

abandonment of sacred science and limits the created intellect to researches alone of the individual reason. The Bible was formerly for the heterodox, as for Catholics, the supreme rule of moral and religious doctrines. But for the Catholics, it was the Bible interpreted by the Church, that is to say by the Sovereign Pontiffs, the Councils, the Doctors. The Bible so understood gave a character of marvellous expansion, a social and encyclopædic character to Christian science, all the time retaining it upon ground truly theological, whereas the study of the Bible, according to the heterodox fashion, isolated each individual and separated him from the Fathers, from tradition, from history, and from Christian society past and present. Then each, Bible in hand, had to consult only himself. Then individual reason is everything. The theological character disappears from science; science becomes exclusively rationalistic.

Finally, what is the cause whence arises the theological principle of the second epoch? Revolt against all religious authority. Great pride renders minds incapable of submitting to any rule of which they were not themselves the authors, or at least the interpreters, which comes to the same thing. Now, theological science is founded entirely upon the authority of God, revealing Himself to us through the authority of the Church. The sovereign principle of the second epoch was compelled, therefore, to bring about the definite abandonment of the theological ground and to pen up science in the wretchedness of the isolated *ego*. The idolatry of the *ideological ego* stripped, by the force of reason, of the theological fringes with which it formerly appeared, becomes thus the only rule of science to those whom all call by anti-phrasis *freethinkers*.

The method generally followed by these men, whom we would like to call, the hornets of philosophy, is therefore a species of blind enthusiasm clothed in some scientific form, which listens only to the inspirations of the isolated *ego* and justifies its assertions only by the simple illusions of the isolated *ego*. It is ignorance reduced to a system; it is *methodical ignorance*.

THE O'DWYER.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

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I.

About the time that the *Mayflower* left the shores of England there was, as every one knows, a sort of centrifugal force at work generally in the old country, which began to send the worshippers of unfavoured sects hither and thither to find a better home than their own land promised to afford them. It was not very long after the Pilgrim Fathers of fame made their way across the Atlantic that another shipload of Pilgrim Fathers, to whose names fame has been less liberal, set out likewise on a westward voyage, but got no further than the south coast of Ireland. There they landed, and pushing a little inward, founded an Anglo-Protestant colony, which retains some of its peculiar and distinctive features up to the present day.

It would be superfluous to say that during the troublesome times which followed the outbreak of the French Revolution, the sympathies of our colonists went wholly and ardently with the cause of law and order, the Crown and the Throne. Nowhere was "Boney" more detested than in this loyal town; and after Napoleon, the man most abhorred was probably Charles James Fox. When the Irish rebellion broke out, with the unsuccessful attempts of the French in Bantry Bay and Killala, a great many loyal persons in the town were honestly of opinion (as a great many loyal persons in London were likewise) that Fox was one of the principal instigators of the wicked Irish, and that the good King George the Third ought to have had him executed out of hand. To increase the fervour of loyalty the town was filled with soldiers, and the officers were billeted among the principal families, who received their red-coated guests with delight. The

ladies of the place, especially the unmarried ones, loved the military quite as much as Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse* did; and some of them would have been well content that civil war should have been prolonged forever if it secured to them the delightful society of the handsome young officers at ball and rout, for walks and rides. On the other hand, it is perhaps almost unnecessary to say that if Miss Meredith and Miss Eastwood delighted in the officers, and detested the rebels, Molly O'Byrne and Nora Connor, the serving-women, took a different view of the situation, and in their secret hearts detested the officers and delighted in the rebels.

Mrs. Eastwood had special and extra reasons for loyalty, and for hatred of rebellion, as well as these reasons which were common to all her friends of her own sex. She was the widow of Colonel Eastwood, who had borne arms honourably in the service of His Gracious Majesty, and had been with General Wolfe at Quebec. A lady, therefore, who was actually receiving for herself and her two daughters His Majesty's pension, was engaged by every principle of duty, honour, morality, virtue, and religion, to abhor rebellion, especially when that rebellion, iniquitous in itself, was yet made more guilty by the odious favour of France. Moreover, her eldest daughter, Esther Eastwood, had been for some time engaged to the gallant young cavalry officer, Captain Lockhart, now quartered in the town. Now, Captain Lockhart was a very eligible personage. He was tall, he was handsome, he was of good English family, he had a considerable fortune of his own; and he seemed to be much in love with the tall, handsome, showy Esther, whose flashing white teeth alone ought to have bitten into any susceptible bosom, to say nothing of the brilliancy of her eyes, the captivation of her curls, the symmetry of her ankles—and at that stage of fashion ankles counted for a good deal in a girl's attractions, for the dresses recognized the existence of lower limbs, and were made to display them. Daisy Eastwood, the younger sister, had not yet apparently succeeded in captivating any one in particular, and had flirted harmlessly with whole battalions of His Majesty's Hessian allies, of whose language she could not speak three words. Girls in England, Ireland and America had not got into the way of reading Schiller and doting on Heine then. Indeed, one reason for their not doting on Heine may have been that Heine then was not born.

It would be hard for us here thoroughly to understand how dear and precious to the womankind of the town I am describing were the friendly attentions and services of "the officers." The whole south of Ireland was under Martial Law. You could hardly cross your own threshold without military authority; you had to give the counter-sign half-a-dozen times before you got from the pump in the square to the finger-post outside the walls.

When night set in, the military precautions and restrictions were of course doubled—quadrupled. If Daisy Eastwood wanted to send her maid across the street with a message to the friend of her bosom, the lass had to trip it under the protection of a military guard. Unauthorized persons wandering about at night were liable to be arrested, and, indeed, dealt with exactly as it might happen to suit the humour of the nearest officer in command. Bayonets glittered at every street corner; muskets clanked on every paving-stone. In the midst of all this, the little town beamed and sparkled with revelry. Balls and parties were given everywhere—it was, who should do most to manifest loyal devotion to the martial representatives of British authority! One can have little idea how delightful all this was to the girls of the place; how exquisite was the pleasure of being escorted to and from a ball by a handsome military guardian through files of saluting soldiers, who would have instantly arrested anybody less favoured and marched him or her off to—heaven knows what vileness of duration. Think of the delicious and perpetual excitement of pass-words and counter-signs, of marchings in and marchings out, of sentinels and troopers encountered everywhere, of fearful stories about new landings of the French, and new musterings of the