

with her big, red face and blue eyes like an ally-blasther doll; and her hair almost as white as a dabbler's (a white haired person, with weak sight) and her laughing to herself ever an' always like an' o'ndylogh, (a female idiot), an' her arms as round in the waist as Polly Simons, the midwife. For sartin there's nothin' in life ginteel about her; an' she isn't a patch on the mounreen, Miss Ellen, with her grand figure, just for all the world the motto of the master's, an' her eyes an' hair as black as a shoe, like her mother's—God be good to her soul, this day! But comparisons are odious."

"If you were a painter, Katty," said Frank, with a smile, as he looked towards his uncle's room, "you would be no flatterer of hers, it seems, though I thought Bessy was a favorite of yours."

"An' why should one of her father's breed be a favorite with me, or you either, masther Frank?" asked the old woman energetically, staying him at the same time by placing a hand on his shoulder, and looking earnestly into his face. "Any how, they say she's pulling a cord with a fat sergeant-major, o' Sir John's throopers; an' the fittest he's for her, to be sare, 'as birds of a feather should flock together.'"

"Bessy Andrews!—a serjeant!" said Frank, with a slight start: "you must be doting now sorely, Katty."

"No, Masther Frank, I'm neither doting nor drunk, an' I only say what I could hear. But I see now as plain as the nose on my face, that I heard the truth, when they told that you yourself was casting an eye at the maux. You, that every wan that was afore you, from Ginesis to Revelation, was ginteelin born, to stoop to look at a smith's daughter! Surely, the Lynchies isn't fallen as low as that yet, black as the times is: an' remember, I tell you, it's ill sortin' but the hawk an' the crow, an' the dead uid rise out o' their graves, to forbid a match between a Lynch and a tinker's spawn. No, no, let them match among themselves."

"Katty, this is dowright nonsense. You are rambling away, without knowing what you say, and I have humored you too long by listening to you." He broke away from her detaining arm, leaving her to pursue her grumbling train.

"Yes, to be sare," she continued, "I'm an odd dard now an' shouldn't be humored. But the longest day 'll have an end; an' my words may come to pass, as they 'o'ed did afore." A bell rang to summon her to her young lady— "to be sare, to be sare, it's no lie that there's no rest for the wicked. It's Katty here, an' Katty there, as it we had wings to fly. An' masther Frank, too, to be callin' us a dabbler, an' bouldin' up for a beauty, that little pointed doll, Bessy Andrews! But my words 'll come in three yit, and then 'll repent.— 'Tis a long lane that has no turn;—*subalish*; ay, ring away, but you must wait for me, for all that," she concluded as she hobbled away at last.

Sir Edmund was perfectly calm and lucid, when his nephew entered his room: but he looked more worn and emaciated than even on the preceding evening. He motioned his nephew to a seat by the bed-side, and taking his hand, said, in a weak tone, "Frank, my poor boy, your welcome has been a sad one; but we're fallen on evil days, and I fear joy and hope have deserted our country, as well as our house in particular, for an indefinite period, if not forever. You have come, however, in time to see me laid with our fathers, and I have become so selfish, as frequently to wish for that of late."

"I trust in God, sir, those squalls will blow over and that you will live to see some happy years still."

"Look at these, Frank," rejoined Sir Edmund, a faint smile overpreading for an instant his ghastly features, as he stretched forth his wasted arm, and long, attenuated fingers, "and, remembering what they were, can you speak of repose; to me? Besides, I think that things are not always right here."—He touched his forehead— "as I sometimes feel as if I was just awaking from some frightful dream, so that the speedy dissolution of which those wasted limbs are the sure indicators, would be a release to be thankful for, in my present circumstances, were it not for my darling;"—he looked cautiously around, as he said in still lower tone, "Ellen is not in the room, Frank?"

"No, sir, she is in the parlor, arranging breakfast."

"Then I will speak out freely, perhaps for the last time. For poor Ellen, there will, I trust, be something forthcoming still, notwithstanding the conduct of my—her unfortunate brother, whose heart was not originally so bad."

"O, sir, he's a monster the earth should groan under the pressure of," interrupted Frank, eagerly.

