



**A CORSICAN SONG.**

[From Prosper Mermie's "Columbia."  
In a vale deep hidden by mountains gray,  
Where the sun but shines an hour a day,  
There stands a mansion gloomy and old;  
And the grass has grown o'er its threshold cold;  
The doors are shut; like dismal eyes  
The windows look through the gloom forlorn;  
No smoke from the chimney is seen to rise;  
Add within sits an orphan girl, from morn  
To night working and singing a strain,  
Sad as her heart, of remorseless pain.

One day in the spring time kindly  
A pigeon perched on a neighbouring tree,  
And understood the song which the young  
Girl, in her lonely chamber sung:—  
"Young girl," she said, "you mourn not alone,  
For a cruel hawk has snatched from me  
My mate, my only friend, my own."  
"Oh, pigeon!" but point out where'er  
That robber hawk who caused you care,  
And dead at your feet he shall quickly lie  
As high as the clouds he may fly—  
But alas! alas! who will bring of me  
My brother, long lost in a far country!"  
"Oh, tell me where sits that brother true,  
And my wings will wait him a letter from  
you."

T. C. IRWIN.

**THE APPARITIONS AND MIRACLES AT KNOCK.**

**FATHER KAVANAGH'S OPINION.**

**STILL FURTHER TESTIMONY.**

[Correspondent of the Dublin Irishman.]

We have noticed that no words were spoken on any of the occasions which attracted the attention of the inhabitants of Knock. No voice was heard to speak a warning or announce a message of counsel or comfort. The shadows were silent, while the beholders gazed, and marvelled, and were awestruck. According to the testimony of the many witnesses, the Virgin and the saints have several times shown themselves to the people. There is no one to interpret the meaning of the visits, which have so remarkably differed from all previously recorded supernatural appearances, inasmuch as no divine mission was communicated. Although this fact marks a significant discrepancy between the visions at Knock and the alleged appearance of the Virgin at Lourdes, it is no argument in favor of a denial of the occurrences. The question which many persons will ask themselves is, can there be any mistake on the part of those who say they have seen the mysterious apparitions? Or, is there any delusion on the one hand, or deception on the other? With regard to these queries, the evidence of the deponents is decisively negative. They are positive, persevering, and unanimous in their declaration, that there was no mistake, no delusion, and that there could have been no deception.

The examinations conducted by a committee consisting of clergymen have resulted in bringing out the corroborative testimony of about fifteen witnesses. These, it appears, are all persons of credit and character, leading simple lives in a small, remote hamlet, far removed from the reach of science and "magic" art. Would it be said that their homely knowledge leaves them all the more exposed to the impositions of some playful rustic, who had somehow obtained possession of those tricky appliances, which produce such surprising deceptions for the amusement of a city population? Possibly; but the suggestion is of small value. Again, it might be mooted that some physical phenomena would account for such or similar appearances. Scarcely; for though very similar reflections may result from certain atmospheric combinations, the casting of well-defined figures is not probable without a basis of real shape and form.

Father Cavanagh's faith in the truth of the witnesses is most important. His firm belief in the fact of the occurrences must bear with it great weight and influence. But his solemn assurance that cures of maladies which have defied medical skill have undoubtedly been detected cannot but stagger the sceptical, and convince doubtful inquirers. He is the priest of the parish of Knock; a dignitary of the church; a man of strong mind, of sound judgment, and superior intelligence. Granted that his piety is fervent, his zeal and devotion clearly published by practical work in the cause of religion, and with all this he is not the kind of man in whom one would expect to find any faith of a too easy credulity. Having closely and carefully investigated every affirmation, and every circumstance connected with the supernatural vision he has put the seal of his word to the already strong case made out by the witnesses, and is a firm believer in all that has been maintained by the court of inquiry.

