

At last the old woman, having satisfied herself of the accuracy of her recollection, repeated in a low and sullen tone some rude verses in Irish. And what is the meaning of the Irish, dear nurse? inquired the lady: for as yet I am no wiser than at first.

'I'll tell you that, my child,' replied the old domestic. 'I'll tell you that; I'll give you, word for word, the English of it all. This is the way it goes, then:—

'When the real O'Brien shall stand again On the bridge of Glindarragh, With a shamrock in the bone of his forehead, And a jewel round his arm, His horse shall keep holiday, stabled Under the long hall as of old, And his own shall never lose O'Brien any more.'

There it is, my child; there it is, acushla—an sure it's thrubblin' me, darlin', this minute while I'm sittin' here.'

'It's a strange prophecy, nurse,' said the fair girl, musingly, 'and a strange mark it describes—a shamrock in the bone of his forehead! Is it not so it runs?'

'So it is, darling, and the mark is there in the bone of his forehead, sure enough,' replied the old woman, mournfully. 'A wound with a bullet that broke the skull, left the print of the shamrock in his forehead forever—the three leaves, I am told, as plain as you'd pick it in the field; and now he's comin' to the country, and what's to keep him from the castle bridge. Oh! my darlin' acushla machree, it's comin', it is, asbhora, an' nothin' can keep it back.'

At this moment a knocking was heard at the chamber door, and two handmaidens, breathless with haste and eagerness, burst into the room both talking together so loud and so fast, that it was some time ere the young lady had ascertained that the purpose of their visit was to announce the arrival of her kinsman, Percy Neville, with the nature of whose visit the reader is already acquainted. The duties of hospitality would brook no delay; and Sir Hugh, as ill fortune would have it, was some miles from his home.—So pretty Grace had no choice, awkward as was the task, but to run down to the chamber where her expectant kinsman awaited her, and herself to bid him welcome to Glindarragh. Wondering what kind of man he should prove to be, a good deal flushed, and a good deal flustered, sustained, however, against the tremors of agitation by a certain amount of pride and natural dignity which never forsook her, with a light step, and a frank and gracious bearing, she entered the room to bid the stranger welcome.

Strange to say, it required but a single glance at the pale and somewhat effeminate features of the young stranger, and at the indolent negligence of his attitude, to quiet in an instant every fluttered feeling, and restore the embarrassed girl very nearly, if not entirely, to her usual self-possession. With perfect sang froid, though with no lack of courtesy, the young man arose, and with the formal gallantry of the day, carried the lady's hand to his lips; and then, in his own light and careless way, he ran on from one trifle to another, and with, as she thought, a very perceptible indifference about the kind of impression he was making, and a total want of that kind of interest or even curiosity about the object of his destined choice, which is supposed to animate even the coldest lover. It were hard to say which of the two was most disappointed; for, though the young lady was eminently beautiful—there could be no question of that—yet her beauty was not of that saddened and gentler kind; there was not the homeliness, and humility, and piquante *mauvaise honte*—in short, there was not presented to him that entire contrast to the style of female beauty, and mein, and dress, to which he had been, in England, accustomed; nor, if the truth must out, that decided inferiority to himself, in case of deportment and self-possession, which a strange combination of caprice and vanity had led him to wish for, and wishing for, more than half to expect. In a word, never did two persons, brought together under such circumstances, stand before one another more completely disenchanted, than did Grace Wiloughby and Percy Neville, as they thus encountered, in the dark and formal old parlour, hung round with grim and faded portraits, which seemed to look down with a kind of starch and severe approval upon the singularly platonic interview.

So strongly did the absurdity of their mutual position strike the young lady, that, after several ineffectual efforts, she at last gave way to a burst of merriment, so hearty and prolonged, that Percy Neville felt himself irresistibly drawn into it; and the youthful pair laughed peal after peal of as merry and honest laughter as ever the old rafters rang with.

'Well, Cousin Percy,' said the girl at last, while the merry tears still glittered on her lashes, 'we shall at least prove good friends and cheerful companions while you stay; and if our parting, which I do really hope may be a long way off, be but half so good-humoured as our meeting, why we shall separate without one particle of malice or ill-nature, and I believe without the heart-ache either.'

