

the competition, which the eloquence of his help-mate urged him to set at defiance, it is necessary to bear in mind that the race of wandering bards in Ireland was not yet extinct. The printing press, and the newspaper had not yet rendered man independent of the talents of those locomotive geniuses, whose business it was to travel from castle to castle, entertaining the lordly host or hostess, with the song, the tale, or the genealogical narrative, according to the mode in which they happened to find their hearers. The privileges and emoluments of those bards were considerable, and consequently, the candidates for the profession were numerous, and the course of education protracted and elaborate. They generally went in companies of twelve to the houses of the chieftains, and petty princes, about the isle, comprising in their number a poet, or filea, a croftiar or harper, a seanachie, or antiquarian, together with a jester, and persons skilled in various field sports; all of whom, when the time allotted had expired, having received their several fees shifted their quarters, and gave place to a new batch of rambling literati of the same description. The amount of their fees, and the degree of honor shown them in the number of their attendants, or persons who were appointed to wait on them, and in the length of time allowed to them to remain as guests, were regulated by the number or quality of their compositions. The many privileges and emoluments attached to the profession, gave rise to a degree of competition, which appears almost incredible. In the seventh century they are said to have comprised no less than a third of the male population of the kingdom; inasmuch, that the monarch of that day, was obliged to restrict their number by law. Nor is it to be supposed that all which is related of their laws and customs, is a mere by-gone legend. The practice continued to a period long subsequent to the English invasion, and even at the present day, some individuals of the class are to be found at rural wakes and weddings, and their compositions, though now limited to the entertainment of a humbler class of auditors, are not less popular than when told by the bedside of the monarch, desirous to forget the toils of state, or the provincial chief returning weary from the pleasures of the chase.

At this moment yawning seemed about to become a favorite recreation among the Jurors, observing which the narrator prudently changed his tone.

"But I perceive, gentlemen," he continued, "that you have heard enough for the present, of the customs of the ancient bards of Erin, so to return to Tom McEnery. He set off early on a winter morning, like the Minstrel Boy, with

"his wild harp slung behind him" after bidding Mrs. McEnery an affectionate farewell. The morning was fine, though frosty, and Tom felt something of the spirit of adventure buoy up his heart, as his footsteps rung upon the hard and lone high-road. He remembered the outset of the renowned Jack and his eleven brothers, and found himself with a conscious elevation of mind, in much the same circumstances under which that favorite of Fortune and many other great historical personages had set out on their career. He had not gone far, indulging these thoughts, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of a strange voice at a distance.

"Good morrow, Mr. McEnery," said the voice. Tom looked up and beheld a man coming down the hill, dressed in homely attire, but with something in his countenance and demeanour which riveted Tom's attention in spite of himself.

"Good morrow, kindly," replied Tom, "although I don't know how you come to know my name, for I never saw you before in my life as I can call to mind."

"Oh, I know you very well," said the stranger, "but pray tell me what is the reason of your leaving home so early in the morning, and at such a season of the year?"

"Hard times, then—the hard times," replied Tom, with a mournful look.

"But is it hard times that makes you carry that old harp on your back?"

"The very same reason. I have nothin' to get at home as I'm goin' about to see what would I make by playin' a dhrass of an evenin' at the quollity's houses."

"Oh, you know how to play, then?" enquired the stranger.

"Wisha, middlin'," said Tom, "indifferent enough, dear knows."

"And what business have you going out as a harper if you don't know how to play?"

"Wisha, I do n' know—what else am I to do?"

"Let me hear you a little."

Tom took down his harp, but he had scarcely struck a few notes when the stranger put his hands to his ears and begged of him as a favor to play no more.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

CARDINAL MANNING.

A Modern Paul—Sketch of Henry Edward Manning, Parson, Catholic Layman, Priest, Archbishop and Cardinal.—A Tower of Israel.

I was a minister; never even the most distant thoughts that I could change from that religion.—Nothing that I had seen had made the slightest impression in that direction, and I was as far from Catholicity as when quitting England.

