that we have a serious quarrel with Mr. Turnbull. He has done the work of the Protestant Alliance. He has elevated that most religious body into the very position which they coveted and have hitherto failed to occupy.—They may now terrify with impunity. What cure Mr. Bird's clients for the indignant and scathing reproof administered to him by Sir John Romilly? What is it to them that Mr. Duffus Hardy and Mr. Brewer, representing only the literature and scholarship and intelligence of the country, have absolutely annihilated the wretched and miserable pretax upon which they proceeded? The more innocent the victim, the greater the triumph of his persecutors.—Mr. Turnbull's resignation, and his failure in the Common Pleas, are gains to the Protestant Alliance which only amiable weakness like his could have managed to secure. It is a high social duty to treat an organised body of intolerance in a very different spirit from that displayed by Mr. Turnbull. What they want is a high-minded contempt—a keen self-possessed temper, and a scornful obstinacy of defiance. It will never do to permit them the gratification of knowing that they have inflicted a wound. It is not given to every man to be a stoic; but whilst there are Turnbulls there will always be Birds. It is humiliating to every honest mind to watch the progress of the triumph of successful bigotry. When the work is done and the victim crushed, how edifying is the spectacle of religious principle and earnestness moderated by the meekest charity. It is not the person that they want to persecute—they only seek to vindicate a high and pure principle. It was always in love to the soul that the body was sent by Torquemada to the stake. Mr. Bovill was instructed to pass the most glowing eulogy on the man whom Mr. Bovill's clients had worried out of his office.—His learning, his integrity, his accomplishments, his honor were a credit to English Literature. It was a burning shame and a public disgrace that such a man should only receive £218 for fifteen months' work. Such tears a crocodile could afford to shed when he had snapped his victim in two. Insult of this sort was easy after injury. Not a word was whispered against Mr. Turnbull's personal character. He, was all that was honorable and sincere. Only he was all this, and yet it could be said of him—and said without libellous intention or malicious imputation—that he was so biased by religious intolerance and passionate zeal for his own creed that no public papers were safe in his hands, and he was not fit to be trusted with the national documents in his possession for five minutes without having persons placed at his elbows to see that he did not destroy or mutilate property committed to his trust. Mr. Turnbull is the most honorable of men, only don't trust him with your silver-spoons—don't allow him to be alone in your library.

This is actually what the Protestant Alliance claims the right—and the right is admitted by a British jury—to say of any man. And, in a certain sense, the Protestant Alliance is right, for this is the very type of moral character which it presents in its own personality. It precisely fulfils that moral exemplar which it assumes to be presented by Mr. Turnbull; and in its own case it proves the possibility of this ethical monster. Describing itself, it might perhaps intend no libel in ascribing this character to Mr. Turnbull. The mind of the Protestant Alliance is not revolted by an assemblage of utterly inconsistent attributes. It can quite conceive, because it exemplifies, this horrible confusion of morals. No doubt Mr. Bird, or the Chairman of the Alliance, is a very excellent and amiable person in many relations of practical life. Doubtless he will never give any business to Sir Cresswell, and we have not the remotest suspicion that he will be had up for larceny or burglary. With horse-stealers and house-breakers, we should not anticipate any complicity in the persons of the committee of the Alliance; but they do present a complex bundle of morals just as inconsistent and outrageous as those which they perceive in Mr. Turnbull. They are religious, but their religion is inconsistent with depraving a man of his bread, driving him out of society, and taking from him his opportunity of employing his talents and acquirements in that only career to which he has dedicated himself and the labours of his life. They are zealous and charitable, only it is a charity which, far from thinking no evil, attributes every evil and every dishonesty to a neighbour who, though otherwise a perfect character is not to be trusted for a moment because he has the misfortune to read the New Testament in a different sense from their own. This is the charity which strikes Sir John Romilly with indignation and amazement. But it is the charity and zeal of the Protestant Alliance.

