IRELAND'S LAST MONARCH.

FATHER BURKE'S GREAT LECTURE ON RODERICK O'CONNOR.

England's Invasion the Beginning of Misfortune.

[Lecture delivered in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on Sunday evening, No-vember, 2, 1872, for the benefit of St. Anne's Church.]

Ladies and gentlemen:—Generally speaking, when a man comes to speak on an Irish subject, he has some room, some scope, some opportunity, of making his audience laugh, or at least smile; there is so much of humor, or, if you will, fun, in the national character, that it is almost impossible to avoid laughter in the discussion of an Irish subject. I regret to say I will not create a single smile on your faces to-night. I am come to discuss the history of a dying nationality, and its last king. I am come to tell you of your Ladies and gentlemen :- Generally history of a dying nationality, and its last king. I am come to tell you of your fathers and mine—how they lost the last greatest gift of God, after that of divine faith, namely, the gift of their freedom, and of their national liberty. The theme which I am come to discuss before you this evening is the life and the times and the character of Ireland's last king, Roderick O'Connor—as brave a man, perhaps, as ever drew a sword for God and for fatherland;—as unfortunate a man as ever was doomed to preserve his dignity, and to go down to his grave in the midst of misfortunes, but without a taint of dishonor.

THE CAMP OF LEARNING. Now, in order that we may understand the times and the life of this man pro-perly. I must invite your attention to the perly, I must invite your attention to the close of that dreadful contest which took place between the Irish and the Danes. place between the Irish and the Danes. For three hundred years Ireland was peaceable and happy—the home of saints and of scholars—the university of the Christian world, and the light of the ages, from the fifth down to the close of the eighth century. For three hundred years the whole world beheld her light, and gloried in the brightness thereof. Her saints went forth from her green bosom. saints went forth from her green bosom, evangelizing the whole world. Every nation in Europe—aye, down even to the south of Italy—preserves the memory of the Irish saints, and loves to dwell, year by year, upon the virtues and the grandeur of character of the men who came from the fair isle of the Western Ocean, to preach to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and His sanctity.

Then came that fearful invasion that

swept simultaneously over Ireland, over England, and over France. The Northmen—those fierce, tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired warriors of the North—pagans, haired warriors of the North—pagans, who adored Odin and Thor, and the Scandinavian gods—zealous for the cause of their false divinities—zealous, because of the bravery of their spirits and indomitable heart—they swept over all the northwestern countries of Europe; they subdued England, fixed themselves in the dued England, fixed themselves North of France, and invaded Ireland. For three hundred years, every year beheld a new army of the Danes poured into the land. Still the Irish Gael met into the land. Still the Irish Gael me them, hilt to hilt, and foot to foot, an disputed every inch of Irish land, and fought them as only men can fight who are animated by the true love for God, for the altar of God, and for their native land. Sad and weary was the contest. An army was defeated on one day, only to reproduce itself on the morrow in the shape of a new army landed from the

Northern Seas. KING BRIAN THE MIGHTY. Finally towards the end of the third cen-tury of the Danish invasions Almighty God gave to Ireland one of His grandest and highest gifts, namely, a man heroic in mind, heroic in heart, capable of comin mind, heroic in heart, capable of com-manding the situation, capable of under-standing the wants of his age—a man who was able to bind up all the incoherent elements of the nation, to make them as one man, and then, united, to lead them against the common fore; and that was the against the common foe; and that was the illustrious and immortal Brian, King of Munster, commonly called Brian Boroimbe. History acknowledges that, amongst its heroes, amongst the men of that twelfth century, amongst all those that figured in the various lands of Europe—the greatest and most massive character that shines out, is the character of the Irish monarch and hero who was able to lead an army of united Irishmen into the plains of Clontarf, and to vanquish the Danes. And

