shan't say nine, however-eight-seven-six:-I shan't say six-five-four-three. Any one and if your bachelor, Sally, there, gets the cap neither priest nor friar. and coinb, I'll be bail there 'll be crying eyes and broken hearts next cake night.

Sold again, and took the money: That's the motto for Cheap Johnny.

I'm the boy that 'll make the shop-keepers hang the adjacent premises. their trade and turn to brogue-making as they were before."

"A comic knave," observed Sir John.

the market together. "I'll soon bring Sir John to a better acquaintance with a bigger knave, or I'm mistak-Johnny's sharp, pinched features, than did his our coast." awkwardness in handling and measuring the goods, from his principal's rapidity and adroitnor loudly, Shawn perceived that the majority their purchases from him than from his pleasant-Shawn seemed to have ascertained after a few minutes' observation, as he muttered to himself, | your coast." " Ho, ho, I thought I smelt a rat. So he gives the sign o' the cross an' the blessing in with the bargain. No wondher he gets custom. Pedlin' is a new thrade with him; but, Misther Ped-

a fall by it." " Hallo there, Barney, be alive, will you?"said Johnny, sharply, perceiving Shawn's eye fixed on his assistant. "You ought to be a great deal brisker, and this your second year at the business; but some people are born stupid.

'Now I'm the lad, From sweet Clonfad, A yard can handle, Or thumb a bandle.'

"The piece 'Il look betther turned the other way"-he stooped across to snatch the article from the attendant, whispering to him at the same moment, "Be very cautious, sir; that's the notorious Shawn na Soggarth watchin you, and if he suspects you we're done for. Aye, that's something like the thing. There sthretch it, Judy, and it'll reach from the church to the bridge. Ha, Mr. Mullowny, it's a cure for sore eyes to see you those times. But you're just come in the nick o' time, as i've still remaining another patthern o' the cravat you liked so much the last time you were a buyer."

"Take care, Johnny," muttered Shawn, "that the company you're keeping in this world doesn't sind you some day to date in himp cravats."sooner dale with your foreman here, that for a against the temptation of whiskey." beginner in his thrade, has a knack ov his own for gettin' customers."

"Well, if you prefer him, he'll serve you, Mr Mullowny. Face him boildy, sir" (to his assistant)-" now, isn't that a beauty of a cravat? Try it round your neck, here's a small glass to show you how it becomes you. Mr. Rorke, I was just wishin' for your honor.

"Why, you hardened old sinner," observed the gauger, who had just come up, " I tho't old Nick had you in his grip years ago, that you might deal no more in rotten cloth and short measures."

"O, your bonor hasn't the gauge for me as you have for the whiskey-that's the mourneen, Angy:-four-three-two-one and nine-one and six-one and three-one. I shan't ask more, and won't take less."

" Well, you prince of cheats, I suppose the poor woman has value for about a groat, in that same kerchief."

" Why, your honor will almost provoke me not to show you the fine bunch of real gold seals you commissioned me to make out for you, and the price of which shall be to you only what they cost myself, three guineas."

He reached over a bunch of massive seals which Charley examined and poised, saying-

" Well, they're mme for a guinea, and that's going rather too near your price. I want, besides, some napkins and table-cloths, which, I know, you'll give me of the rottenest you have, with the longest price you can knock out of

" You shall have the best manufactured, and cheaper than they were made for. But the price of the seals must be two guiness at the lowest."

The napkins and table-cloths were produced, haggled for and purchased.

"Now I suppose you can dispense with the services of your smart assistant here, while he brings those things to my mistress, who will pay him what's marked on this slip." Charley reached over to the pedlar a fragment of paper

with his own prices pencilled on it. " Surely, sarely, your honor. But you must add another crown at least to the amount?well, we must only have it off you another time. way to go deeragh" (go straight forward).

"Keep close, sir, when you get to my house, till I reach home, as you are observed and suspected," whispered the gauger as he concluded his directions to the assistant, who, bundle in hand, moved briskly away in the direction pointglances from the gauger to Shawn.

her first husband—aye faith, and was married During this brief colloquy, and from the time again a second time in it, and that's what I call of Rorke's arrival at the standing, Shawn had luck. What shalls say for the patthern, full been regarding him with looks of peculiar malignity yards? eight yards? devotion, with which the Irish Catholics clung to "Now would I beg the favor, of any linen weaver, the assistant despatched with the parcel, he the faith of their fathers, despite temptation and Or any other person, that I could make a verse on, turned away to track the steps of the latter, to say if it isn't richly worth nine shillings. I 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 to bid two and six two and three-two? I capture, being well aware, as was before stated shan't take less, and won't say more. It's your's of Charley's popularity in high quarters; and he Molly, and that you may be married and church- was still further deterred by the circumstance of ed in it. Aye, Darby, that's a pair of suspindhers his having been foiled in two recent captures, that 'll sthretch like a roadjobber's conscience; the party in neither case having turned out to be

