

man is, I suppose, prepared and willing to afford us so much information."

"It is with that view I called on Mr. Lawson," replied Geraghty. "The story I have to tell you is rather a strange one. It has not been, as she supposes, merely from a sordid motive alone she has been seized upon, but it was as a means of taking revenge, as I am informed, upon Mr. Lawson."

"Revenge," exclaimed Lawson and Ludlow at the same instant.

"Yes, from a revengeful motive," added Geraghty. "You, Mr. Ludlow, may not have heard, but Mr. Lawson, probably, very well knows a rebel named Colonel Fitzpatrick."

"Colonel Fitzpatrick! Ludlow and I knew him very well; but what can he have had to do with Judith?" asked Lawson.

"Listen to me patiently," replied Geraghty. "This Colonel Fitzpatrick and his son, it seems, conceive themselves, for what reason I know not, to have been, not merely aggrieved, but deeply injured by you, Mr. Lawson. And, I suppose, as they had no other means of revenging themselves, when they could not assail you, they resolved it seems, to wound your feelings, by inflicting an injury on your daughter. They, therefore, as I am told, hired Redmond O'Hanlon's gang to seize upon her, to hold her in custody for some time, and then to force her to marry a low and debauched spendthrift, named David Fitzgerald, a man who has reduced himself from an ample fortune to sordid beggary by an indulgence in all sorts of vices. That diabolical plan they have not, as yet, been able to carry into effect. But it is to be attempted to-morrow night; but where, I am not, as yet, quite certain. This, however, is arranged, that a degraded parson (for Fitzgerald is, like Miss Lawson, a member of the Established Church) is to be with the two Fitzpatricks at a certain place, not yet fixed upon (or rather which I have not yet heard of); and that there, with such witnesses, the ceremony of marriage will, with or without her consent be gone through."

"The Fitzpatricks! father and son! both together! and without any attendants! are you sure of that?" asked Ludlow.

"Perfectly sure of it. There will be but the old man; he is a great deal older, and not half as stout as I am," replied Geraghty.

"And with him his son—that is, you may say, but one man alone, for as to Fitzgerald, I would be more than a match for him myself, he is so broken down with constant intoxication. And then the degraded parson—another miserable drunkard. Thus, you see, if you wish to prevent this abominable marriage, you will require no additional aid. I will go armed as well as you, for I have an old grudge to settle, as it was on account of these Fitzpatricks that I suffered that calamity, the effects of which will last as long as life."

"Right! right!" remarked Ludlow. "An additional force would be, in such a case, an impediment, instead of an assistance; and if I was—for I too have an old grudge to settle with these Fitzpatricks—if I was, in my endeavor to prevent this marriage, or in my desire to punish those who had planned it, to blow the brains out of one or both the Fitzpatricks, would you feel displeased at my doing so?"

"I am too much of a gentleman myself," replied Geraghty, "to interfere with another in the indulgence of his resentment, or the gratification of his revenge."

"Your sentiments do you honor, Sir," observed Ludlow. "What plan do you then propose for us all to adopt? for in this case, as I perceive, we have a common object to attain, and the same enemy to destroy."

"Precisely so," replied Geraghty. "We all wish to inflict summary and condign punishment upon those we detest."

"And to prevent my daughter from being married," added Lawson.

"Oh! certainly to prevent your daughter being married," added Geraghty. "Do as I bid you, and no such event can possibly take place."

"It is easy seeing you are a father," observed Lawson.

"Have been, Sir," replied Geraghty, "and you will be, I trust, afforded the proof how deeply I feel the loss that was inflicted upon me. But now, without making any other professions upon the one side or the other, listen to what I have laid down as a fitting course of proceeding for us all. You should, I think, leave this place either to-night, or at a very early hour to-morrow, and meet me to-morrow evening at the fortress tower which lies on the right-hand side of the high-road, about three miles from Dundalk. The tower, if I mistake not, is the only relic left of a small fortification which was destroyed by the valiant General Ludlow, when he was making a progress towards the North."

"Oh! I remember it very well," replied Ludlow. "It is a low square tower."

"The very same," replied Geraghty. "Miss Lawson is confined somewhere in that neighborhood, and from her present prison will be brought to some solitary place where the marriage ceremony can be huddled over without interruption. Meet me at ten to-morrow night at the square tower on the road. Remember you come well armed; you are both men of courage. If you see your enemies then you know what to do—you know what claim they have on your mercy. I know my enemies have none on mine. Farewell."

