

mankind would continue their pilgrimage to the foot of your Sovereign's throne? You have the incomparable glory of possessing the capital of 200,000,000 of souls, and all your ambition is to reduce it to be the chief lieu of the last corner of the kingdoms of the earth.

You propose to conquer Venice by persuading Austria and Europe. We shall see. So far I sincerely wish you success. It is thus; it is by persuasion by the example of her prosperity under the shadow of free institutions, that Piedmont since 1847 should have and might have secured the triumph and the honour of her policy. And it is this which, of all the criminals among whom has to be divided the responsibility of the evil which is being done in Italy, makes you perhaps the greatest. For you had all that was necessary to bring to perfection an admirable work with the sympathy of honest men in all parts of the world. Neither have patriotism, nor eloquence, nor audacity, nor perseverance, nor skill, been wanting. You have wanted one thing only, conscience and respect for other men's consciences.

You now pretend to solve the Roman question by proving to the world the benefits of the alliance between liberty and religion. What do you mean? I have been for thirty years the minister of this noble alliance. I believe its triumph to be indispensable to the salvation of society, and it is for this very reason that I combat you, for no policy has ever rendered this triumph more difficult than yours. Your words which I accept, are absolutely belied out by your acts, which I denounce.

I remain more than ever faithful to the conviction which you have pointed out in my writings. All the civil and political liberties which constitute the normal regime of civilized society far from being injurious to the Church, aid its progress and its glory. It finds in them rivalry, but at the same time rights, struggles, and arms, and those arms emphatically its own—freedom of speech, of association, of charity. Liberty, however, is serviceable to the Church only on one condition—that is, that she herself enjoys liberty. I speak here in my own name, without mission, without authority, relying solely on an experience already long and peculiarly enlightened by the state of France for the last ten years. But I say without hesitation—a free Church in a free State, that is my ideal. I add that in modern society the Church cannot be free except where everybody is free. In my eyes this is a great blessing and a great progress. Any how it is a fact. Never let the Church be reproached with not accepting all the liberties granted by States. In all countries she accepts them, and what is more, she makes use of them—in England as in the United States, in Prussia as in Holland, everywhere, in a word, where she is not subjected to the gags and fetters invented for her.

The agreement would be complete if Government would accept all the liberties of which the Church has need, instead of making them the subject of bargains by absolute laws as in France, confiscating them by odious annoyances in Russia, or by trampling them under foot by brutal iniquity as in Italy.

Now, the independence of the Church depends, above all, on the absolute liberty of its chief, the teacher and guardian of the faith, and that liberty has had for its shield during ten centuries a temporal sovereignty constituted independently of all States. It depends, moreover, in the interior of each State on the liberty of association, the liberty of instruction, the liberty of charity; rights which no sensible man proposes to reserve for the Church alone, but which are not rights if they are oppressed by obstacles beforehand, instead of being simply subjected to interference in cases defined by the laws, and decided upon by independent tribunals with publicity and the power of appeal.

These are the guarantees and the conditions for the liberty of the Church. Now, you violate them all at once—the first by suppressing the temporal power of the Pope; the second, by dispersing communities; the third, by coercing the bishops; the fourth, by confiscating their patrimony.

How, then, would you have religion unite itself with a liberty which begins by suppressing its own.

Are you ready to restore to the Sovereign Pontiff his temporal sovereignty, a sovereignty which secures him so much of power and so much of resources, that, free from all pressure and all obligations, he may stretch out his hands to God only?

Are you prepared to accept the entire liberty of the Church in your agrandized States?

Are you prepared in the six months which you allow us to call on the Sovereigns of Europe to guarantee that liberty in their States—in France, in Russia, in Prussia, in Austria, in England? If so, you will be able to speak of reconciling religion with liberty.

