" are Funeral of Hope.

ne following beautiful lines were written by the Bichard Liles, E.-q., of Danville, Va., a gentlementus, a fine scholar, and a lawyer of distinction lines speak of the sad a xperience of the author.]

I have been to the funeral of all my hopes, And entombed them one by one; Not a word was said, When the mournful tark was done.

Slowly and sadly I turned me around, And sought my silent room; And there alone, By the cold hearthstone, I wood the midnight gloom.

And then as night with deepening shade, Lowered above my brow, I wept o'er days
When manhood's rays
re brighter far than now.

The dying embers on the hearth Gave out their flickering light, As if to say, That is the way Thy life shall close in night. I wept aloud in angulah sore,
O'er the blight of prospects fair;
While demons laughed,
And eager quaffed
My flars, like nectar rare.

Through Hell's red hall an echo rang, An echo loud and long, An echo loud and long,
As in the bowl
i plunged my soul,
lin the night of madness strong

And there within that sparkling glass,
I knew the cause to lie;
This all men own,
From sone to zone,
Tet millions drink end die,

FROM AN IRISH COUNTRY - HOUSE

From England to Ireland is a far greater

MRS. LUCY C. LILLY IN CATHOLIC WORLD.

journey than the mere crossing of the water which lies between Holyhead and Kingstown. Leaving the calm, prosperous, wellordered, and matter-of-fact country of John Bull one summer's day, we found ourselves transported with an astonishing sense of change, distance, novelty-all that constitutes the difference between nations-into an Irish seaport town, gay, bright, and home-like, where poverty looks picturesque, and the whole country, if it suggests want, at the same time speaks of good-humor and kind-liness. Kingstown is all the fashion in the summer time; "His Grace" of Marlborough had just arrived, stopping a few hours on his way to Dublin, and the pretty town whence George IV. sailed long ago after his famous visit wore an air of viceregal festivity. The town fronts the water; a series of hotels painted white or built of great stope with painted white or built of gray stone, with trim gardens and lawns, an irregular line of villas, apartment-houses, and the like, may be seen as we sail up to the fine granite quay, and the long white road, well cared for and sunshiny in the month of June, is gay with carriages, "cars," and wagonettes. The Kingstown journals are constantly appeared. Kingstown journals are constantly announc-ing fresh arrivals from the world of Mayfair, and no place in Ireland is so frequented at a certain season. From Kingstown to Dublin the road leads through various minor water-ing places which seem to consist chiefly of bathing-machines and advertisements, the long line of yellow sands being dotted with tong line of yellow sands being dotted with those singular marine vehicles, while at intervals stone cottages on the roadside are labelled "Patrick Cloney's Bathing-House," or "Mrs. Dawson's Baths," or "Bathing suits and machines to hire; no dogs admitted." All these establishments seemed to have allurements for the gentler sex, who were congregated at every such point in the. were congregated at every such point in the. beach road, in timid groups, prepared to rush into the water or coming back with the aid of the Cloney or Dawson machines.

Afar out where the tide had ebbed, leaving bare and green the sands and rushes, barethough it delights the British palate. With glimpses of these gay little seaports, and here and there the interruption of a stretch of quiet, verdant country, Dublin was reached, and from there, later on, our route lay to a distant country in the north.

There is a strange sense of failure and half-developed splender about Dublin; the wide, beautiful streets, the solemn architecture of the granite buildings, the majestic cathedral, the university, the evident intellectual abil-ity and yet mental and political depression of the people—all these seem strangely inharmonious, and one gets in some way a singular impression of a struggle, a constant hopeless lifting of the voice against something which is evil. Of course such a feeling must be at this date the outcome of the past; must be, an Englishman would tell you, a mere sentiment; for Irish laws are now tolerably good, and even Irishmen themselves are divided as to the moral and political advantages of Home Rule should they get it. But you cannot efface the marks of the past, Dub-lin, beautitul as she is, must speak to every stranger of something which has silenced stranger of something which has silenced her, which has turned her best purposes aside and given her the air of a dethroned sover-

We left Dublin about four in the afternoon taking the train for C——, an obscure station in County Cavan. The day was perfect, and the lights on hill and dale clear and soft, without a touch of haze, but always a brilliant clearness which gave emphasis to every outline in the landscape, defining the shades of green, throwing out the colors of the blossoms on the hedge-rows, and sparkling upon the many bits of lake, river, and rivulet we passed. Now and then, as we dashed into some station, we caught sight of an old woman, the "care-taker," knitting calmly in the waiting-room, while her grandchildren filled the doorway and lifted rosy, dirty faces to our a curious puckered expression generally ending in a smile, as she watched the passen-

gers descend, extending a friendly greeting and a slow hand to some.

