

mother almost at once got well, and I got my cross—my darling cross again.

But the Pope! asked a young and handsome man, a foreigner, who had joined the group just as she commenced her narrative.

'You shall see,' she said; and with a care quite reverential, she drew forth from her bosom a silk pocket-book, evidently made for a special purpose, and deliberately undoing various strings she produced a neatly folded note, containing the following words—

'My dear daughter, — You were right to hope in God. He never abandons filial piety. You are right to hope in Pius IX.; he will take care that you and your mother shall not die of hunger.'

An amiable looking Englishman offered the girl a hundred Roman crowns for the document; the creature reddened to the temples, and her eyes flashed—it was only momentary, and then in a calm, low, though majestic tone, she replied—

'No, signore, I thank you. The old man and the man in the cloak seemed inclined to take the offer as an offence, but they only gave vent to their mixed feelings by crying at the top of their voices, in chorus, "Viva Pio Nono! Viva Pio Nono!" In a moment the whole crowd took up the note, and "Viva Pio IX." thundered from thousands of voices in Piazza; then was taken up along the crowded Corso, until on and on it went to awaken the repose of the "Via Sacra," and finally rest in the old arms of the gigantic Colosseum.

We would fain dwell upon the pageant, and upon the heaven-like man that gave it soul. The thunders of St. Angelo were only a mimicry of the roar of human enthusiasm, and military pomp faded in the midst of emboldenings of national joy, such as never met the eyes of a conqueror. When his Holiness appeared, Heaven seemed to have opened, and flowers of Paradise seemed to rain on his way. He looked like one carried away by the force of popular devotedness, and seemed a vision of heaven rather than a fellow sharer of the busy life around him, for Pius IX. looks almost transparent in celestial brightness, and his smile is something which never has been seen only on his face. The heat of the Father yielded in the midst of these wonderful scenes, and the Sovereign Pontiff wept. Did he, like Him of whom he is the vice-gerent, see the chance of the future in the glory of the present? Alas! perhaps he did!

The handsome young man, who had joined the group near the arch of victory, was Gerald Moore, or Signore Mori. The man in the cloak kept near him during the whole time of the procession, and occasionally looked at him earnestly. He addressed him once or twice, and remarked that Pius IX. would make Rome the head of Italy, and the right arm of England. Gerald smiled, but made no reply. When the Holy Father retired to the Quirinal, Gerald was coming away, but found himself again near the dark-eyed Italian.

'Pardon, Signore,' said the mysterious-looking stranger, 'will you take this letter.'

'What letter?'

'Signore will see when he reads it.' Gerald was breaking the seal.

'Not here, not here,' said the Italian, 'not here—at home.'

Though a little surprised, Gerald quietly placed the letter in his bosom, and bent his way towards his lodgings. He lived in the 'Via Felice,' and was not long in gaining his own door. Full of thought at the scenes he had witnessed and full of conjecture as to how they would terminate, occasionally thinking, too, of the man in the cloak, he went up stairs, and entered his studio.

Gerald had now been a year and two months at Rome, and already had found himself a 'known man.' He had 'feasted on the best glories of the dead,' and made the coloring of Raphael and the bold lines of Angelo a portion of his own soul. He lived in communion with them until he felt as if he had been an in-dweller in their conceptions, and had been made an inheritor of their designs. The world was new to him, and every day became more novel still—he saw it in the mixed light of poetry and religion. Every hour only gave him a longing for the fadeless and the eternal, for his art winged him to journey upwards towards the form of all perfection, and the source of all power. How Gerald Moore loved! and how Rome fanned the flame of his devotedness—to God. Men will find in Rome—men who seek nothing else—will find something to blame, and to defame. Alas! to be sure—Rome is not all angelic. But do they give themselves the trouble to seek its transcending virtues? Do they inquire after its wonderful charities—its never-ending prayerfulness—its ecstatic union with the unseen—its mortifications—its fastings and disciplines? Of course not; but if they find one or two evil among the thousands and tens of thousands, who are a wonder, from their earnestness and faith, these make for such logicians the character of Rome, because they may happen to justify a pre-conception, and the Memoirs of Rome, because they are the only things such minds will remember.

Gerald's studio must remain undescribed. He opened the letter and read, 'You can do Rome and the Pope a service, if you will enter a house, at the foot of the Janiculum to-night, at seven o'clock. You are prayed to come.'