"Feelings so strong, are natural at your age; but you must repress them, my dear boy. Ellen told me, too, that you threatened vengeance on—Robert; but there must be no thought of vengeance, Frank. Redress belongs to heaven, which, in its own good time, will, I fervently trust, through the intercession of the Virgin and the saints, touch the unfortunate apostate's heart with contrition, and lead him back to the right path. Promise me then, Frank, on my death bed, for such I feel it to be—by your hope of heaven, that you will never raise a hand in hostility, nor shed another to raise it against your cousin, guilty as he may be." Frank hesitated, and his face added with more earnestness,—"Frank, if you would smooth the pillow of a dying man, whose last thought will be for your happiness, next to that of his daughter, and who has suffered beyond the ordinary lot of humanity, you will comply with my last request."

Thus adjured, Frank could not resist the appeal, and solemnly gave the required pledge.

"God bless you forever, my boy!" ejaculated the dying man with fervor; "and now I would say a few words about yourself. I have heard some reports of your leading a loose life, this time past. But I trust, even if true, that you will henceforth forsake it, and watch over and protect you— orphan cousin, as far as a Catholic can. The good rector will arrange and se-

of the banner, St. Patrick's represented, and on the other, the immaculate Conception. All around, in gold, on the 'immortal green' of Erin, are to be seen the Irish cross, the shamrock, and various other national emblems of faithful, Catholic Ireland. The Brigade was drawn up in the square opposite the Church of St. Agathe, which belongs to the Irish College; and the Rev. Mr. Meany, on presenting the banner, delivered a beautiful and soul stirring address, exhorting the men to be animated with a true spirit of religion, to imitate the faith and valor of the old Crusaders, and prove themselves worthy of Ireland—their native land—its glorious memories, and its still more glorious aspirations. You should have beheld the scene. I cannot describe it.—When the Green Flag was solemnly raised aloft, and a breeze unfurled it to view, there arose a cheer.—No; it was a cry—a wild, passionate cry of joy that burst like the war of artillery; it was the strong emotion of a thousand hearts, emotions that had slept in the hearts of their race since the day Sarsfield sailed from Limerick, leaving Catholic Altars trusting to 'Saxon faith.' Ah, could those who talk about the Irish have witnessed the scene, and heard that burst of joy! Joy? It was not all joy. There was many a feeling, many a deep chord, touched by the sight of that banner with the color of fatherland, and the symbols of faith dearer to them than life.—Poor fellows! they wept with excitement of feeling; though they smiled and cheered with wild energy.—They would have clasped the green folds of the flag to their hearts, as if it spoke to them of father, mother, friends, country, home; as if it spoke to them of all that was expected of them and all that they swore, by its every bright fold, to do for the holy cause in which it was raised. Major O'Reilly stepped forward and spoke a few words, calling for a cheer for Pius the Ninth. All I can say is that the seven hills of Rome never before echoed to such a cheer. No one who witnessed the whole scene will ever forget it. I can assure you that the deep earnestness, the fervor of the 'Irishman,' has moved to admiration and sympathy men whose prejudices were strongly, not only against them, but the cause they have so nobly espoused.

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There it is now—that's the way always," observed Katty, "when we used to have the priests, we thought little about them, sometimes, God forgive us. But now, when they can't be got, we can't live or die without them. Couldn't you, Miss Ellen ashore, or masther Frank, say the five deekets (deekets) for the masther's soul, that 'll surely go to heaven or idel?"

"Katty, you are distressing Miss Lynch, and talking nonsense," said Frank, sharply.

"To be sare I'm an odd colling; an' what else could I talk but nonsense?—nonsense *inagh*!" The old woman walked away in high dudgeon; and, shortly after, Frank set out for the habitation of his old instructor, Ned Cormick, the father of Fergus, the rapparee leader, after having told his cousin that he had some expectation of meeting Father Bernard there, even though it was a day earlier than the priest had arranged to be in that district.

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH BRIGADE ALREADY FAMOUS!

The Irish Brigade is already famous throughout Europe. Its little rows, and the pugnacity displayed by some of its members, has made the Brigade the terror of the soundrels who have plundered the Holy See. We publish in another page a description of a scene in which a portion of the Brigade was engaged, and the daring spirit they displayed in their encounter with some Belgian troops. We have no doubt that some of the sober and sedate Romans were shocked by the exhibition, and thought the Irish very outlandish in their behaviour.

