

as much above the civil power as the supernatural is superior to the natural; that the Pope is the Church, and that the Church contains the State; that every human being is subject to the Pope; that the Pope has the right to command the obedience of the King and to control his armies; that the civil authority can place no limit to the ecclesiastical power; and that it is a 'pernicious doctrine' to allege that it has the right to do so; that to deny the priests the right to use their spiritual authority to control the elections is to exclude God from the regulation of human affairs; that civil laws which are contrary to the pretensions of Rome are null and void; and that the judiciary has no power to interpret the true sense of laws so passed, which are in fact not laws at all; that civil society is inferior to the Church; and that it is contrary to the natural order of things to pretend that the Church can be cited before the civil tribunals, as if Pope Pius IX. in the concordat with Austria had not agreed that the secular judges should have cognizance of the civil causes of clerks, such as contracts, debts, and the right of succession to private property." These audacious assumptions, it will be seen, represent but too glaringly the theological spirit embodied in the impious manifestoes of the Vatican Council of 1870, and are some of the perils to which Canada is at present exposed and against which both Protestantism and moderate Catholicism are now called upon to contend. Other and equally grave perils, both social and political, there are, to which Mr. Lindsey points, and their menacing character may well alarm those who fear the fast-rising tide of Absolutism and who see how little the political force of the country is to be trusted in its effort to shield it and the people from enslavement and ruin. The character of these perils may be judged by a perusal of the chapters on "The Marriage Relation," on "Spiritual Terrorism at Elections," on "The Claim of Clerical Immunity," on "The Index and the Inquisition," and, above all, on that entitled "The Wealth of the Church." Let anyone—even the most unbiassed person—read these alarming chapters and say if they do not point to a state of things in Canada which exceeds in intolerance and impudent assumption the ecclesiastical arrogance of the Middle Ages. If we are not still living in these times, it behoves the people of Canada to take cognizance of what is going on in their midst, and in the vital interests of the country to rouse themselves to the application of an immediate and heroic remedy.

LA INDIFFERENZA.

[Translated from the Italian of Parini.]

CUPID, once offended sorely
By a Lover indiscreet,
Vowed by Venus most securely
He would take a vengeance meet.
So to seek a torture fitting
Went where Pluto dark was sitting.

"Greeting to Thee, mighty monarch
Of the shady realms of Dis.
If I e'er to Thee, ungrudging
Gave my store of unknown bliss,
Tender love, and joy most rare,
Do not now reject my prayer!
Tell me, midst the tortures painful
Which thy habitation holds,
What to tender lovers baneful
Most of woe and grief enfolds?
What is that the most atrocious,
Which can rack and slay them quite?
Grant me such; for I would use it
For a mortal's bane to-night!"

"Cupid, that which thou desirest
My dominions can provide."
Thus to him the Prince of Darkness,
Making signal swift aside;
At the sign through gloomy shadows
Hasten forth the dusky Cares,
Destined to torment each mortal
Who the badge of Cupid wears:
Here is harsh and cruel Rigour,
Here is restless, swift Caprice,
Hard Disdain, in threatening vigour,
Nor from humbling Scorn release.
Doubt in constant, exiled wronging,
Firm Refusal, banished Longing.

As above the horrid concourse
Cupid hovered, mazed in doubt,
Through his black beard Pluto, smiling,
Thus maliciously spake out:
"Very wise and skilful art thou
Victor of the gods, we know,
To select the joys most pleasing
Unto mortal man below,
But, perhaps, not quite so learned
As a connoisseur of woe!
Seest thou not amidst the torments
Which my prison walls contain
Cold Indifference appearing
Tranquil-eyed with calm disdain?
She is far the greatest torture
To afflict a constant soul,
She the Worst you could discover
As a tender lover's dole!"

Alas!—Irritated Cupid
Took the Worst and homeward flew,
And Indifference was seated
In the maiden's eyes of blue,
In her eyes so bright and shining
To afflict her lover true.
He, the miserable lover,
Had with constancy endured
Harsh and ill-considered Rigour,
Restless, swift Caprice—uncured;
Hard Disdain and Scorn, with vigour,
Doubt of Change, and exiled wronging,
Firm Refusal, banished Longing,
These but made his courage rise;
But he could no longer suffer
Love in such a cruel guise,
And Indifference appearing
Slew him with her tranquil eyes!

