

time, when on the bench, a buffoon and a hangman.

It was before this magistrate, one of the worst instruments in the hands of the Cromwellian tyrants, during their reign in Ireland, that Mrs. Gregg was now brought to undergo an examination.

"Put the prisoner to the bar, in order that the court may have her recognized," said Judge Donnellan.

"Remove your hood, woman; if you are handsome it will be a pleasure to see you; if you are ugly your face will help you to condemn you, and so it does! There is a plot in your eye, and a conspiracy in your nose; what is your name?" continued the judge.

"Abigail Gregg," replied the widow, indignant at the observations that had been passed on her personal appearance.

"Abigail; it should be Jezebel. And then Gregg, a very Popish name; we shall soon hear the Popish chaunt from you, I warrant," observed the judge.

"Please your worship," said the prisoner, "I am an Englishwoman and a Protestant."

"Then the more shame for you to be conspiring against your country and your religion, if you speak the truth. But I don't believe one word of it; because you have the most unmistakable brogue I ever heard in my life."

"I'll a brogue! I who speak with a pure English accent!"

"Yes," answered the judge, "a brogue so thick it would blunt a strong knife to cut through it. Yours is an English accent! I have been in London once in my life, and I ought to know how the English speak their own language. Why, if you were a genuine Englishwoman, instead of saying, 'I am an Englishwoman,' you would have said, 'I am an Englishwoman.'" Go to! ugly impostor as you are, if justice is said to be blind, no one ever described it as deaf. But I won't hear another word from you. Call the witnesses. Here you, Mr. Murphy—you are one of the principal props of the state to preserve us all from Popery and slavery—what have you to say about this Jezebel Gregg? Say the worst you can; and I will think you are understanding the case against her. A woman so confoundedly unsightly must be an undoubted Popish conspirator. Go on, sir; you know the Testament so well it would be a waste of piety to swear by it."

Gerald Geraghty stood by the side of Murphy, who was much intoxicated, and slipping five golden coins into his hand, he said: "You shall have twenty more when you see her lodged in Newgate; observe, she has a diamond ring on the little finger of her left hand. There is a fact for you, make use of it."

"Thigum," said Murphy, as he winked at Geraghty, and pocketed the gold.

"Please your Worship, and all good loyal Protestants who hear me," said Murphy, clearing his throat for an oration, "that woman at the bar is the most awful, wicked, dangerous, and detestable Papist that ever stepped in shoe-leather."

"I knew she had a Papist soul," said the judge, "when I looked in her face; but according to your account of her, she has two Papist souls."

"Please your Worship, and all good loyal Protestants," resumed Mr. Murphy, "you all know that I aided in the arrest of the Popish Primatess."

"And a prime thing it was for you to be at such a good piece of work," added the Judge.

"Well, your Worship, from that day to this, the prisoner at the bar never stopped abusing, and vilifying and annoying, and aggravating me."

"Oh! dear, dear!" said Mrs. Gregg; "as I am an honest woman, I never saw nor spoke with the man in my life."

"Don't mind her, your Worship," said the unabashed Murphy; "she would swear a hole through a ladder."

"Yes, and not leave a Protestant a step to stand upon; and then she says she is an honest woman; who is no more an honest woman than I am Chief Justice Scraggs. But go on, Mr. Murphy, I cannot allow the dignity of the court to be trilled with by this arch-Papist at the bar."

"Please your Worship, and all good loyal Protestants," continued Murphy, "I did not mind the abuse of a Papist for doing my duty to king and country; but what has caused me to bring this woman here is, that she said his most Gracious Majesty was in his heart a Papist, that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, his Grace and Duke of Ormonde, was a sworn Papist, and what is more and worse than that, that even you, your Worship, Judge Donnellan, was a Papist."

"Me! me! Did she accuse me of being a Papist?" asked the Judge, foaming with rage.

"She did, your Worship, and that you had been a Papist, bred a Papist, and that you only turned in the hope of serving your own interests."

"Oh! monstrous! monstrous! most monstrous!" exclaimed the Judge puffing and blowing, and almost breathing with passion, for in these statements, there was, he well knew, a repetition of an accusation that had been made against him thirty years previously.

