

Man's Mission.

Man's mission is to glorify God. He is created in the image and likeness of God. His duty is to love God with all his heart, mind, and strength, and to love his neighbor as himself.

PARNELL AND GLADSTONE.

Magnificent Letter of the Bishop of Meath.

The Right Rev. Dr. Nulty, in a letter which occupies seven columns of the Freeman, speaks as follows in reference to the state of affairs in Ireland at the present time. The police fire volleys into crowds of unarmed men at the very time they are running for their lives, and even the dignity and helplessness of women, which render her personal safety sacred in every nation on earth that is civilized as well as brave, afford her no protection from these warriors, for they shoot down women as well as men; and, according to sworn accounts, they lay out to death young girls even when they are down. Three coroners' juries, on their solemn oaths and on sworn testimony, have found and recorded verdicts of wilful murder against them, and yet the accused appear to be still at large, and do not seem to have been inconvenienced, or in the least disconcerted, by such insignificant incidents. And if anyone, like myself, ventures to raise his voice and give vent to his feelings in a piercing cry of anguish and of pain over the ruins of the liberties of his country, he is liable to be arrested and thrown into prison, to add one more to the 340 high spirited, intelligent and educated men who are at this moment, like so many wild beasts, caged within bars of iron, deprived of their liberty, their freedom, and of every other gift that makes life agreeable, or even endurable. And yet these men have not been convicted of any crime; let their clamour as they may, they will not be brought to trial, and no opportunity will be afforded them for proving their innocence. They are subjected to the indignities, to the solitude, and the horrors of prison life, simply because the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary wish it; and they must remain there during their good will and pleasure. This system of arbitrary arrests—of cruel and indefinite imprisonment for purely political crimes, which are only "suspected"—which it continued merely in a penal institution, shocked and scandalized Mr. Gladstone immensely, and he denounced it in burning words that set all Europe in a blaze.

BUT, OH, SHADE OF KING HOMER, you have now your revenge! The system that had then been reprobated in words that will live for ever, that had been then relegated into eternal infamy, oblivion and shame, has quite recently been discovered among the "resources of civilization"; has been revived, in its own proper individuality and identity, by the very man who had then so fiercely decared it. It is now one of the flourishing social institutions of free England, and is actually in full swing this moment, plaguing the happy subjects throughout the jails of Ireland with forms of mental suffering and mental anguish, that to them are all but intolerable, and from which, before the winter shall have passed, some shall very likely escape by going mad, and others by becoming totally ruined in health, and rendered utterly worthless for the rest of their lives. Surely, then, Mr. Gladstone might have spared that gallant phrase with which he mocks and insults us, when he assures the world that to annihilate a nation's liberties, to crowd her prisons and her jails with the best and noblest of her sons, to silence freedom of speech, and to make every man in the community dependent for his personal freedom on his sole arbitrary will, are all but departments in the high and accomplished art of governing on principles derived from the "resources of civilization."

THE "RESOURCES OF CIVILIZATION." Government by force—by arbitrary arrests—by wholesale imprisonments without judge or jury—by silencing freedom of speech and the right to complain of injustice and wrong, used to be regarded as a hateful despotism which would not be tolerated for one week in any civilized country, and which could not exist at all except in communities that were uncivilized and barbarous. But when men apply themselves to the odious task of oppressing or enslaving their fellow-creatures, they are wonderfully ready in devising smart incisive phrases with which, in defiance of decency and truth, they endeavour to palliate and pass off on the thoughtless forbearance of the public, excesses to which they would not venture to direct attention by professedly justify-

ing or defending them. History abounds with phrases of this kind, and they are associated with memories of which Mr. Gladstone would feel ashamed. I think it was Cromwell that characterized "as a great mercy of God" the wholesale slaughter of unarmed citizens; the Red Republicans cut the throats and shed the blood of the best men in France to the cry of "Liberty, fraternity and equality;" and the Russian tyrant announced to the world "that order reigned at Warsaw" at the very time that Warsaw ran red with the blood of Poland's noblest and bravest defenders. Not to talk, then, of the insult wantonly flung at a spirited and sensitive people, an ordinary sense of self-respect and a decent regard for his own character ought to have induced Mr. Gladstone to hold his hand here at any rate. Now, sir, this is exactly as far as I can ascertain, the policy which a Liberal administration has introduced, and actually upholds and administers the moment in Ireland. I do not deny that a Tory Government could be found which would do exactly the same thing, if it were allowed freely to follow its naturally tyrannical instincts; but I do deny that any Tory Government would have the power or would dare to set up such a form of Government whilst the Liberal party sat on the Opposition benches. A Liberal administration, like the present Government, is, then, about the greatest misfortune that could happen to our country. The circumstances that immediately led to the present deplorable situation of affairs are still fresh in the memory of everybody. I forget the name of the old Roman who said that no one but a fool would argue with the master of twenty legions.

