THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. -APRIL 19, 1872.

have a wholesome fear of the queen's wrath." "And what a life for the girl to lead, what the St. Germains people must endure about her. Why, the late queen loved the girl as though she were her own child, and the queen knows it. Then, too, she is kept unmarried; I really pity her. But, do you know, madam, such strange thoughts were running through my head when you spoke to me of Florence O'Neill."

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"And, pray, what was the tenor of your thoughts " asked the princess.

"If the king over the water were here, madam, then we should not suffer at the hands of Caliban."

"Ah, no, the monster," said Anne, laughing at the epithets which she and her favorite applied to the Dutch monarch when together, unconscious that they had a household spy in Lady Fitzharding, the sister of Elizabeth Villiers, through whom the king and queen always knew, in a very few hours, all that happened at the Cork-pit, and also every hard and abusive name that was applied to William.";

"Would it be quite out of the question to apply to the king, mudam; to the late king, I mean?"

Lady Marlborough was coming more directly to the point she had in view.

The princess flushed very painfully, her favorite was touching on a delicate subject. Anne had disseminated the vilest slanders as to the birth of the Prince of Wales, and had done all that lay in her power to despoil her father of his crown; how shall she retrace the steps she has trod; how undo the mischief she has wrought : sincere repentance can alone atone for the latter, the injury is far beyond her power to repair.

The imperious favorite saw the agitation of her mistress and again returned to the topic.

"No more of this," replied the princess, "I charge you let the subject drop.'

Lady Marlborough submitted for the presont, but only to bring it forwards later, with what result the reader shall presently become acquainted.

+ Coxe's Life of Marlborough.

(To be Continued.)

IRELAND'S VINDICATION

REVD. FATHER BURKES GREAT LECTURE.

"The History of Ireland, as told in Her Ruins."

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

The following magnificent lecture was delivered on Friday, the 4th inst., in the Cooper Institute, New York, by the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, to a very large and highly appreciative audience. Colonel W. R. Roberts, in a few well chosen remarks, introduced the lecturer, who, on coming forward, was reeeived with a burst of cheering which lasted for some minutes. When quiet was at last restored, he said :---

Ladies and Gentlemen, - Before I approach the subject of this evening's lecture, I have one or two announcements to make. I have been requested to announce that, on Tuesday, the 30th April, I shall lecture in St. Stephen's Church, in the cause of the mission, which, by command of the Sovereign Pontiff, has been sent to America, to preach the Gospel to the colored people ; and the subject of that evening's lecture will be "The Catholic Church, the True Emancipator." I have also to announce to you, that on next Sunday evening, in this hall, there | great east window of the sanctuary, through which will be a lecture delivered by Mr. Rogers, the subject of which will be "The Catholic Citizen of the The gentleman who will deliver

times deeply carved, in mystic and forgotten characters on the granite stone, or pictured rock, showing the desire of the people to preserve their history, which is to preserve the memory of them, just as the old man dying said "Lord, keep my memory green I"

But, sesides these more direct and documentary evidences, the history of every nation is enshrined in the national traditions, in the national music and song; much more it is written in the public build-ings that cover the face of the land. These, silent and in ruins tell most eloquently their tale. To-day "the stone may be crumbled, the wall decayed; the clustering ivy may, perhaps, upheld the totter-ing min, to which it clung in the days of its strength;

"The sorrows, the joys of which once they were part, Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng."