gether—near that wonderful Vale of Avoca, Malachi, the King of Ireland, at the head of his troops, met a great army of the Danes. They joined in battle, the Danes with the cry of their heathen gods, McLaughlin and his men with the cry, "For God, His Christ, and His Holy Church," and before the evening sun set six thousand Danes were stretched dead upon the green hillsides of that valley of Wicklow. Thrice on this day did this glorious king meet a certain Danish waryet, my friends, if we reflect upon it, this man—the grandest figure in our history—was still an usurper of the national crown. You know the ancient constitution of Ireland, under the Brehon laws, and under the system of tanistry, was that each of the provinces of the empire had its own monarch or king. The great leading families governed these provinces for two thousand years and more, under the ancient Milesian constitution. The O'Connors, of Connaught; the O'Briens, of Munster; the O'Neills and O'Donnells, of Munster; the O'Neins and O'Dondela, of Ulster; McMurroughs, O'Byrnes, and O'Tooles of Leinster. Two thousand years before Christ was born, the sons of Milesius landed in Ireland from the coast of Spain. The ancient Druid, or prophet of their race, foretold to them that it was their destiny to land upon and colonize the green Island of the West; and the poet describes their arriving on the coast of green Island of the West; and the poet describes their arriving on the coast of Ireland, dreaming of their destiny—hoping, in their day dreams, to behold the island that was to be theirs:— were on the land; he saw the Danes on every side, around the seacoast; he saw the people divided—the very chieftains divided amongst themselves; and he saw the head of the nation a man whose

AN EMERALD IN THE OCEAN. AN EMERALD IN THE OCEAN.

"They came from a land beyond the sea;
And now, o'er the Western main
Set sail in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
Oh! where's the isle we've seen in dreams
Our destined home or grave?—
Thus sang they, as by morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

"And lo! where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
'Tis Innisfail! 'Lis Innisfail!'
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heaven, the warriors hail
The home of the brave and free.

"Then turn they unto the Eastern wave, Where now their day god's eye A look of such sunny omen gave As lighted up sea and sky. Nor frown was seen through sky or sea, Nor tear o'er leaf or sod, When first on their fale of Destiny Ourgreat forefathers trod."

They brought with them that peculiar constitution, the grandest, perhaps, of any ancient form of government that existed—the most like to that grand republican government under which you citizens of the United States live to-day. There was

no serfdom amongst them. No Celtic man was ever born, or ever lived, or ever died as a serf or slave. It is a remarkable fact, my friends, that nearly every coun-try—aye, every country in Europe, began under the system of serfdom and slavery. The common people, as they were called Ah! hew sad was the evening of that day. The sun set over the western coast of Ireland; the nation was rejoicing—the soldiers resting upon their swords and spears, were telling each other of the events of the day. But there were three corpses upon the field of Clontarf, and with these three the hopes of Ireland perished. Brian was stretched a corpse there. The old man had retired into his own tent in the evening, and he was absorbed in prayer before the image of Christ, when a Danish fugitive chanced to pass that way. He peered in, and seeing the old king, entered his tent and transfixed him through the heart with his spear. Upon the field lay his brave son, Prince Murrough, and his grandson, Turlough, who was also a prince. Three generations of the one royal house of Ireland perished. And now anarchy and confusion reigned in the land, until another man arose, The common people, as they were called—the eulgus—were mere serfs attached to the soil. If a nobleman, a great man, or prince, wished to sell his estate, he not only sold it, but he also sold the people. If he had five hundred families on his estate, he not only sold it. If he had five hundred families on his estate, he sold them all; they were transferred from him to another man; and they had to serve that other man as they served their former master. This system of serdom or slavery was the original condition of every nationality in Europe—as it was in Russia down to our own days—with the sole exception of Ireland. In Ireland, certain great families ruled the land; and they were all "Mac's" and "O's." To this day, let me know your name, and if you be a "Mac" or an "O," I can tell you what part of Ireland you or your fathers came

in the land, until another man arose, second only in bravery, in wisdom in piety to Brian Boroihme, and that man was Turlough O'Connor, Prince of Connaught. Brave in the field was Turlough; poor fellow came to me, assing me to give him a letter, to get him a situation as porter or something, in some establishment. When I sat down to write the letter, I asked him: "What is your name?" "Well, your reverence," he said, "I am a McGuire." "And what made you leave the County Fermanagh?" "Oh! then, God knows," said he, "I left it through misfortune!" If you hear the name of an O'Reilly, you at once say, "Oh! he came from the County Cavan." If, on the other hand, a poor fellow comes into the store to you, and says, "I came from Ireland, and my name is McDermott," you at once say: "Oh! you are a Connaught man." If, again, a tall, square-shouldered, darkhaired, hazel-eyed man steps in like a giant and stands before you, and says: "I came to this country, and am one of the wise in council was he. He subjected all the various tribes around him to his own chieftainship, and they acknowledged him. The star of the house of O'Connor of Connaught arose to guide the nation that was sorrowing over the grave of Brian, with the bards who had sung over him,

part of Ireland you or your fathers came from. Some time ago, in New York, a poor fellow came to me, asking me to

give him a letter, to get him a situation as

giant and stands before you, and says: "I came to this country, and am one of the O'Neills;" then you say: "Ah! then you came from Ulster, my friend—from the County Tyrone." There is no mistake