MR. PARNELL HAD THE FASHIONS, in his speech at Wexford, to reply to the Prime Minister's speech at Leeds. Further, he had the misfortune, in clear, logical, and irresistible argument, fairly to vanquish him. Mr. Dillon's singular haste to repudiate Mr. Gladstone's questioning compliments, and Mr. Shaw's famous lynching process for ridding the world of civil bill servers, furnished Mr. Parnell with a retort which was simply crushing, and which must have wounded the Prime Minister deeply. Now, all the world knows that Mr. Gladstone is an intelligent giant; but, as he is not infallible, he sometimes makes mistakes, and if challenged and vanquished on these mistakes, he bears his defeat very heavily. When snarling under the defeat and fall of his former administration, chiefly through the action taken by the Irish Bishops, in the vast, varied, and almost boundless grasp of his intellectual powers, he sought relief for his wounded feelings in the various departments of ancient and modern literature, and even of theology. Everybody remembers how he applied himself to the study of theologies, and flung at the Syllabus, at the infallibility of the Pope, and at the degrading influence which the Catholic religion exercised on all who had the misfortune to belong to it. And everybody remembers, too, how powerfully and how scathingly his rash and ignorant accusations were exposed and refuted in about the most beautiful and eloquent brochure that ever emanated from the pen of Cardinal Newman.

IN THE SORROW AND IRRITATION then created by Parnell's intellectual victory lies the source of that impetuous, precipitate, and impassioned policy which Mr. Gladstone then suddenly inaugurated, and to which he has since steadily adhered. He, who the whole justification of his sudden and extraordinary policy he has adopted on the fact that Mr. Parnell was preventing, by intimidation and other unlawful means, the tenantry of Ireland from availing themselves of the benefits they could derive from the Land Bill. Now, sir, that accusation, though often made, has never yet been proved, and in my judgment it never can be proved, simply because it is not true. If Mr. Parnell's policy had been allowed to develop itself freely and naturally, the Land Act would have proved itself the great salutary, remedial measure it was expected to be, and it would infallibly have pacified and contented the country. Mr. Gladstone could then to-day (with his usual pride) point at the peace, the prosperity, and contentment it had diffused over the land. The country had just then been weary and heart sick of the tumult, the strife, the intense and unnatural excitement in which it had lived for nearly two years, battling bravely and at the greatest sacrifices for its rights and its liberties, till it had won substantially all that it had claimed. The victory it had just gained improved its condition immensely. The tenant-farmers had discovered, to their infinite delight, that they could now breathe freely—that

THEY WERE NO LONGER SLAVES, but freemen. They felt it to be an immense relief to have shaken off for ever the mortal terror of rack-renting and expropriating landlords, that had hung over them like a night-mare for centuries. The benefits gained through the Land Act had been large, substantial, and important, and their intrinsic value would be vastly enhanced by the justice and generosity of the court that administered it, and by the promptitude and despatch with which its valuable results had been brought home to them. The Government would not allow Mr. Parnell to use Mr. Gladstone's Bill as a great remedial measure, which in a very short time, indeed, would have infallibly pacified and tranquilized the country. In their impatience and irritation they had recourse to force, which is no remedy at all for stifling the discontent which springs from injustice. Anyone can see, in the lawlessness and disorder that now prevail, and which every good man reprobates and deplores, the full as well as the failure of that remedy. But the incident that surprises one most is Mr. Gladstone's incapacity to comprehend the line of action which Mr. Parnell had taken from the very beginning towards the bill. I do not pretend to be in Mr. Parnell's confidence, and, except in his public life, I know little or nothing about him. I did not meet him more than five or six times in my life, and then only in a quasi-official capacity—on the occasion of his seeking or resigning the representation of the county of Meath, in this diocese. Nevertheless, I can state as a fact that MR. PARNELL WAS, FROM THE VERY BEGINNING, sincerely anxious for the passing of the bill. It is quite true he was well aware

