

district already described, was changed, and all the ordinary landmarks had disappeared. At eleven o'clock a.m., the tide had reached its height, and the water from the sea and the river spreading over the adjacent districts, the whole presented the appearance of one continuous sheet, broken only by the railway embankment, the tops of trees, and the roofs of the houses. Its surface, too, was dotted in every direction by a great variety of floating objects—chairs, tables, &c., were whirled about in the utmost excitement and alarm. In Godley's lane the scene presented a singular in the extreme. Just at the Drumcondra Bridge there is a square of one-storeyed cottages, and the square was converted by the floods into a gigantic tank. The water reached to the head of a tall statue of the Virgin, which is erected in the centre of the square, and poured in at the doors and windows of the cottages. The Botanic Gardens were transformed into a lake. The stream that runs through the centre overflowed its banks and the ponds rose and spread till they presented an almost unbroken surface. Here and there a patch of rising ground or a bushy evergreen conveyed the idea of numerous islands. By moonlight the scene was still more singular and impressive. It was indeed, strange to see a broad sheet of silver water where one was accustomed to see roads and houses, and there was something strangely striking and picturesque in the gleaming lights in the houses that here and there rose over the water. The sounds that struck upon the ear were as strange as the sight that met the eye. During the afternoon the floods had lessened considerably, but at 11 o'clock p.m., when the tide had again reached its full, the water in the immediate district rose to its original height.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A HULL PAUPER HEIR TO £30,000.—A short time ago advertisements were inserted in the Hull papers requiring information as to Henry Chapman who emigrated to Australia in 1835. A pauper answering the description, and who returned from Australia five years ago, has been found in the Hull Workhouse. It is stated beyond doubt, he is the rightful heir to a fortune of £30,000 left him by a Scotch nobleman.—Leeds Mercury.

A HARD CASE.—At the Lynton County Court, a domestic servant claimed £3 15s. 8d. wages from her employer. In consequence of her not coming home at the proper time after church on Sunday morning defendant summarily dismissed her. Judge Lefroy ruled that plaintiff's absence for a quarter of an hour without the defendant's leave justified him in discharging her at once. Judgment was, therefore, given against the plaintiff.

MR. McDONALD, M. P., ON IRISH QUESTIONS.—In addressing his constituents at Stafford, Mr. McDonald, referring to Irish affairs said, that with regard to the Coercion (Ireland) Bill, he voted against it, believing it to be unjust to Ireland. He in common with the Home Rule party did all that was possible to reduce the hardship of the bill. Remembering that within a few years two great causes of discontent—the Irish Church and the Irish Laws—had been dealt with, he thought Ireland might have been trusted. If, however, after the experiment it was plain that such measures were necessary then he would have supported the Government in even stronger legislation.

BETWEEN TWO STROOLS.—At an Orange soiree in the City Hall, Glasgow, Mr. Johnstone, the chairman, said Mr. Gladstone had done more to advance Popery than any modern statesman. He had two faces, one of which is turned with great interest towards Protestants as a civil power, wherewith to govern nations. His other face is turned equally with intense interest towards Popery, as a religion which he would be delighted to see joined with the Greek religion and the Anglican Ritualists, all forming one Church, if the Pope would only lay aside his claim.

The steamship *Cormorant*, chartered by Messrs Wilson, Son, and Walter, Water-street, Liverpool, arrived in the Nelson Dock on the 15th ult., after having experienced the most severe weather. The vessel left Cork two days before with 699 head of cattle on board. When off Holyhead the sea was so heavy that the cattle on board were tossed and thrown about in such a violent manner as to suffocate a large number, and as soon as possible thirteen bullocks were thrown overboard. On arriving at Liverpool it was discovered that only about one third of the animals were uninjured. Numbers of dead animals were hoisted out of the hold, and between fifty and sixty maimed and mutilated cows and bullocks were conveyed into the shed adjoining the ship's berth, where they were slaughtered as speedily as possible.