There was something so frank and hearty in the way in which the girl stretched out her little hand as she ended the sentence, that Percy felt, as with a half comic half cordial salutation, he took her proffered hand, that it was then and there mutually covenanted and agreed between them that marriage and love-making were quite out of the question. We shall leave Percy Neville for the present, and follow Grace Wiloughby, who, much relieved by finding that the visit of her kinsman would, after all, prove by no means the formidable and momentous matter she had so much feared, put on her hood, and ran lightly to her flower-garden to visit, ere the ruddy sunlight had quite disappeared, the flowers that, with girlish delight, she greeted every time she looked on them, as the sweet harbingers of summer. While thus employed, the notes of the prophetic song, which had so strangely fascinated her imagination, again reached the lady's ear; and little dreaming of danger or adventure, she vowed within herself that she would, with her own eyes, behold the minstrel who thus daringly chanted under the very walls of her father's castle the downfall of his family and the ruin of his fortunes.

LETTER OF THE REV. DANIEL W. M. CAHILL, D.D., TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

U. S. America, May 20, 1861.

Fellow-Countrymen—The people of this Republic who read the news from Ireland are astounded at the scenes of mis legislation, bigotry, and cruelty, which are now become the current history of your wretched country. The sealding partialities in the appointment of all your public officers (except the judges of the Four Courts) are offences against national justice, which offences no people capable of resistance could tamely endure. The administration of your poor laws, and the avowed proselytism of the poor-house are fruitful sources of permanent contention: and the ever-veiled question of National Education presents the anomalous struggle, where it is attempted to expel the shepherd from the superintendence and care of the fold, and to introduce the wolf in sheep's clothing to nurse and feed the lambs. This outrage was inflicted in the reign of Elizabeth in an avowed persecution: we were then compelled to yield to the grinding laws of those days, as the weak traveller submits to the highwayman with the assassin's knife on his throat. The robber in those days paid no false compliments, offered no smiles while he murdered the stranger; but in our days of superior civilization, our greatest grievance is the courteous perfidy, the learned hypocrisy by which we are called on to return thanks to our deadly enemies while in the very act of poisoning the children, perverting the people, maligning our creed, and extinguishing our name and our race. Let us have any indignity thrown on our intellect; any disgrace attached to our character in these days of compulsory hypocrisy;—but, in the name of our fathers, and our ancient faith, let us be spared the burning shame of being called on to express gratitude to Henry, to do honor to Cromwell, and to receive our religious education from the successors of Judas. Let any insult be poured out on us in abundant malignity; but let us not betray the poor children, the starving orphans of the noble Irish poor man, by ever mentioning the proselytizing poor-houses, or the perfidious National Board of Education, except in terms of unmeasured indignation and religious horror.

Being acquainted with the original framing of the governmental bills (if I may so speak) by which the poor laws and the education scheme have been introduced into Ireland, I have frequently in my own mind tried to force myself into the belief that the government really and bona fide meant well towards Ireland: and that the torture, or perfidy, or failure of these measures were entirely owing to the Biblical or Orange elements which, in the practical administration of affairs, had vitiated, tainted, and ultimately defeated all hopes for success. But when years of complaints passed: and when remonstrances innumerable were repeatedly ignored by the government: and when the same suspected officers, the same abuses were recklessly continued in the face of the national discontent, the conviction arrived at in the mind of the most patient observer is, that the Government co-operates in the Bibeicism and the Orangeism of the whole system: and that they are accomplices in the disorganisation of Irish society. And when we see successive cabinets look on heedlessly and refuse to check Irish landlordism in the cruel extermination of the *grown Catholic tenant population*, why should we wonder if they behold with equal unconcern the scandalous perpetuated warfare carried on against the poor and the orphan children of Ireland.

All Ireland now presents one unbroken scene of social unhappiness; the extermination at Gweedore was just beginning to be forgotten when the lamentation of Glenveagh opens its doleful cry from the breaking hearts of men, women, and children.