County Tyrone." There is no mistake about it; even our Norman name of Burke is altogether Connaught. Well, my friends, in the ancient Con-stitution of Ireland there was no such

or man who had the right to succeed him

If the king of Ireland died his son did not succeed him, as the Prince of Wales

not succeed him, as the Prince of Wales would succeed Queen Victoria. Not a bit of it. They elected the best man, the bravest man, the man fitted to govern; and they made him their chieftain, and he was called, during the life of his predecessor, the "tanist," according to the

decessor, the "tanist," according to the law of tanistry. Accordingly when a time of war or trouble arose the chieftain gave

the signal and drew his men around him. He was called The McMahon, The O'Neill,

The O'Dwyer, The O'Rourke, The O'Don-nell—he blew his horn and rallied his men

draw his sword, and dash with the unbro

whom the poet commemorates when he

says:

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from the proud invader.
When her kings with standard of green unfurled
Led the 'Red Branch' Knights to danger;
Ere the Emerald Gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of the stranger."

FOR THEIR ALTARS AND THEIR HOMES. In the glen of Glenamadda, in Wicklow, near to that lovely vale where the two rivers meet—where their waters blend together—near that wonderful Vale of

Wicklow. Thrice on this day did this glorious king meet a certain Danish war-

rior in single combat, and after striking him dead with his battle axe tore the

golden collar from his neck and hung it around his own as a trophy of Celtic vic-

tory over the Scandinavians.

And yet brave and wise and holy as he

bravery he acknowledged, whose wisdom and goodness he was the first to admit, but who was not equal to the occasion.

but who was not equal to the occasion.
Brian seized the reins of government in his own strong hands; he gathered his armies around him; he rallied the grand old race of the O'Brien's; he advanced from the banks of the Shannon; he resided the feeling of Companyity on his

ceived the fealty of Connaught on his left hand and of Leinster before him; and

with these three provinces around him he attacked the Danes on Good Friday morning. With the crucifix in one hand and

ing. With the crucifix in one hand and his drawn sword in the other the man over whose head eighty Winters had passen rode before his Irish troops and

Munster.

says :

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave, Though the days of the hero are o'er— Though lost to Mononia and cold in his grave, He returns to Kincora no more."

Thus spoke the bard of Brian and all Ireland wept. Yet still the real and all Ireland wept. Yet still the hopes of the nation revived when the rising star of the race—brave, as I said, in the field, wise in the council, holy before the altar of God assumed the sovereignty of the western part of Ireland. He extended his sway all over the land of Erin, that only desired the character of the true Catholic thing as slavery—every man was free; every man was of the same blood, the same family, the same name with his chieftain. They elected their chieftains; they elected not only the princes of the name and of the line but also the "tanist," or man who had the right to succeed him.

