

form, as the voice of Bet Fagan murmured in her ear— "Never heed, alannah! you will come wid me."

All else was mist and confusion. The widow supported her to her own dwelling and there laid her on a bed tenderly as she might have laid her own child.

"Oh, poor thing! poor thing! sure you worked for your own ruin any way?" she murmured as she chafed the girl's hands, and drew the way hair from her beautiful forehead.

Unable to bear this any longer, the girl now started up in an excited manner, and with a crimson glow suffusing her face, exclaimed in wild accents—

"Bet Fagan, what do you take me for? Do you or any one else dare think I was maue enough to go away with Pety Fogarty?"

"Whist, alannah!" said Bet, soothingly; "sure you needn't care for what any one says."

"Why wouldn't I care?" exclaimed Nelly. "Is it nothing to me that my father turns me from the house like a mad dog? But ye're all mistaken. I never went away willin'."

Bet once more urged the poor girl to calm herself. As she could excuse frailty of one sort so she could that of another; and it did not surprise her that Nelly should, as she thought, try to excuse her shame by falsehood.

Without crediting anything whatever of the story, Mrs. Fagan, nevertheless remembered every word of it, from beginning to end; and being much of a gossip, as well as kind-hearted, lost no time in telling it over again to some of her particular friends, among them to Kitty Dillon, Nelly's sister, who earnestly wished it might be true, though she could hardly dare to hope it was.

"There's only one bein' can clear Nelly," said Mrs. Fagan, as she spoke upon the subject to Dan Phelan, a neighbor to whom she generally applied for advice in times of perplexity; for being, as she often observed, "a lone woman," she frequently fancied herself in want of assistance.

"I'm willing to do it," replied Dan Phelan, scratching his head, doubtfully; "but I much mistrust, Bet, it'll be of no use."

"Go, my way, when I tell you," urged the widow; and Dan was obliged to say he would.

REV. DR. CAHILL,

ON THE CONFERENCE AT ZURICH—LOMBARDY—THE DUCHIES.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The fact of England being excluded from all interference in the settlement of the Italian question is one of the most signal conquests ever achieved in our times over the intrigues of the British Cabinet.

of the contending parties in the late war, so she will not interfere on either side in the discussion of their ulterior political adjustment. Every well-informed writer, of every shade of Italian, French, and Austrian policy, knows that the late war was proclaimed on one side and accepted on the other without any reference to England; that the fight was mutually carried on without taking the least notice of the power of England; that peace was again mutually agreed on, as if the kingdom of England had no existence; and that the empire of Austria was curtailed, Lombardy transferred to other hands, and the whole of the South of Europe modelled and re-founded without consulting England, directly or indirectly, on the plan or the issue of their deliberations.

Who can forget that it was England which, in 1834, changed the succession to the throne in Spain, confiscated the revenues of the convents, banished the religious from their cells, and exterminated by expulsion, hunger, and broken hearts tens of thousands of the friars and the nuns of that country? With Don Carlos was expelled all his party lay and clerical; and a wound inflicted on the country in faith, in morals, and in material prosperity from which, perhaps, it will not recover for generations to come.

With these antecedents, therefore, will any one believe that her long-practised, uniform character of aggressive interference has been voluntarily laid aside; that the ingrained policy of fifty years has been spontaneously abandoned; that a whole Kingdom of Lombardy is transferred to a new owner; that a new family of Kingdoms has been planned; new dynasties introduced; new dynasties projected; new councils ordered; new conferences held; and the whole face of Southern Europe changed; and that England has voluntarily absented herself from all connexion with the arrangement of these gigantic National events?

To a certain extent London is now putting on the old faded garment of Palmyra; the Princes of the world no longer frequent her palaces; the road is now to Paris and the Tuilleries! One Grand Duke waits upon the Emperor of the French to-day; another Duke visits him to-morrow. Kings stand in his Imperial hall waiting for admission: he is thanked in humble submission if he condescends to give a smile to one, an assuring word to another, leave to remain in the city to a third!