One morning I entered the church of St. Louis, of the French. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed in one of the altars, probably for a novena. Nothing could be more simple, some candles were lit, the clergy were in simple choir habits kneeling upon the ground, there were a few of the faithful in the nave. There was a great distance from this to the Pontifical offices of St. Peter's, but it was God's moment. I felt in the bottom of my heart a mysterious commotion, half light, half attraction, and for the first time in my life it seemed to me that, perhaps here was the truth, and that there would be nothing impossible, in my one day becoming a Catholic. It was not yet conversion, it was I repeat the first appeal of God, as yet, from very far off. I have not been unfaithful; I have prayed; I have sought; I have studied with all the ardor, and all the sincerity of which I was capable, light every day increased and grace at last crowned the work."

Never was there a conversion to Rome which presented to the convert greater temporal disadvantages. There is probably no temporal position so attractive to the scholar and the ecclesiastic as that which Archdeacon Manning held within his control. He was a dignitary of a great body called a Church, he had wealth, influence, position. He had genius, friends and reputation. The loss of all these was assured by his adhesion to the doctrines of the despised and hated Church of Rome, but as he wrote in the paragraph we have quoted "he was not unfaithful" to his graces. Henry Edward Manning is the son of a London merchant who was of sufficient social and commercial importance to have reached a seat in the English Legislature.

He was born in 1808 at Totteridge, in Herefordshire. At a suitable age he was sent to the famous school of Harrow, whence he proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1830, with distinguished honors. Among his contemporaries was William Ewart Gladstone, who graduated the year following with even higher scholastic honors. But Manning in the debating hall, in the University, field sports, in the hundred ways in which the youth of England are so nobly educated in colleges forth even more eminent than he was in the mere lecture room or examination hall. He had also among his intimate friends, William Palmer, who also subsequently became a Catholic. After graduation the future Cardinal became a fellow of Merton College and took "orders" in the Anglican Establishment. On leaving the University he married Caroline, fourth daughter of the late Rev. John Sargent, rector of Wool-Lavington, Sussex, and sister of Mrs. Wilberforce, wife of the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, who in the first instance became Bishop of Oxford, before his translation to the See of Winchester. Both ladies have been for many years deceased, and their distinguished partners widowers. Mrs. Manning died, *puerperio primo*, leaving no surviving issue. She had three sisters, of whom two became Catholics. Upon the death of his father-in-law, he was presented to the livings of Wool-Lavington, with Grafton, in Sussex, by his friend and brother-in-law, the proprietor of the estate, to whom it descended, upon the demise of the Rev. Mr. Sargent. It was during his residence at Lavington he preached and published a series of sermons which to this day are in repute in the English Church.—The village church is a small structure in the early English style, and capable of holding about 300 persons. The seats are open and of unpolished oak; there is an oak pulpit on the north side of the chancel arch, to which the attention of visitors is directed as the one in which Archdeacon Manning preached the sermons to which we have alluded.—There is an oak lectern or reading desk beneath the pulpit. Some of the stone carving of the pillars is very beautiful, representing the ferns of the district, and a baptismal font of Petworth marble is near the entrance. Oak stalls are placed in the choir, the floor of which is laid with encaustic tiles.

In 1840 Dr. Otte made him archdeacon of the Protestant diocese of Chichester. An archdeaconry in the Catholic hierarchical system, which the Anglicans imitate, if they do not inherit, is an exceedingly responsible position. It is the "eye of the bishop," *oculus episcopatus* his substitute and delegate in most important duties. Archdeacon Manning made his position as little of a sinecure as the chains of Anglicanism and the establishment would permit. In preaching, in advising and in visiting the poor, he was doing a good which seems to have deserved, as it afterwards obtained, the gift of faith. In 1841 the learned archdeacon was preacher to the university of Oxford, and continued in that office for two years. His reputation and influence naturally increased as he became more and more known to the world, and duly appreciated by the learned who attended his sermons. In 1844 Archdeacon Manning was elected preacher at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, but owing to his exceedingly conservative principles another clergyman, of more liberal opinions, was soon selected to replace him. From 1824 to 1860 Dr. Manning published four volumes of sermons, which were all of them remarkable for their beauty and elevation of style. A short time afterwards he issued an important treatise on the Unity of the Church, which he dedicated to his friend, Mr. W. E. Gladstone. His sermons preached at Oxford were first collected in one volume in 1844. Few men have enjoyed a greater amount of public affection and veneration than Dr. Manning, and this popular regard manifested itself even whilst he was a Protestant, shows how conscientiously he fulfilled his pastoral duties.

