

for a rhyme? "O Ned, Ned, I wouldn't wish for a balloon, poor as I am, that Dan Heraghty was listening to you a while ago, when you were so completely floored."

"Why, Johnny, you're almost as big an ignoramus as that spalpeen himself, to think you could sack me in rhyming, because I stumbled in one line."

"Come, Ned, own yourself well threshed, like a man, or we must put it to the vote. For the matter of that, I don't doubt but I can flog you to-day, in Latin as well as in the rhyming."

"You speak Latin," exclaimed Ned, opening his eyes wide with astonishment, "why you couldn't talk a syllable of that grand language, if you were to get all Ireland for it. I'll bet you this ancient silver snuff box, that I got from Sir Edmund—requisite in pace, that is, may be rest in pace—to your scissors and tape (for measuring), that you can't talk a word of even bog latin."

"Done, Ned—it's a bet, and mind I'll keep you to it—boys and girls be witnesses. Now, Ned, isn't whiskey good Latin for goose?" And he uncorked the ample bottle.

"Ned's lost his bet fairly," was echoed round.

"Well, then, as I'm the conqueror, I'll be generous and leave Ned his own stakes. But surely I've a right to divide the liquor?"

"Sure enough—sure enough."

Johnny now produced also, from his wallet, a small tin measure, and the liquor was again passed round: Ned, now completely restored to good humor, taking his share as willingly and as merrily as the rest.

"Never mind Johnny, after all, Ned will whipper Martin; some of your rhymes was grander than anything he could give."

"No shame for them either," whispered Ned, "seem" they were composed long ago, as the opening of a grand poem about Roderic O'Connor and Briebery. But between ourselves, that Johnny is the devil himself at ready rhyme!"

The pedlar had now completely succeeded in his aim, namely to banish despondency for the present from the minds of the fugitives, and cause, for a while at least, their spirits. Even the children had enjoyed the keen encounter of words, though they could comprehend of course, only a portion of them. For Johnny himself, though he was, as we have seen, under prostration, deeply stained with one of the characteristic passions of his countrymen, revenge, he was, in other respects, of that enviable disposition, that neither too much fears the future, nor regrets the past.

He was flinging out an additional jest at Ned's expense, when they were startled by a rustling noise above them. But, the next moment, a fox's head showed itself peering through a crevice in the roof of the cave, which had been previously concealed from their view by tangled briars, and tarze and fern. Reynard, however, on perceiving the unexpected intruders on his domain, withdrew his head rapidly, without further seeking to add to the occupants; and, with his tail between his legs, sneaked quietly off to a near hedge, to await their departure.

"Well Ned," observed Johnny, "Reynard, sneaking away with his tail between his legs'll make a better simile for you again than the lame ass, when you're hard set."

"Joke away, masher Johnny, as you sacked me in the Latin, I give up intirely to you."

"Well we'll all keep the secret from Dan Heraghty, at all events."

Leave we now the occupants of the cave, to pass as they may the next two hours—the last they were ever to spend on Irish ground,—to look after other characters in our tale.

(To be Continued.)

THE ARRIVAL OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

(From the Freeman.)

The return of the Irish Brigade took place on Saturday, and was made the occasion of a series of popular demonstrations, such as the "Beautiful City" has not witnessed for a long period. Early on Thursday morning the "Dee," a large steamer belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company, and which had been specially chartered for the purpose, reached Havre, and about nine o'clock, a.m., the embarkation of the men, by means of steam tenders, was commenced, and completed under the personal superintendance of agents from the central committee in Dublin, and of members of a French committee which had been formed for the purpose of co-operating in the same good work.