The old man disappeared.

Lawson was engaged with the rehearsal of his daughter's letter.

"Oh!" cried Ludlow, as he walked up and down the room with an air of triumph. "Oh! what a glorious opportunity for riding myself of all my difficulties has this old man placed within my grasp! Father and son! both at my mercy; both within the reach of my weapon—unprepared to defend themselves—expecting to meet with no foe. To strike them down with one blow, and so attain the end of a life-long struggle; and so secure those possessions for which I have waded through the blood of the innocent and the unoffending. Lawson! arouse yourself. Think of to-morrow night—your daughter restored to you, the Fitzpatricks got rid of; my bond still available for your profit and advantage. Arouse yourself, Lawson! Prepare your weapons for the short, decisive, and the last, the very last conflict in which we shall have to engage."

"And make you Ludlow, all the preparations that you deem to be necessary. You know me of old—if I see an enemy, my blood will be up on the instant, and I am ever sure to strike a deadly and decisive blow. But now I can do nothing, think of nothing, but that in the course of a few hours I shall clasp to my heart my lost—my long-lost—everlamented, and ever most dearly beloved daughter, Judith."

tasks, and even these in a careless and slovenly manner.

Judith was thus thrown entirely and absolutely upon her own resources. Without books to read, or paper to write, or embroidery to work, she was left in her solitary confinement, with nought to occupy her mind but vain regrets for the past, and equally vain hopes for the future, whilst the present, the awful present, was a dead blank.

Hour after hour, and day after day passed, and from morning till night she might be seen in the same position, gazing wistfully at the window opposite where she had last seen "the imp," and wishing—oh! how many times wishing—that his frightful face might again present itself. She sat so long there that, at last, she took an interest in watching the movements of the furious animals in the court-yard below, even though she never could venture to lean out, and gaze down upon them, without their fierce muzzles and white teeth gnashing at her, and their impatient barks clashing in her ears.

Ever furious, and mischievous, and malignant as they were, still they were living things, and to her poor tired eyes it was something to see life and motion, even though there was, in both, unprovoked hostility to herself untruly exhibited. She looked so long and constantly at these odious brutes, that at last she was able to distinguish them, one from the other, and to give them, in her own mind, names by which she marked their identity; calling one "the lion," another "the tiger," another "the panther," and another "the hyena."

Even these most odious and detestable animals became, each in turn, objects of interest, to her, and she wiled away many a day, and many an hour of many a day, in bestowing her undivided observation upon some one or other of these in themselves most uninteresting objects.

Oh! the wearisome hours there are in this life, for many a poor sad heart, separated from those it loves, and neglected by those who are near. How it pines and how it throbs, with a longing desire for parents or kinsmen that are far away, and who, if near, would have sustained it with looks and words of deep affection; how it tries to delude itself by watching what it does not care for, while the gentle affections that are trodden under foot are thrilling with pain and quivering with agony; and then, how, at last, wearied, and exhausted by its sad and solitary watching, its lonely horrors, and its desolate occupations, it rises in prayers to the All-merciful, and begs that He will take it to Himself, and by the dear remembrance of His abandonment and forlorn Agony in the Garden, give to it what the world denies, or has taken away from it—love for love—everlasting peace—undying affection—the repose of the grave; the tranquil, soft, sweet, refreshing, never-ceasing repose of heaven.

Poor Judith! Her dreary occupation had been to watch the furious, detestable brutes in the court-yard beneath her window, until she knew them perfectly, and at last was able to observe that amongst them all there was one, that seemed to be always more infuriated than the rest at sight of her; this was a large white bull-dog, to which she had given the name of "the tiger."

One day, on looking down, she was astonished to perceive that when his fiery companions opened their mouths and gnashed their teeth, howling and grinning at her, "the tiger" appeared not to take the least notice of her, but lay curled up in his own kennel, as if an unusual fit of silliness had come upon him. And so the brute remained for the entire day, changing his position constantly, fidgety, and as if dissatisfied with himself, and yet not disposed to vent his ill-humour upon anything around him. The next day she remarked "the tiger" lay with his head between his paws, never varying his position more than once or twice during the day. A short time after this, the dog was looking wildly and strangely about him as if he did not know where he was. Upon another day, "the tiger" would now and again spring up, as if he saw some strange object before him, at which he would give an angry look, and then plunging about with a savage howl.