it did not give him all that he required, or that the tenant farmers were entitled to, but he knew also that it made large and substantial concessions, which it would be criminal folly not to accept as an instalment of their rights. Nevertheless, the intense hatred felt for him by the whole Tory party, and by a large section of the Whig party, too, forced him to assume an attitude of indifference, and even of apparent hostility to the bill. The slightest indication of his approval, or that he felt any interest whatever in it, would be fatal to the measure. The fact of walking out at the head of the Irish party on the second reading did more for the bill, than if he had twice as many more had recorded their votes in its favour. But when the bill came into real peril, as it did on Mr. Henegge's motion, everyone remembers the readiness and promptitude with which he came to its rescue. Everyone recollects, too, the indecent glee with which the Lords glared over the strangulation of two or three clauses in the bill, which though they had the full sanction and approval of the Government, had nevertheless the misfortune of having originated with Mr. Parnell. Mr. Gladstone says that the Land Question has been finally settled, and that he will listen to no further argument or discussion on it. But he said the same before, and he did his very best to keep his word; still the Land League agitation compelled him to take the question up, and pass his bill sorely against his will. But the truth is that finality in legislation on any question is an absurdity, and, with the wide-spread and unprecedented privations and sufferings of the agricultural classes in England and Scotland on the one hand, and America and Australia on the other, finality in legislation on land is the most glaring of all absurdities. Why? Legislation on the land question is only at its commencement, and

IN ANOTHER YEAR OR TWO IT WILL BE IN FULL SWING in England and Scotland as well as here. If Mr. Gladstone differed from and found fault with Mr. Parnell's policy, and if I would not complain of him. But that he should punish and degrade an honorable and a distinguished rival—that he should consign him, without judge or jury, to imprisonment and to chains—that he should extort from him, in the indignation which such injustice naturally provoked, an excuse and a pretext for suppressing an organization whose justice and legality he never questioned before, appear to me an arbitrary exercise of power which Liberal and Radical statesmen are bound by their own principle to disown. The ex parte, and I suppose I may add the now expiring system of Irish landlordism, was the great social evil of our country for ages past. A single acre, or a few acres, not a large one, kept a whole nation steeped in insupportable misery by exacting rents for their lands enormously in excess of their real value. In instances without number these rents nearly equalled the value of the whole produce of the land, and consequently it was all but impossible to meet them. Under this unjust system, the people of a whole nation were kept continually on the verge of starvation, and hence the smallest unfavourable change in the seasons, the slightest failure of any of their crops, particularly of the potato crop, slaughtered them wholesale, and sent them in thousands to premature graves.

THE LANDLORDS were, at that time, with the arbitrary and irresponsible power of evicting their tenantry on any scale they thought proper, and they did exercise that power on a gigantic scale in every part of the kingdom. I was myself an eye-witness of some of those horrible clearances; I described their leading horrors as truthfully as I was able, and when I ventured to look back at them, the very memory of what I then saw makes me shudder even still. In one county in this diocese there are at this moment 369,000 acres of the finest land in the world laid down in grass and pasture. That immense tract of country was cleared substantially since the beginning of the present century. Of that vast, virtuous and industrious population that had been on these lands, those who had the courage and the means to take themselves away, and for refuge to foreign lands, and those who could not or did not go perished in the ditches or in the poor-houses at home. The intrepidity and courage with which Mr. Parnell denounced this system before hostile majorities in the House of Commons—the practical power and skill with which he organized and developed to the highest pitch of efficiency and usefulness the Land League organization—

HIS SPLENDID AND SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS in Parliament and out of it, to emancipate the land from the thralldom of landlordism, realized to the fullest all these exiles longed for and then they all, in confidence, the gratitude and the attachment to him; personally that generous Irish hearts and warm Irish feelings can bestow. Their generous sympathies soon assumed a practical and substantial form. Thousands of Land League organizations sprang up, as it were, by magic in every county in the world into which the Irish race had penetrated. There is not a city, town, village or hamlet throughout the vast extent of the United States, of Canada, of Australia, as well as in England and Scotland, in branches, thoroughly organized and disciplined, all in communication with the great central (though now suppressed) organization at home, and contributing to it a moral and a pecuniary support that make it a power that is almost irresistible. Streets of gold, therefore, still flow from these innumerable sources copiously and abundantly into its treasury. Mr. Parnell, then, on the day of his arrest, was regarded as the greatest, the most trusted, and THE MOST POPULAR HUSBAND OF THIS CENTURY.

