"None of your sold gibbe man will a grow of so wardly, and timulated and even pained the offsetory nerves people, as you call them, but a gang of cowardly.
Popish slaves like yourselves. Don't botherene Popish slaves like yourselves. 2 Don't with your popish balderdash. I tell you what it as Ill make you rue the day you insulted my Tords man that I will. You think, Thigue Daly you may do what you like, because your old stories and lying Romaush pleases Miss El-

len. But you'll find yourself mistaken, you will,

you old popish rebelly miscreant."
"The vengeance of God will fall heavy on you, marking words, McDonough! It's in store for you! You'll come to a bad end, as you killed this poor harmless dumb beast-the beggarman's dog-you'll meet a bloody end yourself, and the devil, after your death, will grab your soul in his fiery claw and plunge you into the lowest pit of hell."

While this dialogue was going on, the companions of Tom Kavanagh, who had been drinking in Mrs. Flanigan's shebeen, issued half drunk from the cabin. They stood gazing for a moment at the crowd which surrounded the furious game-keeper. "What's all this at all? What the dickens ails the game-keeper? Why, by Jingo, the chap is deranged. Mind how he brandishes his firelock. Be gorra he'll kill the people. Arrab! come down boys 'tall we see what's the fun. Hurrah for the Glass-a-mucky men! Hurrah for old Ireland and the blue sky over it."

With these words, or rather screams, they bound ed down the declivity as nimbly as their own goats, and making their way through the crowd, threw themselves before the livid looking game-keeperblack and white alternately with rage. After a few explanatory words, one of them seized the fowlingpiece, twisted it out of his grasp, and suddenly club-bing the piece, struck him a blow that stretched him motionless on the earth, with froth and blood distaining his lips. The moment he was down, the crowd of women and children rushed on him like furies, and vented their rage and hate in kicks and cuffs without number ;-every one was anxious to blow at him.

is, the schoolmaster, meantime, became alarmnis affair. "Don't kill the man," he exclaim-"Do you want to commit murder? mercy on him, bad as he is. Don't have his blood on your head. It's a shame to hit a man, and he down." Thus saying, in he rushed among the people, and with the aid of Tom Kavanah, succeeded in warding off the blows that were showered on the prostrate apostate. Morris's efforts were astonishingly successful-the aggressors seemed to become panicstruck; and the legs which had been employed in kicking were more eagerly employed in running from the scene of war.

The change in the disposition of the multitude was occasioned by the sudden appearance of Mr. O'Byrne, who was now seen issuing from the ruined chapel, with his sister leaning on his arm. "Good God," he exclaimed, in great perturbation; "What is the matter? What can have happened? I fear some outrage has been perpetrated. Do you see what has been the matter? Can you explain it, Julia?" The young lady whose bright eyes had not been dimmed by study, saw and pointed to the body of McDonough stretched on the ground. "Good Heavens, the man is murdered;' exclaimed the priest, in the tone of the deepest grief and agony -a tone which went to the heart of Tom Kavanah like an arrow.

"Ah! share he's not kilt at all, your Reverence; it's only bothered he is. It's a bit of a bating he got in a boxing match. Wait 'till he gets up and shakes bimself, and you'll see it's as well as ever he'll

"Oh! the poor man," exclaimed the priest, as he stooped down and contemplated his ghastly face and bloody lips. "Raise him, Tom Kavanah, before he Help me to lift him up."

" Is it me to touch the likes of him?" exclaimed Tom Kavanah with indignation, "a turn-coat like him? I'd be long sorry to have act, hand or part in

"Come, sir, help me to raise him," exclaimed the priest. "How often must I tell you, sir, the charity of a Obristian makes no religious distinctions.-Raise him, sir, at once."

The moment the people saw the priest engaged in this work of charity, they came flocking back to prevent him, by doing it themselves. They raised the ghastly face-dead and pale as chalk-wiped the bloody lips, opened the tight waistcont, and rubbed the cold limbs. Owing to these and other applications, the game-keeper snorted, twisted his person, raised his knees, opened his eyes, and made an effort to stand up. Meantime, the priest inquired the cause of the affair, and twenty tongues were ready to reply. The death of Brann, the furious squabble that followed, the insolence and arrogance of Mc-Donough, and the condign punishment which chas-

tised his insolence, &c.
"This is a horrible affair," exclaimed the priest "What is to be done? If it reaches the ear of my lord, there is no knowing what may be the conse quences. He will level the cabins and imprison the What is to be done at all?"