"And I must say," added Geraghty, here stepping forward, "that when I showed her your Worship's warrant for bringing her here, she asked me, 'What new piece of scandalism was now afoot?'"

"I'll foot her off to prison," said the Judge.

"Hollo! you Jezebel Gregg. What! do you deny that you spoke this very day to Mr. Geraghty?"

"I said the very words he has repeated; but I did not commit myself by—"

"I'll commit you, never fear. Don't dare to say another word to me, you audacious, scarlet-faced female fiend!"

"But will not your Worship hear one word in explanation?" asked Mrs. Gregg.

"Not a syllable," replied the Judge. "Scoundrelism—a nice word to apply to a Judge in the execution of his office. Explanation, indeed! But we shall have more than one nation with you by-and-by, Jezebel Gregg, for as well as your explanation, there shall be my condemnation. But go on, Mr. Murphy, the country owes you a deep debt of gratitude."

"Ah! your Worship, and all loyal Protestants that hear me," added Murphy, "if you were but to know the tempting offers this woman made me."

"Stop, stop, Mr. Murphy," said Judge Donnellan. "I do not think it is in the power of the prisoner to be tempting in any way. Her face is like a physic-bottle, and the look of her enough to turn a man's stomach."

"Ah, but your Worship! she made me such offers if I would only aid in the escape of a French prisoner, now confined in Brass Castle."

"Oh! villain! villain! you are at last caught in a glaring falsehood," cried Mrs. Gregg, triumphantly. "There is no French prisoner in Brass Castle."

"Oh! what's this, Mr. Murphy? No French prisoner in Brass Castle? What say you, Mr. Geraghty, you have charge of Brass Castle? Is there a prisoner there?"

"There is, your Worship," said Geraghty,

"a French prisoner—a young woman arrested in the vaults of the Popish Primatess's palace in Drogheda, a Mademoiselle Josephine de Launay. The prisoner has been in constant attendance upon her."

"Oh! dear, dear, dear!" cried Mrs. Gregg; "why the young lady that he calls a French prisoner is an English woman, and a Protestant."

"As much an Englishwoman and a Protestant as you are yourself, I suppose," said the Judge.

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Gregg. "Exactly so!" retorted the Judge. "It is as I guessed. Go on, Mr. Murphy, every word this woman says confirms the truth of your statement."

"Please your Worship," continued Murphy, "it was by my assistance this Frenchwoman, now in Brass Castle, was first arrested; and the prisoner at the bar was always urging me to aid in her escape; and it was no later than yesterday she took a diamond ring off the little finger of her left hand, and wanted me to accept it as a pledge I would support the hellish Popish plot."

"Is that diamond ring forthcoming?" asked the Judge, as his eyes sparkled with an unwonted light when the ring was mentioned.

"Here it is," said Mr. Geraghty, "still on the little finger of the left hand of the prisoner."

"Hand it up, in order that it may be inspected by the court," observed the Judge. "Upon my word, a very large and a very pure brilliant—and worth, at least, fifty pounds. This is too important a piece of evidence to be parted with by the Court. When the prisoner is brought to trial before a jury, she will have to show how a person in her condition of life became possessed of an ornament of such great value."

"And when she is brought to trial," added Murphy, "I shall be able to swear to the very ring that Abigail Gregg offered to me to aid in releasing the French prisoner, I saw at one time worn by Pere La Chaise, the confessor to the Popish King of France."

"Pshaw! this ring will then help to wring the neck of Jezebel Gregg," added the Judge. "But it is a waste of time to hear any more of this case. Here, clerk, make out a commitment of this woman to Newgate, as an aider and abettor of the hellish Popish plot—and with strict orders she is to have communication with no one but in the presence of the jailer. Whilst you are writing out the commitment, I may as well listen to what she has to say. Do you hear, woman, now is your time to speak. What have you to say for yourself?"

"What have I to say for myself?" said Mrs. Gregg; "well I say first I am an honest woman."

"Well, and it is my opinion," answered the Judge, "that honesty and you might be married, for you are not the least akin."

"Next, I say, I am a Protestant."

"Yes, but it is against the Church by law established you are a Protestant."