In another aspect, we own that the triumph of the Protestant Alliance ought to present itself as a very serious matter even to the friends of the Protestant Alliance themselves. What is their argument—an argument which has been deemed conclusive by a special jury at Guildhall, and essentially adopted by Lord Palmerston himself, when he declined to back Sir John Romilly in defending Mr. Turnbull? Reduced to its simplest form, it is this—the no person of strong religious convictions, or who has ever given utterance to strong sayings in defence or confirmation of well-known religious notions or opinions, is fit to be trusted in any case where he may be placed in a position to forward those opinions or to injure the opposite opinions. Mr. Turnbull once said some, *ex hypothesi*, very foolish things in favor of the Jesuits; therefore Mr. Turnbull is not to be trusted to copy out certain papers in which the names of the co-religionists of the Jesuits might possibly occur. Well and good. Then it is equally fair for every Roman Catholic to object to be tried in any cause, civil and criminal, in which a Protestant may be on the jury. It is quite reasonable for a Church of England debtor to object to his accounts in bankruptcy being prepared by a Baptist official assessor. It is no more than fair for a Dissenting grocer to say that the parson of the parish is not a safe sayings bank manager because he may be tempted for his zeal for religion to cook the books of all the Wesleyan depositors in the district. The Protestant Alliance considers it quite compatible with general honesty and integrity for a man to be dishonest from a sense of religious duty in those cases where he can do so without denouncing some special service by specific dishonesty and forgery. All we can say is, if this is an estimate of religion endorsed, accepted, and professed by religious people, the prospect is not pleasing, and it ought not to be flattering to the Alliance itself. For, anyhow, Mr. Turnbull is not worse in one direction than the office-bearers of the Alliance in another. If Mr. Turnbull's strong sayings against Calvinism are such as to shut him out of the public service, and to deprive him of the confidence of the world of letters, they are not a bit stronger than the sayings of the Alliance against Popery. If we are not to trust Mr. Turnbull's word for his fidelity in extracting and classifying documents in the name of common sense, with what suspicion, what distrust, and what incredulity are we to take the writings circulated by the Protestant Alliance? If Mr. Turnbull is not to be trusted to write the history of Queen Mary, as Mr. Bird once expressed it—though in very shame he was forced to confess that this way of putting Mr. Turnbull's employment was rather strong, indeed, "an oversight," so he euphemistically termed it—why are we to take for gospel the historical assertions of Mr. Bird and the Protestant Alliance? A person of strong religious convictions is not to be trusted to write history—a conclusion which, for aught we know, may be very true, but it is a very awkward one to come from the Protestant Alliance. It makes rather a clean sweep of a good deal of current and popular religious literature. It rather disposes of Fox and Strype, of Milner and Magdeburg Centuriators. If no strongly religious person is to be trusted with a pen when his religious interests are concerned, we may anticipate a blessed season of refreshing. If the Protestant Alliance has done for Baronius, we may take courage from the fact that they have equally disposed of the publications of the Religious Tract Society. The same admirable argument that relieves us from Dr. Lingard settles Burnet; and if, from the nature of the case, Mr. Turnbull is not to be trusted in indifferent things, why should we listen to the Reformation Society, or to the Protestant Alliance, or to any noble and religious speaker and writer on subjects where their earnest convictions and religious interests conspire to induce them to garble facts, to falsify documents, and to invent history. The lesson may be one of universal scepticism, but we have to thank that most religious body, the Protestant Alliance, for teaching it.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.—On Monday morning the report of a visitation held at the College of Maynooth on the 4th of June last was issued for the information of the House of Commons. The number of students on the college books at that date was 524. The visitors state that in answer to their inquiries no complaint was made by either the superiors, professors, or students. Every student now in the college had taken the oath of allegiance with the exception of seven who were absent at the last January quarter sessions, and seventeen who have entered since that date. The sanitary condition of the community was below the average, and the projected improvements are considered absolutely necessary by the visitors. With this exception the general condition of the college was considered by the visitors as "very satisfactory."—Morning Post.

SEPARATE PLACES OF WORSHIP IN POUERNESS.—The guardians of the Cork Union have appointed a committee to take steps to provide a separate and exclusive place for the religious service of the Catholic inmates. The reasons put forward for so doing were unanswerable, and, indeed, no attempt had been made to answer them—firstly, the necessity of having a chapel for the poor inmates has been urged by the whole body of the Prelates of Ireland, and more recently this has been pressed upon the attention of the poor law committee, in the evidence of the Archbishop of Dublin; next, the propriety of it has been admitted in the report of the committee, who say a "chapel ought to be provided in every workhouse." Finally, the legality of doing what the Bishops sought for has been settled long ago by the legislature, the act of 1847 having given the power to the commissioners. The Cork Board are to be commended for taking up this matter so readily after the committee's report had confirmed the principle. It should be the care of every Chairman to urge the matter without delay and obtain this great comfort and benefit for the suffering poor immured in the Irish workhouses.—Freeman's Journal.