Shortly after three o'clock the "Dee" weighed anchor, and meeting with favourable weather made a rapid run through the channel. On Friday she passed Lizard Point and St. David's Head, both of which were sighted. The sun went down on Friday evening without the Irish coast having been descried. The second night was somewhat rough, and the steamer rolled considerably, but still held on her course. A fire broke out before day-break, near the engine-room, but being discovered upon its first appearance and vigorously dealt with by the crew, it was happily extinguished before any damage of importance was done. Soon after the first streaks of dawn appeared, and before seven o'clock the Old Head of Kinsale, the first point of the Irish coast which had been seen, presented itself, standing out boldly in the early morning light. Somewhat before nine o'clock the steamer neared the mouth of the harbour, and here the Brigade unexpectedly—for both parties concerned—met with their first welcome. A fleet of fishing boats in company, outside, seeing the steamer, satisfied themselves in less than no time of her mission, and thereupon set up hearty cheers, which awoke the echoes around, and arrested the attention of the entries and of the early risers in the Camden and Carlisle Forts. The Brigade were for a moment taken a-back, and touched by the warmth of this greeting in such a place, but quickly responded with a salvo of cheers. By this time, the steamer's coming had been signalled to Queenstown, which, up to this, wore an extremely quiet, and even deserted appearance; but in a few minutes, as if with an universal impulse, the population turned out, crowds rushed to all the good points of view along the water's edge, while the windows overlooking the harbour, and many of the heights rising behind the town were occupied by spectators.

On Friday night Messrs. Maguire, M.P., and A. M. Sullivan, the deputation appointed to formally receive the Brigade, proceeded from Cork to Queenstown, as did also several other gentlemen, including various representatives of the press. A look-out was ordered to be kept during the night for the steamer, but, as appears, without the desired result. On Saturday morning there occurred a coincidence which afforded much satisfaction to the local committee of management, and facilitated the carrying out of arrangements for the reception. The steamer, "Willing Mind," left Cork previous to eight o'clock a.m.,

having on board the members of the local committee, several clergymen, and other gentlemen; and also enormous supplies of clothing, including a thousand of every article of male apparel, perfectly new, and of the best description—and, with provident forethought, there was, in addition, carried on board already prepared, an excellent breakfast which consisted of tea and coffee, and bread and meat of the best quality, made up in large packages neatly papered and tied, one package being for each man, so that there was nothing to do but distribute them at once. The sub-committee having charge of the several clothing, commissariat and other arrangements were at their posts to see that no *contretemps* occurred, and none did occur. This steamer so laden, and which was to play so important a part in the reception, left Cork without any intimation whatever of the coming of the Brigade; and the coincidence to which I have referred is, that the arrival of the steamers in the harbour from different points was announced to the gentlemen at the Queen's Hotel by different messengers just at the same moment. At the hotels and private residences breakfasts were hurriedly left either half finished or altogether untouched, and committee men, press men, visitors, relatives of Brigade men, &c., rushed to get on board some craft or another which would bring them towards the mouth of the harbour. I was fortunate enough to get in time to the landing-stage, where the *Willing Mind* steamer from Cork with the committee was waiting for a few minutes, and making known my capacity, obtained admission on board, when we proceeded in the direction of the Man-of-war Roads, and after traversing a short distance saw coming in towards the same part of the harbour the *Dee*, having the Pontifical flag flying at the mast-head. At the same time a Green Flag waved from the committee's steamboat. In a few minutes the vessels were within hailing distance.—Our steamer ran alongside the *Dee*, and as we saw the men crowd the decks and rigging, and holding on by every projection from the steamer's side that was nearest us, a voice called out in stentorian tones, for "three cheers for the Pope." This call was answered by three tremendous rounds of applause that rang out again and again; and being caught up by the people on shore were right heartily continued. It was a thrilling spectacle—one never to be forgotten, to look up at the men of this noble Brigade, of which it was impossible not to feel that Ireland might be proud. As they crowded along every point of the huge vessel the beholders were filled with admiration at their manly, their martial, and even their veteran-like appearance. The extraordinary variety of costume which their hardships and poverty had obliged the poor fellows to don, gave them a wild and picturesque aspect. Wherever the eye turned, along the decks or up the rigging, were to be seen intermingled garments of the strangest and most different kinds. Some wore the *Zouave* red trousers and white leggings, which had been given them by the Papal States, with the long blueish coat, the cut of which resembled as of the uniform coat of the Russian Infantry in the Crimean war.—Others had red trousers and jackets of different colors, while a great many turned out with frock coats, over coats, &c., having an unmistakably French style about them, and for which they were indebted to the generosity of the Parisians. It would be altogether out of the question to give an accurate description of the varied costumes—suffice it to say that, with their weather-beaten faces and their weather-beaten, travel-stained garments, the looked *outré* and dashing in the extreme, which combined with their worklike bearing, at once showed the accuracy of the statement made by the Paris correspondent of the *Herald*, that they were the very *beau ideal* of soldiers.

