

When men say the influence of the Pope is greater, he is more revered, because he is not a temporal prince, we answer—the greatness and the influence are the result of the sufferings of the Church not of the work of those who have made her suffer. It is only a proof of her vitality that wholesale robbery of her temporal goods has enriched her spiritual kingdom; but who can tell how multiplied her strength and glory would have been if, from 1870 to 1879, Pius the Ninth and Leo the Thirteenth had been free to govern, and Eternal Rome, the centre of Christendom, free to dispense her treasures of wisdom and of blessing among the nations? This is a side of the picture that is forgotten. Both the last and the present Pontiff, however they may be represented in the fiction of the Protestant Press, have had but one voice to declare that the temporal power is necessary to the free government of the Church. Therefore, if the spiritual power has grown strong and fruitful under persecution, it does not palliate the crime of the persecutor; but it suggests what would have been the fruitfulness of those nine years had the Christian world been ruled with that safeguard of freedom which successive Popes have declared to be “necessary.”

“Yellow Ford”), where glorious Red Hugh O’Neill overthrew Elizabeth’s best general? Does Sir Robert forget magnificent Bonburb, where the truly historic Owen Roe O’Neill shivered to splinters the army of Munroe? Does Sir Robert forget the Boyne, where Irish valor was well proved on both sides, and Derry (for, like my political master, O’Connell, whose praises of George Walker often I heard, I write in no party or sectarian spirit), and Athlone, and Aughrim, and last (and greatest of all), Limerick, from whose historic walls the brave men of that famous city (and brave women, too), hurled the myrmidons of the Dutch usurper? Some of these battles were, I freely admit, Irish defeats. But even the defeat of a brave army is “military history.” Greece honored the memory of Leonidas, though Thermopylae was, after a gallant struggle, a defeat; as much as she honored those who conquered at Marathon and Salamis. Rome paid public honors to the man who, after hard fighting, lost Cannæ, because “he did not despair of the Republic.” The Saxons of England treasured the memory of those who were beaten at Hastings. Scotland honors those who were defeated at Flodden, Killiecrankie and Culloden, as much as she does those who drove the “Sassenach” before them at Bannockburn and at Prestonpans; and she has erected a statue at Stirling to Wallace, who (though a prisoner of war) was brutally murdered in cold blood in London by an English king, whom Scott truly called a “felon.”

But Sir Robert Stewart was right in one thing. We ought to honor the memory of our great men more than we do. It is no excuse that England has not honored her greatest men. There is not in any street in all London a statue to Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Dryden, Pope or Byron. Scotland gives us a better example. Stand on the Calton Hill and you can survey memorials of Burns, Scott and a glorious array of intellectual giants. We have improved, it is true. Grattan, Burke, Goldsmith, Moore (in a sort of a way), O’Brien, O’Connell (Royal Exchange and Glasnevin) are before us. But where is that great Dublin man, the most brilliant genius that Ireland, or perhaps,

IRELAND'S MILITARY GLORY.

SIR ROBERT STEWART in one of his lectures on Irish music, having stated that Ireland had “no military history,” Mr. James Burke, Barrister, in a letter to a Dublin newspaper, combats Sir Robert’s assertion. We extract some passages of Mr. Burke’s letter:

No military history? Does our distinguished fellow-countryman, Sir Robert Stewart, forget Clontarf, the “Marathon of Ireland,” where the Danes were gallantly repulsed by the army of Brian Boru, and received a blow from which, in Ireland, they never recovered, though about the same time the Danes held, by successful invasion, the throne of England? Does Sir Robert forget Beal-an-altha-Buie (the famous