Every day of the very day of his arrest Mr. Gladstone announced a meeting composed principally of allies, at the Guildhall, in London, and his theme, of course, was the excited state of Ireland. Mr. Parnell had been arrested some hours before the meeting, and Mr. Gladstone was, of course, fully cognizant of the fact. At the very height, however, of a fierce, impassioned, and scathing Philippic in which Mr. Gladstone has no rival, and by which he can drive an auditory into all but absolute frenzy, a

telegram arrives. The messenger presents himself exactly at the proper moment, forces his way to the place from which Mr. Gladstone is speaking, and presents the telegram, amid the breathless silence of the assembly. Mr. Gladstone opens and reads it, and, with the gravity and solemnity of an accomplished actor, announces that the first act of the drama is opened—Mr. Parnell is arrested, and is now safely lodged in Kilmalmain Gaol. The announcement brought the meeting, to a man, to their feet, and it hailed with loud, ringing, and prolonged cheers, and with the most extravagant demonstration of exultation and delight. As far as I can remember, this is the account given of the meeting in the current newspaper literature of the day. Now, sir, in reading of it would strike anyone that Mr. Gladstone might have remained satisfied with the victory he had, fairly or unfairly, won over his great rival, and that this wild, impassioned, and indecent exultation of feeling over a fallen foe looked very like

STRIKING HIM WHEN HE WAS DOWN. I have no doubt that the enthusiastic applause that Mr. Gladstone had evoked afforded him the highest delight and enjoyment; but it did not excite the same feelings in the minds of millions of Irishmen, who read of it with the news of Mr. Parnell's arrest the next morning. The wild, enthusiastic outburst of triumph and joy, which hailed the announcement of Mr. Parnell's imprisonment, excited them to greater pain, irritated and exasperated them more, than a similar outburst of the fiercest hatred and contempt if levelled directly at themselves. But the most painful feature of this Guildhall meeting was, that as Mr. Gladstone fairly enough insinuated, it was representative in its character. The Liberal and Radical parties spoke and acted through it, and implicitly expressed their opinions and feelings through its proceedings. The Radical party has to do violence to their conviction and principles in assisting Mr. Gladstone to pass the most comprehensive and oppressive Coercion Bill ever enacted for any country; and yet, with his promises broken before their eyes, they never yet condemned or even complained of the use he made of the dangerous and unconstitutional powers which that act gave him. But as we are now striving for our very lives, the time has come when they must speak out, and openly take a side for or against us. If they do not compel Mr. Gladstone to reverse his policy, and SET MR. PARNELL AND THE OTHER SUSPECTS AT LIBERTY,

ON WHAT REASONABLE grounds, may I ask, can they claim the loyalty, the allegiance, the political sympathy and support with which the Irish nation invariably favored them? In that event it would become our duty, as well as our interest, to assume an attitude of antagonism and even of avowed active and aggressive hostility towards them. Any escape at all from Mr. Gladstone's Government would not only be a relief, but a positive improvement of our condition. The great distinctive features that had long distinguished and characterized Liberal and Tory administrations are now obliterated. They do not now differ even in degree, and where they do differ the balance of evil is on the Liberal side. I would, therefore, respectfully submit to these great parties to pause and gauge exactly our influence and strength before they finally reject and discard us. The whole Irish race in Ireland, England and Scotland, and, indeed, all the world over, is united as one man in heart, interest and feeling, and with the sincerity and loyalty of heroes, in the great struggle in which we are now engaged. Although we are numerous enough to be counted by millions, yet we are thoroughly organized and disciplined; we are, moreover, sensitively attentive and obedient to the instructions issued for our guidance by THE LEADERS WHOM WE KNOW AND HAVE CONFIDENCE IN.