ROSEMARY A. COTES.

THE TIPPERARY TURK.

THE evening wore on. Champagne corks had crackled like musketry fire. Claret of the finest flavour that had ever ripened on the Garonne had flowed in streams, and loyal toasts had been drunk, and disloyal also; for a hot Jacobite had proposed the three B's, and no one had objected with more than a laugh. The rooms began to swim; the night grew hot; and more than one grave and learned counsellor unbuttoned his waistcoat and loosened his neck-cloth, while through the mask of his official features the wild Irish face came into focus, like the second landscape in a dissolving view. The wine which had been brought up was exhausted. The elder guests began to think they had had enough, and Sir John —, the Chief Justice, suggested an adjournment. Remonstrances rose loud from the lower end of the table. There was a cry for another dozen of Lafitte, and the proposal was caught up with so much enthusiasm that Achmet was despatched to the cellar with a basket. The majority of the party clearly enough intended to make a wet night. Most of them were seasoned vessels, who could carry half a dozen bottles to bed with them, and sleep none the worse, and the supply for which Achmet had been sent would probably not be the last.

Goring, who had drunk nothing, and had been excused as a stranger, sat quietly by the Speaker watching what was going on. Sir John —, however, and one or two others, determined to attempt an escape while their feet were still steady enough to carry them. It was now dusk; daylight was almost gone, and candles were not yet lighted. The door by which they had entered was at the lower end of the saloon, and led into the outer hall, from which there was an easy exit into the street. Watching his opportunity, Sir John slid from his seat and was half-way down the room before his flight was observed. Free, however, as most things were in Ireland, there was no freedom in the regulation of convivial assemblies. Guests on such occasions were not allowed to shirk. A cry rose, "Against the rules!" The master of the Kildare fox-hounds, who was present, gave a "View Halloo!" and with "Yoicks! Forward! Stole away!" started in pursuit, with half of the company at his heels. Sir John sped on, with the pack after him in full cry. He dashed open what he believed to be the entrance door, and plunged into the darkness beyond. Alas for him! it was not the door into the hall at all, but the door into the new bath-room, where the great basin stood brimming full, and the Chief Justice shot head-foremost into the middle of it.

Close behind followed the pursuers in heedless impetuosity. They could see nothing. They could not have stopped themselves if they had. Over went the first flight. Those behind dropped on the floor, but the crowd pressed on, stumbled over them, and all went down together. There, amidst peals of laughter and shouts for help, for the water was deep, the Legislature and Councillors of Ireland were splashing, plunging, seizing hold of each other, unable to see anything, and such of them as could not swim running a chance of being drowned. Happily ropes were hung from the roof at short intervals for the use of the legitimate bathers. Those who had their senses least disturbed caught hold, and gave a hand to the rest, while the seniors from the top of the table, with the Speaker and Goring, came in with candles, and threw light upon the extraordinary scene.

Achmet, returning from the cellar with his basket, found the dining-room deserted, and, from the noise in adjoining apartment, guessed too surely the catastrophe which had happened. Dropping the wine, tearing off his turban, and forgetting in his distraction who and what he was, he dashed into the confusion. "Och, Thunder and Turf!" he shrieked. "Nineteen members of Parliament squattering in the water like so many goslings, and my Lord Chief Justice like the ould gander at the head of them. Oh! wirra, wirra! what will we do now? Sure its murdered for this I'll be, and that will be the laste of it."

Wild as was the excitement, the whole party, wet and dry, were struck dumb by this astounding exclamation.

"A murracle! a murracle!" shouted a youthful senator, who was swimming leisurely about among his struggling companions. "The Turk has turned Tipperary boy. I'll swear to the brogue. In with him! We'll baptize him on the spot."

"No Turk," shouted the self-detected Achmet. "No Turk at all, at all. Sure, it is Pat Joyce from Kilkenny

I am—no less—and as good a Christian as the Pope of Rome."

Loud was the laughter, but louder yet was the shriek that rang from the gallery. On the rush of the guests into the bath-room, Biddy and her companions had followed by the passage above, and she had arrived just in time to witness her lover's metamorphosis.