All this time it appeared as something extraordinary that the dog never looked up at her, nor watched her as he used to do. A listlessness had fallen upon him; his food was neglected, and he lay crouching down, gnawing at straws, or licking with his tongue the cold stones of the court-yard into which the sun never penetrated.

As Judith was thus engaged watching the tiger, and speculating in vain as to what could be the cause for this sudden change in the usual habits of the animal, she was astonished at perceiving the window opposite suddenly open, and "the imp" again presenting himself, and making signals to her that she should stand back until he cast over the rope he held in his hand.

It was with a joyful heart, bounding with hope and pleasure, that Judith beheld the imp fling the rope, that she fastened it for him, and she watched him speed, by its means, across to her, bearing her golden-handled riding whip in his mouth.

"What news? what news? how is my dear father?" cried Judith, as the imp bounded in to the room.

"Has he received my letter?"

"Yes."

"When am I to get out of this prison?"

"To-night."

"Will my father come for me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He can't."

"Then how am I to get out?"

"The imp produced a ladder of ropes, and pointed with his finger down into the court-yard.

"What! to go down there amongst those dogs?" exclaimed Judith turning pale. "What! to be devoured alive! Wretch! you have not seen my father. This is a plot to lure me to my own destruction."

The imp looked as if it were an enjoyment to him to witness the terror exhibited in the face of Judith. He then made a motion with his hand as if locking a door, and said—

"Do it myself at night! I'm afraid of the dogs as well as you."

"What proof have I that you have seen my father? that you are not deceiving me?" asked Judith, whose fears were excited, and her apprehensions aroused, by the proposal she should place herself near to those ferocious brutes, that had so often barked in anger at her.

"Daddy sent you this," said the imp, as he placed in Judith's hand the ring which Lawson had given to Geraghty in exchange for her letter.

"Daddy sent this—so glad to get the letter," repeated the imp.

Judith kissed the ring a thousand times, and said, as she took from her purse some pieces of gold, "These are for yourself; I'll give you more when I am in my father's house."

"Won't have 'em," replied the imp; "give me usquebaugh."

"I have not, I am sorry to say, any," replied Judith.

"Augh!" cried the imp in an angry tone,

"don't care for anything else; gold no good; can't drink gold—can drink usquebaugh."

"But why not make our escape through the door?" asked Judith.

"Grand-daddy watching there—not watching court-yard."

"Then there is no escape from this place but by the court-yard?" observed Judith.

"None."

"Very well; then into the court-yard I'll descend whenever the time has come for doing so. At what hour may I expect you?"

"At ten; pitch-dark then."

"I will be ready."

"Good," said the imp, pointing to the riding whip; "take that—wanted."

"What! shall we have to ride a long way before I meet my father?"

"Yes," replied the imp, making a motion with his hand, as if he was whipping a horse to make it go on very fast.

"And who will be my companion on the road, and point out the way to me?"

"I."

"Are you certain you will make no mistake?"

"None."

As the imp thus spoke, he was about to dart out of the room, when Judith caught hold of him, and at the same time said—"Pardon me—I am sorry thus to stop you; but there is one question I wish particularly to ask."

The face of the imp changed as he felt Judith's hand upon him. There was the scowl of a demon; on his brow for a moment his right hand slipped into the breast of his jacket, as if he had a deadly weapon concealed there; but as he listened to Judith's words, the scowl relaxed and the hand was withdrawn, and he stood in his usual attitude before her—that is, looking as her whilst appearing to be listening for some noise in the distance.

"I wish, I say," observed Judith, "to ask you one question which has disturbed me very much."

The imp still listened, but said not a word.

"I wish," continued Judith, "to know how came you to be so long absent from me? Why did you not see my father at once? Why have you been such a time—oh! such a very long time—without bringing me some proof you had seen him?"

"Grand-daddy," said the imp.

"Well!" added Judith, as if waiting for some further explanation.

"Grand-daddy," repeated the imp.

"What has grand-daddy to do with it? How was he able to prevent your seeing my father?"

"Grand-daddy," repeated the imp for the third time, and then making the semblance of one person boxing and lashing another, and then of twining ropes or fetters around his arms and legs.

"Oh! I understand you now," remarked Judith; "your grandfather beat you, and then tied you down, and so made you a prisoner; and therefore you were neither able to see my father, nor to let me know what had become of you."