But instead of this, for ten years past you have violated, without any other pretext than the right of the strongest, all the treaties, all the engagements solemnly contracted between Piedmont and the Holy See. Nay, more, you denounced the Sovereign Pontiff at the Congress of Paris; you have calumniated his intentions; you have traversed his acts; banished his bishops; you have braved his sentences; you have violated his frontiers; you have invaded his States; you have imprisoned his defenders; you have insulted, crushed, bombarded his soldiers? You make with Garibaldi a rendezvous in six months' time over the tomb of the Apostles; and then you say to Catholics, 'I am liberty, and I offer you my hand!'

No, no! you are not liberty, you are but violence. Do not condemn us to add that you are falsehood! We are your victims—be it so—but we will not be your dupes. You can annex to Piedmont kingdoms and empires, but I defy you to rally to your acts one single honest conscience.

The blessed and necessary concord of religion and liberty will have its hour; but if alas! that hour be long delayed, it will be your fault and to your eternal dishonour!

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

IRISH CHIVALRY AND ENGLISH MALICIOUSNESS.

The more Irish in the Austrian service the better; our troops will always be disciplined; an Irish coward is an uncommon character.—Francis I., Emperor of Germany.

"Semper et ubique fidelis."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "IRISH AMERICAN."

Sir,—The atrocious and wholesale falsehoods with which the London Times parishes its pages on every question pertaining to Ireland and Catholicity, we have come to regard as an absolute necessity to its existence. Its scurrilous slanders and calumnious invectives we treat with the scorn and opprobrium they merit; and while we smile at its mendacious distortion of facts, we can afford to despise its petty meanness and attempts to blacken our national character for valor. The venal and mercenary reputation of the "Thunderer" is notorious; it stoops to the most base and disreputable means to attain its object, and prostitutes its columns to the most flagitious and contemptible detraction to crush and overwhelm its victims. Its violent philippic and denunciations against the Irish Brigade in the service of his Holiness have been marked by a tissue of falsehoods only equalled by their rancorous virulence; but this, of course, was to be expected from the persistent hatred which the Times displays, in all its writings, towards the Holy See and Catholic Ireland. Yet, with all our experience of the past, we must cordially confess that we were totally unprepared for such a tirade of venomous malice, such a torrent of vile defamation as that with which the Times assails the gallant bearing of the Irish soldiers at Spoleto. Not content with barefacedly vilifying the conduct of the Brigade, it has studiously insulted Catholic Irishmen in general with the most bitter taunts and opprobrious epithets, and has lied—aye, basely and wilfully lied in the face of Europe—forgetting, in its blind and implacable hate, that the truth would soon dash throughout the world, adding a new halo of lustre and glory to the martial fame and prowess of old Ireland. Let the readers of the Irish American, however, bear in mind that the special correspondent of the Times, in Italy, is the truculent miscreant and bloody-minded Galanga—an Anglicized Italian—of assassination notoriety, and lately expelled from the Sardinian Parliament for his misdeeds in the short-lived Republic of Rome. Such is the representative of the paper that would exterminate the Irish and Catholicity from the face of the earth. "Ex uno disce omnes."

