

might make on her, to that which she might make on him.

The Lady Winifred found the young Amy awaiting her with impatience in her chamber. "I have seen him, my dear lady—I have seen him!" she exclaimed with eagerness; "and if he is but as good as he is comely, why there is no harm in leaving it to one's king and one's parents to choose for one. I am so overjoyed to think my dear mistress may be as happy as she deserves to be; for you never could have been happy, my lady, if they had married you to such a husband as I had fancied in my own mind. But you do not look half pleased, madam! Think you he is so worthy a gentleman?"

"Oh, yes, Amy; I do not think any one with such a voice could be other than most excellent and most gentle!"

"And it seemed to me, madam, as he was walking in the pleasure, that he had the goodliest eyebrows!—so black and so straight!—and yet he did not look as though he were stern."

"I believe not; but, indeed, I scarcely ventured—I was fearful!—lest—"

"And then every time you turned at the end of the broad walk, he bowed with such grace and respect to your honored mother, it did one's heart good to see; for it seemed as though he would make a dutiful son to her, as well as a good husband to you."

"Oh, Amy! I cannot think it possible he should ever be my husband."

"Why, I thought, madam, he was come here on purpose."

"He never can think of me, I am sure! so wise, so noble as he is! And I who know nothing, and have seen nothing—I can never make him a wife such as you would be worthy of him!"

"And if you are not worthy to match with any earl, or duke, or prince in the wide world, my lady, I do not know who is—good, sweet, gentle, beautiful, and noble as you are!" exclaimed Amy with a burst of enthusiasm which almost resembled indignation at her lady for undervaluing herself.

"Oh, no! Amy, not beautiful! I never thought before how much more beautiful my dear sister Lucy is than I am!"

"Nay, my dear, dear lady, I have often heard my mother say that Lady Lucy may be taller, and may have more color in her cheeks, but that for real beauty her features are not near equal to yours; and as for the Lady Carrington, or the Lady Mary, or—"

"Stop, stop, Amy! I must not listen to such flatteries! What would Father Albert say, if he knew I was listening to such sinful vanities as praises of personal beauty, and that I was listening to hear myself preferred before my sisters? Oh, no! It is not thus that I may make myself worthy of him who is to be my lord, if indeed he can condescend to such as I am."

"Oh, my sweet mistress! you are only too good. Bear with me, my sweet lady, and I hope in time I may learn to be something like you. But indeed it hurts me to hear you speak so humbly and so sadly. I am sure that every time you dropped behind, I saw the earl slacken his pace, and steal a look to see if you were there."

"Did he, indeed?" said the young Winifred; but checking herself, she added, "but now I will to my prayers. Alas! I wish Father Albert were here! I feel as if I had much need of confession, and of ghostly counsel; and yet I do not know what sin I have committed which seems to weigh so heavily upon me. My mind is bewildered. It is so very long since I have confessed! I wonder what Father Albert would say!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE EXILE'S SHAMROCK.

Air: St. Patrick's Day.

"God's blessing on the ship that brought you over, And on the land from which you come to me; Long may her bark, swift messengers of mercy, Like white-winged seraphs skim o'er the azure sea."

[M. Scanlan in I.N. Monthly.]

Ah! welcome, thrice welcome from over the ocean. Dear Shamrock, to gladden my bosom to-day; To-day, when I think with an exile's emotion Of scenes and days that are passed away.

Afar o'er the sea, When buoyant and free, My childhood I passed, with a heart unoppressed, While twilight came down Without shadow and frown; But a flushing of crimson away in the West, And an orient smother that deepened the while, While heaven sent blessings to every breast In the length and the breadth of my own Green Isle.

And now, when I see thee, my spirit is dreaming Of friends that perchance are as mindful of me, While fondly their eyes, in my fancy, are gleaming So wistfully over the swelling sea!

And oh! I would I could Speed over the main, And greet them with all the fond love of my heart; But the enemy's hate Has a ban on my fate, And I sigh in the grief that my feelings impart.

While I bitterly think on the foreigner's guile, And I know that from here I shall never depart, But to fight for the flag of my own Green Isle.

O, is it, my brothers, a fancied creation, Or is it a dream evanescent and vain— That loved Innisfail shall again be a nation, And free from the curse of an alien's reign?