Whether the visions were real signs from heaven, or whether there be any mistake in the minds of the people who saw them, is perhaps of less interest now than the question of the results alleged to have followed. Have diseases been certainly cured, deformities rectified, deficiencies supplied, defects remedied?—these questions are now of the most essential importance. They are questions of fact, and ought not to be of difficult solution. Cases could be observed and noted by impartial witnesses. If the blind were given to see, the deaf to hear, the lame enabled to walk, the crooked made straight, the paralytic restored to vigor, each and every instance of miraculous renovation should be easily proved to conviction. It is stated that divers persons have experienced the marvellous change from disease to health—the western papers having published lists of the favored supplicants at the altar of Knock chapel. Those recorded cases may not satisfy many people. St. Thomas has a great multitude of followers in these doubting days. Nevertheless it is given out, and it is avowed by numerous people of strong, intelligent minds, that the cures have been effected, and can be verified by those who have been healed. Once more we refer to Father Cavanagh, for he is prepared to authenticate some of the wonderful improvements in the

health of the pilgrims, who have journeyed a long way to reach the renowned church in the county of Mayo. The rev. gentleman has seen some that have been made whole after paying the accustomed "rounds" inside and outside the chapel. These "rounds" consist in kneeling before the "Stations of the Cross"—pictures representing the progressive stages of the Saviour's sufferings on the last days of his life on earth. The gable on which the apparitions were seen is naturally the great point of attraction for the afflicted. Completely oblivious of the rain and bitter cold, and deaf to the storms that sweep over the bleak hill upon which the church is situated, the people are bent in prayer, humbling themselves to the very earth, and imploring divine help through the intercession of the saints who have favoured the parish with their repeated visits. Looking at these devout believers, who are (many of them) in very delicate health, one would imagine that in thus exposing themselves in the most treacherous kind of weather they could scarcely escape catching dangerous colds. Unbelievers and incredulous Christians would shrink from the apparent risk to which the faithful cheerfully commit themselves. Thus is strikingly exemplified the wide difference between the profound religious convictions of the Irish peasantry and that comfortably diluted Christianity which is preferred in the great cities of the world. An impregnable fortress against the assaults of infidelity is the cotter's cabin. There at Knock, upon an inclement day, is the evidence of this proposition. The people are present in thousands, believing themselves to be great sinners—in which it is hard to agree with them—bowed down in sorrow for their transgressions, loudly lamenting the wickedness of their past lives, and imploring spiritual regeneration and bodily health. But the visitors to Knock are not only the maimed, the deformed, the blind, and the deaf. Great numbers of them repair thither only to seek the fresh fountain of Living Waters in a place so highly favored by divine interposition. These are devout people who are ever looking out for new inspirations, and new occasions of receiving grace. For such as these Knock is as great an attraction as it is for the suffering victims of disease, accident, or congenital defects.

It may be thought that the very poor are the bulk of the throng whom one meets at Knock every day in the week. They are, indeed, the majority. But are they not the major number in all religious congregations? Without the exciting interest of the supernatural appearance of the Mother of the Redeemer, the lowly crowd into the churches of Catholic Christendom while the great ones of the earth are invariably in the minority. If the earth were true, and it is not, that the only humble followers of the Crucified accept the evidence confirming the assertions of the witnesses, and give willing ear to the accounts of miraculous cures, the fact would be of little value. Truth does not require the assent of the exalted. It was not to the mighty in wealth and learning and rank that the Messiah revealed himself. It was not in their midst that He passed His thirty-three years, nor did He choose even one of them as His disciples; neither did He give to any of them the keys of the kingdom of heaven, but selected Peter the fisherman, and upon him He conferred this high distinction. The poor were His bosom friends; to them He confided the mysteries of His Mission, giving them all power, and on the Mount He especially blessed them. The Divine benediction still remains with the humble of the earth, who have always the incomparable, the priceless blessing of Faith. Therefore they were the first to see what has been shown at Knock, and the first to believe that the appearances were not accidental, or wrought by the devices of designing men. Then the people who are known as the "better" class began to lend an ear to the story of the wonders that have given to Knock a wider renown. They listened, inquired, and believed—for now there are many well-to-do, intelligent persons among the pilgrims to the plain, unpretending, little western temple. They are not thinly scattered through the thousands, as in the early days of the rumored miracles, but in large numbers, and are conspicuous by their fashionable attire and their fervent devotion.