Almost at the outset of the "editorial" the writer in the Times confesses that no account had been received of the battle; the telegram had flashed the joyful music to English ears that Spoleto had surrendered, and six hundred Irishmen were prisoners in the hands of the Sardinians. Without waiting to test its accuracy, the hireling scribe of Printing House Square vomited forth his splenetic malignity against Lamoriciere and the Irish Brigade. With all the exacerbation of the effusion, however, some few grains of truth are to be gleaned from it—though intended by the writer for the opposite effect: for instance—"Although all elsewhere is going wrong; although Lamoriciere has been routed before Ancona, and guns, arms and generals are among the spoils, yet there is a resting-place of satisfaction in the desperate gallantry of the noble Irish who have made the defence of Spoleto, if disastrous, still illustrious." And this has turned out to be substantially true, despite the bitter sneers and gibes of the Times. The writer then becomes grandiloquent over the disaster of the Brigade, and fulminates his indignation anathemas of contempt at its cowardice, or with caustic and trenchant irony lauds its valor: "What brave deeds have been done for the honor of Ireland. How brightly the valor of the Irish will shine among the nations." From first to last the Times has bitterly opposed the Brigade. To enlist for the Pope, in its estimation, was a crime of the greatest magnitude—an undertaking never to be forgotten or forgiven—and the rage of the Times was spent in violent denunciations. The "Wild Geese" still flocked to the Holy Father in Rome maugre all the threats and menaces and fearful malitions imprecated on their heads. "We knew they were going out to disgrace us. But then indeed we never sought out this class of Irishmen fit for the work to which these men were destined." True, for these men despised the British army too much to enter it; and Irishmen take service in it not from love but necessity. The Brigade was composed of Volunteers (in the true acceptance of the word) who had resigned comfortable homes and circumstances to embrace hardships, and with a stern determination and a holy and noble purpose to fight for and protect, the representative of Christ, and his dominions, against the assaults and brigandage rampant throughout distracted Italy.

The Brigade was mainly officered by men who had held commissions in the crack regiments of Great Britain. The taunts and sneers at Irish cowardice may be passed over in silence as too contemptible to notice—the reputation of Irish valor being too firmly established in every quarter of the globe to need apology here, or to be lightly impugned even on the testimony of the Times. Irish soldiers may meet reverses, may be overwhelmed by superior numbers; but cowards they have never been; even on British authority they stand confessed the best and ablest soldiers of the world—that authority being one competent to give judgment undeterred by the party malignity of a penny-line scribbler. "They had no right," raves the Times, "to go abroad to disgrace the name of Britain in that respect. We all expected at least, some good rough fighting from them. Perhaps, however, we ought to have known better." How treacherous the memory of the Times must be—how oblivious of facts that have happened in other quarters of the globe within a recent date. Suppose for a moment that 600 Irishmen—little better than raw recruits, ill armed—had surrendered to a corps of 10,000 well disciplined troops, with siege train complete, it would be no extraordinary or remarkable evidence of cowardice. But what does the Times say to the following unquestionable fact—that 400 English veteran troops were ingloriously routed by 800 naked, untanned soldiers, armed with bows, shot-guns, and tomahawks only—the fact that a handful of contemptible Chinese scattered the flower of British chivalry at the mouth of the Peiho? The special correspondent of the Times, writing at a late date from China, reluctantly confesses, and with deep humiliation to English pride that British soldiers were shamefully and disgracefully defeated by the despised Chinese. Our readers can draw their own inferences.

The most ridiculous canards and outrageous falsehoods have been perpetrated and circulated regarding Lamoriciere and the Irish Brigade, one account representing him as a coward! The idea of Lamoriciere a coward! One of the ablest generals ever produced by France. Again, we were told he was shooting the insubordinate Irish by platoons; that he was disgusted with the Papal service, but could not honorably withdraw then; these with a thousand monstrous rumors, with the legible on their face were circulated through Europe and America without attaining the object for which they were fabricated. Despite the thick atmosphere of lies which surrounded the action of the Papal troops—the truth, at last, like the noonday sun piercing a dense mass of clouds, bursts forth in all its brilliancy and splendor, and we are presented with the affair of Spoleto, in its true colors, and oh! how different the French from the English version. Spoleto contained 700 or 800 men, of whom 200 only were Irishmen, the attacking force at least 10,000 or 15,000 Sardinians, it was madness to think of opposing such overwhelming odds; and at a council of the officers it was proposed to surrender, but O'Reilly, in the name of the Irish, indignantly protested against such a proceeding, and threw himself with his handful of men into the citadel determined to fight to the last, sending word to Rome to that effect. For hours they fought bravely and manfully