Gerald was not coward, and he saw no reason for denying himself any information which might be derived from a visit to the Janiculum at night. He had heard rumors of intentions to push the Pope beyond the limits of his own good will, and to compromise him with the reigning princes of Italy. But he knew the deep statesmanship of Pius the Ninth could not be easily deceived, and also that the Roman police were very well organized and watchful. He had heard, too, the great Pontiff's reply to some who threatened him with a defection on the part of those whom he was indulging. 'It is said that the people are often ungrateful,' but if my soul must experience such a grief, I will be thus undecided, I shall not be at all discouraged, for still there will remain to me God. Heavens wing is spread over such a man.

In the shadow of the hill on which St. Peter was crucified, Gerald Moore was walking on that evening. He found it no difficult thing to discover—

(Continued on seventh page.)

ORANGEISM. The recent riots in Belfast begun without warrant, continued without check, and ended so bloodily, have given the public a new interest in the history, secrets and power of the Orange Order. It is known in a general way that the Order exists, that in certain parts of Ireland it is immensely powerful, and that it is composed of Protestant zealots; but of the history and objects of the order little or nothing is known by the general public. We have before us, however, a Glasgow pamphlet, published at the Free Press office, on the subject. The revelations of this pamphlet are certainly startling. We are not, of course, in a position to aver that the statements it contains are reliable, we only know that they are believed, and believe that they are credible. After what has taken place in Belfast, whatever may be thought of their designs, it is not possible to doubt the desires of the Orangemen.

The order of Orangemen, it would appear, was instituted in 1794, and organized into lodges in 1795, by one Thomas Wilson, of Dyon, county Tyrone, on the estate of Lord Caledon. The order at first consisted of one degree only—Orangeism; but, in 1796, the purple degree was added by John Templeton, of Longhall, Fethardown. In later years the Marksmans' degree and the degree of the Heroine of Prichow were added; but these have since been annulled. The object of Orangeism at first was simply plunder, and the first name the Orangemen bore was that of 'Wreckers.' The order, however, afterwards became a religious and political organization, and then its members took the name of Orangemen, assuming to be followers of William III., Prince of Orange. 'Under the yail of professing loyalty to the Sovereign,' we are told, 'the real and avowed objects of Orangeism was the extirpation of the Irish Catholic from the land of his fathers, although the Orangemen was himself an intruder on Irish soil. For over half a century, Ulster was periodically convulsed, and nothing in Irish history can equal the terror and alarm which the Catholics suffered during the continuance of this periodical madness. When to this is added the fact that nearly every fair day or market day in almost every town and village of Ulster the Orangemen assembled in batches of twos and threes, and by their intimidation prevented the Catholic farmer from disposing of his live stock or grain, except on conditions which they themselves proposed, it will be easily seen how terrorism reigned in spite of law or justice.' The Orangemen posted up on the doors of the Catholics pre-emptory notices of departure, specifying the precise time—a week at the farthest—pretty nearly in the following words:—'To hell or to Connaught; with you, you bloody Papists; and if you are not gone by (mentioning the day), we will come and destroy yourselves and your properties. We all hate the Papists here.' Viscount Gosford, the Protestant Governor of Armagh in 1795, was the first to call public attention to the dangerous nature of the institution. A meeting of the magistrates of the county was held on the 8th of December, in that year. Lord Gosford presided, and it is reported to have said:—'It is no secret that a persecution, accompanied by all the circumstances of atrocious cruelty, which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity, is now raging in this country. Neither age nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence as to any guilt, is sufficient to excite mercy, much less protection.'

A lodge of the order consists of a master, secretary, two wardens and members. The candidates are introduced to take the following oath, standing a short distance from the secretary:—'I, A. B., in the presence of Almighty God, do solemnly and sincerely promise and swear that I will always hail, for ever conceal, and never reveal, any part or parts, point or points, of the mysteries of an Orangeman which shall be disclosed to me now or hereafter by a faithful and well disposed brother Orangeman. Furthermore, I promise and swear that I will never write it, indite it, stamp it, bark it, engrave it, or cause it to be done on any bark, oak leaf, parchment, paper, or sand, or anything whence the same may become legible or intelligible, to any person whatever. So help me God! and keep me steadfast.'

The penalty is that the candidate binds himself to advance three steps on the point of a sword. The sword is held at such a distance from his breast by a brother that he is necessarily pierced by it at the third step.