Be ours to arise In freedom's emprise, And march 'neath the banner of Orange and Green; And then, in our might, Arrayed for the fight, With the spirit of grand unanimity blending, The factions of old, o'er the chaos between, The angel of liberty soon shall be sending Her gerden of gold to our Ocean Queen.

P. O'SHEA, (AN EXILE.)

THE PARADISE OF TEARS.

Beside the River of Tears, with branches low, And bitter leaves, the weeping willow grow; The branches stream like the dishevelled hair Of women in the sadness of despair.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh; The rocks moan wildly as it passes by; Hypocrite and wormwood border all the strand, And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the sun, And dips the gloomy waters as they run, And waters all the region, and behold The ground is bright with blossoms manifold.

Where falls the tear of love the rose appears, And where the ground is bright with friendships' tears Forget-me-nots and violets, heavenly blue, Spring, glittering with cheerful drops like dew.

The souls of mourners, all whose tears are dried, Like swans, come gently floating down the tide, Walk up the golden sands by which it flows, And in that Paradise of Tears repose.

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart; There, in a long embrace that none may part, Fulfillment meets desire; and that fair shore Beholds its dwellers happy evermore.

[From the German.]

LITTLE CATECHISM ON THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.

DESIGNED TO AID IN THE COMPREHENSION OF THE DOGMA.

WHAT THE INFALLIBILITY IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

1. Do you understand what the Infallibility of the Pope is, and also what it is not?

By the Grace of God I think that I understand it, and that I am able to refute all the errors disseminated by the opponents of Papal Infallibility.

2. Very well. But first, what is meant by this Infallibility? Does it mean that the Pope is impeccable?

Assuredly not. The Pope, a child of Adam, like ourselves, is liable to have defects, and commit faults. But Papal Infallibility relates to the words of the Pope, and not to his conduct.

3. And are we then obliged to receive as an oracle every word that comes from the Pope's lips?

No; the words of the Pope, however great be their authority, and however entitled to all respect, are not infallible, save when he teaches as Pope.

4. You mean when he speaks ex cathedra (from the Chair)?

The Chair (cathedra) signified the teaching of the Master. The Pope speaks ex cathedra when, in his character of Universal Master and Pastor of all Christians, by his sovereign and apostolic authority, he defines some doctrine regarding faith and morals, for the whole Catholic Church. Papal Infallibility is then the privilege which the Roman Pontiff has received from God, of being incapable of erring when he speaks ex cathedra, in matters of faith and morals.

5. Whence comes it that, in this case, the Pope cannot teach error in place of truth? In other words that he is infallible?

He is infallible because God assists him—because the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of all Truth, aids him, according to the promise made to Peter, and in him, to his successors.

6. The Pope, then, has the same infallibility as the Church itself?

Precisely the same. The Pope even alone, in his character of Master and Universal Teacher, has that same infallibility which Jesus Christ gave his Church for teaching faith and morals.

7. When the Pope has pronounced a definition, must it be held as infallible, and must no one be held capable of discussing or reforming such decision?

Yes; the definitions of the Pope, made by his supreme and apostolic authority, are, henceforth, by themselves immutable. In order to be certain of their truth there is no need of awaiting the consent of the Church, and, as a consequence they cannot be reformed.

8. But in default of the consent, might it not chance that we should see the Pope on one side of the question and the Church on the other?

No; we will never see the Pope on one side teaching a certain doctrine, and the Bishops on the other side teaching the contrary doctrine. And thus vanishes that terror of isolated, separate and personal infallibility, as it is called.

The Catholic Episcopate, under the influence of the Holy Spirit which assists the Church, will always adhere to the judgment pronounced by the Pope in his infallible authority. The edifice will forever remain united to its foundation; but sustained by the foundation, not sustaining it.

9. We will have then two infallibilities: the collective infallibility of the teaching Church and the personal infallibility of the Pope?

Strictly speaking, the infallibility is one in its origin, which is the assistance of the Holy Spirit; one in its end, which is the universal welfare of the faithful. However, the subject in whom the infallibility resides, may be either the Chief of the Church alone, or this same Chief to whom unites, though always subordinate to him, the Catholic Episcopate, to form the teaching Church. Thus we have, as it were, a double organ by which God makes us hear His voice: the teaching Church, or the Pope together with the Episcopate dispersed, or reunited in Council; and the Pope alone, speaking ex cathedra, as the Universal Teacher, with His apostolic authority alone.

