

"God Save Ireland."

The following spirited ballad by T. D. Sullivan of the Dublin Nation, in memory of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, who were martyred for Ireland's cause, on Nov. 27th, 1867, was sung with patriotic fervor by millions of the Irish race on the anniversary of the death of those illustrious three— (Air—"Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching.")

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Once on a time, in the time of olden and "merrie England," when all her brave sons held the true Faith, and worshipped at one altar, there dwelt among the vast oak woods and green holly brakes of Cannock Chase, in Staffordshire, a bold and valiant knight named Jocelyn de Stafford. Bold and valiant in good truth, and ready and stout-hearted was he, but he was without stern, unscrupulous, and cruel, when his passions were roused. Sir Jocelyn had fought much in the French wars; and when he was in England he built himself a strong castle, in Cannock Woods, and girded it round with fair walls, and towers, from which he could rally forth at will to plunder the travellers and merchants who passed by, from South to North, or from the North to London; and when he had seized their merchandise, or got ransom from them, he shut up his gates with strong bars, and laughed to scorn all attempts to dislodge or punish him. King Edward indeed loved Sir Jocelyn, for he was a brave soldier, and a useful servant; the nobles hated him, but the poor feared him, for he was very terrible in his anger.

In one thing, indeed, Sir Jocelyn did not offend God: he was never known to lay violent hands on any priest, or to take sight that belonged to the church; on the contrary, he cherished and honored all such as passed that way, or desired hospitality from him; and he gave many broad lands and rich gifts to the Priory of St. Mary's, which lay near his castle, and money and food to all pilgrims whatsoever, who came to visit the Holy Well of Christ, now the Holy Well of the woods about two miles distant from the priory gate, and was found by a holy hermit, many years ago, who by his prayers had obtained for it the gift of healing at Christmas; and at that holy feast crowds of pilgrims came to pray before the shrine set up there by Sir Jocelyn's little daughter Gertrude.

For Sir Jocelyn had one child, only ten years old, most fair and lovely to behold. She was a little, fragile, fairy thing; but though so young and small, her heart was full of love to God and men, and her mind was ripened in wisdom, for she had been from her cradle brought up by the gray-haired prior of St. Mary's and kept from all worldly ways and lore. A lovely and a touching sight it was to see Sir Jocelyn and his child, when they were together. The one so stern and dark, with deep glittering eyes, and a mouth which seemed to condemn you when it spoke; the other so slight and frail, with dark deep eyes, like her father's, but floating with heavenly light; and long bright hair, neither curled nor straight, which threw a sunshine on her head. The high pale brow of Sir Jocelyn always relaxed when he looked at Gertrude, and her joyous laugh was hushed, and her eyes filled with fervent love, when she looked up into his face; so that they were really alike when together.

foliage of the hoary oaks had put the dusky wreath of the old holly-tree to shame. Autumn had come, and the flowering summer leaves blushed and withered away, and fell in red and golden showers on the green turf, but the holly stood there the while, unmoved and unchanged. But when the departing year laid the earth good-night, and the robin was come forth to cheer the misty solitude; when the hoar frost covered every leaf and spray with sparkling diamonds, and the ground was dressed in its winding sheet of snow, then did the ancient holly-tree lift up its head, and shake off the white burden from its armed hands, and crown itself with scarlet coronals of joy, as if to say to thoughtful ears—"The time is at hand—watch ye and pray—for the earth hath opened, and the Saviour shall spring forth and blossom for your salvation."

Then the pilgrims appeared one by one, kneeling at the Holy Well, and the monks went forth daily to chant their office in the dell; and they humbly thanked God, while calling on all creatures to bless Him, for the ancient Christmas-tree, which reminded them to rejoice most when the world is stern and cold. What are a few slight crosses to bear, when they thought of the Almighty God, come in very deed, and in the body of a little Child, for love of them? But do what she would, Gertrude could never persuade Sir Jocelyn to visit the Holy Well. He was proud and haughty, and so he desired to remain; he knew that many rich and noble persons of his age had been converted at Christmas; but he had gone away and sold all that they had, and led henceforth a holy life, for the sake of the Child born in the stable; and he feared lest the waters might work some such desire in his heart, so that he must give up his worldly projects and grasping dreams.

