

Hymns of the Heart.

No 12.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS!

On! for those solitary hours,
When grace descends in silent showers;
When all the Visible withdraws
In solemn, fitful, awful pause;
And memory, like a glassy sea,
Looks up in calmness, Lord, to Thee!

Then, let thine image on this heart
Be deeply felt in every part.
Each motion of the will subdue—
Inform, correct, instruct, renew;
The motives guide—the thoughts refine,
Thyself the type, from line to line!

Come then, thou Holy Spirit, come
And worthy make a worthless home:
Ail folly into wisdom turn,—
And let me live, to love and learn:
Pride with its piteous dross consume,
And lay in lowliness its tomb!

Eternal, Brooding, Glorious Dove!
Breathe sweetly from Thy throne above:
The weight of every wave control,
Be Thou the conscience of my Soul;
Till self absorb'd—I sit and sing
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing!

Through Thee, let all the peace of heaven
In every sacrament be given:
The precious Eucharistic Bread,
That body of our Priest and Head—
Oh! let it prove my ransom price,
A daily—paschal—sacrifice!

So dead to sin, when Thou art near,
Preserve me from corruption clear;
Feed me with rich celestial food,—
Whilst trials rage, yet work for good;
Till final perseverance crown
The conflict Thou hast made Thine own!

(From the Times.)

FRANCE—ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION.

PARIS, SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 5, P. M.—The religious ceremony in commemoration of the revolution of February has passed off in the most tranquil manner, notwithstanding the vast crowds that thronged the streets. From an early hour the strains of military music were heard from the different corps as they were proceeding to their respective destinations. The weather was fine, though the morning rose in clouds and mist, as if nature had also put on her mourning for the victims of revolution. The sombre appearance of the heavens passed off, however; and, though some importance was attached to it by the superstitious, yet it was no less a fact that nearly at the moment when the thunder of artillery announced that the funeral wail, the chant of mourning for the victims of February, the dirge for the dead, was over, and that the *Te Deum*, the hymn of joyous thanksgiving, was begun, the clouds began to roll away, and the sun shone forth from a serene and cloudless sky.

At the hour specified the representatives assembled together in the *Salle de la Presidence* of the National Assembly; and exactly at half-past nine o'clock they, with their president, vice-presidents, and secretaries at their head, put themselves in motion, and, the greater part on foot, and decorated with the tricolor sash edged with gold fringe, which they wore from right to left, and the rosettesaiso, the distinguishing mark of a deputy, worn at the left buttonhole, they proceeded at a slow pace to the church. They mounted the steps bareheaded, and, guided by the masters of ceremonies, took their places as prescribed in the programme. The whole of the way through which the representatives passed—namely, the Pont de la Concorde, the Place de la Concorde, and the Rue de la Concorde, was lined with troops and National Guards alternately, and of whom a considerable number were stationed towards the Tuileries and the extremity of the Rue de Rivoli. From the Place de la Concorde to the Church of the Madeleine, to the right and left extended a series of lofty pedestals, supporting each a tripod, from which shot forth a sombre flame. Similar pedestals were placed at each of the four angles of the Pont de la Concorde.

The Place de la Concorde had special symbols of mourning. From the centres of the four compartments into which the place is divided

sprang into the air four lofty mists—from which, but less than halfway up, floated, in sign of mourning, the colours of the Republic, but veiled with a mourning crape.

The moment the representatives of the people had assumed their place in the church an express despatched to the Palais Elysee informed the President of the Republic of the fact; and in a few moments the roll of carriage wheels and the trampling of horses' feet in the direction of Rue St. Honore, told that the only one whose presence was wanting to complete the assemblage was fast approaching. The troops that lined the streets along the Rue Faubourg St. Honore, and the Rue Royale presented arms, and the carriage of Louis Napoleon was seen coming along, escorted by a troop of dragoons. The cry of "Vive le President" then arose, and was borne along, each moment gathering new strength, until he arrived at the steps of the church. He descended from his carriage, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, and mounted the steps bareheaded, when he was received by the Curo of the Madeleine and his clergy. The President was dressed in the uniform of a general officer of the National Guard, and wore the riband and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. The Curo of the Madeleine has, by the way, become, like many others, a great admirer of Louis Napoleon, though he voted against him at the election. The Curo was formerly chaplain to a regiment of the Royal Guards under Charles X.

