

"accomplished his works." But, in the midst of these "honorable labors," the inspired writer tells that the just man's path was beset by enemies, but the spirit of wisdom, which guided him, "Kept him safe from his enemies," enabled him to meet their violence and their wiles, their open hatred and their subtle cunning, to overcome them; and to baffle them. The contest was long; it was "a strong conflict," which was given to him only that he might overcome, and so be worthy to be crowned. He was made to taste of sorrow; his enemies seemed to prevail, but in bonds the spirit of wisdom, truth and justice forsook him not "till she brought him the sceptre of the kingdom," the love and veneration of his brethren and of his people, and "power against those that oppressed him," the power of principle and of justice; and so changed his sorrow into joy, "and gave him everlasting glory"—glory on earth, in the history and traditions of his people, where his name was in honor and benediction, and his memory enshrined in their love, and the higher glory, the everlasting glory "of the kingdom of God," for which he had labored so honorably, so successfully, and so long. Now, all this honor, triumph, and everlasting glory came to the great Israelite through the spirit of wisdom, the same spirit, which it is written elsewhere, "that it can do all things, \* \* \* that it reneweth all things, \* \* \* and through nations, conveyeth itself into holy souls, and maketh the friends of God and the prophets"—"the friends of God," that is to say, the defenders of His Church and of His Faith; and "prophets," that is, the leaders of His people.

The destinies of nations are in the hands of God, and when the hour of His mercy comes, and a nation is to regain the first of its rights, the free exercise of its faith and religion, God, who is never wanting to His own designs, ever provides for that hour a leader for His people, such a one as my text describes—wise, high-minded, seeking the kingdom of God, honorable in his labors, strong in conflict with his enemies, triumphant in the issue, and crowned with glory. Nor was Ireland forgotten in the designs of God. Centuries of patient endurance brought at length the dawn of a better day. God's hour came, and it brought with it Ireland's greatest son, Daniel O'Connell. We surround his grave to-day, to pay him a last tribute of love, to speak words of praise, of suffrage, and of prayer. For two and twenty years has he silently slept in the midst of us. His generation is passing away, and the light of history already dawns upon his grave, and she speaks his name with cold, unimpassioned voice. In this age of ours a few years are as a century of times gone by. Great changes and startling events follow each other in such quick succession that the greatest names are forgotten almost as soon as those who bore them disappear, and the world itself is surprised to find how short-lived is the fame which promised to be immortal. He who is inscribed even in the golden book of the world's annals finds that he has but written his name upon water. The Church alone is the true shrine of immortality, the temple of fame which perisheth not; and that man only whose name and memory is preserved in her sanctuaries receives on this earth a reflection of that glory which is eternal in Heaven. But before the Church will crown any one of her children, she carefully examines his claims to the immortality of her gratitude and praise—she asks, "What has he done for God and for man?" This great question am I come here to answer to-day for him whose tongue, once so eloquent, is now stilled in the silence of the grave, and over whose tomb a grateful country has raised a monument of its ancient faith and a record of its past glories; and I claim for him the meed of our gratitude and love, in that he was a man of faith, whom wisdom guided in "the right ways," who loved and sought "the kingdom of God," who was most "honorable in his labors," and who accomplished his "great works;" the liberator of his race, the father of his people, the conqueror in "the undefiled conflict" of principle, truth, and justice. No man of our day denies that Ireland has been a most afflicted country; but seldom was her dark hour darker, or her affliction greater, than towards the close of the last century. The nation's heart seemed broken, and all her hopes extinguished. The Catholics of Ireland were barely allowed to live, and were expected to be grateful even for the boon of existence; but the profession of the Catholic faith was a complete bar and an insurmountable article to all advancement in the path of worldly advantage, honor, dignity, and even wealth. The fetters of conscience hung heavily also upon genius, and every prize to which lawful ambition might aspire was beyond the reach of those who refused to deny the religion of their fathers, and to forget their country. Amongst the victims of this religious and intellectual slavery was one who was marked amongst the youth of his time. Of birth which in other lands would be called noble, gifted with a powerful and comprehensive intelligence, a prodigious memory, a most fertile imagination, pouring forth its images in a vein of richest oratory, a generous spirit, a most tender heart, enriched with stores of varied learning, and genius of the highest kind, graced with every form of manly beauty, strength, and vigor; of powerful frame—nothing seemed wanting to him—

