

"COME TO ME"

BY MRS. M. M. WARDE.

Oh heart! the world's injustice hath oppressed, And in wrong's dungeon, clasped with iron bar, That only wounds the hands which strive to force Its cruel bond, hath locked thee. From afar, Beyond its dark depths, God, the judge, on high, Weighs, with hair balance, e'en thy lightest cry!

Oh heart! bewildered with the world's sad maze Of joy that poisons, dreams that lead astray, Love that can perish, hope that darkly dyes, Proud thrones built up of crime. O'er thy lone way, God of whose word Divine, was borne the light, Holdeth His lamp to lead thee to the Right!

O heart! with woful longing unfulfilled, Heart, for whose yearnings, earth hath not a name; Their mystery of sorrow all thy own, Their pain of cries unanswered, e'er the same, God, who alone can their fruition be, Waite His own sure time to come to thee!

Oh heart! that built thy hopes upon the sand Of human friendship, and when farest stood, Their beauteous dwelling in joy's sunlight soft, 'Twas swept to ruins by Misfortune's flood, The "Rock of Ages" waits that thou may'st place Thy home for aye, on truth no storm can chase.

O heart! forgotten of the world, and hid Where footprints of earth's honors wanders not, Thy mute humility ne'er turning once From thy own path to meet them. Bliss thy lot! God, with these words hath crowned thy lowly choice; "Of Such My Kingdom is." Press on! Rejoice!

O heart! that, wearied, weeps beside the grave Of thy beloved, of thy own life; Weeps that its dearest part is buried now, And what is left, must, with sad yearnings rife, Stand waiting there. God, who thy love once blessed, Will open its door, that thou may'st find the rest!

O hearts of ye who moulded in His love! What e'er ye mourn, what e'er your bitter need, Do ye not know His tender mercy owns Unnumbered bounties, that of each take heed? No trial have ye, but His "Come to Me," Speaks through its presence, of your lives the key?

HEROES AND HEROINES.

ST. MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

A two-fold honor is due to those who have led saintly lives on the thrones. For, in the first place, it is no easy task to carry a crown of gold and a crown of thorns at the same time, to be humble while every knee bows before one, to find time and disposition for prayer while the distracting cares of an Empire fill one's mind, to eradicate one's vices while a hundred flattering tongues are ready to aver that one's faults are virtues. Hence, of the three-and-twenty kings who had ruled over the people of God, the inspired son of Sirach tells us (Eccl. xix. 5): "Except David, and Ezechias, and Josias, all committed sin. For the kings of Juda forsook the law of the Most High, and despised the fear of God." The more glory, then, to the few who remained faithful. Another reason why saintly sovereigns merit special honor is the powerful influence which their station enables them to exert. "Sire," said Massillon to Louis XIV., since it is the first inclination of the people to imitate their kings, it is the first duty of kings to give good example to their people. Private men seem to be born for themselves alone; their vices or virtues are obscure like their fortune; being lost in the multitude, it is alike unknown to the public whether they stand or fall. Princes and noblemen, on the contrary, seem to be born only for others. Their elevated position exposing them to the common run, sets them forth as models; the example of the rulers is the only law known by the multitude; their life reproduces itself, so to say, in the public."

After the assassination of Edmund Ironside, A.D. 1017, Canute the Dane, who had possessed himself of the northern part of England, crossed the Thames caused himself to be proclaimed monarch of the whole island, and sent the two infant sons of Ironside, Edward and Edmund, into exile. The young princes, after many adventures, at length found a protector in Solomon, King of Hungary. Later, Edward received in marriage Agatha, sister to the Queen of Hungary and niece to the Emperor Conrad, and had by her Edgar, known as the Etheling, and two daughters, Christiana, who became a nun, and St. Margaret, the subject of our sketch.