until the citadel was in ruins, which they were summoned to surrender. In our youthful days, we have been fascinated over the historic page of Marathon and spell-bound with admiration at the pass of Thermopylae; and with clenched fist and compressed lips we have read of the fiery and furious onslaught of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy—with streaming eyes of "le fameux Mahony" repulsing the Imperial cuirassiers with a handful of half-naked Irish veterans, and holding the Imperial army at bay until Cremona was saved—and with swelling pride at the proud challenge of Sarsfield when the Irish yielded to overwhelming numbers at the Boyne, after a long day's protracted fight—"Change us kings and we will fight you over again." But language fails to express the throbbing of our heart on reading the reply of O'Reilly when summoned to surrender: "Return and tell your commander that we are Irishmen, and that we hold this citadel for God and the Pope. The Irish who serve the Pope are ready to die, but not to surrender." Imperative orders, however, from Rome, compelled them to submit, and O'Reilly and his heroes sullenly yielded themselves prisoners. The Irish Brigade in the service of the Pope has added another chapter to the laurels of old Ireland, and their conduct is well worthy of a niche in Ireland's temple of fame, or an inscription in letters of gold on the pages of her military annals. Had Lamoriciere 50,000 drilled Irishmen, he could have held the Papal States against Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel combined, and, at the same, dispensed with the hypocritical kindness of Napoleon III.

The Pope's Brigade may favorably compare with the Irish Brigade of Louis XIV. In every engagement the Irish companies participated and upheld the national character of undaunted bravery. And wherever they have yielded it has been to overwhelming numbers. At Castelgardo, the Papal troops had but four guns, whilst the Sardinians had eighty. Lamoriciere had 11,000 men, and Cialdini 45,000—such were the odds. Among other battles where Irish glory has shown in all its brilliancy, we may mention Clontarf, Blackwater, Beurb, Limerick—Almanza, Fontenoy, Cremona, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Ramilies, Blenheim, Vendome, Vittoria, Luzzara, Cassano, Calcinato, and through all the wars of the Low Countries. In India the bones of thousands of Irishmen lie bleaching; throughout the Peninsula they saved England from total annihilation—Wade, Wellington, Gough, Napier, Wolfe and other Irishmen whose names would fill volumes, have fought and conquered for England. The readers of the Irish American are familiar with the details of Irish valor in the Revolutionary war of the United States; also in Central America, Chili, Bolivia, Peru and Mexico; Montgomery, Jackson, Fann, Wayne, Carroll, Coffee, Shiel, O'Higgins, O'Reilly, Devereux, and hosts of other Irishmen almost as numerous as the stars of the firmament. The Spanish army list is composed almost entirely of Irish names with an O'Donnell at its head. The Austrian roll is, also swelled with Irish names, with a Nugent as Marshal and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire; and France, *chers France*, numbers not only thousands of Irish names, but her greatest soldiers are of the same race. MacMahon is the foremost soldier of France, and *par excellence* the first soldier in the world. Lamoriciere—the *preux Chevalier*—mingles Irish blood in his veins from his mother. It must not be forgotten that four-fifths of the recipients of the Victoria Cross in the Crimea were Irishmen. Such are the race and its descendants whom the London Times would brand with the foul stigma of poltroonery and cowardice!

Volume on volume might be written on Irish valor; in fact no other in the world has so bright a galaxy of names as Ireland. England, America, France, Spain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia are indebted for their brightest victories to Irishmen or their descendants. We cannot conclude this rather prolix letter without a few words at parting, from O'Connor's *Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation*: "That a better friend or more dangerous foe never swept a battlefield than the disciplined Irishman; and often when defeat seemed inevitable the shout of the Irish Brigade daunted the enemy, and their charge bore back and shattered its exulting columns. Exiled, persecuted and loyal, the Irish lent their valor to the States which supported their dethroned kings, their outlawed religion, their denationalized country, their vow of vengeance or their hope of freedom." Supporting and justifying the motto inscribed by France on the flag of the Irish Brigade on its departure from that country, after one hundred years' service.—

1692. SEMPER ET UBIQUE FIDELIS.—1793 "They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery and true, And, though victors, they left on the field not a few; And they who survived fought and drank as of yore, But the land of their hearts' hope they never saw more; For in far foreign fields from Dunkirk to Belgrade, Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade." A SPIRIT OF '98.