So many days rolled on, and Sir Jocelyn was gone away again to the wars, and spring, and summer, and autumn passed away; he seemed to have forgotten his English castle and his little Gertrude. Spring, and summer, and autumn passed away, and Gertrude prayed yet more earnestly for her father, and with many tears besought the Blessed Virgin and the Child Jesus that he might be drawn from his evil ways, and become mild and peaceful, and like a Christian warrior. Spring, and summer, and autumn passed away, and winter and Christmas drew near, with its holy recollections, its festival joys. There was killing of many oxen and sheep at the castle, and plain deer and woodland boars were brought in piles, and great loaves of bread and sacks of meal were heaped up high, but there was no feast that year; for Gertrude had ordered that all should be given freely to the poor. It was bitter cold, and the icicles hung down from the thatch of the cottagers' huts, and they had little enough to keep them warm; they should be warmed and filled for the sake of the Infant Jesus, thought Gertrude; for her tears flowed fast when she thought of His suffering Childhood, and she knew that in cherishing the poor she was cherishing the Child of Bethlehem. Gertrude was a child herself, and she loved the Feast of Christmas above all the feasts of the mid-year; when the lighted altar shone out more brightly (so she thought) from the gigantic crown she had decked for it from the old holly-tree. All the cottage children knelt that night round the high altar dressed in white, such was her childish fancy, to pray for her father; and after Mass was done, much meal and wine was given away to all who needed it. For that night no one slept either in the Castle or at the Priory; but all kept holy watch the livelong night with the angelic hosts and the pious shepherds, while the triumphant song of joy was echoed far and wide through the Cannock Woods—"Christ our Lord is born—Come, let us adore Him!"

Now it chanced that Sir Jocelyn had been made prisoner by the French armies, and had made his escape without money, without arms, and almost without clothes, by dropping himself down in the canal from the tower of his dungeon. He had crossed the seas in a fishing boat—had walked through England, begging, here and there from castle or monastery, till he came upon his own lands; and this very Christmas night had lost his way in Cannock Woods, and, guided by the lamp which always burned before the image of our Blessed Lady, he came out at the Holy Well, faint and weary, and well nigh dead. Sir Jocelyn had never seen the Holy Well; but when he reached the entrance to the narrow dell and looked down its tufted and grassy banks, from which rose the hoary and white-blanched stems of primeval oaks, shining white in the silvery moonlight—to the grey cross below, beneath which the waters bubbled clear and deep, though the icicles hung down all round the fringed basin, while the dim gleams of the holly-tree shone in the clear cold light, Sir Jocelyn knew the Holy Well of St. Mary's, as he had ever heard of it, and a mysterious awe seized his once proud heart, now softened by affliction and adversity. He knelt down at the edge of the basin, looked up at the image of our Lady and the Infant Jesus, and murmured: "O Mary, Mother, teach me how to pray, teach me what to do. Let me know the spirit of thy Son, that I may become like Him!" and then, worn out with weariness and hunger, he fell like one dead at the foot of the cross.

Was it a delusion? was it a dream? was it a vision that Sir Jocelyn then beheld? The waters of the basin vanished, the murmuring of the waters no longer smote his ear. He was suddenly in a wide and laughing plain, under a cloudless southern sky. The sweet breath of flowers and perfumes floated on the gentle air, and the sound of festive music filled the mind with soft and overwhelming pleasure. In the middle of the plain lay a vast and shining camp, whose tents glittered with purple and gold, and rainbow hues, above which sparkling banners floated slowly in the breeze. Among the tents lay a countless host of gorgeous aspect and gay deportment. Some had crowns on their heads; they wore rich silken robes and carried wreaths of flowers in their hands. Could they be soldiers? There was luxury, pride, and pleasure of every kind; but no armour could be seen. The lute and the viol, the goblet and the jewelled wine-cup, were there in profusion; but no weapons of defence, save in one corner a heap of rusted and broken arms, thrown by

despised and neglected. One, who appeared to be the chief leader of this glittering host, came forth as if to bid Sir Jocelyn welcome, and proffered him a wreath of roses mixed with myrrh, such as he bore himself.