After a while the deputation boarded the *Dee*, when Mr. Maguire, M.P., ascended an elevation on the deck, and silence having been obtained, addressed the men in brief and eloquent terms. He said he welcomed them in the name of the church and people of Ireland, and in the same behalf thanked them for their glorious conduct. Ireland hailed their return with gratitude and joy, and prized them as amongst her noblest sons. Mr. Maguire advised the men to be on their guard against the enemies of Ireland who had handed and returned to their homes. They would, he said, be tracked and watched through Kerry, Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, Concomers, through Dublin, Meath, and Louth, and the far North; but let them by their exemplary conduct defy and defeat all machinations (cries of "We will, we will.") Mr. Maguire read the following address, a copy of which was given to each man:—

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.—You are welcome back to your native land. Catholic Ireland hails you as the champions of a cause dear to her heart. She receives you with pride as well as gratitude; for not only did you abandon home and friends, and freely risk your lives, in defence of that cause with which the universal Church profoundly sympathises, but you bore yourselves bravely wherever you had an enemy to encounter or a danger to meet.

"Your cause—our cause—the cause of the Catholic world—is naturally abhorred by its enemies; therefore you, its champions and defenders, have, of necessity, been subjected to the vilest calumnies and the most atrocious slanders from the moment that you took service under the Papal banner. Spies and traitors dug your footsteps as you journeyed through strange lands, attempting to mislead or seduce you, but resolved, at whatever sacrifice of truth or justice, to misrepresent your motives, your acts, your bearing, your lightest words; and from the hour that you first stood on Italian soil, as the unpurchased soldiers of the Sovereign Pontiff to this hour, when you now return to your home and country, every effort has been made that malice and hatred could suggest, to his away your honor. But be assured that the base slanders of your enemies—our enemies—the enemies of our Church—have had but one effect on your countrymen—that of rendering them more zealous in your vindication. We know the motives by which you were alone actuated, and that 'pay and plunder' the sole objects infamously attributed to you by the reckless traducers of the English press—never once entered into your contemplation. We know that very many of you quitted comfortable homes, threw up lucrative employments, and even abandoned pursuits that might well satisfy an honorable ambition. We know that your resolution to do battle in a sacred cause was confirmed by the advice and sanction of your nearest and dearest relatives—that the pious mother dried her tears as she blessed the son who devoted the strength of his youthful manhood to protect the dominions of the Pope against the attacks of his unscrupulous assailants. We know, in fine, that you were inspired by motives and feelings which could never bring a blush to your cheek, or to the brow of the country in whose name and for whose honor you went forth.

"The same malice that misrepresented your motives also slandered your fame as Irishmen and soldiers. But we here publicly declare our belief that you have done all that any man similarly circumstanced could have done. We did not, for instance, expect that a mere handful of men could have held the so-called fortresses of Spoleto, destitute as it was of every element of defence, against a powerful regular army supplied with all the material of war; but we are proud of the noble stand which you made against overwhelming numbers, as recorded in the modest despatch of your heroic commander. We also point to your gallant conduct at Montefiascone, Perugia, Ancona, and in the deadly fight of Castel-Fidardo, as the proof that your honor is without stain or blemish, and that you are not unworthy of the brave battle-cry which has heralded victory on a thousand fields, in which the sons of Ireland worsted the chivalry of the proudest nations of the earth.