In 1850 people began to remark that Dr. Manning was preaching much less frequently than heretofore and that he was confining himself almost entirely to his duties as a minister. When in 1860 St. Barnabas' church was first consecrated everybody was amazed to hear that Dr. Manning who had promised to preach at its dedication, had refused to do so. He, however, preached once during the octave after its opening. Almost immediately afterwards he announced his intention of leaving the ministry and of re-entering the laity. He gave up his dignity of archdeacon and now styled himself simply Mr. Manning. He had some difficulty to induce the Bishop of Chichester, Dr. Gilbert, to accept his resignation but finally he was obliged to do so. Soon afterwards Dr. Manning made a spiritual retreat and shortly afterwards was received into the Catholic Church on Passion Sunday, April 6, 1851. On Palm Sunday he was confirmed by Cardinal Wiseman and then proceeded to Rome to study theology. He returned to England in 1854 and commenced an extensive career of missionary work, remarkable for its success in bringing over members from the Anglican fold a greater number of whom it has been ascertained followed Dr. Manning than any other "seceder" in our time. In 1857 he was named Provost of Westminster, and midsummer that year Dr. Manning established at Bayswater the congregation or community of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, to whom, 1866, he dedicated his celebrated work entitled, "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost; or Reason and Revelation." Dr. Manning's style differs altogether from that of his predecessor, which was florid and diffuse, while that of the new cardinal is, severely Gothic. He belongs thoroughly to Oxford in his pronunciation of Latin, which is the only relic remaining of his former association and walks in Christ Church meadows—*vox et prætoria nihil*. In 1864, he succeeded Cardinal Wiseman in the archiepiscopal see of Westminster having been selected directly by the Holy Father. He has ever since enjoyed a most wonderful popularity. Indeed, no legate of the Church in England is so much spoken about, or written up, as Arch-

bishop Manning. He is at the head of every popular movement the object of which is likely to meet with his approval. Since Father Mathew there has been no such temperance advocate and lecturer and it not unfrequently occurs that his grace has addressed twenty and thirty thousand persons assembled to hear him in the public parks and squares of London.

What a career has been his, since he took charge of the see which Wiseman had built up. To stand in the shadow of his predecessor's greatness, was for a meager man to be lost in the blaze of light which still glowed from the archiepiscopal throne of Westminster. Yet if we follow him year by year, back through this decade we can see steadily increasing from the first year of his new charge, the glory of the successor of Wiseman, who in his administration as a Catholic Archbishop of one of the most difficult posts in the world, has afforded another evidence of the marvellous judgment of men which Pio Nono has so often exhibited. This year it is his work in defence of the Church, against the attacks of his old college friend; last year it was work of the same kind, united to the labors of a crusade in behalf of the education of the Irish Catholic children in London. Another year he is working tooth and nail—if that will express his ardent tenacity—to secure satisfactory legislation for education, and the election of 'proper' candidates for school boards. Still another year he is presiding at a national Council and organizing its work. In previous years he stood forth at the Vatican Council as a most earnest and strenuous advocate of those rights of the Holy See which had been most sorely injured by the English heresy and schism. In all the years he has been enriching the English language and Catholic literature by the productions of his gifted mind. Sermons, essays, addresses, lectures, theological treatises are all pouring from the press bearing the name of Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Most useful of his literary works, it has always seemed to us have been those short terse epigrammatic letters which he addresses to the London papers the morning after some slander. He is a born journalist with vigor and promptitude nails those lies which though they have no legs are very well supplied with wings. Having the ear of the English people he always finds a place in the London journals and the slanders which he has spoiled by two or three sentences are of almost weekly record. It was thus a morning or two after Gladstone's unreasonable and ill-tempered expostulation, he got in the whole case for the accused Catholics. Of Cardinal Manning's sacerdotal zeal, of his work in the less public walks of his profession we need not speak. We have heard of it by word of mouth, from those who owed to him in no small degree all that will to them of temporal or eternal happiness; we have read of it "between the lines" of newspaper articles regarding his work we have heard it in the Irish cheer which greets him, whenever he stands among his Irish in Clerkenwell Green; we have seen it in the grateful gleam of the Irish mother's eye, when she recognized the friend of the exile. Let us admit with her that if it is Manning the statesman, the scholar, the journalist, the great leader of men whom we admire, it is the ascetic priest burning out the lamp of his life in a fever of zealous love for the poor, whom we love and venerate.

