

feel for the fearful and unprovoked murder of the previous day—so little apprehension had he for the consequences—so greedily was he still for the further accursed gains, and so accurate was his information, that the procession had scarcely reached half way to the abbey when, springing over a hedge, the murderer grasped at the disguised friar, shouting aloud, "So my bold priest ye're necked at last, in spite o' yer cloak; an' blazes to me," he added, grasping that garment still tighter, "but I'll try pay you afore we part, with I owe you for the heavy knock-down, outside the store-house long ago."

Little he deemed, while he was thus pursuing his triumphs (as he thought), that he was rushing to meet a retribution, terrible almost as even his crimes, though not in accordance with the legal ordeal the worthy rector was, at that moment, debating how he could manage to have him subjected to, with the best prospect of obtaining justice.

"Run, Father Davy, for the love o' the Virgin—run for your life," exclaimed two of the females simultaneously, as they flung themselves together round the murderer, while the priest yielding his cloak quietly, and flinging off his cap sprang forward a couple of paces—then stood for an instant with clenched teeth and contracted brow, as if determined to measure strength with the murderer, and try to obtain revenge, at all risks, for the butchery of his uncle. But a momentary glance showed him that the male portion of the procession had melted away, like shadows before the presence of the murderer, while the clatter of horses' hoofs in the distance proved that the patrol had not yet left their post; and, turning round reluctantly, he betook himself to flight, just as Shawn had shaken off the women, with appreciations.

And now commenced a flight and a pursuit for life and death. Fear, and natural desire of preserving life and liberty, as usual, lent wings to the friar, who bounded over hedges, swept through fields, and sprung across bog-drains, with a swiftness and agility which the nature and occasion of his flight alone could have enabled a person of his fatness of body to exert.

In vain the ruffian shouted vehemently and repeatedly, "If you don't stop this instant, by the glory o' hell, you're as dead as a mackerel," as he came bounding on his track, for the murderer's form was far more agile and inured to exercise than the fugitive's. The words but gave additional speed to the friar; and the pistol, presented by the ruffian, had been rendered harmless by some friendly hand during the night—the same hand had also managed to abstract from his breast the long knife or dagger he generally carried there. So on they swept in their desperate race, pursuer and pursued, the former gaining somewhat, but slowly, on the latter, till they reached Aaron Andrew's cottage.

Early as was the hour, the honest founder was abroad, for, since his daughter's flight, his nights had been restless, and his usually early habits rendered earlier in consequence.

"Stop the dog or a priest—stop him," shouted the ruffian, "stop him, I command you, Aaron Andrew, if you're a loyal man."

"That's your vile trade, ye rascal, na mine; and the money a thing else till mind," observed the sturdy founder, placing his hands in his pockets, and walking deliberately into his cottage.

"Thin, eternal blazes to me, but you'll be soon brought over the coals for this, Mister Aaron," exclaimed the murderer, as he continued his chase.

Onward again swept the race, but with somewhat altered positions between the parties. The pursuer had lost some time by halting Andrews, and the pursued had profited of it, so as to increase a little the distance between them. But, unfortunately for the pursuer, who was destined to meet, that hour, a long provoked fate, the advantage on the friar's part was put momentary; for, in flying through the plantation, his foot struck against the root of a thorn, that had been hewed down, and he was pitched forward violently, some yards distance. He regained his footing almost instantly, but his leg had been hurt; and his pace was so much crippled, that he had but barely cleared the plantation, when the murderer's grasp was again on his collar, and both, after a brief but fierce struggle, came to the ground together.

A third party, however, had been added to the race. Johnny McCann had observed the chase from the small hill to the rear of the cottage, and, distinguishing the parties, the first glimpse he had of them, had darted off in their wake, at the top of his speed. He had to cross the stream, however, to be on the side with them, and was, in consequence, some sixty yards in their rear, when he saw pursuer and pursued grapple and fall together. Instantly he pursued every nerve to reach them, before Shawn could add another murder to his blood-guiltiness, shouting at the same time, "The skene, (knife) Father Davy—the skene—the skene."