Such a horror has seized the poor Irish people from the facts of Gweedore, Glenveagh, Derrymacash, and Coolaghmore, that these creatures are unshipped here every week in large living cargoes, from every part of Ireland. I have written to the Irish emigrant class during the last four months to remain at home till the American quarrel shall have been settled; I have assured these defenceless creatures that the next autumn will, in all likelihood, equal in this country the distress and the terrors of 1847;—and yet no disaster here, no starvation here, no plague here, could prevent them from quitting a land in Ireland, where property has no security for the poor man; where life has no protection from Orange ferocity; and where insult, proselytism, and a premature grave, are the inheritance and the cud of the poor Irish Catholic.

There is no use in offering an advice in these melancholy details of Irish misrule and misery. The only imaginable plan to stay this wholesale injustice through the entire frame of Irish society is the combination of the good portion of the landlords of Ireland. It is due to the virtuous noble poor to form a constitutional party to try to remedy such atrocities as the punishment of the little children of Glenveagh. Since the time of Herod, men have not read any similar cruelty. Mr. Herodius Adair has, beyond all doubt, raised a cry louder than the weeping of Rachel over the bleeding children slaughtered by the Roman tetrach. And decidedly every good and noble-hearted landlord in Ireland is bound in honor to come forward in these disastrous times and cleanse the land from these crimsoned stains of Gweedore, Glenveagh, and Derrymacash. This body, at the present time, would very soon, if I calculate rightly, present a large influential and valuable society; some few public meetings, and some well-worded remonstrances would stem the torrent now sweeping over your land; and would save many lives from the prisons of the poorhouse, the unprincipled snares of the lemon-colored Biblical, and the terrors of the emigration ship.

The only difficulty in this case is the eternal curse of Ireland—namely, our divisions at all our public meetings—suspicion of each other—jealousy of each other! opposition to the plans of each other! insulting rivalship! all asserting superiority! the smallest contradiction ending in a battle, in separation! This is the demon-feel-

ing which has ever made Ireland weak and a constant prey to the enemy. But if we could follow a leader—agree with each other—bear with each other—be contented with the half of a good fellow—a quarter of a good fellow—and thus employ all the force at our disposal we could succeed. The Duke of Wellington used to say, "that a drummer could gain or lose a battle," and hence he always employed all available force when necessary. But in fact several excellent men are afraid to join in our popular movements, because when a leader becomes eminent, some few will begin to envy him; and in the end they will, perhaps, metaphorically, stone him to death, like others in our past history. You know I say these things without intending any offence to any one human being; but I am grieved at the murderous facts of our recent policy, and I am trying to save the passengers of a sinking ship, to launch the boats, or to throw out a single plank or oar to save the perishing crew.

The distress of this country is at present painful. Your emigrants from Ireland are walking the streets of New York, idle, penniless, and hungry; and will no remonstrance, no reasoning, no oath of mine, induce you to stay at home for some time to come?

The awful case at Derrymacash has forced on my mind a subject which I had almost forgotten. Hear me. You all know the name and the character of Counsellor Finn, the former member of Parliament for the County Kilkenny. Now that most of his official companions are dead, and hence now that I cannot awaken any feeling of Irish jealousy in his regard, I repeat to you what I have often spoken and written heretofore—namely, that my friend, William Finn, (so I presume to call him) was, and is, one of the most accomplished public speakers of his time, a finished gentleman in every sense of the word: and a man on whose honest, disinterested patriotism his bitter enemy (if he have one such being in the world) has never dared to cast the slightest imputation unworthy of the purest unstained honor. No Irishman has ever carried the trust of Parliamentary confidence from his constituents, through the British senate, with more deserved merit and usefulness than Mr. Finn; and he retired into private life, perhaps disgusted with the hollowness of some public men of his time, but carrying with him, in his voluntary resignation of his official position, the respect for his talents, and the admiration for his virtues of every man who had ever known his public career.