"A combination and a form indeed  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man!"—  
yet all seemed to be lost in him, for he was born a Catholic and an Irishman. Before him now stretched, full and broad, the two ways of life, and he must choose between them: the way which led to all that the world prized—wealth, power, distinction, title, glory, and fame; the way of genius, the noble rivalry of intellect, the association with all that was most refined and refining—the way which led up to the council chambers of the nation, to all places of jurisdiction and of honor, to the temples wherein were enshrined historic names and glorious memories, to a share in all bless-

ings of privilege and freedom. The stirrings of genius, the promptings of youthful ambition, the consciousness of vast intellectual power, which placed within his easy grasp the highest prizes to which "the last infirmity of noble minds" could aspire—all this impelled him to enter upon the bright and golden path. But before him opened another way. No gleam of sunshine illumined this way; it was wet with tears—it was overshadowed by misfortune—it was pointed out to the young traveller of life by the sign of the cross, and he who entered it was bidden to leave all hope behind him, for it led through the valley of humiliation into the heart of a fallen race and an enslaved and afflicted people. I claim for O'Connell the glory of having chosen the latter path, and this claim no man can gainsay, for it is the argument of the apostle in favor of the great law-giver of old—"By faith Moses denied himself to be son of Pharaoh's daughter; rather choosing to be afflicted with the people of God than to have the pleasure of sin for a time—esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasure of the Egyptians." In this way was he led by his love for his religion and for his country. He firmly believed in that religion in which he was born. He had that faith which is common to all Catholics, and which is not merely a strong opinion or even a conviction, but an absolute and most certain knowledge that the Catholic Church is the one and only true messenger and witness of God upon the earth; that to belong to her communion and to possess her faith is the first and greatest of all endowments, and privileges, before which everything else sinks into absolute nothing. He believed and knew that it was not enough for him to "believe in his heart unto justice," but that he must "confess with his mouth unto salvation," and the strength of his faith left him no alternative but to proclaim loudly his religion, and to cast in his lot with his people. That religion was this people's only inheritance. They had clung to it and preserved it with a love and fidelity altogether superhuman, and which was the wonder of the world. The teaching of the Catholic Church was accepted cheerfully by the Irish people when it was first preached to them. They took it kindly and at once from the lips of their apostle, and Ireland was a grand exception to all the nations, where the seed of Christianity has ever been the martyr's blood. The faith thus delivered to them they so illustrated by their sanctity that for a thousand years Catholic Ireland was the glory of Christendom, and received amongst the nations the singular title of the "Island of Saints."

Our national history begins with our faith, and is so interwoven with our holy religion, that if you separate these, our country's name disappears from the world's annals; whilst, on the other hand, Christian and Catholic, which means Ireland holy, Ireland evangelizing, Ireland teaching the nations of Europe, Ireland upholding in every land the Cross and the crown, Ireland suffering for her faith as people never suffered, has her name written in letters of gold upon the proudest page of history. Ireland and her religion were so singularly bound together, that in days of prosperity and peace, they shone together; in days of sorrow and shame they sustained one another. When the ancient religion was driven from her sanctuaries, she still found a temple in every cabin in the land, an altar—a home in the heart of every Irishman. When the war of conquest degenerated into a war of extermination, the faith, and the faith alone, became to the Irish race the principle of their vitality, and national existence, the only element of freedom and of hope. To their Church, suffering and proscribed, they remained faithful as in the days of her glory. Their Catholic religion became the strongest passion of their lives, and in their love for their great suffering mother, they say to her:

"Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way.  
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;  
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,  
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;  
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,  
And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee."  
All this O'Connell felt and knew. He was Irish for the Irish, and Catholic for the Catholic. His love for religion and country was the breath of his nostrils, the blood of his veins; and when he brought to the service of both the strength of his faith and the power of his genius, with the instinct of a true Irishman, his first thought was to lift up the nation by striking the chains of the national Church. And here again, my brethren, two ways opened before him. One was a way in which many had trodden in former times, many pure, and high-minded, noble and patriotic men; it was a way of danger and of blood, and the history of his country told him that it ever ended in defeat, and in greater evil. The sad events which he himself witnessed, and which took place around him, warned him off that way; for he saw that the effort to walk in it had swept away the last vestige of Ireland's national legislature and independence. But another path was still open to him, and wisdom pointed it out as "the right way." Another battle-field lay before him, on which he could "fight the good fight," and vindicate all the rights of his religion and of his country. The army was furnished him by the inspired Apostle when he said: "Brethren, our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers."  
Therefore, take unto you the armor of God.  
Having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, in all things taking the shield of faith.  
And take unto you the sword of the spirit, which is the Word.  
O'Connell knew well that such weapons in such a hand as his were irresistible—that, girt round with the truth and justice of his cause, he was clad in the armor of the Eternal God; that, with words of peace and order on his lips, with the strong shield of faith before him, and the sword of eloquent speech in his hand, with the war-cry of obedience, principle, and law, no power on earth could resist him.  
"Such a battle once begun  
The baffled off, is ever won."  
For it is the battle of God, and nothing can resist the Most High. Accordingly, he raised the standard of the new war, and unfurled the banner on which was written,—freedom to be achieved by the power of truth, the cry of justice, the assertion of right, and the omnipotence of the law. Religious

liberty and perfect equality was his first demand. The new apostle of freedom went through the length and breadth of Ireland. His eloquent words revived the hopes, and stirred up the energies of the nation; the people and their priesthood rallied around him as one man; they became most formidable to their enemies by the might of justice and reason, and they showed themselves worthy of liberty by their respect of the law. Never was Ireland more excited, yet never was Ireland more peaceful. The people were determined on gaining their religious freedom. Irishmen, from 1822 to 1829, were as fiercely determined, on their new battlefield, as they had been in the breaches of Limerick or on the slopes of Fontenoy. They were marshalled by a leader as brave as Sarsfield and as daring as Red Hugh. He led them against the strongest citadel in the world; and even as the walls of the city of old crumbled to the dust at the sound of Israel's trumpets, so his mighty voice, who spoke in the name of a united people, the lintels of the doors were opened which three hundred years of prejudice and pride had closed and barred against our people. The first decree of our liberation went forth: on the 13th of April 1829. Catholic Emancipation was proclaimed, and seven millions of Catholic Irishmen entered the nation's legislature in the person of O'Connell. It was the first and the greatest victory of peaceful principle which our age has witnessed, the grandest triumph of justice and truth, the most glorious victory of the genius of one man, and the first great act of homage which Ireland's rulers paid to the religion of the people paid to the great principles of peaceful agitation.