The words came at the critical moment, and substituted the murderer in intent for the intended victim. After an instant's struggle on the sword, the friar was under and Shawn above him, with one hand grasping his throat, and the other in the act of being uplifted to stun him with the pistol butt, when the shout reached Father Davy's ears; and profiting by the suggestion, he managed to draw from his breast a long knife, given to him by McCann himself, and, with the rapidity of thought, plunged it with desperate force into the murderer's side. The pistol dropped from the powerful hand, and the wretch himself fell across the friar's body in the death agony.

The latter had barely shaken off the most lifeless membrane, and was standing gazing on it, as if utterly bewildered by the deed he had done in self-defence, when McCann came up, and drawing forth the knife, with which welled forth the life-stream, plunged it three times with fierce rapidity into the body, exclaiming at the same time, with eager fierceness, "Murdering dog, look who's stabbing you, and know me, before your soul's in eternal perdition. It's me, Andrew Higgins, the nephew of Father Terence, that lost his life through your means. It's me that balked you of your victim for that time

on the abbey roof—that gave Sir John the intelligence of your being in your sister's house the same night with Father Bernard, and afterwards sent the information to government about Sir John and yourself. It's me that watched you for years, by day and by night, to have the delight of lending one blow to help you to hell."

The bleeding wretch fixed his dying gaze on the ruthless stabber, whom he recognised by the passionate tones, so wildly different from his peddling slang; and in that glance were mingled quenchless hatred, defiance, revenge, rage, but neither terror nor remorse.

And thus, according to tradition, terminated the career of one of the vilest of those wretches, fashioned and fostered by the demoralizing and deeply blood-stained penal statutes.

"The sooner we separate now, and that you disappear from this district, the better," said the pedlar, "as Sir John will be sure to raise a hue and cry after the killer of his pet. I have not been seen coming here, and can take up my pack again."

Shaking off his bewilderment, the friar betook himself to a speedy flight, towards the wild district of Joyce country, while the pedlar, before returning to his pack, leant again over the body, to gratify the hatred and revenge that were, apparently, not to be appeased by even death itself. But, though the features wore the same stern and malignant expression that had characterized them in life, there was now no glance of hatred and defiance returned to his; and, after gazing a moment or two, he spurned the body with his foot, and, uttering an exclamation, moved away slowly, to where his pack was lying, often pausing, while within view, to have another glance at the execrated corpse.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

MEMORIAL TO THE IRISH BRIGADE.—The Morning News is rejoiced to be able to announce that, in response to impetuous, urgent, and unanimous demands pouring in from every district of the kingdom calling for a public reception, &c., for the Irish Brigade, and a memorial of their valor, devotion, and sacrifice, a committee has been formed in Dublin to receive subscriptions, and carry into execution the national desires." The Catholic Telegraph prints an address from the Archbishop of Dublin to the clergy of Dublin, appointing the celebration of an office and Pontifical High Mass on Friday next, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlborough-street, "for the repose of the souls of the undaunted warriors who fell in the gallant defence of the Sovereign Pontiff and his territories." Here is a copy of the address:—

"TO THE CLERGY OF DUBLIN, SECULAR AND REGULAR.

"Very Rev. Sir,—You will be pleased to continue until the end of this month the Litany, and other prayers for fine weather, which are now recited, begging of the Almighty to avert the scourges of His anger, and to preserve the country from misery and famine.

"The prayers of His Holiness the Pope are also to be continued with increased fervor. You all know how he has been assailed by the excommunicated King of Sardinia, who, acting like a nocturnal robber, has invaded the Papal States without any provocation, and without any declaration of war, and has seized on them in the most treacherous and sacrilegious manner. The cause of the Pope is the cause of God; it must triumph; but it is our duty to pray that the present evils may not be prolonged, and that peace may soon be restored to the Church.

"On Friday, the 12th inst., an office and Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated at 11 o'clock, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, for the souls of our brave countrymen and their generous companions in arms, who fought and bled at Spoleto, Perugia, Loreto, Ancona, and elsewhere, defending the eternal principles of justice, the independence of the Catholic Church, and the rights of the Holy See. The Chapter, in their full choral dress, and other clergymen, are invited to attend. As many priests as will be free are requested to say mass for the dead in the same church during the same morning.

