

'There you are at it again!' growled the schouwveger. 'Pauw has gone to the first mass, I suppose. But, anyhow, Master Dries can't have dropped through the ceiling.'

'No, no, my friends, it is not as you think, said the shoemaker; your door has been broken open. I am quite in a fright; I am afraid something has happened.'

'The door broken open,' shrieked Dame Smet, while a mortal paleness overspread her face;—'oh, my money, my money!'

'She ran with an eager cry to the chest, and threw it open. A stifled groan broke from her breast; she covered her face with her hands, and fell in a chair, sobbing in anguish and despair.'

'My money—my money is gone,' she cried, 'stolen—stolen.'

The schouwveger seemed surprised at the unexpected tidings, and remained a moment staring round, as though he were asking whether he ought to laugh or cry. But in a moment his mind recovered itself; a smile ran over his features, but he forcibly repressed this indication of gladness; and, that he might not add to his wife's distress, he behaved as if he were quite amazed—yes, even somewhat afflicted.

Katie had taken Dame Smet's hand, and was crying with sincere sympathy.

'Jan,' said the shoemaker, in a soothing tone, 'tis a great misfortune, my friend; but you must not be crushed down by it. God giveth—God taketh away. I am very sorry for your distress.'

'My distress,' said Master Smet, speaking in a low voice, that his wife might not overhear him; 'if you fancy I'm going to shed one tear for this bewitched money that was doomed to make me wretched, you are much mistaken, friend Dries. I am sorry for my wife; but for that I should say—God be praised that the plague is well out of my house.'

'Oh, oh,' groaned Dame Smet, wringing her hands, 'my money—my poor money—the legacy of my father! It will be the death of me.'

And indeed the poor woman looked so dreadfully ill, that the schouwveger feared she was going to faint away, and running for some vinegar, he poured out a handful and rubbed it on the face of his wife; but she repelled him angrily, as though she would not be tended by him.

'Let me alone,' she cried snappishly, 'you are in high feather about it; I see it clear enough on your hypocritical face!'

'Come, now, Trees,' said he, 'you mustn't take on so about it. The money is gone, sure enough; but our miserable life, our quarrels, and all our vexations and grievances are gone away with it too. Come, come, dame, pluck up your courage. I shall set to work again briskly enough. We shall live in peace, and our days will glide away merrily, just as they used to do.'

'Oh, mother, mother!' cried Katie, 'how unfortunate you are.'

'Yes,' sobbed the dame; 'you, only you, have any sympathy with me. The unfeeling log of wood! there he stands grinning in my face—He'd see anybody die before his very eyes, without giving them a single word of comfort. I feel grateful to you, Katie, for crying with me. Oh, oh! my money, my money!'

At this moment Pauw came running down stairs.

'Eh! what's up now?' said he, with a laugh. 'I begin to believe that our house is bewitched. And Katie, you here? with my mother? Ha, ha! then you've made it all up?'

'Be quiet, Pauw,' said the schouwveger, 'a great misfortune has happened. The thieves have stolen all our money in the night!'

'Well, thank God! thank God!' shouted Pauw, cutting an unusually vigorous flicker; 'that's capital! Now, Pauwken-Plezier will be a schouwveger again!'

His mother deeply wounded by his unfeeling rapture, sprang to her feet, and exclaimed angrily—

'You, too, you good-for-nothing boy, you laugh at my distress!'

The young man took her hand, and murmured, in a tone of sympathy and affection, as if he had now first grasped the real state of the case—

'Oh, mother, I never thought of that; you have been crying! indeed, indeed, you must be in great distress.'

And he led her gently back to her chair, sat down by her side, and, pressing her hand tenderly, he said—

'Mother dear, look up a bit. The loss of the money must be a great trouble to you—I quite feel that; but think, now, that we were not happy with it. Since it came into our possession, there have been more irritations, more quarrelling, more vexation than in all my life before. You and father—you used to be so affectionate to each other, and everything was so comfortable and so nice, that one couldn't be better off in the King's palace. From the day the money was found, you have been always sad, and always looking as sour as vinegar; father has been growing thin, Katie has been pining away, and I was losing my wits fast. There was nothing but suffering annoyance!'

