O Dwyers hand between both of his, and looking himsid the face, said, earnestly and rapidly How so 2 said, earnesdy and rapidly.

I have it I know how we'll manne it.

We'll take them by surprise this way. Ill run
to the door first—they have all their pieces ready.—

I'll make a run out suddenly, and they ll all fire at

you'll make a run then they'll have nothing me\_you'll; make a run then\_they'll nave nothing left for you in their guns, and you'll get one.

"And leave you dead "said o'Dwyer—"no—no."

"And why not a said Jack—"we'll both die, you know, otherwise."

"Oh! said O'Dwyer, "'tis very good of you'd think of this but l'willanever do!"

"Why not ?? said Jack."

"Why not?" said Jack. "Oh! no matter."

"Oh," said Jack, "you don't know how little I'd think of it."

"I do, Jack, know very well how little you'd think of it, and that's one of the reasons why I can't listen to it. No, no, we have done as good a turn for them more than once, though not so brutally their turn is come now, and they're heartily welcome to it Besides, you have as good a right to jour life as I bave to mine, if you go to that of it."

E'ye, asid Jack, " what is my life to yours." "Why 'tis as good to you as mine is to me." "No, nor half," said Jack, "I never had much pleasure out of it. Do, General, be said by me ! if I'm taken, as I surely will be, I'll be shot as a de-

"And if I'm taken, I'll be shot as a rebel-what's the difference ?"

"But if you're not taken," said Jack.

This contest was carried on as may be supposed with extreme rapidity. Antrim Jack was urgentprotested over and over again his determination to die there, whether O'Dwycr consented to his proposition or not, and once or twice threatened to run out and meet his fate on the instant. It is impossible to tell what motive influenced O'Dwyer eventnally to yield to his intreaties; if he did give a satisfactory account of them in his narrative, the explanation has not reached us. That he did, however, at last allow himself to be prevailed upon is certain. When his consent was at last won, he listened to Jack's instructions, which were given with many an earnest prayer, that he would follow them accurately. As the moment came round in which they were to be put into execution, Jack grasped O'Dwyer's hand in a final and affectionate farewell, and prepared himself.

As they were about to start from their position, however, a suspicion seemed to cross his mind. He turned back-caught O'Dwyer's hand firmly-looked in his face, and said, with a touching earnestness:

"You're not going to deceive me, now, General? -are you?!!

How so ?" said O'Dwyer.

"I'm afraid," said Jack, "you'll have it in your mind to run to the door along with me, and spoil

"My poor fellow," said O'Dwyer, "I thank you more than ever, but I had no such intention."

"God bless you," said Jack, "and don't think of such a thing,—'Tis the only favor you can ever grant to Jack, to do as he asks you now. If you refuse it to him, you never will have it in your power to oblige or disoblige him again. General, don't think of it."

"My poor fellow," said O'Dwyer, who was touched by the earnestness with which he sought his extraordinary boon, "I have promised you I would not." "God bless you," said Jack, "I am satisfied and

The final moment came speedily. Jack started up quickly and placed himself behind the door, which was already in flames, while O'Dwyer took his place beside. He knew the withdrawing of the bolt would be the signal to the soldiers for their last preparation, and he took care to do this with sufficient distinctness to make it clearly heard. A cheer of horrid triumph from without, assured him that he had attained this object, and immediately every piece was levelled with fearful steadiness and better directed aim to the door way; but he waited a little until a few, who heard the cheering, and seemed to understand it, ran round and took their places, and gave their pieces the same direction .-At this instant the door was flung wide, and the figure of Antrim Jack, black, burning, and hideous, appeared amid a volume of smoke and cinders, for a moment before them. There was an air of excitement about him; a strange, wild kind of light was destroyed features, which those who looked on him in that passing moment could not understand the meaning of. He sprung forward, and they firedthe entire charge of every gun—powder, flame, ball, passed through his body, which fell motionless among them. O'Dwyer took notice that he seemed to fling himself on his side as he went down, as if with the wish to see the event, but the body never moved again. At this moment, and while they were yet unprepared, O'Dwyer rushed forth. A blow or two of his powerful arm sent to the earth with dreadful violence a few who were daring enough to fling themselves in his way. In the confusion that followed, and while the smoke still lingered around them, some struck wildly with the but ends of their muskets, which meeting those of their fellow soldiers made a dreadful crash: others