The imp nodded.

"Very well. Now you may go. I shall be perfectly ready to accompany you at ten o'clock."

At ten o'clock that night Judith was prepared fully to make that attempt which would, as she trusted, end in restoring her safe and well to her father.

With tremulous anxiety she watched the progress of the hours, and with satisfaction noted the lengthening shadows, and the gradually declining day; mistiness, and gloom, and then night descending upon the earth, and concealing every object in a thick cloak of darkness.

(To be continued.)

**CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.**

**CHARACTER OF THE PENAL LAWS.**

**HOW THEIR REPEAL WAS EFFECTED**

**CATHOLIC PROGRESS OF HALF A CENTURY.**

Last Easter Sunday was the fiftieth anniversary of Catholic Emancipation. "Our clock strikes," says Carlyle, "when there is a change from hour to hour; but no hammer in the Horologe of Time peals through the universe when there is a change from Era to Era." Yet in the graceful figurativeness of classic mythology the oldest daughter of Memory comes to our aid, and Clio, chief of the Muses and patroness of History, anniversary after anniversary, jubilee time succeeding jubilee, centenary upon centenary, in the great world's Library from Sybilline leaf to last new volume, points with faithful finger to the page. 1879 is truly a year of jubilee in Ireland. "The Catholic Relief Bill and Freehold (Ireland) Regulation Act"—having appropriately passed its second reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 353 against 173 on St. Patrick's Day, its third reading on the 30th of March, its second reading in the House of Lords, on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, on the 2nd of April, and its third reading in that noble chamber on the 10th—received the Royal Assent from the Commission of a reluctant King on the 30th of April, 1829.

DISABILITIES OF CATHOLICS IN PENAL TIMES.

During the reigns of the First and Second Georges an Irish Roman Catholic could not hold office either military or civil. He could not be either a solicitor or a sheriff, member of a corporation or a grand jurymen, high constable, petty constable, vestryman, or even common watchman. He could take no more than two apprentices. Nobody was allowed to become trustee for him. Anybody could seize his horse by paying £5 for it, could take it for militia service for nothing, and oblige him to pay double and find a Protestant substitute. A younger brother could supplant his elder, and rob him of his birthright—may, could reduce his father's family to a life estate by turning his daughter a mistress or a solicitor marrying his daughter subjected himself to the same disabilities as his father-in-law. A priest celebrating such a marriage contrary to 12 Geo. I. cap. 3, exposed himself to be hanged, and a spy got £50 for the discovery of a Popish Archbishop, £30 for a Popish clergyman, and 10s for a school-master. But it must always be remembered to the eternal honor of Protestants inhabiting and settled in Ireland that the inner history of this awful penal time is full of individual acts of generosity and kindness to their unfortunate neighbors whom they might treat as heathens, and who were regarded by the law in no higher light than as hewers of wood and drawers of water to be used, if not indeed, as wolves and vermin, to be exterminated.

THE FIRST GLIMMER OF RELIEF.

The reign of the Third George arrived, and with it just and far seeing men, able and eloquent, who saw beyond the mists of the bigotry and intolerance of the narrow-minded many, who recognized the forces of liberty and freedom that were gathering themselves deep in the bowels of society for one vast universal upheaval that would break crowns, cast down thrones, wipe out dynasties, and rend the empires. Amongst them conspicuous were Charles James Fox, an Englishman, and Edmund Burke, the illustrious Irishman, whose statue stands before the facade of Trinity College. This is a curious fact that in 1779, fifty year before the final success of the Catholic question of which we are now commemorating the jubilee, Mr. Fox brought the subject of Catholic relief before the English House of Commons where his proposals were negatived by a large majority. But the efforts of the Catholic Association, under the leadership of its founders, Dr. Curry, Mr. O'Connor, of Ballinagar, the immediate ancestor of the present O'Connor Don, and Mr. Wyse, aided by the counsel and sympathy of Edmund Burke in England, and the presence, prestige and noble assistance of such men as Lord Viscount Taaffe, better known as the celebrated Count Taaffe, of the Holy Roman Empire, the German soldier and statesman as well as the Irish patriot in Ireland, were rewarded with some gleams of hope. In 1778 the Irish Parliament repealed so much of the penal code as affected the inheritance or purchase of property by Catholics, as also the clauses authorizing the prosecution of priests and the imprisonment for life of Papist school-masters.

