And making a gathering, Judas Machabeus sent

So we read in the Second Book of Machabeus. The history of God's people is ever the same—a history of their enemies and the manifestation of his own glory. armies he laid waste the land of Judea with fire and the vessels of the Lord with wicked hands. But the mony a time against mighty hosts of the enemy. And d das was as plone as he was brave. He did not forget to savis of the fellow-soldiers who died by his side, but sent large gifts to Jerusalem to have sacrings offered up on their behalf, for it is " a holy already said, what happened in the time of Judas An sochas in all but greatness, proclaiming "that all people should be one, and that every one should have his own law," has, without provocation, without a shadow of reason, with no better right than that of brute force, invaded the states of the church, and laid his sacribegious hands on the things, and places, and persons consecrated to the Lord. But, if we have an other Antiochus, and in him another persecutor of the church, thank God there have not been Machabens and his companions, and whilst it is acknowledged on all usuds that Catholic Ireland has rendered herself glotious among the nations by her struggles for the ameient faith, we reckon it an accession to this, her almost only surviving glory, we hold it to be one of the things of which Ireland may justry be provid, that she sent her contingent to that band of Christian heroes who resisted the modern instate the piety of Judas Machabeus towards his later of the Lord for our noble-hearted countrymen and their brave companious in arms who have died in this most boly cause. And this is a later of the lord for our noble-hearted countrymen and their brave companious in arms who have died in this most boly cause. And this is a later of the lord for our noble-hearted countrymen and their brave companious in arms who have died in this most boly cause. And this is a later of the lord for our noble-hearted countrymen and their brave companious in arms who have died in this most boly cause. in this must hely cause. And this is a duty of love; for the giorious dead are dear to us still—nay, all the more dear for their baving so heroically devoted themselves to death. Nor is it merely a duty of love, a tribute of affection to the memory of the departed brave; it is furthermore a great consolation in this dark hour of trial, not only to their immediate friends and relations, but to us also. If we are stricken with grief, we are not without many consolations. "Blessed by God, who," as the Apostle says "comforteth us in all our tribulations." It is a consolation that wards for 300 years, with brief intervals between them and us; on the contrary, we are still united to them by bonds more sacred, more close, more lasting, than any of mere flesh and blood-the bonds of that hely fellowship of charity—the communion of saints; and we may, we can, through our Lord Jesus Christ -by our good works -by our prayers, especially by the holy sacrifice of the altar-help to basten their entrance into the realms of eternal bliss. This is one of our greatest consolations. Therefore we are here to day -both priests and people-around the altar of | the living God, seeking comfort in this holy fellowship with the souls of our brethren, and, with one heart and one voice, we beseech the God of Mercy to grant them rest in the Kingdom of his glory. The nineteenth century has witnessed many strange things. But of the strange things it has witnessed there is none stranger - none more to be deplored none more indicative of the degeneracy of the time, than that Christian nations in the van of European civilization should have combined, at least through their rulers and statesmen, to uphold the empire of the Turks, which has too long cumbered the earth, and, at the same time, to pull down the temporal power of the Popes, to whom these nations are indehted for the blessings of religion and civilisation. Behold the calamity of the nineteenth century-for which it is well if the nations of Europe shall not yet stone with tears of blood. The ambition, the justousies, the self-interest of princes and nations in this our day, impelled by the spirit of un-bellef have brought this double shame upon Europe. It was not so in the ages of faith-it was the reverse. No doubt the ages of faith exhibit in the page of history the ambition of princes and statesmen Theo, as now, the nations of Europe had their mutual jealousies-their conflicting passions. In the best of times the selfish motive of interest swayed the character of Enropean cabinets. So it was to some extent. Dit if it was so, still one great conservative principle dominated over the most towering ambition, kept in check the conflicting elements of national jealousies and passions, bore down narrow-minded self-interest, and bound together into one compact commonwealth all the nations of Europe, which were animated by one common life, and developed that life in vigorous, united action. That great conservative principle was religion, and in the ages of faith its grandest developments were, respect for the august authority, temporal as well as spiritual. of the common Father of Christendom, and a mark the retributive justice of God. Mark, too, his chivalrous resistance to the Infidel Moslem. "Tem- providential care of the Pope's temporal power—the pora mutantur et nes mutamur cum illis." But nothe Christian sentiment of Europe is not yet dead, its chivaley is not yet extinct. They both still live, think G of, and Europe still can boast of Christian | tainebleau, where he had held the Pope cantive, and heroes with the courage of the crusaders, bearing, he binself ekes out the last years of his life an exile heroes with the courage of the crusaders, bearing, to the head of the Church; for, behold you, the Holy Father calls upon the sons of faith in our own day to come to his help forthwith—the peasant quits the plough, the artisan his trade, the nobleman his ancestral halls, and the stalwart German, the noble Breton, the sturdy Belgian, the brave Swiss, the ever-fauthful Irish, all flock to the banners of the cross with the sole and single purpose of defending the Holy Father, and if necessary, of dying for him; length rise in his might to vindicate the cause of Times "Sicily has been six months without judges | B. Kiernan, Peter Groene, Joseph O and in callying for the Holy Father, they cally for truth and justice so grossly outraged in the person of or municipalities," says a Deputy in the Parliament | Teruan, Michael O'Connell, and Michael