"Next, I say, I am an Englishwoman."

"Aye, an Englishwoman that was born and reared in the bog of Allen, and is as indigenous to the soil as the *prasha bruta*."

"Next, I say, that the lady I was attending on, is, like myself, an Englishwoman and a Protestant."

"That is the only thing you have said, I believe."

"Next, I say, that I never saw nor spoke with, and never offered a diamond ring to the villain, Murphy."

"That is a Popish equivocation, and all turns on the word 'villain,' you might not have done any one of these things with a 'villain' called Murphy, and yet have said and done everything that is alleged against you by an honest man," called Murphy.

"It is a shame for an old Papist like you to be trying to impose on the Court with mental insinuations and equivocations, and such stale Jesuitical tricks."

"The next thing I have to say is," said Mrs. Gregg, raising her voice and losing all command of her temper, "that I do most firmly believe that there has long been hatching a Popish plot for the extermination of all true, pious, good, and loyal Protestants. I believe that Popish plots are fostered and encouraged by persons calling themselves Protestants, but who in their hearts are Papists, and they subservient slaves of the Pope. I believe that some of these false Protestants, but sworn Papists, hold high and influential offices; that some of them are judges; and from your conduct to me this day, I believe in my heart, you, Mr. Donnellan, are one of them."

"Oh! you traitress!" cried the Judge, giving way to his fury, "is not this another proof of the truth of honest Mr. Murphy's allegations against you? He averred that you had so spoken of me; you denied it; and yet now, the very thing you denied you not only admit, but voluntarily declare. Oh! these Papists! these Papists! when will this poor country be well rid of them! But I will teach one of you, at all events, a New-gal of going. Here, commit her at once to prison, Geraghty and Murphy: there is the warrant for you. See her safely lodged in Newgate."

(To be continued.)

Hard on the N. Y. Board of Education.

New York, May 9.—The *World* says: "The case of Kiddie is bad enough, but the case of thirteen members of the New York Board of Education, who think the case of Kiddie does not concern the cause of public education in this city, is a good deal worse."

Vandyke and Talmage.

New York, May 9.—The *Sun* says the Rev. Dr. Vandyke practically gave notice to all concerned, on Wednesday, that the Presbyterian Church, big as it is, is not big enough to hold him and Talmage any longer. If Talmage stays he goes. As Vandyke is much looked up to in the denomination this is a rather solemn state of things.

Kearney.

New York, May 9.—A *Herald* San Francisco special reports Denis Kearney as saying: "We have carried the election in the interest of the people against the combined forces of the Democratic and Republican thieves who coincide with the Corporation swindlers, bank robbers and sharks, stock manipulators, short card players, shoulder biters, whiskey bums, bludgeon murderers, religious hypocrites, worshippers of the devil and the golden calf. They employed every hiring scribbler; bought up nine-tenths of the papers of the State; spent millions of money, and were routed, horse, foot and dragons, on the day of election by moral men and virtuous women. The effect of the election will be that capital will be better protected, but will be taxed for such protection, interest must be reduced to the rate that it is loaned in England, France, &c., new industries will be prosecuted, people will become prosperous, labor will be emancipated, and the unthinking majority, as we are styled, will do it. The Chinese must go, and intelligence, based upon virtue, honesty and common sense, will introduce principles that I trust, will survive and rule the world."

THE IRISH RACE AND WHAT IT DID.

LECTURE BY FATHER M'UGH.

(From the New York Tablet.)

This was the subject of a lecture delivered on the evening of the 17th March, by the Rev. B. M'Hugh, at the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, Hempstead, New York. The lecturer says the *Tablet* possesses an eminent degree the facility of bringing out the rationale of his subject. After some preliminary observations the lecturer proceeded:

An impulsive and generous nature is an Irish trait of character. And for a pure unselfish friendship that has at times led men to make extraordinary and heroic sacrifices, there is, perhaps no other race so remarkable. In the lives of Ireland's great men and saints, instances of such personal attachment and friendship are as frequent as they are elsewhere, unusual, as they are beautifully romantic. At times the Divine pleasure was even miraculously shown at the holy love that knit together such great souls. St. Peter and Paul in life were united, and in death were not separated. St. Malachy of Armagh is drawn by his love for St. Bernard to the Abbey of St. Clairvaux, to die in the arms of his friend and be buried near him. Like all saints, they had long seen and known each other in God. Another instance of this trait was pointed out to me by an eminent and worthy priest—whose position gives him the title of "Successor of Canice"—in the "Life of St. Columbkille," an Adman. The Abbot Canice had ever a beautiful and child-like affection for his old abbot, Columbkille—an attachment that he never relinquished. The perfection and sanctity of character of the Abbot of Iona were ever a model to Canice; were ever in his thoughts, even after his removal from Limerick to Kilkenny. Once, while seated in the refectory of his abbey, at dinner with his monks, Canice for an instant became entranced in a vision, and was heard to exclaim faintly: "Columbkille is in danger! Columbkille is in danger! Let us go to the sanctuary and pray for him. They did so; and before they were there many minutes St. Canice had his anxious monks enchant the "Te Deum," for Columbkille was safe. It would appear that on that day the holy Abbot of Iona and some of his monks were sailing, doubtless on some errand of mercy, to a neighboring island of the Hebrides, when a sudden and heavy squall struck the little boat, and all seemed lost. Columbkille and his monks were giving themselves to prayer when suddenly the abbot spoke out as one inspired: "No one now but Canice can save us!" And then, as one with eyes fixed on presences to others unseen, "Hail 'tis well; he does not stop to pick up his sandals!" Years after these words were explained to Adman, his successor at Iona, that Abbot Canice had publicly penanced himself for his hurry and lack of religious decorum in entering the sanctuary without his sandals when going to pray for his friend the Abbot of Iona. When virtue such as this adorned the Celtic nature of those days, well may it be said that "that man is little to be pitied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not be warmer among the ruins of Iona." It has been said that to the Celt alone has the faculty of natural wit been given. This is the only race capable of a witicism or just as distinguished from the humorous and its fame and wit, eloquence, and learning has ever shone out with a bright lustre that no misfortune or national calamity could dim. What the Irish monks did for European civilization in building the countless monasteries and abbeys, inculcating Christian morals by their teaching and the life-long examples of their hundred thousand saints, in their vast labours in every age, from the days of the monks of Iona to those of St. Bernard, and to those of the Protestant Reformation, the unfortunate Dollinger and the learned Montalembert have long since traced in the pages of history. The professor or "wisdom-seller" of Charlemagne were Irishmen; Alcuin and the schoolmen of King Alfred were Irishmen. The man, in fact, who durst to lay down the principles on which the doctor, St. Thomas, made of theology a science was Peter Lombard, an Irishman; the man whose subtlety of genius gave rise to the great Irish school of theology in the middle ages, the Scotists, was Don Scotus, an Irishman. And the familiarity of Irish scholars in those days in their intercourse with the great world, and Royalty itself, makes one think of George IV. and Brinsley Sheridan. It is said of Scotus Erigena—that man of whom we really know so little, and of what we do know rationalists try to make so much—that once when dining with King Charles the Bald the King thought to make a joke at the expense of the quick-witted Scot as the Irish were then called. The King sat at one end of the table, and the learned scholar at the other. Charles suddenly asked him with humorous irony: "Erigena, how near is a Scot to a rot?" "There is only the length of a table between them, your Majesty," was the quick reply. As to the capacity of the Celtic intellect for public business, public life has been shown in every age, and not less so in the present day, as the people of England are beginning to see and admit. Unless the Irish nature had changed and deteriorated since the days of his pagan ancestors, we take this fact as a test-proof in this connection. The American Constitution stands to-day as the most perfect that ever came from the intellect of man. There is now none other like it. Yet the principles of constitutional government that St. Patrick found amongst the Irish were identical with those to-day of our glorious Republic. Some of the most brilliant statesmen, plenipotentiaries, and orators were of Irish origin—Burke, Canning, Sheridan, and Palmerston—and the Wellesley family are names every Englishman is acquainted with. The minor dependencies of Great Britain to-day are in most part governed by Irishmen. Mayo, until lately, in India, Dufferin in Canada, Duffy and O'Shaughnessy in Australia, and Hennessy in the island of Barbados, have made reputations for themselves for a skill in national affairs truly marvellous. How persistently tenacious the old Irish race was ever to its form of government and laws, manners and customs, was remarkable. Other nations through intercourse changed and modified their manners of government; the Irish could never be so influenced. The Danes could not make them a maritime people; and neither the Crusaders nor even the Norman influence could introduce feudalism amongst them. As for their love of justice and wish to abide by the law's decree, these are the words of Sir John Davies, Attorney-General for Ireland under James I., a man who loved not the race: "There were no people under heaven who loved equal and impartial justice better than the Irish." We may say more, my friends. Along with these gifts they ever displayed an extraordinary love for science, a reverence for their ollams, or learned men, while according to the Breton Law, the ollams must be civil of tongue, untainted of crime, and pure of morals. A profound homage for the sanctity of old age also pre-