They are the voices of the past ; they are the voices of ages long gone by. They rear their venerable and beautiful gray heads high over the land they adorn; and they tell us the tale of the glory or of the shame, of the strength or of the weakness, of the upholding the mighty tower; there do we see the prosperity or of the adversity of the nation to which grandeur of the ancient Cistercians, and the Canons prosperity or of the adversity of the nation to which they belong—(cheers). This is the volume which we are about to open; this is the volume which we are about to call forth from their gray and ivied ruins that cover the green bosom of Ireland : we are about to go back up the highways of history and, as it were, to breast and to stem the stream of time, to-day, taking our start from the present hour in Ireland. (Loud cheers). What have we here? It is a stately church—rivalling,—perhaps surpassing, —in its glory the grandeur of by-gone times. We behold the solid buttresses, the massive wall, the high tower, the graceful spire piercing the clouds, and upholding, high towards heaven, the symbol of man's redemption, the glorious sign of the Cross. We see in the stone windows, the massive tracery, so solid, so strong and so delicate. What does this tell us? Here is this Church, so grand, yet so fresh and new and clean from the mason's hand. What does it tell us? It tells us of a race that has never decayed; it tells us of a people that have never lest their faith nor their love; it tells us of a nation as strong in its energy for every highest and holiest and to the brave battle-cry of the Celt, intermingled purpose, to-day, as it was in the ages that are past and gone forever (renewed cheering).

We advance just half a century up the highway of time; and we come upon that which has been versity, it tells us of a people making their first effort, after 300 years of blood, to build up a house, however humble, for their God (cheers); it tells us of a people who had not yet shaken off the traditions of their slavery, upon whose hands the chains still hang, and the wounds inflicted by those chains are still rankling; it tells us of a people who scarcely yst know how to engage in the glorious work of | Schools rise upon every hill and in every valley .church edification, because they scarcely yet realized the privilege that they were to be allowed to live in the land that bore them (loud cheers). Let us reverently bow down our heads and salute these ancient places-these ancient, humble little chapels, in town or country, where we,-we men of middle age .- made our first confession and received our tirst communion : let us salute these places, hallowed in our memories by the first, and therefore the strongest, the purest, holiest recollections and associations of our lives; and, pilgrims of history let us turn into the dreary, solitary road that lies before us. It is a road of three hundred years of desolution and bloodshod ; it is a road that leads through martyr's and patriot's graves; it is a road that is wet with the tears and with the blood of a persecuted and downtrodden people; it is a road that is pointed out to us by the sign of the Cross, the emblem of the nation's faith, and by the site of the martyr's grave, the emblem of the nation's undying fidelity to God (cheers).

And now what venerable ruin is that which rises before our eyes, moss-crowned, embedded in clustering ivy? It is a church, for we see the mullions of the once flowed, through angel and saints depicted thereon, the mellow sunshine that warmed up the arch above, and made mosaics upon the church and altar. It is a church of the Mediaval Choral Orders,—for I see the lancet windows, the choir where the religious were accustomed to chaunt,---yet popular and, much frequented by the people, for I see, outside the choir an ample space; the side-aisles are unincumbered, and the side-chapels with altars,-the mind of the architect clearly intending an ample made for the people ; yet it is not too large a church; for it is generally one that the preacher's voice can casily fill. Outside of it runs the square of the ruined cloister, humble enough, yet most beautiful in its architecture. But now, church and cloister alike are filled with the graves-the homes of the silent dead. Do I recall to the loving memory of any one amongst you scenes that have been familiar to your eyes in the dear and the green old land? Are there not those amongst you, who have looked with eyes softened by love, and by the sadness of the recollestions recalled to the mind, under the chancel and the choir, under the ample space of nave and aisle of the old abbey of Athenry, or in the old Abbey of Kilconnell, or such as these? What tale do these tell? They tell of a nation that, although engaged in a hand-to-hand and desperate struggle for its national life, yet in the midst of its wars, was never unmindful of its God :---they tell of Ireland when the clutch of the Saxon was upon her,-when the sword was unsheathed that was never to know its scabbard, from that day until this, and that never will, until the diadem of perfect freedom rests upon the virgin brow of Ireland, (Here the audience burst into a prolonged shout of applause, which was again repeated). They tell of the glorious days, when Ireland's Church and Ireland's Nationality joined hands : and when the priest and the people rose up to enter upon a glorious combat for freedom, These were the homes of the Eranciscan and the Dominican friars,—the men who during three hundred years of their residence in Ireland, recalled, in these cloisters, the ancient glories of Lismore, and of Glendalough, and of Armagh; the men who, from the time they first raised these cloisters, never left the land,-never abandoned the old soil, but lingered around their ancient homes of happiness, of sanctity, and of peace, and tried to keep near the old walls, just as Magdalen lingered round the empty tomb, on Easter morning, at Jorusalem (great cheering). They tell of the sancturies, where the hunted head of the Irish patriot found refuge and a place of security; they tell the Irish historian of the National Councils, formed for State purposes within them. These venerable walls, if they could speak, would tell us how the wavering were encouraged and strengthened, and the brave and gallant fired with the highest and noblest purpose, for God and Erin; how the traitor was detected, and the false-hearted denounced ; and how the Nation's life-blood was kept warm, and her wounds were staunched by the wise councils of the old Franciscan and Dominican friare (cheers). All days" (cheers). Or he has taken his departure from this, and more, would these walls tell, if they could the Island of Saints, and when his ship's prow is speak; for they have witnessed all this. They witnessed it until the day came-the day of war, the sword, and blood-that drove forth their saintly inmates from their loving shelter, and devoted them-