II. THE DEFINITION IS NEW—THE DOGMA IS NOT NEW.

1. The infallibility of the Pope United to the Bishops, or the infallibility of the Church, is a dogma both ancient and received in all ages; but is not this infallibility of the Pope independently of the consent and authority of the Bishops, a new dogma?

The definition is new—the dogma is not and cannot be new. The dogma is as ancient as the Gospel in which it is said—THAT JESUS CHRIST ESTABLISHED PETER AS THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHURCH AND THE UNIVERSAL PASTOR; THAT HE PRAYED FOR HIM THAT HIS FAITH MIGHT NOT FAIL; THAT HE GAVE HIM THE PRIVILEGE OF CONFIRMING HIS BRETHREN IN THE FAITH. Now it is evident that if the Pope's decision need to be examined and confirmed by the Bishops, the foundation instead of sustaining the edifice, would be sustained by it; the shepherd, instead of guiding and feeding the sheep, would be conducted by them; Peter; instead of confirming his brethren, would be confirmed by them in the faith. The dogma, therefore, is as ancient as the Gospel itself.

2. But was the recognition of this dogma also ancient in the Church?

It has always been recognized in a more or less explicit manner in her teaching and in her practice. The Popes always gave their definitions as infallible, immutable and without appeal. The Fathers, the Bishops, the entire Church, have always venerated the infallible authority of the Chair of Peter in the teaching of his successors, although the doctrine had not yet been defined as a dogma of faith.

3. Why did not the Church earlier define the dogma of Papal Infallibility?

Before the present time this definition was not needed; in our day it became opportune. This dogma, like that of the Immaculate Conception, passed through three distinct phases. At first, for centuries, it was simply admitted, above all in practice, without discussion or examination. Then came a period of doubt, of controversy and of opposition, even in the bosom of the Church, from those of the faithful who were called Galileans. But the Church, with an energy blended with mildness, never ceased to repel this error, and to elucidate the truth, until the moment when she considered it a duty to give the dogma a solemn definition. From that moment, it became for all Catholics an article of faith.

4. But is not faith, that is, truth, always the same?

The sun is always, in itself, the same; but in relation to us, its light increases till noon. The infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff was always, in itself, a truth of faith; but, in relation to us, its light has been gradually increasing, until, at the Vatican Council, it attained, by its dogmatic decision, the height of its splendor. Consequently, to deny the infallibility of the Pope would have been at all times an error; but it would not at all times have been a heresy, as it would be now, because formerly the Church had not sufficiently proposed it to our faith; but she did so in the Council of the Vatican, the first that was held since the great controversies raised on this subject.

5. Will not this Council of the Vatican, then, be the last of the Councils? Since it is an article of faith that the Pope is, of himself, infallible, and can decide questions of doctrine on his Apostolic authority alone, what would be the use of new Councils?

Councils may still be necessary for many reasons; but the necessity can never be absolute, and it is proper for the welfare of the Church, that this should be the case. In fact, before this definition, Popes did, when it was necessary, define truths and condemn errors without the aid of Councils.

At the present day, above all, when errors spread with such rapidity, it is a great advantage that, in order to see falsehood condemned and truth proclaimed, we need not, as in former times, await the reunion of a Council for the assent of Bishops dispersed through the entire Church. It is now sufficient for we hear the voice of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the universal Pastor and Doctor.

6. It is said, however, that in the last Council the Bishops divested themselves of their authority to give a new authority to the Pope?

A new authority! The Council gave him absolutely nothing. The Pope already held and exercised this authority, and the entire Church recognized it as a fact. By its definition the Council did no more than solemnly recognize as a dogma of faith that infallible authority which Christ Himself gave to the Pope. It therefore gave the Pope nothing new; it took nothing from the authority of Bishops, whether dispersed throughout the dioceses or united in Councils. There was nothing new, unless we consider as such the solemn definition of the ancient Catholic doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY ON HOME RULE.