'Yes, Pauw, but it was all your father's fault,' answered the dame; 'he couldn't bear his sudden wealth; but I, who am of a good family, I was born to be rich, you see.'

'Yes, everybody knows that well,' said Pauw, with a gentle, insinuating voice; 'but you are my mother for all that, and you have no other child but me. And since you know now that the money made father and me miserable, you, who are so tender and loving, won't you take a little comfort? Won't you say to yourself—In God's name, then, 'tis all the same if only we are peaceful and contented?'

'To be poor—poor!' said Dame Smet, sobbing afresh.

'Come, Trees, be reasonable woman!' said the schouwveger; 'isn't affection worth more than anything else? We have lived so long together, and we have loved each other so truly—so we will again; and perhaps hereafter you will bless God that he has taken the wretched money from us.'

'Hold your tongue,' snarled she; 'I dare say you have been praying for this.'

But, mother, continued Pauw, only think of how things were before. Father and I—we were always full of mirth; we had always something funny to make people laugh; everybody loved us. There was never a cross word in the house, or in the street, or in the whole neighborhood; everybody was a friend to us.'

He threw his arms round her neck, and murmured, with thrilling tenderness in his voice—

'Look, mother, this beautiful and happy life will come back again; father and I will drink a pint of beer less, and save to buy you a fine dress now and then; and as Katie will live with you, you will be waited on like a my lady; we shall love you and treat you with respect. You will have more happiness and enjoyment in your life than you would have with the money.'

'But, Pauw, lad, what will people say when I pass along the street?' said Dame Smet, with a melancholy voice.

'What will they say? Oh, mother, I'll go with you and father this very day, and we will have a walk on the Dyke. I will walk by your side give you my arm; I'll carry my head up and I'll look everybody full in the face. We are honest people. Those who don't know us won't care about us, and those who do will say that we are sensible, strong-minded people, who take thankfully either fortune or misfortune, as it pleases God to send it.'

The half-consolated dame began to weep afresh. She pressed her son to her heart, and said—

'Well, I shall be a rich woman some day; if not now, then it will be hereafter. You must be a schouwveger again, then, Pauw. It frets me; but as it cannot be otherwise, and since you like it—'

She then released Pauw, and bestowed a similar embrace on the girl at her side.

'Come, Katie, darling child, you are the best of them all,' sobbed she. 'Men don't know what it is to be rich; but you would soon have got used to it, wouldn't you? Well 'twill come some day. Don't fret about it. My aunt in Holland can't last much longer; she must be more than eighty years old.'

Pauw had silently left the room without being observed.

Suddenly, as though a terrible thought had pierced her heart, Dame Smet began to tremble; she sprang up, and stretching out hands toward her husband, she exclaimed—

'Oh, goodness! Smet, there is five and twenty crowns to be paid at the jeweller's. Oh, mercy, what a debt! We shall never be able to pay it! To be poor isn't so bad as to be in debt!'

And with a lamentable voice, she added,—

'There is one way—'tis very hard, but anything rather than debt—I'll take my jewels back to him.'

The schouwveger pressed her hand, and said, cheerfully—

'No, no, Trees dear, you shall not take anything back; you may keep all you have got.'

'But who will pay for them?'

'I will, I will, Trees.'

'You?'

'Yes; I had put a little money on one side, to provide against accidents, and for Pauw's wedding. Wait a moment.'

He placed a chair on the hearth, thrust his head up the chimney, reached out a piece of cloth in which he wrapped the money, and then he went to the table and spread out a number of gold pieces on it.

Dame Smet was deeply affected by the sight of this little remnant of her legacy. A glad smile played on her features; her bosom heaved; and she gazed without speaking, on the glittering gold.

'Look you, Trees,' said her husband, 'this money belongs to you; you may do what you like with it; only, I beg you, let us keep the greater part of it for Pauw and Katie's wedding and to set them up in a little shop.'

His wife said nothing, and seemed lost in deep thought.

Suddenly their attention was arrested by the cry—*aeop, aeop!* which seemed to come from the cellar; and they all turned their eyes in that direction with a smile, for they had no doubt that it was Pauw's voice.