valled, for they believed that years brought with them the learning of counsel and experience. Now, it is not our idea to dwell on the days when Ireland was known as the Island of Saints, of learned men, when students of every degree came yearly in thousands and tens of thousands to her shores to study under her famous masters, when the learned and scholars came in their old age from all parts for an asylum, and to spend their declining years, their last days on earth, amongst congenial souls, and die in her monasteries.

"When the school and the college gave light to the shore From gifted Iona to wooded Lismore."

or when, in the days of St. Bernard, the Irish "swarmed like an inundation" into the resorts of learning, the European monasteries. No, our train of thought is now more on later times, days of darkness and struggle, when a cloud hung sombre and heavy over the destiny of this people, when the heel of the brutal oppressor was on its neck, and his aim was to rend and tear out its vitals, to stamp out the race and nation. Our mind runs not now on the glorious days of bard and poet, when there were so many of them in the country that the voice of Columbkille must needs protect the class from the jealousy and wrath of the rulers of the time. No, it is rather on the early days of the last century, when the same price was put on the head of a priest and scholar like Geoffrey Keating as on that of a wolf. Father Keating roamed in fear from place to place, through forests and amid the crags and fastnesses of the Galtees, with his manuscript of his learned history in his pocket. And here I may say that as years go by, and one discovery after another rewards the patient research of the Celtic scholar, the learned world grows amazed at the vast learning of this man. For such a course, my friends, will, we think, bring out more clearly to our view the natural inquisitiveness and thirst for knowledge that has ever shone in the Irish Celt. In the monasteries and old universities throughout Europe, and notably those of Louvain, Douai, Paris, Salamanca, Rome, &c., multitudes of Irish scholars shone by their learning and brilliant talents, when at home the life of even a hedge-schoolmaster was not safe. Everywhere we find them filling with credit such exalted positions in schools and universities as genius and science alone could qualify them for. They were university rectors when that position was one of wealth, and was surrounded with the state and trappings of a great feudal principality. They filled many sees, episcopal and metropolitan, when these dignities introduced them into the state councils of rulers and princes, who hesitated not to entrust them with embassies of the last importance, and to commit to their arbitration cases of the most delicate nature. In the cloisters of St. Anthony's Franciscan Convent, at Louvain, Father Ward, Colgan, and Michael O'Clery planned and executed their renowned works of sacred biography and historic annals. O'Clery arranged here and in Brussels the famous "Annals of the Four Masters." And at Louvain and Antwerp Colgan worked at his great edition of the works of that extraordinary man, the great Irish schoolman, Duns Scotus. At Salamanca, in Spain, another famous son of Ireland, Luke Wadding, the nephew of Peter Lombard, was the shining light of the great old university, and was astonishing the world with his works and learned zeal to have the Immaculate Conception defined. This age also saw Nicholas French, the author of the "Bleeding Phenixia," at Louvain, and O'Sullivan Beare in Spain. It also beheld Dominick O'Daly (a Rosaria), from Kerry, the Bishop of Coimbra, in Portugal. He was charged by King Philip IV. to negotiate with the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles I.), then at Madrid, about renouncing Protestantism before he could wed the Infanta. We see also in this generation the learned genius of William Molyneux poring critically over the proof-sheets of Newton's "Principia," labouring to resurrect the national spirit in Ireland, and laying bare with a bold touch the errors of the atheistic philosopher of Malmesbury; Plunket at Rome; Lynch and O'Reilly in France; Swift, Harris, Smith, Barry, Burke, Sheridan, Goldsmith, O'Leary, Leland and others in London; while a little later the famous MacCarthy was to astonish France and Europe with his eloquence and to decline the mitre of Montauban. The last Irish chieftain of the MacCarthys died in comparative poverty at Toulouse, leaving behind him a library of learned and rare works and curious manuscripts that was surpassed only by that of the King of France. Another of the same noble house retired to Hamburg, purchased an island on the Elbe from the citizens of Altona, and erected on it a life-saving institution, in which he devoted his means and time to the assistance of the ship-wrecked mariner. Many ladies of noble families intermarried with the Continental princes, or entered convents there into which none but those of princely and high birth would be admitted to conventual vows. To the Irish Brigade presented by the French, they took from the English at Malplaquet. The Convent of the Irish Benedictines in or near Ghent is still known by that name, and as yet in the hands of Benedictine Order.