The cardinal priest of SS. Gregory and Andrew on the Collan is to-day as Gregory the Great was of old the spiritual chief of a mighty city. Thither go daily fair-haired, bright-eyed captives from a far-off island in the West. They are the captives of famine and distress, and they go to the slave markets of a city mightier and greater, more pitiless and more wicked, than the Rome of Augustine, or perhaps even of Augustus. They are not Angles but they are angels, and the new cardinal's countrymen are not too considerate of their well being. For that he, Englishman of the English, has found out a place in his royal heart for these captive children and their desolate parents, there are millions throughout the world who honor his name and love his person and who have heard with heartfelt gratitude that he has placed among the intimate counsellors of Pio Nono. They do not forget that his labors for their countrymen in London, as such as Patrick or Columkille, might have performed, and that he is their father and apostle combined. Ruling one of the largest Irish dioceses in the world—for London has as many Irish in its service as either Dublin or New York—he has long been regarded, not so much for these statistical reasons, as for his affection and warm zeal in their service, as an Archbishop of the Irish, more Irish than many Irishmen.—*Brooklyn Catholic Review*.

CARDINAL CULLEN ON ROME.

The Duties of Irish Catholics to the See of Celestine—The Present Sad Condition of the Eternal City.

His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin in his pastoral ordering a Novena for St. Patrick's Day gives the following touching picture of affairs in Rome:

"During the Novena the faithful should recollect to return thanks to God for having given, at the preaching of St. Patrick, the gift of Divine faith to our pagan ancestors, and having made that faith the root and foundation of the many works of charity and piety which rendered so edifying the early history of our Church. Should not we be also most thankful to God for having enabled our forefathers to preserve the most precious treasure of faith through long ages of the severest trials and persecutions, and to hand it down to us pure and entire? How good has God been in thus keeping us within the pale of the true Church, whilst in the mysterious ways of His providence He has allowed many regions, which had been evangelized and converted by the apostles themselves, to fall away into the mazes of pernicious error or to be absorbed in the superstitious of the Koran. Alas, many of the countries which in early ages were most blessed by heaven, and which were rendered illustrious by the great and holy men they produced, are now sitting in darkness without a ray of light or truth to guide their wandering steps. How can we be sufficiently grateful to God for the favors He has bestowed on us, and especially for giving us the grace to adhere most firmly, through weal and through woe, to the Chair of Peter, the Rock on which Christ built His Church? Oh, that our sins and our want of correspondence to the graces of heaven may never provoke the anger of God and induce Him to withdraw from us, as ungrateful children, His faith and the light of His countenance.

"During the Novena, reverend brethren, you will set before your flocks the virtues which enabled our apostle to perform most wonderful works during his ministry, and to gain a whole nation to the fold of Christ. It was by his pure and mortified life, his humility, his charity, and his ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, that he overcame the powers of darkness, put to flight the enemies of truth, and spread far and wide through the country the blessings and benefits of the Gospel of Christ. The spirit of prayer, by which St. Patrick was distinguished should, in a special manner, be proposed to the consideration of the faithful at present, when pretended philosophers and other enemies of the truth proclaim that there is no God to hear our prayers, and that the time spent in prayer is thrown away far from being guided by such wicked maxims, our Apostle led a life of prayer, always thinking of the presence of God, incessantly communing with Him in spirit, and endeavoring to carry out the precept of Christ to pray always. In this way he led a heavenly life on earth, and the Author of all good gifts blessed his undertakings.