The celebrated novelist, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, has contributed an article on Home Rule to the Galaxy from which the following are extracts:—

The Home Rulers succeeded the Fenians so suddenly that the one had hardly gone when the other filled the scene. Are the Home Rulers then only Fenians in disguise? By no means; they are not only different men, and with different aims, but they are even a different class of men. The Fenians were for the most part men of the humbler class. I remember Mr. John Stuart Mill once remarking to me that this fact constituted in his mind the seriousness of the movement—the fact that it had sprung from the soil and seemed to need no leaders. The Home Rulers are men of what would be called the upper or upper-middle class. They comprise some landlords, many merchants and men of business, some lawyers, some journalists—the classes of men from whom in Great Britain members of Parliament are made. The movement originated in a serious and settled faith on the part of many men having a certain position in Ireland, that Fenianism and abortive rebellion could only be got rid of by starting a Parliamentary agitation for a reasonable degree of self-government, and thus withdrawing all sensible nationalists of any class from any participation, even in sympathy, with the feverish and fitful hopes of seditious organisations. Here are the questions these men had to ask themselves: Can Ireland ever hope or expect to be a separate and independent nation? The answer must be—She cannot. But then, on the other hand, will the majority of the Irish people ever be content with the present system, which makes Irish legislation depend upon a Parliament composed five parts out of six of Englishmen? So far as human speculation can give an answer, they never will be so content. They grow less and less contented in every generation. What then, reasonable men ask themselves, is to be done? Some of them turned their eyes to the example of your system, and asked why should not Ireland be free to govern herself in mere local affairs, while still a part of Great Britain as regards imperial legislation? Why should she not do what is done by every State in your Union? The idea had a great fascination in it—all the more so as the English Parliament is helplessly and hopelessly encumbered with work, is stifling under a mass of unmanageable responsibilities, and is compelled session after session to let the most important duties remain undischarged simply because there is no time to give to them.

There is at least something to be said for the demand that Ireland should have the control of her local affairs. The men who first put the demand into shape, and gave it a name, were certainly not professional agitators. The first chairman of the Home Rule Association (I believe he is chairman still) was Mr. William Shaw, a banker and merchant, a man of wealth, and essentially a man of business, a Protestant, never before the birth of Home Rule known to be engaged in any political agitation. The first election contest at which a candidate came forward on the Home Rule platform ended in the election of a Home Ruler, Mr. Blennerhasset, a young Irish landlord of rank and fortune, one of the most intimate friends of the venerable Earl Russell and his family. The second Home Ruler elected to Parliament as such was Captain Nolan, an Irish landlord, who had distinguished himself as an artillery officer in the English army, and whose judgment in military affairs is looked to with the highest respect by all parties in the House of Commons. Now, whatever may be said of the movement, it is clear that these men were not Fenians, nor turbulent anarchists, nor needy adventurers, nor fools. The Home Rule movement once started seemed to have a positive fascination in it. Many Irishmen already in Parliament gave in their adhesion to it. Some great Irish landlords like the late Lord Fermoy (a Protestant) lent it their warmest support. It wanted a leader in Parliament. Mr. Shaw, who had for some years held a respectable position in the House of Commons, was not much of a politician; and the new men were too young. The leadership would probably have fallen to my valued and lamented friend the late John Francis Maguire (as able and honest an Irishman as ever conquered the respect of the House of Commons) but for the sudden reappearance on the political stage of a man so remarkable in talents and in career as to deserve some description.

Forty years ago, Mr. Isaac Butt was a brilliant young advocate in Dublin, professor of political economy in Trinity College, and editor of the Dublin University Magazine. He was a Protestant and a Tory of the deepest convictions. A little later he distinguished himself as a bold and clever opponent of O'Connell, of the priests; and of the agitation for Repeal of the Union. He rose at the Bar, and soon became one of the most eloquent and successful (perhaps I ought to say the most eloquent and successful) among Irish advocates. He defended, as a matter of professional duty, poor Thomas Francis Meagher, when the latter was tried for high treason, and he was so carried away by his interest in his client and his own eloquence, that he succeeded in making his hearers think treason to England an Irishman's most sacred duty. When he had described his talents, the character, the brilliant youth, the happy home, and assured position of the prisoner, he suddenly asked how such a man came to stand in a felon's dock; and he answered his own question in words of passionate indignation: "Because the curse of Swift is on him—because he is a man of genius and an Irishman!" Afterwards Butt defended the present Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and succeeded in persuading some of the jurors to refuse to assent to a verdict of guilty. So Duffy had at last to be released—to enter the English Parliament, and afterward go to Australia and become a Minister of the Crown there, and receive a knighthood from the Queen. But Isaac