other service, as he was as much deceived in the deceived in the deceived in the skipper us myself."

The baronet smiled one of his grim amiles as the communicated will His justice. The long signally beganged the decimple will be administed will His justice. The long signally beganged the communicated will His justice. The long signally beganged the communicated will His justice. The long signally beganged the communicated will His justice. The long signally beganged the communicated will His justice. The long signally beganged the communicated will here. The long signally beganged the communication of the co suit the attorney, and who was at first startled by the nature of the communication. After a second's reflection, however, he readily assented, saying gaily, "You know yourself, Sir John, Charley Rourke was never found backwards to least or fight."

Least or fight. The horder of the courage, the devotion of the Christian here cause of Christendom, the cause of Europe, their faith, the courage, the devotion of the Christian here cause of Christendom, the cause of Europe, their readily process who have readered up their lives for the cause of the courage, the devotion of the Christian would be courage, the courage, the courage of the courage, Thurles, for the brave soldiers of the Brigade who delity, revolution—crimes of the deepest dye perpetell in defence of the Pope in Italy: ministers, and all who will not participate in the twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for misdeeds of those wicked men to whom the country franks young med with gentle blood flowing in their sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead.

It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their of all this mischief?—They are men calling them—muster-soll of the officers, and with that forilliant are selves Catholic - that excommunicated King, the evil genius of Italy, and that dark man calling himself the eldest son of the Church. Joseph's brethren trials and of glory. And so, what happened in the having dipped his coat in the blood of a kid, sent it time of Judus Machabeus is happening now. Now, to their Father, Jacob, with the message, "see wheas then, we are passing through a trial of great ther it be thy son's cont or not." I will not say that severity; and though the triumph has not yet come, if the cont of his so-called eldest son were presented we may be sure it will come in God's good time, and to the Holy Father, he should find blood upon it; that, while he permits the present trial for the proof but this I will say, that if he were asked whose were of the good, he will carry them through to the end, those dark deeds that bowed down his venerable when he will make all to issue in the discomfiture of head in sorrow, too truly could be answer, "They their enemies and the manifestation of his own glory, are my closet son's deeds." All through his dealings In these days, to which the words of Scripture quot- with the Holy Father, at least for some time past, of refer, King Antinchus raised a cruel persecution has not this same son displayed all the headlong ill-against the people of God. At the head of mighty will with much more than the subtlety of his imperial uncle? If free from complicity in the Sardinians' sward; he profund the holy places, and he defied | invasion of the Papal territory, at least he forced on a most unjust war against Austria eventuating in valuant ducture M. et a. so i, going out on the hill side, the assurpation of the Holy Father's States; and since guithered a mond it also true and the brave, all who, the peace of Villafranca, to what can you more fitly Tike blanself words are for God and their country, compare his tortuous policy towards the Pope than and with his small hand of tollowers joined battle to the turning and twistings of the screent in its to the turning and twistings of the serpent in its treacherous approach to its victim? So it is that, nuder the pretext of protecting, he has been coiling himself around the Pope, until, partly by the open violence of his agents, hypocritically disavowed in the face of Europe, though really abouted, partly by my wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that the arts of a deceitful diplomacy, he has worked out they may be loosed from their sins." Now, as I have to the letter the programme of that pamphlet under the arts of a deceitful diplomacy, he has worked out another's name, and, moreover, has the sacred person Machabens is nappening at present also. Another of the Pope so completely in his power, that to all intents and purposes the Holy Father is at this moment a prisoner in the Vatican. It is the history of his uncle, and of his uncle's treatment of the Pope. He reproduced, would do well to recollect that the closing chapters of that eventful history may be reproduced in our time. Does the man forget there is such a place as the Island of St. Helena in the At-Inntic Ocean? That the Holy Father should receive ill treatment at the hands of those who dissent from weating defenders of the church, each as Judas his spiritual authority would be a thing distressing Machabeus and his companions, and whilst it is action in Catholics, who revere him as the Head of the Church: but on the present occasion it is to us not merely distressing, it is most humiliating, to see the unparalleled humiliations of the Father of Christendom, coming too, from his own parricidal children, from Catholic princes. Oh! truly, Pius the Ninth,

