(From the Catholic World.)

## HEREMORE-BRANDON;

THE FORTUNES OF A NEWSBOY.

CHAPTER VIII.

As might have been supposed, Dick was at Mr. Brandon's office long before that gentleman made his appearance down town. It was a sultry morning, with occasional snatches of rain to make the gloomy streets more gloomy, and the depressing atmosphere more depressing. Mr. Brandon was sensitive to heat; he had no cool summer retreat to go to in the evenings, and return with a rose in his button-hole in the mornings; and as, instead of being grateful for the many years in which he and enjoyed this luxury, he was disposed to consider himself decidedly ill-used in not having it still, so soon as he found Dick waiting for him, he began his repinings in the most querulous of all his tones:

"Pretty hard on a man who has had his own country-place, and been his own lord and master, to come down to this blistering old hole every morning, isn't it, Mr. Heremore? Well, well, some people have no feeling! There are these old na-bobs who were hand and glove with me, mighty glad of a dinner with me, and where are they now? Do they come around with 'How are you, Brandon?' and invitations to their dinners? Indeed not!"

"Mr. Brandon, I have come to talk to you about some business," began Dick, who had prepared a dozen introductions, all forgotten at the needed moment; then abruptly, "Mr. Brandon, did you ever hear my name, the name of Heremore, before?"

It would be false to say that Mr. Brandon showed any emotion beyond that of natural surprise at the abruptness of the question; but it is safe to add that the surprise was very great, almost exaggerated. He replied coolly enough, as he hung up his hat and sat down, wiping his face with his handkerchief: "Heremore? It is not, so to say, a common name; and I may or may not have heard it before. One who has been in the world so long as I have, Mr. Heremore, can hardly be expected to know what names he has or has not heard in the course of his life. I suppose you ask for some especial reason."

"I do," said Dick, a little staggered by the other's unembarrassed reply. "Did you not once know a gentleman in Wiltshire, called Dr. Heremore?

"This is close questioning from a young man in your position to an old gentleman in mine, and I am slightly curious to know your object in asking before I reply."

"I believe you were married twice, Mr. Brandon, and that your first wife's maiden name was Heremore?"

" Well-and then?" "And then she died while you were away, believing you were dead; and that she had two children," said Dick, who began to feel uneasy under the steady, smiling gaze of the other-" and that she had two children, a son and a daughter."

"Almost any one can tell you that my family consists of my first wife's daughter, and two sons by my second wife. But that's of no consequence. Two children, a son a daughter, you were saying.''

"Yes, two; although you may have been able to trace only one. She died in great poverty, did she not?"

"I decline answering any questions. I am highly flattered-charmed, indeed-at the interest you show in my family by these remarks; and I can only regret that my fortunes are now so low that I know of no way in which to prove my grateful appreciation of the manner in which you must have labored in order to know so much. In happier times, I might have secured you a place in the police department; but unfortunately, I am a ruined man, unable to assist any one at present."

At this speech, which was delivered in the most languid manner, and in a tone that was infinitely more insulting than the words, Dick was on the point of thrusting his mother's letter before the man's eves to show by what means he had obtained his knowledge; but the cool words, the indifferent manner, had a great effect upon our hero, who found it every moment more difficult to believe in | years of loss, however unworthy of you he might living, there must be somebody who knows some. say that he loved the very ground she walked on | with hands recking with the slaughter of defencethe theory that from the first had seemed so likely be. I may have thought that if you once were not to be the real one, and so be answered respect- all you should have been to one who, likely, was

"I assure you, I mean no rudeness to you, Mr. Brandon; but I am engaged in the most serious business in the world, for me. I may be mistaken in you, and shall not know how to atone for the that, and don't want it revived. I can't put you out, mistake, should I come to know it; but I hope you will be sure of my respectful intention, however I may err."

Mr. Brandon bowed, smiled, and played with his pen, as if the conversation were drawing to a close. Dick, heated and more embarrassed than ever, was obliged to recommence it."
"But was not your first wife's name Heremore?