Butt still remained a Tory. The English Protectionist party, defeated by Cobden and Bright, and thrown over by Sir Robert Peel, got up a reactionary agitation. They hoped to succeed by arts learned from their enemies—by agitation and by popular eloquence. They had no great speakers of their own—even Disraeli did not "amount to much" as the orator of a monster meeting. They imported an orator—they adopted Isaac Butt. At their great, tumultuous meeting the ex-professor of political economy was their spokesman. His powerful voice, his flashing eyes, his large form, his face—not handsome indeed—looking rather like that of a negro suddenly blanched, but capable of varied expression—greatly impressed the heavy-headed Tory crowds. His English patrons soon got him into Parliament, where he signalled himself very early by a vehement attack on Mr. Cobden. Fenianism broke out, and Fenian trials came on, and Butt defended the Fenians with all his power—with all that strange blending of persuasiveness and passion which was his early characteristic. He succeeded in obtaining an acquittal, or at least a disagreement of the jury, in some cases that seemed hopeless. He grew popular in Ireland, and he proclaimed himself a Liberal and a Nationalist. The Home Rule movement began, and Butt declared himself a Home Ruler. He offered himself as a candidate for a vacant seat in Parliament, and was elected; and from that moment it was evident that Home Rule had found its leader.

The House of Commons saw with curiosity, surprise, and a sort of good natured interest the return of Isaac Butt to its benches after some six years of absence. He had grown old-looking. But he very soon began to show his strength. He displayed a cool, easy cleverness in argument; he was a master of law, of constitutional principles, of the forms of the House; he was always ready; he spoke with studied moderation, only rarely enlivened by a burst of the old passionate fervour, as if to show that he could be eloquent when he chose. He gave a curious impression of power and of ease. The House soon began to find that he knew far too much, and was, far too skillful in argument, to be easily dealt with by any opponent, and somehow, I cannot well tell how, he quietly took his place at once in public estimation among the foremost men in the House. I do not yet know whether in the end it will prove a good fortune or a calamity for Home Rule that Mr. Butt has become its leader, but I know that thus far he has managed its affairs in Parliament with admirable judgment and with great success.

The general elections in 1874 sent a regular Home Rule party into Parliament. Mr. Butt counts a following of some 60 members, and it seems probable that every new change and opening will add to this number. Indeed there seems no chance now in Ireland for any candidates who is not either the nominee of some great and powerful land or of the Home Rule Association. I am not by any means convinced that all who follow Mr. Butt's lead are in their hearts very anxious to see Home Rule introduced into Ireland. Some of the conversions to his side were too rapid to allow us to have much faith in their sincerity. An Irish landlord, for example, whose tendencies were all aristocratic, and who spent five-sixths of his life in London, who had no sympathy whatever with Irish "national" aspirations, and hated agitation of any kind, suddenly found that in his own country, which he represented, and which for generations his ancestors had represented in the House of Commons, he had no chance of being elected again unless he declared for the Home Rule programme. Is it any wonder that he became for the time a Home Ruler? One young Irish landlord was placed in a fearful predicament. I do not believe that the choice of Hercules could have been nearly so distressing. He was a man of good family, high social position, an officer in a "crack" regiment, a member of a particularly select military club. He loved London society, and especially his club. He discovered that the county which he represented in Parliament would never elect him again if he did not become a Home Ruler, and that the members of his club would "send him to Coventry" if he did. He would not serve the two masters—his county and his club. He chose the latter service, and resigned his seat in Parliament. But there were other cases in which the Hercules, compelled to make his election, chose the other way, and swallowed the Home Rule profession. . . . Twenty years ago the late eccentric and clever Henry Drummond—a sort of Thaddeus Stevens of Toryism—warned Mr. Disraeli in a letter which has since been published, that Mr. Butt was a man he had better "buy" at once. Perhaps Mr. Disraeli neglected the advice, or perhaps Butt was not so easily bought. Anyhow Mr. Disraeli did not effect the purchase, and Mr. Butt lived to become the leader of the Irish party, on whose votes some day or other the fate of an English ministry will inevitably depend.

O'CONNELL AND THE "DUBLIN REVIEW."