companion was accomplished. At the conclusion of the tale, and while all were admiring the devoted fidelity and heroism of the unfortunate Jack, the narrator bethinking himself of his song, cast his eyes on the ceiling in quest it would seem of some dimly remembered melody, and after a rather long and perplexed pause, hesitatingly observed:

made fierce and unmeasured thrusts of the bayonet

at him as he passed, but stumbling over the dead

body, only hurt their companions. There were some wild shouts of anger and disappointment, a

short pursuit, and in the space of a few seconds, the

magnanimous purpose of his faithful and fallen

As I believe, gentlemen, our rules do not restrict us to our national music, I shall give you a song, written by a friend of mine, for a very popular Scotch air, Roy's Wife of Aldavalloch."

A general clapping of hands announced the gratification of the company at the proposal, upon which, as soon as the noise subsided, the Tenth Juror sung as follows:

A War Training Know ye not that lovely river? Know ye not that smiling river? Whose centle flood. By cliff and wood,
With wildering sound goes winding ever. Ohloften yet with feeling strong On that dear stream my memory ponders, And still I prize its murmuring song, For by my childhood home it wanders. Know ye not that levely river? Know yet not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood, By cliff and wood, With wildering sound goes winding ever.

are that more sing u. There's mysic in each wind that flows Within our native woodland breathing There's beauty in each flower that blows Around our native woodland wreathing. The memory of the brightest joys
In ohildhood's happy morn that found us. Is dearer than the richest toys The present vainly sheds around us.
Know ye not that lovely river? Know ye not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood,

With wildering sound goes winding ever.

By cliff and wood,

came next prepared to relate his story. (TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

OF CLONTARF.

THE BATTLE Before entering on aldescription of the battle, a few preliminary remarks willings be out of place. In the history of Ireland the close of the eighth contury witnessed the commencement of a terrible period of disaster and desolation. For upwards of two centuries learning, picty, almost Christianity itself, succumbed before payan invaders. Danes, Northmen, Scandinavians, whom the Irish writers distinguished according to their completions into Irish. guished according to their complexions into Dubh Galls, or dark, and Finn Galls, or fair-haired foreigners, hovered round our coasts in ships manned by hardy but sanguinary pirates. These ruthless invaders spared neither age, nor sex, nor station. The monasteries were ever their first objects of attack. Here were deposited articles of chiefest value in the land-precious manuscripts, which were only prized by the plunderers for the rich decorations in gold and gems that graced the cases in which they were enclosed; shrines of exquisite workmanship on which all that was costly and precious had been lavished to fit them for receptacles of the relics of some venerated saint; illuminated manuscripts, to produce which had been the livelong labor of pious and saintly men, lovers of literature, and decorative artists of no mean skill; all these were scattered to the winds by the ignorant and ruthless hands of these sea robbers. Nor were their ravages confined to the coast; they ascended the rivers, and secure in the protection of their ships, descended on the defenceless population where and when they would, and so unexpectedly that they encountered little or no organized resistance. We have on record, both in the Irish chronicles and in the Norse Sagas, that in the year'861 the three Earls, Olaf, Sitric, and Ivar, opened, for the purpose of plunder, the sepulchral mounds of New Grange, Lowth, and Knowth, on the Boyne, and the mound of the wife of Gobaun Saer, the great builder, still a conspicuous object at Drogheda. The museums of Denmark are now full of objects of rich and characteristic Celtic workmanship, many of which were, no doubt, at this period carried off from Ireland.

Malachy (Mael seach lainn) II., who ascended the throne of Ireland in 980, in the commencement of his reign exhibited vigor and ability. He defeated the Danes at Tara, and again at Dublin, and freed the country from tribute from the Shannon to the sea. It was in these contests that Malachy car-

## "the collar of gold Which he won from the proud invader."

Unbappily, all the wars of this king were not waged with the foreign foe. A powerful rival to Malachy appeared in the person of Brian Boru (Borumha), son of Kennedy, son of Lorcan, of the Dalcasian tribe, now rising to great power and importance in Munster. After a brilliant series of successes, not however without some reverses, Brian became the undisputed King of Munster, and fixed his royal seat at Kincora, not far from the falls of the Shannon, at Killaloe. His personal rivalry with the monarch (ard righ) did not prevent Brian joining his forces in a campaign against the Danes whom they signally defeated at Glen Marna near Dunlavin, in the County of Wicklow. This cordial co-operation did not long continue. The monarch vas gallant, hospitable, and joyous in temperament; fearless rider; openhanded in his generosity; but lacking the statesmanlike qualities which distinguished Brian. Soon after the battle of Glen Marna, Brian deeming himself strong enough to aspire to the monarchy, marched on Tara; and Malachy finding himself unsupported by his provincial chieftains after obtaining from his rival some generous delays acknowledged him as his sovereign, and Brian Boru became King of all Ireland A.D. 1002.