"Is it yourself back again, ma'am?" we hear her exclaim as a comfortable, smiling-faced woman descends, with market baskets

on either arm.

"I am, then," is the answer, "and no worse for a bit of going, I think, ma'am." And the railway-porter, in uniform like the English, but sadly faded and threadbere, comes up to join in the talk; while an outer circle of small people, wondering, ragged, and unkempt, is formed, and a pretty girl in neat gown and quite a fine headgear, but bare feet, arrives to welcome the new-comer.

welcome the new-comer.

The evening lights broke up in a splendor of reds and purples, fading into that wonderful pale gray twilight which in Ireland lingers until the stars are all visible in the sky; not a touch of gloom was in the dusk when we reached C——, and throughout the long carriage-drive which tollowed there lingered this after-glow of day, broken here and there by that singular atmospheric phenomenon for which the country is famous—the mirage—a token of warm weather, we were told. —a token of warm weather, we were told, giving to the wide, irregular country, with its chance animation and otherwise unbroken stillness, a weird, puzzling effect.

From C—— to B——, our destination, is a drive of thirteen Irish miles (about seventeen miles in English or American measure) passing through the town of dently a prosperous place, with hilly, well-built streets and the usual characteristics of built streets and the usual characteristics of every Irish town or village, the outskirting paths leading to whitewashed cabins, the shaded country roads, and a surrounding peacefulness in the landscape. Thence we drove on past several so-called "domains" marked by fine walls and gateways, the house being always concealed by the abun-dant foliage, down a closely sheltered green road past fine hadgerows in at a white gate. road, past fine hedgerows, in at a white gateway under a bower of lofty oaks, along a beau-tiful drive bordered with lawns and terraces, and before us stood a fine grey stone villa in the dignified and simple architecture of the last century, with hospitable double doors thrown open, lights streaming out cheerfully upon lawn and carriage-drive, and within the comfortable luxuriance of an Irish country-

R-," July, 1878.

This household, I suppose, is typical of the best class of Irish gentry. The house stands in a park about a mile from the little village of B—— C——. It was built in the present century, but Irish architects seem to cling to the models of a hundred years agoa gray stone villa, firm and substantial, with a sense of light and coolness in summer-time and warmth in winter; wide, cheerful windows, spacious rooms, and furnishings at once homelike and refined; the drawingroom, dining room, steward's offices, etc, are on the ground floor; above irregularly on two stories the sleeping and dressing-rooms, all full of that air of home comfort which so impresses Americans on foreign shores, while a touch of high art has crept over from the splendid England of to-day. Without are lawns and terraces, beautifully kept, and the never-failing croquet and tennis grounds, the latter overlooking the lower terraces; a belt of deep green woodland and a stretch of open, of deep green woodland and a stretch of open, peacetul country, upon which hay-makers come and go, the women in bright colors, the wagons painted red, the men in dingy corduroys but strong in figure, with a gay, bold step and carriage which shows how much of their existence has been passed alfresco.

At the back of the house are the flower-gardens, blooming with tall, old-fashioned shrubs and beds of dainty flowers; boxwood and laurel border the graveled walks, which lead off into pine groves beyond: at the upper

bare and green the sands and rushes, barefooted boys and girls were gathering moss
and cockles—the latter a sort of small, tough
clam which abounds in these waters, and which
latter a sort of small, tough
clam which abounds in these waters, and which
latter a sort of small, tough
in the sunshine, with apple, peach, and plum
latter a sort of small, tough
in the sunshine, with apple, peach, and plum
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in the sunshine, with apple, peach, and plum
latter a sort of small, tough
in the sunshine, with apple, peach, and plum
latter as we passed, men and
women bobbing and courtesying with that
quaint simplicity and respect which seems to
disprise without degrading the Old-World
latter a sort of small, tough
in the sunshine, with apple, peach, and plum
latter as we passed, men and
women bobbing and courtesying with that
quaint simplicity and respect which seems to
disprise with the sunshine, with apple, peach, and plum
latter as we passed, men and
women bobbing and courtesying with that
quaint simplicity and respect which seems to
disprise with the sunshine with a sunshine wi their fruits ripening slowly but richly, and the dusky foliage giving a tone to the garden-beds. From the fruit terrace we can see the "planting," as the first foliage is called, of the neighboring estates; a broad, green val-ley beyond, dotted with small lakes; clumps of forest trees, centuries old; and far off against the horizon a bit of Lough Erne shining like a jewel in its background of lofty