dark feudal castles of the Fitzgerald's of the De Laceys, the Decourceys, the Fitzdelins, and, I regret to say, the De Burgs,—the castles that tell us always of the terror of the invaders, of the land, hiding themselves in their strong holds, because they could not trust to the love of the people, who hated them; and because they were afraid to meet the people in the open field (renewed cheers) ;-passing under the frowning shadows of these castles, suddenly we stand amazed-crushed as it were to the earth, by the glories that rise before us, in the ruins of Mellifont, in the ruins of Dunbrodie, in the awful ruins of Holy Cross and of Cashel, that we see yet uplifting, in solemn grandeur, their stately heads in ruined beauty over the land which they once adorned. There do we see the vestiges of the most magnificent architecture, some of the grandest buildings that ever yet were raised upon this earth for

God or for man (renewed cheering). There do we see the lofty side walls pierced with huge windows, filled with the most delicate tracery; there, when we enter in we throw our eyes aloft with wonder, and see the groined, massive arches of the ceiling rious tale of our history and of our people. These were the edifices that were built and founded in Ireland during the brief respite that the nation had, from the day that she drove the last Dane out, until the day that the first accursed Norman came (cheers). A short time, a brief period; too brief, alas! too brief! Ireland exhausted after her three hundred and her first energies to build up the ancient places that were ruined,-to restore and to clothe the sancturies of her faith, with a splendor such as the nation never had seen before.

We will pass ou. And, now, a mountain road lies before us. The land is filled again, for three centuries, with desolation and with bloodshed and with sorrow. The hill-sides, on either hand of our path, are strewn with the bodies of the slain; the valleys are filled with desolation and ruin; the air resounds to the ferocious battle-cry of the Dane, with the wailing of the widowed mother and the ravished maid; the air is filled with the crash and the shock of battle. In terrible on set, the lithe, active, mail-clad, fair-haired, blue-eyed warriors of familiar, perhaps, to many amongst you, as well as the North meet the dark, stalwart Celt, and to me,—the plain, unpretending little chapel, in they close in mortal combat. Toiling along, pilsome by-lane of the town or city,—or the plain and grims of history as we are, we come to the summit humble little chapel in some some by-way in the of Tara's Hill, and there we look in vain for a vestige country, with its thatched roof, its low ceiling, its of Ireland's ruins. But, now, after these three huncarthen floor, its wooden altar. What does this tell dred years of our backward journey over the highway us! It tells us of a people struggling against ad-versity, it tells us of a people making their first of the Eighth Century, and of Ireland's three centuries of Christianity is upon our path. We breathe the purer air; we are amongst the mountains of God ; and a sight the most glorious that nation ever presented opens itself before our cyes-the sight of Ireland's first three conturies of the glorious Faith of St. Patrick. Peace is upon the land .-Every city is an immense school. The air again is filled with the sound of many voices; for students from every clime under the sun-the German, the Pict, the Cimbri, the Frank, the Italian, the Saxon, are all mingling together, conversing together in the universal language of the Church, Rome's old Latin. They have come, and they have covered the land; they have come in thousands and in tens of thousands, to hear from the lips of the world-renowned Irish saints, all the lore of ancient Greece and Rome, and to study in the lives of these saints, the highest degree and the noblest interpretation of Christian morality and Christian perfection (cheers). Wise rulers governed the land; her heroes were moved to mighty acts; and these men, who came from every clime to the university of the world-to the great masters of the nations-go back to their respective countries and tell the glorious tale of Ireland's strength and Ireland's sanctity,--of the purity of the Irish maidens,-of the learning and the saintliness of the Irish priesthood, of the wisdom of her kings and rulers,-of the sanctity of her people ;---until at