And in a moment he was heard singing, as lively and merry as ever—

'Schouwvegers gay, who live in A. B., Companions so jolly, All frolic and folly—'

and he came bounding into the room, making the most surprising gestures and grimaces.

He had put on all his chimney-sweeper's clothes, flourished his brush in his hand, and blackened his face with soot.

'Hurrah!' shouted he; 'Pauwken Plezier's come again! Father, mother, Katie, I'm happy! Let us all be merry again! Sorrow and spleen are afraid of a black face. Come, sing, dance, and mirth for ever.'

Pauw took Katie's hand, and proceeded to dance round the room with her; but the girl resisted his affectionate violence.

When he saw his chimney-sweeper's clothes which he had worn from a child, and in which he had enjoyed so much peace and pure joy, Master Smet was affected in a very extraordinary manner. He burst into tears, and sobbed aloud with joyful emotion.

'Well done, Pauw. Ha, that's right, lad,' he shouted. 'There's nothing can beat a schouwveger's life! If your mother will let me, I'll put on my black clothes, too. Ay, ay, Pauw, mirth for ever. So be it.'

The mother made a sign to them to be quiet as though she had something weighty to say.

She then turned to the shoemaker; and, reaching forth her hand to him, with a gentle smile, she said—

'Master Dries, I was much vexed yesterday; I was very uncivil to you, wasn't I? Will you forgive me? Shall we all be friends again as we were before?'

Dame Smet then turned to her son, and said, pointing to the table—

'Pauw, your father put by that money to set you up in a little shop; I give it all to you—Marry Katie as soon as you can; but if you love me, live with me still: I shall love Katie, and I will teach her good manners against the time my legacy comes.'

'We will live with you, mother; we will live all united until death shall divide us,' said Pauw.

'Oh yes, yes, you will be my good, kind mother,' sobbed the girl.

'Well, bless me! how is it possible?' exclaimed Dame Smet, in unaffected amazement; 'to be poor and yet be so happy!'

'Are you happy, mother dear?' asked Pauw, with joyful tenderness.

'Yes, yes child; laugh and dance away as much as you like.'

'Come, come, then—let's have a real schouwveger's song and dance,' said the lad, wild with joy; 'just a little rehearsal for the wedding, Katie dear; let's hear Pauwken-Plezier's last new song!'

He took his parents and the shoemaker and Katie by the hand, and in a moment they were all whirling and skipping round the room, while the young schouwveger roused all the echoes of the old street with his lusty song:

'Schouwvegers gay, who live in A. B., Companions so jolly, All frolic and folly—'

Schouwvegers gay, who live in A. B., Come out, and sing us a glee.

Your schouwveger gay is a right merry fellow; Though sooty his skin, The wits all within. The blacker his pliz The blither he is.

He climbs and he creeps— He brushes and sweeps— He sings and he leaps— At each chimney he drinks till he's mellow. Aep, aep, aep! Light-hearted and free, Always welcome is he! (Concluded.)

DR. CAHILL

ON THE PECULIAR DESTINY THAT DIRECTS THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF IRELAND.

(From the Dublin Telegraph, 5th inst.)