> Country-house visiting here in Ireland has peculiar fascination for us as Americans here is much merely in the system which is novel and interesting. The luxuries and comforts which usually belong only to townhouses in America are regularly expected in an Irish or English country-house, and the household management is quite perfect. Mistress and maid, master and servant, are on such admirable terms of self-control and discipline that year after year the household can go on calculating to a nicety its resources, and feeling confident there will be none of those outbreaks which disorganize the men age of so many American homes. There are nine or ten house-servants, including both men and women, all perfectly understanding their duties and their positions; the butler has been twenty years in his place; one of the gardeners died the other day after half a context of least against the family and century of loyal service in the family; and from the trim housemaids to the people in the kitchen there is that air of respectful comprehension of duty so seldom thoroughly

understood in America. The house is full of guests, and they combine various elements very pleasantly. One of the number is a well-known author and traveller, who has just returned from a solitary journey of exploration across Asia and India, almost as hazardous and eventful as the view, stamping their brown, bare feet to some imaginary tune, or tossing a bit of hedge flower with saucy fun at the vanishing is a young lady from Scotland, with a sweet hedge flower with saucy fun at the vanishing is a young lady from Scotland, with a sweet train. When we stopped, the old woman in charge of the station would come out, knitting in hand, fronting the evening light with

There is also a little English lady, who is soon to set sail for India, that unknown land to Americans, but possessing so intimate and personal an interest to most British house-holds. Besides these and the American visholds. Besides these and the American visitors, an Oxford professor is expected to complete the group, which brings together the most varied but harmonious elements, while a frank hospitality and art of entertaining are combined in our hosts and hostess with everything that is cultured, earnest, and original

and original.

The day's routine begins with a charmingly informal breakfast at nine o'clock, which drifts on for a couple of hours, family and guests coming in irregularly; letters and newspapers are read and discussed, and plans for the day are developed. Then comes a morning of individual occupations; our hosts, being both county magistrates, have various duties outside the estate; our hostess has her household to set into working order for the household to set into working order for the day; the guests amuse themselves with the new books which are sent regularly from Dublin, or with letter-writing, walking, or gossip. Luncheon reassembles the party at two o'clock, and the afternoon is devoted to riding, driving, croquet, or lawn tennis; six o'clock finding us, without change of costume, in the drawing room for the Direct is recognitive. in the drawing-room for tea. Dinner is pre-ceded by the dressing-bell at a quarter to seven, which disperses the tea party; riding-hats and knickerbockers vanish; half an hour later a finely dressed company assembles in the drawing-room, the procession is formed and files out in solemn state, and the dinner, that concentration of foreign etiquette and brilliancy, begins. As in England, the ladies retire before the gentlemen, when a dainty silver punch service is carried into the diningroom; and tea and coffee are served in the drawing-room at half-past nine.

"This is fair day at B-"Fair day?" echoes an American voice "How I should like to see a real Irish fair! "It is not at all what it used to be in the good old times," said our host; "still it might amuse you."

