

our most honoured guests hereafter at your marriage.'

I grew pale with conflicting joy and fear.—Amelia was covered with blushes. We joined hands.

'May God bless you, my dear children!' said von Walther. Madam von Walther, with tears in her eyes, repeated the blessing, and Bellini and his wife offered their most cordial congratulation.

Dearest mother, this day three weeks, I shall come to bring you to the wedding. You will be charmed with your future daughter-in-law. She is admirably brought up, and in every respect a perfect young lady. What a happiness for me that the daughter of such parents is to be my wife! The excellent education which you gave me, laid the foundation of my fortune; and I cannot be sufficiently grateful for it to you, dearest mother, and my lamented father. Ah! that my father were alive to enjoy this happiness. In the poor little office which he held, he denied himself many a comfort, and often contented himself with water instead of wine, in order to procure for me a sound education; not one of mere show, but solidly useful both for time and eternity. He attached great value to a cultivated and well stored mind, but still greater to piety and virtue. He inspired me with a holy fear of God, and a horror for all sin. May God requite him in the other world! I can no longer do it in this, and could not ever hope to be able to do so, even though the good and generous man were still alive!

And now, dearest mother, prepare to come with me, and then to live with us for ever after. This is the wish of Mr. and Mrs. von Walther, who will send their own horses and carriage for you. My dear bride greets you with filial respect and love, and begs for your maternal blessing. To watch ever over your happiness, is the most sincere wish of your affectionate daughter, Amelia, and your ever grateful son,

LEWIS.

SPEECH OF O'CONNELL AT THE RECENT MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.

I have to propose a rather long resolution, which I shall preface with a short speech. (Cheers.) Here there was a brief dialogue between the Secretary and the Chairman of the Committee as to the order of the resolutions.—'I'll do anything you like,' said Mr. O'Connell, and proceeded. He then read the resolution, and said—There, that is the resolution I have to propose. Now, for the short speech I promised to make—(loud cheers and laughter)—I am excessively anxious that the excellent appeal of my friend, Mr. Langdale, should have its full effect on the hearts of all here who can feel for the unfortunate subjects of the destitution he described; and I hope, too, that it will have its effect beyond this room, that it may be

published and brought home to every Catholic. I am very anxious that it should; and without assuming any extraordinary zeal for education, I may say that I have a peculiar claim to urge on the commiseration and generosity of the meeting, for the greater part of the poor children of whom we heard so much are the children of Irish parents, and if they had the misfortune to come over here to be born—(laughter)—that makes them none the less dear to the Irish heart nor the less unlikely objects of English generosity. They have brought over here with them their poverty, but they have also brought their characteristic fidelity—(cheers)—their unswerving attachment to the Catholic Church, to that religion which has been their happiness, and to that priesthood which has been their consolation. I am anxious that these feelings should be cherished and preserved. (Hear.) Without education they are liable to be caught by all the speculators and spoilers of the human race. Every adventurer lays traps for the Irish child. ("Hear," and laughter.) What has been the conduct of some of these people may be seen from the example of one man in the manufacturing districts of England. He has the fate of the Catholic child, in his hands and every poor child connected with his works, of the age of seventeen, who will not attend at the Protestant worship, is at once discharged, and deprived of bread. From this individual example, we may see to what lengths the Protestant proselyting spirit will lead men. I stand here as counsel for the Irish child. (Cheers.) Much has been said of the Scotch and of their charities and no doubt they have been justly praised; if their heads are wrong their hearts are right. (Hear.) But we must not forget that there is immense wealth in Scotland. Now, I'll tell you of a country the poorest in the world—(hear)—and which nevertheless vies in charity with the wealthiest nations of Europe. What does poor old Ireland do? (Cheers.) She supports a hierarchy of 29 Bishops, with all their priests and curates, and she supports them in comfort.—£175,000 goes to the clergy annually in Dublin alone. "Where," you will ask me, "does all this money come from?" I'll tell you. *It is coined out of the Irish heart.* (Loud cheers.) Dr. Youens has just erected a church at an expense of £14,000; £1,100 of that sum was collected in halfpence. (Hear, hear.) The Church of my own parish in Westland-row,—Allhallows, they call it—cost £25,000. Under what auspices did we begin it? Why I said, here we are £600 in debt, and, therefore, let us build a church.—(Shouts of laughter.) The argument was irresistible. I audited the accounts from year to year, and on the last occasion the remaining debt did not