The lecture is as follows: A. Who comes there? B. A man. A. What man? B. An Orangeman. A. How shall I know you to be that? B. By trial. A. Have you a password? B. I have. A. Give it to me. B. I did not get it so myself. A. What will you do with it? B. I will have it or hold it. A. Have it and give me the first. B. No; give me the first. A. Mig. B. Dol. (This word may be found in Exodus xiv. 2. It is the name of a place in which the children of Israel encamped before they passed through the Red Sea.)

A. Pass on; give me your hand? B. Through where? A. Through the red walls (meaning the Red Sea.) They then give the lion's grip. A. Where are you from? B. From the house. A. What house? B. The house of bondage. A. Where are you going? To the promise land. A. How do you expect to get there? B. By the benefit of the main password. A. Give it to me. B. I cannot. A. How will you dispose of it? B. I syllable it. A. Begin. B. Shih. A. Bo. B. Leth. A. Right; Shihboleth.

The pass sign of an Orangeman is made by lifting the hat with the right hand, three fingers on the brim; put the three fingers on the crown and press the hat down, then dart off the hand to the front, with the thumb and little finger together. (This sign was discovered, and was changed, exhibiting the right hand with three fingers on the thigh or knee, also making the figure 3 with the finger on the knee.) This is called the half sign of an Orangeman. The main or full sign of an Orangeman is made by placing the three first fingers of each hand on the crown of the hat, raise the elbows as high as you can, then drop the hands perpendicularly by the side. (This sign is in allusion to the lintels or side-posts of the doors, on which the Passover Lamb was sprinkled.)

The distress word, or 'word of alarm,' is thus given;—If a brother Orangeman is in distress and wants help, he is to say, 'Who is on my side? who?' (This word is taken from 2 Kings ix. 32.) Any brother who hears this is bound by one of the lodge rules—and to these rules they are all sworn—to render assistance. The following is the clause of this rule:—'I will fly to the relief of a brother Orangeman, and assist him and give him all possible relief I can.' &c.

The grand halling sign of an Orangeman is by standing with both hands resting on the hips. The person who sees the sign will come and say, 'Your enemies are dead.' The Orangeman knows then that he is on his side.

The signs and grips of the Purple degree are as follows: A. What is your number? B. Two-and-a-half. A. Give it. (The grip is given by taking each other by the right hands, and pressing the thumb nail into the flesh of the second finger, half-way between the main point and the one below it.) The dialogue then proceeds—A. Reuten. B. Gnd. A. Half. B. Tribe. A. Manasseh—i.e., the first flexible joint of the finger is Reuten; the second joint Gad; and half way to the next joint is the half tribe of Manasseh.

The password is Gideon, and is given by two persons as follows:—The first says, 'Oa,' the second, 'de,' the first again says 'gi'—Ondegi, or Gideon syllabled backwards. The emblem of Orangeism vary according to the tastes of the different lodges; they have no meaning further than this. The 'lily,' we are told was sent by the Pope to King Henry VIII., at the time that the title of Defender of the Faith was bestowed on that Monarch. The purple rocket is the flower of the Purple Order, simply on account of its peculiar color. The original test of the order, which has since been modified, was the following oath:—'I, N. N., do hereby swear that I will exterminate, as far as I am able, the Catholics of Ireland.' The Purple Order had at one time other passwords than those just given. Here is the form of one; Q. Can you write your name? A. I can. Q. With what sort of a pen? A. With the spear of life, or Aaron's rod, that buds, blossoms, and bears almonds in one night. Q. With what sort of ink? A. Papias's blood.

It will be seen from the foregoing statements that the order of Orangemen has been, and is, quite, if not more, dangerous to the peace of Ireland than the order of Ribbonmen. The Ribbonmen, however, have at least a legitimate grievance while the Orangemen are without even an excuse for their excesses. The Ribbonmen profess to strive for the political freedom of their country, and in so far as they do this fairly they are worthy of respect, but the Orangemen have no such patriotic motive for action. They are simply unreasoning haters of the men who profess the Catholic religion. It is to be hoped that the riots in Belfast will have the effect of opening the eyes of the authorities to the existence of an organization which defies the law, disturbs the peace, and stands in the way of the progress and prosperity of Ireland. If Irishmen of all parties would learn to be tolerant, and if British statesmen would make up their minds to settle Irish grievances, there need be no limit to the advancement and happiness of the Sister Isle.—Newcastle Chronicle.

