

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

"AFTER THE STORM."

Last night the storm-king rode
On the mighty billows high,
And the wild winds bore away
The seagull's piercing cry.

But, with the morn, the sun
In all his splendor rose;
The booming wind is hushed,
And now but softly blows.

Down by the rocky beach,
This sunny morn I roam;
By the mighty rolling deep,
With its lovely sun-tipped foam.

The seabirds whirl and wheel,
Far up in the brilliant sky,
Or cowered in the waves,
So restfully they lie.

The radiant sea-green waves
Come rolling into the bay,
Then break on some hidden rock,
Into beautiful sparkling spray.

On again they rush,
'Till their goal they reach,
With a long-drawn, breathless swish,
They roll up the pebbly beach.

Then eddying, hurrying back,
Amid the seething foam,
The pebbles they carry away
Down to the me-maid's home.

Again the curling waves
Come tumbling in to the shore,
Laden with bright-lured shells
From the sea queen's boundless store.

Surely these crested waves,
That gleam in the sun so bright,
Are not the same mad waves
That tumbled and roared last night?

Where are the angry winds,
That shrieked thro' the forest trees?
It's not the self-same air,
That forms this balmy breeze.

Oh! wind so fresh and free,
Oh! sea so bright out there,
When your passions are asleep,
You are as false as fair.

Oh! waves with your snowy crests,
That flash in the morning light,
We must forgive you now,
For the mischief done last night.

COLLEEN BAWN.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

"A robe of seeming truth and trust,
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung with poisoned crust,
The dirk of defamation.
A mark that like a gnat showed,
Dye-varying on the pigeon,
And for a mantle broad and large,
He wrapt him in Religion."

In the first pages of the Holy Bible we find that Cain slew his brother because they disagreed as to the mode and manner of worshipping the true and living God; and sad to say that from that time to the present, through all the ages of history, we can recount the crimes and massacres that have been committed in the cause and name of religion. The Jew and the Moslem, the Pagan and Christian, the Protestant and Catholic, all possess to a greater or lesser extent the same spirit towards each other that stained the virgin world with the blood of the martyred Abel. The latest work that I have read on this subject is entitled "Fifty years in the Church of Rome," by the Rev. Charles Chiniquy. I shall not attempt to enter into a critical review of this ex-priest's work, yet I cannot refrain from correcting some of his errors as to the causes and consequences of the late Civil War in the States. With regard to the Rev. gentleman's views of the Catholic Church I shall make no comments; but I must say that I was surprised to see in his exposition of the crimes of the Roman Catholic Church that he, parenthetically, drags into his arguments certain statements about Jefferson Davis which are not true. He tells us in his book (page 724) that Dr. Nudd, (I presume he means Mudd), at whose place Booth stopped to have his broken leg dressed, was a Roman Catholic, and so was Garrett, in whose barn Booth was caught and killed. Why so? Because, as Jeff. Davis was the only man to pay one million dollars (!) to those who would kill Abraham Lincoln, the Jesuits were the only men to select the murderers, and prepare everything to protect them after their diabolical deed; and such murderers could not be found except among their blind and fanatical slaves." If this be the truth in history, why did not the Federal Government, that offered \$100,000 reward for the capture of Jefferson Davis for complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, who was afterwards caught and imprisoned in Fortress Monroe for over eighteen months, try him for his diabolical doings, in place of releasing him upon the bail-bond of Commodore Vanderbilt and Horace Greely, two of the ablest and strongest supporters of the Federal Government? The answer to this must be that Mr. Davis was not guilty of the charge. If this charge against the ex-President of the Confederate States was false, may we not presume that the crime charged against the Jesuits is