"Wait on Lord Powerscourt yourself," said the young lady. "The best way is to tell the story yourself. I shall speak to Miss Ellen, and perhaps," she added, with a blush, "I may be able to influence Sir George---"

"You're very right, my dear girl," exclaimed the priest; "I'll go at once-there's no time to be lost. Let this man be carried to my house," he said, aloud, turning to the people; " tell the housekeeper to take care of him, and let some of you run for the doctor, while I'm going up to my lord, to see and pacify him the best way I can."

The helpless game-keeper was already lifted up, and the bearers were moving in the direction of the priest's house, when that Reverend gentleman excisimed :-- But what am I to say should his lordship ask me-as he certainly will-who struck the first blow? I must know the names of the principal offenders, or it is uscless to talk to his lordship."

Notwithstanding the proverb, which says, "put an Irishman on the spit and you'll get another to turn him," the priest received no reply. No one was willing to turn informer. The silence of the grave pervaded the crowd. 'Twas in vain that the priest questioned them, one by one, and called on them by name to speak out. They evaded his inquiries by their wit or baffled it by dogged silence. "Sorra one bred the ruction in the town barrin' the whiskey-'twas the keg of potteen riz it all."

What keg of potteen?" exclaimed the priest. "Faix the keg of potteen Widdow Flanagan got

last night." Father O'Byrne was, the next moment, hastily striding in the direction of Widow Flanigan's sheebeen: he drove in the door, plunged into to the establishment; and almost immediately afterwards two or three alarmed individuals were seen scrambling and staggering out of the cabin in a state of half drunkenness and complete consternation. Then a piercing voice was heard, yelling and lamenting in the interior of the house, which was that of the landlady. Immediately afterwards the priest appeared at the door, slowly carrying between his arms, a heavy burthen with no little difficulty. Behind him came an old woman, bareheaded and distressed, her gray hair stresming on her bony shoulders in elf-locks, and uttering the wildest lamentations. Father O'Byrne, deaf to her screams, threw his burthen down side of the mountain. It was a keg of potteen whiskey which he had discovered in the interor, and which he had wrenched out of Mrs. Flanagan's clutch. Owing to the strength of its construction, the fulling keg resisted the first shock, and hopped like a tennis-ball boldly down the side of the hill. Near the foot of the slope it came on a

of the sorrowing mournful and melancholy speciars. Well it's a murdher to spill the whiskey that

way!" oried's man in a tattered jock. "It's nothin' else," cried a second. "It's no sin in the world—sorra sin, but a good deed," exclaimed a woman; "the less whiskey there is in the sheebeen, the more potatoes there will be in

ne cabin."
This act of their pastor was, in the eyes of several silent and reflective persons, a public calamity. Meantime, the Widow Flanagan filled the village with her doleful lamentations; she clapped her hands and wrong them in despair. "Oh, what am I to do at all at all. Wirras-thrue | what is to become of me where will I go? I'm a ruined woman, horse and foot-I'm entirely destroyed-I am utterly undone-there is nothing now for me but to beg my bread from door to door!—what is to become of me, or where will I go this blessed night!—warrasthrue! wirrasthrue !"

Her lamentations filled the good priest with com assion, and he already regretted his violent act. "Sister," said he, in a low voice, with evident agony of mind, "have you anything in your purse that we can give this poor woman?"

"Nothing, Angus," answered the young girl, with slight blush and a melancholy smile; "you know gave my last shilling yesterday to the poor."

"Come, my dear," said the priest, "you must cer-tainly find some trifle or other to bestow on this poor woman;" at the same time he looked hard at the brooch which fastened the young lady's scarf.

"My brooch is a present which I received from Miss Ellen, and I value it only on that account." While uttering these words she withdrew it from ber shawl, and gave it to the priest.

" Very good, Julia," he said, with satisfaction; no O'Byrne should wear jewels, when the Irish people are naked and bungry."