I beg you to answer me this one question, for all

depends upon it." "A very sufficient reason why I should not an-

swer it. But as you seem to have something very interesting to disclose, perhaps we had better imagine that her name was Heremore before it was Brandon. Permit me to ask if, in that case, I am to own; a relation in you? I certainly cannot make such a connection as advantageous as I could a year or so ago; but though I cannot prove the rich uncle of the romances, I shall be glad to know what scion of my wife's noble house I have the honor of

It seems easy to have answered "your son," but the words would not come. More and more the whole thing seemed a dream. What! a man so hardened that he could sit before his own son, whom by this time he must have known to be his son, and talk after this fashion of his dead wife's house! Impossible! If, then, he should tell his tale, and tell it to an unconcerned listener, what a sacrilege he would commit!

"A very near relative," Dick said at last. "I know that Dr. Heremore's daughter married a Charles Brandon about twenty-five years ago."

"Ah! I see! And you thought there was but one Charles Brandon in the world! You see I shall have to learn a lesson in politeness from you; for I could conceive that there should be room in this world even for two Richard Heremores."

Poor Dick was silenced for the moment. He knew he was taken up Mr. Brandon's time, and so the time of his employer. He walked up and down the little office and thought it all over. Certain passages in his mother's letter came to his mind. In this way, perhaps, had her appeals been sneered at in the olden times!

"Mr. Brandon," he said, standing in front of his tormentor, his whole appearance changed from that of hesitating, embarrassed boy to the resolute high-spirited man-" Mr. Brandon, there has been enough trifling. I insist upon knowing if you were or were not the husband of Miss Heremore. If you were not, it is a very simple thing to say so. There are plenty of ways by which I can make myself certain of the fact without your assistance; but out of consideration for you, I came to you first." "I am deeply grateful," with a mock ceremonious

"But if you persist in this way of treating me, I shall have to go elsewhere."

" And then?"

"Heaven knows I do not ask anything of you, beyond the information I came to seek. I wondered yesterday why she should have given me her Heremore, you are likely to say anything that civilised communities; in provincial cities and olic parish priest Thomas, in Naselwitz, that he beyond the information I came to seek. I wonderfather's name instead of mine; now 1 can under- should pain me. I think you too sensible—I mean stand it. I had doubts while first speaking to you, too gentlemanly for that."

but now they are gone. I believe it is so. If you will not tell me as much as you know of Dr. Heremore, I can go to his old home for it. It would have saved me time and expense if you had answer-

ed my questions; but as you please." He was clearly in earnest. Mr. Brandon saw it and stopped him at the door.

"My wife's name was Heremore," he said very indifferently, "and her father has been dead these twenty years. You have your answer. Permit me to ask what you mean to do about it?"

"Dr. Heremore was my grandfather," said Dick,

coming back and sitting down.

"Ah! indeed!" politely; "he was a very excellent old gentleman in his way; it is much to be regretted that he and you should have been unable to make each other's acquaintance."

"When my mother—your first wife—died, you knew she left two children." "One—a daughter. I think you have met her."
"There were two. I was the other."

"Are you quite sure?" asked Mr. Brandon in the same languid tones; but, for the first time, it seemed to Dick that they faltered.

"I am quite sure. You would know her writing."

"Posssbly. It was a great while ago, and my eyes are not as good as they were."

"You would recognize her portrait?" " If one I had seen before, I might."

"I should say this was a portrait of the first Mrs. Brandon," he said, taking that which Dick handed him and looking at it, not without some signs of embarrassment, "or of some one very like her. And this is not unlike her writing, as I remember it. Oh! you wish me to read this?"

Dick signed assent, watching him while he read Whatever Mr. Brandon felt while reading that letter, he kept it all in his own heart." "This is all?" he asked when he had read and

deliberately refolded it. "It is all at present," answered Dick.

Then Mr. Brandon arose, handed the paper back, and said very quietly but deliberately:

"My first wife is dead and gone; her daughter lives with me, and, as long as I had the means, received every luxury she could desire. The past is past, and I do not wish it revived. Understand I do not wish it revived. I want to hear nothing more, not a word more, on this subject. If I were rich as I once was, I could understand why you should persist in this thing. I am not yet so poor that the law cannot protect me from any further persecution about the matter. Your mother you say, named you for your grandfather, not for me. If you wish paternal advice-all that my poverty would enable me to give, however I were disposed—I advise you to go for it to her father, for whom she showed her judgment in naming

you. Good morning."
"You cannot mean this! You must have known me as a child, and known my name before, long, long ago, and surely consented to it, or she would not have so named me. Of course, it was by some mistake the Brandon was dropped at first, not by her, but by those who took care of me when she died; she could never have meant such a thing; it was undoubtedly an accident. You cannot mean to end all here—that I am not to know, to see my sister!"