The Archbishop of Paris officiated as high priest in the solemn ceremony for the dead. The service was performed in the impressive manner so familiar to the ritual of the Catholic Church. The vocal and instrumental music was of the highest merit; and when the *Te Deum* was chanted in full choir, accompanied by the whole of the instruments, above which the solemn swell of the organ heaved forth billows of sound, the effect was truly electric. The *coup d'ail* was not less striking. The mass of representatives whose sad-coloured raiment was relieved by the tricolor scarf—the glitter of the military uniforms—the speaking sadness of the widows and orphans of the victims of the revolution of February gathered together round the cenotaph—the gorgeous vestment of the Archbishop and his assistant clergy, the meek and venerable aspect of the pastor himself, whose eyes were filled with tears, as his thoughts wandered to the memory of his martyred predecessor—the thousand lights that blazed upon the high altar, the clouds of incense that floated on high as the light flame was fitfully emitted in an atmosphere of perfume—the wailing sounds that filled the air as the memory of the dead was chanted, and then, the most glorious of all, the electric burst of triumphant sounds that seemed to move the very pillars of the edifice, and to be repeated from the lofty roof—the thunder of the artillery of the Invalides and the removal of the ensigas of mourning, and the simultaneous hoisting, full mast high, on all the public edifices, of the Republican flag—all presented a picture as difficult to describe as it would be to tell the feelings excited by it.

HOW FONTENOY WAS FOUGHT AND WON.

The French, under their King, Louis XIV., having laid siege to Tournay, the Duke of Cumberland advanced at the head of about 60,000 men to relieve the city. Marshal Saxe, who was the actual commander of the French, advanced to meet him at the head of 45,000 men, and occupied the village of Fontenoy. After various attempts to drive the French from their position, the Duke advanced a body of 6,000 men, with twelve pieces of cannon, to dislodge them. The French Cavalry charged with impetuosity, but were sent reeling backward by a tremendous and fatal fire from the English column. Masses of infantry were moved forward against the English, but with no better success. The coming column was fearfully reduced with the repeated charges, but still advanced on with coolness and heroism apparently invulnerable. The Household Cavalry of France (the Imperial Guards of that age) lapped round the column, attacking them on every side with fury, but could make no impression. On they came, as slowly and, seemingly, as irresistible as an avalanche, striking terror into Louis, who prepared to fly, and filling the heart of the veteran Saxe with melancholy forebodings for the result of the battle. One chance remained, and Saxe used it—it was, to commit the honor of France and the fortune of the day to the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon,

Berwick, Roth, Buckley, and Fitzjames, which regiments formed the Brigade, and was the French reserve upon that day.

"Let the whole Irish Brigade charge!" cried Saxe; "the cavalry has made no impression! Upon you rests the honor of France."

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—

The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,

The priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,—

Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor over yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,

"Fix bay'nets"—"charge,"—Like mountain storm, rush on these fiery bands!

This is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,

Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind—

Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rooks, the men behind!

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!

"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,

Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:

Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore:

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore:

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—

The green hill side is matted close with dying and with dead.

Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack.

While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,

With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

This last brilliant achievement of the Brigade filled Europe with their fame, and fixed it forever in History.

From this date, their records are (as yet) uncollected; they were present at the victory of Loutelt, where about 2,000 of the Brigade and Colonel Dillon were killed, including many other officers. They served in Germany until 1762, afterwards under Lally in India; a remnant served in the French West Indies during the war of the revolution in this country.

In the year 1792, when the French revolution assumed its Republican aspect, they requested to be dismissed. They were, for the most part, monarchists, and were traditionally attached to the throne. They had shielded France from her enemies in Asia and Europe, had defended all her frontiers, and been entrusted with the most important garrisons. They saw the coming of a civil war and requested to be discharged.—Louis XVI. parted with them with regret, and gave their commander a banneret, with this true and just motto:

"The Irish Brigade."

"1692—1792."

"Faithful Always."