WE CAN THROW OUT UNITED ENERGY and strength into one great combined movement; we can direct that movement to any point we please, and act and vote solid there against the common enemy. Since our organization has become almost perfect, we had no opportunity of showing our strength. The next great election will prove what it really is. In the meantime the Irish electors of 25 out of 40 of Liverpool, and of the other great English towns, have the glory of having revealed to the world the tactics we mean to pursue, and they have entitled themselves to the eternal gratitude of a party to whom we have been, unfortunately for ourselves, always only too loyal.

I have the honor to be, faithfully yours, T. NULTY, Mullingar, December 8, 1881.

HOW MOSBY WAS ONCE OUTWITTED.

Mosby was seldom defeated and never out-witted to my knowledge but once. The incident has never been in print, I believe, and I am assured that the partisan never related it, it was so very mortifying. It is a trifle, but may amuse the reader. Colonel Mosby had crossed the mountains with a few men into Clarke County, when he was informed that a Federal officer with a squad of cavalrymen was in the vicinity. The officer had stopped at "Clay Hill," the residence of Mr. Whiting, and Mosby made up his mind to capture officers and men. His action was prompt, as usual. He went to Clay Hill, captured him, while he was seated at supper, and carried him off to Upperville, east of the Blue Ridge. There he had been nothing at all unpleasant about the whole affair. Mosby and his prisoner were on the most friendly terms. The partisan had ridden his favorite gray mare on the spot, and Upperville was standing before him ready to mount, when the Federal officer said, "That's a superb animal, colonel." "Yes," was the gratified reply of the partisan, as he patted the mare's neck. The officer snarled closer. "A very fine animal," he repeated. "I'll try her pace." And throwing himself into the saddle he disappeared at full speed, and Col. Mosby never again saw his favorite gray mare or his prisoner.—Philadelphia Times.

THE seven kings of Rome were Romanus, Numa Pompilius, Tullus Hostilius, Ancus Martius, Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and Tarquinius Superbus, and the King of Steel Pens is Eterbrook's Falcon, No. 048.

A VICTIM OF HUMAN RESPECT.

We may pity, but we can hardly repress contempt for, the man who lets himself be turned aside from duty through human respect. A man that has not spirit enough to do what his conscience tells him, for fear of what people will think or say of him, is worse than a slave. In Prague, the capital of Bohemia, the Festival of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin is a holiday of obligation, and is very solemnly kept. Early in the morning of this Feast, some years ago, a young man, a member of the Confraternity of Our Lady, whom we will call J., was going to the church to make his confession, for he wished, as the rules of the Confraternity required, to receive Holy Communion on that day, with his fellow-members. He had gone far on his way when he chanced to meet some dissolute young men of his acquaintance who were walking along, eating nuts. They offered him some, but he thankfully declined them. They insisted, however, and, fearing they might guess the cause of his refusal and ridicule him, he finally accepted some and ate them.

J. could not, of course, now receive Holy Communion, still there was time to go to Confession, and he wished to get away from his acquaintances; but they insisted that he should go with them and have a drink of wine. The weak-spirited youth had not the courage to say no. He determined, however, to go at least to Mass. His companions, guessing the cause of his anxiety, "spoke" him to, telling him it was not enough to be religious when he was alone. To save himself from their ridicule, the unhappy youth yielded to their entreaties and consented to let Mass go. They now began to drink, and soon became so excited by wine that they went, arm in arm, through the streets, laughing and singing and annoying the passers-by in various ways. One of the persons thus accosted felt so excited at the insulting manner of J., that he answered him in a similar manner. Whereupon the tipsy youth drew forth a knife which he had secreted in his pocket, and declared his intention of fighting the stranger. Several passes were made on both sides, but neither of the combatants was severely wounded. The stranger then attempted to pacify the youth and induce him to desist, but excited by liquor and blinded by rage, J. continued to brandish his weapon, until at last he received a thrust in the breast and fell to the ground, bleeding profusely.

On learning that the wounded young man was a catholic, some of the spectators ran to the Jesuit College near by, for a priest; two of the Fathers came and used all their efforts to excite the young man to repentance; but they could not elicit any signs of sorrow. They could therefore do no more than give him conditional absolution, and thus he died. On learning that the wounded young man was a catholic, some of the spectators ran to the Jesuit College near by, for a priest; two of the Fathers came and used all their efforts to excite the young man to repentance; but they could not elicit any signs of sorrow. They could therefore do no more than give him conditional absolution, and thus he died.