and Christian shining out acknowledged in her brave king, Turlough O'Connor— that he was as holy as he was brave, and all submitted to him. He lived until the year 1156-thirteen years before the Norman and Saxon invasion of Ire-land. Toward the close of his life, wear ied with the battles and strifes of his man hood, he founded and endowed the roya convent of Clonmacnoise, for the Cister-cian monks and canons regular of St. Augustine, and he retired into the midst of them. The sanctity of the olden days was returning upon Ireland. The days of Columba and Columbanus—the days of of Columba and Columbanus—the days of Kieran and the saints of old were coming back upon the land. Malachi, a saint of God, was Primate of Armagh; Laurence O'Toole, a saint of God, was Bishop of Glendalough; St. Celsus was sitting on another episcopal throne in Ireland; and Ireland had the honor and glory of three living saints ruling her Church at the same time. The clergy and bishops, in their council at Kells, laid down wise laws for council at Kels, laid down wise laws for the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs. The kings and rulers of the land were most anxious to give to the world and to their subjects the example of the holiness of the around him; and they came: the black-smith from his forge, the thresher from the threshing floor, the ploughman from his plough; they took their battle-axes and spears and went out to fight with ancient days. The Danes had passed away, and new hopes were blooming for Ireland, and the people looked contentedly on the figure of their monarch as he retired from their cheiftains as man to man, not as slaves under their ruler. This being the constitution of ancient Ireland it happened figure of their monarch as he retired from their view into the cloister, and there lived and died in the odor of sanctity. He brought with him royal gifts to the house he had endowed. History tells us that he brought with him forty thousand ounces of gold; that he adorned the altars, and built up the glorious shrine; and when he constitution of ancient Ireland it happeness that toward the close of the Danish invasion, the king selected as "Ard-righ," or High King, a Meath man, Malachi McLaughlin, one of the bravest and best kings that ever ruled in Ireland. It is written of him that his delight was to take a young horse that never was broken built up the glorious shrine; and when he saw peace and calm around him he glided take a young horse that never was broken saw peace and caim around nim he gladed quietly into that eternity which was be-fore him; and, as was befitting an Irish hero, an Irish monarch, a prince of the ancient house of O'Connor, he died, leavin, and placing one hand upon the animal's neck he would bound to his back, ken animal into the midst of the enemy -slashing right and left and cutting hi ing to his people as an inheritance the leg-acy of a memory that was hallowed by them as that of a saint. way right through them. Wise in council, holy in his life was this grand and magnificent Malachi, and he was the man

THE HIGH KING; THE NATION'S HOPE.

But speedily there arose from the same nouse, and from the line of Turlough, the young monarch Roderick O'Connor. Young, splendid in figure, a prince in heart, in bravery, and in strength, he grasped the royal sword of Brian and waved over Ireland the sceptre of a monarch. s royal He was scarcely installed in nity when a great calamity fell upon Ire-land that looms over her and blights her like the dark shadow of a black cloud to nke the dark shadow of a black cloud to this day. All Ireland acknowledged Rod-erick as "Ard-righ," or "High King." The glories of Tara had passed away. Tara was in ruins then as it is to-day, but there, upon the plains of Boyle, in Ros-common, rose the high towers and lafter there, upon the plains of Boyle, in Ros-common, rose the high towers and lofty palace of Ireland's kings; and there Rod-erick held undoubted and undisputed sway over the whole of Ireland, The O'Briens, the McCarthy Mor, the O'Sul-livans, of the South, bowed before him; the proud O'Donnells and O'Neills of the Next, righted their tribute and homage to North yielded their tribute and homage to him; the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes of the Wicklow Glens and the Kildare Plains of Leinster; the O'Rourkes of Brefini and Meath acknowledged him as their king; whilst all the septs around him, in his own Province of Connaught, gloried in the name of their great and brave, valiant and puis-sant ruler Roderick O'Connor, the King of Ireland. His name was known in the was there was another man in Ireland brave and wise and holier than Malachi halls of the Plantagenets in England. His name was known in the halls of the prin-ces and kings of France and of Germany; II., and that was the illustrious Brian, of the house of Kincora, by the Shannon, in Munster. This man saw the evils that were on the land; he saw the Danes on his name was sounded in the Vatican as the descendant of a saint and as one who emulated the virtues as well as rivalled the

bravery of his great ancestor Turlough A CHILD OF SATAN.

Now, my friends, whilst St. Laurence
O'Toole was on his archiepiscopal throne
of Dublin—whilst peace reigned over the
country—whilst Ireland was healing the
deep wounds which the Danes had left
upon her stately form—a man can be to upon her stately form—a man came to Ireland to reform the Church and State, and bring the barbarous Irish into a state of civilization: and that man was Henry II., the Plantagenet King of England.
Let me tell you something about him.
He was of a family so wicked that the
great St. Bernard said to them—and it
was believed all over Europe—that they came from the devil. The words of St. Bernard were these: "From the devil cried out from his war-horse: "Behold this sign, O Irishmen! Remember that this is the day on which your God died for you, and for that God strike a blow!"