"May the names of our countrymen, and of the Bretons, Belgians, Bavarians, Swiss, Austrians, and Italians, who died with them defending the same holy cause of religion, be in perpetual benediction; may their souls obtain eternal peace and happiness!

"Though brute force and overwhelming numbers accompanied with fraud and treachery, prevailed against them for a moment, yet we can entertain no doubt of the final triumph of the cause which enlisted on its side such devotedness, such self-sacrifice, and so many exalted virtues.

"Let the Feast and Octave of the solemnity of the Rosary be celebrated with special devotion, and let us beg of the Most Holy Mother of God to protect the Church against the perfidious wiles of French and British diplomacy, and the violence of the revolution, as she did in former times against the corruption of the Albigenses and the spread of Mohammedanism.

"The peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. "† PAUL CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin. "Dublin, Oct. 5."

The Very Rev. Thomas MacHale, D.D., left Nam on the 29th ult., to resume his duty as professor in the Irish College, Paris.

The Drogheda Argus of October 6, says:—"The youthful missioner, the Rev. Patrick Kelly, who was lately ordained, son to our esteemed townsman, Mr. John Kelly, and nephew of the Very Rev. Patrick Kelly, O.S.A., sailed from London last Wednesday, on board the Tridigar, en route for his mission, *in* Madras."

much to the imposing appearance of the church.—May God speed the good work; and increase the number of its friends.

The foundation stone of the new church of St. Augustine, Drogheda, was laid on the 28th Sept., by the Primate, assisted by the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Salines. Lord Bellew subscribed £100 towards its erection. Surgeon Ellis (a Protestant,) gave £5; and Mr. Galbraith (a Presbyterian) £3.

In the Consolidated Chamber, Dublin, before Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, an application for a writ of *habeas corpus* was made on behalf of the Rev. Mr. Kearney, Parish Priest of Avoca, county of Wicklow. The Rev. gentleman desires to obtain the custody of five children, two of them who are at present in a proselyting institution called the "Birds' Nest," at Kingstown, and the remaining three in charge of their mother. A conditional order was granted, and the case will come on for argument before the full Court of Common Pleas (from which court, contrary to the usual practice, the writ was sought) on the first day of the approaching term.

Matthew Weld O'Connor, Esq., of Agharea, Longford, local agent to the Earl of Longford, has been appointed a magistrate of the county.

THE HARVEST.—The accounts received from all quarters tend to confirm the hope that, notwithstanding the unusually severe season, the harvest will be more than an average one. A correspondent of the Evening Post, writing from the county of Wexford, gives the most favourable account of the grain crop in that district, particularly of the barley. With regard to the potatoes the account is less gratifying. He says, "All through the districts in which I have lately passed the farmers are pretty well satisfied—in many cases they say the produce is good, although they have suffered severely by the loss of potatoes. In the greater part of this barony of Forth the potato crop has failed to a considerable extent—in some places it is almost a total failure, and the residue saved is not good in quality. Here and there some good potato fields may be seen; but in general the people do not calculate upon the potato as forming any very important portion of their food for the winter. Indeed, all around the coast, so far as I have seen, the potato is more or less affected, and the crop inland is decidedly better. The barony of Forth is a famous barley country; and that crop was very extensively planted this year; the soil being peculiarly favourable. I am glad to say that the farmers, with scarcely an exception, speak of barley as very fair in quality and average in produce. In going through the country, from this village of Clonsilla to Killinick, thence to Ballygoeig, and towards Wexford, the farmers are to be seen in all quarters cutting their barley to the buggards, which already exhibit a very gratifying appearance—much better stocked than usual at this period, in consequence of the lateness of the gathering time."

The Madrid *Espana* states, on the authority of a letter from London, that a project is on foot in Ireland for raising a subscription to present a sword of honor to the Duke de Tetuan (O'Donnell) on account of his Irish descent.