Now hear me again. Mr. Finn holds in his possession, at this moment, documents in reference to the Orange Lodges of the Duke of Cumberland, which documents, if mislaid, or lost, would inflict an irreparable injury on Ireland. The present Queen of England owes Mr. Finn a debt of gratitude, which, I regret to say, has never been paid to him; in all probability he has secured the throne of Great Britain for herself and her descendants, against a conspiracy, which, beyond all doubt, has no parallel in the history of the world. Now, as Ireland has a paramount claim on the services of Mr. Finn, what I want you to do is, to send a committee to wait on him; and to beg of him to publish these extraordinary documents of conspiracy; and to give to the world an account of the awful workings of the Orange system of Great Britain and Ireland. When your committee will call on him will you kindly ask him to explain the almost incredible labor he has had in collecting his proofs; and perhaps you have never been acquainted with any discovery more adroitly executed than the plan he adopted for success.

I beg, in conclusion, that Mr. Finn will pardon me for thus introducing his name before the public without his permission: but I fancy he will pardon an old friend, who always respected him for his spotless official integrity, and who has ever admired him for his private virtues and his stainless life.

Your attached countryman,  
D. W. CAHILL.

SKETCHES AMONG THE DUBLIN SOUPERS.

(From a Correspondent of the Nation.)

In the previous communication, published in a former number of the *Nation*, we have described the origin and general objects of the Institution called The Mission House, in King's Inn-street. The chief ground upon which this Establishment claims grave notice in a Catholic journal is the fact that its two Schools are not only aided by the National Board, but that one of the Commissioners, Rev. John Hall, takes an active part in the direction of the whole establishment. The Missionary mania is so varied in its forms as to defy all attempt to treat it otherwise than by a description of each particular class, or form, or evangelisation. You find it in your area, or under your door, in the Tract dropped by the Golporteur, it awaits you in the railway carriage and in the steam boat; the Catholic domestic hears it, the bell which summons her to morning prayer, read by her Protestant Mistress; the walls of the city preach it to you; and, from the nursery rhyme to the Encyclopaedia, almost the whole English literature embodies it, in one form or another. The hungry taste it, in the crust which is tendered to them; the naked feel it in the garment which sectarian charity casts over their shoulders; and, in the glow of the fire, and the shelter of the roof, the shivering and the homeless detect the abiding zeal of the proselytiser. The Catholic sick and infirm experience it in the Adelaide Hospital; the Catholic blind perceive it in the Sackville-street Institution; the Catholic deaf and dumb are made sensible of it in Claremont; the Catholic inmates of the Night-Asylum in Bow-street are provided with Bible and preacher, but neither bed nor pillow; for the Catholic Magdalen, the missioner founds Dublin by Lamp-light; and in the moral scavengery of our streets may be seen the Catholic juvenile recruits who fill the ranks of the Protestant Ragged Schools. The Catholic Pauper feels it in the Workhouse; the Catholic criminal in the county jail; and the Catholic Felon, in the Convent's Prison. The Protestant Navy Captain pipes the Catholic sailor to prayers; General Ridley presides at the Army Scripture Readers' Association in Dublin; while Mrs. Ridley actively proselytises in the Ballinacorney National Schools, in Mayo; and, while her brother, Lord Oranmore and Browne, not only defends, but applauds his kinsman, the Bishop of Tuam, for exterminating the poor Partry Catholics who blindly believe that the souls of their children are of more value than either his soup or his soil; and Colonel Mylius and his Protestant staff assume to themselves that they are in loco parentis, save in faith; to the orphans of Catholic soldiers in the Royal Hibernian Military Schools, Phoenix Park. Of all the forms, however, in which proselytizing presents it-

self, one of the most insidious is that through the National Board. First, bearing the funds entrusted to the administration of that Body, derived from all sources and classes, and therefore, the abuse of those funds, to subvert the religious faith of any class, is deemed an injury and an insult by the parties aggrieved; and, next, because the charter principle upon which the National System was publicly proposed and openly accepted was, not merely that proselytism but, that even "the suspicion of proselytism should be banished from the schools." The readers of the following sketch will be at no loss to determine whether the King's Inn-street National Schools are so used, and if so, whether with the full knowledge of the Commissioners of National Education.