DEATH OF THE LORD BISHOP OF CLOGHER.—The Right Rev. Dr. MacNally died at his residence in Monaghan on Monday, Nov. 21, after a painful and protracted illness, which had fully prepared his flock for the bereavement they have suffered. Few dignitaries of the Church have left behind them a memory associated with so many noble works, so many generous deeds, and so much paternal zeal as the deceased Prelate, for whose loss the diocese of Clogher now mourn. During his long and honored reign over this ancient see he was regarded with affectionate reverence by Priests and people; and, with their aid, he has left behind him imperishable monuments of his exalted and untiring labors. Called to the high office of the Episcopacy at a time when religion was hardly free from the trammels which centuries of oppression had imposed upon it, the arduous task of regenerating the ancient glories of his diocese devolved on him. He undertook the work with unshrinking courage, and unflinching faith. He came forth from the halls of Maynooth, where his cultivated mind and genial disposition had made him the idol of a circle remarkable for its genius and acquirements. It was soon apparent that to the talents and accomplishments of the scholar the young Prelate added all the sterling qualities which are necessary in the Pastor and the guide. Religion renewed herself beneath his firm and gentle sway; churches were erected in every parish; schools were established in remote districts; and the blessings of Conventual institutions were bestowed upon the leading towns. A diocesan seminary, which is one of the finest structures of the sort in Ireland, was built at immense cost, and all the wants of the Church were fully supplied. But a short time ago, Dr. MacNally undertook the great work which he destined as the consummation of his labors. He laid the foundation stone of a new Cathedral, which, when completed, will proudly rival, in beauty and extent, the most magnificent of our modern ecclesiastical edifices. The building is only in process of erection, but enough of its stately proportions exist to testify to the zeal and devotion of its founder. The Cathedral was the great concern of the good Bishop's declining days. He watched it with untiring earnestness, and hoped to see it dedicated to its holy purposes. In this wish he has not been gratified; but the work must be for ever associated with his name.

DEATH OF THE REV. W. F. MULLALLY, P.P.—This evening it is our sad duty to make an announcement which will cloud many a heart in Tipperary with unfeigned sorrow. Father Mullally—the good and faithful servant of his Divine Master—the patriot Priest—the ardent lover of his country and kind life cold in death—the noble and generous heart, whose every pulsation was fraught with the finest attributes of our nature, has ceased to thro; and while many—very many—have lost in him a dear and valued friend, our country has been deprived of one of her most faithful and devoted children. An intimate acquaintance with Father Mullally but served to render apparent his true nobility of soul, his chivalrous sense of honor and his yearning for justice for the land of his warmest affections, while amongst God's least ones no kinder word than his ever brought consolation to hearts oppressed by the bitter weight of sorrow and affliction. Father Mullally died on the 14th November, after a week's illness; his remains will be interred to-morrow, in the parish chapel of Donohill, a structure raised in God's by the lamented deceased. May God receive his pure soul, and reward him for a well-spent life with the everlasting bliss of the kingdom of His glory.—Tipperary Free Press.

It is our painful duty to record the death of the Rev. J. McEnroe, P.P., Bellurbet. The deceased clergyman had barely entered on his duties in Bellurbet, to which parish he had been lately transferred from Cavan, when he succumbed to a malignant fever, caught in the discharge of his duties. He had been for twelve years Curate to the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, in Cavan, and while there won the affection of his flock and the respect of those who differed from him in religion. He had a kind heart overflowing with charity and zeal; and to candor and truthfulness was added the simplicity of a guileless and child-like nature. His death will be deeply felt and deplored, not only by those immediately affected by the sad occurrence, but by the diocese, which has sustained a severe loss in his unexpected demise.—Ulster Observer.

Fever is very prevalent, especially amongst the poorer classes, in Tipperary, at present, and has, in several instances, proved fatal. A nun, attached to one of the convents, died lately of the disease, which she contracted from some of the school children, and we understand that two of the Christian Brothers have also been attacked by the malady.—Clonmel Chronicle.

Richard Murphy, the man arrested for the murder of his two sisters at Balbriggan, has been fully committed for trial at the next assizes.

It is said that the Crown lawyers have obtained some additional information of importance regarding the murder at Balbriggan.