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTY BECOMES IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

Immediately that even this much of the pressure was removed, the vitality, the innate strength of the Catholics began to show itself, and, long before the next instalment of relief was afforded the trade of Ireland in three of the provinces was in Catholic hands and under Catholic control. In Cork a Mr. George Gould, the principal Catholic merchant, came forward to the relief of the Commander of the Forces in that district when the Generals pay-chest was empty; and when all the Protestants hung back, he illustrated the position into which the Catholics had worked themselves by advancing all the gold required to pay the army and provide the commissariat. When Grattan, the great Irish patriot, was afterwards advocating the Relief Act of 1792 in the Irish Parliament, he was also able to cite the marvellous instance of a Mr. Byrne, who "complains that he pays to the revenue near £100,000 annually, and yet has no vote." But we fear that even the sympathy of a Burke, even the eloquence of a Grattan, even the unceasing toil of a patriotic and intelligent association would have been powerless and ineffective, were they not fortunately synchronous with the peril of an empire and with the hour of trial of kings. We have noticed how the echo of the first shot at Bunker's Hill had hardly ceased reverberating throughout the world when the primal relaxation was made in the severity of the laws against the Catholics, and we shall now see how the neighboring conflagration in France lighted the lords of life and death in these countries to the vision that more was needed than mere mercy, and that the question was whether, in the interest of the empire's safety, an effort should not be made to mould the inhabitants of Ireland into one people. In 1791, for the first time since the reign of William and Mary, Papists were exempted by law from the penalties incurred by coming within ten miles of London, escaped liability from prosecution for entering the palace, or

appearing in the province of the King; and on the 2nd of January, 1783, for the first time since the battle of the Boyne, a number of Irish Catholic subjects stood face to face with the Sovereign.

The Catholic Association, sprung from an obscure beginning in Dempsey's Tavern, in Sackville street, had done much, had under various titles evaded the Algerine Act, had stirred up the provinces by meetings, had started the "Catholic Rent," had held audience through its delegates of the Union; but Irish Catholicism was yet despondent, degraded deathlike, afraid to lift its head walking with downcast eyes and tottering steps in its own land and under its own sky. The baristers who took the oath required were looked upon with justice as neither Catholics nor Protestants. The Catholic had the right to vote, but it was only as his Protestant landlord commanded him—to hold certain offices but only as the obsequious servant of his Protestant master.

THE GREAT LIBERATOR ENTERS ON PUBLIC LIFE.

Such was the state of things when Daniel O'Connell was called to the Irish Bar. There had been before his time a series of Relief Acts, more than we have had time to mention or to trace—dribbles of justice or rather of mercy. It was reserved for him, cradled amidst the mountains of Kerry educated under the lofty influences of a college like St. Omer's in fair France, a man in stirring times of changes and revolution, when rank was indeed only the guinea's stamp, when genius and courage incited their possessor to the boldest achievements, won for him the most exalted honors—it was reserved for O'Connell, we say, to drive the monster of Ascendancy from its last great position, and to win for his countrymen that final victory which alone is worthy of and called by the glorious name of Emancipation. The other Relief Acts were merely "graces" or concessions dictated by expediency and granted in straits. The Act which O'Connell passed for Ireland was a triumph gained in fair fight, beginning on the 13th of January, 1800, at the meeting in the Royal Exchange of Dublin, which Major Sitt thought vainly to prohibit, and ending with that historic election in Clare, where the people, stirred as by a trumpet to the inmost depths by the clarion tones of their Tribune, first recognized themselves, and taught their masters the reality of their power, the resistlessness of their strength.

TO THE PEOPLE BELONG THE CREDIT OF THE GREAT VICTORY.

And it was the people alone that won this victory for Catholicity. The peers—the Catholic peers—were cold and cowardly, if not actually hostile. The iron chain of slavery had entered deep into their souls. It is not needful for us now to go into the particulars of the struggle. Four years ago, at the O'Connell Centenary Celebration, it was recalled so well and so vividly that none who witnessed or read of the commemoration can ever forget. The agitation over the veto question, the general elections of 1826, the defeat of the Beresfords in their own stronghold of Waterford, the all-embracing vastness of a moment which commanded eight hundred thousand signatures to a petition for the recognition to all Dissenters of the rights and privileges which the Catholics claimed for themselves, the sympathy won for the agitation abroad over the length and breadth of the Continent, the coming into office of an administration at the head of which was the great military chief whose name filled the world, O'Connell's address to the Clare electors, the subscription of £14,000 made in a few days to support his canvass, the whirl, the excitement, the fearful enthusiasm of his return—are they not indelibly imprinted on the memory of every Irishman? And then O'Connell's appearance at the Bar of the English House of Commons, "Are you willing," said the Speaker, "to take the oath of supremacy?" "Allow me to look at it," said O'Connell. It was handed to him, when came thundering the memorable words, "Of this I know one proposition to be false, and another I believe to be untrue."