Brian was an able administrator. Roads, bridges, and other works of public utility, schools, churches monasteries, sprang up under his fostering care. He loved learning and encouraged it in others. He compelled the submission of the Ulster chieftains. and carried some of them as hostages to Kincora. He visited Armagh, and offered on the altar of its church twenty ounces of gold. His name, inscribed in his presence, may at this day be read in the price less manuscript called the "Book of Armagh," now in his cyes, an expression of pleasure on his half in the library of Trinity College, Dublin; and beneath it on the vellum page the name of the Queen written by her own hand when the book was shown to her, bears testimony to her appreciation of his greatness.

It was not to be expected that the Northmen. whose sway in Ireland had been so greatly curtailed by Brian, would acquiesce without a struggle in this loss of prestige. Their race had at this time achieve ed great successes in England, France, and the islands of Man, the Hebrides, and Orkneys. A supreme effort was made for the soil of Erin. In the Bay of Dublin assembled Earl Sigurd, of the Orkneys, with a formidable fleet; Carl Canuteson, Prince of Denmark, with an army of chosen warriors clad in armor; Brodar, a redoubted champion, with levies from the Isle of Man; contingents from Scandinavia-all leagued in this last and most terrible struggle of Northman and Gael, of Pagan and Chris-

Brian, now an aged man, once more assembled his provincial troops and marched on Dublin. The main army rested on the wood which at that time clothed the bank of the little river Tolka, where it empties itself into Dublin Bay, A detachment had been sent off, under command of his son Donogh, to ravagh Leinster. To his eternal honor, the de-posed monarch, Malachy, had joined Brian, with the forces of Meath. Teige O'Kelly, chief of Hy-Many, was also present with the Connaught contingent whilst t e Munster troops were under the command of his eldest son, the heroic Murrough. The arrival of the Connaught men was a splendid spectacle. "Brian looked out behind him and beheld the battle phalanx-compact, huge, disciplined-moving in silence mutely, bravely, haughtily, unitedly, with one mind, traversing the plain towards them, and three score and ten banners over them, of red, and of yellow and of green, and of all kinds of colors."

On the northern shore of the Bay of Dublin the plain slopes gently down to the cresent shaped sands. On the landward side came the army of Brian, in three divisions. On the shore were drawn up the Danish forces, protected by their ships; they ferent towards religion altogether, hating the sight were also in three divisions.

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF, GOOD PRIDAY, THE 23RD OF APRIL, 1014.

Brian would gladly have postponed the conficiunwilling to make this solemn anniversary a day of carnage and strife. But the Danes, inspired by prediction that on any other day but Kriday they would all assuredly perish determined to force on the engagement. The Danish army mustered about 50,000 men—the Irish about the same number. The first division of the foreigners consisted of the Danes of Dublin, under Sitric and Dolat and Conmael, with a band of foreign auxiliaries commanded by Carl and Anrud. Of these Northmen one thousand, were in complete suits of Armour. These were opposed by the first division of the Irish army, consisting of the north Munster troops, under the command of Mur rough, eldest son of Brian, Turlough, the young son of Murrough, though only in his fifteenth year, fought bravely, and died in battle as became his race; and Tiege, Donall, Conor, and Flau, other sons of Brian, followed the Standard of Murrough. In anything that goes on during the proceedings of the this first division also were the troops of Meath, Lodge. These ceremonies are never omitted, and commanded by Malachy. The second division of only last year the Mason's Gazette published a decree the Irish army was led by Brian's son-in-law, Kian, of the Grand Lodge Royal York, at Berlin, forbid-