New York, Oct. 23, 1860.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Capt. Robinson, agent to Lord Lorton, has given the free use of a quarry to the Very Rev. Canon Tighe, parish priest of Cahillmore, for the construction of the beautiful church which he has now in course of erection.

Roderick O'Connor, Esq., who died at his seat, Benham, Tasmania on the 26th of July, has left the magnificent sum of twenty thousand pounds for the building of a Catholic chapel in that colony. The deceased was 76 years of age, and a native of the county Kerry.

A special telegram to the Dublin News, dated Monaghan, October 25, says: "The Orange confederation has this day received another severe blow. Their prosecution of the Rev. Thomas M'Nally, Catholic Curate of Clones, terminated in the utter discrediting of three witnesses, upon whose testimony the Grand Jury found an indictment for the transportable offence of grievous assault upon William Fegan, an active member of the Clones Lodge."

The Syrian Fund Committee, Cavan, acknowledged from the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Kilmore, the sum of £16, from the parish of Cavan.

When the Protestant Bishop of Kilkenny wanted to get up an organ some time ago he was collecting for six months through the United diocese and received only £150! When the collectors gave up the task as hopeless, and paid in what they had received, they were about leaving the Palace, when his lordship called them to his window and pointed out the Roman Catholic Cathedral. "There," said he, "is a people having faith; a people who built up that grand structure from their poverty, while I cannot procure an organ, with all the wealth of three dioceses among my flock—a people with faith, charity, and good works, and there is a proof of it."

John Madden, Esq., has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of the county Fermanagh.

THE IRISH EDUCATION BOARD.—The Presbytery of Antrim have memorialised the Lord Lieutenant against any increase of Catholics as Commissioners of National Education, and have received His Lordship's determination:—"Dublin Castle, Oct. 12, 1860.—Sir—I am directed by the Lord Lieutenant to acknowledge the receipt of the communication, dated 9th inst., from the members of the Presbytery of Antrim, relating to the Commissioners of National Education; and I am desired to acquaint you, for the information of the Presbytery, that they have been rightly informed that Her Majesty's Government have determined to increase the number of Roman Catholic members, so as to give them an equal share in the constitution of the Board.—I am, &c., EDWARD CARWELL."

Mr. D. O'Connell, M.P.—A trades correspondent of the Cork Constitution, mentions that intelligence was received on Monday to the effect that Mr. Daniel O'Connell, M.P., has been appointed Commissioner of the Dublin Police Force, in room of Mr. O'Farrell, who retired.

Extensive works are in progress at different parts of the old Castle at Carrickfergus, preparing batteries to mount six Lancaster guns. The masonry is of great strength; and when the guns are in position, the whole Lough will be effectually commanded.

The Carragh camp being about to be broken up, the troops there will be distributed throughout the chief districts of Ireland: Already Waterford, and other large towns have been made head quarters for the reception of the different regiments so distributed.

The new bridge now erecting by the Dublin and Drogheda Railway Company at Malahide, near Dublin, is stated to be a structure combining strength with gracefulness of proportion. There is a very strong current at that point, and engineering skill has been seriously taxed both in preparing for the new bridge and providing a temporary one of timber over it, that the traffic may proceed uninterruptedly. The piers are of stone work, and the superstructure of iron. Mr. Hartly is engineer.—Dublin Builder.