His prayers were animated by faith, humility and charity, and were poured out continually, night and day, before the throne of the Most High. The writers of his life state that each day he was wont to say all the Psalms, blessing himself several hundred times, thus inspiring himself with the sublime sentiments of the Psalmist, and calling to mind, by making the sign of the cross, the great mysteries of the sufferings and death of our Redeemer.

"Were we, reverend brethren, to imitate St. Patrick in the fervor of his devotion, endeavoring always to walk in the presence of God, to obey his laws, and to send up from time to time our petitions to the throne of His Divine Majesty, we also should obtain great spiritual favors, make great progress in virtue, and overcome all the enemies of our souls. The example of our apostle should impel us to this fervent practice of prayer; nor should we ever forget the promise of our Lord, who tells us that whatever we ask the Father in His name, will be given to us, thus showing that prayers, when offered with the necessary conditions, are all powerful in heaven. In the present times all the faithful are bound to pray most fervently for the welfare and peace of the Catholic Church. We cannot forget the great dangers and persecutions by which our holy religion is surrounded. The Pope, Christ's Vicar on earth, has been obliged to lead the life of a prisoner for nearly four years; robbed of his States, he has been left without the means necessary for the administration of the Universal Church. He suffers all afflictions with admirable patience and resignation to the holy will of God; but when statesmen, forgetful of every principle of justice, and proclaiming that a successful violence produces right, call on him to renounce the patrimony of the Roman Church, and admit the force of accomplished facts, he answers with unbroken courage in the words of the apostles, *non possumus*; never shall we legalize sacrilege and robbery or consent to the spoliation of the Spouse of Christ. Thanks to the goodness of God, the faithful at present, have not allowed their Holy Father to suffer the evils and afflictions of poverty and want.

"Rome, the common home of all Catholics, the theatre of the miracles and preaching of the Apostles—Rome, sanctified by the sufferings of so many martyrs and the virtues of so many saints—Rome, the depository of the dust and relics of the Apostles and other heroic men who died for Christ—is now in the hands of plunderers, and its temples and sacred places are too often profaned. Well may the words of Jeremiah (Lament. 1) be applied to the centre of Christianity—"The ways of Sion mourn, because there are none that come to the solemn feast; all her gates are broken down; her priests sigh; her virgins are in affliction, and she is oppressed with bitterness." The same sad picture may be drawn of Italy, Brazil, Spain and Poland; things are still worse in Switzerland and Germany, where a most iniquitous and unprovoked persecution is carried on against bishops and priests, against religious men and women, and zealous laymen who made the greatest sacrifices for their country during the late war, and who, even when deprived of the rights of citizens, and treated with every sort of injury and injustice, do not cease to be obedient subjects, and even to fulfil the counsel of the Gospel by praying for those who persecute and calumniate them. Dearly beloved, so many afflictions, by which our brethren in the faith are overwhelmed, must fill us with grief and bitter sorrow; but we must not be in the least alarmed as to the result of this unholy warfare on religion; on the contrary, we may rest assured that the cause of faith and justice will triumph, and that peace and prosperity will again be restored to the faithful. Indeed, the Catholic Church may be assailed and subjected to trials and persecutions; but being founded on a rock by the omnipotent hand of the Redeemer she cannot be destroyed; in spite of all the efforts of the powers of darkness she will be still able to spread the blessings of the Gospel through every region of the earth, and will continue her glorious career of true Christian progress until time shall be no more. Let us then, dearly beloved, during the Novena, pray most fervently for the welfare of the Pope, and of all the bishops, priests, and others who are suffering with their head, Christ's Vicar on earth. Let us put our petitions under the protection of St. Patrick; and on the approaching festivals of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph let us implore of those powerful protectors of the Church to watch over the interests of religion, to put an end to persecution, and to obtain from the Supreme Ruler of all things that the efforts of the enemy of mankind may be baffled, and that the blessings of peace and freedom for the exercise of religion may be restored to the faithful.

CLASNEVIN.

TOMBS OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

THE GRAVE OF MACMANUS.

The Tomb of Curran, etc., etc., etc.