O'Connell's first and greatest triumph was the result of his strong faith and his ardent zeal for his religion and his Church. The Church was to him, as it is to us, "the kingdom of God," and in his labors for it, "he was made honorable," and received from a grateful people the grandest title ever given to man. Ireland called him "the Liberator." He was "honorable in his labors," when we consider the end which he proposed to himself. It was no selfish nor even purely human end which he put before him. He devoted himself, his time, his talents, his energies, his power, to the glory of God, to the liberation of God's Church, to the emancipation of his people. This was the glorious end; nor were the means less honorable. Fair, open, manly self-assertion; high solemn appeal to eternal principles; noble and unceasing proclamation of right; founded in justice and in the constitution; peaceful but most powerful pressure of a people united by his genius, inflamed by his eloquence, and guided by his vast knowledge and wisdom—these were the honorable means by which he accomplished his great work, and this great work was the achievement which gained for him not only the title of Liberator of Ireland, but even the acumenical title of the Liberator of Christ's Church. "Were it only to Ireland," says the great Lacordaire, "that Emancipation has been profitable, where is the man in the Church who has freed at once seven millions of souls? Challenge your recollection—search history from that first and famous edict which granted to the Christians liberty of conscience; and see if there are to be found many such acts comparable by the extent of their effects with that of Catholic Emancipation. Seven millions of souls are now free to serve and love God even to the end of time; and each time that this people, advancing in their existence and their liberty, shall recall to memory the aspect of the man who studied the secret of their ways, they will ever find inscribed the name of O'Connell, both on the latest pages of their servitude and on first of their regeneration." His glorious victory did honor even to those whom he vanquished. He honored them by appealing to their sense of justice and of right; and in the act of Catholic Emancipation, England acknowledged the power of a people, not asking for mercy, but clamoring for the liberty of the soul, the blessing which was born with Christ, and which is the inheritance of the nations that embrace the Cross, Catholic Emancipation was but the herald and the beginning of victories. He who was the Church's liberator and most true son, was also the first of Ireland's statesmen and patriots. Our people remember well, as their future historian will faithfully record, the many trials borne for them the many victories gained in their cause, the great life devoted to them by O'Connell. Lying, however, at the foot of the altar, as he is to-day, whilst the Church hallows his grave with prayer and sacrifice, it is more especially as the Catholic Emancipator of his people that we place a garland on his tomb. It is as a child of the Church that he honors him, and recall with tears of sorrow our recollections of the aged man, revered, beloved, whom all the glory of the world's admiration and the nation's love had never lifted up in soul out of the holy atmosphere of Christian humility and simplicity. Obedience to the Church's laws, quick zeal for her honor and the dignity of her worship; a spirit of penance, refining whilst it expiated, chastening whilst it ennobled, all that was natural in the man; constant and frequent use of the Church's holy sacraments, which shed the halo of grace round his venerated head—these were the last grand lessons which he left to his people, and thus did the soul of his life set in the glory of Christian holiness. For Ireland he lived, for Ireland did he die. The people whom he had so faithfully served, whom he loved with a love second only to his love for God, were decimated by a visitation the most terrible that the world ever witnessed; the nations of the earth trembled, and men grew pale at the sight of Ireland's desolation. Her tale of famine, of misery, of death was told in every land. Her people fled affrighted from the soil which had forgotten its ancient bounty, or died, their white lips uttering the last faint cry for bread. All this the aged father of his country beheld. Neither his genius, nor his eloquence, nor his love could now save his people; and the spirit crushed which had borne him triumphantly through all dangers and toil; the heart broke within him, that brave and generous heart which had never known fear, and whose ruling passion was love for Ireland. The martyred spirit, the broken heart of the great Irishman led him to the holiest spot of earth, and with tottering steps he turned to Rome. The man whose terrible voice in life shook the highest tribunals of earth in imperious demand for justice to Ireland, now sought the Apostle's tomb, that, from that threshold of heaven he might put up a cry for mercy to his country and his people, and offer up his life for his native land. Like the Prophet King, he would faint stand between the people and the angel who smote them, and offer himself a victim and a holocaust for the land which he loved. But on the shores of the Mediterranean the weary traveller lay down to die. At that last moment, his profound knowledge of his country's history may have given him that prophetic glimpse of the future which is sometimes vouchsafed to great minds. He had led a mighty nation to the opening of "the right way," and directed her first and doubtful steps in the path of conciliation and justice to Ireland. Time, which ever works out the designs of God, has carried that nation forward in the glorious way. With firmer step, with undaunted soul, with high resolve of justice, peace, and conciliation, the work begun by Ireland's Liberator progressed in our day. Chains are being forged for our country, but they are chains of gold, to bind up all discordant elements in the empire, so that all men shall dwell together as brothers in the land. If we cannot have the blessings of religious unity so as "to be all of one mind," we shall have "the next dearest blessing that heaven can give," the peace that springs from perfect religious liberty and equality. All this do we owe to the man whose memory we recall to-day, to the principles which he taught us, which illustrate his life, and which, in the triumph of Catholic Emancipation, pointed out to the Irish people the true secret of their strength, the true way of