beanty/all the other ment of Erin. The clans of the same time, unless there are dark rooms provided south boundary. It is the simplest thing in the word south Munster followed his banner, and found them solves opposed to the ment of Leinster, under the recreant Maching Scandinavian, contingents, principally remaining. Scandinavian, contingents, principally remaining to prove that the Footen in the two principal remaining that the Proportional the could not have not him that he could not have n At the conclusion of the song, which was received beauty all the other men of Erin ... The clans of with the usual plaudits, the gentleman whose turn south Munster followed his banner, and found them-Clontari by the side of their Irish kindred under the standard or Brian Born. At day break on that memorable Friday the aged

and devout Brian appeared on horseback-his gold hilted sword in one hand, a crucifix in the other-at the head of his troops, to cheer and animate his army on the eve of conflict.—He reminded them of the coffin. A cloth is spread over him, the flaming star gruel ravages of the Northmen; of their desecration, is produced and a hymn sung. This done the maschurches and monasteries; of the tyranny under which they grouned, and appealed to them as he knee against knee. Then the holy word is commuralised aloft the crucifix, "Whas not Christ on this nicated to him: "Mac" to the right, and "Benac" dry crucified for you?" He desired to lead them to the left ear. He takes the oath and the lodge is himself to the conflict, but, mindful of his great age his people implored him to abandon the idea, and leave to younger men the brunt of the battle. Brian retired to his tent. From thence he watched the struggle; a series of hand to-hand fights; a determined contest between brave and daring champions, which lasted from the time of high water in the morning until high water in the evening. Though attended by fearful loss of life on both sides, the combat was redeemed by heroic deeds of individual bravery and daring and indomitable courage. Murrough, son of Brian, led the van of the Irish army. He had cut down successively two Danish Standard bearers, when he encountered the Norwegian leader, Annud. His right arm was well nigh powerless from fatigue, but he siezes the prince in the grasp of his yet vigorous left hand. He shook him so violently that his armour of mail fell from him as Murrough hurled him to the earth and, placing the point of his sword on the postrate Northman, he stooped to bring home the thrust by the weight of his body on the sword hilt. As Anrud writhed in the agonies of death, he seized the dag. ger which hung by his foeman's side, and buried it in the heart of Murrough. Thus died the eldest son of King Brian, the chiefcaptain of the Irish in the battle of Clontarf. His young, gallant son, Tur-lough, wasfound drowned in the rising water of the Tolka, impaled on one or the weir stakes, his hands grasping the locks of two Danes with whom he had grappled in deadly conflict. The Connaught chiefs too, won great renown. Teige of Hy-Many, and Maelruine, of Hy-Kiachra-Aaidhne, both perished on the battle-field, and their gallant followers were

deciminated, although victorious. Brian passed the anxious hours of this ever-memorable day watching the varying tide of battle, or engaged in prayer. Ere nightfall the Dane were in full retreat, closely pursued by the remnant of the Irish forces. The tent of the king was thus left undefended, and, indeed, unthought of. A party of the foe in their retreat passed by it. They were led by the Viking Brodar, who is described in the Norse Suga as "one who had been a Christian man, and a mass-deacon by profession, but had thrown off his faith and become God's dastard, and now 'worshipped heathen fiends, and was of all men most skilled in sorcery. He had that coat of mail on which no steel would bite. He was both tall and strong, and had such long locks that he tucked them under his belt. His hair was black." Such was the man who entered the tent of Brian. Its only occupants were the aged king and his youthful attendant. The monarch had time to grasp his arms are he fell in conflict. Brodar issued from the tent; he waved aloft his reeking doubled headed battle-axe. "Let man tell man," he exclaimed, " that Brodar felled Brian.

So died Brian Boru. Of his gallant sons, two alone survived Clontarf. On that glorious battlefield the noblest blood of Erin was freely shed "for love of Fatherland."

> Long his loss shall Erin weep, Ne'er again his likeness see: Long her strains in sorrow sleep, Strains of immortality.

So sang, in the Norse tongue, the fees of Brian. The mortal remains of Brian and his son Murrough, were conveyed by the monks of Swords to Armagh, and interred with much pomp in the ca-thedral of that city.

By the battle of Clontarf the domination of the Danes in Ireland was for ever broken.

## THE MASONIC RELIGION.

(Translated from the German, in the Ceylon Catholic Messenger.)

