

The Silent Melody.

FROM DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S LAST VOLUME.

Bring me my broken harp," he said; "We both are wrecks—but as ye will— Though all its ringing tones have fled, Their echoes linger round it still; It had some silver strings, I know, But that was long—how long!—ago.

In the thirteenth century this village was the patrimony of the good Auchinleck, the uncle and faithful friend of Sir William Wallace. James the Fourth, who "foremost fighting fell" on the field of Flodden, in 1513, the heirs of Lord Auchinleck falling, gave the lands to a younger son of Boswell of Balmuto—thus the family of Auchinleck is lineally descended from Auchinleck of that ilk. The present pretty chapel is on the property of Lady Boswell, to whom it is much indebted for its picturesque appearance, her ladyship having planted a portion of the trees which surround it like an oasis in the desert.

Is there in the records of mankind so pitiable a sight? One third of the British Islands, an ancient people numbering eight millions, within eight of Britain, within sixty miles of the centres of her mining and manufacturing wealth, in Wales and Lancashire, was condemned to depopulation. If the process go on, and may become like Scotland, a decent forest and a sheep walk, how will the readers of history in 1950 regard such a page in the history of the British empire?

Who once in glory reigned And laws of mortal men ordained— That noble house so celebrated for power and misfortune was then a rising star. The deeds of daring of the high-born Howards, the Montmorencies of England, are known to every reader of history.

Mr. Dion Boucicault addressed the following letter to the Editor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, October 25.

Adelphi Theatre, London. Sir,—The leading London journals condemn the political allusions in my new play, "The O'Dowd," recently produced in this city.

What Dion Boucicault Says of "The O'Dowd."

AWFUL DEATH OF A PRIEST. REV. FATHER HERT, O. M. L. PERISHES ON THE PLAINS.

On Monday night Father Nugent was present at the League Hall reunion, Liverpool, for the first time since his return from America. The hall was well filled, and the reception accorded to him most enthusiastic. As he came on the platform the entire audience rose to their feet and cheered lustily, many at the same time waving their hats and handkerchiefs.

When Father Nugent rose to address the meeting during an interval in the entertainment, cheering of the most vehement kind broke forth anew, the assemblage rose to their feet as before, and again the hats and handkerchiefs were waved in the ardor of rejoicing.

On Friday, 15th, the usual quiet of the town was disturbed by the rumor that the Rev. Father Hert, the Roman Catholic priest in charge of this mission, was lost near the Big Hill, and was found next day walking slowly, utterly unconscious and self-named and wealthy, speaks— "O'Dowd—I am my own landlord. I wish every Irish farmer could say the same.

My callant opponent has told you that Ireland is unable to support her population. Fifty years ago she supported eight millions; now we number about five, yet there are too many! Then we were a nation—now we are a people! Then we were a sister, now we are a domestic servant—the Cinderella of the British family.

On Thursday, 14th, he sallied forth as usual, accompanied by one of his pupils. As they were about to start, however, he complained of being cold and returned home, leaving the Father to pursue his sport alone. A couple of gentlemen who were out shooting at between five and six in the evening saw him tie his game together, throw it on his shoulder, and, as they thought, in a moment, he was gone.

On the following morning the searching parties set forth, and near a bluff close to the north end of the Narrows, about three miles from the town, the police found the body of the man they were in search of, life being quite extinct. How or when he reached the place where he died, or what was the immediate cause of his death, are questions that must remain unanswered; and this adds another to the numberless cases of death on the plains. The place where the body was found is about three miles from town and was quite familiar with deceased, as it was one of his favorite shooting grounds, and quite close to some of the principal trails leading from the south.

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FATHER NUGENT. INTERESTING REPORT OF HIS VISIT TO AMERICA.

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IS IT AN ACT OF ADORATION?

(To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.) Sir,—It is a fact not less strange than true that even most respectable journalists "fling" at the doctrine and ceremonies of the Catholic Church; your highly respectable contemporary the London Post is no exception, as witness the paragraph from that paper published in your issue of this day.

Mentioning the fact that at a recent ceremony in St. Paul's Cathedral, when the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated three new bishops, the Bishop of Tinian faded away and was carried out of the church, your contemporary goes on to say: "A part of the congregation at first conceived an audience assembled to celebrate the doctrine of 'Infalibility'."