A wife has been sold at a figure that is considered dog cheap; her husband bartered her to a mate for fourpence. The woman was satisfied, the vendor was satisfied, and the purchaser was satisfied; but if we had no more sense of delicacy and propriety than the parties to the transaction, we should say the purchaser ought not to be satisfied. He has been cheated. A wife who will quit her husband and jump at the bid of the first comer is exorbitantly dear at fourpence. Why, that is absolutely the price of a pot of small ale! This sale, we were near forgetting to add, did not take place in the wilds of Africa, or among the Red Indians, but in the town of Blackburn, in Protestant England. And yet Blackburn, we dare say, contributes to the funds for missions to the benighted Roman Catholics of Ireland.

Mr. Edward Whitley, old Brunswick loyal Orangeman of Liverpool, is sorely perturbed in mind. At an anniversary dinner of the brethren on the 8th, he "orated" and bitterly complained that the Protestant Church in Ireland has been robbed and disestablished. We pity him; but, bless his old Brunswick loyal heart, who sanctioned the disestablishment but that naughty man Gladstone? And now he fulminates against the Vatican. The fellow must be a Jesuit. It must be very painful to all true Brunswick bodies, young and old, to be informed that that piece of theft of the Church, over which Brother Whitley weeps, has tended to increase Roman Catholicism in Ireland and to distress and perplex those who hold those principles, which Protestants in England value so much. "Tis pitiful, but there is no help for it.

Home Rule at home means, according to certain British statesmen, a dismemberment of the empire. Home Rule in our colonies seems to the same gentlemen to be the panacea for all evils. Home Rule across a sea is fatal to the empire. Home Rule is denounced when the people of Ireland demand it. Home Rule is the thing for Canada and Australia. Home Rule across an ocean is its salvation. Strange contradictions. Indeed, in some of the colonies, so great is the popularity of Home Rule, and so much does it meet with the approval of the government at home, that its principles and operations are carried to such an extent as to become an abuse of a valuable privilege. Take, for instance, New Zealand. The total population of the colony is about 325,000—less than the population of some of our provincial towns; yet they have eight local Parliaments and a central Parliament, each with its own speaker, its own records, and its expenses. This is, perhaps, carrying Home Rule too far. How is it that Home Rule works so well for away? Why is it that it will not be allowed a trial at home?—London Universe.

A DAY'S WORK.—A local journal thus sums up a day's work at the Liverpool Police Court:—One man committed for striking a woman on the head

with a poker; another remanded for stabbing a man who tried to prevent him from thrashing a woman in the street; a woman for striking another woman on the head with a poker, and her husband for accommodating her by holding the woman, to steady her for the blows, we presume; a man for belaboring a fellow lodger with a stick; and another for stabbing his wife with a butcher's knife. In another court there was a case of stabbing a woman in the arm; and, on the same day, the body of a woman was found in the canal near the Northern Hospital, who, if the statement made be correct, was pushed into the canal in the presence of witnesses, more than a week since, and for whom no search was made for days. Clearly Liverpool is advancing in civilization, and improving in morals. We believe the criminal records say so. We should then like to know what was its state in the past, and whether the other towns in England are progressing equally satisfactory.