Freemasons are fond of saying, that their craft has the noblest end to which mortal men can attain on earth. For they pretend to be the apprentices and workmen of the great Architect, Who has built and is still building the universe. They pre-tend to help Him in carrying out His plans in erecting the temple of humanity Still, according to their own statements, no positive religion is required for that purpose. Some principles are admitted, concerning the so-called general duties of honesty and friendship; but particular forms of worship, and supernatural dogmas of any religion are purposely excluded. A Freemason professes to believe in a universal religion to which all mankind may belong without reference to questions of faith or morals. As the symbol of their vague religion, they place a book containing empty pages on their alters, to signify, that no member of the craft has a definite creed. Although they call the great Ar-chitect their God, each one of them is at liberty to think of God what he likes.

When a candidate is about to be received into the craft, nothing is said to him on the subject of religion. On the contrary, to remove his doubts, he is told, that he may retain and practice his religion as before. But it soon appears, that after having once joined the Freemasons, he becomes indifof a priest, and showing himself an enemy of the Catholic religion in particular.

At the same time it is strange how they are attached to the ceremonial service and mummery within the precincts of the Lodge. Masonic signs masonic ceremonies, masonic performances have become a by-word all the world over. Look at the foolish rites that are in use at the reception of an

apprentice. Being stripped of his cost, with the left breast and shoulder and also the right knee naked and one foot slipshod, he is blind folded and conducted into a dark room. There he is left alone for a short while; thrice a hammer strikes against the wall, the bandage is taken from his eyes, and he finds himself in front of a table upon which he sees a burning lamp, a human skull and a Bible. Now a worshipful brother enters the room and puts some questions to him concerning the end of masonry, and impresses on him the great happiness and dignity of becoming an apprentice of the Architect.-Upon this he has to take an oath never to reveal

him. The grand master ascends the altar and with a hammer in his hand he reads the story of Adonhiram's death, who had been killed by three strokes. At the same time the brother receives three strokes on his forehead. At the third stroke he is seized by two brethren from behind and thrown into the ter, lifts the brother up, placing foot against foot, to the left ear. He takes the oath and the lodge is closed. Masons have also a baptism of their own, and marriage and funeral ceremonies, such as are everyday mentioned in the American papers.

## DISCUSSION CLASSES. The age is one of intellectual activity. General

knowledge is more widespread than it used to be. The increase of educational facilities by which the three last decades have been marked is beginning to make its influence felt, and there are now comparatively few who cannot read well and write at least tolerably. The extension of the Newspaper Press, the low price at which journals can now be obtained, and the establishment of clubs, newsrooms, and cheap libraries are telling with decided effect on the mental organisation of the nation at large. Men of every degree read more, know more, and think more than was ever the case before in the world's history; and the fruit of the new state of things is rapidly ripening. That fruit is not all wholesome, and much of it resembles the Apples of Eve-very fine to look at, but poison to taste of .-We have spoken of general knowledge, perhaps it would be better to substitute the terms general information, for assuredly much of the matter supplied in the cheap prints of the day has more of the nature of misleading information, than of knowledge properly so called. In the better educated classes the tendency of the works as of the journals which please them most is speculative philosophy, indifferentism, and the denial which is a mere acknowledgemeni of the fact of a God. Much of the same sort of thing, but in a lesser degree, is to be found in the ranks of the vast army of "general readers." The "general reader" takes in "general information" and all of it is to him in his semi-ignorance, gospel The manner in which he absorbs his literary pabulum is much akin to the method by which the whale is fed-the creature simply keeps its mouth open and the food, no matter what it may be, drifts down its huge throat with the wash of the water .-The "general reader" is equally opened-mouthed as well as omnivorous and swallows everything with perfect satisfaction; but he has his preferences for certain delicacies, and those who cater for him supply those tit-bits to the best of their ability. Disgustingly indecent scandals, a comprehensive Newgate Chronicle adapted to the passing crimes of the hour, and misrepresentation with condemnation of "Popery," give him the keenest delight, and they are accordingly abundantly provided for his delectation. Of the two first items we shall now say nothing; about the last a few remarks may not be inappropriate. The vast majority of the papers he reads are "Liberal"—that is, they are tolerant of everything but Catholicity; some few are "Conservative"-that is they advocate the preservation of everything good, except the Church of Christ .-The journals of both forms of politics are in perfect accord on one point-steadfast and untiring opposition to the Faith—and to render that opposition as active as possible they draw their materials from common sources. They eagerly catch at any false information regarding Catholics thrown into the the several Jewish Telegraphic Agencies, and they improve upon it in trenchant leaders. There are for them four new Evangelists from whose gospels they read us daily sermons— Reuter, Wolff, the Agence Havas, and Moody-and-Sankey. They fling themselves without a moment's thought into the arms of Bismarck's "Reptile Writers." They accept all that is set forth by the Infidel Press of Italy, France, Belgium, and even of Austria as truths so palpable that they need not to be questioned for a single instant. They take Bismarck's history of the Church, rather than the Pope's. The Berlin and Paris correspondents of the Times are preferable as theological authorities to the Prelates and Divines of the Church. Andrassy knows more of Catholic polity than Cardinal Rauscher. Castelar is better acquainted with the true sentiments of the Catholics of Spain than such noble and far-seeing men as the Bishop of Seo d' Urgel .-Gambetta is an abler representative of the real feeling of Catholic France than the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, than Mgr. Bupanloup, or than M. Louis Veuillot. The pitiful Ministers of Victor Emmanuel know more of Catholicity than the Sacred College of Cardinals; and the German Bishops and Clergy, languishing in dungeons for the Faith, are not so much Catholics as are Reinkens of unsavoury note, Loyson the libidinous apostate, and Dollinger the fitting victim to intellectual vanity. History, as supplied by these papers to the "general reader," is only history when it seeks to confound the Church; when it is in her favor, they declare it to be legendary, fabulous, mythical or simply false. The "general reader" has that sort of stuff supplied to him every day, hot and strong; his palate has been educated to need it; and if it is not forthcoming he feels like the dram-drinker without his "nip" of spirits. Needless to say he believes it all. It is "in print" and that is proof positive. He may see the exact opposite "in print" too-Catholic print—but then it is no proof at all! it is "jesuitry," or the "fables of Rome," or " the machinations of a deluding priestcraft." Armed with his "gen eral information," so gathered and manufactured, he goes amongst Catholics, and produces it for their overwhelming. He gives them deceptive nuts to crack and rejuices to find them failing. He con-founds them with high-sounding authorities, that are no authorities at all; and he frightens them with strings of names of great men who have said so-and-so, whereas in fact they have said nothing

