

her first husband—aye faith, and was married again a second time in it, and that's what I call luck. What shall I say for the pattern, full eight yards? Now would I beg the favor, of any linen weaver, or any other person, that I could make a verse on, to say if it isn't richly worth nine shillings. I shan't say nine, however—eight—seven—six—I shan't say six—five—four—three. Any one to bid two and six—two and three—two? I shan't take less, and won't say more. It's your Molly, and that you may be married and church-ed in it. Aye, Darby, that's a pair of suspndhers that'll stretch like a roadjobber's conscience; and if your bachelor, Sally, there, gets the cap and comb, I'll be bail there'll be crying eyes and broken hearts next cake night.

During this brief colloquy, and from the time of Rorke's arrival at the standing, Shawn had been regarding him with looks of peculiar malignity; and when the purchases were made and the assistant despatched with the parcel, he turned away to track the steps of the latter, with all the fierceness of a beast of prey balked for a while of its destined victim. He did not, however, venture to attempt a capture, being well-aware, as was before stated of Charley's popularity in high quarters; and he was still further deterred by the circumstance of his having been foiled in two recent captures, the party in neither case having turned out to be neither priest nor friar. The parcel was delivered, and had been scarcely paid for by the mistress of the mansion, when Rorke himself entered by the rear door, after having clambered over some walls dividing the adjacent premises. "Father Davy," he said, in a low voice, but emphatically, after he had seen that the outer doors, as well as the door and window of the apartment they were in, were closed. The carrier of the parcel started on hearing the name he had thought quite unknown in the town. "You see I know you," continued Charley; "I am of the Rorkes of Castle Rorke, and of course remember you since boyhood. You acted very foolishly in venturing, under any disguise, into the same place with that bloodhound Shawn, whose suspicions, you see, you at once roused, though I'm convinced he doesn't know you, but merely suspects you to be a priest or a friar. I suppose you came in consequence of some information of your uncle having landed on our coast." "Well, as you know me so well, and through the family you came from, though I know you are not now—openly at least—of our creed, I will not affect any disguise with you. I am friar Bourke, of Clare Galway, and I have ventured on the experiment (I now find so hazardous) of coming here in consequence of information I received of my uncle having landed on part of your coast." "Then you need proceed no further in this direction, as I met your uncle and Frank Lynch just after their landing, and they were both about to proceed inland. Ballintubber, I should imagine, would be your likeliest place to find, or hear of Father Bernard; and the sooner you are off this dangerous ground the better. Let us see if you are watched?"—the gauger advanced from the room, into which he had led the friar, to one with a front aspect; and in an instant, with a low exclamation, beckoned the priest to the window. "You see there is a sharp look-out after you," he continued, pointing to the figure of Shawn moving on the opposite side of the street. "But my dear," whispered Mrs. Rorke, "you know your sister Bourke has had a daughter last night, and has a strong wish to have her baptized in the old way, though I argued with her on the danger it might subject her to; and might it not be the safest way for her namesake to remain at the lodge till night, when her wish might be gratified, particularly as she is in so weak a state?" "I believe you are right, Celia, if we could get that blood-sucker beyond out of the way—here, Lacky." A shoeless familiar, with unwashed but highly comie countenance made his appearance—"Here's a hog, Lacky. Treat that ruffian Mullowny, and keep him engaged for half an hour with one of your stories. He's never proof against the temptation of whiskey." "Och, be the powers o' Moll Kelly—axin' yer honor's pardon for the name, sein' that the Kellys and the Rorkes is three akin—for wan taster o' the money I'll make the ruffian believe that the Pope himsel' is hidin' from him in the bog o' Ballybreedah." In pursuance of this plan, Lacky was in a moment by the side of Shawn, muttering threats against his master for some imaginary ill-treatment; and they both disappeared from the street instantly after. On perceiving their disappearance, Rorke, after inducing the friar to swallow some refreshment hurriedly, led him through plots and gardens, in the shelter of hedges, till they reached the lodge, which was situated just beyond the extremity of the southern suburb of the town.—Here Father Davy was welcomed with a most cordial reception, and, after having added the new-born babe to the Christian fold, was prevailed on by the earnest entreaties of the mother, to remain till the second ensuing day, which was to be Sunday, in order to celebrate Mass in an old granary to the rear of the lodge. It is a beautiful arrangement in our nature for the preservation of ancient faiths, as of secret affections, that the more we are persecuted for our creed, the more ardently do we cling to it, else, perhaps, in many a locality, had no time-hallowed worship been still in existence. It has been said, that a man never loves a woman with all the fervor of his nature, until he has undergone the ordeal of persecution for her sake. It is so with religion. The purest, the most unworldly and the deepest seated worship, is that offered up at a persecuted shrine, as the strongest and most enduring affection is engendered for her, through whom and with whom, we suffer reproach and wrong. There is, besides, a kind of fascination in the suffering for conscience's sake; for the sympathy of our