Admitting the fact which is now established—namely, the exclusion of England from all religious and political influence in Italy, Lombardy must soon become one of the most peaceful and indeed the most prosperous provinces of the Peninsula. Dreading to return to the domination of her old mistress Austria; and afraid to encourage any revolutionary scheme hostile to her present allegiance, the entire circumstances of her case tend to settle down Lombardy into permanent peace, which is the sure preliminary of commercial enterprise, and national progress and prosperity.

empire. It is utterly impossible, therefore, that the Italian Duchies could exist in continuous self-legislation without foreign protection. And if this protection be Austrian, or French, or Russian, or English, or Neapolitan, the result will invariably be the same—namely, jealousy of the high powers amongst each other, then division, bribery, revolution in the little state; and again, a struggle for pre-eminence, for possession of the weak territory; and ultimately annexation and total extinction. This is the short history of little states with scarcely one exception in the whole history of the world.

Now, considering the supreme power which Austria has long exercised in these Duchies; again seeing the growing jealousy of France towards (what she conceived) this unwarrantable aggression; and lastly calculating the agouizing intrigues which England has long introduced into the whole Peninsula, the wisdom of mortal man could not have devised a more successful or brilliant plan than the projected Confederation, in order, firstly, to remove all the contending parties from devouring their prostrate victims; secondly, in order to teach them united combination, self-legislation, self-reliance; and above all to enforce the fact that the union of the members of seven dynasties of twenty-seven millions of souls would form one of the strongest powers of Europe; while the united feeling of nationality would almost immediately develop a national commerce and a national prosperity which, since the beginning of civilization, has never been nor could ever be attainable under the government, the protection, or the guardianship of a stranger.

From a correspondence, on which, so far, much confidence can be placed, the people of the Duchies are giving much pain and annoyance to the French Emperor. However he may encourage a change, an amelioration in the laws, in order to meet the popular wishes, he is fiercely opposed to the change in the reigning Princes. On this statement let the readers of the Telegraph judge my accuracy hereafter, Napoleon will assist any reasonable alteration in the laws of the Duchies; but at present he does not wish to disturb the reigning crowned heads from one jot of their inheritance and sovereignty.

But it may be assumed as certain that the Emperor will send agents amongst them to notify his will; and that the result will be precisely as he has already decided it in his own mind. He will cheerfully assist in any reasonable change of law; but if the people persevere in resisting the return of the Dukes, &c., he will, beyond doubt, in that remote case gratify them with a new monarch; but that monarch will be a Bonaparte, his own cousin and the son-in-law of Victor Emmanuel. In this case he will defend himself before Europe, as England has defended her conduct, in changing sovereigns in Spain, in Portugal, in Sweden, and in Belgium.

England seems already to apprehend some approaching catastrophe; and that, too, from France, since she is reported to make fresh alliances with Prussia, to promote the fortification of Antwerp, to increase her fleet, and to carry on at the camp at Aldershot mock fights against supposed invasion from France!

Draperstown, Co. Derry, Aug. 25. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE REVIVAL.—"A Traveller," writing from Londonderry to the Guardian, under date of August 18, sends the following account of the revival in Ireland.—"The great peculiarity of this movement is to be found in the 'physical manifestations,' to which its ardent supporters assign a miraculous character. As far as I can judge, they certainly partake of the nature of hysteria, cataplexy, and similar nervous diseases. Those affected—so convicted, as the correct phrase is—fall down screaming loudly, calling upon God in the most awful manner to save them, &c. The fit lasts some hours, during which their ministers and friends pray and sing over them, till they announce that their prayers are answered, and that they are at peace; and calm and happiness succeeds as extraordinary as their previous state of disquiet. But very frequently the persons 'struck' fall into a sort of trance, in which they seem unconscious of all that passes round them, unless another 'convert' happens to approach, when they rise and embrace him with the utmost warmth; often they will say that they are falling into a trance from their 'prayer,' which always comes true; the first words they utter are, 'The Lord permits me to speak; sometimes, 'The Lord has given me a message to—' and this is, in general, anything but complimentary; e.g., a woman sent for the Presbyterian minister whose preaching she attended, and horrified him by shout-