But we entertain very different opinions of the gallant soldiers. The Irish are a fighting people.—They are a race of soldiers, and No. 1 in the human race; and if they indulge their fighting propensities now and then in an out-of-the-way fashion, we ought to overlook their conduct. Never fear they will make first-rate soldiers, and if 1000 of them do not rout five times their number of cut-throat Maximilians, we shall never again advocate the formation of an Irish Brigade for our Holy Father the Pope.

The English are quite beside themselves on this question. The Irish Brigade has made them frantic. They could view with pleasure thousands of Irishmen going to America, Australia, or even to Russia or Austria; but to think of any of them going to defend the Pope is more than they can bear. The *Times* has a long article on the affair with the Belgian troops, and it is all in the 'sour grapes' spirit; and affects a feeling of commiseration for the 'poor Irish' who are under the severe drill of General Lamoriciere. But the French general could never put them under such oppressive operations as the British Government used towards some of their relations in Ireland, when it drilled a million of them into premature graves, and another million across the Atlantic Ocean. That was a wholesale drilling match, which may be called 'English drilling to death.'

But the Irish Brigade will treat with contempt those remarks of John Bull's organ. They are beyond his control, and will despise alike his sneers and his affected compassion. Filled with the spirit of religion, and animated with the heroic valor of their Celtic fathers, these young Irishmen have gone to Rome to put down British plotting and espionage, to trample under their feet the vile spirit evoked by Cavour and Garibaldi, and to form of their bodies a living wall around the great Spiritual Monarch of the world.

That is their business to Rome, and we are confident they will perform it, and win the applause not only of old Ireland, but of every good man in Europe. The following letter which we copy from the *Morning News*, describes a thrilling scene when the Green Flag of the Brigade was first raised above them. A shout of joy and wild enthusiasm rose from the ranks; and when a cheer for the Pope was called for, the seven hills of the Eternal City rung with the echoing shouts of the gallant Irish Brigade.

What the English most dread is the material spirit which a victory or two on the part of the Brigade would create in Ireland. They know that such victories would be put to the credit of the 'fighting Irish'; not as the victories of Irishmen under the British flag are put down to the credit of 'English' soldiers. More power, then, to the Irish Brigade.—They have already attracted the notice of Europe, and may they soon give a good account of themselves and win Europe's applause:—

Rome, 3rd July.
In my letter posted for you by last mail, I gave you an account of the row which took place here among the Irish emigrants. I gave a full account of everything that happened on that occasion, not that I considered the matter of any great importance, but because I was persuaded that some foreign papers would exaggerate everything, and endeavor to throw discredit on our countrymen, who had so generously offered their services in defence of the Holy See. I am now happy to state that the row which was so much spoken of was trifling in itself and produced no serious effect whatsoever. I can also add, that the more the men constituting the Irish Brigade are seen here, the more universally are they declared to be a fine, soldierly, respectable body of men, animated with the best spirit, and, if you except some few who will be soon dismissed and sent home, admirably well-conducted, orderly, sober, and religious. Mr. Myles O'Reilly has introduced proper discipline among them without the least opposition, and has won golden opinions not only of the men, but of all the civil and military authorities. On yesterday, the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, we had a grand display. A magnificent banner of green and gold was presented to the 1st Irish Battalion, by the Rev. Mr. Meany, an Irish missionary from Lancashire, whose congregation (I believe exclusively Irish) subscribed £30 towards purchasing this beautiful present towards their brave countrymen. On one side