progress, and the sure road to victory. The seed which his hand had sown it was not given to him to reap in its fullness. Catholic Emancipation was the first instalment of liberty. The edifice of religious freedom was to be crowned when the wise architect who had laid its foundations and built up the walls was in his grave. Let us hope that his dying eyes were cheered and the burden of his last hour lightened by the sight of the perfect grandeur of his work—that, like the Prophet lawgiver, he beheld "all the land,"—that he saw it with his eyes though he did not "pass over to it;" and that it was given to him to "salute from afar off" the brightness of the day which he was never to enjoy. The dream of his life is being realized to-day. He had ever sighed to be able to extend to his Protestant fellow-countrymen the hand of perfect friendship, which only exists where there is perfect equality, and to enter with them into the compact of the true peace which is founded in justice. Time, which buries in utter oblivion so many names and so many memories, will exalt him in his work. The day has already dawned, and is ripening to its perfect noon, when Irishmen of every creed will remember O'Connell, and celebrate him as the common friend and the greatest benefactor of their country. What man is there, even of those whom our age has called great whose name, so many years after his death, could sound so many loving hearts around his tomb? We, to-day, are the representatives not only of a nation but of a race. "Quamvis regio in terris nostris non plena laboris?" Where is the land that has not seen the face of our people and heard their voice? and wherever, even to the ends of the earth, an Irishman is found to-day, his spirit and his sympathy are here. The millions of America are with us—the Irish Catholic soldier on India's plains is present amongst us by the magic of love—the Irish sailor, standing by the wheel this moment in far-off silent seas, where it is night, and the southern stars are shining, joins his prayer with ours and recalls the glorious image and the venerated name of O'Connell.

"He is gone who seemed so great—  
Gone; but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own,  
Being here; and we believe him  
Something far advanced in state,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can wear him."

He is gone, but his fame shall live for ever on the earth as a lover of God and of his people. Adversaries, political and religious, he had many, and like a tower of strength which stood full square to all the winds that blew; the Hercules of justice and of liberty stood up against them. Time, which touches all things with mellowing hand, has softened the recollections of past contests, and they who once looked upon him as a foe now only remember the glory of the fight, and the mighty genius of him who stood forth the representative man of his race, and the champion of his people. They acknowledge his greatness, and they join hands with us to weave the garland of his fame. But far other, higher, and holier are the feelings of Irish Catholics all the world over to-day. They recognize, in the dust which we are assembled to honour, the powerful arm which promoted them, the eloquent tongue which proclaimed their rights and asserted their freedom, the strong hand which like that of the Macabees of old, the first struck off their chains, and then built up their holy altars. They, mingling the supplication of prayer and the gratitude of suffrage, with their tears, recall—oh, with how much love!—the memory of him who was a Joseph to Israel—their tower of strength, their bulwark, and their shield—who shed around their homes, their altars, and their graves the sacred light of religious liberty, and the glory of unfettered worship. "His praise is in the Church," and this is the surest pledge of the immortality of his glory. "A people's voice" may be "the proof and echo of all human fame," but the voice of the undying Church is the echo of "everlasting glory," and when those who surround his grave to-day shall have passed away, all future generations of Irishmen to the end of time will be reminded of his name and of his glory.

A LEAF FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIBLE.