Alas! poor Ireland has indeed a peculiar destiny. It is a difficult but most agreeable task to place before you "the religious character of Ireland," and to trace on the map of the world through the revolution of ages her unshaken adherence to the unerring rock of the Church, and to point out to posterity her invincible faith and her inextinguishable Christian courage. In order to understand the case of Ireland, it is necessary to go back far into the past history of nations, and study the laws of religion through the past records of the race of men. There is a magna charta from Heaven by the Supreme Ruler of the world, which is not written on parchment, nor published from the judicial seat of earthly majesty, but an imperial law, which may be read in mouldering tombs, crumbled thrones, ruins of cities, withered dynasties, forgotten tongues, and which is promulgated in the silent but eloquent voice of passing generations and the ruling majesty of time. From its nature it imposes a legal restraint on the passions of men. Natural feelings, since the laws of Adam, are opposed to the laws of grace, and are even at variance with the clearest maxims of reason. Humanly speaking, then, religion becomes a difficult profession, since the natural bent must be first overcome, and the strongest emotions of nature resisted and changed in their direction. From this admitted description it is evident that the professors of religion must be men who will adopt the will of God in opposition to the will of nature, and who will be prepared to mortify, to silence, and to pluck out from the heart any rebellious tendencies, refusing submission to spiritual law. On general principles, therefore, one might expect that individuals moving in the humble walks of life, subject to trial, accustomed to obedience, and content with many wants, would be the most likely persons chosen by Heaven to take a lead in a position which enforces an entire submission of will, and a total subjugation of natural inclinations. Accordingly, we read in the oldest book of the world, that seven such men were selected from the fall of Adam down to the time of Moses; and that these seven patriarchs (as such they are called) have been placed on Earth at stated distances along the path of time; that, like the revolving stars of the firmament at night, they shone over the succeeding races of men in brilliant succession; when one of those luminaries descended in circling years, and set in the western horizon of time, another luminary appeared in the east of life, and rose in the skies, the burning beacon to direct succeeding generations; and thus we have a record, published in the lives of seven men, and spread over twenty-five centuries, demonstrating that humility, not pride, obedience, not opposition, endurance, not gratification, simplicity of life and station, not elevation of rank, not power of position, are the main primary elements which the Lord of the universe, the Almighty Maker of men, selects for the regeneration of his fallen children, and for the restoration of the soul to its glorious and eternal destiny. And when the patriarchs had died, and a new discipline was introduced by the law, and the prophets, we see nation after nation rise up against the chosen race of Israel. This was a race taken from the humblest rank of despised shepherds, from the persecuted bondage of Egypt, and led by the all-ruling Providence through fifteen hundred years of trials, victories, worldly happiness, disasters, freedom, slavery, but still unbroken in kindred, country, and faith, in the midst of scenes of historic vicissitude, which were unknown in any other nation, or age, or people. The wisdom of their Solomon, the piety of their David, had no parallel in the world; while the treasures of their kingdom, and the religion of their temple, surpassed the destiny of the rest of mankind. Yet again the treachery of their leaders, the ingratitude of the people, the apostasy of whole tribes, and the crimes of the entire nation were such as to raise Heaven in vengeance: so that, between the killing of prophets, the idolatry of the wicked, the combination of hostile peoples, ending in the captivity of their race, there is presented to the reader such a varied, yet unperishable destiny, that no one can read the whole record without being convinced that it is a deep lesson of instruction carved by Almighty wisdom on fifteen generations of men, in order to show that the chosen people of Heaven are in this world born in trial, nursed in affliction, matured in persecution, and finishing their declining years in sheathing their blood or in lingering captivity. And when the last lesson to men, he selected the deserted cave as the royal couch of his nativity, was reeked in the x's crib as the couch of the young King of Judea; he took the coarse seamless coat, as the royal robe of the Son of David; he climbed the heights of Heaven up the rude rocks of this world; and in the God-like triumph which he won upon Calvary, he wears the crown of thorns as the mark of his royalty, and as the imperial sign, to be carried for ever through this world by his faithful and lion-hearted followers. And while the law he published with a loud voice from the crimson throne of Calvary has been, and is, and ever shall be, imperishable as the tongue that proclaimed it, yet still we behold men and nations rising and sink-