also untrue? In fact, the character of the Federal Government in the conduct of the war is forcibly illustrated by the orders found on the body of Colonel Dahlgren, of the Northern army, who in February, 1864, was killed in his attempted raid around Richmond. These orders instructed his men, who were disguised in Confederate uniforms, to "burn, pillage and destroy" the city of Richmond, giving the special injunction that the city must be burned, and "Jeff. Davis and cabinet killed." The Rev. Mr. Chiniquy also tells us that "Mr. Lincoln, that great and good man, feared nothing so much as to arm the Protestants against the Catholics and the Catholics against the Protestants." How is it that Mr. Lincoln's "client" should in after years depart from the wise precepts of this truly great and good man, and in his old days seek to array one denomination of the Christian church against another? And further, why does the Rev. Chiniquy attempt to lay all of the dark "episodes" of the Civil War between the States at the door of the Pope of Rome? The truth in history shows nothing of the kind, for it appears that the Southern States, because of certain grievances, legitimately under the Constitution of the United States, withdrew from the Federal compact; and the Northern portion of the States, by overwhelming numbers and resources, after a long and bloody war overcame the South, and the results were that "slavery" and "state sovereignty" were swept out of existence, and the country was again united under a revised constitution, and the Pope of Rome had about as little to do with the "dark episodes" of the war as the "man in the moon." Doubtless in this horrible tragedy of civil war acts of cruelty were committed by Catholics as well as Protestants. General Sheridan, the "celebrated Catholic cavalry raider," said in his despatch to his superior officer "that, by the aid of his torch, a crow could not subsist where he went without his 'haversack,' much less the women and children of Virginia." The Federal Government was deeply indebted to one of the followers of the Pope (General Meade) for his brilliant victory at Gettysburg, and in truth the history of the war proves that the Catholics figured more conspicuously on the part of the North than they did on the Southern side, in fact, from Mr. Chiniquy's own evidence we find this to be true. He tells us in his book that "he (in 1864) saw with profound distress the influence of Rome was almost supreme in Washington, he could not find a single statesman who would dare to face that nefarious influence and fight it down except General Baker." This is strange logic for a man who claims to know so much of the private as well as public acts of President Lincoln and his Cabinet at that time. It may be that some of these public men looked on the Reverend Father as "a wolf in sheep's clothing," and they did not wish to be interviewed on this particular occasion by this particular man.

Perhaps it may be well in this connection to enquire who was the "exception" in Washington to the "nefarious influence" of His Holiness the Pope of Rome? This valiant soldier was no less a personage than Gen. L. C. Baker, of the "detective police," whom Lewis Schade, attorney-at-law of Washington, published as a liar in the newspapers in Washington in regard to certain reports that he (Baker) put in circulation during the famous "Witz trial," and, although a Brigadier-General in the U. S. army, he never resented it.

The star of the Southern Confederacy has long since set in a sea of blood and disaster, and the head of that ill-fated government is now living quietly amid the balmy breezes of his "native heather," whilst most of his compatriots and opponents have all "gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns," yet, strange to say, we find a man in the robe of a saint, whose motto should be "peace on earth and good-will towards men," after almost a generation has passed since the cruel strife, attempting to revive the animosities of the war by slandering the chief of the Southern confederacy.

VETERAN.

AN AFFECTIONATE LION.

Gerard, the great lion hunter, captured a whelp in the mountains of Jebel Mezouors, Algiers, named it Hubert and brought it up as he would bring up a dog from puppyhood. After a time, his huge pet becoming too dangerous to go at large, Gerard made a present of the animal to his friend, the Duc d'Anmale, and Hubert traveled to Paris in a big cage, bemoaning his separation from his old master. The next year Gerard himself visited Paris on leave of absence from the army, and went at once to the Jardin des Plantes to see his exiled favorite. He described the interview as follows:

Hubert was lying down, half asleep, regarding at intervals with half-shut eyes the persons who were passing and repassing before him. All of a sudden he raised his head, his tail moved, his eyes dilated, a nervous motion contracted the muscles of his face. He had seen the uniform of the Spahis, but had not yet recognised his friend. I drew nearer and nearer, and, no longer able to refrain my emotion, I stretched my hand out to him through the bars. Without ceasing his earnest gaze he applied his nose to my hand and drew in knowledge with a long breath. At each inhalation his attitude became more noble, his look more satisfied and affectionate. Under the uniform that had been so dear to him to begin to recognize the friend of his heart. I felt that it only needed a single word to dissipate the doubt.

"Hubert!" I said, as I laid my hand on him—"my old soldier!"

Not another word. With a furious bound and a noise of welcome he sprang against the iron bars that bent and trembled with the blow. My friend fled in terror, calling on me to do the same. Noble animal! You made the world tremble even in your ecstasies of pleasure. Hubert was standing with his cheek against the grating, attempting to break down the obstacle that separated us, magnificent to behold as he shook the walls of the building with his roars of joy and anger. His enormous tongue licked the hand that I had abandoned to his caresses, which with his paws he gently tried to draw me to him. If any one tried to come near he fell into frenzies of rage, and when the visitors drew back to a distance he became