In the year 1041 Hardekanute, the last of the Danes who reigned in England, having died, St. Edward the Confessor, brother to Edmund Ironside, was called to the throne. One of his first acts was to recall Edward, his nephew, who was now her presumptive. Margaret and Edgar accompanied their father; and were honorably received by the Confessor. But the good King's plans for the succession were frustrated by the death of his nephew. The times were too turbulent to admit the rule of Edgar, a minor, and born in Germany, so that St. Edward on his death bed could foresee, but could not avert the calamitous day of Hastings. When the Conqueror returned to London, flushed with his victory over Count Harold, Edgar was forced with the rest of the nobility to swear allegiance to the dynasty of the Normans. But William could not rest secure while Edward and Margaret lived to remind the Saxons of their ancient liberties. He guarded them carefully, awaiting a favorable opportunity to put them to death. His cruelty was baffled. The young princes found means to escape, embarked for France on a little ship, but were blown by a tempest upon the coast of Scotland. It was evidently a disposition of Providence, because Malcolm III., King of the Scots, was beyond all others, the one most apt to sympathize with them. His history had been similar to their own. His father, King Duncan, had been brutally murdered by Macbeth, and he himself having with difficulty escaped the dagger of the usurper, had found a secure retreat in the Court of St. Edward, who lent him, moreover, the army which defeated and slew Macbeth at Dunsmuir.

Malcolm received the young heirs of his benefactor with the cordiality which similarity of misfortune and the sense of gratitude inspire into the heart of honest men; and when the Norman demanded the surrender of the two princes, he answered with a declaration of war. Two signal defeats taught the haughty Conqueror to sue for peace, which he obtained on promise of respecting the territory of the Scots, and the lives of Edgar and Margaret.

Meanwhile Scotland was blessing the tempest which had thrown Margaret upon its shore. It was not her rare beauty and excellent education which charmed the people most. It was that she surpassed the nobles of the kingdom even more in humility than in graces and accomplishments. The hardships in which Margaret had been schooled, had completely weaned her heart from worldly vanities. She envied her mother and sister the peace they were enjoying in the convent, and would have taken the veil if her mother had not insisted that she should accept the proffered hand of Malcolm.

With reluctance she gave her consent and was crowned Queen of Scotland in 1070. Her coronation marks an era in the history of Scottish civilization. She polished the manners of the sturdy mountaineers, introduced a taste for learning, and by the aid of Apostolic missionaries purified the

channels which conveyed light and culture from Rome.

The first to feel her benign influence was Malcolm. He was a good man at heart, but had grown up without training. The assassination of his father and his own early sufferings had cast a gloom over his soul and rendered him at times cruel and suspicious. But the love and example of Margaret gradually softened his temper, and he made such progress in virtue as to be enrolled in several calendars among the saints.

Malcolm paid to his consort the homage which was due to superior wisdom and eminent sanctity. He not only left to her the management of his domestic affairs, but asked and followed her advice in the government of the State. Foreign nations were astonished when they compared the tact and skill with which the affairs of Scotland were conducted under Margaret, with the rudeness and unskillfulness of previous years.

Our saint found the nation overrun with abuses, usury, simony, superstitious practices, neglect of the Church, but her untiring efforts during the thirty years of her reign made Scotland one of the model nations of Christendom.

Charity toward the poor was her crowning virtue. It was so boundless that it emptied her purse, thinned her wardrobe, despoiled her of her jewels. An escort of widows and orphans accompanied her through the streets and introduced her into the meanest huts. It was her delight to nurse the poor in their sickness. She would remain for hours at their pillow, anticipating their wishes, and attending to their wants on bended knees. In contrast with the general rule observed in palaces, poverty gave the best title to admission into the palace of Margaret. Its halls, refectories and bed-chambers were filled by the poor. At the first glance you would be tempted to think they were the lords of the place, for Malcolm and Margaret washed their feet and served them at table.

God blessed the pious couple with a numerous offspring. Three of their sons, Edgar, Alexander, and David, successively governed the Scots with wisdom and justice. Margaret procured able preceptors for her children and herself instructed them in the duties of religion. As the court had been completely reformed, the children saw nothing but examples of modesty and devotion, and grew up in happy ignorance of evil. Her oldest daughter, Maud, inherited her piety and charity, and having married Henry I., labored hard to reform the Court of England according to the model which Margaret had given.

In the midst of the weighty cares of administration, Margaret found time for prayer because she devoted little time to sleep. In Lent and Advent she rose at midnight to join the monks in singing matins. At early dawn she was again in church where she assisted at four or five low Masses, and after these a High Mass. "During the day she had other hours for prayer. "As for her eating," says the confessor, "it was barely sufficient to support life." When she spoke of heavenly things she wept for joy.