"I tell you I wish to hear not another word of this matter; do you hear me? Have I not troubles enough now without your coming to bring up the hateful past? You shall not add to your sister's, whatever you may do to mine."

"I insist upon seeing her."

"You shall not. I positively forbid you to go near her. Now leave me! I have borne enough." "But I cannot let the matter rest here; you know I cannot. The idea is absurd! If you do not wish me for a son, I have no desire to force myself upon you. I do not know why you should refuse to own me; I am not conscious of any cause I have given you to so dislike me."

" I don't dislike you, nor do I like you particularly; I have no ill-feeling against you, but I don't want this old matter dragged up. I am not strong

enough to bear persecution now. "But I do not want to persecute you. I want-

"Well, what do you want?" "I hardly know. I may have had an idea that you would welcome your oldest child after so many at one time very dear to you, it might be a satisfac-

tion to you, even at this late day, to retrieve-" "You thought wrong, and it is not worth while wasting words on the matter. I have got over all but I beg you to go; or, if you persist in forcing your words upon me, pray choose some other sub-

ject" "I will go, since you so heartily desire it; but I warn you that I will not give up seeing Miss-my sister."

"As you please. You will get as little satisfaction there, I fancy; though it may not be quite as annoying to her as to me."

" I shall try, at all events." "Try. Go to her; say anything to her; make any arrangement with her you choose; take her away altogether. I don't care a button what you do, so you only leave me."
"I will leave you willingly, and am indeed sorry

to have put you to so much pain."

"Not a word, I pray you," answered Mr. Brandon, now polite and smiling. "You have performed a disagreeable duty in the least disagreeable way you could, I do not doubt. All I ask is, never to hear it mentioned again."

Dick stayed for no more ceremony. Glad to be released from such an atmosphere of selfishness and cowardice, he hardly waited for the answer to his good-morning before turning to the street.

In less than an hour he was in the dreary room, with boarding-house stamped all over its walls, saying good-morning to a stately young lady, very pale and weary looking, who kindly rose to receive him. The little room was hot and close; there were no shutters on the windows; the shades were too narrow at the sides; besides being so unevenly put up that the eyes ached every time one turned to the idea?" toward them, and the gleaming light was almost

worse than the heat. "I have been trying for the dozenth time to straighten them," said Mary, drawing one down somewhat lower, "but it's of no use."

"Are they crooked?" asked Dick innocently. "Well, yes, rather," answered Mary, smiling. "I think I never saw anything before that was so near

the perfection of crooked." "I have seen your father this morning." Dick began, taking a chair near the table.

"There is nothing the matter, I hope?" she questioned nervously. "Nothing that any one but myself need mind.

I made some discoveries about myself last evening that I would like to tell you. Have you time!"
"I have nothing to do. I shall be very glad if my attentive listening can do you any service." She moved her chair, in a quiet way, a little farther from his, and looked at him in some surprise. She saw he was very earnest, excited, and greatly embarrassed. She could not help seeing that his eyes were anxiously following her every movement,

eagerly trying to read her face.
"I am afraid I shall shock you very much, and you are not well; I am sorry I came. I thought only of my own eargerness to see you; not, until

this moment, of the pain I may cause you.

"I hope you really mean that. I am sure I must seem very rude and unpolished in your eyes; but I would have been far more so, had it not been

for you." " For me?"

"Yes." And he told her about the Christmas morning in Fourteenth Street.

"And you remembered that little thing all this time !" Mary exclaimed. "And you were once a newsboy!"

"Yes; I was once a great, stupid, ragged newsboy. I do not mean to deny, to conceal anything. I am so very sorry, for your sake; but I hope you will like me in spite of it all. If just those few words and that one smile did so much for me, what is there your influence may not do?"

"Mr. Heremore, I do not in the least understand you."

"I don't know where to begin; this has excited me so that I do not know what I am saying, and now I wish almost that you might never know it; there is such a difference between us that I cannot tell how to begin."