ACCIDENTS DURING THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION.—The following is a list of those injured:—W. Lynch, residing at 56 Trinity Square, was admitted into St. Bartholomew's Hospital with a broken leg—the accident occurred during the great crush in St. Paul's Churchyard. Mrs. Berry, the wife of a policeman, was also admitted, suffering from a fracture of the right arm. John Gee, amputation of limb. John Harman, contusion of side. William Mitchell, a compositor, was crushed between two cabs, and was conveyed to King's College Hospital. Susan Sullivan was also admitted with severe contusions. A man named Donovan, 7 Wyld Street, Drury Lane, was run over. Margaret Kenny, of No. 7 Chilton Court, Strand, knocked down and run over by a cab; Mary Ann Smith, 9 Buckland street, Hoxton, both admitted into Charing Cross Hospital. D. Pyke, a trooper, belonging to the 20th Hussars, was thrown from his horse in the procession, and was taken to the Westminster Hospital. Robert Hill, 3 Orchard street, Kentish town, was admitted into the Charing Cross Hospital, and whilst being attended by the house-surgeon he bit the hand of a police-constable; on his removal to the ward he had to be watched by the police. Mrs. James Justice, 17 Holland street, Clapham Road, was taken into St. Thomas's Hospital in a dying state. A cabman named Benjamin Baker drove over the unfortunate lady, who is 75 years of age. She cannot possibly recover. Stephen Holes, 68 Camden Grove, Peckham, was conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital. Thomas Draper, 33 Princess street, Lambeth, was also conveyed to the same hospital through being knocked down and run over by an omnibus. The crush at Temple Bar was frightful and several persons were knocked down as the procession passed.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.—To the Editor of the London Universe.—Sir, It having been announced, in a late issue of *The Universe*, that ecclesiastical approval has been accorded to the proposal to establish an association for the conversion of England, and also that a meeting would be held at the Church of Corpus Christi to settle the rules of and inaugurate the new society, I presume that some account of the proceedings at the meeting, together with the resolutions passed at it, will be published in the Catholic papers. Without being too sanguine, I think it may safely be affirmed that any effort made for the spread of the faith, if duly sanctioned by authority, and conducted with such a measure of zeal, combined with prudence, as to afford a reasonable prospect of success, would undoubtedly receive the active support of a very large body of our co-religionists all over the country. There is no lack of zeal amongst the Catholics of England, whether English or Irish, born Catholics or converts, and the return of our country to her ancient faith, whether in whole or in part, is popular enough and dear to the hearts of many. I repeat that numbers would support any endeavour to accelerate the work of the Church in England, provided that what was proposed could be shown to be not chimerical, but likely to attain its object. Now, as Englishmen are eminently practical, and liable to be influenced more by one notable fact actually accomplished than in any other way, I beg to suggest that the new association should signalize its inauguration by collecting funds for a new mission, specially its own, in some part of London wherever the archbishop might decide. The society having been already approved, and new churches being always needed, the necessary permission would be easily obtained. In consideration of the work of conversion being so entirely dependent on divine grace, as is unquestionably the case, I would propose that the first mission of the new association should be dedicated to the Holy Ghost.—Yours, &c.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY ON BOARD SHIP.—THE ANNEXED report of the master of the Queen of England has been received at Lloyd's, from Hong Kong:—"Left Hong Kong on the 8th of August, bound for Bangkok; had a continuation of the south-west monsoons, and was beaten down to lat. 10° N., long. 113° E. At 2 a.m. August 9, when on the poop on watch, a seaman named Noan came up, I thought for a lamp, but he jumped up, seized a belaying pin and attempted to strike me. I caught hold of him and grasped a knife in his hand, cutting my arm. The man then jumped on the main deck. I cried out for the mate, but he gave no answer; so I went down, but stopped at the wheel-house, where I found the helm deserted. Went below and found the chief mate with his throat cut, and his head nearly severed from his body. I reprimanded the man for leaving the wheel, and asked his reason for so doing. The man replied that Noan had threatened to kill him, therefore he left the helm, and fell down on the deck, pretending to be dead. Seeing the state of affairs, I went to the cabin, procured my revolver, and returned to the main deck. The night being very dark and squally, I could not see the murderer. Through loss of blood I became insensible, fell to the deck, and in falling the revolver discharged, the ball passing through the knuckle-joint of the fore finger on the left hand. I remained insensible till daylight, and, being thirsty, asked a Chinaman standing by to get some water, which he did. I then asked him where the serang was, and he replied that he was forward. The serang was called and asked where the man who attempted to murder him was. He answered the serang was aft, and had thrown overboard compasses, chronometers, charts, instruments, clothing, lamps, &c., and had broken and was still breaking up the furniture in the cabin with a handpick. I asked the serang why, if there was only one man murderous, the crew did not seize him; and they immediately got different implements and attempted to secure the murderer, who, upon seeing them coming towards him, jumped overboard from near the wheelhouse. The Chinese supercargo received a cut on the right side of the head from Noan, who was not seen again after he had jumped overboard. The charts, chronometers, &c., being lost, and the ship having been left without helmman for some time, her position was not known; but, after making several observations I ultimately succeeded in making for Lyceum Pass, and anchored inside Green Island at seven p.m. on September 26. The man Noan, by whom the tragedy was committed, was suffering from a disease known among the Malays and Siamese as gillah, or amoque. It takes the form of ringworm and is attended in every case by madness of more or less severity."