ing, we see empires and nations rising and advancing, and like the towers of the deep, swelling and depressing. We are obliged to form new maps of the Christian world in order to mark the decline or recovery of this law, as it is conveyed through revolving centuries. When we examine the first sacred spot of the earth on which the footprints of the Messiah were made, we are astounded to learn that in place of walking here over the flowers of Paradise, we are startled to meet the emblems of infidelity; and instead of joining the worshippers of a crucified Saviour, we behold throughout all Judea the exact copies of the men who mocked him in the hall of Pilate, flogged him at the pillar, and plunged the spear in his side at the hill of Calvary. The seven churches of Asia Minor are only remembered as facts of past history; Bethlehem is like a small rock above the surface of an ocean of Mahomedanism; Thabor is an elevated mound venerated by the Christian pilgrim in the midst of a desert of infidelity; and the hill of Calvary, which eighteen hundred years ago beheld the mouldering dead of past ages rise from the tomb, which saw the Temple rent, which heard the rocks split, which felt the earth reel, which saw Hell moan and Heaven weep, and which was covered with darkness for three hours, as God the Father covered his face while the Saviour died—even that hill, which should burn like a sun for ever on earth, is shadowed round by the darkness of Mahomedanism, and the mystic remembrance of Calvary only tolerated in the sight of the Heaven which he propitiated, the kingdom he gained, the victories he won, and the nations and the ages he redeemed.—And when we travel in the ships which carried the epistles of St. Paul to Corinth, to Thessalonica, to Philippi, and when we stray through the streets of Ephesus, we are astonished to discover few traces of the cross which Paul preached, and to hear the little children pray in a strange worship, and be ignorant of the message which ten thousand times one hundred thousand angels published on outstretched wings over Bethlehem, when at twelve o'clock at night they rent the blue vault of the imperial skies, with one loud acclaiming voice, that he had come. The antiquary in religion, as well as the scholar in history, are equally astounded in passing through the streets of Athens to learn that the venerable faith of the apostles, as well as the spotless genius of an ancient liberty, have both disappeared from this land of patriotism and gospel inspiration. Thermopylae is a rude cleft in a hill-pass, and speaks not one word of the three hundred brave who poured out their honored blood in defence of their country. Marathon is a barren field, and dare not bear witness, under its new masters, to the free-born bravery of the heroes that raised the Grecian shields, like a wall of polished steel, before the enemy, and who crimsoned that eternal field with the blood of the invincible Greek, born and bred to conquer or die in defence of the liberties of his country. The public games of the ancient Macedonia are forgotten, the consecrated rivers deserted, the groves abandoned, and the public cry for popular liberty unheard; the breathing stone, the speaking canvas are not seen in the soil, the cradle, the palace of the arts; while the soul of Homer and the tongue of Demosthenes seem to have fled from a territory where eloquence was enchained, where liberty had no home, and where true religion could not find one consecrated spot on which to raise the Cross of Christ. Even the ancient Byzantium, the modern Constantinople, what a lesson does she teach, as the burnished crescent rises into the clear blue sky which once saw the cross of Chrysostom lifted so high as to be observed from the Christian towers of the second Carthage! From Asia, a hurricane has torn its disastrous course across the fabled Straits of Leander, and swept in its devastating passage a great portion of southern Europe and all northern Africa; and the church where the Scriptures were stamped with integral canonicity at Carthage, and the city where the cradle of St. Augustine was preserved, have withered and disappeared before the crumbling rage of the infidel tempest which overturned Christianity after