When the National System first became a handmaid to the Presbyterians, the supply of Pervort Inspectors was obtained from Trinity College, the Finns, the Sheridans, the Sarages, and, later, the O'Callaghans, having all been supplied from that ancient and fruitful field of apostasy. As the operation of the system and the example of these men extended themselves, the Commission gradually raised its own perverts, until now, when it not only "grows its own mutton," but has assumed the position of a large exporter. If the Priests' Protection Society is, happily, all but empty, one of its last novices being the only clerical professor in the Central Training School, a thriving trade is done, in the Catholic lay line, through the National Board. A Priest censure or removes his Catholic Teacher; the Presbyterian or Protestant Inspector, or Professor, hears of it; suggests that he will get him a school in England; and, in several cases, such parties professed to abandon their faith, and accepted the situations, so obtained. Amongst those officials Dr. Newell, Head Inspector in Dublin, and Dr. Robert Sullivan, Professor in the Training School, are the most prominent. The Coombe Ragged School has one such pervert, who had been Master of a National School, in Cork; two others, Callaghan and Stack, are, in other Mission Schools. Until lately, the Lurgan-street Ragged School was in charge of a pervert, from one of the Model Schools; another, a young man, named Morris, late Master in the West Dublin Model School, is now a Presbyterian, and Teacher of a Presbyterian National School, in Belfast; and other Catholic Teachers, trained in the Central Model School, have married Presbyterian officials, and apostatised from their Church. One, at least, of the Catholic staff in the Convicts' Prison National Schools is reported to have abjured his Faith; the Catholic Chaplain, in vain, implored the Directors to provide a Catholic Teacher; and many of the convicts have, on obtaining their discharge, become Protestants. Bealy's Books are not better known to parties letting or taking Houses, than the Books of the Education Office to the Missionary Brigade who went to employ Pervort-Teachers. Messrs Barclay and Fitzgerald—First class clerks, and Heads of Departments—O'Callaghan, Donaghey, and Sarage—inspectors—and Daly, are ever ready to promote a traffic which will extend the unfortunate class, to which they themselves belong, and through which Rev. Hamilton Magee, and Rev. John Hall, obtained the services of Mr. Jordan, the ex-Catholic Teacher of King's Inn-street Boys' National School.

Mr. Jordan had been, for eleven years, master of the Lackan and Leany National School, in the Chapel-yard of Leany, a joint parish with Multifarnham, Westmeath. He was trained under Dr. Robert Sullivan and Professor McGauley, in 1855, had diligently studied the two-Sacrament dictionary, and the other Protestant works of the former, and had the benefit of the closing lectures and example of the latter. He dismissed, at once, his patron, Rev. Mr. Duffy, and the Catholic religion, and, coming with his family to Dublin, proceeded to the Central Model School, upon whose Books he registered himself as a Protestant Teacher, open to an engagement. Presbyterian and Episcopalian offers were soon made to him, but history, and special fitness, as a missionary decoy, so struck Rev. Hamilton Magee and Rev. John Hall, that they outbid the other competitors, upon which he, at once, declared himself a Presbyterian. His wife long resisted the pressure to abandon her faith; but at length, she and her four children, the eldest, a fine lad of thirteen years of age, were made to turn their backs on the fold of the Catholic Church. This man, as Master, and his son, as Paid Monitor, form the official teaching staff in one of the new Souper National Schools, which is attended by 70 boys, seven or eight of whom are Catholics. The Girls' School consists of two departments, infants and girls, attended by 130 pupils, a considerable number of whom are Catholics. It is in charge of two Presbyterian young women, both of whom were trained in Marlborough-street, and one of whom had been Assistant to Mr. Young, the Protestant Head Master of the Central Model Infants' School, and who is an Englishman. Besides Catholics, the schools contain Presbyterian, Anglican, and Dissenting pupils, and, until recently, there were four *Mormons*, and two German Jews, who, however, are expected to again return. The March number of "Plain Words," the organ of The Mission, states that the parents of these Jewish children attended the soiree given to all the pupils, on which occasion "Rev. J. Simpson, of Portrush, spoke very impressively on the subject of God's work among the young in Ulster." The ordinary course of religious instruction in the Schools is as follows:—Hymn and Prayer, at ten o'clock; Scripture; Catechism, Hymn, and Prayer, from two to three o'clock, all given by the Teachers, except on Tuesday, when the Patron, Rev. Hamilton Magee, gives religious instruction, from one to three o'clock. We were present during the religious instruction; all the children, Catholic and Protestant, joined in it; notice of the fact, on the usual form, was sent to the parents of the Catholic children; nor could the most severe official censure detain any important requirement in the rules of the present National System which is not complied with, so far, at least, as religious instruction is concerned. At the close of religious instruction, all the children are marched down, in relays, to the kitchen, in the Mission House the infants first, next the girls, and the boys last, to their dinner. This consists of from a pint to a quart of soup, daily, with the meat from which it is made, and a fair proportion of bread.

