

Poetry.

"Tota vita boni Christiani, sanctum desiderium est."—*St. Augustin, Tract. iv. in Ep. S. Johan.*

The whole life of a good Christian is (one) holy desire.—*St. Augustin*

The Christian before the Cross  
Must live, and there renew the fire  
That bears his rising heart above  
Despite of peril, pain or loss,  
His life must be one long desire  
For holiness, and growing love

Day after day, with new increase,  
His treasures still must grow each day;  
From early dawn to waning light,  
Desire must close his eyes in peace,—  
And while he sleeps, his heart must pray,  
Waking and watching, warm all night.

Ne'er while temptations may assail—  
While still the fleshly continent  
Enwraps his soul, and keeps it back,—  
Ne'er must he cease to weep and wail,  
Nor rest with best resolves content,  
From pressing on in Heaven's track.

The way is long, yet while his heart  
May tell his course is just, alas!  
Should he neglect renew'd desire,  
How soon his virtue shall depart—  
How soon his best endeavours pass—  
How soon shall dim his holy fire!

Still must he long and yearn for more.—  
Still nearer to his purpose draw,  
His high Exemplar's footsteps press,  
Upward by firm resolve to soar,  
And following still the holy law  
Of God, by lamb-like meekness led!

Glow warm his love?—by warmer prayer,  
His heart must glow with love renew'd.—  
Despite temptation's wiles, his soul  
Must brace for fight, and meekly bear,  
With sighs for help, temptation's feud,  
Abhorrent eye of sin's control.

Thus, till the bier is reach'd, no rest  
From watching may delusive come.  
To lure the thoughtless heart away  
But new desires, with holy zest,  
Pointing to God, and Heaven his home,  
Remind him of that endless day.

"Ego dormio, et cor meum vigilat."—  
*Lx Cant. Cant. v. 2.*

From the Protestant Churchman.  
**CHRIST IS RISEN.**  
Sweetly through the vernal air,  
O'er the quiet waters stealing,  
Calling to the house of prayer,  
Hark! the Easter bells are pealing,  
In their silvery tones repeating  
To the heart with rapture beating,  
Joyfully, the Christian greeting,  
**CHRIST IS RISEN!**

As they ring they seem to say,  
Christ the Lord is risen to-day  
Mourning ones forget your gloom—  
He hath triumph'd o'er the tomb.  
**CHRIST IS RISEN!**

Gloriously the Easter hymn  
Round ten thousand altars swelling,  
Like a chant of seraphim,  
All the Church's joy is telling—  
And the bells, whose soft refrain  
Mingles with the fervid strain  
Joyously repeat again,  
**CHRIST IS RISEN!**

He is risen! well no more  
For the reign of death is o'er,  
Let his resurrection be  
Pledge of life and peace to thee.  
**CHRIST IS RISEN!**

Dying, to redeem from sin,  
From its curse and dire oppression;  
Rising, endless life to win  
As his people's pure possession—  
On the cross in anguish bleeding,  
Through the gate of mercy leading,  
Now in glory interceding—  
**CHRIST IS RISEN!**

He is risen, Christians—risen!  
Lo! the grave's departed prison—  
Death and hell are put to flight,  
'Neath his conquering path of light.  
**CHRIST IS RISEN!**  
J. W. B.

(From Punch)  
**PUNCH'S POLICE**

**QUEEN SQUARE**—A gaunt, oldish-looking boy who, turning up his nose at the magistrate, gave his name as Henry Brougham, was charged with having attempted to injure Pio Nono, Present Pope of Rome, by squirting at his Holiness a quantity of gutter-mud.

It appeared that some evenings ago an Italian was going down Parliament-street, carrying upon his head a collection of plaister casts, modern and antique. The Italian belonged to that humble but useful class of the *cognoscenti* who have done so much to abolish the spotted cats and painted parrots from the shelves of country parlours and cottages, placing in their stead the forms and faces of beauty and genius. The Italian was one of the serviceable wayfarers, complimented by Mr. William Wordsworth—

"Or thro' our hamlets thou wilt hear  
The sightless Milton, with his hair  
Around his placid temples curl'd;  
And Shakespeare at his side—a freight  
If clay could think and mind were weight,  
For him wou' bore the world."

Well, this harmless Italian paused to rest his load in Parliament-street—his load of grace, and worth, and beauty. There was Bayley's Eve, with Field-Marshal Prince Albert, and, among other notables, the bust of Pius Ninth. The complainant deposed, that, a friend with a barrel organ coming up, they began to talk about the glorious regeneration of Italy, when the defendant passed them. Regeneration! Humbug! said the defendant, making a mouth, and going on. Knowing the offender, from his much frequenting the neighbourhood, the Italian took no notice of his insolence. However, in a few minutes he was covered with filthy water, and, looking round, he saw the defendant kneeling beside a gutter, and filling a squirt. Watched him, and saw him deliberately attempt to squirt mud upon the bust of the Pope—the filth, however, fell quite short of the mark, and the bust remained as pure as ever.