the fall of the Roman Empire, and which substituted in the elder-borne countries of the Gospel, the profligate imposture of the Mahomedan Koran. And when we approach our own shores, and descending along the rapid current of time, draw near the age we live in, we behold a new lesson in Christianity set in several countries which surrounded us. In these kingdoms religion has not been extirpated, as on the coast of Barbary or Asia Minor; but fatal changes have been made, and novelties introduced which have rent his seamless garment into a thousand pieces, and which present the one language and the one Gospel of the Apostles as the contradictory jargon of Babel and the opposition rancor of pandemonium. We see Switzerland, the old country of the famed Helvetians, once a bright gem in the crown of Peter, take the field in steeled armor against the Head of the Church, while the followers of Zuinglius, with their leader at their head, died by the side of their apostate captain, fighting against God and the Church. All Germany, that led the front rank of the army of God against the crescent, has been split up into a thousand fragments of faith; they have by an ingenuity of material philosophy, set up the slender taper of reason against the meridian luminary of faith; and in vengeance for this human folly, Heaven has permitted them to stray from the old brilliant path of their fathers, and a creed worse than pagan polytheism, an absurd faith more degrading than Egyptian idolatry, has blighted the entire German mind, and has precipitated this federal nation into a sensual infidelity and a logical nothologism. I may class into one people the three territories of Sweden, Norway, and Holland, where our Irish saints once preached the Gospel of St. Patrick, where they founded churches dedicated them to St. Martin and St. Bridget, and planted the seed in the good soil, which for many a year produced the rich crop of one hundred fold.—But the advance of time, and the progress of human licentious opinion, have robbed these nations of the old inheritance; and at present the blackest form of fatal Calvinism has discolored the intellect and steel-ed the hearts of these once faithful children of the Church, and covered the north of Europe with a cloud of error, which, like a swarm of locusts, has spread wide infection, and devoured the entire living crop of gospel perfection. Alas! there is one country still on the map of Europe, which has sunk beneath the shock of the infidelity of the sixteenth century; and that country is—commercial, scientific, invincible England. I need say but little on this painful part of my subject; the ruined abbays, the crumbled churches, the despoiled colleges, the forfeited lands, and the uprooted asylum for the widow and the orphan—all forcibly, though silently, proclaim what their fathers once were; while the new communion tables, the gilded parliamentary steeples, the strange ministers, and the novel liturgy of the present incumbent (an excellent phrase), demonstrate that a new rubric, a false altar, apostate priests, strange prayers, a wholesale plunder of the poor, have been substituted for the ancient unity and the charitable temples of the faith of Augustine. I have thus given a rapid sketch of the ruffled surface of Christian society since the great epoch of Christianity. Many a bitter and painful reflection is presented to the ecclesiastical historian as he glances from age to age, from country to country, along the mysterious path of time; and the deepest carved lesson which is read in this imperishable record, is, the twofold Providence which reconverts and restores fallen peoples—which still maintains the old inheritance without spot or blemish, and in the midst of change is not even reduced in its universal dimensions; like the boundless empire of the ocean, it is in one place lashed into fury by the unchained hurricane, and rises into accumulated anger as it struggles to the very skies with the sovereign tempest; in other places, whole kingdoms of its waters sleep in placid silence, not even lifting a murmuring ripple on its glassy bosom to disturb the whispering zephyr and the glancing sunbeams that play in sportive union on its liquid breast. But whether it be