He then presented the brooch to the widow, who

turned it round and round with an air of suspicion; at last, as if convinced of its value, she dropped a curtsy, and exclaimed-

"A hundred thousand blessings may Heaven shower down on your honor's head this night, and on the head of my beautiful young lady. God grant her a long life and a good husband, an' may she never marry a Sassenagh, nor an enemy of Ireland." Julia turned suddenly round to conceal her emotion at this allusion; but the priest relieved her embarrassment by suddenly stating aloud that he must

lose no time in seeing Lord Powerscourt. "Ah! it is now too late," exclaimed Julia; "the carriages have swept away from the church door;doubtless my lord has returned to Powerscourt

House." "Well, we shall likewise go to Powerscourt House."

Miss O'Byrne appeared appalled at her brother's determination, but made no observation. With his sister on his arm, the priest was the next moment proceeding in the direction of the magnificent park the long continuous massive wall of which was dis cernible from the centre of the village.

Whilst this was going on in the street of the village, the blind piper, Daly, musing and solitary, sat in front of the chapel, occasionally caressing the dead body of his faithful Brann, and plunged as While thus emusual in a melancholy reverie. ployed, a human form stealthily issued from the ruins of the church behind him, and, after looking round cautiously, drew close to Daly, touched him on the shoulder, and said in Irish: "You are quite mistaken, Daly: the cause of Ireland is not in danger, though the people prefer whiskey to freedom.

The blind man started and turned pale, and then trembled violently, but appeared less affected by the oddity of this address than amazed by the manly tone of the voice in which it was uttered. "Who is it that's speaking to me?" said he. " Is it your fetch that's in it or is it yourself-my God, who is it at

all, at all?" Flesh and blood is speaking to you," was the reply. "Is John Daly still what he was-a faithful

friend of Ireland?" "The very same." "Yes; but like O'Connell, or like the Shearerswhich? Are you one of those who cry, Hurra for

Repeal, and prate?" "Our ancestors," replied the blind man, "did not prate or talk: they seized their arms and rushed on the enemy; and shure their sons should do the

same." " You stranger, shaking Daly by the hand; I knew it.

always reckoned on your honesty." The blind man bowed in respectful silence. obedient to my Master's orders," he replied.

The stranger gazed on him with a face full of expression, "You have recognized me," said the stranger. "You don't, then, forget the young student, who came so often from Dublin to Gleudalough to learn from your lips the whole actions of his ancesheroic legends, their songs of triumph, and elegies of sorrow-that student has become a man, Daly; but never will forget the lessons of patriotism he learned from your lins.'

"My lord, my lord!" exclaimed Daly: "What car Command me, my lord." "This evening I shall enter into a full explana

tion," was the reply, of the Unknown. "But where is Father O'Byrne going with his sister ?"

"They are going to Lord Powerscourt's." "Going to Lord Powerscourt's!" exclaimed the stranger: "The descendants of Branduff going to the house of Powerscourt, the villain—the robbed to the house of the robber, the children of the victim to the den of their assassin. Is it possible he can bring his sister-that pure and innocent girlinto the corrupt presence of the oppressors of Ire-

land? I will not suffer the profanation."
"In fact, my lord," said the blind man, "I'd as soon expect the Hill of Howth to come visiting Glendalough as one of the O'Byrnes to visit Lord Powerscourt. But for all that there's a kind of sneaking

regard between them these years past."
"If it had existed for a hundred years," exclaimed the Unknown with vehemence, "I'll find means to sweep it away. Good bye, John," he continued, clasping the shaking hand of the blind man; do not

mention my return; and this evening-"

He bounded down a solitary path which led into the valley opposite the village, and left the blind man poring over the past, wrapped once more in solitary meditations.

"What is he come to Ireland for at all, at all :and for what, and why, come to an old blind beg-garman like myself? when its in his own family he ought to be-aye, in the middle of them, who would espect and cherish him."

So saying, he rose with a sigh, and took the inanimate body of Bran in his arms, and proceeded slowly and painfully towards his residence, situated about a mile from the village.

(To be continued.)

The Rev. Highland Garnet, a colored minister of New York, writes the following prophesy: -- According to the unalterable laws of God and nature, the whole American continent will be peopled with a colored race. This would already have been the case had it not been for the rapid increase of immigration. Every year Caucassians are becoming darker, and 'negroes' are becoming whiter. In six hundred years uniformity of complexion in this country will render quarrels and fears unnecessary on this question. 'Six hundred years' hence slavery, with all its long train of evils, will have been for gotten. Before that time the great idea of the American revolution, "that it is a self-evident truth that all men are created equal," &c., will be better underpointed rock and flew into a thousand pieces, delug-ing the ground with its delicious contents, and dif-stood and better practiced than it is now.