The magistrate, commenting very severely upon such dirty conduct, asked the defendant what he had to say for himself!

The defendant, with immitable assurance, said his worship was a humbug—the Pope was a humbug—the complainant was a humbug—in fact, that all the world, save one individual christened Henry, was a humbug of the most forlorn and cross description. As for what he had done, it was his pleasure—in fact he had no other enjoyment—to squirt water at every body and everything. He had squirted ink at George the Fourth, and very lately at the King of Sardinia. He had squirted at Pius the Ninth, and for the same reason that he would squirt at the man in the moon, namely, for the light and lustre that surrounded him.

The magistrate expressed the strongest regret there was no law to reach the offender.

"I know that, I know the law," said the defendant, "I know how far I can enjoy mischief and never pay for it. I say, o' d' fellow," added the hardened old boy, winking at the magistrate, "perhaps you don't know who signed 'Pugnose' to the Chartist humbug, but I do."

And again the defendant impudently winked, and again the magistrate regretted that there was no law to reach him.

When Bishop Hughes was travelling on the Continent, he met at Turin an ecclesiastic at dinner who took a deep interest in the affairs of Republican America. The conversation turned upon the monarchical management of European Sovereigns. The foreign ecclesiastic very strongly condemned the absolutism of reigning potentates, and contended that the people should possess greater privileges and power. Bishop Hughes argued that the sovereign pontiff should set an example of liberality and expressed a belief that the march of freedom would auspiciously take its rise from the Papal See. The gentleman he addressed assented and complimented Bishop H. on his ardent republicanism. He further added, that he hoped to see the day when popular liberty would receive an impulse from the palace of the Quirinal. The ecclesiastic who breathed such a hope was Cardinal Ferretti, now the illustrious Pio Nono.—*Times.*

**CATHOLIC, AFTER ALL.**—The following is in circulation:—"Our new charge to Rome, Dr J. L. Martin, at present Secretary of Legation in France, has, it is said, within a few years, become a Roman Catholic, and is spoken of as being remarkable in Paris for his zeal and devotion."—*N. Y. Rec.*

**EVICIONS—SEIZURE OF A CATHOLIC CHAPEL.**—The Tipperary Indicator gives a long list of persons turned out from their homes on the property of a Mrs Ormsby, at Birdhill. She had, on coming into possession, turned the national school into a proselytising Bible school, where every temptation is held out to induce the starving children to abandon their faith. It gives the names of the heads of thirty-two families, making altogether 189 human beings, turned out to starve. Amongst this number are eight widows, with families of from 4 to 8 each. Her agent has also seized on the Roman Catholic Chapel at Birdhall, and on Sunday last the Parish Priest had, to use his own words, 'to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass in a house on the mail coach road, the congregation kneeling in the puddle under heavy rain'."

**EDINBURGH.**—Died recently, at her residence in West Circus-place, Mrs Browne, widow of the late James Browne, L. L. D. The funeral was attended to Duddingston by Bishop Caruthers, the Rev Mr McDonald, Dr Doherty, Col. McDonald, Dr Spital [son of Sir James Spital, late Lord Provost], J. McDonald, Esq. &c., the prayers of the Church being offered up by the venerable Bishop. The Right Rev Dr Gillis, owing to indisposition, was unable to attend, but his prayers were truly with the departed. The deceased lady was one of the most accomplished women in Scotland, and for her deep religion, patriotism, and kindness of heart, has left few equals. Her husband, whom her piety was the means of bringing into the True Fold of Christ, was greatly distinguished for his efforts in the cause of Catholic Emancipation; and also for his various services to literature. He was editor of the Caledonian Mercury, and author of many articles in the Encyclopedia Britannica, the most valuable being a learned dissertation on Hieroglyphics. Dr Browne was born of Protestant parents, and was originally a minister of the Scotch Establishment, but, becoming a Catholic, he embraced the law, and was called to the Scottish bar.

**WHOLESALE EXTERMINATION.**—The destroying demon of the fell 'clearance' system seems to be unusually active at the present time. A single copy of a country journal, the Limerick and Clare Examiner, contains a list of extirmination which would be wholly incredible were the facts not so well substantiated that there cannot be a doubt of their truth. Without giving the names or the number of each family, we extract the dreadful 'totals.'—First case—thirty-eight human being, including the widow and the fatherless, were ejected from the lands of Garrynadur, the estate of Lord Ventry, under the Court of Chancery—Stokes, agent, parish of Laspole, and five miles from the east of Dingle. Second case—Ninety poor creatures, men, women and children, were ejected out of the lands of Glinminard, Lord Ventry, landlord—E. Day Stokes, agent, parish of Minard, six miles from Dingle to the south east. Third case—Fifty-eight doomed victims were ejected from the lands of Minaranne, parish of Minard, Lord Ventry, landlord—Edward Day Stokes, agent. Fourth case—No less than 75 wretched sufferers were hurled from the lands of Loughnagappul, Lord Ventry, landlord—E. D. Stokes, agent. Fifth case—Fifty-seven, left as caretakers, have been ejected from another portion of Lord Ventry's estate, called the lands of Gurtmagillnagh. Sixth case—One hundred and thirteen fellow-Christians were ejected from 'Dark Island,' the property of Mr Lloyd, of Beechmount. Not a single penny, says a correspondent of the Examiner, was given to those poor unfortunate people. Seventh case—Two hundred and thirty-three human beings were evicted from the lands of Ballymacashel, parish of Six mile bridge, county of Clare, the property of Stackpools, minors. Mr John O'Brien, Ennis, agent. Thus we find, on the pages of a single copy of one paper, the fearful total of six hundred and sixty-four human beings cast homeless on the world. Well may we exclaim with the able correspondent of our excellent contemporary, "How long, O Lord, how long, is this to be suffered in a Christian land!"—*Cork Examiner.*