She kept a confessor at her side to admonish her whenever she should say or do anything amiss; and as Theodoric could find nothing to blame where everything was perfect she thought him uncharitably remiss. The reign of Malcolm had been peaceable. He was too just to commence a war, and too powerful to be aggrieved. The peace was at length broken by the restless ambition of William Rufus, the son of the Conqueror, who surprised the castle of Alnwick and put the garrison to the sword. Malcolm having to an avail demanded satisfaction advanced at the head of an army, and laid siege to the castle. The English under pretext of surrendering drew him into ambush and slew him. Margaret followed her husband to the tomb for days afterward. She had been on her death-bed for six months, and had foretold that her husband would not return from his expedition. Her body was laid by the side of her husband's, and for centuries their names were invoked together.

The time came when Scotland forgot her ancient faith, and then the remains of St. Margaret were no longer safe in the realm she had civilized. They were carried into Spain, and Philip II. built a beautiful chapel around them in the palace of the Escorial. She died Nov. 16, 1093, in her forty-seventh year.—J. F. L., D.D.—Catholic Standard.

WHAT FREDERICK THE GREAT THOUGHT OF THE JESUITS.

A German contemporary gives a summary of the Society of Jesus, and enumerates its principal persecutors. It also adds a long list of those who have spoken in its praise. In this catalogue the name of Frederick II., King of Prussia, stands out prominently, and our readers will perceive that the affairs on the Continent on the present day give a special significance to his testimony. The following extracts from his correspondence afford proof of his opinion of the Society.

In a letter dated May 5th, 1767, the king wrote to D'Alembert: "So the Jesuits are driven out of Spain! What a happy day for the philosophers! The throne of superstition is undermined, the following century will witness its downfall! Take care, however, that it does not crush you beneath its ruins; for I am certain the overthrow of all the thrones in the world would not introduce the Utopian state of things of which some persons dream. The astute politician and farsighted ruler discerned, in the banishment of the Jesuits, and the destruction of religion, sure heralds of anarchy and revolution.

April 22nd, 1769:—"Horetic as I am, I will not aggravate the misfortunes of the Order; on the contrary, I esteem it an honor to offer a refuge in Silesia to its dispersed members. For the future the sons of Loyola must be sought for in Silesia; in this province alone will be found the remnants of an Order, which a short time before was so influential in all the Courts of Europe. France will, however, ere long have cause to regret the expulsion of the Order; the education of her youth will be the first to suffer from this measure."

July 2nd, 1769.—"Those princes who cast greedy eyes on the property of religious houses, and how they can appropriate it to their own use, imagine that they are acting the part of the wise politicians, whereas they are only carrying out the principles of their philosophy. It must be confessed that Voltaire did a great deal towards putting them on this track. He was the precursor of this revolution; he prepared men's minds for it, by pouring a flood of ridicule on the religious habit, and not on the religious habit alone. He first quarried the block, on which these ministers of revolution are hard at work, and which unconscious to themselves they are shaping into a comely statue of Venus Urania." (The far-seeing monarch could not have depicted more forcibly the approaching social revolution, to produce which certain statesmen, in combination with the philosophers of Darmstadt and Munich were labouring.)

April 3, 1770:—"In the present century philosophy has grown bold and spoken out with an energy and force hitherto unprecedented; but where do we see any tangible progress which she has made? You will tell me the Jesuits have been expelled. This is undoubtedly true, but I am prepared to prove that measure to have been solely the work of vanity, secret revenge and selfish intrigue."

This unqualified condemnation of the statement of this day, who showed themselves so antagonistic to the cause of religion, uttered by the most celebrated of Prussia's kings, will be readily endorsed by an impartial posterity.

less of Jesuits than in my dominions. In a country where good teachers are rare, where indeed (as is the case most especially in the Western Provinces) it is almost impossible to find them, amongst the laity, these men are more necessary to the cause of education than you in France have any idea of."

May 15, 1774:—"Can such bitter feelings find a place in the calm breast of a philosopher? Such would doubtless be the exclamation of the unlucky Jesuits, were they to read the expressions you make use of about them in your letters. Whilst they were in power, I made no demonstration in their favor; now that misfortune has overtaken them, I look on them only in the light of learned men, whose place in regard to education it would be no easy matter to fill. This important consideration makes them indispensable to me for they alone of all the Catholic Clergy, occupy themselves with the sciences. No one, whoever he may be, shall rob me of a single Jesuit, since I feel how thoroughly it is my interest to keep them."