ON THE DUCHTES, THE POPE, AND ENGLAND. (From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The last moment has arrived, when the final effort of England will be made to accomplish the long-desired consummation of weakening the Papal throne and authority, and of wounding the general interests of Catholicity. For nearly half a century Great Britain has labored through the influence of her wily diplomacy, of her triumphant commerce, and of her immeasurable fictitious wealth, to extend Protestantism in Europe and to check the progress of the old faith. As long as the Catholic towers are multiplied and rise in triumph to the skies, so long do they stand an evidence of "the Reformers," and a scathing testimony of English Ecclesiastical spoliation. Hence the undying enmity of the Lutheran creed against this standing witness of their inlamies, and hence the unceasing struggle at home and abroad to uproot our faith and to efface our very name. Even when constitutional concessions are made, privileges granted, and acts of tardy justice are performed, there is a hostile tone in the very language of grace, and there is a concealed fraud in the very clauses of the gift. The history of the last forty-five years furnishes abundant proofs of these, my statements, in the English policy towards Spain, Portugal, Naples, as well as to unfortunate Ireland. But these remote colonies of Papal power could never give complete, final victory to these English confederates; hence the scene of warfare was adroitly shifted near the Papal throne; and Central Italy was made the battle-field; where England decided to take her last stand, for the success or overthrow of the cherished scheme of half a century. For this object her most distinguished statesmen resided in Florence as mere travellers, and lived in Rome, as it were, in strict incognito. During the last twenty-five years these intriguing noble spies from England became acquainted with the so-called Italian grievances. They inflamed the discontented, encouraged the rebellious, flattered the ambitious, bribed the needy, pledged the sympathy and the armed assistance of Great Britain; and thus they laid the foundation of the very disorders which they now denounce, and which they now make the pretext for their hostile interference in all Central Italy. They have sworn in as confederates the rebels whom they now condemn: they have created the social evils which they now come to heal: they have produced the conflagration which they now charge on the country they betrayed. A scheme of greater infamy, has, perhaps, never been planned in the Christian world than this British Italian conspiracy; and whether we view the object to be attained, or the means adopted for its accomplishment, it stands alone in the records of infidel iniquity.

For this object England, too, has long cultirated the closest intimacy with Sardinia, lent her millions of money, corrupted her court and her statesmen, and encouraged the divisions now so lamentable between the church and the state.-This alhance brought England nearer to Central Italy, and gave to her, as it were, an unobstructed passage up to the very gates of Rome. England now more than ever seeks to establish Sardinia in possession of a kingdom within sight of the Vatican, in order to lodge there, in safety, her watchful emissaries, and to take advantage of every circumstance that may present itself for the accomplishment of her well-matured unprincipled designs. The struggle so long anticipated is now, therefore, at hand: Austria, Naples and France are fully aware of the English intent, and it will be seen within the next few months whether the English stratagem will not receive a check, which will for ever annihilate her malignant pretension and tumble to the earth the anti-Christian fabric which, at the expense of millions of pounds sterling, she has been long litting in Central Italy for the subversion of Catholicity and for the extension of Protestant domination. There is no amount of chicane, fraud, deceit, and stratagem, which England will not now employ to secure the successful pursuit of her cherished, her fond, her ardent hones. Fearing the Austrian and French alliance, she struggles for a conference where a majority of Protestant votes may carry the Lutheran question: where the Protestant North may outweigh the Catholic south. It is a momentous crisis; either giving a permanent peace to the Peninsula or creating material for a new war, perhaps more disastrous than the conflict just concluded. The universal belief in circles most likely to be well-informed is, that England will be defeated, that the Duchies will be adjusted, one way or the other, with satisfaction to the Dukes; but that on all hands the dominions of the Popes shall be restored to the Pontiff in all their sovereign en-