(From the Liverpool Catholic Times.)  
The Bible, the free, the open Bible, by which she won over the old-fashioned Catholics of England to her new-fangled faith, was the Tower, with its rack, thumbscrew, and the scavenger's daughter. The burly and picturesque beef-eaters, who exhibit the treasures of the Tower to strangers, are wont to show the thumbscrews said to have been brought over in the Spanish Armada, at the request of the Inquisition, for the torture of Protestants; but if what were exhibited are thumbscrews, they were indigenous to the Tower, and were last used for the torture of Catholics. It was unnecessary for Spain to provide instruments of torture, for the Tower abounded with them already. They were the powerful instruments of persuasion used by the Protestant Queen for the perversion of Catholics. The following narrative is from the Autobiography of Father John Gerard, one of the Guards of Garwood, a book recently published, which ought to be in the hands of every Catholic.  
"We went to the place appointed for the torture in a sort of solemn procession; the attendants going before, because the place was underground and very dark, especially about the entrance. It was a place of immense extent, and in it were ranged divers sorts of racks, and other instruments of torture. Some of these they displayed before me, and told me I should have to taste of every one. Then they led me to a great upright beam or pillar of wood, which was one of the supports of this vast crypt. At the top of this column were fixed several iron staples for supporting weights. Here they placed on my wrists manacles of iron, and ordered me to mount upon one or two hassocks made of rushes; then raising my arms, they inserted an iron bar through the rings of the manacles, and then through the staples in the pillar, putting a pin through the bar so that it would not slip. My arms being thus fixed above my head, they withdrew the hassocks, one by one, from beneath my feet, so that I hung by hands and arms. The tips of my toes, however, still touched the floor, so they dug away the floor beneath, as they could not raise me higher, for they had hung me from the topmost staples in the pillar. Thus hanging by my wrists, I began to pray, whilst the Commissioners standing round asked me if I was willing to confess where Father Garnet was. I replied, 'I neither can nor will.' But so terrible a pain began to oppress me that I was scarce able to speak the words. The worst pain was in my breast and belly, my arms and hands. It seemed to me that all the blood in my body rushed up my arms into my hands; and I was under the impression at the time that the blood actually burst forth from my fingers at the back of my hands. This was, however, a mistake; the sensation was caused by the swelling of the flesh over the iron that bound it.  
"The Commissioners, seeing that I gave them no further answer, departed to the Lieutenant's house; and there they waited, sending now and then to know how things went on at the crypt. There they left me with three or four strong men, to superintend my torture. My groans also remained; I fully believe out of kindness to me, and kept wiping away, with a handkerchief, the sweat that ran down from my face the whole time, as, indeed, it did from my whole body. The others who stood by said—'He will be a cripple all his life, if he lives through it; but he will have to be tortured daily till he confesses.' They told me they were bound not to de-

st put me to torture day after day, as long as my life lasted, until I gave the information they sought from me. I had hung in this way till after one o'clock, I think, when I fainted. How long I was in the faint I know not; perhaps not long; for the men who stood by me lifted me up, or replaced the rush hassocks under my feet, until I came to myself, and immediately they heard me praying, they let me down again. This they did over and over again when the faint came on; eight or nine times before five o'clock. William Wade, Secretary to the Tower of London, came to me somewhat before five, and said: 'Will you yet obey the commands of the Queen and the Council?' 'No,' said I, 'what you ask is unlawful, therefore I will never do it.'—