And under his hand the Irish struck such a blow that on that day at Clontarf they achieved what England was never able to do—Ireland shook the Danes from her bosom right into the sea, even as St. Paul

Bernard were these: "From the devil they day, if they have come, and to the devil, their father, they will go." This man held all to the bishoprics of England in his own that on that day at Clontarf they and in the bishops. In those days the Church was very rich, and when the outled be compelled to yield. St. Laurence of Toole, according to the historian Leland, went through the Irish ranks day by day, holding up the cross of Christ, and also girded with a sword, which he was preceded with a sword, which he was preceded to draw as a prince amongst his days the Church was very rich, and when the invaders would be compelled to yield. St. Laurence of Toole, according to the historian Leland, went through the Irish ranks day by day, holding up the cross of Christ, and also girded with a sword, which he was preceded to draw as a prince amongst his days the Church was very rich, and went through the Irish ranks day by day, the bishoprics of England in his own thands. He claimed the right of appoint a bishop ided, the good King Henry took the ten or twelve thousand pounds to the devil, their father, they will go." This man held all cases of Christ, and also girded with a sword, which he was preceded to draw as a prince amongst his down that the commands of the time when the invaders would be compelled to yield. St. Laurence of Toole, according to the historian Leland, went through the Irish ranks day by day, holding up the cross of Christ, and also girded with a sword, which he was preceded to draw as a prince amongst his down that the pland, went through the Irish ranks day by day, holding up the cross of Christ, and also girded with a sword, which he was preceded

shook off the venomous serpent from his hand in the island of Miletia.

Ah! hew sad was the evening of that day. The sun set over the western coast of Ireland; the nation was rejoicing—the soldiers resting upon their swords and spears, were telling each other of the events of the day. But there were three corpses upon the field of Clentarf, and with these three the hopes of Ireland periabed. Exign was stretched a corpse there. he sent three of his knights—I say he sent them,—whatever may be the equivocations of history—to shed the blood of Thomas a Becket. Henry's three knights entered the cathedral at Canterbury; they found the holy bishop at vespers, in cope and mitre, standing before the altar; and there, in the presence of God, they struck him, they broke his skull, and they shed his trains upon the altar of God. This was the man that came over to reform the Irish; this was the man that came over to educate our clergy and teach them how to say Mass; this was the man who came over to teach St. Laurence O'Toole—one of the greatest saints that ever lived—how to behave himself properly as a Christian. According to Mr. Froude, the Pope wanted a policeman, and selected a man that had violated every law of God—the man that had reddened his hands with the blood of a saint-a man that, having come from the devil, was going to the devil as fast as the devil, was going to the devil as fast as he could go—a man that had married Eleanor of Aquitaine, another man's wife! He came, and he found in Ireland a hero and a saint—the saint was St. Laurence O'Toole, the Archbishop of Dublin; and Ireland's hero was the great and grand Roderick, King of Connaught,

and High King of Ireland. and High King of Ireland.

Then St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, cried out to the nation: "To arms! Draw the sword! The land is invaded!" No sooner did Henry's myrmidons land in Ireland—no sooner was the voice of the sainted Archbishop of Dublin heard than the sword of Roderick Dublin heard, than the sword of Roderick O'Connor sprang from its sheath, and waved, bright and glorious, over the land. From the shores of the Western Ocean he marched to the Eastern Coast of Ireland. He had around him his army; he rallied his chiefs, and they came. Strongbow, with his forces, landed on the Coast of Wexford. Roderick knew the geography of his country, and he knew, that having taken Wexford, the probable course of th invader would be to march over the hills of Wicklow and the plains of Kildare, on to the city of Dublin; and therefore he, with his army, stood with their swords in their Celtic hands, and waited for the invader. But there was a traitor in Ireland in those days—a traitor to his God and to his country. The traitor to Ireland in those days was Dermot McMurrough, the King of Leinster; and he was a devil from hell in his character; first, by treason to his country, and secondly, by treason to ns country, and secondly, by treason to the sacredness of that narriage-tie that has always been so inviolably preserved in Ireland. He had taken the wife of O'Rourke, Prince of Breffni, from her husband; and it speaks well for Ireland—that Ireland which needed the Pope's policepran according to Mr. Fronde to policeman, according to Mr. Froude keep us in order—it speaks well for Ire-land that, in the day that one man took another man's wife, the whole nation rose up against him, and all the manhood and womanhood in Ireland declared that the land of St. Patrick, the island of saints, should not afford standing-room for an