It may not be long before divers tongues are heard in the hamlet of Knock, for pious foreigners will be bound westwards by the fame of the Church of Visions, and by reports of miraculous cures which are every day being added to the list in the hands of the very reverend priest of the parish. As strangers have travelled from distant lands to pray at Lourdes, or to have their doubts removed, so are they likely to voyage hitherward from the Continent and from America. Already, it is stated, people are coming in large numbers from England and Scotland, and the visitors will surely increase as the summer season advances. The question of accommodation should immediately engage the attention of the Knock community, and the reproach of impassable roads should be removed as soon as possible. The two towns, Ballyhaunis and Claremorris, equally distant from the church, will be called upon to answer pressing demands upon their capacity, and they should be well prepared for the crowded excursion trains that will arrive at their railway stations. Travellers being proverbially grumbling, impatient class of people, we hope that foreigners, who are generally very exact and punctual in their habits, will have little cause of complaint.

It will be a matter of great regret to the Irish people themselves, if beggars are permitted to annoy and disgust strangers. With regard to the mendicant class, our country has already a bad name, and it is desirable that the most untiring exertions should be used to keep them away from Knock. The professional beggar is seldom a deserving character, and it is the professional crowd that will swarm into a locality frequented by pilgrims and sightseers, to whom they are a most irritating and, in many cases, most

offensive nuisance. There is not a tramp or vagrant in the province of Connaught who will not make his way to the "harvest" which the "profession" expect to make in Father Cavanagh's parish. If we anticipated a general concentration of the beggars of the whole island, we should not be much in error. Next week I will give still further details—the appearances as seen in January; details of further cures, and other interesting matters.

**TESTIMONY OF PATRICK WALSH, AGED SIXTY-FIVE YEARS.**

My name is Patrick Walsh; I live at Ballinderrig, an English mile from the chapel of Knock. I remember well the 21st August, 1879. It was a very dark night. It was raining heavily. About nine o'clock on that night I was going on some business through my land, and standing a distance of about half-a-mile from the chapel, I saw a very bright light on the southern gable end of the chapel. It appeared to be a large globe of golden light. I never saw, I thought, so brilliant a light before. It appeared high up in the air above and around the chapel gable, and it was circular in its appearance. It was quite stationary, and it seemed to retain the same brilliancy all through. The following day I made inquiries in order to learn if there were any lights seen in the place that night. It was only then I heard of the Vision or Apparition that the people had seen.

**TESTIMONY OF PATRICK BEIRNE, SON OF THE ELDER PATRICK BEIRNE, OF KNOCK.**

I am sixteen years of age; I live quite near the chapel; I remember well the evening of the 21st of August; it was Thursday, the evening before the Octave day. Dominick Beirne, jun., a namesake of mine, came to my house, and said that he had seen the biggest sight that ever he had witnessed in all his life. It was then after eight o'clock. I came by the road on the west side of the church. I saw the figures clearly, fully, and distinctly—the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and that of a bishop, said to be St. John the Evangelist. Young Beirne then told what he saw regarding the Vision, just as it has been described already by several persons who were present. The young fellow showed by his hands and position how the image or apparition of the Blessed Virgin Mary and that of St. Joseph and St. John stood.

I remained only ten minutes, and then I went away. All this happened between a quarter or so past eight o'clock and half-past nine.

**TESTIMONY OF MARGARET BEIRNE, WIFE OF DOMINICK BEIRNE, OF KNOCK.**

I, Margaret Beirne, nee Bourke, wife of Dominick Beirne, senior, live near the chapel at Knock; I remember the evening of the 21st August; I was called out at about a quarter past eight o'clock by my daughter Margaret to see the vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of the saints who appeared at the end of the little church; it was getting dark; it was raining; I came with others to the wall opposite the gable; I saw them and there distinctly the three images—one of the Blessed Virgin Mary, one of St. Joseph, and the third, as I learned, that of St. John the Evangelist; I saw an altar, too, and a lamb on it somewhat whiter than the altar; I did not see the cross on the altar. The Blessed Virgin Mary appeared in the attitude of prayer with her eyes turned up towards heaven, a crown on her head, an outer garment thrown round her shoulders; I saw her feet; St. Joseph appeared turned towards the Blessed Virgin with head inclined; I remained looking on for fully fifteen to twenty minutes; then I left and returned to my own house.