(Continued from our Last.)
Quitting the grave of Anne Devlin, with a prayer for the soul of that noble-hearted woman, we continue our walk eastward, and see before us the burial-plot of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.—It is a little square enclosed with an iron railing; inside we see a number of low headstones, painted black on the surface, through which the names of the deceased are cut into the white substance of the stone. In each of these graves lie several occupants—as many as seven or eight in some—whose names make quite a list on the little headstone. Pious and learned men lie there, brave and true servants of their holy Master whose name they bore and whose cross was their glory. For them death had no terrors—it had long been a subject of familiar contemplation; their lives were spent in an atmosphere of prayer; the "Pater Noster" and "Hall Mary" had gone through every fibre of their being, and were being continually exhaled from their hearts; and when the summons came for them they answered in hope and trust, and without repining: "Father, not my will, but thine, be done."

THE GRAVE OF MACMANUS.

Leaving that quiet little community-room of theirs, on the right hand we turn down the walk, and ere long came to a corner plot on which we see four rough slabs of stone laid down level with the ground. Drawing near it we see that a number of patriotic devices, rudely drawn, have been scratched into the stone, by artistic, and, it may be, juvenile hands. The Irish Sunburst is figured there, and the flag of free America; there are pike-heads in several places; the phrase "God save Ireland" is faintly discernible in one spot, and slantwise across one of the flags is cut, rather more deeply and firmly than any of the other inscriptions, the word "Liberty." It is the grave of Terence Bellew MacManus.

Truly a neglected-looking grave—and all the more unbecomingly its purpose when one calls to mind the extraordinary circumstances connected with his interment. Across three thousand miles of a stormy ocean were brought the relics that lie beneath; there was a great purpose in their removal—strong hopes, bold designs, were connected therewith; the interest, the sympathy of the Irish race, on both sides of the Atlantic, were excited; many notable incidents took place in connection with their transportation from their temporary resting place in the soil of San Francisco and their removal to this spot of Irish earth. And what a scene was that! Never can it be forgotten by anyone who witnessed it. The long, slow, and steady march of fifty thousand men through the streets of Dublin—the solemn strains of sacred music swelling on the air—the

throng of the multitude in the cemetery—the solemn words of the religious service—the exhortation of the patriotic clergyman who performed those last rites—the murmured responses of the crowd. And has all that dead love and high enthusiasm ended in this? Are there only those rude flags, after all, to mark the grave of the gallant soldier of Irish liberty, Terence Bellew MacManus? In truth, for a considerable time there was not even so much. After the interment the covering, placed over the grave consisted simply of a number of planks; exposure to the weather caused these to shrink, and through the openings between them the rain dropped into the grave. So it remained until one of the officials replaced the planks by these stones, and got the joints cemented so as to make them a weather-tight protection for the relics that lie beneath. Of course the men who took the chief part in the translation of those remains always contemplated the erection of a handsome monument over this, their final resting-place; but they had views of their own as to the proper time for setting about the work; and in the meantime they wished that no others would take the project in hand. On this account the sister and sole representative of the deceased declined the offer of a patriotic Irish gentleman who proposed to organize a public subscription for the erection of a simple but neat monument over the grave. Since then, however, we are glad to know, the lady has given her assent to the proposition; and consequently there is a probability that in our day we may see a monument over the remains of the brave MacManus which will answer its purpose "till Ireland a nation can build him a tomb."

THE DUFFY AND STOWELL MONUMENTS.

Passing on towards the old O'Connell circle, we can make our way to two memorial crosses erected to the memory of men who suffered for connection with the political movement of 1867. One of these stands somewhat out of the highway, and some distance in from the walk which passes nearest to it; but so numerous are the visitors who call to see it that a path is beaten across the grass up to its base. It marks the burial place of a family named Stowell, two of whose members, there interred, underwent imprisonment for alleged political offences. One of these, a young lad of slight frame and delicate constitution, had been subject to the most barbarous treatment, which rapidly extinguished the vital spark within him. His jailors released him just in time to give his few last gasps in his mother's arms. The care of loving friends always keeps "the Stowell Cross" very neatly decorated; and no visitor can quit without emotion that burial place of the brave yet gentle young martyr and the several other members of an amiable and patriotic family who are there interred.