tirety and free legislation. The new phase which the Italian question has assumed within the last month is, that Austria and Naples have discussed the legality of aiding the Pope in defence of the Legations against the open rebellion of his subjects, stimulated by the private intrigue of Sardinia. The Austrian and Neapolitan Cabinets maintain that if France was justified in joining her ally Sardinia against Austria, clearly Austria and Naples have the same equal right to join their ally the Pope against Sardinia. This case having been argued and agreed to by the Courts referred to, Naples has moved nearly thirty thousand men to the confines of the Roman territory, and Austria has concentrated several regiments of infantry near Trieste; and has ordered a powerful Naval squadron to cruise between Ancona and the harbor of the city just named. So menacing has this attitude been, that Sardinia has also sent a squadron into the Adriatic, thus giving a decided interpretation to her protection of the Rebels of the Romagna. The modern history of Europe has no parallel to the anti-Papal conduct of Victor Emmanuel, to the violence of the anti-Catholic Press of Turin, or to the indecent denunciations against the Clergy of all Italy. The house is on fire, and the incendiary, secure from immediate punishment, looks on at the raging progressing flames with a joyful malignant vengeance; just so all the Peninsula is now burning from the Tirevolutionary mission, hoping to build up a new Protestant order of things on the asses of the old Catholic Institutions. She will be deceived, and Italy, after some severe trials and bleeding struggles, will soon be relieved (at least in our time) from her perfidious stratagems. Austria will renew the war with Sardinia in the Romagna sooner than permit a hated foe to have a harbor of refuge and of offence in the Adriatic; and Naples will spill her warmest blood rather than have successful revolution on her borders .-France can have no interference in this new Combination of powers. France aided Sardinia in her resistance to a menaced attack from Austria; but, surely, Napoleon can have no concern to assist Victor Emanuel in his offensive and gratuitous assault on the Roman territory already declared neutral by the most solemn pledged protestations. Austria and Naples are about to perform in the cause of the Pope, what Russia did in '48 in the cause of Austria; and hence if it was justifiable to aid Austria in the suppression of the Hungarian revolution, the same argument speaks with full force in the armed intervention just quoted in favor of the Pope, There is no doubt that the infidel or English party in Central Italy will strain their last effort to defeat the Pope; but it is equally certain that the Catholic powers referred to will fight their last man rather than submit to have Garibaldi and Mazzini the disposers of their crowns, and the arbiters of their kingdom.

Nanoleon has never since the commencement of his public career been placed in circumstances so perilous to his character and his throne. One false step at this moment and he forfeits his dig- land even one Catholic gentleman, with the means nity and his throne. All those who seem to know him best, boldly assert that the views expressed by him at the meeting at Villafranca are still his unchanged opinions, They say he will never permit one tittle of territory or dignity to be wrested from the Pope; and moreover that he is the unflinching friend of the Dukes. Some persons of sound opinions on the Emperor's conduct and sentiments, go so far as to assert that he has no objection to see Victor Emmanuel commit himself by his improper conduct in the Romagna and the Duchies: and that these culpable acts will supply the Emperor with a desired pretext-firstly, to impeach the dishonor of the Sardinian King: secondly, to make large pecuniary demands as compensation for the French expense of the late war: thirdly, to wholly restrain his further interference in the disputed territories: and lastly to enable Napoleon to take the Italian policy into his own hands, and to settle the present disturbance as he may think proper. No doubt the present agitated state of France will compel him to merge all allied interests in the protection of his own. It is not Central Italy which he has now to protect; it is his own crown. He sits on the French throne by the influence of the clergy, and by the power of the army. These two sources of Majesty are equally necessary to the Emperor: and in the companison of the strength of both parties, it is more than probable that the Church commands more influence than the camp. He has come of late into somewhat unpleasant collision with the altar; and the history of Southern Europe with which he is no doubt intimately acquainted, ought to inform him that as the Bishop puts the crown on the head of the Emperor inspleasure, he can take it off in anger; and that the French King can no more continue on the French throne in opposition to the Clergy than he can govern the of the finest workmanship. The column, when finished, nation in defiance of the Army. For ed, will establish Mr. Carroll's reputation as an his life Napoleon will not molest the Pope: for few trees planted in the back ground of the column, his Crown he will support him: and for his King- so as to conceal the irregularity of the buildings in om and his Son he must crush Revolution in the Romagna, and restore peace to the Papal paper.