**THE TESTIMONY OF DOMINICK BEIRNE.**

I am brother of Mary Beirne, who has given her evidence; I live near the chapel of Knock; my age is 20 years; on the occasion when my sister came at about eight o'clock on the evening of the 21st August into our house, she exclaimed:—"Come, Dominick, and see the image of the Blessed Virgin, as she appeared to us down at the chapel." I said:—"What image?" and then she told me as she has already described for your reverence in her testimony; she told me all she saw, and by this time some ten or twelve people had been collected around the place—namely, around the ditch or wall fronting the gable where the vision was being seen; and to the south of the schoolhouse; then I beheld the three likenesses or figures that have been already described—the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. John, as my sister called the bishop who was like one preaching, with his hand raised towards the shoulder, and the fore-finger and middle-finger pointedly set; the other two fingers compressed by the thumb; in his left he held a book; he was turned that he looked half towards the altar and half towards the people; the eyes of the images could be seen; they were like figures inasmuch as they did not speak; I was filled with wonder at the sight I saw; I was so affected that I shed tears; I continued looking on for fully one hour, and then I went away with my sister to visit Mrs. Campbell who was in a dying state; when we returned the vision had disappeared.

**Mrs. Hugh Flatley, widow of Hugh Flatley, states:—**

I was passing by the chapel of Knock on the evening of the 21st August, about eight o'clock, and I beheld most clearly and distinctly the blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, and that of St. John the Evangelist standing erect at the gable end of the chapel towards the south side; I thought that the parish priest had been ornamenting the church and got some beautiful likenesses removed outside.

**LETTER FROM FATHER CAVANAGH.**

Knock, Ballyhaunis.  
SIR,—I will feel obliged to you if you will make known to my numerous correspondents that it is simply impossible for me to answer the vast number of letters that arrive here daily from every part of Ireland, England, and Scotland, relative to the apparition of our blessed Immaculate Mother. I take this opportunity of stating that the reports given in the public journals are substantially correct, both as regards the apparition and the numerous miracles wrought here since the 21st of last August.

I remain, yours faithfully,  
BARTHOLOMEW CAVANAGH, P. P.

**VISIT TO KNOCK ON THURSDAY WEEK.**

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the day, during which the rain poured down in cold and blinding streams, the roads leading to Knock were filled with numbers of young and old of both sexes, of the blind, too, and disabled; cars heavily laden with those of the better class, and the more homely carts well packed with their living freight. Coming in sight of the church, the vast black crowd of moving beings could be seen. It was a busy spot. The supernatural was there easily manifested. One, no matter how indifferent in belief, could not escape the effects of the power which animated the people. Some on their knees before the scene of the apparition, praying with an earnest supplicatory tone; others going around the chapel reciting the beads and other prayers. Inside the chapel the scene was equally animated; some before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, where some twenty wax lights are now constantly burning, offerings from the faithful, thanking Mary for relief granted; others with an assured confidence demanding her intercessory power in their favour. One should go to Knock and see and feel for themselves the influence which the supernatural does exercise upon the people. The pilgrims who crowd to Knock in thousands will leave nothing undone to render themselves more favourably disposed to become recipients of our Blessed Mother's favours towards them. Mass is celebrated each morning, and, no doubt, devotions are, let us suppose, carried on each evening. Many, too, receive the Holy Communion at early Mass. But the want of confessors is sadly evident, for, after all, what can a single priest do amidst such a large crowd. The place is a regular Babel with beggars, blind and deformed, who, on account of their number and their endeavor to obtain hearing, shout each other down and roar out their petitions. The ground all around the chapel is more than ankle-deep with mud—worse than ever the Tuam fair-green has been after the cattle fair in October. "It would not cost much to scrape away all the soft stuff and scatter over the ground a few carts of sand or gravel. Instead of that it is at present a regular sea of slush. The removal of the baccage and beggars, who, like harpies, fly to such places of pilgrimage, would help very much to improve the surroundings of a spot so venerated as Knock at present. There were very many on yesterday present who had come some from Tyrone, Antrim, Monaghan, Armagh; Waterford, Cork, Fermoy; and Liverpool and Manchester; others again from Glasgow. These had spent three days at Knock, in wet and cold, performing a station each day, up to their ankles in a stream of floating clay, with the rain beating on their way-worn forms after journeys of such trying magnitude.