of the sort. In our position as Catholic Journalists we every week, almost every hour, come across instances of these things which we have alleged. Of course, our remarks do not apply to the great body of educated Catholics; but to those who have not had opportunities of acquiring sufficient knowledge to expose historical—if it be not a bull to say so—lies. Such opportunities must be supplied. Correspondents write to us from the counting house, the shop, or the factory telling us of Protestants "tackling" them with this that or tother "fact" culled from the Times, the Pall Hall Gazette (which is largely quoted by local papers), the Standard, or even from the Tizer, and begging of us to supply them with materials for the establishment of the truth. In most cases we are quite unable to do, so. We come out once a week, our opponents once a day. Our space in the standard of the standard of the come out once a week, our opponents once a day. Our space in the standard of the the Irish army was led by Brian's son-in-law, Kian, of the Grand Longe Koyan Lork, as Bernin, 10rbid - once a week, our opponents; once a way.

King of Desmond—Kian "exceeded in stature and ding the reception of more than one apprentice at is necessarily limited, their's is, practically, with dog's version of the famous Kullurkanny in Germany.

dergoing. We would not diminish amusing lectures, but we would increase the number of more substantial discourses. There are very few priest, we are happy to think, but could open their school. rooms once a week or so to a Discussion Class, select the subject (from whatever daily paper is taken in), preside, open the proceedings, invite debate, hold the balance between the speakers, and sum up the whole. We submit that the good thus done would be incalculable, and that very soon the promoters of such classes would be astonished at the success of their efforts. The Catholic Union of Great Brior their enouse. The valuable aid to the movement by taking some such methods as its sister Association does in Ireland, and publishing historical papers, or leasiets, touching on important points; and local Clubs could hardly do better work than that of bringing their powerful influence to bear on the encouragement of such discussions. The plan we have lighty sketched might be elaborated to any extent, and that without in the least interfering with the Societies already in existence. For the present it suffices to indicate a want that is almost an evil, suggest a remedy, and leave result in the hands of Providence.-Catholic Times.