THE ORANGE INSTITUTION.—The Belfast Mercury—Protestant and Anti-Popish—referring to the recent proceedings at Lurgan, warns the Grand Lodge to be wise in time, and so spare the Legislature the trouble of initiating measures for the total suppression of the Orange Society. The Belfast paper remarks:—"We have never been so foolish as to class the Orange Society with the Riband Conspiracy, or to confound their objects; but the time is fast coming when the Legislature will no longer tolerate such distinction, but will look upon the one as dangerous to the peace of the country as well as the other. The Grand Lodge should take due warning from the extreme facility with which the Emblems Act passed both Houses last session, when there was not a lord or a commoner to say one word in defence of the society. This is not without significance. It shows the prevailing opinion to be against the society. It is suggestive of what we believe to be the fact, that should Ministers consider it their duty to propose a Bill abolishing the society, and making its membership a criminal offence, no likelihood exists that they would meet with any effective resistance. In fact, the patience of the country is exhausted, and the feeling is general, that Orangism is a nuisance which must be abated. It not only disturbs the public peace, violates Christian charity, and impedes social progress, but inflames evil passions and leads to the reckless destruction of human life. The existence of such a society is in direct antagonism to all our ideas of civilisation and peaceful Government. It is wholly incompatible with the safety of Her Majesty's subjects, and the truth we would impress on the Grand Lodge is the simple one—that the time is rapidly approaching when, if they do not dissolve the society, the Legislature will interpose and perform that most essential duty. Aye, and perform it, too, with the entire approbation of the overwhelming majority of the Protestants of Ireland."

The ship Agnes Anderson, the property of Messrs. J. Martin & Sons, Northwall, Dublin, went ashore on the coast near Downpatrick, during the gale on the night of the 2nd Oct., and became a total wreck. She was bound for Quebec for a cargo of timber and was caught by the storm in the north channel, on her way to the Atlantic. She was about 1,200 tons burthen, and was in charge of an able and experienced sailor, Captain Keating. Two of the crew were drowned; all the rest were saved.

By a circular dated Oct. 1st, the Staff of the disembodied Militia are to be placed on full pay, the order to take effect from the 1st of September.

THE IRISH BRIGADE—AND HOW IT FOUGHT.—Time is the great restorer. Time corrects calumny. Time discovers truth. If ever there were an existent people, to whom time was more indebted than another, it is the Irish—for surely they have been exposed to the corroding tooth of time, and to its daily poison, beyond that of any other nation. But even to the Irish, time does justice; and our record to day presents a proof, not the less conclusive, because it comes speedily, and the more complete, because it comes from an enemy. In our subsequent pages will be found the report (official) of Major O'Reilly, of the attack upon Spoleto, and the defense which he conducted. And before we make one other observation on this report, we shall take the liberty of stating that a more lucid narrative, or a more modest statement of any action on record, military history does not supply. But now for the position of affairs. In the first place, Spoleto was neither a citadel nor a fort; it is a "Rocca"—a fastness. In the next place, it was not defended by cannon, for Major O'Reilly writes, "although received with two discharges of grape from our only available cannon," and when, two days before the attack, Major O'Reilly marched in his corps, he found in the "Rocca" neither war, provisions, nor ammunition, yet, in eight and forty hours, he was ready to withstand the attack of a corps d'armee, his garrison comprising some 350 men! In modern warfare there is no more noble defense than that of the Rock of Spoleto; and the Irishmen engaged in it, as well as the other nationalities represented, have covered themselves with glory, and their bravery to all time will reflect honor on their country. For what was the danger to be encountered? An unarmed and unvictualled post, with more than one "open breach," for Major O'Reilly says "the larger open breach had a temporary rampart of woolpacks"; and this broken "Rocca" was to be held by a few hundred recruits, who had not two months previously mastered the mysteries of the goose step! The trust was a glorious one, and gloriously was it fulfilled! In the history of the wars of the "Grande Monarque," it is related that a French general, in placing an Irish contingent in a fortress about to be assaulted, told the commander, an Irishman, that he placed him at that point, because it was underrimed, and if the enemy entered it, he certainly would be blown up; and he so placed