THE TRIUMPH EFFECTED.

That moment the battle was won. The die was cast. The Rubicon was crossed. Victory alighted upon the standard which the Tribune carried. His seat was declared vacant. But nobody could be found to oppose when he offered himself for re-election. He was again returned. He hastened to London. He took his seat, without the violation of his honor or his faith, in the Imperial Parliament—the first Catholic Irishman that ever represented a constituency at Westminster. It is the victory of O'Connell, then—that Catholic Relief Act which we justly call Emancipation, the jubilee of which we celebrate to-morrow. But it had a sense wider, broader, than is any act of justice to one particular creed, even though that creed be Catholicism. It is the triumph of the principle of religious and civil liberty.

WHAT O'CONNELL HIMSELF THOUGHT OF THE STRUGGLE.

Let us quote from a famous speech the Liberator's own estimation of the meaning of his struggle; "For my own part I have directed much of my time to the Catholic cause, a time of little value, alas, to my country, but of great value to myself; but I would not give up one hour of that time, or a single exertion of my mind to procure the mere victory of any one sort of persuasion over the other. No; my object is of a loftier and different nature. I am an agitator with ulterior views! I wish for liberty—real liberty! But there can be no freedom anywhere without perfect liberty of conscience, that is of the essence of freedom in every place. In Ireland it is eminently, almost exclusively, the hope of liberty. The Emancipation I look for is one that would establish the rights of conscience upon a general principle to which every class of citizens could equally resort, a principle which would serve and liberate the Catholics in Ireland, but would be equally useful to the Protestants in Spain—a principle, in short, which would destroy the Inquisition and the Orange Lodges together, and have no sacrilegious intruder between man and his Creator. I esteem the Roman Catholic religion as the most eligible. All I require is that the Protestant, the Presbyterian, the Dissenter, the Methodist should pay the same compliment to his own persuasion, and leave its success to its own persuasive power without calling in the profane assistance of temporal powers, or the corrupt influence of temporal rewards."

THE LESSONS OF THAT VICTORY.

A nobler emancipation and pronouncement can hardly be conceived. It merited the success which greeted it. No narrow platform could or would win such a victory. That victory has its lessons for us in the present day. It has been supplemented largely and bravely. The lessons learned during the fifty years ago have since stood in good need. We have in the advance of years removed that incubus of Church ascendancy against which a prelate still, thank God, strong in the vigor of a patriarchal life, raised the first great hand when he leased as a model farm a small holding, to inaugurate resistance "to enactments

that are contrary to right, reason, and justice." "After paying the landlord his rent," declared the Archbishop of Tuam, "neither to parson, proctor, nor to agent, shall I consent to pay in the shape of tithes, or any other tax, a penny which shall go to the support of the greatest nuisance in this or any other county."

IRELAND'S RIGHTS MUST BE WON GRADUALLY.

The Church Establishment has followed the tithes; the Ballot Act has prevented for ever the horrors which the people dared when they engaged in such a contest as that of Waterford or Clare. The Land Act has added its benefits.