Nov. 15th, 1774. "Let me beg you, as a philosopher and sceptic, not to believe the calumnies now spread abroad with regard to our good Fathers, without due examination. Nothing can be more unfounded than the report now current that the Pope was poisoned" (Clement XIV., whose death was attributed to the agency of the Jesuits); "he died from natural causes, and a post-mortem examination revealed not the slightest trace of poison. But he was known to have often reproached himself bitterly for his weakness in sacrificing such an order as that of Loyola, to the self-willed obstinacy of his rebellious children."

Jan. 6th, 1775. "Strange to say you persist in asserting that the Pope was poisoned. Nevertheless I know for certain that all the letters we receive from Italy deny the fact, and declare Ganganelli's death to have had nothing mysterious about it; it appears that these Italians carry on a system of double-dealing, writing to France the view of things which they think will prove most acceptable in that country, and telling us what they imagine will best please here. I do not understand this mode of procedure. But one thing I do know, namely that the high-minded, honorable Fathers in Silesia and Prussia never soiled their hands with any such abominable business."

August 5th, 1775.—"I do not contest the right of your Lord Bishops to play what tricks they please." (Frederick II. could never forgive the bishops for the ecclesiastical censures flung against open infidels such as Voltaire, &c., like censures being uttered in the present day against hardened apostates). "They are, however, but pursuing their calling, nothing but folly can be expected from them; for my part I consign them and their anathemas to the powers of hell, if any such exist. Very different are the good Jesuit Fathers; for them I confess I have a soft place in my heart, not as being members of a religious order, but as educators of youth, as learned men, as an institution eminently beneficial in every way to society at large."

This assertion couched in terms so unequivocal, and coming from the lips of one so competent to speak on the subject, forms the best refutation of the charge now brought against the Jesuits, that they are dangerous to the State (staatsgefährlich).

In conclusion two brief extracts may be given from Fred. II.'s letters to Voltaire. Oct. 11th, 1773:—"I have done my best to compensate to my poor Jesuits in Silesia, by giving them new powers and dispersing them throughout the various provinces. In this way I give them position and make them useful to the State, as they will now devote themselves exclusively to the education of youth, a task which I consider them well qualified to perform."

IRELAND IN THE VAN.

The days when, in every grade of life, from the highest to the lowest, it was safe in England to notify that "No Irish need apply," are in some measure gone for ever, and are destined to disappear in a still greater measure yet. The ignorance of Irish questions, whether comparatively small or great, which for so many years culpably distinguished not only most of the English, even of the upper classes, but many of the Irish dwelling in England, is gradually, if reluctantly, being enlightened. An English Prime Minister has gone so far as to "talk of legislating for Ireland in accordance with Irish ideas," and the greater former, and consequently expresser, of much English opinion, has gone a step farther, and has even declared that a certain agitation now being carried on, in order that this "legislating for Ireland in accordance with Irish ideas" should be done in Ireland by an Irish Legislature, is an agitation which must be considered "perfectly legal." Mr. Gladstone and the Times are beginning to think with regard to Irish questions, and the last few days have shown that others are following in their wake. Such unprincipled prints as the Pall Mall Gazette may storm in their bitter consciousness that the days of Ireland's submission to a continuance of the cruel injustice of the past seventy years are numbered, and may coin such phrases as the "dismal unreality of the Home Rule agitation," and provincial journals may write of this same agitation as "veiled sedition," but both the London and the provincial writers know that the "wish is father to the thought," and that the Home Rule agitation is neither unreal nor seditious. We repeat the assertion with which this article commenced, that the days in which it is safe to say "No Irish need apply"—for Justice—are passing rapidly away. We do not care to attribute motives, but simply to state a fact, and the fact we care to state is, that "Irish questions" are making themselves heard, and in the being heard, are more illumined from an Irish point of view. We found this statement upon what took place in the House of Commons, last Friday week, during the debate on Professor Smyth's Motion for Sunday Closing of Public-Houses in Ireland, whilst we do not ignore the fact that during this session, there have been many manifestations of the old determination to neglect Irish interests, even when unwilling to refuse flatly to do them justice. Important as indeed was the victory gained for the cause of temperance by the carrying of Professor Smyth's motion by so significant a majority, and in spite of the strong opposition brought to bear against it, the victory which it promises to "legal agitation" in other "Irish questions," and "Home Rule" amongst others, and "facile princeps," should be a deep source of thankful encouragement, and an incentive to patient perseverance. Mr. Bright asked, "Will you serve the conspiracy of the vendors of drink in England, or will you obey the will and the eloquent voice of the people of Ireland?" Before long, when the motion shall be on the issue of self-government, the same last question will be heard, the alternative being, as in the one just quoted, the oppression of a whole people in the whole interests of a class. Again, Mr. Gladstone, when speaking in the same debate, said: "What I do venture to submit to the house is this—whether the desire of Ireland being clear and unequivocal, it is not one of those desires to which we are reasonably bound to give attention, if we permit the people of Ireland to have any title at all to be heard specially and peculiarly in the regulation of their own affairs." When the question, on some future day, by no means far distant, shall be the title of the people of Ireland "specially and peculiarly to regulate their own affairs" in their own Legislative Assembly, inasmuch as the desire of Ireland so to do is clear and unequivocal, how can Mr. Gladstone refuse to submit a like reasoning to the House why he should not submit his vote, as he in honesty must give his own, to a demand founded on the same inalienable right of a nation to govern its own dom-