thus suffering at the hands of his own parricidal children, in the crux-de-crux (the cross from the ter than the master, he has expressly declared that

sufferings will be the lot of His faithful followers to

the end of time. But if God permits his own to suf-

fer for a time, He never abandons them. Never. Look

at God's dealings with his Church since the birth of

Christianity, and tell me when did He ever desert His

own? The baptism of the Church was in the blood

we should fear for? Is it for the existence of the

is the Church; and so we may be sure it will be to

our countrymen maintained to the last the honour of the paroxysms of the persecutors' rage, the blood of the country that bore them—it is a consolation es- the Christian martyrs continued to flow in the streets pecially southing to the heart to know, as our fulth and amphitheatres of Rome. But, lo! after three huntenences, that although the silver cord is snapped, | dred years of suffering, the successor of the fisherman and the grave has closed over the mortal remains of of Galilee emerging from the catacombs, seats himour brethren, death has not severed all ties between self on the throne of the Cosars. Since the extension of Paganism through the long ages that have passed away, and with them all else but the Church, she has sustained many a rude shock, only, however, to prove her ever during stability under the visible protection of Heaven. Away, then, with anything like pusillanimous fear, as if, because we suffer for a time, the Divine succour had failed us. What is it

> church? No bbe is built upon a rock, "And the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." Is it for the Papacy in the sense of the Pope's spiritual power? No. That is the foundation of the Courch, lasting as long as the edifice of the church itself, which rests upon it; for Christ said to Peter, and through Peter to his successors, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock 1 will build My Church." For now over eighteen hundred years the destinies of the Popes and the church have been identical. For now over eighteen hundred years it has amid every change come through that " ubi Perrus ibi coclesia" - where Peter is there

the end. Of the two hundred and fifty-one Pones who sat in the chair of Peter, many died martyrs because they were Popes, because they exercised the spiritual authority of Popes-but the spiritual authority did not perish with them. So too, his enemies may take away the life of Pius IX, but his spiritual supremacy they cannot take away, for the Pope never dies. Is it, then, for the Papacy in sense of the Pope's temporal power we should fear? Let others fear if they will, I for one do not fear;

and if I am asked to show any grow d for my confidence in the face of the grave perils now besetting the Pope on every side, I point to that most singular fact, the duration of the Pope's temporal power for a thousand years through every vicissitude, and in despite of perils as grave as any which now menace it; and having before my eyes its immunity from that decay which is the law of the most stable merely human institutions, I feel warranted in saying, " the

finger of God is bere." That is my ground of confidonce. Under the first Napoleon was there not as much reason to fear for the permanency of the Pope's temporal power as at present? With Rurope at his feet, Napoleon the Great laid hands on the possessiou and the person of the Pope, making his possessions part of the new kingdom of Italy with Rome