The knight was about to accept the offer, and to draw near and enroll himself as one of the gay company, when he felt some one check him suddenly. He turned to demand why he was hindered, but saw no one. As he turned, however, another army met his gaze, which he had not before perceived. It lay on the side of a steep and rugged mount, which bounded the side of the plain towards the east. Different, indeed, was the aspect of this camp from the glittering army of the plain. The tents were poor and conical, though as white as snow, and seemed to be often carried from place to place; many of the soldiers carried them on their shoulders, and those who did not do so bore, instead, a rough and heavy cross, as if it were part of their daily exercise. At the foot of the mount these crosses were largest and heaviest; higher up, the path was easier, and the crosses were smaller here and there. Sad and toilsome indeed was the first aspect of this host; and scattered here and there, and almost alone, were they who were enrolled under the broad crimson cross, which seemed their only banner. Many aged men were there, walking heavily, with folded hands as if in prayer; many young warriors in bright steel armor, and sharp swords dyed in blood; many women of gentle form, and downcast eyes, bearing crosses with cheerful ease, and giving help to the sick and aged, who were well nigh borne down with their load; many little children, meek-eyed, dove-like, with thorny chaplets in their young hair; many pilgrims, many monks, many priests were there, as well as kings, and nobles and learned men, though they could scarce be told among the toiling throng. A calm grey twilight, neither clear nor dark, shone over the mount; the scent of hawthorn herbs was wafted from it; and at the top, which was very distant, and of a lovely blue, there shone through a faint and rosy cloud, the snow-white walls and towers of a glorious city, over which angels brooded in a dove-like calm. While Sir Jocelyn gazed on this vision with awe and yearning love, a young warrior came out from a group of two or three, and approached him. He was clad in bright and shining armor from head to foot, save his head, which was only bound with a crown of thorns and reeds. His look was noble and stately, but full of meek humility. His broad shield was dented by severe encounters, a few drops of blood trickled from his left temple, his great sword was bent, his bow was keen and polished as glass. A wide girdle confined his surcoat, which was white as spotless snow with a broad crimson cross dyed on its breast. He held towards Sir Jocelyn a crown of twisted thorns like his own, and a polished sword and shield. One more glance the knight threw back on the army of the plain, and a dark and fearful sight met his view. Beneath the crimson robes appeared the forms of savage and shameful beasts; the pride of their gay apparel had become hideous decay, their wreaths had become worms, their banners corruption. Their chief was no longer disguised; dark fires burned in his hollow eyes, and the scales of his breast were black and his robes tattered. Loud furies issued from the ground round the camp, and the music of the viols was changed into wailings of despair. Sir Jocelyn turned away in horror and affright, and gladly seized the thorny crown and arms. At that moment the toiling hosts gathered round the great warrior, and the little children clapped their hands, and the distant sound of peaceful bells was borne down the mount from the glorious city. He awoke; he started to his feet. It was not then a dream! He hurried on to the castle. Around him were soon gathered the friendly monks of St. Mary's, and pilgrims to the shrine; his own dear Gertrude, and his mother, and his brothers, and his wife; while above and around sounded out the Christmas chant—"Christ our Lord is born—Come, let us adore Him!" and the Christmas bells rung through the frosty air, bidding men come and worship their Lord. Sir Jocelyn rose up, and went into the Priory Church, where the great warrior, with a long and solemn welcome, the joyful tidings of the birth of our Lord, and the noble, and the aged, and the young, and the old, were there; and aged widows, and lame, and poor, and little children with branches and ivy wreaths in their hands, all streaming in towards the lighted high altar, glittering beneath its gigantic holy crown. And holy priests went there, and kneeling, and the people, censing the altar while the sweet clouds rose up towards heaven. And holy chants arose, slow pealing through the roof, bearing the many voices of glad hearts before the throne of God. But Sir Jocelyn cast himself down on his knees and wept; and Gertrude, like a sweet angel, wept for joy; and the people with them wept glad tears as the old chant joyously continued—"Christ our Saviour is born—Come, let us adore Him!"

Mr. E. C. Higgins, Beamsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seemed to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine which such happy results." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas street.

The Secret Out.

The secret of success of Burdock Blood Bitters is that it acts upon the bowels, the liver, the kidneys, the skin and the blood; removing obstructions and imparting health and vigor.

HENRY GRATTAN.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF IRELAND'S GREAT PATRIOT AND ORATOR.