The murderer of Mr. BRADDELL.—The Waterford Standard states that Hayes, the supposed murderer of Mr. Braddell, of Tipperary, was arrested at Danmore on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock. He was brought before Lord Huntingdon, and was afterwards removed to Waterford Gaol. It is not certain that the man is Hayes. He was partially identified by the constable who arrested him, who had, formerly known him in Tipperary. He was further retained until witnesses who can perfectly identify him arrive.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Nov. 23.—The Commissioners at Belfast have been endeavoring to keep within the limits assigned by their warrant, and to restrict their inquiry into the riotous proceedings in that town, without admitting evidence as to their causes. They have allowed the outbreak of the Protestant ship carpenters to be ascribed to the outrages of the Roman Catholic navvies, and these outrages again to the burning of O'Connell in effigy. Mr. Kennedy, a Protestant magistrate, stated that the burning of the effigy, in question and the mock funeral procession were great outrages on the feelings of Roman Catholics. But while nearly all the Protestants in Belfast, and the majority of Protestants in other parts of Ireland, were in the habit of justifying those things by the fact that the Government permitted the O'Connell fact that the Government permitted the O'Connell procession in Belfast was provoked, that fact and the conduct of the Government in relation to the O'Connell procession were not admitted as within the scope of the inquiry. At length, however, the Protestant party have managed to introduce it in a curiously roundabout way. Yesterday Mr. Black, town councillor and chairman of the Police Committee, was called to account for the disproportion of Roman Catholics in the local police force—155 Protestants to 5 Roman Catholics—which he did in the following manner:—The predominating element of religion across from the fact that the majority of small farmers in the counties of Antrim and Down were Protestants, from whose sons the force was recruited, inasmuch as they were taller men than the Roman Catholics. In some cases he could tell a man's religion by his face.

It is a curious fact that the Roman Catholic religion preponderates in the Dublin force, and that its members are at least as big as the members of the Belfast force.—Times Cor.

THE INQUIRY IN BELFAST.—The Orange riots have undergone investigation now during a whole fortnight. The inquiry reveals a terrible state of things and shows the damning character of the sectarian hate and malice for the Catholic body, which find a place in the hearts of the Belfast Orangemen. They are a shocking crew, and the evidence of the witness plainly proves that there can be no peace in the town till the law is vigorously enforced, whenever any attempts may be made to create Orange riots. But, let it be clearly understood that it is not the scruff of the Orange party, as some persons have called them, who are responsible for these disgraceful riots, which could find no parallel in any part of Europe. They are not the only criminals. Men of a higher grade, although taking no active part in the stone-throwing and window-breaking are not innocent. Those magistrates who did not put the law in force with vigor; those local constables who looked on and laughed at the burning of O'Connell's effigy; and those merchants and others who winked at the onslaught made upon the Catholics, are guilty of riot, and deserve to be punished in some shape or other. They profess to be ruling powers in Belfast; and when they could have crushed the evil in the bud, but did not do it, we cannot do otherwise than look upon them as criminals. These parties, with the exception of the local police, laughed at the Commission and at first refused to take any part in the investigation. They resolved to set all inquiry at defiance, just as some of them laugh at the idea of respecting the laws. But three or four days since they found matters getting hard with them, and they sent for Mr. Esham, Q.C., to say something on their behalf. And to tell the truth, he has done what he could to serve their cause. He did what he could to get some of the witnesses to state that the magistrates performed their duty; that the local force was not at fault; and that it was a shame and a scandal to cast so much blame on the Orangemen of Belfast. But all Mr. Esham or his witnesses can do, they will not be able to gloss over the terrible crimes of the Orangemen. What a childish thing it was for any one to talk of the O'Connell statue procession in Dublin as provoking the Orange riots. Why should that national event create anger in any one's mind? Men of all creeds took a part in it, and those who attended it were there representing 5,000,000 of Catholics at home, and 10,000,000 abroad, who paid the honor due to the memory of their liberator. Why should such a procession as that, which did not mean to insult any party, create anger in Belfast? Those who walked in it carried no party colors, nor did the bands play any party tunes. It was not a procession to insult Orange or Blue, but one in which all creeds might have taken a part. But because the Irish nation honored O'Connell, the Orange portion of Belfast began to cry out that they were insulted; and at once they resolved to shoot down their Catholic neighbors, and wreck their houses! And they did shoot them, and in their savage fury spared neither age nor sex in order to glut their revenge!—Dundalk Democrat.