Says Magee—"The Swiss and the Hessians have bravely served foreign princes and have been rewarded in titles and wealth. But I am not aware that any fact like this can be told of any military order of exiles—that in A. 1809 the portfolio of War was held in five different Cabinets by five Irishmen—viz., Clark (Luc de Feltru) in France, O'Donnell in Spain, Nugent in Austria, Kavanagh in Bavaria, and Castlereagh (who don't boast of him) was virtually War Minister in England." Catharine II. of Russia once met at the Court of Berlin three Ambassadors from different countries who were Irishmen. She declared that one of them was the most refined gentleman and nobleman she ever met. Maria Theresa said that the most perfect gentleman at her Court were Irishmen. When the present Leopold of Belgium was betrothed (he was then Duke of Brabant) to an Austrian princess, the actual Queen, his proxy at this courtly ceremony was Count O'Sullivan—that of the Emperor was Count O'Donnell. Over thirty years ago the English *Quarterly Review* said "that an Irish gentleman, well educated, is, perhaps, one of the most perfect specimens of civilized human nature." But who can ever forget the great campaigns of France, Austria, Hungary, Spain, Russia, and Holland, where Irish names stand out so conspicuous for military genius, heroic dash, and bravery? And frequently we hear that they were, where all were brave, the bravest of the brave. Lord Mountcashel (Justin MacCarthy) and his Irish Brigade entered the cause of France. Lord Clare (C'Brien) and Lally Tondel with the Second Irish Brigade charged at Fontenoy with their famous war-cry. "Remember Limerick and Saxon perfidy!" and carried rout and dismay into the lines of the English so lately jubilant with success. Hearing this, as Plowden, the English historian, says, King George II. exclaimed: "I curse the laws that deprive me of such subjects!" An Act of Parliament was passed making all foreign enlist-