THE LOSS OF THE SS. "DEUTSCHLAND."—A HEART-RENDING CALAMITY.—LOSS OF LIFE.—SUFFERERS OF THE SURVIVORS.—London, December 7.—The agents of the North German Lloyd's Steamship Company state that the steamer *Deutschland* had two first cabin, 24 second class, and 97 steerage passengers. The commander of the British man-of-war *Penelope*, telegraphs from Harwich to the Admiralty that fifty lives have been lost; the remainder of the passengers and crew, have landed at Harwich, where they are under the care of the German Consul. Quarter-master August Beck, in a statement, says that the name of the captain of the *Deutschland* is Bristius. The steamer left Bremen on Sunday morning and struck the Knock on Sunday evening. Every effort was made to get her off; but in vain;—the sea washed over the ship, carrying away much of her gear. The captain kept very cool. Immediately after the ship struck he ordered the life belts to be distributed among the passengers. Next morning, as it was thought that the ship was about to break up, the order was given to lower the boats. August Beck and two seamen were ordered to man one of the boats, which capsized twice in lowering; when she righted and they drifted away from the steamer. They tried to pull back, but they could not; a heavy snow storm prevailed, and the weather was piercing cold. His two companions perished. August says the crew numbered 130 when he last saw the steamer. Endeavors were being made to launch all the boats. The *Deutschland* fired rockets all day on Monday, and until Tuesday morning, and although they were seen from Harwich it was impracticable to send assistance until the gale moderated. At 4 o'clock this morning the tug *Liverpool* brought in 51 persons, including all the officers except the fourth; one child died on board the tug; the number of dead bodies in the steamer's cabin was 50, and others are probably in the boats which are missing. So far, only about 54 are known to be saved. August Beck, the quarter-master, is apparently dying, his swollen, blackened appearance indicating frost bite. His narrative was given with great difficulty. He said his boat was attached to the ship by a rope, which broke, and the boat fell to leeward. There being no oars in the boat, it was impossible to return, so a sail was rigged and the boat drove before the wind all day and the following night. A steerage passenger, named Forsenstein, being lightly clad and without shoes or stockings, soon died and the seaman shortly after. At 5 o'clock this morning the boat was perceived by an artillery man on duty at the fort at Sheerness, and Beck was rescued. The captain says distress signals were answered from light vessels and coast guard station at Harwich during Monday evening; but owing to the fierceness of the gale, it was impossible to send assistance. No life boat was to be had, and none other could live. The scene at the wreck on the arrival of the tug defies description; strong men and women and children were clinging to the rigging, from which many had been washed away; some were in their last struggles; in the cabin were seen the corpses of ladies and children just as they retired; one hundred and forty persons were taken off by the tug with scant clothing. Arriving at Harwich, the survivors were taken charge of by the German Consul, Oliver John Williams, who provided them with food, clothing, lodgings and glad rest after so many hours' exposure to the most severe frost experienced the present winter.

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LONDON, 3:30 a.m., December 8. The *Advertiser* reports that the total number of persons rescued from the *Deutschland* is 150. The following is a *verbatim* copy of Lloyd's telegram from Harwich, in regard to the *Deutschland*:—"Str. *Deutschland*, from Bremen for New York, with emigrants, grounded on Kentish Knock on Monday at 5 a.m., during a heavy north-east gale; the weather was thick, with snow; passengers were drowned. The *Deutschland* has beaten over Kentish Knock and is now in 4 1/2 fathoms at low water; she has apparently parted amidships; when Captain Brikenstein left the steamer she was full of water, which was rising and falling with the tide. Assistance has been sent to the *Deutschland*."

UNITED STATES.

A suit of the State of Louisiana against General James Longstreet, the ex-Confederate, to recover \$62,000 paid him for "militia" services, is now pending in the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and will be recognized as one of the fruits of the political troubles in that State.

The heads of departments in New York City have each salaries in excess of several of the States combined. Their pay is \$10,000, whereas the Governor of Connecticut receives \$2,000; Delaware, \$1,333; Illinois, \$1,500; Michigan, \$1,600; Nebraska \$1,000; New Hampshire, \$1,000; Oregon, \$1,500; Rhode Island, \$1,000; Vermont, \$1,600. Total of nine States, \$11,833. The New York Mayor has a salary of \$12,000 a year, \$1,000 a month, \$231 a week, and, to exact, \$32.88 a day, or \$1.37 an hour, sleeping or waking. This is \$2,900 a year more than is paid to the Governor of the State.

