

hastily, and then he added more coldly, "I shall leave you to employ the interval in your preparations; this evening see me on the road."

With these words, having bowed humbly, Colonel Turloch O'Brien withdrew; and thus ended a conference pregnant with the destinies of all who had taken part in it.

Leave-taking is, at best, a bitter task, and doubly so when kind faces and old familiar scenes are but too probably looked upon indeed for a last time; never to be greeted or revisited more in all the changes and chances of this troubled life.

(To be Continued.)

ANNE DEVLIN,

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT OF EMMET.

From the Dublin Irishman.

To the history of the heroic women of Ireland, none stands out more conspicuous and bright than does the humble name of Anne Devlin. Never was the aphorism more true than when applied to her and her master—that "Man is great in daring, Woman in suffering."

Exactly fifty-eight years ago, Anne Devlin, a young woman of twenty-five years of age, lived as a servant with Robert Emmet, in a house in Butterfield lane, Rathfarnham.

pitiate act had blown the organization of moulted to the winds; and as vengeance ever and anon the party pushed their way through the familiar voice of Emmet heard challenging them.

Who comes there? "It is I, Anne," exclaimed Emmet. "Oh, had welcome to you all," she replied bitterly. "Is the world lost to you, you towards; that you are to lead the people to destruction, and then to leave them?"

Nothing that demons could suggest or brutes accomplish, was left undone—she was proof for all. Not alone on the day after his execution, when the brutal order was given to bring her through Thomas-street, and force her to witness the gory marks of her young master's blood, that bespattered the fresh-deal-board there; not, through a lung ordeal of subsequent suffering, could she be prevailed on to betray, or to regret the villainous offer which through it placed independence in her way, still she nobly spurned.

"We avail ourselves also of this occasion to exhort you to exercise works of mercy towards the poor, and not to forget the claims of those who are shut up in workhouses, whose miseries and afflictions are concealed from public notice."

"Me take the money"—said she, in recounting the affair forty years after. "Me take the money—the price of Mr. Robert's blood. No; I spurned the rascal's offer."

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Fifty-eight years ago, the very day witnessed an Irish defeat; but over the memory of that betrayal and defeat shines more luminous still

the memory of that young Irish chief, who consecrated his long life and poured out his heart's blood for the cause he espoused.

But his name is an heirloom, in our memory held sacred to-day. From generation to generation, from father to son, he is pointed to with a holy reverence and respect—his sublime speech is an incentive of the most sacred impulses of our nature—burning words that should never die, but become wreathed and immortalised as a Rosary of Irish freedom.

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ARCHBISHOP CULLEN ON THE CENSUS AND THE POOR LAWS.

The Most Rev. the Archbishop of Dublin has issued a Pastoral to the Clergy and laity of the Diocese, in which he has the following pertinent observations upon the Irish Census and the working of the Poor Laws.

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then, has been produced by the treasures sent from England. How have the various religious societies expended their funds? How have they been employed? Where are the schools? Where are the parishes? What are we to say of the nominal boasting of Roman Catholic Missionaries? What judgments are to be passed on their reports and narratives by which they have extracted so much money from the pockets of their dupes in England? Let us hope that the census will open the eyes of the subscribers, and teach them to put little trust in the stories fabricated by missionaries, sent, certainly, not by God, who is a lover of truth; but by the father of lies, fabricated undoubtedly for the purpose of promoting their own interest, and concealing the signal failure of all their efforts.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Old Limerick.—THE ANCIENT WALLS.—It is gratifying to be able to state, after personal observation, that little or no damage has been recently done to the remains of the old defensive, massive walls of Limerick. The principal remains of the structure are fortunately in the possession of a gentleman, T. M. O'Regan, Esq., of E., who has the stables and the ruins which are required for their preservation. The surfaces of the walls of ramparts is about thirty feet wide, and beds of flowers are blooming where the battle once raged, and fruit trees are now growing where men were cut down.

Some of the Tory journals have been raising an outcry against the Irish Government for having, as they allege, offered a gross insult to the Protestant magistrates of Ulster in sending them a circular previous to the 12th of July, reminding them of the provisions of the law against party processions, and stating that they would be held responsible for any neglect of duty in that particular.

THE IRISH CHURCH AND THE PROTESTANT ESTABLISHMENT.—The Church Establishment seems destined to be a permanent feature of the religious canonicae of the year 1861 struck a blow of which has been felt ever since.

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