of the banner, St. Patrick's represented, and on the other, the immaculate Conception. All around, in gold, on the 'immortal green' of Erin, are to be seen the Irish cross, the shamrock, and various other national emblems of faithful, Catholic Ireland. The Brigade was drawn up in the square opposite the Church of St. Agathe, which belongs to the Irish College; and the Rev. Mr. Meany, on presenting the banner, delivered a beautiful and soul stirring address, exhorting the men to be animated with a true spirit of religion, to imitate the faith and valor of the old Crusaders, and prove themselves worthy of Ireland—their native land—its glorious memories, and its still more glorious aspirations. You should have beheld the scene. I cannot describe it.—When the Green Flag was solemnly raised aloft, and a breeze unfurled it to view, there arose a cheer.—No; it was a cry—a wild, passionate cry of joy that burst like the war of artillery; it was the strong emotion of a thousand hearts, emotions that had slept in the hearts of their race since the day Sarsfield sailed from Limerick, leaving Catholic Altars trusting to 'Saxon faith.' Ah, could those who talk about the Irish have witnessed the scene, and heard that burst of joy! Joy? It was not all joy. There was many a feeling, many a deep chord, touched by the sight of that banner with the color of fatherland, and the symbols of faith dearer to them than life.—Poor fellows! they wept with excitement of feeling; though they smiled and cheered with wild energy.—They would have clasped the green folds of the flag to their hearts, as if it spoke to them of father, mother, friends, country, home; as if it spoke to them of all that was expected of them and all that they swore, by its every bright fold, to do for the holy cause in which it was raised. Major O'Reilly stepped forward and spoke a few words, calling for a cheer for Pius the Ninth. All I can say is that the seven hills of Rome never before echoed to such a cheer. No one who witnessed the whole scene will ever forget it. I can assure you that the deep earnestness, the fervor of the 'Irishman,' has moved to admiration and sympathy men whose prejudices were strongly, not only against them, but the cause they have so nobly espoused.

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THE IRISH BRIGADE IN ROME.

We find the following in the correspondence of the *Nation*:

We had a row on Wednesday evening, which has been the great topic in Rome during the last two days. A young man named Laffan, very respectable and nicely educated, but with not very much discretion—not being satisfied with the position of "full private" (being like a number of those who seem to have expected officers' commissions to be as plentiful as berries), put off his uniform and turned out in plain clothes. The officer in command, Mr. Howley, ordered him to put on his uniform. He refused. Lieutenant Howley ordered him to be arrested, and called on a Sergeant named Wiseman to arrest him. The latter, who was close by, and seems to have had some partiality for Laffan, instead of obeying the order, hailed some men at hand to assist in resisting its execution. Others of the battalion, however, most properly, with alacrity turned out to arrest the insubordinates. These ran off and took refuge in the Irish College. Some French officers, not aware of the rights of refuge, wanted to enter and arrest the men. The college authorities refused to permit this, and the time borrowed thus in representation, &c., allowed the temper of all parties to cool, and Laffan and Wiseman heartily to repent of their conduct, as an offence not merely against military discipline, but against the credit of their native country. So they one and all gave themselves up quietly that evening.

Meantime, the barracks where the battalion of St. Patrick is stationed was the scene of the greatest tumult on hearing that some of the men had acted in such a manner as I have described—some saying this some saying that—some furiously calling for prompt chastisement on those few who had, as they asserted brought disgrace on the brigade and on Ireland, and given a handle to their enemies; others, on the other hand, palliating the conduct of the miscontents and censuring the great strictness of drill and discipline ordered by General Lamoriciere. The Irish crowded in groups, excitedly discussing the whole affair, the crowd being swelled by Swiss and French idlers, all waiting to see the upshot of affairs; and at the cross roads, as well as at the Palazzo Aldobrandini, there were crowds of Romans looking on in amazement at what all the noise was about.

By this time several of the officers of the battalion began to arrive on the spot from various parts of the city, and they instantly ordered the men back to their barracks. The men obeyed grudgingly, as the curiosity of all was greatly excited, and they wanted to learn the result of the affair. By a singular and most fortunate chance, that very evening, by the train from Civita Vecchia, who should arrive by the Mayor of the Irish Battalion—Mr. Miles V. O'Reilly, of Knockabbey Castle. He barely reached the hotel from the terminus when he heard of what was going on, and off he hurried to the barracks. He came up at the moment while the Irish were all gathered together outside the barracks, about to enter it. He instantly ordered the men to fall in, and put them through their drill, and made them a brief but beautiful address. You never saw any change so sudden and complete. The men became as docile and contented as possible, and everything was a most cheering appearance, when a deplorable incident changed the aspect of affairs.