adulterer. Dermot the accursed, was with the Norman and Saxon invaders: and well he knew that Ireland's lion prince was standing in the path between the great capital of the nation and the in-He stole a march upon Roderick vaders. he came around by the seacoast of Wexford, and entered Dublin secretly. To the amazement and indignation of the king his capital was taken before he was aware. Now, what remained for him? Suddenly he saw his friend, the holy archbishop of Dublin, enter his camp. These two met; and never, perhaps, since the world was created did two grander or greater souls meet than when Laurence, the saint, met Roderick O'Connor the Celtic king, both animated by one desire, by one passion, and that passion and king his capital was taken before he was by one passion, and that passion and desire was to drive the Norman and the Saxon into the same Irish Sea that had swallowed up the Dane, the latest of Ireland! Roderick! thou hast seen our sorrows; but I, as an Irishman and a land's invaders. Remember, O Irishmen that when I mention Laurence O'Toole, am speaking to you of a saint. Remember it, and if any man come and tell one of you that in order to love Ireland you must doubt or discredit Ireland's priesthood-I am here to tell you that I am speaking of the last of Ireland's saints:
and he came to the camp of the last of
Ireland's kings; and the burden of his
message was:
"Give me a sword that I
may draw it in defence of Ireland's na-

tionality, and scourge her invaders forever from her soil."

THE WARRIOR PRIEST.

Accordingly, a short time after Dublin was taken, St. Laurence O'Toole, with Roderick O'Connor, the king, advanced upon Dublin, and, according to authentic upon Dubin, and, according to authentic records, with an army of from forty to sixty thousand Irishmen. They invested the city. The O'Donnell and O'Neill, of Ulster, shut the invaders out from the sea by the side of Howth; the Munster men, nuder the O'Briens and the O'Bryans, hald under the O'Briens and the O'Byrnes, held the sea-coast at Kingstown and Dalkey, and shut the invaders out from the sea on that side: the Kinsella and his men took position at Kilmainham: and Roderick O'Connor occupied the site of the present Phœnix Park, or Castleknock. Unhappily the investment was not complete. Strong bow was a brave man, my friends; a man whom neither you nor I would wish to meet upon the open field; brave as a lion, and with the heart and hand of a Norman and with the heart and hand of a Norman warrior. I don't say it because I am of their Norman blood myself. No! I had rather have one drop of my Celtic moth-er's blood than all the blood in my veins er's blood than all the blood in my veins other than Celtic. But still it cannot be denied that these Normans—clad in steel from head to toe; mounted upon their war-horses, also panoplied in steel—were brave men; the bravest, perhaps in the world. There were only six hundred of them in Dublin, reduced to starvation by the Irish, lying silent, in grim expectation of the time when the invaders would be compelled to yield. St. Laurence O'Toole, according to the historian Leland, went through the Irish ranks day by day,

enemy is scattered around the wall; his enemy is scattered around the wall; his line is slender, and we may easily break through it. Is it not better to die like heroes in the field, than to starve here like rats in a nole?" Arraying his men in full armor, he divided them into three bodies of about two hundred each; Raymond le Gros taking command of one, Miles de Cogan of another, and Strongbow himself leading the third; they dashed right into the midst of the Irish army. The Celts, scattered all around, were taken The Celts, scattered all around, were taken The Ceits, scattered all around, were taken completely by surprise. Not thinking of an assault, and having no previous warning, their lines were broken, and the Normans dashed right through the heart of the army, and again dashed back. Once again they charged, and the siege of Dublin was raised. The chieftains drew off their men and retired. Roderick sullenly and reluc-tantly withdrew at last, like a lion disappointed of his prey. The grand, royal heart of Ireland's monarch broke within him when he heard from the lips of his friend, St. Laurence, that the invaders were not to depart to-day or to-morrow,

but were to remain for many a sad year.
"They come," he said, in the language interpreted by Ireland's latest poet— "They come to divide—to dishonor. And tyrants they long will remain."

Oh! the vision that was opened before him by the saint of God was too much for his heart. What! Ireland dishonored! Ireland enslaved! Ireland losing her nation ality! He could not bear it. His heart broke within him; and resigning crown and sceptre, he sought the cloister of Clonmacnoise, where his ancestry died in sanctity; and there, for twelve years, the man who had braved every disaster was to live as a Canon Regular of St. Augustine. For twelve years he spent his time in prayer with God for Ireland's prosperity and safety. No longer a king enthroned and crowned he could do no more for Ireland. Wisdom and strength were vain; but he recould he will be the recould he will but he passed his days in sanctity; ending