fellow-men sheds a hallowing light, that cheers and guides us amid every wrong and injury; and, perhaps, we are never linked together by such adamantine chains, as when undergoing a community of persecution, as the survivors of a routed field are knit together by the very losses they have sustained. We are not writing—we are incapable of writing—in any spirit of bitterness. Neither have we the intention nor the desire of reviving the hostility of one creed towards another. On the contrary, it is because the brutalizing penal statutes, with the monstrous crimes they engendered, have become a portion of past history that we have been induced to attempt sketching some of those scenes of a century ago which, without stirring up angry feelings, should inspire every right-minded reader, whatever his creed, with proud thankfulness that he is living in times when such scenes and the vile enactments, the foul offspring of whose slime they were, would be as little tolerated as would a return to the heathenish practices of our druidical ancestors. Nay, we would

hope that, at the present period, when persecution for religious opinions should be unknown, a strong sympathy must be excited among the generous and educated of even opposite creed for the chivalrous devotion, with which the Irish Catholics clung to the faith of their fathers, despite temptation and persecution, however strong, and the untiring zeal with which they were ever ready to brave every danger, in order to join in the ceremonies of their faith whenever an opportunity, however hazardous, offered. On the day in question—to give some of our youthful readers of the present day an idea of what means their forefathers were obliged to resort, in order to offer up worship on the Lord's Day on the rare occasions they had a priest to officiate for them—we shall give the scene as described to us by a person still living, who had it in youth from his father, one of the sufferers on the occasion:—Myles Bourke, the proprietor of the lodge, stood in front of his house that Sunday morning, surrounded by a considerable group; a few of them eagerly engaged in the vile game of "pitch and toss," for the profanation of the Lord's Day through which, there was no legal infliction, the majority, too, affecting to be betters on the game and, of course, interested lookers-on. There was jarring and disputation and tumult beyond what the paltry game might warrant. Nor lacked there oaths and imprecations to increase the Sunday profanation; while, during the uproar, the pretended lookers on slid, one by one, through the open gateway and clambered to the granary, to join in the worship offering up there. The ceremony had little more than commenced when, to the dismay of poor Myles, who, as well as his brother-in-law, was more than half suspected of having become a relapsed Papist, Shawn joined the gamblers and became at once, apparently, the most interested and by far the most vociferous there; repeatedly invoking the 'glory of hell,' and other similarly fearful imprecations on his head. "Mr. Mullowny," said Myles in a quiet tone, "remember it's Sunday, and that you'll draw attention by this noise and blasphemy." "You don't mind keepin' the Sunday much yourself, Mister Bourke. I can hear you weren't seen in church this three weeks: an' you know the fine for every Sunday you wor absent, Mister Bourke.—Were you there to-day? eh?" "It is not church hour yet, Mr. Mullowny," said Myles, hesitatingly. "But your prayers is begun, I think, Mister Bourke," said Shawn, dashing through the gateway to the granary. Instantly there was a crash heard and a fearful shout of suffering and terror; as some of the congregation nearest to the archway having observed his approach, the dreaded name was pronounced, and an instantaneous rush was made by those behind towards the upper part of the granary where the priest was. The flooring there, however, chanced to be decayed and weakly supported, and it at once gave way, so that upwards of two hundred human beings, male and female, aged and youthful, were precipitated, in one thronged mass, nearly sixteen feet. Terrible were the shrieks of mortal fear and agony for a few moments, till the uninjured had recovered presence of mind sufficient to enable them to assist their damaged companions, of whom there were many with bruised and broken limbs, though there was only one life lost on the spot—that of a lame and aged mendicant, who had hobbled in to hear Mass for the first time during many months. Father Davy himself was the only person in the assemblage that had not fallen; the board on which he stood having remained firm, though the table which had served for an altar had sunk before him; and, creeping on it a few yards, he managed to reach one of the windows—tore away its wooden filling and sprang to the ground outside, despite the warning, by gesture and word, of those gathered about the building. He had barely reached the ground, when he had the good fortune to alight on unhurt, when he was in the grasp of Shawn, who had remained without to watch his movements especially. Father Davy was, however, himself a man of powerful frame, to which mortal terror lent, at that moment, more than giant strength, on finding himself in the dreaded clutches of the notorious priest-hunter; and, by a powerful effort, he shook himself free from Shawn, and in the same moment struck him on the ear with clenched hand, and with such tremendous force that he fell like a butchered animal on the rugged pavement, the blood gushing plentifully from his nose and mouth. And there he lay, in utter insensibility, for some moments, amid the jeers and laughter of the spectators, not one of whom would approach to give him the slightest assistance, while the priest made a rapid clearance over wall and hedge towards the river in rearward, on which was a boat with a stout rower, placed there to provide for such an emergency. (To be continued.)