for the capital, and making the Pope himself his captire. How like to what is now happening. But, The Holy Father is ere long restored to his liberty and to the possession of his states, and the Emperor aigns his own abdication in the very place of Fon-

too, in their manly breasts the sentiment of bomage in the bleak Island of St. Helena, like a captive cagle chained to a rock. Is the arm of God shorten- who foully protested against their proceedings, will ed now-a-days that he should not protee the Holy repudiate them. For the present, however, annexa-Pather, or punish his persecutors? Certainly not; tion is the panaces of all the woes of Italy. King and I, for one, hope to see the day, please God I live Victor Emmanuel (according to one of his organs, some short time longer-for sare I am the day will the Opinione of Turin) is going to "consecrate the come-when that Go! by whom kings reign, and great results obtained in Southern Italy!" Worthy who, for his own wise purpose, permits the wicked inicisters of a holy rite! "The people are crying to run their course of wickedness for a time, will at out to be delivered from their deliverers !" says the longth rise in his might to vindicate the cause of Times "Sicily has been six months without judges

SERMON OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL. cannot but feel humbled in presence of the events ries, pay

The following is the eloquent discourse delivered that are now taking place, and for more reasons than, officers or men. Of the mentiorating the rank and that are now taking place, and for more reasons than, officers or men. Of the mentiorating the rank and that his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, at one. Behold the fair land of Italy, rich chitherto in Bille, the very humblest had they remained at home the gifts of grace, as in the blessings of nature—be-would have made by trade or industry ten times. It has a contract the cathedral, hold that fair portion of Catholicity, a prey to infinite their pay as Roman soldiers. Many of them were delive revolution—crimes of the deepest dye perperoung men of the middle classes filling comparative. them and their humbler fellows there served in the ray of names before you—the chivalrous Lamoriciere the glorious De Pimodan, our own O'Reilly, and the rest of them - I ask were these men needy adventurers, ready to follow any standard for pay? No; they sought but the glory of dying for the Holy Father. A few days ago the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, surrounded by his clergy, celebrated a solemn service for the dead under the fretted roof of Notre

Dame; and the high-born lady, and the man of cultivated intellect, and the hard-handed working man were there, and all mingled their prayers and tears, as though their common grief had but one utterance. In that mournful gathering there were two excited sympathy and attracted the eyes of all else. They were the wife and the son of the illustrious dead, for whom all were offering up prayers to heaven. The funeral chaunt having ceased, the widowed wife draped in black, leading her fatherless boy by the hand, passed from the porch of the Cathedral to her carriage. As she passed, the crowd uncovered and made way. None spoke a word to her, for none would intrude upon her silent grief even the expression of his sympathy. But men who would not blanch before death pressed round the fatherless boy with tears in their eyes and embraced him, and kissed him for the sake of his noble father, now, alas! no more. The noble father of that boy-the chivalrous busband of that widowed lady surrounded with the luxuries of an elegant home, blessed by every domestic enjoyment, possessed of a princely fortune, left all to fight under the banner of the Pope. It was De Pimodan who fell at Castel Fidardo. And De Pimodan was called a mercenary. Oh truth! oh honour! when have you been so outraged? But if not mercenaries, have not be and his companions in arms, it is asked, thrown away their lives upon a lost cause? No. We have seen but the beginning of the present struggle, the final issue is yet in the hands of God. No; the cause is not a lost one, it never dies; and as for its defenders, instead of having thrown

away their lives, they shall ever be remembered with honour; their names shall be held in benediction, and we may devoutly hope that through Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, in whom they believed, for whom they died, they now enjoy, or very soon will enjoy, eternal peace. To the eyes of the unwise they seemed to die, and their end was taken for misery, and their departure from us for destruction; but they are in peace." They are dearer to us now than ever. Love for them even more than duty, has brought us together to day to honour their memory. And now, around God's Holy Alter, whereon the victim of propitiation is offered up for the living and the dead, we all priests and people, with one heart and voice, raise the Church's funeral channt for "the strong ones of Israel" who have fallen; and we pray God, rich in mercy, that if these, His dear servants, who gave their lives for Him, have still aught of the imperfections of flesh and blood to account for, He may be