"Your enemies and slanderers are still on the watch, still at their vile work; and while we, your countrymen, hail your return, and bid you welcome from our hearts, we ask of you, for the sake of the cause for which you fought and suffered, and for the sake of your honor, which we cherish as our own, to take care, lest, even by the slightest act of indiscretion, you afford an excuse for renewed calumny or misrepresentation."

After the address was read, and some further observations in the same spirit made by Mr. Maguire, the steamer moved slowly around the harbour, going as close as was safe to the shore, on which crowds were accompanying her progress, and incessantly cheering, waving hats and handkerchiefs.—Passing her Majesty's ships *Sauspierre* and *Hawk*, the Pontifical flag was saluted by those ships in the usual manner, but passing the *Hawk* training ship, a salute, neither official nor expected, was given by a cheer from a crowd of sailors on deck. On the decks of both the ships, as well as of the other vessels in the harbour, were assembled officers and sailors, witnessing the animated scene that was being enacted. At a point near Monkstown, the *Dee* dropped her anchor about ten o'clock, and the *Willing Mind*, and other small steamers ran alongside. Word was passed for the Brigade to form on deck in companies and lines, which was done, and men were told off to distribute the breakfast sent on board.—Amongst the members of the local committee who went on board and assisted in carrying out the arrangements were:—The Rev. Mr. M'Sweeney, Rev. Mr. Foley, Rev. Mr. Mahony, Rev. P. Lyons, Rev. Mr. Parker, Cork; Rev. Mr. Parker, Queenstown; and Messrs. William Hagarty, Patrick Hagarty, Charles McCarthy, Laurence O'Sullivan, Patrick Hagarty, jun.; John Reardon, James Hayes, W. Hardinge, &c. On board we had better opportunities of seeing the gallant Brigade, and on entering into conversation with some of them we found that, besides possessing a splendid physique, they were endowed with education and superior intelligence.—They spoke bitterly of the cruel treatment they were subjected to by the Piedmontese on the march to Genoa. At Genoa, where they were not half fed on food unfit for human beings, they were without shoes or changes of linen, or means of washing, so that when they reached France the majority of them had not changed shirts for six weeks. At Marseilles and Paris they were received with open arms. At Paris crowds of people of all ranks visited them. The ladies and poorer women brought shirts and stockings and religious medals; they were entertained at the cafes in capital style by numerous hosts, and the men brought them caps and trousers. But at Paris they were plundered in a singular manner, notwithstanding all their efforts to the contrary. I had not been long on board till I observed that scarcely a military coat had a button on it, and one of the men seeing me notice this deficiency, told me of the tax the Parisians forcibly levied off them, particularly the females—they should have the buttons as *souvenirs* of the Irish Brigade, and so eager were they that they offered two and three francs a piece for them. I was speaking to one man to whom a lady gave five Napoleons for a button, a medal given him at Rome, and a small cross. He refused to part with the cross for the money, but was obliged to yield to her entreaties. These buttons had the Pontifical arms upon them. A spirited and most intelligent young fellow (Mr. Walker), laughed heartily, when telling me of the demand at Paris for his buttons. He had only one left, which buttoned the coat across his chest, and that one, said he, "I had to defend from several attacks." Many French clergymen visited them, and made them presents. In Paris a committee was formed for their relief and guidance, and three of the members of this committee accompanied them to Havre, and from Havre on board steamer to Cork—M. De Sole Montoie and M. Le Comte Scaille. The name of the third has escaped me. By some it was said they were French officers. I saw them on board, and learned that they had been most attentive to the men.