"Is it necessary that you should begin?" asked Mary. "You told me you wished to speak to me of some discoveries you had made in regard to yourself. To anything about yourself I will listen with interest; but I do not care to have anything said about myself; there can be no connection between the two subjects that I can see; so pray do not waste words on so poor a subject as myself; but tell me the discovery, if you please."

"But it concerns you as much as it does me. Do you know much about your own mother? She died, you told me, long ago."

"I know very little about her. I presume her death was a great grief to papa; for he has never permitted a word to be said about her, and any thing that pains papa in that way is never alluded to. The little I do know I have learned from my old nurse."

" You do not remember her?" "Not in the least; she died when I was a mere

baby." "Did you ever see her portrait, or any of her

writing, or hear her maiden name? "No, to all your questions. Does papa know you

are here, this morning?" "Yes; I went to see him at once. At first he was very determined I should not see you; but in the end, he seemed glad to get me silenced at any price, and I was auxious to see you that I did not wait for very cordial permission."

"You did not talk to papa about my mother?" "Yes, that is what I went for."

"How did you dare to do it? Was he not very angry? I am sure you know something about mamma." "Yes, I do. I have her portrait; this is it."

"Her portrait! My mamma's portrait! O what a beautiful face! Is this really my mamma? Did para see it? Did he recognize it? "I showed it to him. He did not deny it was

hers.\* "Deny it was hers! What in the world do you mean, Mr. Heremore? Where did you get it?" Then Dick, in the best way he could, told the

whole story of the box, and gave her the letter to read. When Mary came to the part which said, Will you love your sister always, let what may be her fate! Remember, always, she had no mother to guide her," she turned her eyes, full of tears, to Dick, saying no words.

"She did not know that it would be the other way," Dick replied to her look, his own eyes hardly dry. "She would have begged for me if she had known that..." farther than this he could not get Mary put her hands in his, and said earnestly:

"No need for that; her pleading comes just as it should. Will you really be my brother-all wearied, sick, and worn out as I am? Oh ! if this had only come two years ago, I could have been something to you!"

But Dick could not answer a word. He could only keep his eyes upon her face; afraid, as it seemed, that it would suddenly prove all a dream.

But the day wore on and it did not prove less real. The heat and the glaring light were forgotten, or not heeded, while the two sat together and talked of this strange story, and tried to fill up the outlines of that mother's history.

"I feel as if our grandpapa were living, or, if not hing about him," she said. "I think I ought to go and sec. Mr. Stoffs was

very particular in urging that."

"I think so; even if you learned nothing, it would be a good thing for you just to have tried.' "I know I can get permission to stay away for a few days longer; there's nothing doing at this season. Would it take long?"

"I don't know much about it; not more than two days each way, I should think. There is a steamer, too, that goes to Portland, and you can find out if Wiltshire is near there. The steamer trip would be splendid at this season. Are you a good sailor?"

"I don't know. You have got a great ignoramus for a brother. I have never been half a day's journey from New York in my life."

"Is that so? Well, you must go to Portland. How you will enjoy the strong, bracing sea-breezes; they make one feel a new life!" Then suddenly Dick's face grew very red, but

bright, and he said eagerly:
"Would you trust me—I mean, could your father be persuaded—would you be afraid to go with me ?"

"Oh! I wish I could! I would enjoy it as I never did a journey before! Just to see the sea again, and with a brother! I can't tell you how I have all my life envied girls with great, grown-up brothers. Nobody else is ever like a brother. Fred and Joe are younger than I, and have been away so much that they never seemed like brothers. A journey with you on such a quest would be something never to be forgotten."

"It doesn't seem as if such a good thing could come to pass," answered Dick. "I don't know anything about traveling; you would have to train me: but if you will bear with me now, I will try hard to learn. Do you think your father would listen

"No, he would not listen to ten words about it. He hates to be troubled; he would never forgive me if I went into explanations about an affair that did not please him; but if I say, ' Papa, I am going away for a couple of weeks to New England, unless you want me for something, he will know where I am going, what for, and will not mind, so he is not made to talk about it; that is his way."

"Will you really go, then, with me? You know I shall not know how to treat you gallantly, like your grand beaux." "Ab! don't put on airs, Mr. Dick ; you were not so very humble before you knew our relationship.

Remember, I have known you long." "I wonder what you thought of me." "I thought a great deal of good of you; so did paps, so does Mr. Ames."