And with this banneret the Irish Brigade vanished. Two years later, the Volunteers (the civic army of our race) were disbanded by English intrigue and Charlemont's influence. Since then, fifty years and more have passed and we have had no military school we could call our own. No wonder that, at this day, 65,000 skilled

soldiers, artfully distributed, are able to hold all Ireland. Her present people never saw a soldier of their own.—*Nation*.

A TRIBUTE REJECTED.—An attempt made by the friends of Mr. Gavan Duffy to raise a fund to defray the expenses of his defence, has elicited the following creditable letter from that gentleman:—"Gentlemen,—I am very grateful for the zeal and considerate kindness which have influenced you in commencing the collection of a public fund for my defence; but I ask, as a personal favour, that you will proceed no further with it. I have an unconquerable objection to coming before my country in that attitude. It is a question of feeling entirely—I condemn nobody in the smallest degree who feels differently; I do not assert or assume that there is any principle whatever involved in it; but I know that to be a public convict would be a less painful and intolerable position for me than to be a public pauper. It is quite true, as some of you have urged upon me, that I have lost my fortune in the public service; but it is true also that I made it in the public service; and thus, moreover, that I feel able and willing, now as ever, to live, and support all who have claims upon me, by my personal industry, when I am at liberty to exercise it—if ever I shall be so. It is the only source they or I have ever depended upon, and I wish to end it as I began. Trust me, however, I am not insensible to your generous kindness, nor likely to forget it.—Believe me, Gentlemen, very faithfully yours,

"CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

"March 6th."

SELECTION OF CANDIDATES FOR THE BISHOPRIC OF CLOYNE AND ROSS.

The duty of selecting a successor to the late Bishop of Cloyne and Ross was performed by the Parish Priests of that Diocese, in the Parish Church of Cove, on Wednesday week. The ceremonies commenced with the Solemn High Mass, "De Spiritu Sancto," which was sung by the Rev Mr Russell, P. P., Cloyne; Rev Mr Horgan, of Michelstown, acting as Deacon; Rev Mr Walsh, Carrigtwohill, as Sub-Deacon; and Rev Mr Buckley, Buttevant, as Master of Ceremonies. The Most Rev. the Archbishop of Cashel and other Prelates, and the majority of the Priests who assembled at yesterday's solemnities, were also present. After the conclusion of Mass the church was entirely cleared of all persons save the Parish Priests of the Diocese, who, under the presidency of his Grace of Cashel and the other Prelates, proceeded to nominate the three candidates, from which the Holy See will have to select the future Bishop. Shortly after three o'clock the election terminated. The following is the result:—First on the list—Very Rev T. Murphy, P. P., Fermoy. Second on the list—Very Rev Morgan O'Brien, P. P., Michelstown. Third on the list—Very Rev Dr Keane, P. P., Middleton.—*Cork Examiner*.

Births

- March 19—Mrs Duffey, of a son.
- " 21—Mrs Nilan, of a son.
- " 21—Mrs Hogan, of a daughter.
- " 22—Mrs Heany, of a daughter.
- " 23—Mrs Walsh, of a daughter.
- " 26—Mrs Shepherd, of a daughter.
- " 26—Mrs Heughs, of a daughter.
- " 27—Mrs Phelan, of a son.
- " 27—Mrs Stevens, of a son.
- " 28—Mrs Washington, of a son.
- " 28—Mrs Ryan, of a daughter.
- " 29—Mrs Griffin, of a daughter.
- " 29—Mrs McDonnell, of a son.
- " 29—Mrs Hurley, of a daughter.

Died.

- March 18—Christopher, infant son of Christopher and Catherine Joynt, aged 3 years and six months.
- " 18—Joseph, infant son of Austin and Honora Ferguson, aged 12 months.
- " 25—Margaret, infant daughter of Falk and Mary Dwyer, aged 1 month.
- " 26—John McCann, Private 9th Regt, native of Ireland, aged 27 years.
- " 29—John Murphy, native of Halifax, aged 39 years.
- " 28—Honora, daughter of Jeremiah Sullivan, aged 9 months.
- " 28—Andrew, infant son of Andrew and Mary McAssey, aged 5 months.
- " 28—Benjamin, infant son of George Sinclair, aged 7½ months.

DIRECTORY FOR 1849.

The Directory for 1849—just Published.—Price 7½d.—can be obtained at this Office.