British policy in Ireland. They arm the Catholic against the Protestant—the Protestant against the Catholic—and such useful adjuncts to an alien government cannot be dispensed with. It has always been the aim of every Irish patriot, and, thank God, Irish patriotism is of no creed—it marshals the Presbyterian, the Protestant, and the Catholic amongst its ranks: it has always been its endeavour to make us strong by making us united—to make us merge all our differences into mutual toleration and mutual love—to make us forget everything but one, that we are all the children of one motherland, cradled in her heart, nourished by her through all our years, and finding our final rest upon her bosom—that we owe to her filial reverence and filial love—that we owe to ourselves fraternal affection and all generous and kindly feeling—that we ought to have no rivalry but the rivalry of zeal for the welfare of our native land and the happiness of her people. Animated by such feelings, what name could be so honorable, what so honored as that which is our inheritance, and ought to be our boast, the name of Irishman? But the endeavours of a British Government can never tend towards the accomplishment of this national union—it must always strive in a contrary direction. It can only move indirectly to its foul work; but it has an indirect agent ready to its hand—Orangeism! Orangeism is its ready tool. Were we all an united people to-morrow the discordant bray of this demagogic offspring of bigotry could array us in arms against each other—our people would be scattered in all directions, and the night would be lit in the lurid flames of burning homesteads. It is a combination abhorrent to Christianity—it breathes nothing but fury and hate, and is foreign to the spirit of every denomination of the followers of the Gospel of the Charity of Christ. It is stained with murder, blackened with outrage, and covered with crime. It is as unchristian as it is unchristian; and, judged by its fruits, it must be suppressed. Let every honest man in Ireland aid us for this purpose. It is a glorious labour, the final suppression of bigotry and dissension, the assurance of peace and existence to our people. Let every man, to whom civilization is dear and murder detestable, aid us. Let every man who does not desire to see the repetition of the cruelties of the Druses practised by their brothers in Ireland—aid us. We do not ask them—we would scorn to ask them—to implore the British Government for this purpose. No! We are certain the Government will do its duty, as every British Government in Ireland ought. We leave them to do it in their own way. But we do purpose legally and constitutionally to force them to do it better than they dream. Let a petition be prepared to that trusty ally of England, His Majesty the Emperor of France, that he will graciously use his friendly influence with the British Government for the preservation of property and life in this country from the Irish Orange Druses. Let His Majesty know that during an hundred years, at various intervals, the Turkish Government—the British we mean—have been repeatedly applied to for this purpose in vain. That in July, in this year of grace, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty, human life is as unsafe in some districts of Ireland from Orange Druse cruelty and outrage, as it was one hundred years ago—that, therefore, after so long a period, utterly despairing of anything effectual being done by the government, we do implore His Majesty to use the great influence which he is known to possess over the councils of his ally Queen Victoria, that steps shall be taken for the full and final dissolution of this atrocious and murderous combination. If we are aided in this purpose of petition; if it be organized as the general expression of our people, there is no doubt there will be an end of Orangeism in Ireland—there will be an end of Orange outrage, there will be an end of Orange inhumanity. The thing is perfectly legal. Once before, when Orangeism contemplated an act against the Irish priesthood, most revolting to humanity and most horrible in its cruelty, the French Government was appealed to, and the celebrated Cardinal de Fleury, then at its head, interfered, and, by his influence with our government, prevented its accomplishment. The Catholic Association sought in the same way the interference of the Spanish Cortes to obtain Emancipation, and if we invoke a more powerful advocate to-day we shall do so with perfect success. All we need now is combination of action. Let us make one earnest effort and we are free from this incubus of bigotry for ever. We call upon all classes of our countrymen to strive with us for this purpose. We call upon those who have most influence in the country to aid us—the patriotic priests—and in Ireland priest is synonymous with patriot—and the patriotic press. It is a cause worthy of their noblest efforts—worthy of the zeal and the charity of the priest—worthy of the genius and enlightenment of the press. None amongst us but can aid, in some way, with his individual exertion, with his individual encouragement, this great object. And, in this holy purpose, the destruction of the last stronghold of bigoted intolerance in our country, we may be assured that the regeneration of Ireland may be dated from the hour when party spirit will fall to aid the machinations of her insidious enemies. THE IRISH BRIGADE.