**What is a Jingo.**

Chance has given currency to a word which possibly may one day become as widely known and as respectable as the name of whig or Tory—the word "Jingo". An English traveller abroad is said to have been not long ago asked the question by a continental politician, "Mais! qu'est ce que c'est donc, monsieur, que ce Jingo?" His own ideas on the matter not being very clearly defined, he made answer, with delusive playfulness, that it was Mr. Gladstone's familiar spirit. The epithet is now used by liberal speakers, even by the most moderate and eminent of them, as a convenient missile to fling at their opponents, and by radicals it is applied freely, and one may say indiscriminately, to all who desire to maintain the honor and integrity of the British Empire. A word which the political excitement of the last three years has engraved so deeply in people's memories, and which the excitement of the next elections will perhaps fix there still more firmly, cannot be soon forgotten; and even if it does not attain hereafter to the classic dignity of the two names cited above, its place in history is already won.

But then what is Jingo exactly? Is it a man who believes in what Lord Derby calls "gunpowder and glory" whatever this may mean? Is it a man who wants to fight everybody all round, if such a man there be? If we turn to that celebrated refrain which has given currency to the word, and which will be remembered longer than many verses of greater lyrical value, we can find nothing more in it than the expression of a modest firmness and self-reliance. It breathes defiance, not defiance. It affirms that we have no desire for war, but that, should war arise, we have the means to face it. This temperate affirmation is clenched with an oath, reprehensible indeed, and by no means refined, but far less objectionable than many other such words that we unfortunately hear even from the liberal workingman as we walk along the streets. Since there is nothing in the origin of the word, as a political term, which explains the use made of it, and since philology has no key by which to unlock its significance, where are we to turn for an explanation? We shall find a clue in the policy and temper of the man who uses it as a term of reproach. Bearing this in mind, we see that Jingoism comes to pretty much the same thing as another word used by the same sort of people as a term of reproach—namely, "Imperialism."—*London Saturday Review.*

The Jesuits are making preparations to leave France. Quebec is to have an agricultural implementation factory. Several vexatious clauses of the May laws are to be repealed. Chicago Socialists denounce the Chinese Eastern immigration.

**LETTER FROM LACHINE.**  
*THE OPINIONS OF MR. MYLES O'REGAN.*

MR. EDITOR,—I do not somehow feel quite as well as I did last week, and can't account for the change. This announcement will not throw the public either into ecstasies or convulsions, but nevertheless it is a matter of great moment to me. I would much rather that you, Mr. Editor, had a pain in the head than I. In this respect I can appreciate the self-sacrifice of Artemus Ward who so cheerfully consented to send all his wife's friends and relations to face the music made by the whistle of bullets and bayonets around their ears. Talking about bayonets reminds me that the idea of having one stuck between your third and fourth ribs is not pleasant. They are cold, ugly things and never made to kill a gentleman. The very thought of them makes one feel sick in the gastric region. But where have I wandered? Where is this I was? Oh, yes, I was sick. The fact is I had a headache superinduced by my emotions and a little hot Scotch, and some one of them overcame me. I prefer to think it was the emotions. But Mike Dunn is positive it was the liquor. The way of it, Mr. Editor, was this: I went to see and hear Mr. Parnell on Tuesday night, not, I entreat you to believe, because I am not the loyalist subject in Canada or elsewhere, but just to find out what the monster looked like and tell the future generation of Lachine that I had seen a man who may possibly be yet an Irish King or the President of an Irish Republic. Who knows? Strange things have happened and are happening in this century. Oh, therefore, did I go to the Theatre Royal and saw Parnell and heard the man speak. Never a word he said that did not wound me sorely, for it was against my preconcived opinions, and above all, it did not tally with the prospectus of the *Scarecrow*. He abused the Duchess of Marlborough; he abused the Queen; oh gracious heaven, he had respect for none but the tenants of Ireland, the tillers of the soil. He said in effect that the life of Dermott Ashmore and Kathleen Mavourneen was in the sight of our Blessed Saviour (praise to His name and that of His Blessed Mother), as precious as that of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, while, as everybody knows, especially James Gordon Bennett, such is not so. It is true, my dear uncle who is in Labrador was not strictly a loyal man, seeing that he was out in '48, but I am and I would have it generally known. Not of course that I expect to derive any benefit from this declaration of my principles, but I know it will not do me any harm. I am aware that loyal men get the best and fattest places, but that is not why Myles O'Regan is loyal. He is loyal because he knows Her Majesty and the Duchess of Marlborough, if he was dying of hunger, would send him a *pate de foie gras* or a quail upon toast, or would, if he was out of work, or lost for the want of a little money, subscribe for a spade and shovel for him, and in like manner would, and will, advertise in the *Lachine Scarecrow*. To cut the matter short, Mr. Editor, I am loyal in the abstract. Filled with those grand ideas I went to hear Parnell, and as I have remarked before, grew so sick in the head that I had to leave. Shade of Lord Palmerston, thought I, as I approached the saloon to get some medicine, how have we fallen upon evil days; give me, Mr. Whiskey Slinger, a glass of your strongest and most loyal drink.