him, he added, because he was assured that up or down he would defend the post to the last. Nearly similar, it would seem, was the confidence of Lamoriciere placed in the Irish companies sent to Spoleto; for he tells Major O'Reilly two things—first, "that he must hope for no success;" second, "that he was to hold the rock as long as it was tenable." With several breaches to defend, little ammunition, and no cannon—or only one—the confidence of the General-in-Chief in the resolution of the garrison must have been large, to call on them to fight in such a place. But it was not misplaced. No commander ever trusted an Irish corps and was not satisfied with the issue. We need not pursue this affair further, than to observe that, after twelve hours fighting—after beating back one assault—with "no cannon," and "few cartridges remaining," the garrison "captulated" upon "conditions," stated in the "convention," and as honorable in their terms as were ever won from a host of well armed enemies. "The officers and soldiers shall be treated, in all respects, with that urbanity and that respect which befits honorable and brave troops, as they have proved themselves to be in to-day's fight." That is the answer to the vindictive calumnies of the Times against the Brigade, reproduced in the diluted *potem* of Lord-street. Of those, at least, we have heard the last, for "the force of impudence" cannot bear them farther. But are we not mistaken? Have we not seen that when it was no longer possible to deny the bravery of the Irish Brigade, or to charge them with cowardice, that the weight is put on the other side of the scale, and an acknowledgment of courage is counterveiled by a charge of recklessness. Major O'Reilly's report is "boastful." From the commencement to the close he says not one word of the part he took, beyond the fact that he was commander, and that he reported the result. A man and a soldier, he leaves to others the task of speaking of his own deeds. He says he was asked to surrender, and having orders to hold out, he refused, until weariness and want of ammunition told him that further resistance would be wanton sacrifice of life. And he is stigmatised for this as "guilty of something in a moral and religious sense, very like murder." There should have been no defense in short! Well, we shall not discuss morality or religion with an authority so high, but we can state a fact. When the intelligence arrived in this country that the Irish had surrendered, it was objected to them that they had not fought it out. Now that it appears they did fight it out, they are accused of *murder*, because they had not surrendered without fighting. It is well for the Irish that nothing worse can be said of them than that they fought well; but even this is a demerit!—*Liverpool Northern Press.*

THE IRISH BRIGADE.—On this subject the Morning News has the following announcement:—"We are glad to be able to announce that a committee is being formed for the purpose of relieving the men of the brigade on their return from Italy. The Very Rev. the Vicars-General, Monsignor Yore and Monsignor Meagher, have kindly consented to be members of the committee. In a day or two we shall publish the names of the clergymen and laymen who will form the committee. In the meantime, for the convenience of those who wish to contribute, we shall be very happy to receive their contributions for the above object, and take care that they shall be forwarded to the persons duly authorized to receive them. We have also learned with satisfaction that after the Office and Pontifical High Mass on Friday, for the fallen brave, the Archbishop and clergy will hold a meeting for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Pope and with the friends of our fallen heroes, and their readiness to assist in relieving the men of the Irish Brigade on their return home."

IRISH VALOR AND SELF-DEVOTION.—Truth and manhood, in spite of ridicule and insult, are sure to win respect. From the *Saturday Review*, which has been hitherto the foremost London organ in sneering at Ireland, thus bears testimony to Irish religion and self-devotion:—"We have had three crusades lately—the Irish crusade for the Pope, the Spanish crusade against the Moors, the French crusade against the Druses. But these enterprises severally contain very different proportions of the genuine crusading element. The Irish crusade, overwhelmed with ridicule as it now is, was by far, the most truly religious of the three, and therefore in reality, the one most entitled to respect. No one can be for a week amongst the Irish people—no one can study the monuments of their ecclesiastical history, or behold the magnificence in which a poverty-stricken people has maintained the church of its choice—without concluding that, whatever the defects of the Irish character may be, it is capable of the most sincere self-devotion in a religious cause. The Pope has long been, not only the head of the religion, but the object of a political allegiance which on oppressive and intolerant government had done nothing to win and everything to lose."