settled by storm or reposing in calm, its dimensions are the same; it has been dug into the earth by the Master Architect of nature, to last for ever; and it shall bid defiance till the end of creation to the changes of time, the revolutions of empires, and the combined terrors of nature. Our countryman, Father O'Leary, in a conversation he once had with the celebrated O'Curran, was asked by O'Curran, 'what was his opinion in respect to exclusive salvation?' Father O'Leary stated the doctrine of the Church on the subject, when O'Curran made answer: 'Well, Father O'Leary, you being much older than I am, will die before me; and as you will have the keys of Heaven, you will I am sure, let me in.' 'It would be much better for you, said Father O'Leary, 'I had the keys of the other place, and then I could let you out.' In the midst of these changing scenes of the great Christian belief, we are arrested in our historic observations by the mysterious fact, that one territory, placed in the very heart of the earth, professes the old creed in its entirety which was first promulgated from the Mount. Rome, which was once the mistress of the world in political power, is now the seat of the boundless empire of Catholicity; the crown of Tiberius has been changed into the tiara, and the successor of the Fisherman sits on the throne of Caesar. Three hundred thousand martyrs are buried at the Colosseum; fifteen millions of martyred hearts lie round the walls of the sacred city; the soil on which Nero ruled, and Caligula sported with human life, is crimsoned deep and wide with the blood of the early saints; and a mighty army of these spirits keep the watch day and night before the gates of this holy city to guard the bones of the accumulated slain, to protect the altar of St. Peter, to garrison the central towers of the Church, to send reinforcements and aid to the distant provinces of Christianity, and to strike to the ground the enemies of God. All nations have put on changes round about this inimitable city; but Rome never! Babylon is a deserted marsh; Nineveh a heap of rubbish; Palmyra presents some shattered columns; Carthage, a small green mound to mark the grave of the departed cities. There has a few broken sphinxes, Memphis some ruined arches, to tell the Egyptian greatness of times past. All nations round about Peter's chair have grown old, and withered, and died, and their very tombs are scarcely discernible; while Rome flourishes in eternal youth, her armies vigorous, her weapons polished, her strategy invincible, her resources abundant; while the monarch who rules, and the throne on which he sits, are protected by an irresistible law, sovereign as the imperial flow of the tides, and restless as the revolution of the Earth. Poor Ireland has ever clung to this central living point of faith. The same blood that flowed through the heart of Peter circulated in the veins of Patrick and his offspring; and there she is on the other side of the Irish channel, next door neighbor of England, with her face to America, the faithful daughter of Rome, the invincible professor of the ancient creed, without a stain upon her name, without treachery in her hierarchy, or dishonor in her priesthood, and having a congregation of Irish followers, that, during centuries of national woe, have spurned the bribe of the apostate, spurned the terrors of banishment, or met the steel of the tyrant with a shock of mocking defiance. In the time of Cromwell a poor fellow named Riley, from Drogheda, was tried for rebellion, and was, of course, found (what is called) guilty. An English judge, named Branford, perhaps the ugliest human being that ever lived—his face seemed to be made up of a compound of equal parts of mustard, ginger, and mortal sin—this ugly brute asked the brave Drogheda man (and there's many a brave heart in Drogheda), if he anything to say before sentence of death should be passed. Riley replied, 'Yes, I have one request to make, which is, that your lordship will not be buried within four statute miles of me, in order that when the trumpet of St. Michael calls all the dead to judgment on the day of general resurrection, I will have time to put my own head on me before you can come to my grave, as I am sure you will never go through eternity with that ugly face upon you, if you can pick up any decent head in the place of it.' Yes, Ireland stands alone on the map of the world for pre-eminent natural virtue and for undying national fidelity. There is no record of any other people which can even bear a remote comparison with the history of Ireland, for her amount of national suffering, for her broken resistance through centuries of religious persecution, and for the incredible and successful courage with which she has maintained the liberty of her children and the purity of her creed. Every means which diabolical ingenuity could devise have been tried for ages, and have failed—banishment, confiscation, death, have been employed in vain—poverty and emaciating national contempt have been resorted to, and failed—bribery and hypocrisy have been put into requisition, and failed—poisoned education and governmental patronage have been enlisted against us, and failed—lastly, they made the experiment of converting Ireland by English oatmeal and ox-tail soup, and this system also failed. They fancied that if they could put new flesh on the old bones of Ireland, they might therefore feed her into Protestantism; but they met as well fatten the rocks of Connemara as put biblical flesh on the bones of St. Patrick. Therefore this Smithfield scheme of stall-feeding Ireland into Lutheranism has utterly failed, and the last persecuting trick of ten thousand plans of iniquity is banished from Ireland after six or seven years of painful and cruel persecution. But alas! poor Ireland! my beloved country! her children are flying from their native hills as from a place of plague, neither the ties of home, the bonds of kindred, the terrors of foreign climate, the appalling disasters at sea, can detain or deter the unfortunate Irish race from leaving the region of famine and persecution. When I went on board the emigrant ship in the Mersey, as I always have done, to cheer and bid a last farewell to my poor countrymen, my heart often melted with pity when I saw the old tottering grandfather, with his long white hair, his furrowed Irish face, and his distressing looks of woe, carrying his little grandchild on his back—the child holding the collar of his grandfather's old ragged coat in his tender, chilled hands, with his little naked legs hanging in front, exposed to the biting frost—and hunger and grief in his pitiful poor face, as the old man carried the little fellow along the deck of the full ship, which to-day leaves the Mersey under the full sail of swollen white canvas, but which on to-morrow resembles an ocean hearse, carrying white funeral plumes, and conveying living hundreds to be consigned to a premature watery grave, their burial dirge being chaunted by the wild voice of angry nature, amid the crashing horrors of the yawning deep, the last agonised heart-rending shrieks of mother, wife, and child, and the flashing, smothering terrors of the midnight tempest.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT LAND BILL.—In a lengthened pastoral issued to the clergy of Cloyne, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kane, the Land Bill of the Government, among a variety of political topics, is brought under review. Dr. Kane, like Mr. O'Connell, is willing to accept the measure, subject to improvements, as an instalment of justice to Ireland. He observes:—'You are aware, beloved brethren, that this moment there is before the House of Commons a Bill brought in by Government for the settlement of this important question. If once passed into a law, it will be difficult to change or to disturb its provisions.—Hence, while it is under discussion, you ought to be the more ready to present your petitions in favor of any improvement which to you it may appear to want. Among its defects there are two that deserve special notice. The first is the want of any provision whatever to get compensation for improvements already made, however useful they may be, and however honest and bona fide may be the claim. It was said with great truth that good policy may suggest