and to admit them into the glory of the blessed. "Eternal rest give to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them." ITALIAN UNITY. crowning with immortelles of the tomb Agesilas Milano is worthy the men, who, as Count Carour boasts, have substituted the cry of "Italy and Victor Emmanuel P for that of "God and the

pleased to wash them away in the blood of the Lamb

People!"-who have taught the students in their colleges to hail the profligate King Goodfellow with cries of " Religion, without Pope or Priests!" and whose highest praise for Piedmont the Siccle expresses in saying that that country displays a parity of morals almost Protestant !"

The following, from that other progressive print the Journal des Debats, is a sketch of the proceeding we refer to :-

"Two hours ago the sound of drums and trumpets" was heard from the Place Saint Francois-de-Paul .--The Commandant of the National Guard, after reviewing his troops, led them to the ancient cemetry to pay a new homage to the memory of Agesilus Milano. General d'Ayala, surrounded by his attentive guards, placed a crown of immortalles upon the tomb of the Martyr of Tyranny. Each citizen-soldier followed the example of the worthy Chief, and a mountain of flowers and crowns was soon raised on the tomb of Milano. This demonstration is a conhad reason is not accepted by any one; and can only be a pretext to injure Bertani !"

It is well that the representatives of the Great Powers are not so advanced, as the phrase is, as the Journal des Debats; and that diplomacy has not entirely foregone the duty of intervention, for it appears that, upon the protests of the Ministers of foreign Powers, the General d'Ayala has been dismissed.

After the pensions and the portions have been decreed to the relatives of Milano, after his tomb has been crowned with flowers, diplomatic merality begins to feel offended. It is quite time. After Sicily and Naples have been delivered over to the their trade to insurrection-men who have been day next, 4th Nov. avowed in the Sardinian Parliament to be the plague of Italy, and as living by that trade only—the purist Count Cavour disowes the insurrectionists! After the Piedmontese Bersaglieri turn the scale of those practical adventurers on the Volturno-after the Neapolitan territory is invaded by the King of Sardinia, at the head of his army-the Times repudiates M. de Cavour as a cheat, and a person not worthy of helief on his solemn word! It is time, we say;

it is quite time! Everything those people have done has been repudiated in detail by accessaries before the facts. One crowning act remains to be done-and after it is completed we may look for the crowning repudiation. When Southern Italy has been annexed, those who have hounded on the invaders, as well as those

him :- The greater part of the provinces are agitated by serious fears, and are in consternation.
In some provinces, certain persons, either unknown abusive acts, and terrify all honest citizens." Ά. letter from Turin says of the outraging Ministry :- "Bertani, and his Governors under him, fulle, or rather disorganize, the country at their own pleasure. The country thus harrassed (tirgillec) is demoralized. Bertani drew at sight upon the ized. Bertani drew at sight upon the Treasury; all sums demanded being charged to the account of the army, 300,000 ducats in Treasury notes have been thus put in circulation. Bertani asked for 2,000,000 of ducats. Scialoja refused.

Antagonism soon changed to hostility; to added general discontent against a Ministry anxious to fix its friends in profitable places. Any new regulations of Bertani's or Garibaldi's that are not about or unexecuted." "Every insurrection against the actual Government," says the Journal des Debuts, ... is considered a treason against the country, and is punished with death. And some of the members of the new Ministry are thus sketched: -" One is an architect; one a retired lawyer, who, after three years of exile, knows nothing of the country; mnother, an ex-professor of Zarich; the Minister of Marine is the late Commander of the Veloce, who deserted to the Garibaldians with his ship—a man whom the officers of the French navy refuse to consort with, and whose appointment has given such offence to the gentlemen of his own serrice that they are sending in their resignations." Another lofty act of repudiation! "The late Ministry did no good," continues the writer of this sketch; the present Ministry can do none, even if they knew how. The idol begins to lose its aureole, and the man to be discovered." Such are a few of the arguments in favor of annexation. "Rebel, and be annexed !" say the secret emissaries of Count Cavour. My troops march into your country to strengthen public order!" proclaims the pions Victor Emmanuel. The Times professes to consider England free of any guilty knowledge of compromising dealings of Count Cavour; but can any intelligent Englishman fail to identify the men who grown the tomb of the assassin. renounce "God and the people," set aside the ministers of religion, outrage the laws of nations, trample on those of truth and honour, with those whose great "idea" is the Unity of Ruly! Can any bonest man fail to repudiate them before the fact ?--Tablet.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