The other cross which we have alluded stands by the main walk leading to the O'Connell circle, and marks the grave of Edward Duffy. The inscription in green and gold letters on its marble panel tells the brief history of his life. He was, it says, "convicted of love for Ireland, May 21, 1867, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. He died in Millbank prison, January 17, 1869, aged twenty-nine years." The inscription further states: "Love for Ireland was the passion of his life; his brightest day-dream that he might die fighting for freedom." All of which was indeed true of the brave and gentle Edward Duffy.

JOHN DONEGAN, JOHN HOGAN, JOHN O'DONOVAN.

Passing in the green mound in the centre, in which the coffin of the Liberator formerly lay, is at present unoccupied. All around are many beautiful and costly erections, one of the most notable of which rises over the remains of John Donegan—that opulent but simple and unostentatious Dublin trader, the golden shower of whose charities fell silently all over the land. Chapels, convents, Catholic schools, hospitals, orphanages, all were recipients of the princely bounty of John Donegan—the only condition attached to the gift usually being that it should not receive publicity. We may humbly trust that his soul is now in the enjoyment of the great reward promised to such good work.

Not far from John Donegan's monument a small slab of white marble, with a cross engraved on it, lies flat upon the grass. At the foot of the little cross a name is cut. We lift the grass from off the letters, and we read, "John Hogan." It is the grave of the great Irish sculptor. One would expect to see in that spot some appropriate creation of the sculptor's art—something to indicate that he who sleeps below was master of that wondrous power which moulds the marble into shapes of beauty, so life-like that one might almost fancy he sees them breathe. Yet there lie the remains of the gifted Hogan with no other mark over them than we have described.

Close by Hogan's lie the relics of another great Irishman without a mark of any sort over them.—Under the plain green sward lie the remains of the great Irish scholar, John O'Donovan, the translator and annotator of "The Annals of the Four Masters," the translator also of the Brehon Laws in conjunction with O'Curry, whose grave, which is likewise unmarked, is situated directly opposite to the Father Fay and John B. Dillon monuments referred to in our last number. The scholar and the artist repose almost side by side; a chain once stored with precious learning, another which glowed with the bright inspirations of genius, are now but grains of dust beneath the emerald turf. Would that they had been longer spared to Ireland.

As we retrace our steps from the O'Connell circle, we cannot help recollecting that some years ago every one entering it could see in gilt letters, over the first vault on his left-hand side, the words, "Honest Tom Steele," the popular name of one of O'Connell's most devoted friends and fellow-laborers. That name is not there now. The remains of Honest Tom were shifted from thence, taken round away to vault number twenty-one, and their original resting-place is now otherwise occupied. This act of dispossession created much popular indignation when it was discovered; and no fair excuse for it has ever been laid before the public.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

HIS HONOR'S REVENGE.—"Abner Weeks, who are you, and why do you stand before me?" asked his Honor of the next prisoner. "I'm a plumber, and I s'pose I was drunk," was the reply. "Ah, it does me good to see you here!" continued the Court.—"Plumber! eh? One of these sort of men who agree to fix a water-pipe right off, and then gets around to it a week from Saturday! I'll plumb you before we get through. I've had you at my house, working three days to mend a pin hole in a water-pipe. I've had the bill come in, and paid it, and jumped on my hat and solemnly vowed that I'd get even some day. I've had to carry water four blocks for the last month because the plumbers couldn't come and plumb, and now, Abner Weeks, I'll leave it to yourself if I ought not to send you up for three months." Abner, pondered over the case, and finally said he thought thirty days was about the figure. "Well, I'll say thirty to you and put ninety in the commitment," continued his Honor, "and you can argue it out with the officials up there."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A boy about twelve years old entered a Michigan avenue barber shop recently, and asked the barber to cut his hair down close. The barber inquired if he wasn't afraid of catching cold, when the boy replied: "I've got to run the chances, for there's trouble ahead. To-morrow is the day for me and a Sixth Ward boy to meet over behind Goodhue's barn and see who's the boss boy of Detroit, and he's powerful at pulling hair. But I've got to cut my hair down close."—*Detroit Free Press*.