The best critics of eloquence have given to Henry Grattan a foremost rank among the orators of all times. Says Lord Brougham, "His eloquence was of a very high order, all but of the very highest, and it was eminently original. It may be truly said that Dante himself never conjured up a striking, a pathetic or an appropriate image in fewer words than Grattan employed to describe his relations toward Irish independence when, alluding to its use in 1782 and its fall twenty years later, he said: 'I sat by its cradle—I followed its hearse.'" His reasoning was called "logic on fire." His style was elaborated with great care. His language is select. In the peroration of his great speech of April 19, 1780, (quoted hereafter), we have one of the best specimens in our language of that admirable adaptation of the source to the sense which distinguished the ancient orators. His appearance is thus described by Charles Phillips: "He was short in stature and unprepossessing in appearance. His arms were disproportionately long. His walk was a stride. With a person swinging like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought, and each thought provoked an attendant gesticulation. An engraving of him as he appeared in

THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS

when delivering his great speech for Irish rights, represents him with a well-formed head, regular and delicate features, small penetrating eyes and a firm mouth. Henry Grattan was born in Dublin, July 3, 1746. His father was an eminent barrister. In 1763 he entered Trinity College, where he was distinguished for brilliancy of imagination and impetuosity of feeling. He was graduated with honor in 1767, when he repaired to London and began to study law. However, he much preferred literature and politics. He became fascinated with the eloquence of Lord Chatham in Parliament, and now earnestly devoted himself to cultivating his own powers as a public speaker. In 1772 he returned to Ireland and was admitted to the bar. He became a member of the Irish Parliament, and joined the ranks of the opposition. With others he exerted the measure of free trade from England, but he had a higher object in view. This was the complete independence of the Irish Parliament. By the law of the time it was declared that Ireland was a subordinate and dependent kingdom; that the kings, lords and commons were not empowered to make laws to bind Ireland; that the Irish House of Lords had no jurisdiction, and that all the proceedings began before that court were void. Mr. Grattan was determined to set this arbitrary act aside. He urged a declaration of right denying the claim of the British Parliament to make the laws of Ireland. His motion was defeated. In 1780, "was the most splendid piece of eloquence that had ever been heard in Ireland." The motion was defeated, but Grattan was henceforth looked upon as the destined deliverer of his country. His popularity was unbounded. Two years later he made another great speech, when he was in the well. He was an ardent champion of Catholic emancipation. In 1819 he went to London to present the Catholic petition, and support it in Parliament. However, he was taken very ill, and it became impossible for him to carry out the last patriotic desire of his life. "In his private life," says Lord Brougham, "he was without a stain whether of dissipation or principle; singularly amiable, as well as of unblemished purity in all the relations of family and of society; of manners as full of generosity as they were free from affectation; of conversation as much seasoned with spirit and impregnated with knowledge as it was void of all harshness and gall." In his great speech of 1780 he thus spoke of the "spirit of the Irish nation": "Where do you find a nation who, upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind, express herself with more truth or force—persistence or justice—not the tame unreality of the orator; but the genuine savings of liberty, and the unsolicited exhortations of Freedom. She her military ardor expressed, not in forty thousand men conducted by instinct, as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every member of the growing community. Let corruption tremble! Let every enemy, foreign or domestic, tremble! Let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety at this hour of redemption—an enlightened sense of public right, a young appetite for freedom, a solid strength, and a fire, which not only put a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one! Eighteen centuries are at your bar. They stand with

THE COMPACT OF HENRY.

with the charter of John, and with all the passions of the people! Our lives are at your service; but our liberties—we received them from God, we will not resign them to man!" Here is another passage: "What! Are you, with 3,000,000 men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say, 'We are a free people? Are you—the greatest House of Commons that ever sat in Ireland, that wants but this one act to equal that English House of Commons which passed the declaration—are you afraid to tell the British Parliament that you are a free people?' It might, as a consultant, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land, and your violation; by the instruction of eighteen centuries, by the arms, inspiration and providence of the present moment—tell us the will by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland, declare the liberty of the land! I will not be answered by a public lie."

As Good as New.

are the words used by a lady, who was at one time given up by the eminent physician, and left to die. Reduced to a mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able to leave her bed, from all those distressing diseases peculiar to suffering females, such as displacement, leucorrhoea, inflammation, etc., etc. She began taking Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," and also using the local treatments recommended by him, and is now, she says, "as good as new." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Mr. E. C. Higgins, Beamsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seemed to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine which such happy results." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas street.