The following is the Order of the Day, issued by the Minister at War of the Pontifical Government relative to the Irish Brigade :"General Order of the Minister at Arms.

"Grn Ocr. 1869. - At the moment in which, in consequence of the present sad state of affairs the brave soldiers of the Battalion of St. Patrick, who had hastened hither for the defence of the States of Holy Church, are about to leave the Pontifical army, the undersigned Minister of Arms experiences the liveliest satisfaction in being able to express to those soldiers his entire satisfaction, and in bestowing on them the highest praise for their conduct. Nothing more could be expected from them. The Battalion of St. Patrick, at Spoleto, Perugia, at Castelfidardo, and in Ancona, has shown the power of Faith united to the sentiment of honor, in the treacherous and unequal contest, in which a small number of brave soldiers resisted to the last an entire army of sacrilegious invaders. May this recollection never perish from their hearts! God, who defends His Church, will bless what they have done. It is not Irishmen who required to be reminded that we must suffer and persevere in the good fight.
"Minister of Arms,
"Xavier of Merode."

THE IRISH ERIGADE IN PARIS - A body of nearly 500 Pontifical prisoners, most of them Irishmen, arrived in Paris three days ago by the Lyons Railway. While waiting to be taken to the different lines by which they were to return to their respective countion, they sent shirts, stockings, shoes, and other treatment they had met with. the Swiss Hotel, Quai des Casernes, till they can be embarked. Several of them seem not to like the if they could find work at their trades, some as carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, bricklayers, coopers, de. Some charitable persons at Havre, setting aside all political feeling, and looking only at their distressed condition, are making efforts to had them occupation. - Galignant's Messenger.

We are glad to learn that the movement in favor of the Irish Brigade is successfully progressing. We last week gave an intimation of the kind of treatment they might expect from the Foreign Office .-This week the Dublin Freeman has announced, that the prisoners are to be brought home at the expense of the British Government. This, however, is positively denied by the Morning News, which states that British intrigue has been completely foiled, and that the Brigade has been released from captivity without incurring the slightest obligation to British sequence of the decree which grants a pension to the diplomacy or Sardinian liberality. The Pope himmother and portions to each of the sisters of the self has placed one of his steamers, the Byzantine, assassin. The friends of Garibaldi, it is true, cast at the disposal of the Brigade, and no time has been the responsibility of this decree on Bertani. But this lost in rescaing the prisoners from the hands of their enemies and transferring them to neutral ground."--Weekly Register.

> It is expected that the subscription in Commel for the clergy of the archdiocess of Cashel and Emly held in Thurles last Wednesday £140 was aubscribed, the Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Lenby, heading the subscription list with 21%.

The movement to aid the Irish Brigade has been taken up in Limerica. On Monday hast a meeting of the Parish of St. Mary's, was held to promote this object. A series of resolutions were passed, and a subscription was opened, headed by the Very Rev. mercies of men who, by the aid and at the instigation | Dean Butler, V.G., which realized over £40. It was of the Piedmontese Covernment, are there driving resolved to hold a collection at the charch on Sun-

> countryman, Major O'Reilly, amongst those who were worthy of special distinction-where all nequired honor-at Speleto, is a native of Limerick, and son of Mr. David O'Neil, formerly of the Municipal Staff, now retired from active duty, and himself at one period in the military or militia service in Ireland. The courage displayed by Sergeant O'-Neil, was tested before in the Crimea in those British ranks in which many of his countrymen fought without flinching, fell without pity, or survived without finding an adequate recompense. The intrepid Limerickman left that service, forfeiting his claim for seventeen years' service, and went to light for the Pontiff, sure of reward if his Holiness has the means of affording it; but certain at least of the respect of every Catholic Irishman, and every man of whatsoever nation or creed who can value devotion and admire tearless valor .-- Munster Neur.