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

The following is, says a contemporary, the most salient passage in the pope's Allocution, as it has been furnished to the Catholic papers: With more audacity and license than perhaps any other age ever displayed, the enmity to the Church of Christ, of this our age manifests itself for the scurrilous and detestable war which rages on all sides turns its bitterest enmity towards this Apostolic See. And what is most intolerable, that divinely instituted authority, which could afford the chief and most tried hope of safety in the present crisis of danger, is especially attacked. Truly, if there is anything which can control the untamed cupidities of men, anything which can restrain within the line of duty the multitude unbridled in its insolence, the Catholic Church can, more efficiently than any other influence, accomplish this by its excellence, its doctrine, and its laws. Nor are they less foolish than audacious who pursue, with hostile hate, the Roman Papacy, which, if there were no other consideration, its actions and the benefits it has conferred on all the people of the earth, ought to defend. Would that the Italian nation might, above all others, understand that whatever effort is expended to vindicate the liberty and rights of the Roman Pontiff will rebound, not, as has been often said, to the danger, but to the permanent prosperity and greatness of the Italian name.

Guilty of Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confounding excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a situation as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—Tribune.

Timely Warning.

Now is the season for sudden colds and distressing coughs, treat them with Haggard's Pectoral Balsam, it cures influenza, asthma, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints leading to consumption.

PRISON FARE.

How the Government Treats the "Suspects."

A meeting of the tenant-farmers of the county of Dublin was held on December 8th at the Rotunda for the purpose of taking measures to form branch associations in the various districts of the county in aid of the Political Prisoners' Sustentation Fund. Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., was called on to preside, and in the course of the proceedings Mr. F. Hugh O'Donnell, M. P. gave the following account of his recent visit to the "suspects" in Kilmalmain.

Mr. O'Donnell said—I assure you I enter most heartily into the spirit of the undertaking you have in hand. I have just come from Kilmalmain where I have seen Mr. Parnell. I found him, I am sorry to say, lying on the bed of sickness on which the starvation fare of the prison has laid him (cries of "Shame!"). Yesterday I was in Derry and I saw the county placarded with the appeals of the Solicitor-General to the farmers of Derry to vote for "Porter and Fair Rents." When Mr. Parnell used to address that appeal to the farmers of Ireland he was accused by Mr. Gladstone of appealing to their sordid instincts and the cupidity of Irish tenants, and because Mr. Parnell made an appeal Mr. Gladstone cast him into Kilmalmain (hear, hear). Mr. Porter, the Solicitor-General of Mr. Gladstone, makes the very same appeal for which Mr. Parnell has been cast into jail; and Mr. Porter is the favored official of her Majesty's Government (groans). Mr. Porter for appealing to the cupidity of the tenant-farmers of Derry is to be rewarded with rank and place in Parliament, while on the false charge of appealing to their cupidity, but ready for appealing to the farmers of Ireland to defend their own interests, Mr. Parnell is cast into Kilmalmain and reduced to the condition in which I have seen him to-day. I am sorry to say the Government are not even giving prison fare to the imprisoned leaders of the Irish people (oh, oh)—even the poor and wretched fare laid down by the jail regulations are not given to the political prisoners (shame). I asked Mr. Parnell the nature of the diet which was given to him. He said on the days on which they are allowed soup the soup was indeed very fair, but with regard to the pitiful allowance of meat granted to them by the regulations, the regulations are observed only in the letter but flagrantly broken in the spirit, as the meat given was only the miserable shreds of rags out of which the soup had been previously extracted (great hissing). I cannot imagine a more inhuman or cowardly quibble than that (hear, hear), and there is not a man of honor in all Ireland, I care to observe what his politics, but will condemn such mean and distasteful conduct (hear, hear). I asked Mr. Parnell then about the tea and coffee. He said, quietly and patiently, in that calm, uncomplaining way in which you can expect he meets those miserable indignities and torture, "The tea and coffee are simply undrinkable," and he added with a smile "I don't know what his politics are, but it certainly is not tea" (shame). I inquired about the bread, and it appears even the prisoners' bread is not in accordance with the regulations. It is made of such coarse stuff that in trying to take it poor Dillon sickened the very first day. That unaccountable, unwholesome bread is given them for breakfast, and Mr. Parnell has to eat his breakfast from his dinner of the day before in order to breakfast on it in consequence of the unwholesome character of the prison porridge (oh, oh, and hisses). The potatoes, he told me, are fair as to quality, but they are served up clammy and cold. The cooks, it seems, are prisoners—what are called the "short service prisoners"—so that you can imagine the sort of cooking which is had in the kitchen. It is only because they are short service prisoners that they are always discharged before they have time to learn cooking" (laughter). It is this sort of food, badly cooked, and not of regulation quality, that is served to the political prisoners. The whole thing is an odious juggle—a contemptible, mean, and cowardly system of torture (hear, hear, and hisses). It is only about ten days since I saw Mr. Parnell before. He was changed then from what he had been previous to his imprisonment, but he is very much altered for the worse to-day. Besides the miserable badness of the food they have always to remain breathing the impure air of a stuffy cell or in the exercise grounds and halls which are swept by all kinds of draughts, where, owing to the reduced condition of their system, they are unable to catch cold at every turn. It was a cold, I believe, that brought on Mr. Parnell a short attack of feverishness yesterday, which, however, was vigorously treated by Dr. Kenny (applause), and, thanks to his kindness and skill, Mr. Parnell is decidedly better to-day, and hopes to be able to get up in a day or two. But the treatment that has been given to Mr. Parnell and other prisoners is calculated to destroy the strongest constitution, and to break down and kill any man not possessed of an iron frame (hear, hear). I also learned from Dr. Carter, the prisoners' surgeon, who is a man of great humanity and kindness as well as skill, that he represented to Mr. Forster that the prison diet was killing John Dillon, and strongly recommended his liberation; but Mr. Forster refused (cries of "Shame!"). There is no justice or humanity to be expected from Gladstone and Forster (hear, hear).