THE OFFICERS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.—The account which our gallant countryman Major O'Reilly has written speaks highly for that gentleman's courage as a soldier and an Irishman; and our County Louth friends will, no doubt, read with as much pride as regret of the defence of Spoleto by him. Major O'Reilly was a captain in the Louth Rifles before he went to Rome, and he is also a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of his native county. Lieutenant Cronin, who is mentioned as having displayed "peculiar courage and coolness," resided in Drogheda. He is the eldest son of Mr. Cronin, who was lately comptroller of customs at this port, and is brother-in-law to Thomas Daly, Esq., of West-street. Lieutenant Copinger, is from Cork, and Lieutenants Stafford and Green are natives of Dublin. May they all be honorably received when they come to Ireland!—Drogheda Argus.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.—The Sunday Times thus vindicates the Irish Brigade from the charge of cowardice, the scarcely less self-contradictory than the accusation of being mercenaries:—"British pluck and courage do not now assert themselves for the first time in the history of the world. There is no branch of our empire the sons of which have not even been sturdy fighters. The English are matched by their brethren of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, as all our warlike experiences as a nation abundantly demonstrate.—Indeed, English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, are mixed up together with chivalric indiscrimination in this very British legion; and not in any martial discrepancies could the peculiar idiosyncrasies of each be traced. "We allude to this feature of the case before us because it gives us an opportunity of protesting against the injustice which has been so pertinaciously inflicted upon the 'Irish Brigade' by the Times, followed, of course, by the newspaper press, generally. We have no right to complain against any reasonable criticism upon the cause which our fellow-countrymen, under the command of General Lamoriciere, went forth to serve. But they are our fellow-countrymen, and we will neither calumniate their spirit nor rejoice in their misfortunes. Our bugle and our drum have been sounded as loudly as they could be, and this is a disgusting lie and an unpardonable insult. It is well known that in the unexpected battle in which they were engaged they fought long after all hope of victory had ceased to animate them, and set an example of valour, earnestness, and pertinacity to all their Continental comrades. That they laboured in a bad cause; that they suffered from a most atrociously imperfect administration; that the generalship they obeyed was reckless and desperate; that the providence of the age was against their success; and, above all, that they were overpowered by vastly superior numbers, none can deny; and when all these circumstances are remembered, the defeat they endured may be forgiven.—But that they should be censured for lack of the virtues of the field, and that by an English journal, is monstrous—the more monstrous when the motive of the slander was simply to give a poisoned point to the malice of party and sectarian spleen. It is far more for the interest of England that the reputation of her children for bravery should be maintained, than that the misfortunes of an adventurous devotee of the Papacy should be eternally crowed over. The British Legion is winning in a good cause: the Irish Brigade inherited no military disgrace in a bad one."

THE IRISH BRIGADE.—The Times appears to be very angry because a great number of the Irish Brigade were not killed and wounded. It is continually harping on that string. The smallness of the Irish loss is continually referred to in a tone which tells unmistakably the thirst of that journal for Irish blood. The Times has not had enough of it.—Think of only three men killed out of a thousand. The Times had been hoping that at least half the number would have been swept away by the rifled cannon of the Piedmontese—but think of only three—why, their blood is not a paltry sup, and the Times had been hoping for copious drips of it. The brutality of the articles of that journal, and, indeed, of several others, on the Brigade; the pertinacity with which it pursues its men, repeating slanders against them which have long since been disproved, and hurling at them every low and lying epithet which its vocabulary can supply, is really a disgrace to journalism.—Nation.

The Rev. John Ryan, P.P. New Inn, Casbel, is a letter addressed to the Very Rev. Canon Pope, Dublin, says that had the "Irish Brigade been kept together, the results of the late campaign would be different from what they are now, but English influence succeeded, through an unexpected channel, in getting them divided—in fact, scattered into useless little parties. I have no doubt on my mind but that I could point out the man who did all this mischief in the Irish Brigade."