> The Armonia, of the 11th Oct., gives the following as the names of the Irish officers taken at Ancona :- Captains -- O'Mahony, Kelly, Walter O'Carroll, Francis Russell. Lieutenants - Miles Reogh, Thos. B. Kiernan, Peter Groune, Joseph O'Keeffe, Robert Teruna, Michael O'Connell, and Michael Walsh .--

Disutenant D'Arey of the Fight Brigade, has pub-lished a very interesting account of the battle of Castlindard of in the Bologne Gazette. He states or of ill-fame, assuming powers with whose source; that the Sardinians, both officers and mon, showed the Ministry is unacquainted, commit arbitrary and respect, to the Brigade on account of their greatcourage 💸

IRIBH VALOUR AND ENGLISH FOLLY. We are sur rised that any bitter feeling should be groused in Ireland by a recent article in the Times accusing the Pope a frish Brigade of cowardice. The bravery of Irishmen is so well known, that any attempt to insult them on that point is out of the question. An Irishman may wince if we accuse his countrymen of want of business habits, of inaptitude for commerce, of want of that "saving common sense" which despises paltry sectarian emblems; but every military student in every army in Europe knows of Irish bravery as a matter of course—in the same way as he learns to distinguish the old valour of the Spanish infantry, the furia Francese, the stubborn courage of the English, the German intelligence in out-nost duties, Swiss fidelity, and Russian readiness even in retreat. A flippant article, founded on an erroneous telegram, no more affects this question than it would any other question of known history. The Pope, his Priests, and "the Irish," are topics on which Englishmen like to be "fooled to the top of their bent." The least witty number of Punch will sell if it contains a cut of the Pope in some ludicrous position; and any article in any journal attacking the Irish has an old flavour that recommends .-On this subject "those who pepper the highest are-surest to please." But our Irish friends would make a great mistake if they thought that the mass of readers here are misled by such outpourings. A spicy. article on the old familiar topic is read and laughed at just as the stage Irishman is still funny, the Irishmen. with such manners could not now be found in the farthest wilds of Connaught. But the Englishmen. who enjoy the jokes have amongst their friends Irishmen with whom they relish the enjoyment-friends whom they regard to all intents and purposes as Englishmen, and whom they never think of as aliens or strangers in the land. The existence of the little clique of sedition sellers in Dublin is certainly a disgrace to Ireland, just as the Satural of old and the Holywell-street literature of to day -- a kind of literature entirely unknown, by-the-bye, in Ireland—is a disgrace to England. It suits the purpose of leader writers to speak as it this clique re-presented Irish opinion; for if they spoke of it as the smallest minority in the world-which it really is (an infinitesimal party, in fact, like the Urqu-barites in England) - their readers might retort, "Then why notice it so frequently?"-a query that would cut short a supply of topics occasionally very handy in the recess. As to the Irish Brigade in the Roman States, we cannot sympathize with the cause for which they fought, but there is not the least doubt that they fought with the old and even desperate courage of the race. The terms of capitulation signed by the Piedmontese General who communded the attack, and who has no interest in giving praise to the "foreign bands"-so unpopular in Italy to-day-speaks of them in honourable terms as "brave men." But, as we have said, this or any other testimony is scarcely needed. For the last two centuries Irishmen have borne themselves in the wars of Europe with a courage and a hardihood amounting to rashness. The literature of all times and countries, from Shakspeare to Schiller, testifies to it. Shakspeare's Irishman - the only Irishman he drew - is specially contrasted with Fluellen, the valiant and disputations Welshman.-Captain Macmorris (Henry V., Act III., Scene 2), has all the valour of the race, and something also of its hot blood and impatience of remark -an Irish quality not lost to this day, if the sensitiveness of the Irish press be taken as a test. We need, however, no poet's page to remind us of Irish valour .