estic concerns. But it would be only a waste of time to say more in proof of the statement that from some one cause or from many causes combined, the position of Ireland occupies much of the consideration of thoughtful minds both in and outside of the two Houses of Parliament, and that, although some may endeavour to-poo-poo the idea of the restoration to Ireland of her Parliament, of which by violence, and through perjury and bribes, she was robbed, now more than seventy years since, most must feel that this is the Irish Question, which must needs be answered, or long, and which to be finally answered can be answered only in one way. There is a large and increasing body of men—most of them Irish in blood, some also English in blood, but in this matter, Irish at heart—men spread over the whole world, men of piety, and moral lives, men of earnestness and generosity, Catholic and Protestant—who now say with the old Dunganon Volunteers, "We know our duty to our Sovereign, and are loyal; we also know our duty to ourselves, and are resolved to be free." We dislike the argument of fear, and having resort to threats, but it would be foolish to shut our eyes to the fact that it was to fear that we owed the gaining of the victory of 1829. Agitation, through fear of worse, gained Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, Repeal of the Corn Laws, and will assuredly gain Home Rule, if steadily, honestly, and perseveringly fought for with all the legal weapons within its reach. Private interests and selfish views must know no place; a willingness to obey rather than a desire to command, must be the spirit of every individual agitator; obedience to authority in Catholic and Protestant, in their acknowledged degrees and situations, can be the only warrant of a fitness for Home Rule. Let no more sad signs of disunion be seen; let each be willing to yield all personal consideration for the good of the cause, and Ireland may soon be free and happy. What a good omen for the future, that the first great victory in the cause of Ireland's right, to self-government has been won in the battle waged against her greatest foe, drunkenness, that which makes Home Rule in families a tyranny of devilish force. When Irish men and women unite in determination of individual self-improvement, and as a body agitate for their Country's Freedom, the Irish Question must be answered. In the words of O'Connell. "The combination of national action, all (Catholic) Ireland acting as one man, must necessarily have a powerful effect on the minds of the Ministry, and the entire British nation; a people who can be thus brought to act together, and by one impulse, are too powerful to be neglected, and too formidable to be opposed."—Catholic Times.

DENIS DOWLING MULCAHY.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION RENDERED TO THE RETURNED PATRIOT IN TIPPERARY.

On Sunday the 14th ult., Dr. Denis Dowling Mulcahy visited Tipperary town en route from Cork, and met with an enthusiastic reception from the inhabitants, and numerous other contingents from adjacent districts. Dr. Mulcahy was accompanied to Tipperary by Charles J. Kickham, Mullinahone, C. G. Doran, Queenstown; James O'Connor, and E. Hickey.

On arriving at the Junction he was met by an immense assemblage of the people with bands and flags, and was conducted in an open carriage in which the gentlemen who accompanied him also had seats, to the town of Tipperary, the procession passing through all the principal streets, as it did on the occasion of the visit of John Mitchel. There were bands and contingents from Tipperary, Cappawhite, Oola, Cullen, Emily, and Banaha, which swelled the procession to seven thousand. The day was exceedingly fine which added much to the picturesqueness of the procession by permitting an unstinted display of flags and banners.