States. The Bishops who publish Pastorals, and express their feelings for Pio Nono, are the best friends of Napoleou. The Legitimists are now at work; the Orleanists are husy organising their adherents, when the smallest commotion menaces the reign of Napoleon; and most certainly, when combustible materials are collected by the Emperor himself, he cannot complain if the enemy throws a spark into the heap. Napoleon has taught France how to accomplish a coup de main against his enemies; but he should take care lest he might unconsciously execute a coup de main against himself, his wife, and his child. For my part, I am firm in my belief that the delay in settling the Revolution in the Papal dominions does not arise from any wish of his to join the Infidels, or form any repugnance to aid the Pope. It is the usual secresy of character for which he is remarkable-first letting things go to the worst, in order to necessitate his active intervention, to remedy public evil, to crush rebellion and crime, and to restore permanent

## IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Irish Bishops have been in consultation this We have not heard yet what the result of their deliberations has been: but we understand they devoted much debate to the question of the condition of the Catholic University; and it is anticipated that we shall hear more from them about National Education and the conduct of our Irish misrepresentatives in the English parliament.

THE REV. DR. CARILL AND AMERICA .- Our reverend friend has postponed his departure for the United States till the middle of next month. This delay will cause some disappointment in the cities where he had made engagements for November. As he returns to Old Ireland in the end of next May we ardently wish him, in the meantime, good health, and much success. We understand he goes by the

Galway Line .- Dublin Telegraph. THE EARL OF DEVON AND THE CHRISTIAN BRO-THERS .- The above named nobleman on the occasion of his recent visit to his estates in Newcastle West, visited the day after his arrival, and after the hearty reception which he met from his tenantry and all classes in that locality, the newly founded schools of the Christian Brothers, under the noble Earl's patronage. He was enthusiastically received by the pupils, whom he addressed in a most encouraging speech, and expressed his gratification at the intelligence which they displayed under the tuition of the Christian Brothers. He gave his agent, Mr. Curling, J.P., directions to build a ball alley, to be attached to the schools, and has munificently allowed a grant of £20 a year for their support. The noble earl's generosity deserve to be always held in grate-; ful recollection by the inhabitants of that district .ber to the Po, and England, the arch-conspirator His lordship has left for England amid the hearty looks on with pleasure at the success of her long blessings of all classes.—Tipperary Vindicator.

Plant Requests for the Poss. The Morning News photograph of the Company's Engineers, in which the Writer angests the formation of a couple of the Switer angests the formation of a couple of Trish regiments to defend the Pope. He says:-In the Connaught Patriot of the 15th I observe a letter signed. Anglo-Italianus," proposing to the Catholics of Great Britain to raise a subscription and volunteers for the Pope" In my opinion, sir, such a movement would be worthy of some of our Catholic noblemen. They seem willing enough with their wealth and military enthusiasm at other times; why not now raise and equip a couple of Irish regi ments for such a truly noble cause? As to volunteers, there would be no delay in getting them in old Ireland, where every man is willing to lose his life in defence of the good Pope Pius IX, father of his people, now menaced by swarms of foreign infadels pouring into his territories. I myself would make one soldier in his service, at a moment's warning. I om one of some thousands of Irishmen who have just taken their discharge from H.M.E.I. Company's service-I served in the Engineers and I feel certain that if the opportunity were only afford. ed to us, we would to a man as joyfully volunteer to defend our holy Father as we have chosen to give up a service less in accordance with our feeling. We are all well disciplined men, inured to service, with skilful hands, strong arms, and faithful hearts. I know the feeling of my comrades, and I know how proud we'd feel ramparting the Vatican against the ingrates who, with British gold in their pockets and "liberty" on their lips, seek but the overthrow of the Catholic Church by destroying Christ's Vicaron earth.