length, from out the recesses of history, there comes, floating upon the breezes of time, the voice of an admiring world, that proclaims my nativo land, in that happy epoch, and gives to her the name of the island of heroes, of saints and of sages (loud ap-

of our native land. Some say that they are of Christian origin; others, again, say, with equal probability, and, perhaps, greater, that these venerable monuments are far more ancient than Ireland's Catholicity; that they were the temples of a by-gone religion, and, perhaps, of a long forgotten race. They may have been the temples of the ancient Fire Worshipers of Ireland; and the theory has been mooted, that, in the time, when our remotest forefathers worshiped the rising sun, the priest of the sun was accustomed to climb to the summit of the Round Tower, to turn his face to the east, and watch castern hills. Then, when the first rays of the sun illumined the valleys, he hailed its rising, and proclaimed to the people around him their duty of worship to the coming God. This is a theory that would connect Ireland's Round Towers with the most ancient form of religion-the false religion which truth dispelled when, coming with the sus of Heaven, and showing before Irish intellect the glories of the risen Saviour,—the brightness of the Heavenly sun dimmed forever the glory of the earthly, and dispelled the darkness of the human soul, which had filled the land before with its gloom (loud cheers). This is not the time nor the place to enter into an archaeological argument as to whether the Round Towers are of Pagan or Christian origin, or as to whether they are the offspring of the famous Goban Saor, or of any other architect (laughter), or of the men of the fifth or of the sixth centuries; or whether they go back into the times of which no vestige remains upon the pages of history or in the traditions of men ;- this, I say, is not the time to do it. I attempted this once, and whilst I was pursuing my argument, as I imagined, very learnedly and very profoundly, I saw a man sitting opposite to me, open his mouth ; and he gave a yawn (laughter) and I said in my own mind, to myself, " My dear

friend, if you do not close your discrtation, that man will never shut his mouth ;" for I thought the top of his head would come off (tremendous laughter and cheers). But no matter what may be the truth of this theory or that, concerning the Round Towers, one thing is certain,-and this is the point to which I wish to speak, that, as they stand to-day, in the strength of their material, in the beauty of their form, in the perfection of their architecture, in the scientific principles upon which they were built and which they reveal, they are the most ancient amongst the records of the most ancient nations, and distinctly tell the glorious tale of the early civilization of the Irish people (cheers). For, my friends, remember that, amongst the evidences of progress, of civilization, amongst the nations, there is no more powerful argument or evidence than that which is given by their public buildings. When you reflect that many centuries afterwards,-ages after ages,-even after Ireland had become Catholic, -there was no such thing in England as a stone building of any kind, much less a stone church,when you reflect that, outside the pale of the ancient civilization of Greece and Rome, there was no such thing known amongst the Northern and Western nations of Europe as a stone edifice of any kind then I say, from this, I conclude that these venerable Pillar Temples of Irelandare the strongest argument for the ancient civilization of our race (cheers). But this also explains the fact that St. Patrick, when he preached in Ireland, was not persecuted; that he was not contradicted; that it was not asked of him as of every other man that ever preached the Gospel for the first time to any people, to shed his blood in proof of his belief. No : he came not to a barbarous people,-not to an uncivilized race; but he came to wonderfully civilized nation,-a nation which though under the cloud of a false religion, had yet attained to established laws and a recognized and settled form of government, a high philosophical knowledge, a splendid national melody and poetry and her bards, and the men who met St. Patrick upon the hill of Tara, when he mounted it on that Easter morning, were able to meet him with solid arguments; were able to meet him with the clash which takes place when mind meets mind; and when he had convinced them, they showed the greatest proof of their civilization, by rising up, on the instant, to declare that Patrick's preaching was the truth, and that Patrick was a messenger of the true God (loud applause). We know for certain that, whatever was the origin of those Round Towers. the Church-the Catholic Church in Ireland-made