The following are the terms in which Mgr. Dnyanoul, Bishop of Orleans, alludes to the Irish in the Pontifical army, in the cause of his beautiful funeral oration:—"There were amongst them (the soldiers of the Papal army) heirs of noble names, possessors of immense fortunes. Well, they did not think that a youth passed in idleness was sufficient for the honour of their names and the aspirations of their hearts. That inglorious repose weighed like remorse on those descendants of our ancient families. They knew not how to shake it off. The appeal of Pius IX., the example of General Lamoriciere, came suddenly to awaken their souls. Love of glory, thirst for self-sacrifice, the necessity of honouring their lives, the souvenirs of their ancestors, the attraction of great deeds—of some immense peril—some important mission, suddenly took possession of their souls, and they exclaimed—'Let us find again with the magnanimous piety of the noble knights, the ancient inheritors of their valor!' And they rose up on every side, not only in this noble France, and our best provinces, but in religious Belgium, in noble Savoy, in valiant Ireland (*la Suisse Helvétique*), on the borders of the Rhine, in Switzerland, in Catholic Germany. Spain sends her sons at this moment. They come from castle and cottage; for I will not celebrate only here well known and illustrious names—I love and will not forget them, the unknown, those brave Bretons, Belgians, or Irish peasants, who will, perhaps, have no historian to name them here below, but whose names are henceforth to be inscribed in the book of life in heaven, and on the eternal tablets of honour—*quorum nomina scripta sunt in libro vite*. Yes, I am happy to render them homage, and I have not to-day a greater joy than in not forgetting those who will be forgotten, perhaps on the earth." So speaks the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, and in words equally effective

tonate and consoling speaks the Bishops and clergy of our own country. And *oppos* of the Brigade, a movement has been set on foot by some Catholics in London to prepare a Sword of Honor for presentation to General Lamoriciere. The movement has not extended to this country, nor is it likely to do so not because of any want of admiration of General Lamoriciere, but because people would rather give their money to bring home the Brigade, or give it to the Pope himself, all whose revenues have now been taken from him with the territory he has for the present lost. There is, however, one of our Irish Catholic papers which is very busily engaged in endeavoring to depreciate Lamoriciere, or throw a doubt on his generalship. The editor of the Tipperary Examiner is not at all satisfied with the manner in which that general conducted the campaign, and is calling loudly on him to furnish explanations of it—for which it is not impossible that he will some day receive a second note from M. Moquard, in which he will be told that his dispassionate judgment and admirable discrimination have again attracted the notice of the Emperor.—Dublin Cor. Irish-American.

ARRIVAL OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.—QUEENSTOWN, Nov. 3.—The steamer *Dee*, from Havre, with the Irish Brigade, arrived here at 10 o'clock this morning. The Brigade met with a most enthusiastic reception. A deputation from Cork, with a band, met the Brigade at the entrance of the harbor, and escorted the steamer on her passage, the band playing Irish national airs, whilst the men of the Brigade crowded the paddle-boxes and rigging of the *Dee*, cheering most vociferously. As the *Dee* steamed past Her Majesty's ships *Sanspareil* and *Hack*, the royal standard was lowered. The men appeared healthy, and physically none the worse from the campaign.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.—Major O'Reilly, who, at the head of the Irish Brigade, has so distinguished himself in the late Italian campaign, has arrived in London, and writes to the Times to state in the most positive manner, that the Irish prisoners of war are being transmitted to their homes at the expense of the Pontifical Government and the Irish people.—The following is Major O'Reilly's letter referred to above:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES. Sir—Referring to the statements in your Irish correspondence of this day, I beg to say that no arrangements have been made between the Sardinian and British Governments to send the Irish prisoners to Ireland at their joint expense. By the terms of the capitulation they were to be "conducted to the frontier and there set at liberty," and the expense of their return to their country has been and is being defrayed by the Pontifical Government and the Irish people.—I have the honour to be your obedient servant, MYLES O'REILLY, Major St. Patrick's Battalion.