Now, sir, the passage which I have marked in italics betrays either very great ignorance or, worse still, a most uncharitable and unchristian "hearing of false witness." The doctrine of "Infalibility" is not an elevated position of certain festivals—and which is most unnecessarily not to say unchristianly, dragged into the description of an occurrence at a Protestant ceremony—is no more an act of adoration than any of the many marks of respect and veneration paid to the Queen when she opens or prorogues Parliament; nor than the "chairing" of a member of Parliament, a practice which is no where more observed than in Protestant England; nor than the bowing to the Speaker, or rather to the Mace, which the member of Parliament both here and in the old country are bound to practise every time they cross the floor of the House.

The mendacity of the writer in the London Post is not equalled by that of a reviewer gentleman who passed through this city a few weeks ago, and who gravely informed an audience assembled to hear him that the Catholic doctrine of "Infalibility" means that "the Pope is an infallible God" and who on the same occasion stated that he himself had heard a Catholic priest so declare it to his congregation in St. John, N. B.

Please give insertion to these few lines as an article to the foregoing link on the Catholic Church, in direct opposition to the London Post.

A Protestant Bishop on Catholicism.

On the arrival in England of some of the "religions" expelled from France, the Protestant Vicar of St. Francis has sent to the London Daily News an extract from a speech delivered in 1880 in the House of Lords by Dr. Samuel Horsley, Protestant Bishop of Rochester, at a time when the Exeter Hall of the day was shaking with the noise of the French Revolution. He says that the French Revolution drove the Catholics of religion Orders to our shores. "I said the Bishop, "these ladies should choose to take a great house, where they may live together as they have been used to do all their lives, and lead their lives according to their old habits, getting up in the morning and retiring to bed at stated hours, dining upon fish on some days of the week, upon eggs on others, I profess I can discover no crime, no harm, no danger in all this; and I cannot imagine why we should be anxious to prevent it. My lord, I say it would be great cruelty to attempt to prevent it; for the Catholics, these women could find no comfort in any city but their own, nor in any other way of life. My lords, they cannot mix with the lower order of the people; they are ladies well born (many of them, indeed, of high extraction), and of cultivated minds, and retired to quietude, and prepared to mix in the quietude of an Ennattered, by long habit, of the quiet and solitude of their cells, absorbed in the pleasures of what they call the interior life, these women would have no relish for the exterior life of fashionable ladies. My lords, it would be a great cruelty to attempt to prevent it; for the Catholics, these women could find no comfort in any city but their own, nor in any other way of life. My lords, they cannot mix with the lower order of the people; they are ladies well born (many of them, indeed, of high extraction), and of cultivated minds, and retired to quietude, and prepared to mix in the quietude of an Ennattered, by long habit, of the quiet and solitude of their cells, absorbed in the pleasures of what they call the interior life, these women would have no relish for the exterior life of fashionable ladies.

LITTLE DENIS SHEA.

An order has gone forth on the estate—a common order in the land—that no tenant was to admit any lodger into his house. This was a general order. It appears, however, that sometimes special orders were given, and one was promulgated that Denis Shea should not be harbored. He had lived with a grandmother, who had been turned out of her holding for harboring him. He had stolen a shilling and a hen—two such things as a neglected twelve-year-old famishing child will do. One night he came to his Aunt Douline, who lodged with Casey. Casey told the aunt and uncle not to allow him into the house, as the agent's drivers had given orders about him. The aunt beat him away with a pitchfork, and the uncle tied his hands with cords behind his back.

The poor child creeps to the door of a neighbor and tries to get in. The uncle called to take him away, and he does so. He yet returns, with hands still tied behind, having been severely beaten. The child seeks refuge in other cabins, but all are forbidden to shelter him. He is brought back by some neighbors in the night, who force the sinking child on his relations. There is a struggle at the door. The child was heard asking some one to put him upright. In the morning there is still dead—a corpse—with his arms tied, around it every mark of a last fearful struggle for shelter—food—the common rights of humanity.—James Edgely's Letter on Lord Lansdowne, in New York Tribune.

The education that is to wear well can only be gained by self-denial, hard work, self-control, concentration. The friendliness of mankind is worth having, demands unwearied kindness, self-sacrifice, thoughtfulness, loyalty. The work of hand or head that is to last must be performed with patience, industry, energy, and zeal. The wealth that is to be a permanent blessing must have been gained by honorable exertion, and expended with beneficent wisdom. The idea that we can extract value from anything when nothing valuable has ever entered into it, is a delusion which the sooner we get rid of the better.

Cure that Cough! You can do it speedily, safely and surely with Haysard's Pectoral Balsam. New is the season to guard against colds. If you would prevent Consumption neglect not the most trifling symptoms. Haysard's Pectoral Balsam will never fail you. It cures Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, and all Pulmonary complaints. Obtain it of your druggist.

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