The parcel was delivered, and had been scarcely paid for by the mistress of the mansion, scarcely paid for by the mistress of the manston, in front of his house that Sunday morning, surwhen Rorke himself entered by the rear door, rounded by a considerable group; a few of them after having clambered over some walls dividing engerly engaged in the vile game of "pitch and after having clambered over some walls dividing

"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 "But not a bit too honest, I'll be bound," re- apartment they were in, were closed. The carjoined the elder Ffolliot, as they passed through rier 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 en," remarked Shawn who followed in their course remember you since boyhood. You actwake, but who, after having passed by the ed very toolhardily in venturing, under any disstanding. (the title by which a peddler's place guise, into the same place with that bloodbound of sale in the market is designated) wheeled Shawn, whose suspicions, you see, you at once round, and passed and repassed it again repeat- roused, though I'm convinced he doesn't know edly, observing the person and movements of you, but merely suspects you to be a priest or a Johnny M'Cann's assistant, whose ample and friar. I suppose you came in consequence of open countenance differed not more from some information of your uncle having landed on

"Well, as you know me so well, and through the family you came from, though I know you ness. Yet, though this man spoke neither much are not now-openly at least-of our creed, I will not affect any disguise with you. I am friar of the buyers seemed more inclined to make Bourke, of Clare Galway, and I have ventured on the experiment (I now find so hazardous) of er and more active principal; and the cause coming here in consequence of information I received of my uncle having landed on part of

"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 dier, I'll soon alse you ov your license, or lose imagine, would be your likeliest place to find, or hear of Eather 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 paptized 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 wayhere, Lacky."

A shoeless familiar, with unwashed but highly comic countenance made his appearance-"Here's a hog, Lacky. Treat that ruffian Mullowny, and keep him engaged for half an hour

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 new-born babe to the Christian told, was prevailed on by the earnest entreaties of the mother, to remain till the second ensuing day, Mass in an old granary to the rere 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 timehallowed 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 re-

proach and wrong. There is, bosides, a kind of fascination in the suffering for conscience' sake; for the sympathy of our fellow-men sheds a hallowing light, that cheers and guides us amid every wrong and injury; and, per-haps, 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 Sold again and took the money. That's the because the britalizing ponal statues, 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 presence to the solemnity of the mockery; but it creed, with proud thankfulness that he is living in will end there; and the true lent savages will be times when such scenes and the vile enactments, the again let loose to repeat their crimes at a favourable foul offspring of whose slime they were, would be as ed out to him, after having flung some suspicious little tolerated as would a return to the heathenish

hope that, at the present period, when persecution British policy in Ireland. They arm the Catholic for religious opinions should be unknown, a strong against the Protestant the Protestant against the sympathy must be excited among the generous and educated of even opposite creed for the chivalrous 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 to 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 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 beyoud what the paltry game might warrant. Nor lacked there oaths and imprecations to increase the Sunday profauation; while, during the uproar, the pretended lookers on slid, one by one, through the onen 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 is stained with murder, blackened with outrage, interested and by far the most vociferous there; reinterested 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, Misther Bourke. I can hear you weren't seen in church this three weeks : an' you know the fine for every Sunday you wor absint, Misther 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, Misther Bourke," said Shawn, dashing through the gateway to the granary. Instantly there was a crush 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 pro-nounced, 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 bundred human beings, male and female, aged and youthful were precipitated, in one thronged mass, nearly six-

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, which 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 Aloud he said, "No, Masther Johnny, 1'd with one of your stories. He's never proof 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 insensibility, yer honor's pardon for the name, seein' that the spectators, not one of whom would approach to give Kellys and the Rorkes is three akin-for wan him the slightest assistance, while the priest made a taisther o' the money I'll make the ruffian be- rapid clearance over wall and hedge towards the lieve that the Pope himsel' is hidin' from him in river in rearward, on which was a boat with a stout

(To be continued.)

DEFEATING THE ENEMY. (From the Irishman.)