You know Mr. Ames?" "Ah! very well indeed; he comes to see us every New Year's day; he actually found us out this year, and I got to liking him more than ever; he has come quite often since, and we have talked of you; he says you are a good boy. I am going to be grande dame to day, and have lunch brought up for us two, unless Madame the landlady is

shocked." "Does that mean I have staid too long?" "No, indeed. Mrs. Grundy never interferes There are no bells in this establishment, or, if there are, nobody ever knew one to be answered, so I will start on a raid and will see what I can dis-COVET."

In course of time she returned with a servant who cleared the little ricketty table, and then disappeared, returning at the end of half an hour with a.very light lunch for two; but that was not her fault, poor thing!

Then hour after hour passed, and still Dick could not leave her; he had gone out and bought a guide-book, which required them to go all over the route again, and there was so much of the past life of each to be told and wondered at, that it was late in the afternoon and Mr. Brandon's hand was on the door before Dick had thought of leaving. Of course he must remain to see Mr. Brandon, who, however, did not seem any too glad to see him. Nothing was said in regard to the matter which had been all day under discussion. Mr. Brandon talked of the news of the day, of the weather, and the last book he had read, accompanied him to the door, and shook hands with him quite cordially, to the surprise of the landlady, who was peeping over the banisters in expectation of high words between them. Mr. Brandon even went so far as to speak of him as a very near relative, as several of the boarders distinctly heard. Mr. Brandon hated to be talked to on disagreeable subjects, but he knew the world's ways all the same.

"Come very early to-morrow morning," Mary said, in a low voice, when they parted "and I will let you know if I can go."

Dick did not forget this parting charge, and early the next morning had the happiness of hearing that her father had consented to let

"Papa isn't as indifferent as he seems," she said.
"When it is all fixed and settled, he will treat you just as he does the rest of us, only he hates a scene and explanations. I suppose he was unkind to poor mamma, and now hates to say a word about must take everything for granted, come and go as if you had always been at home with us, and he will take it so."

"But what will people say?" "Why, we will tell the truth, only as simply as possible—as if it were an everyday affair—that papa's first wife died while he was away from home, and that when he returned from Paris, where he says he was then, the people told him you were dead too. I don't know why that old woman should have told such a story."

"Not I, but perhaps, the poor, ignorant soul, she thought the boy was better under her charge than given over to a 'Protestant' who had acted so like a heathen to the child's mother; but good as was her motive, and perhaps her judgment, I hope she did not really tell a lie about it, so peace to her soul. Who knows how much Dick owes to her pious prayers."

A very proud and happy man was Dick in these days, when he journeyed to Maine with his newlyfound sister. It is true that the change in Mr. Brandon's circumstances did not enable Mary to have a new travelling suit for the occasion, and that she was obliged to wear a last year's dress; but last year's dress was a very elegant one, and almost "as good as new;" for Mary, fine lady that she was, had the taste and grace of her station, and deft fingers, quick and willing servants of her will, that would do honor to any station; so her dress was a la mode, and Dick had reason to be proud of escorting her. She had, however, something more ot her dress of which to be proud, or Dick would not have been so grateful for finding her his sister; she had a kind heart, which enabled her always to answer readily all who addressed her, to make her constantly cheerful with Dick, and to make everything smooth for the inexperienced traveler, who otherwise would have suffered many mortifications; she had, too, a womanly dignity, a sense of what was due to and from her, not as Miss Brandon, but as a woman, which secured her from any incivility and made her always gentle and considerate to every one. Dick could never enough delight in the quiet, composed way in which she received attentions which she never by a look suggested; for the gentle firmness, the self-possession, the quiet composure, the perfect courtesy of a refined and cultivated woman were new new things to him; and to would be only a mild way of expressing the feeling