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The following is, says a contemporary, the most salient passage in the pope's Allocution, as it has been furnished to the Catholic papers: With more audacity and license than perhaps any other age ever displayed, the enmity to the Church of Christ, of this our age manifests itself for the scurrilous and detestable war which rages on all sides turns its bitterest enmity towards this Apostolic See. And what is most intolerable, that divinely instituted authority, which could afford the chief and most tried hope of safety in the present crisis of danger, is especially attacked. Truly, if there is anything which can control the untamed cupidities of men, anything which can restrain within the line of duty the multitude unbridled in its insolence, the Catholic Church can, more efficiently than any other influence, accomplish this by its excellence, its doctrine, and its laws. Nor are they less foolish than audacious who pursue, with hostile hate, the Roman Papacy, which, if there were no other consideration, its actions and the benefits it has conferred on all the people of the earth, ought to defend. Would that the Italian nation might, above all others, understand that whatever effort is expended to vindicate the liberty and rights of the Roman Pontiff will rebound, not, as has been often said, to the danger, but to the permanent prosperity and greatness of the Italian name.

HOW MOSBY WAS ONCE OUTWITTED.

Mosby was seldom defeated and never out-witted to my knowledge but once. The incident has never been in print, I believe, and I am assured that the partisan never related it, it was so very mortifying. It is a trifle, but may amuse the reader. Colonel Mosby had crossed the mountains with a few men into Clarke County, when he was informed that a Federal officer with a squad of cavalrymen was in the vicinity. The officer had stopped at "Clay Hill," the residence of Mr. Whiting, and Mosby made up his mind to capture officers and men. His action was prompt, as usual. He went to Clay Hill, captured him, while he was seated at supper, and carried him off to Upperville, east of the Blue Ridge. There he had been nothing at all unpleasant about the whole affair. Mosby and his prisoner were on the most friendly terms. The partisan had ridden his favorite gray mare on the spot, and Upperville was standing before him ready to mount, when the Federal officer said, "That's a superb animal, colonel." "Yes," was the gratified reply of the partisan, as he patted the mare's neck. The officer snarled closer. "A very fine animal," he repeated. "I'll try her pace." And throwing himself into the saddle he disappeared at full speed, and Col. Mosby never again saw his favorite gray mare or his prisoner.—Philadelphia Times.

THE seven kings of Rome were Romanus, Numa Pompilius, Tullus Hostilius, Ancus Martius, Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and Tarquinius Superbus, and the King of Steel Pens is Eterbrook's Falcon, No. 048.