DUBLIN, Nov. 24.—With respect to the suicide of Colonel Alexander Tennant, the following particulars may be added to the brief account sent by telegraph. The deceased gentleman went to bed on Tuesday night in his usual health, which was good. He rose at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, and proceeded to his dressing room. Shortly after the family heard the report of firearms, and hastened to the room, where they found Colonel Tennant dead in his chair with one of his jaws frightfully shattered. Within a few yards of him lay a double-barrelled gun, one barrel of which had been discharged. The other was loaded and capped. It is stated that he had been for some time in a desponding state of mind, but no cause for this is assigned. He must have been an old man, for he entered the army as an ensign in 1808, and served the following year at the siege of Flushing. Since that time he had had no opportunity for distinguishing himself in his profession—Lieutenant in 1813, Captain in 1826, Major in 1834, Lieutenant Colonel in 1846. He retired on full pay in 1854.

Mr Justice Ball, who was called to the bar exactly half a century ago, and has been a quarter of a century on the bench, went on the Munster Circuit at the last assizes. He caused no small commotion in several places by his sensitiveness with regard to noise, and the frequency with which he was reported to have threatened the officials of the courts with punishment if his peremptory orders were not instantly obeyed. At Cork there was a mill near the Court house, the noise of which disturbed the judge seriously. He directed that the mill should be stopped; but as it had not broken the law, and was not in court, it was supposed that he had no power to arrest it, and so it went on torturing the judicial nerves. Mr Justice Ball then sent for Mr Deebie, the owner of the mill, and imperatively commanded him to stop the mill. 'For how long, my Lord?' humbly asked Mr Deebie. 'As long as I please,' replied the Judge. The mill was accordingly stopped, and has not been set going since, as his Lordship never signified his pleasure on the subject. It is probable that if he had known the history of the mill in question he would have been more cautious, for on a former occasion the Corporation thought proper to interfere with it, for which the owner brought an action and obtained £1,500 damages. A similar action is about to be commenced against Judge Ball, to recover the loss sustained by having the mill for so many months idle. Some nice points of law are expected to arise in the course of the trial. Was the arrest legal? Was the injunction to terminate with the assizes, or to remain like the mesmeric spell, till removed by the power by which it wrought? Can a judge be held responsible for acts done on the bench, if he feels that he is only discharging his duty? Is he responsible for the stopping of the mill, if it was done by the owner in obedience to his commands, and not by one of the officers of the court, or the police, &c.—Cork Times.

During the week ending Nov. 12, there were registered in the city of Dublin 157 births—81 boys and 76 girls.

Sir Robert Peel says, at the Royal Dublin Society, that he has been four years in Ireland, and finds the people a most intelligent and self-reliant people, and that what is required is not to be told that there are grievances to complain of, but that one class should support the other, and that all should put shoulder to shoulder. He says that Ireland has a strong body of members in Parliament and that he should like to see them in fair and honorable co-operation with one another, putting a pressure upon the Imperial Government by their legitimate parliamentary influence, in order to get a fair and just grant of public money for the relief of the agricultural interests of Ireland. Sir Robert Peel had every where been struck by the great quantity of un-drained land in Ireland; and he wanted to see three-fourths of a million laid out in thorough drainage that would drain 250,000 acres and increase the letting value of the land 10 per cent. Sir Robert objected to look on emigration as the safety valve of Ireland; on the contrary, what he wanted to see was steady useful employment to the agricultural labourer, which would do away with all the talk about emigration being the safety valve of Ireland. 'Look,' says Sir Robert, 'what the Imperial Legislature spent upon the Caledonian Canal in Scotland. Look at what the Imperial Parliament spent upon the Ottawa river navigation works in Canada—over a million sterling for 123 miles. And then look at our magnificent Shannon, spreading over 200 miles of this country, running through 10 counties, and having a population on its immediate borders of over a million of people. Does not that represent something worthy of the support of the Imperial Parliament? Why do not the Government come forward now and treat an Imperial question like this as it should be treated? Sir Robert said that he thinks 150,000 would suffice to drain the district of the River Suck, irrespective of the works for the Shannon, and that he hoped the Imperial Government would give the assistance which in such cases was required. And he said, that Government which would deal boldly with the question and not hesitate to grant money for works which would raise an important class of the Irish people from the depression under which they now labor would be the Government to which he would give his support, whether he were in office or out of office. And we confess that we do so far agree with the Irish Chief Secretary, that the Government which comes forward with the largest grants of money for improving the material condition of the depressed agricultural classes in Ireland, and for keeping the population at home with remunerative employment, will have a claim if not for support at least for toleration which we should find it difficult to disregard.