Several of the streets in town—Church street, Main street, Nelson street, and Meeting street in particular—were decorated on a profuse scale, and the utmost enthusiasm and good order prevailed throughout. A deputation of Nationalists were in waiting at Forester's Hall and on the arrival of the processionists Mr. John O'Connor, T. C. was moved to the chair, when the following address was presented by him to Dr. Mulcahy:—

ADDRESS PRESENTED TO DR. D. D. MULCAHY BY THE PEOPLE OF TIPPERARY.

SIR,—We hail with pleasure your appearance among us after 10 years of captivity and exile. We are happy to see that your constitution is not impaired after the heartrending tortures of the prison life. The cause for which you suffered can be told in a few words. England, under the sway of an artful and powerful monarch, invaded Ireland in 1172. Irishmen, though brave, were then as ever since, a disunited people; and after much bloodshed became a prey of the invader. Still, in every age from that period, brave men sprung up to assert their independence, but failed for want of unity and, after several centuries of rapine and blood unknown in the annals of history, the invaders succeeded and left Ireland under the yoke of her foreign taskmaster. Then sir, because you and other brave men, who looked with horror at the spoliation, declared such a state of things should no longer exist, you and they were thrown into prison in company with the most degraded wretches in creation. We learn from history that every civilized nation has its patriots, which proves that patriotism is the result of civilization. But there is no nation under heaven can boast of such hallowed patriots as Ireland. In fact the patriotism of Ireland is as indestructible as her mountains. Persecution instead of diminishing the number of her patriotic martyrs, has increased them a thousand fold. The friends conversation between the parents and their children serves to keep the flame alive.

"The graves of those whose swords have won, Redeem the green sod where they lie, Transmitted still from sire to son, From heart to heart can never die."

(Signed), JOHN O'CONNOR, Chairman, PATRICK SHERIDY, Treasurer, J. SAMSON, Secretary,

COMMITTEE:—Edward Hogan, Thomas Cross, P. L. G., John Godfrey, William Peudergast, Richard Roman, P. J. Hogan, Thomas Heffernan, William Allis, James Ryan, M. Lyons, John Banon, P. Dwyer, W. Neville, William Moore, Michael Lalor, John Evans, Michael Hogan, P. Mornan, P. Ryan, J. Joyce.

DR. MULCAHY'S REPLY.

Men and Women of Tipperary—I thank you for your enthusiastic welcome. It is worthy of magnificent Tipperary. The tribute of respect you pay me to-day would, personally be little worth if you no longer held the principles for which I suffered. But I am proud to say, you have not abandoned those principles, and this gives a priceless value to your reception of me. Personally I have no claim upon your attention or esteem, but politically, I represent in an humble way, a principle dear to you all—a principle for which our best men died, and which few but worthless Irishmen condemn.—True, I am a Tipperary man, but you do not honor me for that; you honor me as a rebel to English rule in Ireland, and a convict according to English law for doing my duty to my country—loving it wisely and not too well—you honor me as an un-

repentant rebel, who in the dying words of Mitchel, "has made no peace with England."— Penal servitude, with all its mental and physical tortures, has not made me love Ireland less but hate England more. The unutterable anguish and rage of the loathsome dungeons; the diabolical deeds of the demon galleys; the insatiable thirst for vengeance of the brutal Government; the daily martyrdom of the victim, festering in his galling chains, fed upon bread and water, flung upon the damp floor of their native cell without bed or bedding for days, and weeks, and months; to expiate his love of his native land, has only made that land more dear. No county in Ireland has marked in so signal a manner as Tipperary—magnificent Tipperary—the appreciation of the principles for which the Irish political fallons suffered. It did all that in it lay to show England that the men she would degrade to the level of her vilest criminals were the men Tipperary was proud to honor as representatives—were the men whose political principles you would accept, endorse, and die for. This you did by electing as your representatives two indomitable O'Donovan Rossa, the gentle Kickham, and the uncompromising Mitchel. In electing those as your representatives you were giving the best practical proof you were able of your want of faith in moral force or moral suasion you were publicly abandoning parliamentary agitation for you knew that none of those Irishmen whom you had chosen for your representatives would ever enter the House of Commons to crave concessions for Ireland from a Government that rules her by coercion and military occupation. Would that other counties had followed your example, and left to England the exclusive right of legislating for Ireland, instead of being parties to perpetuating a pretence which demoralises our people and turns them away from the true path of duty, by leading them to believe that all that is needed is to convince England that they have grievances in order to remove them—that she is prepared to do full and ample justice to Ireland, if only some oily tongued orator shall satisfactorily show wherein England has wronged her. I am happy to know that this policy finds no favor in Tipperary—that it is in no wise countenanced by the gallant men, whom all nations respect for their bold defiance of British power, and their resolute determination to honor the men whom England would dishonor, by possessing one of the noblest of virtues—love of country—you deserve no stunted praise for all this. It was an act of patriotism, of which you have good reason to be proud. It showed how highly you prized principles, and appreciate the men who suffered for them. You manfully met all opposition, overcame it, and fully realized the poet's estimation of you, when he said—