use of them for religious purposes; that she built

holding his monster meetings throughout the land, in the early morning, he stood upon the hill of Tara, with a hundred thousand brave, strong Irishmen around him. There was a tent pitched upon the hill-top; there was an altar erected, and an aged priest went to offer up the Mass for the people But the old women,-the women with the grey But the old wonen, blooming maidens in '98-came from every side; and they all knelt round the "Croppy's Grave;" and just as the priest began the Mass, and the one hundred thousand on the hill. sides and in the vales below, were uniting in adora-Round Tower, to turn instace to the east, and which block and in the trick wailing pierced the air. It was with anxiety the rising of the morning star, as it the trick methods and the Irich methods. It was the Irish mothers and the Irish maidens pouring out their souls in sorrow, and wetting with their tears the shamrocks that grew out of the "Croppy's Grave :"

" Dark falls the tear of him that mourneth Lost hope or joy that never returneth; But, brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier."

(Renewed cheers).

Tara and its glories are things of the past: Tara and its monarchs are gone; but the spirit that crowned them at Tara has not died with them (loud cheers);--the spirit that summoned bard and chief to surround their throne has not expired with them. That spirit was the spirit of Ireland's Na. tionality; and that spirit lives to-day, as strong as fervid, and as glorious as ever; it burned dating ages of persecution ; as it ever lived in the heats of the Irish mee (tremendous cheering, again and again renewed).

And now, my friends, treading, as it were, adown the hill-side, after having heard Patrick's voice, after having beheld, on the threshold of Tara, Patrick's glorious episcopal figure, as with the simplicity that designated his grand, heroic character, he plucked from the soil the shamrock and upheld it, and appealed to the imagination of Ireland-appealed to that imagination that never yet failed to recognize a thing of truth or a thing of beauty, - we now descend the hill, and wander through the land where we first beheld the group of the "Seven Churches." Everywhere throughout the land, do we see the clustering ruins of these small churches Rarely exceeding fifty feet in length, they rarely attain to any such proportion. There they are generally speaking, under the shadow of some old Round Tower, - some ancient Celtic name, indicative of past glory, still lingering around and sanetily, ing them. What were these seven churches? what is the meaning of them-why were they so numerons ? Where, thy were churches enough, if we believe the ruins of Ireland, in Ireland during the first two centuries of its Christianity, to house the whole nation. Everywhere there were churches,churches in groups of seven,-as if one were not enough, or two. Now-a-days We are struck with the multitude of churches in London, in Dublin, in New York ; but we must remember that we are a divided community, and that every sect, no matter how small it is, builds its own church; but in Ireland we were all of one faith; and all of these churches were multiplied. But what is the meaning of it? These churches were built in the early days of Irelands monasticism,---in the days when the world acknowl. edged the miracle of Ireland's holiness. Never since God created the earth-never since Christ proclaimed the truth amongst men-never was seen so extaordinary and so miraculous a thing as that a people should become, almost entirely, a nation of monks and nuns, as soon as they became Catholic and Christian (cheers). The highest proof of the Gospel is monasticism. As I stand before you, robed in this Dominican dress-most unworthy to wear it-still as I stand before you a monk, vowed to God by poverty, clustity and obedience, - I claim m myself, such as 1 am, this glorious title, that the Church of God regards us as the very best of her children (cheers). And why? Because the cream, as it were, of the Gospel spirit is sacrifice; and the highest sacrifice is the sacrifice that gives a man entirely, without the slightest reserve, to God in the service of his country and of his fellowmen (loud cheers). This sacrifice is embodied and, as it were, combined in the monk ; and, therefore, the monk and the nun are really the highest productions of Christianity (renewed cheers). New Ireland, in the very first days of her conversion, so quickly caught up the spirit, and so thoroughly entered into the genius of the Gospel, that she became a nation of monks and nuns, almost on the day when she