-French history tells us of their powers at Fontency. English history records what the 87th and the Connaught Rangers schieved in the Peninsula; and the "Indiskilliners" sustained their old glory at Waterloo. In fact, there is perhaps hardly a doubt that, properly commanded, the Irish can make the best soldiers in Europe. Their very faults, as well as their good qualities, combine for good in the camtries they encamped near the old Earriere Mont- paign as in the battle-field. Their gaiety has, ere Parmasse, in the large garden of the establishment now, cheered many a dull bivouac, and lightened of the restaurateur Richefeu. These unfortunate many a long march. Their individual shrewdness men were in wart of everything, and with scarcely has made them able to shift for themselves where the clothes to cover them. As soon as the inhabitants more stolid English soldier Ends all barren. The of the neighborhood heard of their destitute condi- recklessness which takes little thought for the morrow may be a sin in the civilian, but it enables the articles in abundance, and the men left Paris the Irish soldier to face death as lightly as he would a day before yesterday full of gratitude for the kind cricket-ball; and his want of habits of calculation The Irishmon, about makes him omit to count the odds against which 480 in number, were sent on to Havre, and lodged in the fights. It is much to be regretted that the old policy of England-dictated by a foolish bigotry on this side of the Channel-tended to " wring into naidea of returning home, and would remain in France | dutifulness" a whole nation of soldiers almost ready made to our hands, and lovingly loyal to a fault, as their fidelity to the worst of the Stuarts proved .-Even to this day the old vice English distrust of the Irish lingers - passively, though not actively - in the councils of the sovereign. The few regiments thoroughly manned by Irishmen have no distinctive national emblems, and receive no marks of recognition from their Royal mistress. During the Crimean war, when a proposal was made for a regiment of frish Guards, it was strangled by Downing-street red tape : and the other day, because a few silly men had rioted in the worth, all other leishmen were denied the privilege of becoming volunteers. English rulers ceem to forget that the Irish are a Celtic nation-governed by sentiment and feeling, as much as by reason of public law. Were the Queen to visit Ireland every year it would do more to make the union with England aidently loved than one hundred substantial benefits. Were a regiment of Irish Guards with Prince Arthur Patrick as honorary colouel, added to the army, we should have, possibly, the finest regiment in the British army (the Tip) crary militia indicate as much.) When Irishmen went to fight for the Pope they were drawn by a natural sentiment for the Chief of their religion; and their the Irish Brigade will reach £100. At a meeting of mationality was honored by an Irish bonner, and by an uniform with national colours. It may seem "unstatesmanlike" to regard these things-but it is here that Euglish statesmen fail. They do not understand that Irishmen are more possionate than refloative, and that a vicency of the Margais of Normanby in the old time -a dashing questrian viceray a kind of vice-Murat, more like a deputy of the old "Pale" than an English positions add more tomake English rule popular than the policy of the very uninpussioned and very side Lord Charcodon. In the very height of the so-called rebellion of 1848, Sir Edward Blakeney - a fine old veteran, and the Commander of the Forces in Ireland-was always Sergeant O'Neil, who is named by our gallant | cheered by the people in passing through the streets, simply because he was personally liked, and was a soldier and nothing more. Ten kind words from Queen Victoria would do more to quench any lingering disaffection in such hearts than ten thousand troops; and if the silly insult of the Times were rebaked by fair concession to the just national susceptibilizes of the people, we might count our Irish soldiers and Irish volunteers by teus of thousands, and not by hundreds as now .- Morning Chronicle. The youngest sister of O'Connor Don, M.P., was

professed on the 2nd inst. at the Renedictine Convent, Princethorp, Warwickshire. She was the fourth sister, and the only one who had not strendy renounced the world, and in peace and prayer given themselves up to God. It is instances such as this, which no other religion can boast of, that prove the Divine origin of our faith. Where notside of it can you find the most seducive tenching able to allure the young, the highborn, and the gifted, to devote themselves to a life of austerity and self-denial, doing good to all, and finding in this their sole gen titication? The O'Connor Don was present at his sistor's profession, and was necessarily unable to attend the meeting of magistrates held on that day in Roscommon. -- Roscommon Messenger