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

Among the small body of the Irish Brigade in Spoleto, it is believed that there were Policemen of the Clare force and some civilians of that county present. A short period before the Sardinian assault, a letter was received by his father, in this neighborhood, from one of the garrison, named Hourigan, and the opinion of his friends here is, that he and others then associated with him, were in the conflict maintained against the Sardinians. Bourke, another policeman, was a young man twenty-one years of age, a year of which he spent in the Irish police force, at the Clare Castle station. He was accompanied by five or six other Sub-constables, of whom two were Neagh men, stationed in Ennis. Another of the party was a native of Bunker, in this county, and the station to which he had been attached, when serving in the police, was Whitehall, in Clare. Two civilians from Ennis were of the party, and the impression is that all were in the desperate defence of Spoleto, under command of Major O'Reilly, whilst repelling the sanguinary Sardinian brigades.

TAKING ENGLAND AT HER WORD.—It is wrong to support a Church by bayonets, is it? Once more we hail a second Daniel, and "take England at her word." There is weighing upon the neck of Ireland a huge incubus—a gigantic corporation of rapine, named a Church—a "Church by law established." Two millions of green acres, and one million of gold, are devoted to maintain the direct cost of the teachers of this favoured creed. How many other millions are to be set down to its account for the cost of an army to uphold it by its bayonets? How many hundreds of thousands to keep up a civil list of legal and financial functionaries to gather its wealth, and count it out, in the midst of a people from over whom the lurid clouds of famine never pass away? How many tens and twenties of thousands does its Apostolic Episcopate absorb in individual doles for their hierarchical wives and evangelical families? How much of that money, wrung out of the hard-earned toil of the Catholic population of Ireland, goes for the purchase of purple and fine linen, and the fashionable extravagances of the prosperously-nursed offspring of the saintly wearers of lawn sleeves? How much of it goes for the feasting, and merry-making, and luxury of each lordly teacher of the Gospel, whilst the Irish peasant, like Lazarus,

starves at his gate? It is just that this *imperium in imperio* is to exist longer, when a whole people cry out against it? Here there is, what there is not in Italy, a religion which the nation abjures, which was imposed upon it by force, which was attempted to be thrust down its throat by bayonets—whose articles of faith were backed by bullets, and whose injunctions were inculated by a code of laws terrible as those of Draco! How many Irishmen were hanged, how many were exiled, how many were imprisoned, how many were robbed of their all, in the sacred name of this holy institution? Is there no wrong here—is there no necessity of revolution—is there no gross injustice to a whole people? Let those who justify the undeserved fate of the Pontiff of Rome, with his poor treasury and paucity of means, turn to the bursting coffers of the Patriarchal sinecure of Armagh, or the noble lord upon whom the Apostolic mission has descended at Thom; let them count the hosts of soldiers who keep watch and ward over the fertile patrimony of this oligarchy of rapacity, and let them say, if they can, that this corporation of mammon is not an unnatural monstrosity, and ought to be still administered at the point of the bayonet to the Irish people. Let them say if this is to be continued in a country which is one of the most wretched in the world, from whence, in annual thousands, the young and old fly to brave the perils of the sea, and the hardships of emigration, lest the horrible doom of famine should overtake them on its unhappy shores—whilst those teachers of the poverty, the humility, and meekness of Christ wallow in wealth, riot in luxury, and live in the pride of palaces, that put to shame the domiciles of kings.—*Dublin News.*

THE ANGLIO-ITALIANS AT CAPUA.—The Telegram informs us (*Irishman*) that the attack upon Capua was made by Anglo-Italian troops. Here many of the valiant English were killed? How many were wounded? We have not heard of one! The only Englishman who seems to have suffered was Mr. James, who lost his carriage, driven away by some courageous fugitives. The English papers insultingly demanded how many of the Irish Brigade were killed or wounded, and have at length got their answer and a complete vindication of our countrymen's courage, from the French Press; let them count their killed and wounded in battle, we will not accept of those hurt in flight.