"Hang there, then, till you rot," said Wade, in a loud and angry tone, and then, suddenly turning his back went away in a rage. Soon after this they took me down from my cross, and though neither foot nor leg was injured, yet I could hardly stand. I was helped back to my cell by the gaoler, who appeared sincerely to compassionate my state, and when he reached my cell, he made me a fire, and brought me some food, as supper-time had nearly come. I scarcely tasted anything, but laid myself on my bed, and remained quiet there until the next morning.  
"Early the next morning, however, soon after the Tower gates were opened, my gaoler came up to the cell and told me that Master Wade arrived, and that I must go down to him. I went down, therefore, that time in a sort of cloak with wide sleeves, for my hands were so swollen that they would not have passed through ordinary sleeves. When I came to the Lieutenant's house, Wade said, 'unless you mean flatly to contradict the Queen and Master Secretary Cecil, you ought to submit your judgment, and produce Father Garnet.' 'No, certainly not,' said I, 'I neither can nor will.' Thereupon he summoned from the next room a gentleman of tall and commanding figure, whom he called the Superintendent of Torture, though he was not really in that charge, and said to him: 'In the name of the Queen, and of the Lords of the Council, I deliver this man into your hands. You are to rack him twice to-day and twice daily, until such time as he chooses to confess. The officer then took charge of me, and Wade departed. Thereupon we descended with the same solemnity as before into the place appointed for the torture, and again they put the manacles on the same part of my arms as before; indeed they could not be put on in any other part, for the flesh had so risen on both sides that there were two hills of flesh with a valley between, and the manacles would not meet anywhere but in the valley. Here then they were put on, not without causing me much pain. Our good Lord, however, helped me, and I cheerfully offered him my hands and heart. So I was hung up again as I before described; and in my hands I felt a great deal more pain than on the previous day, but not so much in breast and belly, perhaps because this day I had eaten nothing. I hung much longer this time without fainting, but at length I fainted so thoroughly that they could not bring me to, so they thought I was either dead or soon would be. So they called the Lieutenant, but how long he was there I knew not, nor how long I remained in the faint. When I came round, however, I found myself no longer hanging by my hands, but supported sitting on a bench, with many people round me who had opened my teeth with some iron instrument, and were pouring water down my throat. Now when the Lieutenant saw I could speak, he said: 'Do you not see how much better it is for you to yield to the wishes of the Queen, than to lose your life this way?' 'By God's help, I answered him with more spirit than before, 'no, certainly I do not see it. I would rather die a thousand times than do what they require me.' 'You will not, then,' he repeated. 'No, indeed, I will not,' I answered, 'while a breath remains in my body.' 'Well, then, said he, and he seemed to say it sorrowfully, as if reluctant to carry out his orders, 'we must hang you up again now, and after dinner too.' 'Let us go, then, in the name of God,' I said, 'I have but one life, and if I had more I would offer them all up for this cause.' And with this I attempted to rise and go to the pillar, but they were obliged to support me, as I was very weak in body from the torture. I was suspended, therefore, a third time, and hung there in very great pain of body, but not without great consolation of soul, which seemed to arise from the prospect of dying. After a while the Lieutenant, seeing that he made no way with me by continuing the torture, or because the dinner hour was near at hand, or perhaps through a natural feeling of compassion, ordered me to be taken down, I think I hung not quite an hour this third time. I am rather inclined to think that the Lieutenant, Sir Richard Barkely, released me from compassion, for, after holding his post for three or four months, he resigned it of his own accord, because he would no longer be an instrument in torturing innocent men so cruelly. So I was brought back to my room by my gaoler, who seemed to have his eyes full of tears. Then he brought me some food, of which I could eat but little, and that little he was obliged to cut for me and put into my mouth. I could not hold a knife in my hands for many days after, much less now when I was not even able to move my fingers, nor help myself in anything, so that he was obliged to do everything for me. However, by order of the authorities he took away my knife, scissors, and razors, lest I should kill myself, I believe; for they always do this in the tower, as long as the prisoner is under warrant for torture."

Finding that torture could not wring from him a confession of the whereabouts of Father Garnet the Queen determined to have him brought to execution for his Priesthood. His firmness was the theme of general commendation, and the Earl of Essex said he must needs honor him for his constancy. His persecution was entrusted to the Attorney-General Coke, a most unscrupulous officer, who exceeded in powers of coarse vituperation and the free use of the blacking but even silver-tongued Coleridge, the present Attorney-General. Sir John, however, has edited an unprotestant translation of an ascetic work by Slossus; but a man who edits a book on asceticism is not thereby an ascetic, any more than a man who edits a book on Almsdeeds is thereby charitable, or than a man who drives fat oxen is thereby made fat, and notwithstanding his book, Sir John remains an advocate of foul speech. By a timely escape from the Tower, Father Gerard, escaped the fangs of the legal hyena Coke, and thus saved Elizabeth, if not from the guilt, yet from the act of his murder.

A STATESMAN'S BREACHER.—For some time back Dismal seems to have given up attending the House altogether, a strange thing for one who is as regular, usually in his attendance as a sentinel. At twenty minutes past 4 o'clock every day (the public business of the House begins at a quarter past) the chief of opposition might have been seen all through the session until just this last week or so shuffling with his peculiar walk across the floor of the House of Commons. Adversaries have said that his tread is like that of a panther—persons with a turn for levity have insisted that it must be a panther afflicted with corns and wearing old slippers down at the heel. Luckily Mr. Dismal has made his very remarkable appearance still more conspicuous by wearing trousers of a bright yellow—a kind of gamboge color—with narrow black stripes; a sort of bedizenment which looks like something pertaining to one of the demons of a Christmas pantomime. The first time he appeared in his astounding trowsers the effect was quite sensational; nor did familiarity tend to diminish its amazing impressiveness. For some days, however, the man and the trowsers have been denied to the eyes of spectators in the galleries of the House. Perhaps the yellow hue was meant for the glare of disappointed ambition and a reckless symbolical acknowledgment of defeat.