At the end of the file next the barrack entrance there was a stout athletic Irishman—I forgot to tell you that there is one division of Belgians and Romans in the same barracks as our men. The Belgian officer in command had, at the very first outbreak of the row, drawn up his men under arms in front of the barracks. This gave great offence to the Irish, who felt indignant, at being, as they thought, guarded by Belgians, and the man I have alluded to kept saying, with bitter excitement, to his comrades, "Look at these fellows; they would sell the Pope and join Garibaldi in the morning, and look at them with their bayonets like sentries to verify us." The thing seemed to sting bitterly, and the moment Major O'Reilly gave the order to right about face, this private passionately dashed at the nearest of the Belgians or Romans, and with one blow of his fist between the eyes laid the poor fellow sprawling and

kicking in the dust, to the utter amazement and horror of every one. The Belgian officer, with a look of discretion, instantly gave the words, "Primo and land—make ready—present—fire." O'Reilly rushed forward, and putting himself between the muzzles of the guns and the position of the Irish, in a voice of thunder countermanded the rash and terrible order. It was a moment of painful excitement. At O'Reilly's voice of thunder, though having so recently arrived he was personally unknown, the Belgians held their levelled guns, but pulled a no trigger. Then O'Reilly ordered his men once more into line. But by this time out poured every Irishman in the barracks, and a strange scene ensued. Though utterly unarmed, they rushed at the armed Belgians, and a regular hand-to-hand conflict ensued—the Irish merely, however, desiring to disarm the others—wrestling away the guns, twisting the bayonets off like twigs, and tossing them in the air by dozens. The Belgian officer drew his sword and made a stroke at an Irishman, which, however, wounded him but very slightly. This was the first actual blow struck. On this, another Irishman flung a stone at the officer, which missed him, but hit one of his men. These, notwithstanding the serious nature of the whole affair, proved to be the only blows given throughout. O'Reilly's tact, energy, and presence of mind were above all praise. He soon, assisted by his officers, succeeded in bringing the men to their obedience, and in a few minutes had complete order once more restored, and by nine o'clock everything was as orderly as if nothing had occurred.

The first and only attempt at sectionalism or geographical rivalry was introduced by a Limerick party, under the guidance of one who ought to have known better, but who, from the outset, implanted in the men, of whom he unauthorizedly assumed the leadership, a feeling the very germ of insubordination. His entire course was accompanied by deplorable confusion, and, at Trieste, he was indignantly deserted by some fifteen whom he had taught to disobey every one but himself, and who ended by defying even him. These, with some dozen Youghal men, and eight or ten Kerry men of the first who came out, and a few sponey fellows from Dublin, constitute the entire black list out of over thirteen hundred men. But even twenty or thirty out of one thousand three hundred men are capable of disgracing, not only themselves, but the entire body; and so, in compliance with your request that I would in my letters tell the Irish public at all times fearlessly, and freely, and openly know the real facts, the worst as well as the best of everything, unreservedly and above board, I must tell you that the conduct of a small number in Macerata gave intolerable pain to the body of the battalion, and to all others wishing well to Ireland. If you ask me how, I answer, by intoxication. Oh, alcohol—alcohol—devil—fiend—implacable and merciless foe of the Irish man!—dogging our people all over the globe wherever they go, and staining their otherwise virtuous life with degradation and shame. If you saw men who, while sober, were excellent, honest-hearted fellows, rushing like screaming savages through the streets of Macerata, whirling sticks over their heads, chasing and terrifying the spectators, you would own in bitterness of heart that there is no hope for Ireland till we recognize the fact that alcohol is the chosen agent by which the devil takes his revenge out of a people whom he has never been able to conquer by the gross vices that have brought their wife-beating neighbours within his rule. Is it not brentending that, all over the world, men of baser material, and really their inferiors in morality and intelligence, are more valued and respected than Irishmen, merely because Irishmen will not shun this one cursed vice?

On this subject the Dublin correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* observes:—My occasional remarks upon the Papal recruiting will have shown that I never expected the recruits to do at Rome as Romans do, though I never doubted they were good, rough military materials, requiring only the process of stern drilling to make the majority of them excellent soldiers; and many evidences of the accuracy of my anticipations have already reached this country, of which the late *Admiral* at Rome is the most notable. The *Nation* pronounces the version of that affair furnished to the *Morning Post* as "a base falsehood, mixed up with gross exaggeration;" but how far its own version modifies the evil aspect of the occurrence, I leave you readers to judge.