## A DIPLOMATIC BUSYBODY.

A French wit once remarked that if three Englishmen have the same idea, by preference a soi-disant religious one, let it be ever so absurd, they are sure to form an association for its promotion. From this peculiarity of the English national character have sprung the two hundred and odd religious, semireligious and political unions, societies, corporations and other aggregations of people who are in the habit of holding their annual meetings at the "Philadelpheon," alias Exeter Hall, in the merry month of May, and who are all firmly convinced that they are doing some good to mankind at large, whereas, in reality, most of them are but feeding an army of hungry scriveners and other parasites, who, if they do anything at all, do no good to anybody but themselves, and at the same time often contrive to do a great deal of mischief to their fellow-men.

The "National Club" is one of the most obscure of these unions of crotchety people; it is presided over by that beau ideal of a Protestant bigot of the good old school, Sir Brook Bridges, whose eminent services to the Protestant cause—whatever they may have been—procured him a place among the "In-eurables," at the time of Mr. Disraeli's first premiership in 1868. Lord Fitzwalter-this is the name to which old Sir Brook has answered for the last seven years-was at the head of the ultra-Protestant "demonstration" held at the Crystal Palace in the summer of 1868 to prevent Mr. Gladstone's resolutions for the suppression of the alien. Church in Ireland from becoming law. All they "demonstrated" was that the Upas-tree was so worm-eaten through and through that it must-as in point of fact if did -fall down with a crash as soon as the axe was laid to its root.

Judging the sack by the sample, it may be readily imagined that a club which has Lord Fitzwalter for its president cannot consist of anything but fanatics. Indeed its leading members are the same men who last January twelvemonths got up that anti-Catholic meeting at Exeter Hall "to express sympathy with Bismarck and the German people," which proved such a wretched failure. On Thursday, week this fine fleur of English bigotry held their annual meeting at their house in Whitehall Gardens, and thither repaired, among others, Count George Munster, the ambassador of the German emperor to the Court of St. James.

The poet held by the noble count has never been occupied by any great luminary save in the case of the late Baron Bunseen, who, with all his faults, was one of the greatest scholars of his age. Of Count Bernstoff, who died about two years ago, his late American colleague, Mr. Dallas, wrote in his memoir that he was "slow in showing any sign of intellect." Still, Count Bernstoff is the originator of the famous theory of "benevolent neutrality," which he developed in his dispatches addressed to Lord Granville during the Franco-German war; and so we might have thought his successor, the present occupant of Prussia House, would, at least, have shown tact and good sense enough to observe a benevolent neutrality in our home affairs.

Let us see whether the speech addressed by Count Munster to the bigots of Whitehall Gardens comes up to this standard. First of all he gave his sympathizing audience an exparte version of the struggle between Rome and Germany now raging on the whole line. Quoth the noble Count :-

Most of the members of this club have taken an active part in the meetings that have signed addresses setting forth the sympathy of English Protestant for the German nation, and I can assure you that my Imperial master and his great counsellor. Prince Bismarck (loud cheers), and I may say also the German people attach great value to these marks of sympathy (renewed cheers). These make of sympathy prove that the struggle in which a Protestant empire is engaged is not what our enemies want to make it.

A Protestant empire, indeed in But who on earth made Germany a Protestant empire? 5 Why, neither in the Federal Constitution of 1867, nor in the Imperial Constitution of 1870, flor in the treaties of Versailies, are the words Protestant and Catholic to be found anywhere. Did not the King of Bavaria, Catholic sovereign act as the spokesman of the princes and free cities of Germany in offering King William the imperial diadem? Does not the goreriment presided over byl Pfince: Bismarck profess to be strictly non-denominational confession to But let us go on collability on Legistic It is not a series of acts of dynamy (hear, hear).

It is not oppression it is not war against the Roman Catholic religion, but it is not war against the Roman principle that the State is bound to protect its subjects, and bound also to protect liberty of conscience and to promote real Ohristian reducation (cheers) Gentlemen, you all know German history. You all know the struggles which have taken place between the Popes and German emperor (hear hear). You know that a German emperor had to go as a penitent to Canossa, and you know that Prince Bismarck, is one of his great speeches, said what makes the Romans so angry? It is because they know the convergence of the protestant emperor will be the convergence of the convergen our Protestant emperor will no longer go to Carossa."

issa." Bismarck's well-known all palon to Canossa is o of those metaphors which deceive mone but that who want to be deceived. Had the Emperor Hear! IV. not gone to Canossa he would have liretrievably lost his crown, and this would have been all the better for the Papacy. History shows that Henry was the tyrant and Gregory the victim, and all Bis