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liberty. I have no ambition unless it is to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied as long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his ring. He may be naked, he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time to be near at hand. The spirit is gone forth, the declaration of right is planted, and though great men shall fall off, yet the cause shall live; and though he who utters this shall die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the humble organ who conveys it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him." In his terrible invective against Mr. Flood, Oct. 28, 1783, he said: "I followed by place, or stamp by disappointed ambition, we have seen you pursue a course of most manifest duplicity. You can be trusted by no men. The people cannot trust you, the ministers cannot trust you; you have dealt out

THE MOST IMPARTIAL TRACEDY to both, and now you tell the nation she was ruined by others when she was sold by you. You fled from the mutiny bill—you fled from the sugar bill—you fled from the six months money bill. I therefore tell you in the face of the country, before all the world and to your beard, you are not an honest man." When his daughter sought to persuade him not to go to the House in his feeble condition, he said to her: "My life—my love—God gave me talents to be of use to my country, and if I lose my life in her service it is a good death—it is a good death." He died on the next day, June 4, 1820, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with the highest honors. Walpole said of him: "I never knew a man whose patriotism and love for his country seemed so completely to extinguish all private interests, and to induce him to look invariably and exclusively to the public good."

THE STORY OF ARCHBISHOP BAYLEY'S CONVERSION.

One of the most eloquent sermons delivered thus far at the Baltimore Council was the one pronounced by the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, at the Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem for the deceased bishops of the United States, on Nov. 13th. In alluding to the late Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, His Grace said:—

It is now about half a century since a handsome young student in Middletown, Conn., poring over the acts of the Council of Chalcedon in the well-stored library of a distinguished Episcopalian divine, suddenly asked his preceptor the following question: "Doctor, are the acts of this Council authentic?" "Most assuredly," was the answer. The passage the student had been reading was this: "The Bishops with one voice exclaimed, 'This is the faith of our fathers! This is the faith of the Apostles!' Peter has spoken by the mouth of Leo; Petrus per Leonem locutus est." The quick inference and deduction came, that if Peter spoke through his successor then, in the fifth century, why not now? This was the first beam of light. It was faithfully followed up. His sorrowful friends told him Rome was corrupt, and if he would but go to Rome, he would recognize the fact, and relinquish his delusion. He went to Rome to examine honestly for himself, and there he was received into the Church, to become later his eighth Archbishop.

He had large natural gifts, an unfailing fund of humor, acute powers of observation, rare acquaintance with books, and a retentive memory. These qualities combined made him a delightful conversationalist and a great favorite in society. But back of all this was a deep and sincere piety. Like St. Francis de Sales, his cherished patron, he longed for the peacefulness and privileges of a religious life. The week before he died, alluding to the subject, he said he was twice on the point of becoming a religious—first in Rome, on the occasion of his reception into the Church, and next, shortly before receiving Episcopal consecration. In both cases it was thought best he should remain in the secular clergy, and there exercise the many gifts, particularly the talent of organization, so possessed, for the good of others. How well he used the talent confided to him, his labors in New York, New Jersey and Baltimore still attest.

Seven years ago he died. I remember well his last conversation with me, a little before he lost consciousness. He had been talking of the dread responsibility that presses on the shoulders of a Bishop—of the severe account to be rendered to the Supreme Judge, and the thought was suggested to him that God's mercy is above all His works. "Yes," he replied, "this reflection has often encouraged me. For, after all, humanly speaking, I could have had no reason to expect the gift of faith, considering my early associations and surroundings. And that our Lord called me to His Church and to His service, has always been to me a proof of His love and special mercy in my regard; of His will to save me, because he brought me to the faith." And so the last conscious thought, as far as I know of the dear Archbishop was kindred to that which supported the great St. Teresa in her agony, "After all, O Lord, I die a child of the Church."

A Knowing Dog.

At a convent in France twenty poor people were served with dinner at a given hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent was always present at this meal watching for any scraps that might be thrown to him. The guests being very hungry themselves, and not very charitable, the poor dog did little more than smell the food. Each paper rang a bell, and his share was delivered to him through a small opening, so that neither giver nor receiver could see each other. One day the dog waited till all were served, when he took the rope in his mouth and rang the bell. The trick succeeded, and was repeated the next day with the same success. At length the cook, finding that twenty-one portions were doled out instead of twenty, determined to find out the thief, and at last the clever dog was detected. But when the monks heard the story, they rewarded the dog's ingenuity by allowing him to ring the bell every day, and a mess of broken victuals was thenceforth served out to him in his turn.