This was at breakfast this morning, and w were at once exhilarated by the prospect of beholding a scene of fascinating revelry and trade which we had known only in novels and in Mr. Boucicault's plays: We set out about mid-day, the ladies in a phaeton, the gentlemen on foot. The shaded road led us in a faw minutes to the architecture of the state of the sta n a few minutes to the outskirts of the village, where a novel scene opened before us as we turned up the hill to the market-place: there lay a broad, open space, the village green; on one side a blacksmith's forge, a dissenting chapel, and the public pound, on the other a cluster of abandoned, roofless cahins standing at the head of the village. cabins standing at the head of the village street; a large marquee tent labelled "Refreshments, by P. Moriarty," stood in the centre of the green, and seemed to be the initial point from which radiated and revolved the countless elements that made up the fair. The confusion of sights and sounds was bewildering; there was neighing of horses and lowing of cattle; goats, sheep, swine, and barnyard fowls lifted up their voices, dogs barked; and finally, and most hideous of all, a donkey threw back his ears and greeted as with his own indees the music. Farm. us with his own indescribable music. Farm ers and shepherds went about in groups or sat in the shade smoking short pipes and dis-cussing their own and other people's affairs; men and boys trotted horses and donkeys up and down to show their gait; while in the outer circles sat several old women in long blue cloaks and clean white caps, with baskets of fresh eggs and butter before them, awaiting the brisk trade of a later hour. Th groups shifted a little as we passed, men and women bobbing and courtesying with that peasantry; the children making the drollest little "bobs," pulling a lock of hair, smiling, and ducking in a half-shy, reverential tash-

"When any villager has been in America and returned," said Fand returned," said F——, "he always carries a lofty air, and does not like to take off his hat to the gentry."

"And how do his comrades take it?" we

"They don't like his bad manners, as a gen eral thing, for I think they feel that this out-ward show of respect neither exalts us nor degrades them; it is only a custom approved by their forefathers, and rather pleasing than

By this time we had passed the commo and were in the village street, where a curi-ous crowd had assembled in broken groups, each one bent upon admiring, watching, or erecting the temporary booths for the fair. There was an air of suspended excitement while the work progressed, but an hour later the fair was in full motion; voices laughing, talking, disputing, gossiping, railing, and chaffing filled the air; the booths were full of wares; an excited Cheap John standing up in his wagon, with a varied collection of gar ments and household belongings at his feet harangued an eager group of girls and women gathering about him. At another pent a farmer was loudly praising his black-coated pigs, which, uncomfortable behind their prison bars, rubbed each other's sides and grunted unbarning and and a sides and grunted unbarning and a sides and grunted unbarning and and a sides and grunted unbarning and grunted unbarning and grunted unbarning and a sides and grunted unbarning and grunted unbarning and grunted unbarning and grunted grunted and grunted grun grunted unhappily; men and women were buying and selling butter and eggs; a fine cow was being led up and down before three men in top-boots, corduroys, and gay-colored neckcloths, while at small stalls, above a queer assortment of crockery, lines of variega ted handkerchiefs and hosiery were strung to

away, her mother lingering with some evident desire to criticise further. John sees her vacillation. "Ah! now, woman dear, is it vacillation. "Ah! now, woman dear, is it deprive her of her rights ye would? Four shillin's, and ye have it. Garryowen! Garryowen!" he cries out, breaking into a shriller note and vigorously slapping his leg, on which the calico is draped. "Garryowen!" Come on! Buy, buy!" A timid brown hand is slipped uv; a maternal voice says deprecatingly, "Ah! thin, Katie, ye put everything on yer back," as Katie, still rosy red but pleased, pays her four shillings and takes the roll of print. Directly she is the centre of an eager, clamorous group, the women all critieager, clamorous group, the women all criticising and admiring or deploring the pur-

"Ah! now, Katie Brian, is it no sense at a'all ye have left in ye, girl?"
"It'll not take the wather, surr," cries one
woman, jerking up her hand disdainfully at
John, who stands his ground:

John, who stands his ground:

"Stand the wather, woman alive! Sure the soap never was made that could take the color off it. Garryowen, Garryowen!" he goes on in a shrill crescendo, and new purchasers come up. One of the last articles we see disposed of is a coat as deplorable in hue as Joseph's, and sadly tattered and threadbare, which a cow-boy purchased for "tuppence-ha'penny" amid shouts of derision from the bystanders.

Among the calmer sales we noticed cali coes and sheetings, all remarkably high-priced; unbleached muslins of rather poor quality and going for eight cents the yard, and a striped print, worth in America about six cents, being sold for ten, as John called Heaven to witness, "at a distasteful bargain."

If the truth were known I am afraid some

nembers of the American party were a little disappointed that the fair went on with no signs of "trailing of coats." "Did nobody feel warlike?" an American lady ventured to inquire; and everybody laughed and made a different answer.