Here is one Southern gentleman whose mind is untroubled by thoughts of endaring race. At Baltimore, the other day, Mayor Lat obo of that city gave a dinner to the escort of the vice-President's remains, in the grand saloon of the city hall. Frederick Douglass was one of the escort, and he was observed to be alone. Chief Justice George Wm Brown thereupon offered Mr. Douglass his arm, escorted him to the table, and personally assisted to serve him with food. The gentleman was Mayor of Baltimore in 1861, and when the Massachusetts regiment marched through that city, on its way to the front, he walked at the head of it and braved the peril of the outrageous riot which ensued.

FIENDISH WISE MURDER IN CLEVELAND.—CLEVELAND, Dec. 4.—About seven o'clock this morning Wm. Aiden, an Englishman, and an expressman for Cobb, Andrews & Co., quarrelled with his wife, and becoming enraged, seized an axe and assaulted her, severing her head from her body and otherwise horribly mutilating her. He then went to the corner of Garden street, and there assaulted his step-daughter with a hammer and an axe, cutting her in a fearful manner. A Mrs. Benton, who attempted to interfere, was also badly injured with the same weapons. Both women are beyond all hope. The house presents an awful appearance, the walls and ceilings being bespattered with blood, and pools of gore on the floor, dishes broken, and chairs overturned. Aiden was arrested and locked up. The reason he gives for the horrible act is that his wife, who was a widow when he married her, and his step-daughter, were stealing him out of house and home. When questioned further, he said he wished to put an end to the d—whelps for they drove him to it. Great excitement prevails here.

A hitherto unpublished letter of President Lincoln has just been made public. It was written September 4, 1864, to the widow of Joseph John Guiney, the English Quaker philanthropist. The following is an extract:—"I am much indebted to the good Christians of this country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to some of them more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a termination of this terrible war long before this, but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light he gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends He ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal could stay."

finally halted at the residence of Tweed's son-in-law, where his wife was staying. The "Boss" asked Denham to be allowed a few moments' private conversation with his wife. This was granted, he stepped into an adjoining room, and was seen no more. This is Denham's story, but many believe that Tweed was permitted to escape more than a week ago, and that he is now out of the reach of the law. He can not be extradited unless a case of forgery can be proved against him, and this seems doubtful.

The Brookport Democrat says that Caledonia, Livingston county, N.Y., has had a genuine romance. In substance it is stated that a man, whose name is not given, left that town about eleven years ago, and neglecting to write home, was given up as dead. Eight months ago his sister, Mrs. Hackett, received a letter from him, stating that he was in New Mexico, and that he had made a fortune there. She answered the letter, enclosing a picture of her daughter, Maggie Hackett. When the long absent man received this letter in New Mexico he showed the photograph of his niece to a companion, who was so "struck" with her appearance that he wrote to her, proposing marriage, and offering to furnish the means for her outfit, journey to the West, &c. This proposal seems to have been looked upon favourably by the young lady, who answered the letter, he sending her by return mail \$300 in money, an engagement ring, a set of jewellery, &c., and a request that she would correspond with her uncle as to his character, financial standing, &c. She did so, and the uncle reported him well to do and a "perfect gentleman." It was in due time arranged that she should take the money and valuables and go to New Mexico with the understanding that if, after becoming personally acquainted with the lover whom she had never seen, she was not suited he was to send her home again. She is eighteen years of age, a poor working girl, belonging to a respectable family. Her lover admits to being over forty.

A SAD STORY.

"Mrs. Boyle, of Athery, in the County Galway," says a London paper, "had five children, ill-fed and ill clothed, but with singularly beautiful features, and eyes of bright-burning intelligence. Two of them were suddenly cut off by small-pox, in June, 1875, and a third soon followed. The poor woman was carrying the coffin of this last to the grave, when her daughter Mary, aged 16 years, rushed from a house where she was at service, and relieved her parent of the sorrowful burden. She bore it to the churchyard having placed it in kindred clay, felt a lightness in her head, and reeled. She hurried back to her mother's house, and, resting on the threshold, exclaimed—'Mother, I am sick.' In 48 hours Mary Boyle was laid with her buried brothers and sister."

I. With feeble steps and saddened heart, bowed down; by earthly woes, Along a dingy Connacht street, a weary mother goes And, unnoticed, unregarded, she weends her toil-some way To where her kindred moulder, beneath the Abbey grey.