this lecture, is a man who has sacrificed a great deal in order to foilow his convictions, and his convictions led him from the Protestant to the Catholic Church. And he brought with him, on the day that he came into the Catholic Church a bright intellect, and an honest, loving heart ; and therefore I recommend his lecture to you.

I have, smally, to apologize to you in all carnesthabit (applause). The reason why I put off my black cloth coat and put on this dress-the Dominican habit-is, first of all, because I never feel at home in a black coat (cheers). When God called me. the only son of an Irish father and an Irish mother. from the home of the old people, and told me that it was His will that I should belong to Him in the Sanctuary, the father and mother gave me up without a sigh, because they were Irish parents, and had the Irish faith and love for the Church in their hearts (cheers). And from the day I took the habit -from that day to this-I never felt at home in any other dress, and if I were to come before you this evening in black cloth, like a layman, and not like an Irish Dominican friar, I might, perhaps, break down in my lecture (laughter). But there is another reason why I appear before you in this white habit: because I am come to speak to you of the ruins that cover the face of the old land; I am come to speak to you, and to tell you of the glory and the shame, and the joy, and the sorrow that these ruins so eloquently tell of; and when I look upon them, in spirit now, my mind sweeps over the intervening ocean, and I stand in imagination under the ivied and moss-covered arches of Athenry, or Sligo, or Clare-Galway, or Kilconnell; the view, that rises before me of the former inmates of these holy places, is a vision of white-robed Dominicans. and of brown Franciscans; and, therefore, in coming to speak to you in this garment, of the glorious history which they tell us, I feel more myself, more in consonance with the subject of which I have to speak in appearing before you as the child and the representative-no matter how unworthy-of the Irish friars-the Irish priests and patriots who sleep in Irish graves to-night (tremendous cheers).

And now, my friends, the most preciousgrandest-inheritance of any people, is that people's history. All that forms the national character of a people, their tone of thought, their devotion, their love, their sympathies, their antipathies, their language,-all this is found in their history, as the effect is found in its cause, as the Autumn speaks of the Spring. And the philosopher who wishes to analyse a people's character and to account for it .-to account for the national desires, hopes, aspirations, for the strong sympathies or antipathies that sway a people,-must go back to the deep recesses of their history; and there, in ages long gone by, will he find the seeds that produced the fruit that he attempts to account for. And he will find that the nation of today is but the, child and the offspring of the nation of by-gone ages; for it is written truly, that "the child is father to the man." When, therefore, we come to consider the desires of nations, we find that every people is most strongly desirous to preserve its history even as every man is anxious to preserve the record of his life; for history is the record of a people's life. Hence it is that, in the libraries of the

selves to desolation and decay. Let us bow down, fellow-Irishmen, with reverence and with love, as we pass under the shadow of these plause). Look up. In imagination we stand, now, upon the highest level of Ireland's first Christianity. Above us, we behold, the venerable hill-top Tara ; and, beyond that, again, far away, and high up on the mountain, inaccessable by any known road of history, lies, amidst the gloom,-the mysterious cloud that hangs around the cradle of every ancient race, looming forth from pre-historic obscurity,-we behold the mighty Round Towers of Ireland. There they stand-

- 'The Pillar Towers of Ireland! how wondrously they stand
- By the rushing streams, in the silent glens and the valleys of the land-
- In mystic file, throughout the isle, they rear their
- time.