"Oh! yes, there are often fights," said J——, "but the constables are doubly vigilant on fair days, and order is tolerably well

kept."
The "Royal Irish Constabulary" are government police stationed in every Irish town or village, where we could see them leisurely patrolling the streets and lanes—fine-looking men in neat black uniform and helmet, and armed with musket as well as baton. Their arrack is in the village street, a two-stories building of unpretentious, whitewashed exterior, but bearing the royal arms and var-

exterior, but bearing the royal arms and various government placards; one of these offered a reward of £1,000 for information leading to the arrest of Lord Leitrim's murderers.

"A useless advertisement," said Mr. B———. "No Irish cabin ever gives up a fugitive; no matter how poor the shelter may be, it is freely given, and no reward offered has any effect."

The constables appeared to be on excellent terms with the people, and seemed to be looked upon rather in the light of protectors than otherwise.

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The constables appeared to be on excellent terms with the people, and seemed to be looked upon rather in the light of protectors than otherwise.

"But where are the factions we read about in the newspapers?" said the lady from America.

"Oh! they exist," answers our host, and forthwith goes on to tell us of two 'amous factions, known as "the Threes" and "the Fours," which originated at a fair. It appears a certain man sold a cow, asserting her age to be three years; the buyer declared it was four, and at once each side had constituents. The rival parties fought that day, and the next fair day, and so on, as time passed the factions growing in numbers and in bitterness. While we were in Ireland a trial for murder went on in Dublin, in which it appeared that a "Three" had killed a "Four" on no other pro-"Three" had killed a "Four" on no other provocation than the rage of party spirit. In the trial an amusing witness was examined.

"Teddy, were you present at the fair?" asked the lawyer. "I was, your honor, and saw the fight; it was a rale good one; they had sticks and stores, and everything that was handy to

crack skulle "Which side did you take?" "I like the 'Threes' best, your honor."
"Did the prisoner have a stone in his

"He did not, your honor; Murphy had nothing in his hand but his fist."

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed dis-dainfully: "Sure it was not a dacent fight at all; only a few shillelahs were raised!" The fair went on with varied scenes until a late hour, when, I doubt not, had we waited, we might have seen something like the "trail of a coat;" but we drove off about sunset, leaving the ground still occupied by a busy throng, while far up the country road

stretched a motley line of farmers and rustics, in cars or on foot, donkeys laden with

baskets, cows, goats and swine, toiling home-wards after their day's outing at the fair. In talking of novelties the other day, one of our party declared there was one in Ireland she specially longed to see, and "could we not," with eyes turned towards our hostess-"could we not see some day a genuine peat fire ?"

Hitherto the sunshine has been too luxurious to permit thought of fire, but this afternoon we drove out across the moorland, where the air blew freshly, full of fragrance like that of meadows near the sea, but certainly chill

handkerchief was tied becomingly over her head. "Ye'll not know yerself in it, me dear," John goes on in a softer tone, while a flood of rosy color comes into the girl's face. "Ah! be aisy now," as she is moving shyly away, her mother lingering with some evi— What hour in the American calendar compare with this in an English or Irish

country-house?
At this hour what topic may not be dis-At this nour what topic may not be discussed, what rash opinions and vague theories sent forth? A delicious sense of irresponsibility seems to come over us with the twilight; all faculties are pleasantly suspended, awaiting the touch of exhilaration which between to dispusations and idle speculation. awaiting the touch of exhilaration which belongs to dinner-time, and idle speculations or poetic sentiment of which, an hour later, we might feel ashamed, all seem part of the moment. This afternoon, while we sipped our tea, our friend from India gave us stories of Kurd and Arab, of Eastern cities and of the desert plain; the young lady of Keppoch entertained us with her recent journey in the Tyrol, and, in the inconsequent fashion belonging to tea-time, we drifted off to the old and ever new sibject of Ireland's patriots; of the thrilling, agonizing, ennobling time of the thrilling, agonizing, ennobling time when the "Young Ireland" crusade was when the "Young Ireland" crusade was preached. Our hostess is always eloquent on themes like this, and I suppose she felt in the gloaming a sort of protective power, for ne one could see her face while she repeated in quiet undertone those immortal lines—

"Who fears to speak of '98 Who blushes at the name ?"