FAILURE OF THE POTATO CROP IN MEATH AND LOUTH.—We regret exceedingly to hear from a correspondent in Drogheda, that the potato crop in the counties of Meath and Louth is reported to be in an exceedingly critical state. Our correspondent states that, on Saturday last, some forty barrels of potatoes were in Drogheda market, of which not one tuber in twenty was fit for human food. The only good potatoes, he says, are to be had from ground near the seaside on light soils, and these sell from 8d. to 3d. per stone. Many landlords in Meath have already remitted half the rents of the potato grounds, in consequence of the failure of the crop.—*Northern Whig.*

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE IRISH SOCIETY.—Mr. Wellington Vallance, the deputy-governor, and Mr. Charles Pearson, the solicitor of the Irish Society, have within the last few days returned from the north of Ireland, where, as a deputation from the society, they have been engaged in propounding to the local authorities, specially convened for the purpose in the Court-house of Derry, a communication relative to the issue of certain negotiations between the Government and the Society in regard to the disposal of the Culmore lands, forming a portion of the territory embraced in the Ulster Plantation scheme, projected and carried into practical effect in the reign of James I., as the seat of a Protestant colony. These negotiations, recently entered into, have resulted in an agreement between the Crown and the society, which provides for the valuation and allotment of the fort and lands of Culmore, and for appropriating the amount between the contracting parties, having strict regard to their respective legal and equitable interests. By this arrangement the society agrees to redeem the annuity of £200 Irish currency, payable to the Governor of Culmore, for the sum of £6,000 Irish currency, and the Crown undertakes not to fill up the vacant office, and to release the society and the Culmore lands from any obligation to rebuild or maintain the fort. The lands in question are to be impartially valued, and then, together with the £6,000, to be divided into two equal parts, of which one, discharged of all legal and equitable obligations, shall be allotted to the Crown, the original grantor of the lands entitled to control the disposition of the rents and profits, and the other moiety shall be held by the society, entitled to the freehold and inheritance, subject to the conditions imposed by the original grant. Out of the £6,000 and of the produce of its allotment of lands the society intends, in conformity with a resolution passed in 1857, to apply £10,000 in aid of a sinking fund to render the new bridge over the Foyle at Derry toll free to the public at large. The governorship of Culmore Fort, which Lord Palmerston has thus agreed to abolish, has long been a mere sinecure office, which it was the custom to confer on a certain class of meritorious officers after spending their strength in the national service, in the decline of life, and with insufficient means of support in proportion to their military rank. In the locality the arrangement appears to be regarded as promising hopefully for the speedy abolition of a most injurious obstruction to the development of its commercial and material resources. In the forthcoming revolution, consequent upon the agreement between the Crown and the society, it is said that the question of tenant right will be raised in a manner to command public attention and recognition; and a confident hope is expressed that, in accordance with the equitable principle which has been recognized upon its own estates since the era of the Ulster Plantation, the society's value will be instructed to form his estimate in such a manner as that the cultivators in occupancy shall have the credit and advantage of *bona fide* improvements of the lands due to the expenditure of their enterprise, capital, and toil. Turning to another phase of the transaction, it appears to be assumed that the object of the Government in retaining a portion of the Culmore lands in the hands of the Crown is to apply the proceeds to the common uses of the Imperial defences at large; and on that hypothesis a question is mooted in the locality whether any portion of the revenues can be diverted from what are called plantation uses.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, OCT. 8.—To day a solemn requiem mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church for the souls of the soldiers of the Papal force who were slain in the late engagements. Long before the hour announced for the service, the church was crowded in every part. It was hung round with black cloth and a catafalque was raised in front of the High Altar, on which were placed, as well as on the walls of the Church, soldiers' helmets, cuirasses and swords, to indicate the profession and commemorate the deeds of the devoted men for whom the Holy and solemn Sacrifice was about being offered. The Mass was sung by the Vicar General, Dr. Henne, and a large number of priests assisted at the Holy Office. The Right Rev. Dr. Manning, at the end of the Mass, ascended the pulpit and said, the memory of the dead for whom they offered up their prayers that day should be commemorated by a Prince of the Church, and not by himself one of her humblest servants, and he held in his hand a letter from the Cardinal Archbishop, (which he read), in which his Eminence stated that in heart and spirit he was with those assembled, and that he sympathised in their indignation at the wickedness exhibited and the wrongs which were perpetrated against the Holy See. The Right Rev. preacher observed that only three months ago, in the City of Rome, he had seen those brave men who had left friends and homes to give their aid to the Holy Father, to resist his enemies and protect his dominions; and among them he observed the re-