When the liquor was placed before me I hesitated. I examined the old rye cautiously, and waited, for I fancied water were better. When one is intensely nervous one is apt to see ghosts, and I imagined the whiskey, pardon me, the old rye, was an evil spirit. If I drink it now, I reasoned, it will be all right, but as I hesitated until glass grew bigger and bigger and such a threatening aspect that I felt I was the slave and the master, and so I drank it off. Oh, whiskey, whiskey thou art really and truly a tyrant worse than even Alexander, or Bismarck, or Beaconsfield, or an Irish landlord, and if men were free from his influence, vain were the effort of politicians to make them slaves. I returned again to hear Parnell, and somehow or other discovered that he was not such a monster. He is the reverse of a Communist, for if his ideas take root, the Irish from being radicals will become Conservatives. A man in possession of fifty acres of land naturally wishes to keep it and scare away or imprison any lord or other idle sneak and robber who comes loafing around and asks for champagne and cigars, for which he is not willing to work. "Starve the landlords," said Parnell, "and they will either become actors or billiard markers, all they are fit for." This is, of course, rank Communism and Socialism and Nihilism and Tenanatism, and everything else that is bad, but it cannot be helped.

Has it ever struck you, Mr. Editor, that Prorustes, the Cretan robber, was the first Communist? Every one he captured he made to fit his bed by chopping off his limbs if they were too long, or stretching them out if too short, and that is exactly what the Communist people are driving at. They want to make all men equal, which is an improvement on the works of God, who never intended any such thing. Can you put a man of soaring genius to make pins? Will Napoleon be content to live like a citizen of Longue Pointe Asylum? No, sir, but there is a medium. The law of equity should give every one fair play, and though the idiot should not be allowed to do his will, neither should Napoleon or Beaconsfield. I wrote to Sir John on Monday about the situation, and received the following reply: Dear Myles,—I regret that you are not better posted in finances; if you were I should place you in Tilley's offices. I had a troubled dream last night I imagined a white elephant balanced himself on my nose and refused to leave. I am afraid something is going to happen.

Yours,  
J. A. McD.

Now, this was a pretty letter to send a Lachine man. But, never mind; when the *Scarecrow* appears affairs will mend. I am merely waiting for your fall to rise, Mr. Editor.

**MYLES O'REGAN.**  
*A Visit to Leo XIII.*

(Victor in the *Georgetown College Journal*.)  
I was told that Rome nowadays is not what it was, and I had missed everything in not seeing it when Pope Pius IX. was in the plenitude of his power. The Pope now never appears in public. Leo XIII. has never been seen by the people, and the magnificent display of former days is no more. The great feasts come and go almost without notice. The royal troops have replaced the Papal army and swarm the streets at all times; and it is the King who has now substituted the Pope—it is the *admirals of state* that claim precedence to the duties of religion.