II. What burden does this lonely one, this sorrowing mother bear? In the coffin—rudely formed—work of hurry, not of care, That she poises in her arms—from all human trouble free, Lies the third young tender sapling, torn from the parent tree!

III. Within a week's short compass, two were laid in holy earth, And now the grave has claimed the last—the cherished from its birth; For grim disease is spreading, with its fell infection sure On death's destructive chariot, through the dwellings of the poor.

IV. As the wearied mother totters to the grave, with stealthy pace, Meets she no kind hand to succour—sees she not a friendly face— But, from out a cottage, bounding, comes a maiden young and free, And accents that grief-bowed parent—"Give the coffin now to me."

V. "I will do the work of sorrow—go you home, my mother dear— You are woe-begone and weary, but of me there is no fear; I will hasten to the grave-yard, and be back without delay, When I lay our precious darling in its bed of sacred clay."

VI. Homeward goes the widowed mother, while her noble daughter bore That young love-bud, till she laid it with its brothers gone before; Scarce the dreary task is ended, when she feels a sudden pain, And the pestilential fever is shooting through her brain.

VII. With weakly plodding footsteps she tries to reach her home, But her strength is quite exhausted as she nears the wretched dome; Now she reels upon the threshold, and, in accents hoarse and thick, Says, "O, mother, I am weary—mother, I am deadly sick!"

VIII. Need we tell the dreary sequel?—two short days but intervene, When sad mourners, with a coffin, by that Abbey wall are seen— Stiffed groans bespeak their sorrow, manly cheeks the tear-drop lave, As that hero-hearted maiden is laid lonely in her grave!

IX. Eight-and-forty hours of sickness—hours of fever-burning toil— And grim Death, with icy fetters, came to bear away his spoil; But, around her humble pallet, there were radiant angel eyes, As her gentle childlike spirit winged its journey to the skies.

X. Oh, proud, selfish slaves of fashion, who in pleasure rest secure, But who never, for a moment, think of God's afflicted poor, Well—'twere could you change conditions, when the trumpet sounds on high, With that simple village maiden, laid to rest in Athery.

P. M. Strokestown, November 8th, 1875.

Persecutions Suffered by the Popes in Rome. The following summary of the persecutions suffered by the Popes in Rome will reassure timid

Catholics in the present sorrowful events. The list extends over fifteen centuries of persecution:

- In 409. Under Pope Innocent I, the City of Rome was sacked by Alario King of the Goths.
In 445 Under St. Leo I. the City was taken and sacked by Genseric King of the Vandals.
In 465. Under St. Hilary, the City was taken and sacked by Ricimero, King of the Vandals.
In 476. Under St. Silverius, the City was conquered by Odoacer, King of the Eruli.
In 476. Under St. Silverius, the City was besieged and taken by General Belsarius.
In 546. Under Virgilius, the City was retaken and sacked by Totila, King of the Goths.
In 555. Under Pelagius, the City was besieged and retaken by General Narseter.
In 847. Under Leo IV, the Vatican was invaded and sacked by the Saracens.
In 987. Under Gregory V, this Pope was imprisoned by Crescentius in Castle St. Angelo for eleven years.
In 1084. St. Gregory VII was besieged by the Emperor Henry IV in Castle St. Angelo.
In 1447. Under Clement V the City was raised to a republic under Cola di Rienzo.
In 1453. Under Nicholas V. Stephen Porcari became the chief of the new Latin Republic.
In 1527. Clement VII was besieged by the Imperialists in Castle St. Angelo for six months.
In 1796. Under Pius VI, the City and the State were converted into a Roman Republic, and he was made prisoner.
In 1809. Under Pius VII, Rome was incorporated with the Empire, and the Pope imprisoned.
In 1848. Under Pius IX, the Mazzinian Republic was established in Rome and the surrounding districts, and the Pope was a fugitive.
In 1870. Pius IX is a prisoner in the new capital.

In this enumeration we do not reckon the personal sufferings which so many Pontiffs endured, commencing with the thirty-two martyrs for the cause of the Church; How Leo IV was a prisoner of the Normans, Boniface VIII, of Philippe le Bel, etc.—San Francisco Monitor.