THE "TIMES" CAUTIONED BY GOVERNMENT.—Treason in the Times! We have learned from a London correspondent that the Government has cautioned the Times against the insertion of such articles as that which appeared lately in its columns against the Irish Brigade—not, of course, that such is not true English feelings towards Ireland, but that it is injudicious and impolitic at the present crisis. This seems confirmed by an article in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday, 25th Oct., glossing the matter over and wondering that the Irish should feel annoyed at the abusive article of the Times, as their bravery on every battle-field places them beyond the reach of criticism or the charge of cowardice. All very fine, Mr. Chronicle, but Ireland will never forget that ruffian attack, at a time when she was trembling with anxiety for the fate of her volunteers. No "soft saviour" will blot it out from the national memory, and, with Heaven's help, there will be a day of reckoning.—Kilkenny Journal.

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT FOR IRELAND.—Viscount Massereene and Ferrard has transmitted to Mr. Richardson, the secretary, the sum of £25 in aid of the expenses hitherto incurred in promoting the movement in this country, expressing a hope that he may be called on for a far larger subscription on the establishment of the movement, during the ensuing session of parliament. Active steps are being taken to bring the matter again before the attention of the legislature on the re-assembling of parliament.

FUNERAL OF THE MAYOR OF LIMERICK.—The funeral of the late Alderman William Fitzgerald, Mayor of Limerick, took place on Monday, and was the largest and most respectable seen in this city for years, all classes having united, without distinction of sect, creed, or political bias, to do honour and respect to the remains of a most worthy Chief Magistrate, who had been so unexpectedly carried off from amongst his fellow-citizens. The Corporation attended in a body, in mourning attire, preceded by the civic retinue; the congregated trades with their banners unfurled; the high sheriffs of county and city; the Right Hon. Wm. Russell, M.P.; Major Gavin, M.P.; the Protestant, Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist clergymen; the gentry, merchants, and traders, closed by a line of private equipages numbering 102 vehicles, including those of the Protestant Bishop, and the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Catholic Bishop; the Protestant and Catholic Deans, &c. The streets along the route were densely thronged, while all the shops were closed until after the obsequies were finally concluded. The respect so generally displayed was well deserved, and reflects great credit upon our community; the deceased belonged to the sect called Separatists and a funeral oration was delivered by Mr. Bagot of Dublin, who with a deputation from the metropolis, attended specially for the occasion.—Saunders.

The murder of Alderman Sherry is still a complete mystery: no more is known of it than we learnt a week ago from Limerick and Dublin papers. When we consider that he was no worse than the number of small landlords that swarmed out of the Estates Court, it is not easy to conclude that the murder was an *agrarian* outrage; but until the persons now arrested are tried at the assizes, we shall not learn what will enable us to decide. The Alderman was of a very cynical turn of mind; this, perhaps, added to the embitterment of the exciting cause, whether it was agrarian or private. The class of landlords who bought the smaller properties, were generally people who had made their money *hard*, and also had to borrow any deficit of the purchase-money at high interest; of this class, those who were farmers themselves, knew how and where to put on the screw judiciously. They intimately understood the real state of the tenants, and the relative productive power of the different fields in even the same town land; in a word, they could be said to feel the tenant's pulse. Where these farmer purchasers had any sparks of humanity, they made the poor tenant even comfortable, because under them there had been in the breast of the tenant the heart to work and to improve; and this great fact is at the bottom of Irish land affairs: where the tenant is encouraged and justice shown; it is not at all the difference between a maximum and minimum rent—there all is right. But when a townsman, such as Alderman Sherry, who has made money by drugging his early days behind a counter, buys a property; especially if he be hard, not being able to judge of land for himself, he generally makes choice of some man on the property who is supposed to know the farm, and gets into friendly chat with him. This fellow is urged on by two motives to put the screw on his fellow tenants; he wants of course to please his new landlord by increasing his income; moreover, by weakening some tenants and smothering others, he will have some more obedient to himself, and have additional land by the failure of others. We have learned on unquestionable authority, that the Mayor of Limerick died from the shock of Sherry's death. The circumstances connected with his death were very distressing.—Weekly Register.