ARLOW.—The Church of SS. Mary and Peter. On last Tuesday, his Grace the Catholic Lord Archbishop of Dublin, administered the sacrament of confirmation to 758 persons in this church.

A CATHOLIC CLUB FOR LOUTH.—We (*Dundalk Democrat*) are glad to learn that a political body, to be called "The Louth Catholic Club," is likely to be established very soon in this county. What its real objects will be we have not learned; but we understand its promoters are resolved to purify the representation of the county in Parliament, and have justice done to Catholics in all public matters. We may remark that very many of the supporters of Mr. Bellew and Mr. Fortescue have become tired of the folly of sending such characters to Parliament, and that a change in the representation of Louth may be expected at the very first opportunity for effecting it. To tell the truth, it is a scandal to a Catholic constituency to tolerate such representatives as Mr. Bellew and Mr. Fortescue, and we sincerely hope that better, purer and honest men will be returned at the next general election. We trust we shall soon be in a position to announce the formation of "The Louth Catholic Club."

FATHER LAVELLE'S REPLY TO HIS TRADUCERS.—The following has appeared in the *Times*:—"Sir—May I ask you to insert this letter in reply to Mr. Lefroy's charge against me, as reported in the *Times*, that I was obliged to leave Paris, on account of misconduct? So far from this being so, I hold in my possession testimonials from the Vicar-General of Paris, stamped with the seal of the archbishopric, that while he lived in Paris he deserved the character of piety and clerical conduct; and after my return to Ireland, a unanimous vote of thanks was passed to me by the Council of Bishops assembled in Dublin. No matter how the French civil authorities may have thought proper to exercise their power, I think these testimonials sufficiently show that my character is not altogether what Mr. Lefroy would represent it. I trust indeed that he spoke from information. But in any case, no incrimination of me could be a justification for Lord Plunket.—I remain your obedient servant, PATRICK LAVELLE.—Brompton, July 6."

MORNINGTON, BISHOP OF MARSBURG.—Under the signature of "D. O'D." a correspondent writes to the *Irishman*:—"Some of our readers may be aware that the Greek Manuscript of the *Philosophumena*, which was brought into France in 1843, furnished arguments which were insuperably and unsparingly used by Protestants against the Papacy and the Church of Rome. Among others, the Chevalier Bunsen (formerly Prussian Ambassador to the Court of London), and Wordsworth, the Canon of Westminster, founded their fierce and anti-Papal attacks thereon; while Pressense, a Protestant minister in Paris, preached during a whole Lent against Catholicity, using this manuscript as his text. The charges of the *Philosophumena* against two of the Popes were, no doubt, of the most serious nature. Zephyrinus is accused of imbecility; Callistus is represented as a slave and a robber, who had been first condemned to the mines and afterwards recalled from exile by an infamous ruse. Later, according to the MS., the servile criminal became Bishop of Rome, and corrupted the faith of the universal Church. These were accusations to which it became of vital importance to reply. Mgr. Cruice it was who stood forth at that moment as the vigorous and undaunted champion of the Church withering the arguments of her enemies with the crushing refutation which they deserved, and with a force of eloquence and a brilliant display of learning which added largely to the fame he had already acquired. The History of the Church of Rome in the Pontificates of St. Victor, St. Zephyrinus, and St. Callistus, is the title of the remarkable work. 'D. O'D.' also says that Mgr. Cruice asked and obtained permission of the Emperor to print the text itself of the *Philosophumena*, with a Latin translation, in which he happily new confusion in the adversaries of the Popes. And 'D. O'D.' adds that the work has been published at the expense of the State—the most signal testimony to its merit, and another and a striking token of the Emperor's fidelity to Rome." [The Emperor's fidelity to Rome.] "Such distinguished services in favour of the Papacy and the Church could not have failed to elicit the approbation and gratitude of the Holy See. Mr. Cruice accordingly received from the Pope a brief full of the most flattering encomiums on his wise direction of the College of High Studies, over which he presides, and was named Member of the Academy of the Catholic Religion in Rome, as a recompense for his labours. These are no ordinary titles, as I have said, to the esteem and honour of his fellow countrymen. I am confident, then, they will be pleased at the opportunity which has offered of testifying their feelings to the new Prelate. If I might make a suggestion, it strikes me that a Cross of Honour would be the most suitable offering which Ireland could make him on the occasion. Bearing on it the names of the different dioceses, it would be a bond of affection between our great countrymen and his venerable brethren, the Bishops of his native land; ornamented with appropriate emblems, it would be another lasting symbol of the kinship in faith and blood which unites Erin with France.