O'Connell's Rule of Life.

The following Rule of Life of O'Connell was written by himself, and was copied from his own manuscript:

- First—To avoid any wilful occasion of temptation.
Second—To appeal to God, and to invoke the Holy Virgin and the saints, in all real temptations.
Third—To say the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity every day.
Fourth—To repeat as often as may be a shorter form.
Fifth—To say daily, at least, and as often as may be, a fervent Act of Contrition.
Sixth—To begin every day with an unlimited offering of myself totally to my crucified Redeemer; and to conjure Him by all His infinite merits and divine charity to take me under His direction and control in all things.
Seventh—To meditate for at least half-an-hour every day if possible—longer if God pleases.
Eighth—We fly to the patronage, &c., and St. Bernard's prayer to the Virgin, as often as convenient daily.
Ninth—Ejaculations, inventions of the Blessed Virgin, Guardian Angel, and the Saints as often daily as may be.
Tenth—To pray daily to God, His blessed Mother and the Saints, for a happy death—and as often as may be.
Eleventh—To avoid most carefully small faults and venial sins even the smallest.
Twelfth—To aim at pleasing God in all my daily actions; and to be influenced by love of God in all, rather than hope or fear.

Those Dangerous Jesuits.

An Eastern exchange thus portrays the ridiculous position of the Protestant world in its oft-repeated anxiety relative to the danger to be apprehended from the Jesuits:— Europe and America are disturbed about the Jesuits. Germany is agitated. France, Spain, Italy, Bavaria, Austria, are apprehensive, while both North and South America are in high state of perturbation, all about the Jesuits. Now what is the actual strength of the Jesuits all over the world? The Correspondence de Rome gives the following table of Jesuit missions. The Order is distributed over the world as follows:—In England there are 218 Jesuits; in Scotland, 13; in Ireland, 136; in Holland and Belgium, 238; in Germany, before the edict of expulsion, 228; in Galicia, 161; in Albania, 9; Dalmatia, 2; Turkey and Greece, 88; Syria, 63; Algeria, 90; Bourbon, Mauritius and Madagascar, 71; Fernando Po, 13; Bombay, 47; Madras, 18; West Bengal, 26; China, 68; Canada and New York, 622; Maryland, 246; Missouri, 214; New Orleans, 78; Philadelphia, 76; Rocky Mountains, 20; Jamaica, 11; Mexico, 10; French Guiana, 27; English Guiana, 12; Columbia, 188; Brazil, 21; Paraguay, 66; Philippine Isles, 38; New Netherlands, 7; South Australia, 14. Total, 3,161. Bear in mind one-half of these are uneducated lay-brothers. What a contemptible spectacle it is to behold two hundred millions of the most enlightened people on earth panic-stricken before the paltry array of old, decrepit, broken-down, retiring religious! France has 700,000 men in her army; Prussia, 860,000; Austria, 600,000; England, 100,000. And these 2,200,000 are kept under arms, drilling, manoeuvring, sham-battling—and all to be in readiness to meet the Jesuits. Gladstone declares that the liberty of the English people is in danger. Bismarck has promulgated the dogma that Germany will die if a single Jesuit is allowed to rest upon her stomach. A thousand Protestant preachers are ready to swear that this country has gone to Hell, Honz Kong, or somewhere else, if the Jesuits are given carte blanche among us. The courage of our age is in the inverse ratio of its enlightenment. It is not conscience, but the Jesuits, that makes cowards of us all.

THE LAND OF THE LEAL.

"I'm wearin' awa', Jean, Like snaw when it is thaw, Jean; I'm wearin' awa', Jean, To the land o' the leal. There's snaw sorrow there, Jean, There's neither cauld nor care, Jean, The day is aye fair, Jean, In the land o' the leal. "Ye wore aye leal and true, Jean, Your task's ended now, Jean, And I welcome you, To the land o' the leal. Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was baird guid and fair, Jean, And we gaith her right fair, To the land o' the leal. "Then dry that tearfu', Jean, My soul lings to be free, Jean, And angels wait on me, To the land o' the leal. "Now, fare ye well, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be faim, In the land o' the leal. "The foregoin' beautiful verses of a loving husband's last words to his sorrowing wife were attributed to Burns, but they have recently been discovered to be the production of Lady Nairne."