The Soup-Kitchen is supported by domestic contributions of cold meat from the tables and the larders of Presbyterian and other families, Rev. John Hall and the other Presbyterian Commissioners of Education being amongst the donors. The cook is a Glasgow woman, and on our remarking that the flavour of the soup, which we carefully tasted, was inferior on the second to what it had been on the previous day, she explained the fact by stating that she had been to hear Weaver, the converted Collier, the night before, and, tired from the crush, and the late hour, she was obliged to leave the making of the soup to her less-skilled Irish assistant, who put neither leeks nor sufficient flavouring in the boiler. While examining the reeking cauldron, the Caledonian Cook most lustily plunged her ladle into the lower strata, from which exploration she revealed divers dainty bits, knuckles of veal, blade-bones of cold shoulders of mutton, bovine ribs that, when picked, might serve the art of the archer—all of which she kept for the boys, adding "strong meat for the boys; so I ladle it well." We were particularly struck with the delicacy and tact of this compliment to the *Poet Laureate* of the Irish Missions, who, for his admirable ballad "Ladle it well," published in the *Nation*, last month, has earned for his Muse the proud position of Laureate to the Soup Brigade, the official bays of which are first to deck his brow at a solemn inauguration to be held under the Presidency of Mr. Lord Roden; at the next April meeting of the Society. The compliment was still further enhanced, owing to the presence of our fel-

lowing the Laureate's brother, who, as the *Congregationalist* again, gave the refrain of the lyric "Ladle it well!"

Sweet is the Soup, and wondrous good—  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!  
It heats the Soul, it warms the blood,  
It clears the mind, once dark as mud.  
Oh, Soup is the real saving food—  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well.  
Just think of last year's Bible class—  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!  
The Soup was poor—alas, alas!  
Too well I knew 'twould come to pass—  
The wretches all went back to Mass!  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!

gracefully bowed, amid clouds of steam, to the antique Lanark lassie.

In these National Schools, Catholic children have the text of the Protestant Bible, "with bread and breeches," as Dr. Whately says, and they are taught to interpret the Scripture through Soup. The ladle is placed before them as the laver of regeneration, and those precious Schools—National Schools, schools under Catholic Commissioners—practically elevate soup to the dignity of a matter of the third Protestant "ordinance." The influences here referred to are only a few of the mere obvious and direct ones to which unfortunate Catholic children are here subjected. Some of them attend the Evening Prayer Meetings; nearly all of them receive copies of "Plain Words"—an infamous periodical, redolent with heretical cantonnies of every order and time, from John Knox to John Hall, from Calvin to Ohniquy—the Scripture Reader of the concern visits the families of some of them, and we fear that others attend the Services held in the Mission Church on Sunday, under the National Schools, by Rev. Hamilton Magee and Rev. John Hall, a Commissioner of National Education. In connection with this, we may observe that some years ago, the under story of the Phibsborough Chapel has been used as a National School, between which and the Chapel, unlike in the King's-Inn-street case, no internal communication existed, yet the National Board withdrew the Grant, and obliged the clergy to provide a new and distinct School-house. We may also mention that Archbishop Whately reported to the National Board that Confessions had been heard in a room adjoining the Rathmines National Schools, whereupon the Commissioners imperatively ordered that the practice should be discontinued or the grant should be withdrawn. Both cases, that of Phibsborough and Rathmines, will be found reported in the Proceedings of Parliamentary Committees upon National Education.