The Major O'Reilly, who figures so creditably in the above transaction, is a gentleman of independent property amounting to £2,000 a year in the County Louth, a deputy-lieutenant and justice of the peace, forty years old, married to a niece of Lady Gormanstown, and the father of a family. He is also captain of the Louth Rifles.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE SYNOD OF KILLALOE.—The Synod for the Diocese of Killaloe was opened at Killaloe on last Monday. It was presided over by the Lord Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Flannery and Vicars. The Very Rev. Dr. Power, P. P. V. G., celebrated solemn High Mass. The Rev. Mr. Egan, Castletown, Deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Fogarty, Sub-deacon; the Rev. Martin Cleary, C. C. Nengh, Master of ceremonies. The chaunters were the Rev. Messrs. Crow, Soanlan, Hurley, and Wall. There were about eighty clergy in attendance. The Retreat of 58 priests was conducted by Father Petcherine, the distinguished Redemptorist Father. On the previous day the Rev. Father preached an elegant and impressive sermon in aid of the Church of Killaloe. The improvements in the sacred edifice reflect great credit on the Rev. Dr. Power's taste.—*Tipperary Advertiser*.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN KILKENNY.—A branch of this order will be established here immediately. The Most Rev. Dr. Brown, Bishop of Kilmore, has promoted the Rev. Patrick Kilty to the parish of Anna West, vacant by the decease of the late Rev. Hugh Fitzsimons.

DEATH OF THE REV. MR. LARKIN, P.P.—Waterford, July 9.—I deeply regret to have to inform you of the death of the Rev. Mr. Larkin, P.P. Newcastleton, county Tipperary, which took place in this city at a late hour last night. The Rev. gentleman was attending the retreat of the clergy of this diocese, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Reilly S.J., although in a very infirm state of health. Yesterday alarming symptoms manifested themselves, and the highest medical aid which the city affords was called in. He grew gradually worse through the night, and lingered painfully until death terminated his sufferings about midnight. The demise of this venerable and patriotic clergyman has caused the deepest sorrow to all who were acquainted with him, and who admired his cultivated mind, priestly zeal and unaffected amiability of disposition. May he rest in peace. Amen.—*Freemans Cor.*

PROSECUTION OF THE REV. MR. M'DERMOTT.—The prosecution which had been instituted against the Rev. M. M'Dermott, of Dromore West, county Sligo, on a charge of having used threatening language towards Captain Wingfield King, in a Catholic Chapel, has been abandoned by the Government. The *Sligo Champion* publishes the following letter in reference to the case:—

37, Lower Baggot-street, Dublin, 6th July 1860.
The Queen v. Rev. Michael M'Dermott.
Sir, I am directed to inform you that the Crown do not intend to proceed with this case at the coming assizes for the county of Sligo.
I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A. B. Todd, Crown Solicitor.
The Rev. Michael M'Dermott, Dromore West, county Sligo.

A Penny Bank was opened in George's street, Waterford, on the 7th July, under the presidency of W. Malcomson, Esq., Portlaw.

Respect of the Union.—Our readers are aware that a movement is in progress throughout Ireland at present—a most constitutional movement, of which England has constituted herself the propagandist—consisting of a petition to the Queen, to be signed by all Irishmen, or, according to the English theory, a majority of the population, praying for self-government for this country; and as England has 'laid down the law' that in no case ought the majority of the population be refused to choose their own form of government, it is to be expected that she will concede the prayer of the Irish people for an Irish Parliament, if the petition in question be signed by a majority of the people. It is a most important movement, and we have delayed calling attention to it, lest we should be diverting the attention of the country from the great question of Tenant-Right. But now, as there is no hope of a satisfactory measure, and as no good can be done by further agitation or pressure, we turn with a hopeful heart to this grand movement for Irish Legislative Independence—the Repeal of the Union. But how is it to be won? Not by the course taken at present. We give full credit to the originators of the movement; but they have not adopted the right course as yet. Without the co-operation of the clergy, all action is vain in Ireland; and the first step we would suggest is—that a council be formed in Dublin—a council consisting of the best men in the country, composed of priests and laymen—and that the first business of this council shall be to communicate with the Bishops and clergy of Ireland, soliciting their earnest and active co-operation, and their blessing on the good work. Without the assistance of the clergy, the present movement will be a failure, and the British Government will make a handle of it before the nations of Europe for the further degradation of Ireland. We believe the petition is at present principally in the hands of laymen, but they have not the means or opportunities of procuring some millions of signatures; and if it be left in their hands the British minister will laugh at it say—'Ireland has adopted the test of the nationalists; but she could not get one-tenth of the population to petition for legislative independence; therefore let her be silent on this subject forever.' Such would be the reply of the British Government, and the country had better look to it time.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