ment illegal and exiling all who entered the Irish Brigade. Such strategic frontier posts as Belgrade, Prague, Cadix, Majorca, Grodno, &c., had Irish commandants in the most critical military periods of their usefulness. Irishmen have been marshals of France under the Bourbons and the Empire, and of Austria, of Russia, and Prussia; they have been aulic councillors at Vienna; general officers in the Spanish, Sardinian, Neapolitan service; and even to-day several Irish names in these countries are still extant among the nobility—as in France, the MacMahons, O'Neills, Maguires, O'Dillon, Barret, Dalton, Sheehy, Cavaignac; in Belgium, O'Sullivan; in Spain (Blake was once chosen to the regency) O'Donnells and O'Reillys, and O'Donoghues; in Naples (one of this name is likely to be the next Primo Minister) and Nugents in Austria; Lacys in Russia. Count Arthur O'Neill was Governor of Mexico in the middle of the last century; O'Donoghue was its last Governor. Count O'Kelly was the first Governor of Louisiana, Commandant-General in Cuba, and returned to Spain to take the chief command beside Wellington during the Peninsular war. The London *Times* said lately that no better governors of colonies could be found than Irishmen. O'Mahoney, the hero of Cremona, sustained once against Prince Eugene one of the most extraordinary sieges in military annals. A French author said rapturously of it that God permitted that day that the brave Irish could show their courage and soldierly qualities. O'Mahoney was charged to carry a report of the affair, along with other despatches, to Versailles. Louis XIV. read the despatches giving full details, and then insisted on the hero giving his own report. The modest soldier did so, and made no special mention of himself or his countrymen. Louis asked him, "Have you nothing to say to me of my brave Irish?" The answer is on record—"We imitate the military and lightning speed of your Majesty's French troops." Marshall Lacy, under Peter the Great, organized and disciplined the Russian army, and in a long military career never lost a battle, though often opposed to Charles XII. Once his generals would not follow him. He offered to do without them, appointed a guard to conduct them safe to the Russian frontier, and so bent was his resolve to let them go home that it took them three days to make him relent. He died Governor of Livonia. Nor, my friends, did the deeds of the Irish confine themselves to the Old World. While New York was under English rule we had Governor Longan, an Irishman. Chili had for generals O'Higgins and McKenna. The latter was a son of the chief cavalry officer of Owen Roe, at Benburb, was the ancestor of a recent President of that Republic, and of the great and leading Catholic family there that bears his name. He was also grandnephew to an eminent and scholarly priest in this State. When General O'Higgins became President of Chili, true to the religious instincts of his faithful race, he at once set about having corrected the disorders and irregularities that Pombal's revolution and more recent public calamities had allowed to creep into the affairs of the State. At his earnest request Pius VII. sent out a Nuncio in whose suite was the gentle and youthful Mastai Ferretti, afterwards the great Pius IX. What our race has done for America is worthy of a passing notice for several reasons. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary war in this country, one-third of the population were of Irish origin. Of Washington's generals and officers, some of the most eminent, as Sullivan and Wayne, and one-third of the whole number were of Irish origin. And eleven out of the fifty-six names signed to the Declaration of Independence are of Irish origin—to wit, John Hancock (the first signer), Carroll, Nixon, Whipple, McKean, Smith, Lynch, Thornton, Taylor, Rutledge, and Read. One of the greatest minds—Andrew Jackson—that ever ruled the destinies of this country was, like Buchanan, son of an Irishman. In every walk of life, on the bench or at the bar in the pulpit or professor's chair, or in the legislative councils of the nation, no generation has lived for the past century that has not seen leading and pre-eminent talent in the persons of our Irish citizens. There has been no State in the Union that has not, at one time or other, a Governor of Irish descent. And now, my friends, I say that while it is the duty of every citizen of this commonwealth, no matter of what national extraction, to identify himself in every way possible with the right and exclusive interests of this Republic, yet Irishmen will concede it to none that the Irish race has, in any sense, less of a claim to this country or are more of strangers here than any race. Their race traditions and prophecies, that in the dawn of Christianity on Erin told of their future temporary subjection to the Saxon, said also that it would only be temporary—that a glorious and brilliant day would follow, one of national independence. In the darkest hour the Irish Celt never ceased to look forward to that day. Nor do we.

THE KAFFIR WAR.

How Signals to Ekowe Were Established—Honors to Melville and Coghill—The Reinforcements for Natal.

LONDON, May 7.—It is announced that the Government is making enquiries as to facilities for the transportation of 5,000 men to Natal.

In the course of an interesting letter from Maritzburg, dated April 1st, received at Plymouth by the "Edinburgh Castle," the correspondent to the *Western Morning News*, as a result of a visit to Fort Tenedos, tells the way in which signalling to Ekowe was established. He writes:—"When Lord Chelmsford visited Tenedos it became evident that Colonel Pearson was so thoroughly surrounded that the chance of his runners getting through was hopeless, thereupon it occurred to Lieutenant Haynes, of the Royal Engineers, that by means of the holo-graph the rays of the sun might be made to do duty. On suggesting this to Lord Chelmsford, the General

was far from sanguine, while his staff were more than incredulous. Nevertheless, permission to try was given. The difficulties were formidable. In the first place, no mirrors were obtainable, and a small bed-room looking-glass had to do duty, and all the apparatus was of the roughest. There was the secondary difficulty of attracting the attention of the Ekowe garrison, thirty miles distant, and making them realise what was being attempted. The chance of success rested on the fact that the naval brigade, to which, of course,