ing out, 'The Lord bids me tell you to change your life, you are a hypocrite;' and something of this sort has been occurring day after day in almost every parish in Ulster. I take at random the following from a Londonderry paper.—'At Gortin, a small village in Tyrone, there have been 400 cases accompanied by physical manifestations. The great majority occur at the meetings, at one of which there will be twenty or more 'cases'; e.g., at Kilmacrennan on Sabbath week after the devotional exercises were concluded, all at once from various parts of the congregation the most piercing cries were heard, and bodily prostrations appeared in every part of the house. The parties affected were removed to the schoolhouse and various parts of the green, where the friends of each assembled around them to sing and pray.' The Rev.—Scott, of Banagher, preaching in Derry Cathedral on July 12, is reported to have described a meeting he held for prayer, at which twenty-five persons were present, of whom nine were struck down, six strong men and three women. 'Nor is it only at the meetings or during ordinary services at church that these 'prostrations' occur; people have been and still are 'struck' when at work in the fields (I have heard of a man found lying beside his plough, the horse quietly standing by) or when walking in the streets. Last week's paper contained an account of a countrywoman at the Belfast butter-market who 'fell down' there 'crying for mercy;' a minister was found who 'prayed with her,' and after a short time 'she burst forth in a strain of rejoicing, and left for home by the train professing to have realised forgiveness of sin.' 'Such stories I could multiply to any amount; but I do not wish to supply matter for ridicule, or to make the absurdities of the revival a prominent point in this letter; but I do not like to conclude without mentioning some of the evil effects only too apparent and against which the clergy should be on their guard. '1. The converts' (as they are called) often exhibit disinclination (perhaps sometimes it is really inability) to work. There is a boy at this time in prison at Derry for refusing to work; such firm measures will doubtless do much to counteract a very serious evil. They are ready to study their Bibles, sing hymns, and 'pray without ceasing,' but too often encourage one another to forget their duty to their neighbor. '2. These 'convictions' have in several cases produced extreme mental weakness, and in others violent madness. A Presbyterian teacher was one of the first so affected. There are four maniacs in the county asylum at Londonderry whose affliction is the result of the influence of the revival on themselves. '3. Another evil is the too common effect on the souls of those affected—the injudicious treatment of the preachers produces (and who can be surprised) a sad amount of spiritual pride among the 'converts.' They are taken from place to place for exhibition, at meetings after meeting they are put up to 'relate their experience' while ministers sit by and listen; or they are even encouraged to hold meetings of their own, and propagate unhealthy excitement in new villages. More shocking still, when, as is often the case, these converts are mere children. Thus a prayer-meeting at Glendernont was addressed by a boy thirteen years old, who, adds the Presbyterian account, 'is really a wonder of divine grace.' Perhaps the most astonishing exhibition of all took place at Belfast, on Tuesday, the 16th when a monster prayer-meeting was held in the Botanic Gardens, the estimated attendance at which was from 15,000 to 20,000—excursion trains bringing in many from the country. A Presbyterian minister presided, and on the platform with him were ministers of different denominations, the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Primitive Seceding Presbyterian, Wesleyan Methodist, Methodist New Connexion, Primitive Wesleyan Methodist, Baptist, Evangelical Union, &c., Churches. These 'ministers' delivered addresses alternately with the 'lay converts,' yet among them were three clergymen, one of whom, the Rev. Duncan Long, is (if I am not mistaken, and I devoutly hope I am) the new rector of Bermondsey. Would it be believed that the account of the proceedings concludes as follows?—'In many instances, young lads of twelve and fourteen years age, with a number of little girls of the same age, hold meetings beneath the trees in various parts of the gardens, and the earnest, fervent prayers of these boys were very remarkable.'

(To the Editor of the Dublin Telegraph.)