Towards the close of my visit I had the happiness of securing an audience with the Holy Father. Monsignor Machi, the Pope's master of ceremonies, who has all to do in the matter of audiences, kindly granted me the desired permission, and I found myself by no means the only one who on that occasion troubled him with the request. Next day I repaired to the Vatican, and the Swiss Guard, attired in their brilliant uniforms and stationed at intervals, showed me the way. Ascending the beautiful stairways for a few flights, I came upon a large court yard, which being traversed, I was ushered from one apartment to another until I found myself in a beautiful room with a floor of marble, and walls adorned with the most exquisite tapestry. Here, on benches extending the entire circuit of the room were ranged a large number of people of all classes and descriptions. Bishops and priests were there from all parts of the world,—nuns of different orders, ladies and gentlemen of the fashionable world, and children brought thither to begin the battle of life with the blessing of the Holy Father—all held in their hands the beads, medals, or other pious objects they had brought for the Pope to bless. As I sat awaiting the entrance of the Holy Father, I gazed from the window upon the quaint old city stretched almost beneath me. The curious lights and shadows and marked appearance of the Roman houses, all brilliant in the setting sun, together with the presence of those about me, thoroughly impressed me with the novelty of my position. Here was I, a stranger, born and bred upon a spot that was a howling wilderness when this old city was crumbling into decay,—coming from an atmosphere of energy and progress to one that had long since lost all claim to the same,—attracted thither apparently to ruminate over the futility of all great enterprises and to study the future that awaits my own country in common with all others; and yet, without, eager to bond in absolute submission before an unseen power that still centres amid those ruins, whose away is as wide as Christendom, yet needs no force to sustain it; is ever increasing, without an arm being raised in its behalf, and is wielded by a feeble old man who is virtually a prisoner in his own house without the means to protect his own life. Certainly the situation was well calculated to impress one with the utter impotence of human power and the pervading presence of the divine in the guidance of the world.

We waited nearly an hour for the Pope, delayed, I was told, by the untimely visit of a foreign ambassador, who of course was entitled to a private audience. Finally, the young officer who guarded the entrance got into position, so to speak, and the Pope entered, attended by a Cardinal and Monsignor Machi. His Holiness was clothed entirely in white, with a little white skull-cap on his head. He is of medium height, but very thin and aged looking, and with snow-white hair; of a very benevolent expression of countenance, he smiles continually, and one feels instinctively drawn towards him after once encountering his benign gaze. He walked from one to the other, all kneeling the while, and the Master of Ceremonies would tell him each one's name and country, adding, perhaps, a few words such as they had desired him to say to the Pope. He spoke in French or Italian according to circumstances, and generally ended by laying his hand on the head of the person addressed. In some cases the scene was affecting in the extreme. By my side knelt three Bishops from some persecuted land, the name of which I failed to catch, who wept like children and showered his hand with kisses as the Holy Father counselled them to perseverance, &c., and gave them his special blessing for all the fold under their care. Having completed the round, the Holy Father walked to the centre of the room and gave his blessing, after which he passed into an adjoining apartment where another throng awaited him and a similar scene took place, while we retired by a side door and descended to the Piazza. Once more and for the last time I entered St. Peter's, and a feeling of desolation came over me as I bade good bye to the grand old Cathedral. The sun had set, and the silence of death was upon it, and beneath the solemn pall of the darkness seemed buried all my chances of ever kneeling on that holy spot again. All was sadness and gloom save where the mellow rays of the countless lamps that lighted the way to the tomb of St. Peter spread a halo beneath the great dome and steadily fought with the shadows. And so will they burn though I see them not, till the faith which their image shall conquer, dispersing for ever the shadows, of sin and error; and so shall the recollections of their cheering rays in that moment of regret remain to me an ever-living light, a hope which, however deferred, may in some long year to come, be at length realized, when again I may worship in that holy temple. That night I left Rome and sped away to Florence.

Twenty-five tons of provisions were stolen from H.M.S. Goshawk by starving Irish peasantry.