Much and very just indignation has of late been freely expressed with regard to an article which appeared in the October number of the Dublin Review entitled, "Ireland and O'Connell." We have hitherto abstained from noticing this article. Our reasons for so doing have been many. Silent contempt we considered would be the best way to treat an article that was evidently written with the deliberate intention of insulting the Irish Catholic members of Parliament, and of not only defaming Ireland and the Irish in general, but O'Connell in particular. Had this effusion of bad taste and spleen, and we do not hesitate to say falsehood, appeared in one of the many "quarterlies" and "reviews" which are so ably edited and which possess so justly a widespread circulation, we should have deemed it our duty to answer it, and to point out its inaccuracies, its blunders, its spitefulness, its wilful misstatement of facts, its pandering to English prejudices, its bidding for English favour, its gratuitous insult of a whole nation, and its endeavour to throw ridicule upon a movement—Home Rule—which has not only been approved of by the vast majority of the Irish people, and sanctioned by her priesthood, but which has never been in the slightest manner discountenanced by Rome. But when the article appeared in a "review," calling itself the "Dublin"—a "review" having a very limited circulation—a "review" that is supported and published by one who, in spite of many good qualities, is sadly deficient in good judgment, for the almost sole purpose of airing and ventilating his own peculiar views and idiosyncrasies, we confess we thought silent contempt was all it deserved at our hands. This belief of ours was strengthened when we remembered how the said "Review" possessed scarcely any appreciative influence with the public at large, and was looked upon with grave suspicion by Catholics on account of its habit of dogmatizing; and wishing it to be understood that when it speaks on any subject, it is not the Dublin Review that speaks, but the Ecclesia Dei. But the Dublin Review is not, thank God, infallible; and her writers are not only poor fallible men, but in many cases are not even accurate. If we required any proof of this, it would be amply found in the article in question. The editor of the "Dublin" must not think us severe in our remarks upon him. The maxim in law is the receiver is as bad, if not worse, than the thief, and in our criminal courts punishments are meted out oftener with a heavier hand to the receiver than to the thief. This rule any honest man must acknowledge also ought to hold good with regard to those who receive and publish scurrilous, insulting, and abusive articles. It is bad enough to write them, but to publish them is unpardonable; and unless the editor of the "Dublin" can give some satisfactory explanation as to

how the article we complain of found its way into the pages of his review he ought in common honesty strike out the word "Dublin" and substitute "Anti-Irish," and let it in future be called the "Anti-Irish Review"; and all Irishmen who are worthy of the name should expel it from their reading-rooms and libraries. Let those support it who are ever ready to believe what is said of Ireland, and always love to crack a joke at the expense of the Irish.

Now who is the author of this article? Who is this Solomon who quietly tells us that most of the grand things, recorded of the great Liberator are only myths? Who is the Daniel come to judgment, who assures us that "O'Connell was no statesman," that his speeches are "simply unreadable, and if read somewhat unintelligible and as to their acknowledged effect absolutely inexplicable?" Who is this man who dares to say that were O'Connell alive to-day he would regard any man who dared ask the government to grant a pardon to the few remaining misguided Fenians, and who would try to get the nation to back his petition—who is this man, we repeat, who takes it upon himself to say that O'Connell would regard such a man as the "most execrable being crawling on Irish ground?" Who is this man who quietly tells us that O'Connell, the champion of everything Catholic, "would have simply idolized Mr. Gladstone?"—who describes the Home Rulers as a handful of Irish members who want the people of England to unhouse themselves of the constitution which has stood since the days of Edward the Confessor, in order that they should have the privilege of lawing one half of the year at College Green and the other half at Westminster? Who is this modest man who speaks of the Irish members as "the young sparks who illustrate political genius in the senate, and who seek their inspiration in the nimble tactics of Mr. Fagging-Bothways at Westminster?" In a word (for we have quoted enough), who is this man who has had the effrontery to attempt to dethrone the great O'Connell from the position he so justly held in Irish history, who has dared to asperse his memory and to make light of his deeds? Who is this man who laughs at "Home Rule," and endeavours to cover the Irish M.P.'s with ridicule? Who is he? Well, if report speaks truly, and in this case we have no reason to doubt it, the writer is—we write it with shame—an Irishman—and, moreover, was at one time a Young Irelander! Yes, this loyal hearted British subject of 1875 was not such an admirer of British rule in 1848. Now he condemns and ridicules Home Rule; then he would draw the sword and let loose the dogs of war to compel England to give Ireland her own Parliament and let the Irish govern themselves. What has converted him from a would-be rebel into such a loyal loving subject and admirer of English rule in Ireland? Well, we cannot answer this question unless it be that he is a turncoat, a time-server and a place-hunter, and having been recognized as such by his fellow-countrymen, they have given him the cold shoulder. We are not surprised at his making light of the deeds of the Liberator, since he belonged to the party that was always a thorn in the old man's side; nor are we astonished at his trying to bring the Irish M.P.'s into ridicule, because, knowing the stuff he is made of, they discarded him. He may rave and abuse them until he is tired, but he may rest assured nothing he can say or write can possibly affect the Irish members of the House of Commons. They are men who have been well tried and found worthy of honour—men who are true to their duty—men who have done so much for English Catholics, and to whom English Catholics owe an eternal debt of gratitude. All honour be to such men—let shame and confusion cover those who assail and malign them!