About twelve o'clock the indefatigable committee and their assistants commenced the distribution of 500 suits of clothes, more than 500 of which had been made specially, within the previous two days, nearly all the tailors in Cork having worked night and day to have them ready. The clothes were of the most excellent description, and showed that in the preparation of them there was no narrowness of spirit. 1,000 of everything—coats, trousers, vests, boots caps, &c., were distributed, and then to each man a piece of laurel was presented to place in his cap as a means of recognition. All this time there was intense excitement in the city, and watching for the steamer trains which would bring up the men. The river steamers, the trains to Passage, and the railway steamers brought down persons anxious to see the Brigade at the first opportunity. At two o'clock the first of the four tug steamers employed to bring up the men, started with about 400 who had received their supplies, and two other steamers quickly followed. Their passage up was a continuous ovation. From every point, from ships at anchor, from the houses along the river and from those at Monkstown, Glenbrook, Passage, Blackrock, came cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. The three steamers landed the men simultaneously at three different points of the quays, which had the effect of separating the immense mass of people who were assembled. The chief point of attraction appeared to be at the head of Patrick street, where a large body was landed amid enthusiastic acclamations. The men as they came ashore were seized upon, cheered, embraced, and carried about, and the women kissed them, and prayed every blessing upon their heads. I witnessed many touching scenes between Brigade men belonging to the city and country Cork and their relatives who came to meet them. Some decent old women were kissing and caressing their sons, and when they had to march along with their comrades walked with them affectionately holding their hands. The slightest wish of a Brigade man was a command to *homans*, and *dozens* contended for the honor of carrying his kit or taking him by the arm. These attentions seemed to embarrass the Brigade and their modesty amidst so much applause was not their least recommendation. Very many were welcomed by relatives and friends evidently of the most respectable position in society. A band headed a detachment that landed at Patrick's quay, and played before them down Patrick street. As they marched along the people cheered and from the windows and doorsteps handkerchiefs and hats were waved. The ladies, both young and old, distinguished themselves by the warmth of their welcome, and indeed the whole proceedings furnished new proofs if any were wanted, that the brave are always certain to have the sympathy of the fair. The route of the Brigade was thronged, and when they got to the Society Rooms the streets about it were completely blocked up with masses of people. At half-past four o'clock the last steamer landed the last detachment amid renewed vociferous cheering. The members of the committee also came in this steamer to renew their labours in the city. The men for Dublin had been previously told off from amongst the first landed, and were marched up amid renewed demonstrations to the terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway where special trains were in readiness for their conveyance. From this time the railway station continued for hours to be another centre of popular manifestations. Under the excellent arrangements of railway officials the men were got through the crowds, within the railway premises, and finally in the carriages. About half-past four o'clock, the first train, carrying 250 men, started for Dublin. At the principal stations along the line crowds of people were assembled, and gave expression to their feelings of joy and admiration by vehement applause. A second special train was started at seven o'clock p.m., comprising somewhat over 300 men, the majority of whom were for Limerick and Tipperary, and the remainder, their home lay through the metropolis. I should not

omit to mention here another evidence of the zeal and practical kindness of the omnipresent and unwearied committee, though to particularise all their acts of kindness would fill a volume. A substantial lunch—or, indeed, it should be called a dinner—was served out to each man in each train, and there was also presented to each a bottle of the best ale. At the railway station additional supplies of new boots were given to the men, and, fearing any one would be short, some dozens were thrown into the carriages for such as should be found to want them on the journey. It would be a great injustice to the Brigade themselves to omit a reference, and I can do no more than make a reference to their gratitude, repeatedly expressed, for the extraordinary reception and the great favour conferred upon them. They one and all said they did not expect anything of the kind, because they were not victors, but they were told in reply that they deserved victory, and had really won a great moral triumph. To the committee and the people of Cork they said they were deeply indebted and to their latest hour would be grateful.

The second special train left as the first did amid the cheers of the people and the music of bands, and as I travelled up in it, I am enabled to speak from personal observation of the proceedings at the principal railway stations.