FLASHING SIGNALS WERE FAMILIAR, was with Colonel Pearson. One morning Lieutenant Haynes, accompanied by a party of niggers carrying his materials sallied forth to a hill four miles distant, whence the tower of Ekowe Church was visible. When all was adjusted signalling began, and was continued with patience day by day, whenever a gleam of sunlight was obtainable; but a whole week elapsed before any indications were obtained from the beleaguered men that his flashes were observed. By the burning of occasional white of gunpowder attention was at length

attracted; and, long after a less persevering man would have given up the trial.

AN ANSWERING GLEAM.

was seen from Ekowe tower. Yet another week elapsed before an intelligible answer could be flashed from the garrison, and it then appeared that they had read Lieut. Haynes' signal almost from the first day. It was unpleasant and anxious work watching between the showers on an exposed hilltop for chances to signal; but the reward of success was great, and the gallant officer has had the honour of receiving Lord Chelmsford's personal thanks for his ingenuity and patience.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

It has been decided to name the late Lieutenants Melville and Coghill, of the 24th Foot, who died in rescuing the colors of their regiment in Zululand, as recipients of the Victoria Cross, in recognition of the bravery and devotion shown by them. Privates R. Jones, W. Jones and Hook will also receive the order for their gallantry in withdrawing the sick and wounded from the hospital at Rorke's Drift.

Volunteers Called For—Reinforcements for Natal—Cetywayo's Idea of Effect—A Missionary Sermon and its Effect.

LONDON, May 9.—It is announced that the War Office has issued circulars asking for 1,200 volunteers from the regular army for the Cape. Bounties are also offered to men in the militia and to the reserves who volunteer. Two transports are ordered to be ready for the embarkation of troops.

SIMILAR TO ISANDLVA.

The British disaster at Isandlva is but a repetition on a more extended scale of what occurred at the action of Beres, in 1852, to the force under General Sir G. Cathcart. He divided his force into three separate commands. The cavalry, under Colonel Napier, were first engaged, and the Twelfth Lancers lost, out of about sixty men, thirty-five killed. The Basutos dressed themselves in the uniforms of the slain, and then advanced toward General Eyre, who mistook them for the Twelfth Lancers, and only escaped by the speed of his horse.

An enterprising reporter of the *Evening Standard* has interviewed a bloodthirsty Zulu, who told the following remarkable and amusing story:

Some years since a missionary went to King Cetywayo's kraal with a view of converting him and his people to Christianity. He stayed there a few days, and the King agreed to hear him on the following Sunday. The Sunday arrived, and the King gathered his people together, and also called up two of his finest regiments to hear what message had been brought to him from that white man. The missionary, being told that they were ready to listen to him, rose and delivered an elegant but short sermon, in which he set forth the beauties of Heaven as compared with the torments of the dark regions. He told them that if they lived a good life, did not steal, always spoke the truth, and, above all, kept only one wife, they would after death go to the happy hunting grounds, where they would never miss their game, and ever far happier than they were even in their happiest moments down here, whereas, on the other hand, if they lived a bad life and did what he had just told them they ought not to do, they would be cast into a tremendous fire, so large that it would scorch up the whole of the Zulu nation, though they were as numerous as locusts, in a few moments.

The Chief and people paid great attention to all the missionary said, and when he had finished the King asked him to dine with him. He accepted the invitation, but during the dinner noticed the people running about in all directions collecting wood, which they were piling up on the spot. The missionary began to feel queer; he thought it looked ominous; and the Zulu who told the story said he noticed he did not eat any more, but continued to take large draughts of milk, as if to cool himself. At length the dinner was over; but, before rising, the King turned sharply round to the now affrighted missionary and said: "What was that you said this morning about putting the great Zulu people in a great fire after they were dead? Come this way and I will show you what the Zulus are; you don't know them, I see." He took him to the pile of wood, which had by this time reached tremendous proportions—as big as a Day store, he Zulu said—and had it set fire to all round. When it was properly in a blaze