—The Roman correspondent of the Dublin Morning News has written another letter on the subject of the Irish Brigade, in which we find a description of two scenes in which British spies, who have been dogging the footsteps of the Irish, were treated just as they deserved. The letter is dated Rome, July 10, and the writer says:—"The whole affair may be stated in a few words. For the last six or seven weeks, evidently in consequence of some scheme of instructions from London, British agents in various guises have been dogging our men, endeavoring to bribe, seduce, or frighten them into returning. From Antwerp to Vienna—from Vienna to Ancona—from Ancona to Rome—it has been the same story; a story of mean intrigue. Spies trying to set them quarrelling, trying to make them demand bounty, increased pay, food, &c. These spies would assume all guises; tell the men at this point that those at another had such and such (better) treatment; telling them they were cheated, deceived, ill-used, &c. Then these 'friends' would urge an application to the British Consul as sure to extort better treatment. The British Consul (up to the game) would say, 'Oh, you lost, unfortunate man; you have put yourselves out of my protection. I could get you the best of treatment if you were British subjects; but now—you will be left to die on the road.' And so on. In some places the British Consul would take another course. He would come up to the men, pitying them, and offering to send them home. Now, all this might pass with some chance of impunity on the road; but I submit that in the city of Rome itself it was carrying impudence, audacity, and dishonesty a little too far, to pursue our men with such conduct. Yet so pursued they have been by the British agents and officials here. I say agents and officials—and their shame be it spoken, Englishmen calling themselves 'gentlemen' have not deemed it beneath them to exhaust all the persuasions of purse and tongue to induce our men to desert; while others still more base pretended friendship, try to set them drunk, and then to embroil them with the natives, or with the Roman or French soldiers. This surely is shabby, mean, and treacherous in the extreme; and it is no wonder the feelings of the Irish should be so much excited about it, as they are. Matters being thus, on yesterday the British Pro-consul had the lemerity to actually present himself at the Cimara Barracks, going amongst the men, and even, I believe, attempting a harangue to them, inciting them to discontent, insubordination, and desertion, by assuring them with an air of civility, that he was, after all, ready to take pity

on any desiring to return to the paternal arms of the British Government, and that he would afford them assistance against any act of oppression. Of course you know what that meant. No doubt, the chucked and believed he had rendered order of discipline impossible in that battalion for ever more when the men were thus told, 'Go out and get drunk, and enjoy yourselves, and if you are arrested, or put on pack-drill, call on me and I will assist you.' No sooner, however, were the gentleman and his mission recognized than he saw something that suggested to him to cut and run in true British style, for cut and run he did, amidst the hooting and groaning, and I believe, (but am not sure), something more, of the entire barracks. I was not actually present, and I discount largely the various droll descriptions of the scene, which all, however, agree in describing as inimitably amusing. The Pro-Consul was, it is said by some, merely a little 'shaken,' while others assume he got off too fast for even so much of the fate he attempted. The episode had a sequel, however, which, beyond all doubt, ended differently, though I still contend quite creditably for our men, and in a manner which proves them possessed rather of forbearance and self-control than otherwise. Another emissary on the same mission came up, ignorant of all the foregoing, and set about the usual work of seduction. I regret to tell you that this young 'gent,' though English by birth, is the son, at least of one Irish parent. The men were quite excited with this perpetual haunting of English emissaries, and were just in the humor to stand no more of it, when this individual came up. He little knew what awaited him. A rush was made at him also; he too made a dash at the gate, but less nimble than the Pro-Consul, he was overtaken and grasped by the nape of the neck by a huge Tipperary man from near Killanuale. He squealed like a hare, but he was soon in more grips than one; yet, though borne 'dragged,' I suppose, the Times will have it into the day room, no violence was attempted against him, except a few harmless cuffs. With what intentions I know not, but certainly with very well regulated ideas of justice, they agreed to lock him in the black hole, until it should be ascertained whether there was not punishment for a man inciting the Pope's soldiers to desert. The knowledge of jurisprudence displayed on this occasion by an athletic Kerryman—who while laying down the law with commendable wisdom, was converting a piece of tent-string into a looped shape with a running-knot, which the emissary eyed with perfect horror—was really amazing. Off they took the 'spy,' as they called him, and locked him up, his piteous moans and eloquent