(Great cheoring).

Now, having gone up to the cradle and fountainhead of our history, as told by its monuments and its ruins, we shall pause a little before we begin again our downward course. We shall pause for a few moments under the shadows of Ireland's Round Towers. There they stand most perfect in their architecture; stone fitted into stone with the most artistic nicety and regularity; every stone bound to its bed by a cement as hard as the stone itself; a beautiful calculation of the weight which was to be put upon it, and the foundation which was to sustain it, has arrived at this .- that, though thousands of years have passed over their heary heads, there they stand, as firm to day as on the day when they were first creeted. There they stand, in perfect form, in perfect perpendicular; and the student of art in the 19th century can find matter for admiration and for wonder in the evidence of Ireland's civilization speaking loadly and eloquently by the voice of her most ancient Round Towers (cheers) Who built them? You have seen them : they are all over the Island. The traveller sails up the placid bosom of the lovely Blackwater, and whilst he admires its varied beauties, and his vory heart within him is ravished by its loveliness, he beholds, high above its green banks, amidst the ruins of ancient Lismore, a venerable Round Tower lifting its grey head into the air. As he goes on, passing, as in a dream of delight, now by the valleys and the hills of lovely Wicklow, he admires the weeping alders that hang over the stream in sweet Avoca ;-he admires the hold heights throwing their outlines so sharp and clear against the sky, and clothed to their very summits with the sweet-smelling purple hea-ther;—he admires all this, until, at length, in a deep valley in the very heart of the hills, he beholds, reflecting itself in the deep waters of still Glendalough, the venerable "Round Tower of other the Island of Saints, and when his ship's prow is turned towards the setting sun, he beholds upon the head-lands of the iron-bound coast of Mayo or western Galway the Round Tower of Ireland, the last thing the eye of the lover or traveller beholds (renewed cheers). Who built these towers, or for what purpose were they built? There is no record of reply, although the question has been repeated, age

her Cathedrals and her Abbey Churches alongside o them; and we often find the loving group of the "Seven Churches" lying closely beside, if not under the shadow of the Round Towers (renewed applause). We also know that the monks of old set the Cross of Christ on these ancient Round Towers,-that is, on the upper part of them; and we know, from the evidence of a later day, that, when the land was de luged in blood, and when the faithful people were persecuted, hunted down,-then it was usual, as in the older time, to light a fire in the upper portion of those Round Towers, in order that the poor and persecuted might know where to find the sanctuary of God's altar (loud cheers). Thus it was that, no matter for what purpose they were founded, the Church of God made use of them for purposes of charity, of religion, and of mercy.