of his heart toward her. Added to all this, giving to everything else a greater charm, Mary's mind was always alive; she had been thoroughly educated, and had mingled all her life with intelligent and often intellectual people, whose influence had enabled her to seek at the proper fountains for entertainment and instruction. Whatever passed before her eyes, she saw; and whatever she saw, she thought about. In her turn, Mary already dearly loved her brother; although two years younger than he, she was, as generally happens at their age, much more mature, and she could see as if with more experienced eyes, what a true, honest heart, what thorough desire to do right, what patience and what spirit, too, there was in him, and again and again said to herself, "What would he not have been under other circumstances !" But she forgot, when saying that, that God knows how to suit the circumstances to the character, and that Dick, not having neglected his opportunities, had put his talent out to as great interest as he could under other influences. There was much that had to be broadened in his mind, great worlds of art and literature for him to enter; but there was time enough for that yet; he had a character formed to truth and earnestness, and had proved himself patient and energetic at the proper times. It now was time for new and refining influences to be brought to bear; it was time for gentleness and courtesy to teach him the value of pleasant manners and self-restraint; for the conuersation of cultivated people to teach him the value of intelligent thoughts and suitable words in which to clothe them; for the knowledge of other lives and other aims to teach him the value or the mistake of his own. These things were unconciously becoming clearer to him every day that he was with his sister, who, I need hardly say, never lectured, sermonized, or put essays into quotation marks, but whose conversation was simple, refined, and intelligent, whatever was its obtect. Others greater than Mary would come after her when her work was done, we may be sure; but at the present time Dick was not in a state to be benefitted by such.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE LENGHT OF DAYS .- At London and Bremen the longest day has sixteen hours.

At Stockholm, in Sweden, and Dantzig, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven hours.
At St. Petersburg, in Russia, and Tobolsk, in

Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours and the shortest five hours. At Tornes, in Finland, the longest day is twenty-

one and a half hours, and the shortest two and a At Wardnuys, Norway, the day lasts from May 21 to July 24 without interruption, and in Spitzbergen, the longest day is three and a half months.

Under what authority Catholic priests stand at present in Prussia may be seen by the following case. In Silesia a Protestant clergyman, who is at the same time school inspector, informed the Cathcountry towns she will not let, you turn around (the priest) had in future to abstain from giving except as she pleases; that's the difference. religious instruction in schools.

"FROUDE'S IRELAND" FROM A PRO. TESTANT STANDPOINT. An able and interesting lecture was delivered on