but he passed his days in sanctity; enting his life in an aroma of prayer to God for the land that bore him. His eldest son he was obliged to send as a hostage to the English king; his domin-ions he was obliged to hold under him, not nons he was obliged to hold under him, not as under the power of a conqueror, for never will history admit that Ireland was conquered by Henry II. The most that Henry ever claimed was the acknowledgment of superiority, then called "Haunt Suzerainte"—that Ireland, retaining her independence, kingship, and nationality. Suzzante"—that Ireland, retaining her independence, kingship, and nationality, acknowledged a nominal submission to the crown of Eugland. That was all that Henry II. ever claimed. He treated with Roderick O'Connor as a king. Roderick O'Connor retired into the cloisters erick O'Connor retired into the of Clonmacnoise and there lived as a king though a monk. He died a king; and on the day when the royal tomb of Clonmac-

the day when the royal to the of contract noise was opened to receive him he was buried with kingly konors.

If England, to-day, denies the right of Ireland to her nationality and independ-ence, England denies it by the greatest ence, England defines to by the greatest injustice, lying, treachery, and tyranny that eyer one people exercised over anoth-er. And although she has wielded a chain, dripping blood, over our land for seven hundred years, England has never been able to extinguish in the Irish soul the proud and heroic feeling that we are still a nation and shall be a nation till the end of time.

The body of Ireland's last monarch was laid in his royal grave. The nation wept over him; and never, since his day, have we seen his like, except, perhaps, in the pasing vision of the heroic Hugh O'Neill of Tyrone. Perchance the spirits of the just in heaven behold the things that take place on earth. If sorrow could enter there—where the chastened spirit of Ireland's last monarch is crowned-Oh! saddened would be his vision of blessedness, and chastened his eternal joy, to witness the centuries of agony, of persecution, of trial, and of wrong that have passed over his native land. But one thing we know, that the spirits of the just behold and appearance the the triumph of justice and of truth preciate the triumph of justice and of truth upon this earth. Roderick, brave was thine arm, now mouldered into the dust priest, proclaim, O Roderick, that thou shalt behold our resurrection, our triumph and our joys! It is coming. The day ap proaches. The dawn is drawing near. Oh ye Irish saints in heaven! it remains for you to behold the resurrection and the glory of your race, who have kept your faith, held to your national love, and have lath, held to your national love, and have never known how to resign the two most glorious ideas that can fill the mind and heart of man—a love for God above him, and for the native land that bore him!

Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures every kind of humor, from the common pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula. Four to six bottles cure salt-rheum or

tetter. One to five bottles cure the worst kind

of pimples on the face.
Two to four bottles clear the system of

boils, carbuncles, and sores.

Five to eight bottles cure corrupt or running ulcers and the worst scrofula.

By druggists, and in half-dozen and dozen lots at great discount.

Don't fill the system with quinine in the effort to prevent or cure Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is a far more potent preventive and remedy, with the advantage of leaving in the body no poisons to produce dizziness, deafness, headache, and other disorders. The proprietors warrant it.

prietors warrant it.

Dr. J. Corlis, St. Thomas, writes:
"During ten years' active practice I have had occasion to prescribe Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Since Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda came under my notice, I have tried it, and take great pleasure in saying that it has given great satisfaction, and is to be preferred to any I have ever used or recommended. I any I have ever used or recommended; have used it in my own family almost as a beverage during heavy colds, and in every instance a happy result has followed. I cheerfully recommend its use in all cases of debility arising from weakness." of the muscular or nervous system."

There is no preparation before the pec ple to-day that commands their confidence more, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry-the infallible remedy for all forms

"THE CONTINENTAL PAPAL SAB-RATH IN ST. LOUIS.

The Presbyterian papers are showing how "The Continental Papal Sabbath is moving." "They show this "movement" moving."

by a paragraph found in a St. Louis paper by the St. Presbyterian: "The Immaculate Conception Sodality 'nine' will cross bats with the Christian Brothers, second nine, Sunday, at 2 P.

And why should not these young men "cross bats" every Sunday, in the after-

There is no law against recreation on Sunday, though the regulations regarding the Sabbath were stricter. But Christians

the Sabbath were stricter. But Christians do not keep the Sabbath. And, so far as we know, there is no human law in St. Louis against ball-playing on Sunday, although there is in New York.