Further, we have to state that, during our visit to these Schools, the Scripture-Reader—a party supposed to have no official authority in the Schools—accosted us, and, in menacing terms, warned us not to persist in copying from the Register the names and address of the Catholic pupils. We took no notice of that functionary, beyond inviting him to send in his Principal, the Rev. Hamilton Magee, who was on the premises during our visit, but he declined our invitation.

On Monday mornings the whole staff assemble at the doors, tempting, with liberal offers of food and clothes, the eight or nine hundred children of the Convent School to enter the Souper Establishment. Some of the parents, repelled, in an unexpected form, the advances thus made. We again commend these sketches, which we shall continue, to the grave consideration of the Catholic Clergy and the Catholic Members on the National Board.

(From the London Tablet.)

A great blow has fallen and a great man has been laid low. One of the world's greatest has suddenly been called on by his Master to render his account—and he is gone.

But a few days have passed since the Cabinet of every Minister in Europe, the council chamber of every King, the public mart and Stock Exchange of every people, were disturbed by the news that Camille Count Cavour was indisposed. It was a slight attack of congestion; he had been tired and he was better; it was an attack to which he was subject; it was brought on by hard work, excessive anxiety, and over-indulgence, but it had nothing serious about it. Then it was a slight apoplectic seizure, but he was better, and all danger at an end. Then came the news that the illness was serious, that he had been bled repeatedly, but that this treatment had never failed before, and had again succeeded.—Then came the news that some alarm had been felt, that it was a case of mild typhus, that he had a slight relapse, but that his intellect was unclouded, and that he would soon be well. And then, on Thursday, June 6, the news is flashed to every capital in Christendom, "Cavour died this morning at seven o'clock."

In the breast of every Catholic the first irrepresible feeling of awe at this sudden and startling visitation could be succeeded by only one feeling—a feeling of charity and hope. God have mercy on him! May he be forgiven! May his soul have rest! No one will dare to pry into the inscrutable decision of Divine justice and mercy. But in the absence of all other news, all Catholics will dwell upon the hope conveyed in the telegraphic message of Wednesday night:—"At 7 p.m., a great crowd blocked up the avenues leading to Count Cavour's hotel—Great emotion was manifested by the people when the procession bearing the Sacraments of the Church went into the Hotel." In the 12 hours from that time his soul appeared before his God.

It is not for us, standing as it were by the death bed, and over the scarce cold remains of this Arch-enemy of the Church, to give expression to any sentiments in his regard, except the hope that the grace of God was not resisted by him, that he died penitent and forgiven, that the last few hours of his life were spent in obtaining pardon for his many crimes, and that a sincere and humble submission to the authority of the Church, that benign Mother whom he had so grievously afflicted, repaired the scandal of his most unhappy career. But when the office of charity has been performed, the mind is inevitably turned to speculate on the consequences of this most important change.

Whatever they may be, one thing is clear—the first great wave which reared its threatening crest against the See of Peter has dashed against the rock and has been broken. The particular form of danger which seemed to threaten the Papacy has passed away. Other waves may succeed, other perils, and perhaps more formidable, may supervene, but the first has been dispelled. Italian unity, under the leadership and according to the plans of Count Cavour will not be consolidated.

Into the vast gap left by the departed statesman others will rush forward. The Garibaldian and Mazzinian factions will appear upon the scene. Victor Emmanuel, the puppet King, will be forced to seek for a new councillor. The French Emperor will have to modify his schemes according to the altered state of things. With Sicily ready to proclaim a Republic, Naples one scene of anarchy, the Capital of Lombardy threatened with destruction by the discontented working classes, and the usurped provinces of the Roman States groaning under the yoke of their liberators—the death of Count Cavour precipitates the crisis. Had he lived, there can be little doubt that he would in time have been overborne and swept away by the revolution which he had first fostered and then tried to control. He has passed away like Mirabeau, saying, "I carry the monarchy to my grave; its dead remains will soon be the prey of the factious." Just as seventy years ago men asked themselves what would have been had Mirabeau but lived another year, so now men will soon be asking what might not have been if Cavour had not died? Both Mirabeau and Cavour were called away before the last consequences of their revolutionary career had had time to show themselves. But the revolution, which like Saturn