THE DUKE OF ABERCORN ON IRELAND.

The inaugural banquet of the new Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, Dublin, although a social festivity, has, through usage, come to be an occasion on which the Viceroy reviews, always of course with studied reticence, the past, and finely forecasts the future of the Ministerial situation in Ireland. Last week the Duke of Abercorn honoured the Mansion House with his presence for the sixth time since his first accession to office in 1866. The Right Hon. Dr. Owens, an Irish Protestant and a Conservative, fills the civic chair. The Duke of Abercorn, an Irishman, but of Scotch extraction and an excellent retired landlord, fills for the second time the exalted position of Lord-Lieutenant. During the seven centuries of English connection with Ireland, not even one Lord-Lieutenant of the native race has ever been charged with the duties of Viceroy. Two or three FitzGeralds in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, followed by two or three Butlers in the seventeenth and eighteenth, make up all the Viceroys of the Anglo-Norman race vouchsafed to Ireland. From the retirement of the Duke of Ormonde in 1713 up to 1846, a period of 133 years, no one of Irish birth held the office of Viceroy. For less than a year the Earl of Bessborough, who introduced O'Connell to the House of Commons, was Lord-Lieutenant in 1846-47, and, singular coincidence, died in the latter year, the very day after the Liberator. The Duke of Abercorn, an Irish planter of the Ulster settlement of James I., has now, under a second Conservative Administration, been for upwards of four years charged with the government of Ireland.

The personal and official experience of the Duke of Abercorn is considerable. He succeeded his grandfather, as Marquis of Abercorn when only seven years of age. He has had a seat in the Upper House since early in 1832. Three of his sons, some of his sons-in-law, and his brother have sat in the House of Commons. He has been a magistrate of several counties, resident in Tyrone, and Lieutenant of Donegal for many years. The testimony of the Duke of Abercorn, when reviewing in public the state of Ireland, is therefore deserving of very respectful examination.

All the usual loyal toasts having been proposed by the Lord Mayor, and warmly received, his Excellency, in responding to the toast of the Lord-Lieutenant and prosperity to Ireland, made many highly important admissions, but fell into a few serious mistakes. Irish banks show large deposits and large dividends; last year has produced in Ireland, though not in England, one of the most favourable harvests known for many years; crime has diminished; pauperism is decreasing; emigration has largely shrunk in magnitude; and cattle disease has been all but stamped out. The Lord-Lieutenant also dwelt on the expansion of the trade and commerce in Dublin, and on the great genius for art displayed to so great an extent by the Irish. But while these powerful evidences of progress were supported by specific facts his Excellency went off on the old traditional Tory lines about English capital being scared from the country, owing to the absence of law, order, and security. Some of these political fossils crept out in the following dreary preamble to the Lord-Lieutenant's generally pleasant speech:—

"I need not remind you, My Lord, that among the most important sources of the well-being of a country are those which, unfortunately, have been too often absent from Ireland, and which, even now are hardly acclimatised among us, namely—perfect tranquility and security for life and property. What Ireland wants is to have more capital expended in the country, and to have more money devoted to the development of her various industries. She wants more manufactories, and a much greater demand for skilled and highly-paid labor. Without perfect security for life and property you cannot have peace. But if there were that perfect