Sir—We are very much improved in the North by the revivals and union of prayer. Oh, happy Belfast! I might say as the old lady who was revived said, 'Glory be to praise for all his mercies, as we all now believe in nothing particular.' We assemble in thousands, and raise all our prayers together, as that is the only way for the heavenly blessings without number to fall so gently on our heads, so that we are not tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine—as we need no doctrine at all—as faith is all both—for when we gather together and pray, something is sure to attract particular attention, such as—what queezing is that tingling with the little baby bee? It's only a little girl, seven years old, calling on the mountains and rocks to save her from the pit of salvation and supplement of mercy, and break her flinty heart with the hammer of justice. So you see all that are blessed with this heavenly inspiration has a fluency of language nobody understands; so, as it's nobody's business to enquire, we listen with rapture, and feel refreshed, like giants drunk with wine. Then the ministers pray for that spiritual awakening to descend on all their hearers; then the sleeping begins, and what is called the revival and union of prayer; then the preacher calls out, 'brothers and sisters, do ye feel peace in your souls?' then they all look down to their gutta serena, and cry, 'we do! we do!' then we finish with some spiritual song, such as 'This dogs delight to bark and bite'; then everybody puts his own tune to the song, which makes into a heavenly shout. Tremble, ye Romans, when ye hear that shout, as its enough to awaken the Seven Champions of Christendom.

I send you the second spiritual song, called 'The Union of Prayer,' to be set to music next week by the rooker.

Edwin Littlefair, Esq.

What a blessing on earth is the union of prayer, Where pious disensions are hushed for a little, All mingle their holy petitions whilst there, As Faith, Hope, and Charity's not worth a spittle.

Compared with the union of prayer.

The rafter can seriously draw out his hymn, With a heavenly snuffle to Casars bell's gun, While the slow breathing Methodist strains every limb To be washed in the Jordan till whiter than snow,

At revivals and union of prayer.

The Mormon is welcome to join the glad song, And his wives raise the chorus in heavenly love, The Jumper and Dipper may mix in the throng, As it's prayer and not faith that rewards them above.

So they join in the union of prayer.

In this joint stock unlimited prayers are combined, The High Church, the Low Church, and no Church at all.

When gathered together each thinks in his mind He's elected and chosen a second St. Paul, For revivals and union of prayer.

This babel of self-missioned preachers will roar Their howling and rant in the ears of the young, Till the brain reels with dread, and the tongue mutters o'er The lies they heard preached and the trash they heard sing At revivals and union of prayer.

In pious confusion these revivers then take To the bolgus and ditches that echo shrill cries, May startle the wandering gapers, and make A hoarse dread by repeating their lies At revivals and union of prayer.

In these dog-days of worship, so startling and new, What sect will be strongest when novelty falls? Like the 'Kilkenny' cats, when their humpb'gs seen through;

They'll worry each other all up but the tails, At revivals and union of prayer.

Oh! had we the censor of Dathan and Core Nailed up round this northern Athens, to show What happened such holy pretenders before, When they all got revived in the regions below, For revival and union of prayer.

Oh! keep them from India; ye rulers beware, When the soul seems forsaken and judgment gone They would seek for salvation 'neath Juggernaut's car, And die in the horrors the preacher brings on, At revivals and union of prayer.

When the blind leads the blind what a sorrowful story For the reverend knaves and the dupes they betray-ed,

When they think that convulsions will take them to glory, For the psalms they have sung and the prayers they have prayed At revivals and union of prayer.

In this midsummer dream these Packs of the pulpit With spells of devotion the gullites enchain, When that nondescript spirit they raise, how they skulk it,

And smile at the hearers when roaring with pain, By revivals and union of prayer.

Then they sleep, then they rave, then they're haunted with visions, Till delirious tremors bring sorrow around, Then the throat is protected to keep off incisions, And the rivers well guarded, for fear they'd be drowned— The fruits of the union of prayer.