"Ah, ye false thief!" she screamed. "And ye tould me it was a circumcised haythen that ye were, and ye'd the Sultan for your godfather, and that if I married ye I'd be a Princess at the worst. It is tear your eyes out, I will, when I can catch ye, ye desaving villain."

"Whisht, Biddy, and be asy with you," answered her lover. "Don't be bothering the gentlemen till we get them out of the water."

By this time, Sir John, very angry and half drowned, was on dry ground again. The Speaker, choking with laughter said:—

"This is a hanging business, Mr. Patrick, or whatever ye are. Ye have conspired against the lives of half the representatives of Ireland, and that is death by statute, Irish and English. You planned it yourself, you scoundrel, because some of us voted for cutting down your grants. But Sir John will catch his death, shivering here in the wet. Bring some dry clothes, if you have any a Christian can wear, and some brandy and mulled claret, and then we will put you on your trial—see what shall be done with you."

Achmet's wardrobe had been furnished only for his assumed character. Silk robes, pelisses, shawls, huge bagged trousers were hunted out and brought down. When the supply still fell short, the ladies' bathing dresses were drawn upon, and, one way or another, the whole party were furnished out and dry. Even Sir John recovered his amenity when the mulled claret came, and warmed him back into good humour; and in wild spirits at the ridiculousness of the adventure, they formed themselves into a Court to try the offender, the Chief Justice presiding.

The offence was palpable; but the audacity of the imposition, and the skill with which it had been carried out, recommended the prisoner for pardon. It was remembered that his baths and his rooms would be none the worse because he was Patrick Joyce, and not the Sultan's barber. To prove his Christianity he was sentenced to drink a pint of brandy on the spot, which he did without flinching. Other penalties were thought of. Henry Flood, who liked to show off his acquaintance with the East, proposed that Achmet, in Turkish costume, should ride a donkey through the streets with his face to the tail, and Pat Joyce pinned in large letters on his back. Hely Hutchinson suggested that the adventure should be entered in the Journals of the House of Commons, as a lesson against further grants in aid. But after terrifying the unfortunate wretch with these and other more frightful suggestions, the Court agreed on a verdict of—Guilty, with good intentions; and they signed a Round Robin to the outraged Biddy, recommending her suitor to mercy, on the ground that a decent lad, with a good Irish name to him, was a fitter mate for her than a Turk, and that Achmet had only been all along what she professed that she wanted to make him.

It was now midnight, and the party broke up. In sedan chairs and in coaches—where a wisp of straw had first been lighted to warm them—Achmet's guests were carried to their homes in their parti-coloured apparel; and Goring and Fitzherbert walked back to the College, the grave and earnest Colonel too much diverted with the incidents of the evening to be able to moralize over them. Ireland's fortunes might be committed to a singular set of legislators, but he had never met with more entertaining companions. —From the two Chiefs of Dunboy, by J. A. Froude.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

A SYMPATHETIC sketch of the work of Mr. Bright, by R. W. Dale, forms the opening paper of the *Contemporary Review* for May (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Company, 29 Park Row). Dr. Dale admits it is yet too early to determine what rank will be permanently attributed to Mr. Bright among English statesmen, but contends there need be no hesitation in expressing the profound impression which his great personal qualities have made upon his contemporaries. Lord Chief Justice Fry contributes an interesting and suggestive paper on "Imitation as a Factor in Human Progress." Thomas Burt, M.P., presents a review of the progress of labour politics as represented in the British Parliament. Edward T. Cook brings together many curious facts concerning popular judgment of works of Art in an article on "Prices at the National Gallery." Grant Allen writes on "Individualism and Socialism," and S. S. Addis on "Railways in China." The number concludes with a valuable Symposium on the "Industrial Value of Technical Training," with opinions of practical men.

THE *Fortnightly Review* for May (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Company, 29 Park Row) opens with an essay by Lord Wolseley entitled "Is a Soldier's Life Worth Living?" which he answers in the affirmative. Arsene Houssaye concludes his reminiscences of Alfred de Musset, begun in the April number. An unsigned paper, "What is Ritualism?" will doubtless attract a wide circle of readers. Prof. Karl Blind contributes a series of personal recollections of John Bright. F. C. Selous describes the newly acquired Mashunaland treating of an almost