THE NATIONAL PETITION.—Some of the National Journals are still shying at the National Petition, as if they felt themselves exceedingly wise, and did not like to join in a cause in which they are not the leaders. What, may we ask, is the use of this obstinacy? Tenant right has been advocated and fought for, for more than twenty years, and has been obstinately resisted by the British legislature. Independent Opposition has been tried for eight years, and promised, in the commencement, to be a great benefit to Ireland; but at present the party is no more than heard of. We, of course, could tell our readers why such ill success has attended tenant right, and the agency planned at the Tenant Conference in 1852, by which it was to be won; but we have so often pointed them out it is needless to repeat them. The causes of our defeat are two—English determination to keep her iron heel on the necks of the Irish people; and the spirit of division amongst the Irish themselves. We think it would be the grossest folly to waste the national strength in striving to win justice for Irish farmers from a hostile parliament, which hates everything Irish; and to spend our time in an effort to keep up an Independent Opposition force which would be independent, would argue that a lunacy fever had seized upon our minds. The Nationalists of the country have done their utmost to give the tenant farmers a legal claim on their improvements—past, present, and future. They have failed in their object; and it is now their duty to make a larger demand, and claim the right which England yields to the Italians—the right to select their own form of government. In making these remarks we eschew everything tending to a total separation from England, or anything of that nature. Ireland progressed to greatness and wealth under an independent parliament and the English crown; and we believe she is able to do so again under similar circumstances. We make these remarks that our readers and others may properly understand our intentions. But we would be inclined to employ the friendly offices, in our behalf, of the Emperor Napoleon, provided it would be legal to do so. If it would be contrary to the laws of the country, we would advocate the sending of a deputation to the French Emperor, requesting him to interfere, on our behalf, with the British government, and advise it to repeal the Union, and permit us to make laws for the government of our country. This is not an unknown proceeding in Europe. It was done repeatedly by France and England towards the government of Naples. It is more than probable that before going this length, the English, seeing our determination, would just act as liberally as Naples has done the other day; and offer us a first-rate tenant-right measure which she now refuses. She might even propose to tumble down the Church Establishment, and leave not even a vestige of 'Old Mother Bang' to torment us any more. But although we should accept these offers, they could not tempt us to give up Repeal; because nothing less than the power to rule Ireland from sea to sea will satisfy the Irish people. Let no one say such an achievement is impossible. There is a great change in the map of Europe within the past year, and vast territories have changed masters. England says every country has a perfect right to choose the form of government it deems best, and she cheered on the Italians, and now cheers the madman, Garibaldi, in his robber crusade in Sicily. We wish to know by what sort of sophistry could she deny to Ireland the rights she advocates for the Sicilians? Would she blow hot and cold on the subject? We have no doubt that she would, because of all the nations of the earth she is the most treacherous. She never respected a treaty if it stood in the way of gratifying her bigotry or filling her purse. But these propensities of hers must not deter Ireland from demanding the restoration of her parliament; and, if it can be safely done, of obtaining the Emperor Napoleon's friendly offices on her behalf. We must, then, sign the National Petition, till millions of signatures are attached to it. We must, as the *Kilkenny Journal* advises, appeal to the Bishops and Clergy to aid us. No one knows better than they do, the poverty that overspreads the land; and they are fully aware that it never can be replaced by plenty unless by the fostering care of a Native Parliament.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

THE NATIONAL PETITION.—We are assured that the National Petition for the Repeal of the Union received upwards of 30,000 signatures at the doors of the Catholic churches of Cloumel and the surrounding rural districts on Sunday last.—*Tipperary Examiner*.—The *Nation* says, "The movement is progressing most successfully. The country is every day becoming more alive to its importance. We believe that we are within the mark in saying that there are at present 100,000 signatures attached to the National Petition. There are, however, numerous parts of the country to which the movement has not penetrated, many in which it has not yet been heard of, and therefore the field is open for willing workmen."

An altar table, or marble slab, used for Catholic worship in former times, has been found in the ancient cathedral of St. Mary's, Limerick, during the repairs going forward in that edifice.

Lord Gough is to be created a Field Marshal. The half-yearly meeting of the Mining Company of Ireland was held on the 5th July, at its office, Lower Ormond-quay—Sir Robert Kane presided.—The Director's report was unanimously adopted, and a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum declared for the half year ending on the 31st of May.