The name of Orangeman is written in blood. is associated with rapine, with murder, with dissension, and bigotry. For years and years every true-hearted Irishman, Protestant or Catholic, has earnestly endeavoured for the extinction of this standing insult to all Christianity. Conciliation has been tried over and over again in vain. These deluded dupes of riot will not be conciliated. The British Government has been appealed to in vaincordial reception, and, after having added the it will not suppress Orangeism, for Orangeism is the greatest instrument of its remorseless policy in Ireland; that remorseless policy whose best effort is the degradation and debasement of the Irish people, seeking ever to rule by dividing them, creating and which was to be Sunday, in order to celebrate fostering internedine strife, and flourishing amid Mass in an old granary to the rere of the lodge, run and murder. East, West, and South in Ireland there is peace. Never at any time in our countrydistinguished though it be for the morality of its people-never has there been such a complete absence of crime from its legal records: and yet, at such a time as this, the fells of the infuriated Northern Orangemen break the quiet of our landtheir hands are dipped in the blood of their Catholic brethren -they walk abroad creating fear and terror -they pitilessly shoot down, and wound, and kill men, and women, and children-with impunity. Elsewhere our readers will find an account of the

Lurgan attempted murders, with their details of

rancorous atrocity. And when they peruse the story of that cruel and tragical onslaught, we will tell them not to blame the perpetrators of the fiendish deed; for that we charge the crime upon the Government which permits such things-which permits them in the face of the history of a hundred years of the cruelties of Orangeism in Ireland—and allows that desperate combination to exist. Which promotes its adherents to the magisterial bench - which bestows upon them places of emolument, trust, and honour; and gives escape with impunity, to men whose souls are bathed in the blood of the murdered; whose lives are covered with the curses of the widow and the orphan, and who are pursued to their graves by the unerring justice of the God who avenges the slain. Yes I we charge this thing upon the Government-the British Government in Ireland.

It is not incapable of preserving the lives of our people from their Orange assassins, but it is unwilling. There will be a show, a pretext of justice, on this occasion. There will be an inquiry, no doubt, as there has been other inquiries.

The law officers of the Crown will lend their practices of our druidical aucestors. Nay, we would here of secturian rancour, to the intensity suitable to ciemency, that he was, after all, ready to take pity rick Reporter.

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 unitedto 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 reveronce 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 honourable, what so honoured 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! Urangeism! is its ready tool. Were we all an united people to-morrow the discordant bray of this demon offspring of bigatry 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 abhorent 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 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. 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 Urange 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 Orange ism 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 usthe patriotic priests—and in Ireland priest is synony. mous 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 fail to aid the machinations of her insidious

THE IRISE 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 Viennafrom Vienna to Ancoua-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 men; you have put yourselves out of my protection; 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. say agents and officials-for to 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 cmbroil them with the natives, or with the Roman or French soldiers. This surely is shabby, mean, and rascally 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 temerity to actually present himself at the Cimara Barracks, going amongs; the men, and even, I believe, attempting a harangue opportunity. They do their work too well to be to them, inciting them to discontent, insubordina-punished. They keep us divided. They fan the tion, and desertion, by assuring them with an air of

assistance against any act of oppression. Of course you know what that meant. No doubt the chuckled and believed he had rendered order or discipling 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. sooper, however, were the gentleman and his mission recognised 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 assure me be 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 Killenaule. He squeeled like a hare, but he was soon in more grips than one; yet, though borne ('drag-ged,' 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 commeniable 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 pitcous 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 need scarcely say, at once liberated, though the men grumbled very much at it, declaring they had arrested him in the very act ef 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, out a few dozen lashes at the triangle. I have gone to the trouble of writing at much greater length that 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 ex-cellent 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 officor 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 very strict examination on his men, and indeed, the same has been done here, and the entire body weeded of worthies 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, requested by them, lest it should be supposed they turned tail, sold the pass 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 personage 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.

on any desiring to return to the paternal arms of the

British Government, and that he would afford them

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

His grace the Archbishop has been engaged during the past week in holding visitation and confirmation in the parishes of Connemara, throughout every one of which his paternal heart is gladdened by the perfectability 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 proselvtism .- Tuam Herald.

DIOCESE OF ARDAGH .- The Rev. Gregory York, many years administrator, Longford, has been appointed by the Lord Bishop of Ardagh, Most Rev. Dr. Kilduff, parish priest of Kilhoe, in succession to the late lamented Rev. John O'Reilly. By this appointment the people of Longford lose an old, and tried, and deer friend; while the faithful of Kilhoe 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, Processor Dunue; Secretary, Professor Arnold, Members 10 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 .- Lime-