"Let Britain boast her British hosts, About them all right little care we, Not British seas, nor British coasts, Can match the man of Tipperary."

Tall is his form, his heart is warm, His spirit light as any fairy, His wrath is fearful as the storm, That sweeps the hills of Tipperary.

Lead him to fight for native land, His is no courage cold and wary; The troops live not on earth would stand, The headlong charge of Tipperary.

Yet meet him in his cabin ruddy, Or dancing with his dark-eyed Mary; You'd swear they knew no other mood Than mirth and love in Tipperary.

You're free to share his scanty meal, His plighted word he'll never vary; In vain they tried with gold and steel To shake the faith of Tipperary."

Let this be our proud boast, that neither gold nor steel, neither threats nor torture, can ever shake our faith in the true principles of Irish nationality. It was of Tipperary Cromwell said, "It is a country worth fighting for." And well he might say so. Who can look up at the sunny sides of its sloping hills, or down upon its verdant plains and golden valleys and not say with Cromwell—"It is a country worth fighting for. Surely there is no one among her sons who would deem it treason to love her, and death to defend. No, Tipperary has always done its duty. All Ireland looks up to it as the premier county. No one is supposed to have seen Ireland who has not been in Tipperary. Had one praised any other part of our island he would be asked,

"Were you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the fields are so sunny and green, And the heath-brown Slievebloom and the Galtees look down with so proud a mien? 'Tis there you would see more beauty than is on all Irish ground— God bless you, sweet Tipperary, for where could your match be found?"

Mr. C. J. Kickham having been called upon to speak said—"They had given his friend Dr. Mulcahy a true Irish welcome—it must have convinced him beyond all doubt that Tipperary was Tipperary still. But how could he (Mr. Kickham) address them on an occasion like this without remarking that one short year ago their wild shout of welcome gladdened the heart of another felon, the bravest and the ablest of them all. As he passed through the "cleaved domains" of their country, he exclaimed, "My God, where are my people;" but before he died, you convinced him that there were men still left in Tipperary, and he (the speaker) believed that the world would one day be convinced that the Green Island was destined to be the mother of something else besides flocks and herds (cheers). But, alas! the echoes of the cheers had scarcely died over the hills before the heart of John Mitchel was stilled for ever. But his spirit remained among them and they never abandon the sacred cause to which he had devoted his life (cheers). They had not forgotten the men who had suffered for Ireland, nor those who were still suffering in English prisons. It was rumored that these brave Irishmen were about to be released, but he'd like to ask the English Minister could England claim credit for having granted a complete amnesty so long as their fellow townsman, John O'Leary, and a few others were forbidden to set foot upon Irish soil (hear hear). He hoped they would one day give John O'Leary as enthusiastic a welcome as they had to day given Dr. Mulcahy.—Irishman.

Soft hearts often harden, but soft heads never change.

The monogram that marks most matrimonial matches is S.

"Necessity knows no law." Well, necessity is like a great many lawyers.

It is surprising how many public men with long finger nails get into public office.

To seek the redress of grievances by going to law is like a sheep running for shelter to a bramble bush.

A gentleman in Danbury, Conn., has had perseverance enough to take the temperance pledge 83 times, and break it 82.

When you remember that fifty years ago you could buy four cigars for a cent, all this enthusiasm about national progress seems to be a very grievous error.