THE PROTESTANT PRESS ON THE CENSUS.—The result of the Census in its religious aspect has been to disappoint most woefully the expectations of the would-be Evangelizers of Ireland. The announcement that for every two Protestants of all denominations there are seven Catholics, has startled the Orange Press whose readers accordingly are treated to a chorus of lamentations. We subjoin a few extracts:— (From the Evening Packet.)

When we come to the religious tables we meet with figures which certainly disappoint us, and we have the greatest doubts as to their correctness. Before they can be received they must undergo a very searching criticism. If will be recollected that the vast proportion of the enumerators were Roman Catholics, and that they themselves may have been deceived. On a rough glance at the rough tables we recognise results which rather startle us, and demand further investigation. The proper course for every person, or body of persons, having the means of testing these figures in any department will be to address themselves to that important duty forthwith. Meanwhile, the statement of the Commissioners amounts to this, that for every two Protestants in Ireland there are seven Roman Catholics or thereabouts. A contemporary, in order to sound a louder triumph on this point, separates the denominations of Protestants, contrasting the Roman Catholic population first with the members of the Established Church, and next with the several classes of dissenters. This is simply foolish. Everybody knows that when we speak of the Protestant population of Ireland we include all who worship God scripturally, and the total of these as made out by the Commissioners is 1,273,638. Those figures we consider decidedly erroneous which refer to the members of the Established Church. We shall leave the Presbyterians of the North to check their column for themselves. Churchmen are stated to number only 678,661, and as 390,130 of these are set down for Ulster, we are asked to believe that in the other three provinces there are only 288,531 Protestants altogether, Dissenters included. At present we shall say no more on these figures, except that the distribution of the two religions, and their relative proportion in each county and borough, as well as provinces, will, when elucidated, present very curious results.

(From the Express.)

So much by way of preface. Now for the results so anxiously expected. We are sorry to say there is a further decrease in our population, which now numbers only 5,704,543, being 787,843—more than three quarters of a million—less than it was in 1851; in other words, a decrease of 12.02 per cent. during the last ten years. In no previous Census had we a return of the numbers belonging to the different religious denominations, though many years ago there was a return of them made for educational purposes. If we add all the Protestants together, the sum total will be 1,273,950, giving the Roman Catholics a majority of 3,216,623, or about 2½ Roman Catholics to one Protestant.—We confess we are rather disappointed at this result, and, before reasoning upon it, we should like to be perfectly sure there are no errors in the returns. In this city the members of the Established Church are 46,922. In the suburbs, 15,248, and in the county, 84,524. The Roman Catholics number in the city, 194,601, in the suburbs, 28,489, and in the county, 84,524. In Ulster, the proportions are:—Established Church, 390,130; Presbyterians, 511,371; Roman Catholics, 963,687. Thus, in Ulster, the Roman Catholics have a majority of about 60,000 over Episcopalian and Presbyterians put together. If we add the minor Protestant denominations, the number would be about even.

It is a striking testimony to the absence of crime in Ireland that the Marquis of Clanricarde has obtained, with the general approbation of the House of Lords, a Committee for the purpose of cutting down the Irish Law Courts. The Irish Judges, he says, have nothing to do. If things go on as they do in England it may be questioned whether the supernumerary Irish Judges might not be advantageously transferred to this side of the Channel, where once again the most exciting news is that of murder.

EMIGRATION FROM THE CORK POOR HOUSE.—The Examiner of Friday and Reporter of Saturday had letters on this subject, which we recommend to the notice of the guardians about to meet on Wednesday. We trust that the Cork officials will let us have "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," without any Nisi Prius pleading.

CRIME IN ARMAGH.—The termination of the Quarter Sessions just held shows a remarkably light caseload.—Francis Carragher, six months' imprisonment; John O'Hara, one month; and Jane Black, one day.