Coming down from these steep heights of history. -coming down like Moses from the mountain,from out the mysteries that envelope the cradle of our race; but, like the prophet of old, with the evidence of our nation's ancient civilization and renown beaming upon us,-we now come to the hill of Tara. Alas, the place where Ireland's monarch sat onthroned, the place where Ireland's sages and seers met,-where Ireland's poets and bards filled the air with the rich harmony of our ancient Celtic melody, is now desolate; not a stone upon a stone to attest its ancient glory. " Perierunt etium ruinie!" -the very rains of it have perished. The mounds are there, the old most is there, showing the circumvalation of the ancient towers of Tara :- the old moat is there, still traced by the unbroken mound whereby the "Banquet Hall," three hundred and sixty feet long, by forty feet in width, was formed and in which the kings of Ireland entertained their chieftains, their royal dames and their guests in high festival and glorious revelry. Beyond this no vestige remains. But there, within the most,-in the very midst of the ruins-there, perhaps, on the very spot where Ireland's ancient throne was raised,there is a long, grass-grown mound; the earth is raised ; it is covered with a verdant sod ; the shamrock blooms upon it; and the old peasants will tell you, this is the "Oroppy's Grave" (cheers). In the year 1798, the "year of trouble," as we may well call it. some ninety Wexford men, or thereabouts, after the news came that " the cause was lost" fought their way, every incl., from Wexford until they came to the hill of Tara, and made their last stand on the banks of the river Boyne. There, pursued by a great number of the King's Dragoons, they fought their way through these two miles of intervening country their faces to the foe. These ninety heroes, surround ed, fired upon, still fought and would not yield, until slowly, like the Spartan band at Thermopyla they gained the hill of Tara, and stood there like lions at bay (renewed cheers). Surrounded on all sides by the soldiers, the officer in command offered them their lives if they would only lay down their arms. One of these "Shelmaliers" had that one threatens. It is a curious thing to see how, morning sent the Colenci of the Dragoons to take a cold bath in the Boyne. In an evil hour the Wexford men, trusting to the plighted faith of this British officer, laid down their arms; and, as soon as their guns were out of their hands, every man of them was fired upon; and to the last one, they perished upon the hill of Tara. And there they of the primaval races of mankind, written upon the scarcely fifty years further on, on the road of our durable vellum, the imperishable asbestos, or some- history, passing as we go along under the frowning, have the lead of all the known events in the history And they tell how, in 1843, when O'Connell was unation's degradation by crime. Not only numbers

became a nation of Christians. The consequence was that throughout the land-in the villages, in every little town, on every hill side, in every valley, -these holy monks were to be found; and they were called by the people, who loved them and venerated them so dearly-they were called by the name of Culdees, or servants of God.

[We regret that, for want of space, we are unable to give the entire lecture in the present issue ; the other part shall appear in our next.]

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DANGERS AND DUTIES OF THE TIMES .--- The Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien. Dean of Limerick, has lately delivered a lecture on the above important subject to the Queenstown Young Men's Society. The Nost Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne, presided. "The dangers of "The dangers of these days are not, perhaps, so much to be found in

the sum of human depravity as in its organized power. We have had at many epochs, as many sinsindividual crimes-injustices-murder-deceit, rol-beries, villianies of all kinds: but the greatest difference between the times past and the present age appears to be that when in former times errors as a rule soon vanished or settled into forms that kept truth in check, and wickedness died with the lives of the wicked, and whereas to an almost universal extent up to the 16th century wickedness was ashamed to make a creed of crime, we now have Atheism reduced to formula, and Infidelity propounded as divino, and the train laid to the very contre of the citadel of civilization, society, and God and we see unless belief-Christian, Catholic belief make organization and resistance a question of life and death, our own very days may see the fall of heaven's worst malediction spread over the Island of the Saints, and the records of a thousand years become the accusers of national apostacy." Having disavowed the intention of imputing infidelity or the principles of the Commune to any political party in Ireland, and described what the result would be of a complete revolt against (lod, he continued. "Disorder among men, decay and barbarism, have always progressed in the same ratio at divergence from the grand law of mun's nature-to represent Right. Made in the image and likeness of the Deity, his reason harmonizes with the eternal melody of Divine thought, and according as he employs his freedom in sustaining this concord his progress is sure, successful, and also happy. In fact, he is The lecturer then proceeded te. 'going God's way.'" consider the various divergencies between man and God which history records, and said : "The first divergence which paid the penalty of its faithfulness in many an age of wretchedness was Paganism. Yet, this rebellion was not so malicious or so entire as to invoke all the evils which the more modern as the fire was kept in the well and the faith and picty of a Tobias and a Daniel reared monuments of spiritual glory during the captivity,-the nations kept enough of the thoughts, truths, and gifts of Paradise as to enable faithful people at any time to know the great Parent from whom they were descended and to a great extent to know how much