All the national leagues or great associations for the abolition of the Irish Church, and for procuring mere places for Whig lawyers, are to us in 1864 mere garbage, when compared with a bag of money for giving employment to the Irish poor, and for making Ireland a happy home for a prosperous peasantry.—Tablet.

REPRESENTATION OF IRELAND IN THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—The time is fast approaching when it will be again in the power of Ireland to send into Parliament a body of men who may be relied upon as certain to prefer the welfare of their constituents to their own private interests. It seems to be pretty generally conceded that a number of honest and able representatives—say twenty or thirty—working together zealously and determinedly for Ireland, could so embarrass any ministry as to force them to pass many valuable measures which it is at present impossible for us to obtain. It is even asserted that such a party would have it in their power to bring the Irish Church Establishment to grief and procure the passing of a good Landlord and Tenant Bill for Ireland; but to this many well-meaning Irishmen demur, and say 'it is all waste of time; a fettering away of the energies of the nation to seek, by Parliamentary agitation, what can only be got by the sword; and they point to the jealousy of England, the political intolerance of the landlord class, and the failure of Parliamentary agitation up to the present, in support of their assertions. Well these people are entitled to their opinion; but we believe the majority of our readers hold very different views and think a great deal of good could be effected by a strong independent Irish party in Parliament. It is quite certain that so long as we continue to send over to London, as our representatives, political adventurers, or men whose aristocratic sympathies and prejudices must naturally prevent them from throwing themselves heart and soul into the popular cause, we can expect very little from Parliamentary action. We grant that hitherto nothing has been gained by Irishmen to compensate them for the sacrifices they made to secure the election of their chosen representatives; but after ninety-nine failures, there is no reason why we should not succeed the hundredth time. Our past experience should not dishearten us or cause us to give up in despair all hope of obtaining important measures of redress from Parliament; it should rather teach us to be more careful as to the class of men to select. We do not want fair spoken aristocrats or moneyless agitators to vindicate the cause of Ireland in Parliament; give us men like Gladstone and Cobden, and Bright—men of the people; we care not whether they are English or Irish, Catholic or Protestant, provided they be men of the right stamp. We do not want men more ornamental than useful—silent members, or eloquent spouters incapable of state-making and action destitute of political forecast; we require sensible, practical, hardworking men, who will cause themselves and their country to be respected. If Parliamentary action is not to be a farce, we must send into Parliament representatives able to cope with the leading debaters of the great English parties.—Waterford Citizen.

ACCIDENT AT BESSBOROUGH.—A very melancholy accident occurred a few days since at Bessborough fairyard, which had nearly proved fatal. A woman whilst busy in doing something, almost in contact with a thrashing machine, had a portion of her garments so entangled with a belt by which the machinery was driven, that she was immediately caught up and whirled round with fearful velocity. On perceiving the accident, an attendant shut off the water which was the motive power, by lowering a sluice and immediately stopped to movements of the machinery. But she had got so firmly jammed in between the machinery and the building, that it was found impossible to extricate her from her position by any other means than cutting away the most of her dress. A priest and doctor were immediately procured, but it was only after the lapse of four or five hours she gave any indications of possessing life. The noble Earl and Countess of Bessborough were in immediate attendance and were much afflicted at the accident. His Lordship was highly indignant that a woman should have been employed about the machine, and gave orders that it should be the last time. Though the woman continued in a very precarious state for four or five days, she is now convalescent.—Waterford Citizen.

REPORTED MURDER IN FERMANAGH.—Ediniskillen, Nov. 15.—I informed you yesterday of the finding of the body of John McMahon, who, it was reported, had been murdered. The particulars of the affair appear to be that a man named Michael Conolly (between whom and deceased there existed for a long time a bad feeling) was returning from the fair of Cavan with two cows, and he met McMahon on the road, when they both went into a field at Darryard and commenced fighting, no one being present but a little girl named Bliza Maginn, who stated they knocked each other down several times, when ultimately McMahon lay on the ground and expired.—Conolly carelessly walked away, driving the cows home. When we arrived, there he immediately absconded, but is supposed to be concealed in the neighborhood. An inquest was held on yesterday, and a verdict returned of manslaughter against Conolly.