DUBLIN.—From three o'clock on Saturday, amongst the great majority of the people of Dublin business might be said to have been entirely suspended, as persons were uncertain as to the exact time at which the Brigade would arrive. From four o'clock in the afternoon groups collected in the neighborhood of the terminus, making anxious inquiries from everybody who seemed likely to afford them information as to the arrival of the section of the Brigade expected in Dublin. Everything that prudence and forethought could suggest was done by Mr. Ilbery, the superintendent of the traffic department, and by Mr. Miller, engineer-in-chief, to facilitate the conveyance of the "Brigade men" from Cork, and half-hourly telegrams passed between the Cork and Dublin termini, for the purpose of preventing the occurrence of any obstacle whatever interfering either with the general traffic or with the safe conveyance to Dublin of the brave men. Through the medium of the evening papers, it was announced that the Brigade was sure to arrive some time on Saturday night, and after the working hours the whole line of quays, extending from Carlisle-bridge to the Great Southern and Western Railway Terminus, was literally black with crowds. The railway officials, wisely providing against accident, kept the barriers leading to the terminus closed, and as the night advanced one dense mass of human beings was to be seen crushing and squeezing outside the iron gates, railings, &c., at the upper or southern side of the terminus. The Denmark street and Chapel of another bands stood in the centre of the vast crowd, and performed alternately a series of national airs. Amongst this vast assemblage there was not to be observed the slightest indication of frivolity or disorder, although we have never seen such enthusiasm, even amongst a concourse of Irish people, exceed that which was manifested on this occasion. From the poor working men to the trader and citizen, and from them up to men of recognised wealth and station, all were there, and all anxious to show, irrespective of party feeling, that a breath of slander leveled at national honor, like a touch of nature, "makes all the world kin." In every part of the city, provision was made by the kind-hearted citizens to extend hospitality to the returning soldiers of "the Brigade" and through the agency of the Very Rev. Canon Pope, the Very Rev. Canon Ford, the Rev. Doctor Murray, Mr. Lyons, and other members of the central committee, ample provision was made for the accommodation of the expected guests. On the entrance of some members of committee through the barrier the crowd, by its dense pressure, made good their way inside, and in a minute the entire of the platform was literally flooded with throngs of people. Two trains—one from Limerick, and the other from Kilkenny and Carlow—arriving in the ordinary course, were at first supposed to be those conveying the expected guests. The excitement and enthusiasm of the people were displayed in such a formidable manner that it required the active exertions of the Very Rev. Canon Pope, Rev. Dr. Ford, Rev. Dr. Quinn, Rev. Dr. Murray, Rev. T. Butler, Rev. W. Purcell, Rev. Mr. Fay, the Reverend Mr. O'Reilly, Church street, to preserve tranquillity. Along the entire quays bodies of police were stationed, under the command of Head Superintendent Campbell, Mr. Superintendent Geraco, and Mr. Superintendent Mahon, for the purpose of keeping order. But all supervision on this score was unnecessary, as the people conducted themselves with the greatest propriety. A telegram was received at half-past ten o'clock p.m., by Mr. Ilbery, stating that 250 of the Brigade, under the charge of Adjutant Kernan, had arrived at Kilkenny en route for Dublin. At this time, inside and outside the terminus boundaries, there could not be less than 20,000 people assembled. The fact of the train conveying a detachment of the Brigade being near Dublin soon became generally known, and every possible point of observation was made promptly available, and as far as the eye could reach nothing could be perceived all around but one dense mass of human heads. At twenty minutes to twelve o'clock the *bill* at Inchicore was heard announcing the approach of the long-wished-for train, and one loud and unanimous shout burst from the people. Men rushed across the line, and women who bore infants in their arms pressed themselves in front of the line of the crowd which oscillated to and fro, like a field of ripe corn. Outside, the scene was still more exciting, revealing by the light of numerous flambeaux held in the hands of a number of men, thousands of anxious faces all turned in one direction. The cheering from within was caught up outside, and carried, as if by electric agency, along the line of the crowd till it was heard in the distance conveying the tidings that the "young Irish soldiers" had come home. As the red safety light in front of the train was seen coming down the incline to the terminus the pressure became tremendous, but the frenzy of enthusiasm reached its height as the train stopped at the platform. Bands were stretched out, and carriage doors flung open, whilst some and brothers were forest from the embraces of their parents and relatives to be caught up and borne on the shoulders of big and brave men, their companions, who seemed determined to give honour where honour was due. It would be impossible to convey anything like a just idea of the scene of this arrival to any one who did not witness it. It was truly a grand ovation, in which was illustrated the great virtue of our people, filial and fraternal affection as well as love of country on the part of the young soldiers, and respect for their valour and veneration for devoted heroism on the part of the multitude assembled to welcome them. With much difficulty the enthusiasm of the people was suppressed for a short time when the Rev. Canon Pope came forward and addressed the young men of the brigade, and welcomed them home in the name of religion and of their country. When something like order had been obtained,