On the same subject another writer says "I am not an old man; but in my days an Irish gentleman -Honest Tom Steele-had sympathy enough with the necessities of a South American State, out of his resources to equip and freight with material aid for that country a vessel, on board of which he himself if I recollect aright, sailed, to add to all the rest the aid of his own personal services. Have we in Ireand the spirit to imitate, in a cause so immeasurably more noble, an example more powerful? Have we no blood to spill, save to advance English conquest in India? Would the country, whose sons tell in hundreds, uncollined and unannointed, on the height of Sebastopol, furnish no regiments for a service so much more honorable and more just? Could Ireland always prodigal of blood-too often, alas, in the service of her foes-Ireland the land of Sarsfield and Lord Clare-not furnish another Irish Brigade? Has she forgotten the generous aid which, in the days of distress'-in the terrible famine year-the good Pio None gave from his limited means? I am not more certain of my existence than I am confident that in one month, were the opportunity afforded, an Irish brigade, as strong as the army of Count de Goyon-more numerous than the brigade of Sarsefield or Lord Clare-would throng joyfully and euthusiastically to the service of the Pope. glorious mission for Ireland, whose debt of gratitude to the Sovereign Pontiffs dates farther than the black days of '47. Centuries ago, when an Irish King sought aid from Rome for Irelan i, it was generously and promptly given. All our national struggles found the Holy Father the friend of the Western Isle. Money and arms 'from the Royal Pope' - coming o'er the ocean green'-gave hope in many a sorrowful hour to 'Dark Rosalcen.' Shall we, to day, make no effort to repay that debt? To you, sir, I leave the discussion of details, the selection of the 'how;' for my part I appeal to you-to Catholic Ireland-to make a prompt effort to render the good Pio Nono independent alike of the 'pressure of undutiful children - German or Frank. Emigration from our shores finds destinations less attractive to Irish youth than a country where floated the green flag of Ireland, with a tiara (not a crown) above the harp."

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT, ENNIS .-- As this column rears its head, it advances in beauty and symmetry, and will be, when completed, quite a gem in its way, and one of the handsomest of the kind in the kingdom. The native limestone of which it is building, is elegantly adapted for the purpose, as it retains its freshness to after ages, and is superior to the Portland stone in that respect, while the moulding and chiselling on the work are really the rear, would be a great improvement.-Ennis

THE SARSFIELD TESTIMONIAL .- A respectable and influential meeting of the Sarsfield Memorial Committee was held on Monday, the 3rd ult., for the purpose of forwarding this glorious object. In the absence of the Mayor, who was elsewhere engaged cn official business, Daniel Griffin, Esq., M.D., was requested to take the chair. The minutes of the last day's proceedings were read over by Mr. T. B. Jones, Hon. Secretary, as also the subscriptions, which were received since the last day of meeting. The amount exhibited was about £600, which proves that the great undertaking is progressing to a successful issue. The names of the persons present were Dr. Kane, the Rev. Dr. O'Connor, the Rev. R. J. O'Higgin, Alderman Fitzgerald, Alderman Quin-livon, J. P., F. J. O'Neill, T. B. Jones, J. Ellard, &c. After a discussion on several topics, it was resolved -"That the members of the Sarsfield Memorial Committee, together with the members of the Corporation, do meet in the Town Hall at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, the 25th October, to proceed forthwith through the city, to receive the subscriptions of the citizens for this patriotic purpose." It was resolved secondly-" That the secretaries be requested to enter into immediate communication with those distinguished descendants of the famous Irish Brigade, the Duke of Magenta, and Marshal Neil, as also with the Univers journal on the subject, requiring their assistance to get the subscriptions of all sympathis ing persons in France .- Limerick Examiner.

RELEASE OF DANIEL O'SULLIVAN, THE STATE PRI-SONER .- At a late hour on Friday evening, Daniel O'Sallivan, of Ardgroom, was released from Mount-joy Prison. He proceeded home at an early hour on

Saturday morning. The O'Briens, charged with the Doon murder, have been finally discharged from custody for want of

Mr. Robert Sullivan, of the Board of National Education, has contributed £1000 for building a National Education School in his native place, Holy wood, and he promises, at the expiration of three months, to invest another £1,000 as an endowment of the same.

Madame Lind Goldschmdt has kindly transmitted to the Mayor of Limerick, £10 10s for Barrington's Hospital, per the hands of Messrs. Corbett and son; also through the same channel, £10 for the Magda-len Asylum, under the care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

WEXFORD MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. - We understand that Sir Francis Le Hunte has bequeathed to the institute which he nursed and watched over with anxious solicitude from the cradle to a ripe, and vigorous maturity-the sum of £500, with his wellchosen library and philosophical instruments, equal in value to a similar sum—making the whole bequest amount to £1,000 .- Independent.

MR. CARDEN AGAIN.—Gort church has become a source of attraction lately, in consequence of the constant attendance on every Sunday of Mr. Carden, who still follows Miss Arbuthnot wherever he can get a sight of her. The young lady resides with her brother-in-law, the Hon. Captain Gough, at Loughcooter Castle, near Gort, and Mr. Carden 15 sides at Forest's Royal Hotel, in Gort. - Limerick