THE CHARGES OF HALF A CENTURY.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes: "Easter Sunday was the Jubilee of Catholic Emancipation. It was on the 13th of April, 1829, that King George IV. signed the Act of Parliament giving relief to the Catholics of the British Empire and permitting them to hold seats in the Parliament and in the public service. None of the Ministers who carried the measure are at present living, nor is there at present sitting in Westminster a single member who voted for or against it. The progress of Catholicism in Great Britain since the passing of the Act has been extraordinary, and successively several bills have been passed giving relief to Roman Catholics in detail and providing for the full enjoyment by the Catholic population of the rights enjoyed by other communions. In 1835 the first Catholic law officer of the Crown was appointed in the person of Mr. O'Loghlin, who was chosen Solicitor-General for Ireland, and as Master of the Rolls, became the first Catholic judge since the Revolution. Ten years after the passing of the Act there were five Catholic members representing English constituencies, and there were over sixty Catholic clergymen in Great Britain ministering at 520 places of worship. In 1851 the Catholic population had reached two millions, possessed 694 chapels, 53 colleges and religious houses, and 972 priests in Great Britain. In the British Empire there were, in 1851, 70 Roman Catholic Bishops and Apostolic Vicars performing episcopal functions. In 1861 only one English constituency was represented by a Catholic in the House of Commons, but there were 20 Catholic peers in the House of Lords, and 32 Catholic members in the House of Commons. There were in Great Britain about 1,342 priests, 993 Catholic churches, 49 monastic communities, 155 convents and 12 colleges. In 1871 there were 38 Catholic peers and 37 Catholic members of the House of Commons—only one, Lord Robert Montagu, representing an English borough, Huntingdon; and the then Lord Clancillon of Ireland was, for the first time since the Reformation, a Catholic. Last year there were no less than 125 Roman Catholic dioceses or districts administered by Bishops in the British Empire, the Catholic population of which is computed at nearly 14 millions of people. There are 34 Catholic peers, 26 holding seats in the House of Lords; and 51 Catholic members of the House of Commons. In Great Britain there are 18 Archbishops or Bishops, 2,140 priests, and 1,348 Catholic places of worship, while the Catholic population remains a little over two millions. There are no Catholic judges in the superior courts in Great Britain, nor are there any Catholic members representing constituencies in Great Britain in Parliament, but five members of Her Majesty's Privy Council are Catholics."—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

Deceased Wife's Sister.

So many attempts have been made in England to pass a bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister that one is almost justified in assuming that the kingdom is overrun with anxious widowers who want to marry their sisters-in-law. Such a bill has been repeatedly passed in the House of Commons, and as repeatedly thrown out by the House of Lords. It has just been thrown out again, notwithstanding that on this occasion it had the support of no less a personage than the Prince of Wales, who has a seat among the Lords. The odd feature about these marriages is that they are quite legal in the colonies and not legal in Great Britain. The result of this is that people who may be legally married in Canada are not, in the eyes of the law, looked upon as being married in Britain. This is awkward, to say the least.—*Toronto Telegram*.

Prorogation of Parliament.

OTTAWA, May 15.—His Excellency was pleased to deliver the following speech:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I desire to thank you for the diligence and care with which you have discharged your duties during this laborious and protracted session.

The reorganization of the important Department of Public Works, and the division of its duties will, I doubt not, greatly add to the efficiency of the public service.

The consolidation and amendment of the statutes relating to the lands of the Dominion will present to the large number of settlers, now wending their way to the Northwest Territories, a compendious and well-considered system.

I hope that the bill relating to weights and measures, while it relaxes the stringency of previous legislation, will not decrease the efficiency of that important measure.

The provision made for telegraphy by cable between the main land, Antigonish and the Magdalen Islands, will facilitate and aid our commerce and navigation, and especially the development of our fisheries.

The measures adopted for the vigorous prosecution of the Canadian Pacific Railway, hold out a prospect of the early completion of that great undertaking, and the proposed purchase from the Grand Trunk Railway Company of the line from River du Loup to Quebec, when concluded, will at last complete the engagement entered into at the time of Confederation, to connect by an international railway the St. Lawrence with the Atlantic Ocean at Halifax.

I congratulate you on the other measures affecting the public interests which have been passed.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

In Her Majesty's name, I thank you for the supplies you have so readily granted. They will be expended with all due regard to economy.

Gentlemen of the Senate and Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The readjustment of the tariff which has been effected by the legislation of the session will, I trust, by increasing the revenue, restore the equilibrium between revenue and expenditure, while it will, at the same time, aid in the development of our various industries and tend to remove the long continued financial and commercial depression which has so greatly retarded the progress of Canada.

I bid you farewell, and desire to express my earnest hope that when Parliament again assembles we shall find the country enjoying the state of peace which now happily exists within its borders, with a great addition to the national prosperity.

CHAPTER XX.

From the moment that Abigail Gregg had been so unexpectedly removed from her side, poor Judith Lawson had found herself to be completely deserted. Her meals were brought, and her apartments swept, by a young girl that appeared to be both deaf and dumb, and whose attention and curiosity Judith had in vain attempted to awaken and excite. The poor drudge seemed to be incapable of doing anything but her allotted