A Human Barometer.

The man with rheumatism can feel the approach of bad weather in his aching joints. Hagyard's Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, aches, pains and injuries.

Obstructions of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels are promptly removed by National Pills.

To Our Readers.

If you suffer from headaches, dizziness, back-ache, biliousness or humors of the blood, try Burdock Blood Bitters. It is a guaranteed cure for all irregularities of blood, liver and kidneys.

IRISH DISCONTENT.

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

An English visitor to Ireland, if he happens to be a Catholic, has in consequence a trial to sustain of his own of which the continental tourist has no experience from Austrian police, or Russian douane, or Turkish quarantines. He has turned his eyes to a country bound to him by the ties of a common faith; and, when he lands at Cork or Kingstown, he breathes more freely from the thought that he has left a Protestant people behind him, and is among his co-religionists. He has but this one imagination before his mind, that he is in the midst of those who will not despise him for his faith's sake, who send the sacred names, and utter the same prayers, and use the same devotions, as he does himself; whose churches are the houses of his God, and whose numerous clergy are the physicians of the soul. He penetrates into the heart of the country; and he recognizes an innocence in the young face, and a piety and patience in the aged voice, which strikingly and sadly contrast with the habits of his own rural population. Scattered over these masses of peasantry, and peasants themselves, he hears of a number of lay persons who have dedicated themselves to a religious celibate, and who, by their superior knowledge as well as sanctity, are the natural and ready guides of their humble brethren. He finds the population as magnificent as it is pious, and doing greater works for God out of their poverty, than the rich and noble elsewhere accomplish in their abundance. He finds them characterized by a love of kindred so tender and faithful, as to lead them, on their compulsory expatriation, to send back from their first earnings, exact in his new friends, incredible sums, with the purpose of bringing over to it those dear ones whom they have left in the old country. And he finds himself received with that warmth of hospitality which ever has been Ireland's boast; and, as far as he is personally concerned, his blood is forgotten in his baptism. How shall he not, under such circumstances, exult in his new friends, and feel words deficient to express both his deep reverence for their virtues, and his strong sympathies in their heavy trials?

But, alas, feelings which are so just and natural in themselves, which are so congenial in the breast of Frenchman or Italian, are impertinent in him. He does not at first recollect, as he ought to recollect, that he comes among the Irish people as a representative of persons, and actions, and catastrophes, which it is not pleasant to any one to think about; that he is responsible for the deeds of his forefathers, and of his contemporary Parliaments and Executive; that he is one of a strong, unscrupulous, and unfeeling, standing upon the soil of the injured. He does not bear in mind that it is as easy to forget injury as it is difficult to forget being injured. He does not admit, even in his imagination, the judgment and the sentence which the past history of Erin sternly pronounces upon him. He has not recollection to himself, and to be taught by what he hears around him, that an Englishman has no right to open his heart, and indulge his honest affection towards the Irish race, as if nothing had happened between him and them. The voices, so full of blessings for their Maker and their own kindred, adopt a very different strain and cadence when the name of England is mentioned, and even when he is most warmly and generously received by those whom he falls in with, he will be repudiated by those who are at a distance. Natural amiableness, religious principles, education, reading, knowledge of the world, and the charities of civilization, repress or eradicate these kinder feelings in the class in which he finds his friends; but, to the population, one sentiment of hatred against the oppressor, *maud alia mente repositum*. The wrongs which England has inflicted are faithfully remembered; her services are viewed with incredulity or resentment; her names and fellowship are abominated; the news of her prosperity heard with disgust; the anticipation of her possible reverses, and cherished as the best of consolations. The success of France and Russia over her armies, of Yankee or Hindoo, is fervently desired as the first instalment of a debt accumulated through seven centuries; and that, even though those armies are in so large a proportion recruited from the Irish soil, as he ventures at least to ask for prayers for England, he receives an answer—a prayer that she may receive her due. It is as if the air rang with the old Jewish words, "O daughter of Babylon, blessed shall be he who shall repay thee as thou hast paid to us!"

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