the above subject in Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday

evening, 18th ult. The lecturer was the Rev. Geo. W. Pepper, a Methodist clergyman of Ohio. He appeared under the auspices of the Clan-na. Gael Society, who were well represented on the platform. The reverend lecturer began by observing that among the nations of the world Ireland was conspicuous for the beauties of her landscapes. Her population was derived from three principal sources. The first and most ancient of principal sources. The mist and most ancient of these were the Milesians, whose characteristics, mental and bodily, were sufficient evidence of their eastern origin. They were to be found chiefly in the South and West of Ireland, distinguished by their fine forms, warm hearts, and undying aver. sion to aristocracy and monarchy. The second class was the descendants of English adventurers; they were the "carpet-baggers" of Ireland. You might meet them in the gilded salons of London and Parls rolling in splendour, squandering in luxury the wealth they wrung out of suffering Ire. land. The third race was the Scotch element. which settled in Ulster upwards of two hundred years ago, and which gave to their Scotch Irish descendants their native qualities of independence and resolution. He (the speaker) liked the Scotch Irish; they had given to this country such men as De Witt clinton and Andrew Jackson, and they produced a noble crop of patriots in 1798. But with regard to the English "carpet-baggers," there would be no peace for Ireland until the robber brood were chased from her blooming paradise, James Anthony Froude, who has more aptly been named "fraud," an admirable type of the Englishmen who depopulated Ireland and crushed her national aspirations, came to this country with his justification of England's treatment of Ireland, and asked for a jury of american scholars to decide on poor mamma, and now hates to say a word about his ec-parte evidence. Mr. Froude's fine talk might it; but you may be sure he feels it. And now you do for the "marines." England had her hand on the neck of Ireland, and the latter never would regain her rights except by sharp steel and selfreliance. He objected to Mr. Froude as a partizan of the narrow-minded, despotic school of Dickens and Carlyle, which holds that might makes right. He objected to him as a partizan; he objected to his English ignorance, which knew nothing of Ireland; he objected to his statements as unreliable Mr. Froude being an advocate, not an umpire. His history, beautifully written as it was, differed from the truthful narration as one of the sublime conceptions of Michael Angelo's genius from a land. scape of Claud Lorraine, drawn to nature. Froude wrote ideal, not real history. Froude asserted that the Irish had no hospitality. It was a well-known fact that houses of hospitality were a public institution in Ireland. Even so late as seven huadied years ago a law was enacted establishing such houses throughout the country within seven miles of each other. The assertion that the Irish had no government was disproved by the Convention of the States General at Tara, where 2,000 delegates attended and demonstrated by their presence and decisions that all government without the consent of the governed was tyranny, and this grand truth-grand as the heavens that bend over us-that all men are born free and equal-Froude's assertion that the Irish lived in holes and burrows was as unworthy of credit as if he (the lecturer) said so of the Atlanta people, because they retreated to such places for protection from Sherman's shells. The age of Elizabeth was a darling epoch with Froude. That brilliant reign was a reign of darkness to the Irish. Whole provinces was depopulated, with desolation was the land made desolate so that it was written to the Queen that her deputy Lord Grey had left her nothing to rule over but "carcases and ashes." Though this was the era of Bacon and Shakspeare and Spencer, to the Irish it was the era of the infamous penal laws, when the education of Irish Catholics became a crime, and when a Protestant could offer a Catholic £5 for the horse of the latter no matter how valuable, seize the horse, and ride off to glory. Cromwell was Froude's darling hero. his ideal governor, yet what was his conduct in Ireland? In the massacre at Drogheda, "slay," said Cromwell to bis Ironsides, "slay the children with the parents, for nits will breed." At Wexford, less women and children murdered before the symbol of man's redemption, the hypocrite wrote to London requesting a public thanksgiving in the churches. What must his idea of God have been? The lecturer quoted Sir J. Makintosh, Edmund Spencer, Camden, and Lord Lyttleton to prove that Froud's charges of ignorance and incompleteness in the Irish character were utterly false and opposed to facts. He referred to the abundant testimonies of Dr. Johnson and others that in the fifth and sixth centuries Ireland was the quiet abode of learning and sanctity, the seminary of Europe. But Froude charged that the Irish were incapable of self-government. Now the elements of self-government were love of righteousness, love of liberty, and obedience to the laws. The Irish were lovers of human liberty. In 1772, when the merchants of Belfast met to sign a joint agreement to embark in the slave trade, a venerable citizen, John Mc-Kenna, thus addressed them :- " May the God of the white and the black blast with his wrath the hand that signs that infamous document!' But the Irish did not show obedience to the laws, for they broke the heads of the landlords; on this subject, he would quote the words of Charles Bradlaugh, who was an eye witness of the scenes he narrated. "When I was a private soldier in Ireland, twenty-five years ago, said Mr. Bradlaugh, "my company was ordered out" to evict certain tenants in the Valley of the Lee. There were 150 houses to be thrown down, and when we had razed 149 and had placed the crowbar to the last, a poor woman came out with tears, telling us that her husband was dying of typhus fever, that he had only a few minutes to live, and beseeching us to let him die before we destroyed their abode. But our orders were imperative; the dying man was carried out of doors, laid down in a drenching rain, where he died in fifteen minutes, and the house was razed with the others. Three days afterwards I visited that scene. I then saw that woman a raving maniac with a dead child on one arm and another dying infant clinging to her breast." "If," continued Mr. Bradlaugh, "I were the father, brother, or husband of that woman, my gospel would have been the gospel of revolution." Irish cities were as well governed cacteris paribus as English cities, and what was true of the municipality was true of the nation. To disprove Mr. Froude's statement that the Irish were a nation of cowards, the reverend lecturer said he needed not to quote history, the incidents of the last war were sufficient. When fighting Joe Hooker called for a volunteer to plant the American flag on a hill diaderned with rebel batteries, and not a man of the regiment responded, Michael Delaney, a boy of nineteen, said modestly, " I will go." He fell, but first he planted the colours. On a hard-contested field the rebel General Hill, during the thick of the fight blew away the smoke of the battle, peered into the scene of strife, turned to Lee, and exclaimed-" There are these d-d Irish flags again!" "Cowards," said the lecturer, "why I could fancy the very bones of those brave Irish turning in their bloody graves, and exclaiming in answer to Mr. Froude, "You're a liar! you're a liar!" The speaker concluded by expressing his unshaken confidence in Ireland's ultimate independence, and he adjured his hearers by the memories of Lord Edward, of Tone, and the Manchester martyrs to be true to cause of Ireland's nationality.