The Very Rev. Canon Pope presented himself to the Brigadiers, and was received with the most deafening and prolonged cheering and waving of hats. When the enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, he said—Heroes of the Irish Brigade, welcome! (enthusiastic cheers, and cries of welcome, welcome!)—*ead mille fultis*, ten thousand welcomes (renewed cheering). In the name of my country and my holy religion I welcome you. Your country is proud of you (loud cheering, and cries of 'she is, she is'). You have nobly sustained her character for chivalry, for honor, for fidelity, for bravery, for religion (cheers). Fellow-countryman, fellow-citizens, you who have congregated in such vast numbers to greet their arrival—look at them—do you recognise them? (Thrilling excitement, and cries of 'we do, we do'). Are they ours? (Cries of 'they are, they are'). Yes, they are ours?—though an Italian sun may have bronzed their complexion—though the harassing fatigues of

a campaign may have furrowed their cheeks—though their garments may have been torn to tattered shreds—still we recognise them as ours! See the family mark of manly heroism stamped upon their brows! They retain the family likeness! They wear the Irish uniform of honour, gallantry, and valour, and they are clad round about with heroic deeds—this is, indeed, our brother's garment! They are our brethren! We recognise them—we embrace them—we clasp them to our breast (prolonged cheering)! As a priest I welcome you in the name of religion—you are not only heroes, but Christian heroes! You have proved yourselves worthy children of our Holy Mother the Church—for her you went forth with the most generous disinterestedness, from your country, your kindred, and your homes, for her you have fought, and suffered, and bled—you have exposed your lives in defence of our Holy Father, and for the maintenance of that patrimony which for centuries has been the just right of the great Catholic family of Christendom—you have proved yourselves worthy children of our religion, you have been obedient of her precepts—have been guided by her maxims—and have been stimulated by her interests—and in the blood of your fallen brave ones you have offered up a holocaust on the altar of religion to the God of battles (profound acclamation)! For the Church they died—the Church has not forgotten them—may they rest in peace! You have nobly sustained your characters as soldiers—now that you cease to be soldiers, sustain your characters as estimable civilians. Remember that he who is bravest as a soldier is the most estimable as a citizen—be industrious in your various vocations—and when the principles of philanthropy, integrity, and virtue—when the requirements of your country and your religion demand your defence—stand forward at their call—and let your watch-cry be, 'Irish Catholics know how to die but not to surrender!' (loud and continued cheers.) Good night, brave soldiers! Go, go and rest your weary limbs—after the hard bet of the camp we have prepared for you couches of down. After all your wanderings lie down to-night with the assurance that you repose in your own native land of Erin—in the midst of us, who are your families, your own brothers—we shall keep watch and ward over your slumbers—and through life let it be your proud glory that your fought under the standard of the Cross—let it indicate the rights of religion—and that you were once deemed worth to suffer something for the name of Christ! The very reverend gentleman terminated amidst the greatest excitement and continued cheering.