arguments and entreaties, nevertheless. Of course the commander came to hear of this, at least he heard some of it, and enquiry was made for the captured emissary, when lo! he was found locked up as I have described. He was, I found scarcely say, at once liberated, though the men grumbled very much at it, declaring they had arrested him in the very act of inciting to mutiny. He has since made a great noise about it, and threatens much; but he was only a few hours confined, and I suspect you will agree with me that he richly deserved not merely a few hours' confinement, but a few dozen lashes at the triangle. I have gone to the trouble of writing at much greater length than they deserve of these perfectly trivial incidents, merely because of my experience of what the London papers can spin out of things still more trivial when they want to calumniate Catholics or Irishmen. I am happy to inform you that the Irish Brigade has now got into excellent order, and that General Lamoriciere has expressed himself several times satisfied with their conduct and military deportment. The men will be divided into two battalions, the first to be commanded by Major O'Reilly, the second by Major Fitzgerald, an Irish officer who served many years in the Austrian army. The latter is on the march hither now with 500 men, who, during a stay of two or three weeks at various selected resting points, have been undergoing drill, &c., and are even already reported as excellent soldiers. Major Fitzgerald passed a very strict examination on his men, and indeed, the same has been done here, and the entire body weeded of worthless fitter to be under the Lion and Unicorn than the Green Banner with the Keys of Saint Peter. Some of those fellows, however they managed to get out, were fit only for the English Militia; while others are really worthy of the cause, and of excellent character, but owing to physical disqualification are being sent home at our expense and their own choice. All those whose conduct and character were found satisfactory here, will bear letters of certificate to that end, returned by them, least it should be supposed they 'turned tail,' sold the 'pans' or were 'drummed out.' They will all have arrived amongst you, I dare say, before this reaches. The rejected fellows wanted to be sent home 'quietly'; they wanted to steal back, no doubt, to avoid notice, and to be allowed to propagate all manner of stories so as to explain and cover their own conduct. But they are being sent off publicly in a body, that the English press may make a noise about them, such as will make every neighbor look out for their arrival. The letters from the men here on the spot will give you facts, enabling you to estimate the veracity and conduct of those men whom we have sent back.—We are now 1,400 strong, and a finer body of men could not be seen, I suppose, in the world. A high percentage in Austria has made the Brigade a present of 1,000 muskets, 1,000 great coats, and £400. This was, indeed, princely generosity. I suppose you have heard more than I know of the desperate efforts still being being made here (if reports be true) by the English party to get the Brigade into English hands, and under English officers. I fear to tell you what is felt amongst the men on this point. Utter disaster and ruin would follow the success of those endeavors. Is not this really too bad, if true? If the English Catholics really desire to serve the Pope, not to serve themselves instead, let them get up a battalion of St. George, and not raise discord, strife and disaster, by seeking to intermeddle in Irish affairs. On all this, however, it is needless to dilate, for the attempts reported, even if they exist, are not likely to succeed. The Irish Brigade will be Irish. It is composed of men who feel they have too long had to do with English control. IRISH INTELLIGENCE. His grace the Archbishop has been engaged during the past week in holding visitation and confirmation in the parishes of Conamara, throughout every one of which his paternal heart is gladdened by the perfectibility of religious fervor and devotion which animates the people of that extensive district, owing to the zealous and untiring exertions of their beloved pastors, notwithstanding the fierce, violent and unmanly assaults made upon their faith during the periods of their distress and suffering by the agents of proselytism.—Tuam Herald. DECEASE OF ANAGH.—The Rev. Gregory York, many years administrator, Longford, has been appointed by the Lord Bishop of Ardagh, Most Rev. Dr. Kilduff, parish priest of Killoe, in succession to the late lamented Rev. John O'Reilly. By this appointment the people of Longford lose an old, and tried, and dear friend; while the faithful of Killoe will gain a most zealous and devoted pastor.—Midland Gazette. CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The faculty of Philosophy and Letters proceeded on Monday last to the election of officers for the session 1860-1, when the following gentlemen were elected by ballot: Dean, Professor Donue; Secretary, Professor Arnold. Members to represent the Faculty on the Rectorial Council, Professors Kavanagh, Curry and Stewart. The Rev. Michael Fitzgerald, C.C., St. Mary's after a sojourn of about five months in the South of France, has returned to his missionary labours in St. Mary's considerably improved in health.—Limerick Reporter.