OFFICIAL INSOLENCE.—We copy the following summary of the latest poor law returns from the Freeman. We specially commend to the notice of our readers the gross offensiveness of language with which Catholic priests and the Catholic religion are spoken of by these insolent English officials—if the version of the report given by our contemporary be the correct and literal one:—"The Irish Poor Law System.—The 12th annual report of the Irish Poor Law Commissioners states that on the 28th of August, 1858, the number of workhouse inmates reached its minimum—viz. 35,100, since which time the number gradually increased to the maximum of the present year—viz. 46,592 on the 12th of February, 1859. In the last year's series a fluctuation was observable at this season through the sudden return of inclement weather, but in the present, as in other years previous to 1858, the gradual decrease of numbers, commencing in February, continued up to the date of the report (June 3, 1859), the number according to the last return being 42,922. The number of paupers receiving out door relief during the fifty-two weeks was inconsiderable. In the year ended September 29, 1858, 134,913 paupers were admitted into the workhouse, against 137,711 in the year 1857. The poor law expenditure last year amounted to £457,635, against £498,850 in 1857, this being of course equivalent to a decrease of £41,254 or 8.27 per cent. The decrease in the number of persons relieved was 4.1 per cent, and in the amount of rates collected, 10.5 per cent. £92,725 was applied for the expenses of medical relief. The commissioners regret to report that there are at present some Roman Catholic chaplaincies of workhouses vacant, the Roman clergy of the parishes in question not having thought proper to undertake the duty of ministering to the sick and the helpless in poorhouses, because they hold the wages of remuneration to be insufficient. The commissioners, however, had fixed the amount of salary as generally adequate to the duties to be performed. The places thus stigmatised are Ballyborough, Castlecomer, Youghal and Michelstown. A Roman Chaplain named Daley was removed from the workhouse of the Galway union for (as alleged) illegally baptising a foundling child, and entering its name on the register as a pupil, whereas the child should have been baptised in the (Protestant) religion of the state. It is considered desirable that some further legislation should take place on this matter—that is to say, the religious registration of foundling children in the workhouses, as although the highest legal power is to effect that such children ought to be brought up in the religion of the state, and described as Protestants many of the guardians foolishly refuse to allow the law to take effect until compelled to do so by a writ of mandamus from a superior court of common law." We had thought this offensive mode of referring to the religion of the Irish people was confined to the low-class Orange newspapers. How long have government officials adopted this insolent slang?

The statue of William III. in College Green Dublin, so long an eyesore and bone of contention to opposing parties in the Irish capital, is at length to be turned to some useful purpose. Preparations are being made for the insertion of a drinking fountain into the western side of the pedestal.

The half yearly meetings of the Irish railway companies have been the most satisfactory which have taken place for some time, there being a general improvement in railway prospects. This improvement has also continued since the close of the half year, all the receipts showing a large increase. The Great Southern and Western shows an increase of over £500 per week, the Midland of £300 per week, the Dublin and Wicklow £200 per week, and all others without exception, a similar result in a greater or less degree.—The Directors of the Great Southern and Western company have issued their report for the half year ended the 30th of June.—The net surplus revenue for the half year is stated to be £20,865 3s. 7d., out of which they recommend that a dividend, at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, be paid to the proprietors of the consolidated stock of the company which will leave a balance of £11,884 1s. 9d. to be carried to the credit of the next half year's account.

The Armagh Guardian says—"After being engaged for some fifteen years, and making various experiments, a man named Marshall and his son have succeeded in constructing a gun capable of being loaded at the breech or muzzle, and out of which 30 shots per minute can be fired. Recently the son took one of the weapons to London for exhibition before the Commander-in-Chief, and there fired 30 shots in a minute. The inventors live within a few miles of this city, and are of an exceedingly mechanical turn of mind. They intend protecting their weapon by a patent."

The once famous fair of Donnybrook, now a thing of the past, was sought to be revived on Monday in the neighborhood of the celebrated "Green."—During the early part of the day the attendance was remarkably large, and principally consisted of a number of little boys and girls, and a number of drunken women. Even the professional blackguards of the city seemed to have deserted it. Well organised plans were adopted by the police to prevent rioting and disturbance, but they had easy work on hands, as there was no disturbance beyond the howling of an occasional drunken individual who would have been drunk elsewhere, if he had not been at "the Brook." Up to eight o'clock there was not a single prisoner in custody at the recent police station.—Towards midnight a relay of would-be rowdy individuals arrived on cars, but soon took their departure, finding that there was nothing of what is termed "sport" to be had. The public-house were cleared out at eleven o'clock, when the whole locality assumed its ordinary aspect. It may, in truth, be said the "glories" of the Brook are "with the days before the flood."