Is there not a never-dying passion in these words? One is carried swiftly back to those dead days of heroism and struggle; one can see the prison walls transfigured and made holy by the lives they held captive. Talking of this in Ireland seemed a sort of consecra-tion of the spirit and feeling in which we Irish Americans were educated, and when the dressing bell dispersed our party we went upstairs with some strange vibrations in our hearts. Was our earnest, eloquent little hostess an incendiary? I know the spirit roused by her recitation in the firelight lasted late on in the evening; for after dinner a restless member of the party was asked to sing, and somehow no song seemed fitting but "The Wearing of the Green," and, not satisfied with the rebellious verses, a refrain had to be added:

The gentlemen were still in the dining-room when this was sung, but they came in laughing and remonstrating. "How do you dare to sing that here?" exclaimed our host in mock horror. But the Irish American rebel who had been singing looked at our hostess and felt a thrill of new patriotism

TO BE CONTINUED.

HEARTLESS LANDLORDISM.

gave her such consolation as I felt capable

gave her such consolation as I felt capable. My administrations were constantly interrupted by the crash of the falling timber in all directions."

At last it came to the removal of the poor old woman herself, and after some little faltering, and despite the strongest protest of the rev. gentleman, the bed containing the nonagenarian was deposited outside the door in the yard. Father O'Donnell concludes—

O'Donnell concludes—
"It was extremely distressing. The poor creture, with a look of inexpressible anguish, and with tears falling from her eyes, put out her wasted hand to cover her head from the biting northeast wind, blowing at the time. The little children flocked round their grandmother's bed, be wildered and crying loudly. Alas! it was truly pitiable. It was a scene I shall never forget, and I trust in God the like of which I shall never again witness. These evicted are apparently again witness. Those evicted are apparen without any visible means of subsistence and m

without any visible means of subsistence and must apply to your board for assistance. I am confident your board will extend to them the fullest justice which, in their case, the law allows."

We are happy to say that the Board responded by allowing Daniel Ryan (son of the old woman), his wife and ten children £2 per week for a month, and the old creature herself 15s per week for a month. A relieving officer said the old woman is located in a neighbor's house, and has good nourishment and the attendance of a nurse.—

Dublin's Freeman's Journal. nourishment and the aud Dublin's Freeman's Journal.

MOTHERS TO BLAME.

The plain fact of the case is that the American mother of the poorer classes is more careless of her duty than the mother of any other nation. The daughter of a decent French tradesman or artisan would never be allowed to go to balls unprotected or clandestinely to pick up chance acquaintances in the street. On the other hand it is only within a very few years that the young girl of the gentler class in America has been protected from insult and scandal by the constant presence of her mother or some one wiser in the world's ways than herself. No matter how poor a girl is, the moral atmosphere about her The plain fact of the case is that the American and incident as we sit over our afternoon tea of lot dinner. Another member of the party is a young lady from Scotland, with a sweet touch of Aberdeen in her voice; she is of the famous clan of "Keppoch," and her hearty Jacobito tendencies drift in agreeably between the strong Catholicism and equally ardent Protestantism of our hosts and hostess.

Me had recourse to rugs and wraps, and as we turned homeward about five o'clock the glimmer of firelight in the windows was them were reared in a palace, the glimmer of firelight in the windows was the west cheering. In the drawing-room blazed to turn-fire; the flame danced and flickered and touched the air with a curiously sweet the will not turn bet lose and touched the air with a curiously sweet the strong Catholicism and equally ardent Protestantism of our hosts and hostess.

We had recourse to rugs and wraps, and as we turned homeward about five o'clock the glimmer of firelight in the windows was most cheering. In the drawing-room blazed to turn-fire; the flame danced and flickered and touched the air with a curiously sweet the will not turn bet lose and delicate perfume as of sandalwood or pine. Long red lines of light fell across the wall; the corners of the room seemed to send to whether who will read it know that it is true, and know, too, how much they are to blame that it is true. ENGLISH INTRIGUES.

CONSTANT EFFORTS MADE TO FETTER I

The Right Rev. M. J. O'Farrell D., Bishop of Trenton, N. J., allow recently in New York a most able interesting lecture on "Ireland Rome," in which he forcibly sets of the close relations that have ever exibetween the Irish Church and the I See. We would gladly transfer al this discourse to our pages had we spat our disposal. As it is, we give p to about a third of it, the concluportion, which lucidly exposes, on side, some of the basest intriguing record, and on the other the unsha constancy of a people whose fidelit faith and country is without a parall history:

history: THE FIRST RELAXATION OF THE PR

history:
THE FIRST RELAXATION OF THE PI
LAWS.