A group of workmen were lately writing for a priest to bless one of those Trees of Liberty which are now so popular in Paris. A Protestant Minister happened to pass, and perceiving the crowd to be rather impatient offered himself to perform the ceremony. "No, no," said they "it's a real priest we want, a priest of Pius IX."

**THE ART OF FIGHTING A DUEL.**—"In a Parliamentary Sense." Be valiant. Don't weigh your insult. The heavier it is the better. Throw it boldly at your opponent, and if it floors him, be quick and fling another. The legal time for a duel is uncertain. It is according to the sport and comparative skill of the opponents. Sometimes it is interrupted at the first shot. If you are very smart, you may load and fire several times. It is best, however, after an exchange of two to get some friend to cry "Order." This is the more necessary if you are getting the worst of it. The House will soon take up the cry. The Speaker next interferes. He will appeal to you as a gentleman. You must not be surprised at this but talk of your honor. Leave the House instantly, first tell your man, with a pair of duelling eyes, that he will hear of you." You will be pursued, of course, by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Don't be foolish, but follow him quietly, and be grateful to him for the opportunity. You will be conducted to the Speaker. He will remind you, in the most pathetic manner, of your insult. He will tell you it is very wrong. He will insist that it does not go any further. You will say you never meant that it should. If you insulted your opponent, it was not personally. No, you have the highest opinion of him—you always had, and you only intended to insult him in a Parliamentary sense. You will be cheered for this manly confession. Your opponent will rise, and say the very same thing. He will be cheered. You will cross over and shake hands with him. You both will be cheered tremendously, and if you are very forgiving you can retire arm-in-arm to finish the duel at Bellamy's, or you can adjourn it till the next House dinner day at the club.—*N. B.* By following these simple rules, you may fight your six duels every session, and kill your six men easily, and be perfectly alive to resume the sport the following year.—*Punch.*

**THE DECLARATION TO THE LORD LIEUTENANT.**—The Rev. John Kenny, Parish Priest of Kilkenny West, County of Westmeath, in a letter to the Evening Post, ridicules the declaration in support of law and order, which that journal has advocated. In the concluding passages of this letter he says—"Will any one doubt that Guizot would have got ten times as many names to a declaration, three days before Louis Philippe and himself (Rex meus et ego) were compelled to fly for their lives, in borrowed clothes? So much for the declaration. Look at the names, Sir, and think how few of them are of that class that can either make or prevent a revolution in any country. Believe me Sir, that you would do much more real service to our gracious Queen, and to both countries, by advocating the peaceful settlement of the question of Repeal, than parading the strength of the British army, and abusing, however ably and well deserved, the excesses of the Jacobin Press. While the Evening Post is little known and never read except by the higher classes, the Freeman, Nation, and United Irishman, are greedily devoured by the masses—every exhortation to prepare themselves is received with delight. In point of fact, they are preparing for the coming struggle throughout the length and breadth of the land. The exhortations of the Catholic Clergy against the folly, and imprudence, and danger, to themselves of such a notion are invariably answered, I speak by the book, 'That their condition cannot be worse, and that they will rather die than bear it longer.' The universal cry amongst even the most ignorant people is—'No stir until the crops are all sown. We got enough of famine. When the long days and leisure come we are ready.' If those days come without a settlement of the Repeal, the cry for which, it is useless to blink it, must be satisfied, or smothered in the blood of the Irish people. I feel convinced that the influence of all the Bishops and Priests in Ireland, even if strenuously exerted, will not be able to prevent hundreds of thousands marching simultaneously on the capital, if invited to do so by the confederation. Whether the Bishops and Priests would interfere at all depends, I imagine, on the uncertainty, or rather obvious improbability, of success in which they have as much at heart as their people."

**Birth.**  
May 5—Mrs Sheahan, of a daughter. 6—Mrs. Randy, of a son. 8—Mrs. Stewart, of a daughter. 8—Mrs. Smith, of a daughter.

**Married.**  
May 2—Mr. Edward Foley to Miss Johanna Stanton. 2—Mr. Patrick Bowler to Miss Catherine Connor. 9—Mr. James Walsh to Miss Bridget Kennedy.