Immediately on the conclusion of this address, the men marched on under the command of Captains Heenan and Gopinger, Adjutant Kernan, and other officers, to their lodgings. On the march, along a portion of which they were conducted by torchlight, the greatest order and decorum were observed. Now came a scene of excitement and almost delirious enthusiasm, such as we have never before witnessed. Hats and caps were thrown into the air, and kerchiefs were fastened to cans and waved. In fact, the people with one accord seemed to think no honor too great for the brave fellows. Some three dozens, at least, of the brigade were lifted on the shoulders of the people, and as they were borne onwards through the dense crowd, in front of the terminus, the cheering was tremendous. Numerous cars in continuous lines now began to stream down the quays, conveying the young soldiers, followed by thousands cheering, singing, and shaking hands with the gallant fellows. Arrangements had been made for the reception of this detachment by the committee in various hotels, in the following order: At Mr. McCabe's, Carlisle Hotel, Bachelors-walk, for sixty; at Mr. Burke's, Usher's-quay, for twenty-six; at Mr. Coffey's, Bridge street, for sixty; at the Brazen Head Hotel, Bridge street, for thirty; and for the remainder of the Brigade in smaller groups in other hotels throughout the city. Each of these hotels soon became literally besieged, and in some instances the pressure from without became so great that the hotel doors could not be opened, and the soldiers had to be helped in through the windows. In cases where accommodation was not sufficient, generous offers were made by private citizens in the vicinity, lending every hospitality. In fact, during the entire night, the city might be said to have kept carnival. THE BRIGADE AT THE CATHEDRAL.—It was well known that such of the Brigade as had arrived in Dublin would attend mass at the Cathedral Church on Sunday at 12 o'clock. Not since the occasion of O'Connell's funeral has so dense a crowd been assembled in front of the portico. The steps leading to the church portals were crowded tier over tier with anxious observers, and from every part of the city people were to be seen flocking—of all classes and conditions—all seeming anxious to do honor to the men who had fought so bravely in defence of a just cause. A regular avenue of admiring faces lined the approach of the young soldiers to the church portals, and on reaching the sacred building they were received with a cordial and enthusiastic welcome. At either side of Marlborough-street and the vicinity the people were packed in dense masses, and it was through a passage carefully cleared in the midst of this vast crowd that a way was made for the entrance of the young men of the Brigade into the church. And as they marched onwards, each having a laurel leaf in his military cap, hearty and enthusiastic cheers of welcome burst from the vast assemblage. The services of the police force were quite needless; on the occasion every man was his own policeman, and nothing could exceed in modest more than the scene formed by the approach of the body of five young men to the house of God, their faces bronzed by the sun of Italy, and not a few of them bearing traces of sufferings endured in the goal cage. As the corps came up towards the church, with measured and stately step the crowd cheered by their demeanour their admiration and respect. From crowded windows and doorways loud and enthusiastic cheers burst forth into repeated salutes of welcome. The entrance of the young men of the Brigade was most striking.

At the conclusion of high mass the Archbishop left the church and proceeded to the pulpit, from which he addressed the vast congregation an eloquent and impressive discourse on the necessity of complying with the great precept of our Redeemer, "to love God as our all thing, and thy neighbour as thyself." The Brigade men, after the sermon and concelebration assembled in one of the chapels of the cathedral, where the Drogheda contingent of them were classed together for departure by the 3 o'clock train to their destination.

THURSDAY, Sunday Night.—Much excitement of a very pleasurable nature was occasioned in this town this evening by the return of a number (I have not been able to ascertain exactly how many) of the Irish Brigade, who went out from Drogheda and its vicinity. Their arrival here this evening was rather unexpected, although a few anxious friends had been waiting at the terminus for the coming of every train from Dublin. At five o'clock they arrived, and a very short time sufficed to spread the joyful intelligence through every inhabitant of the town. At a quarter past five all the inhabitants, young and old, were in the streets to welcome home the brave fellows. As they separated to go to the different parts of the town to which they belonged each of the volunteers was surrounded by a group of people, who loudly cheered them to their destinations, and for a considerable time waited outside the houses at which they stopped, causing the town to ring again with their vociferations. It is regretted that an earlier intimation of the time of their arrival was not had, in order that the bands of the Young Men's Society, &c., might have been in waiting for them. As I write (7 30 p.m.) the streets are still thronged with groups talking over the interesting subject of the day—the arrival of the Brigade, though the latter are, with few exceptions, at the "quarters" some time past. An occasional cheer is heard from those who pass by the dwelling-houses of those who by this time are partaking of the "fatted calf," and for whom their friends are making