You know what was the history of land. I will not go through it, my br ren, for it would be a long and pai subject. But at last, after some it hundred years of penal laws, you know from the battle of Bunker Hithis country sounds of treedom an liberty were wafted over to Irish And Grattan rose in the Irish liament and secured for a the independence of Ireland 1782. That independence was emply guaranteed, and 80,000 sold armed for Ireland, pledged to fight for Ireland, garrisoned the whole of land against all foreign foes. It was casis, a green casis in the desert of history. It was a bright period for teen years of prosperity such as Ire had not enjoyed for centuries, commerce of Ireland grew. Her quilled with foreign vessels. Dublin came one of the most beautiful citithe world. And all this was done if few years of Ireland's independencesions. Remember that at this Catholics had no power in Ireland, there was the weakness of Grat Parliament. No Catholic could entor be elected up to that time, or take up arms and fight for Ireland, a new spirit dawned when liberty be to breathe in Ireland, and the Parliament would have made concest to Catholics. They would have gially united all Ireland, Catholic Protestant, in one great effort to set the full independence of Ireland. ally united all Ireland, Catholic Protestant, in one great effort to set the full independence of Ireland. the English Government, determine ruin the liberties of Ireland, begat coquetting with the Catholics. held out offers to them that they give them freedom, emancipation, if would only vote for the destructive the legislative independence of Irelands. The Insurance of Irelands of Irel

that the savages in this land never petrated worse on the early colonis America. Lord Cornwallis himself had been the leader of the English tin this country against Washingto his return, having been made Vicer Ireland, declared that he was sick soil, of the evil corruption of D Castle, and the horrible intrigues existed there in order to destropeople. They succeeded. They ceeded too well. They goaded people to madness, and they drov priests to desperation. And in the cof Wicklow several of the primot knowing how to save the prom the worst, put themselves a head of their little troops. Seve them died on the field of battle. I not what we might in cool blood or justify, but if ever any men countricts of the contract of the contract of the cool of the coo or justify, but if ever any men cou justified for what they did, it we men of '98. But Ireland was cru "Ninety-eight" was ruin for Ireland in 1800 the Parliament was dissolv

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND EMANCIPAT.
Then it was that at last the Go
ment, having no longer any fear ment, having no longer any lear Irish Parliament, would grant to Catholics the privileges that they hoften promised. Yet in that very it was an Irish Catholic, Daniel C nell, a young man then of only tw five, who stood in a hall in Dublin declared that the Catholics would s declared that the Catholics would a have all the penal laws re-enacted again rather than submit to the de again rather than submit to the de-tion of their native land. And (nell, who made that declaration in held the same forty-three years held the same forty-three years when in a monster meeting he app to all Ireland to rally for the rep the Union. But the emancipation the Catholics was not grante twenty-nine years; and was therefored from the Government of Et by the election of Daniel O'Conneithe county of Cork at the first C member that was ever elected to ment up to that time. However, efforts were made by O'Connell a friends of Ireland.

THE CELEBRATED "VETO" CONTRO But here is a sad story that it

But here is a sad story that it that you should know, and it will as the key to so many things th going on around us to this day, ar serve to enable you to understand serve to enable you to understand intrigues that you may hear through the public press—Engla never wanted to grant full emano; When forced by Grattan and Pl and other Irish Protestants to that the Catholics had their claim and other rish Processants to that the Catholics had their claim could no longer be ignored, they mined, if possible, to neutralize claims by insisting on the right of Irish Bishops; that is, they claims no priest could be appointed a in Ireland unless he were appropriate to the English Government, so the English Government, so the English Government should that his loyalty was beyond all different the Irish that his loyalty was beyond all different the Catholics. Not men like Grattan and Plunkothers, who were not Catholics selves, did not know the full extra the evil that would come upon if that claim of the veto was gut what was unnatural was the leading Catholic nobles of Irel were willing to grant to the were willing to grant to the crown this right of veto, for they to see their chains broken. They to get back into the places of po of honor. They longed to become