The young men of this Immaculate Conception Sodality and of the Christian Brothers' "nine" had doubtless assisted at Mass in the morning. Doubtles, too, after their game of base-ball was over, they performed some other act of devoafter their game of base-ball was over, they performed some other act of devo-tion. Having done this devoutly, they had sanctified the day. The Immaculate Conception Sodality read their office, in which the Presbyterian Journal will find certain psalms from the Old Testament, that it believes Catholics are forbidden to read. The Christian Brothers "nine" very

probably belong to a sodality, too.

Catholics often abstain from public recreation on Sunday because they do not want to shock the Calvinistic prejudices of their non-Catholic neighbors. But there is no prohibition on the part of God or of His Church against innocent amuse-ment on that day miscalled the "Sabbath." ment on that day miscalled the "Sabbath." Servile work is forbidden, unless necessary. The Church commands the manner in which the day, and other days of obliga-

tion, shall be sanctified.
"The Continental Papal Sabbath" is a "The Continental Papar Saboath" is a blundering, Presbyterian phrase. The "Continental Sabbath" is what better-informed people call the "Parisian Sunday," on which artisians work part of the day. It is the outcome of Parisian infidel. day. It is the outcome of Parisian infidelity. It is a legacy of the Revolution. The Presbyterian papers, if they took the trouble to look into any Catholic matter carefully, would discover that Cardinal Guibert and the Bishops of France are constantly lifting up their voices against the descration of the Sunday. These ecclesiastics, the Presbyterian Journal and the rest must admit, are Papal representa-They protest against the Parisian

Sanday.

There is no "Papal" Sabbath; no Christian "Sabbath." The Jews keep the last day of the week; the Christians, since the

day of the week; the Christians, since the Resurrection the first.

Some Catholic American parents have become so deeply impressed by the views held by their non-Catholic neighbors of the Calvinistic keeping of the Sunday, that they make a false conscience for themselves and a day of all unpleasantness for their children, with the result that their children learn to hate the day of joy.

of joy.

Protestants do not consider it "respectable" for little children to be seen at play on the "Sabbath." They must keep to their woeful tracts and their dreary "Sabbath-school" books. It is not "respectable: even to play in the back yard; somebody might see them.

Now, why should Catholics imitate this?
Why should they not have the courage of their belief? Their children will learn

the shame and hypocrisy of this travesty of the Christian Sunday soon enough, and look back with disgust on the gloomiest day of the week. We remember to have heard an unhappy child reciting a "Sab-

bath-school" doggerel which ran thus:
"I must not sing on Sunday,
I must not laugh on Sunday,
I must not play on Sunday,
For Jesus tells me so."

This was a falsehood. And when the wretched child found it out, he probably revenged himself on Christianity by joining the mob that applauds Ingersoll.

The Catholic parent who never assists at Mass on an ordinary weekday, and who

regards the attending at Vespers as an act of great supererogation, will sternly re-buke his child for whistling or singing on Sunday, and prevent him from indulging Sunday, and prevent mir from industing in any of the amusements of his age on Sundey, except eating. Gluttony is considered to be eminently respectable in non-Catholic circles which are strictly prohibitionist in other matters. Altogether, the inconsistencies of the "Sabbatarians" are unonling.

where the public playing of ball, etc, is forbidden, and we de not advocate indulgence in any amusement, on Sunday or other days of the week, which will seri-ously annoy our neighbors. But we pro-test against the prejudices and false notions of other persons, bred in Calvin-ism, being made rules for our conduct and that of our fellow-Catholics.

that of our fellow-Catholies.

Sunday is the one day of the week on which the children of the poor enjoy the liberty so grateful to their youth. It is, in many cases, almost the only holiday of the poor, and when we see families, father and mother and little ones, going forth, after Mass, for a day in the woods, or by the sea, we pray that it may be a happy one—even if a suspicious base ball bat or the fishing-rod, to Presbyterians most odious on the "Sabbath," be of the party. -Freeman's Journal.

PITTSFORD, MASS., Sept. 28, 1878. SIRS—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommend them to others, as I found them very beneficial. MRS. J. W. TULLER,

Sec. Women's Christian Temperance Union. PEOPLE WHO RESIDE OR SOJOURN in regions of country where fever and ague and bilious remittent fever are prevalent, should be particularly careful to regulate digestion, the liver and the bowels, before the provided of the digestion, the Netherlands of the periodic malady. The timely use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dys-Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a valuable safeguard against the malarial scourge. It is acknowledged to be the best blood purifier in the market. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists,

Young, old, and middle-aged, all experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald-head, or with any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by

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