

one, it is, he had been so unlucky as to tumble from his horse during the rapid ride, and, to his great consternation, when he uncased his fiddle, it appeared woefully disabled by the accident, one side being battered in and all the strings snapped across; his only resource was, in the short pause afforded, to knot together two lengths of string, each of which, he afterwards found, was composed of different scraps of different strings, first, second, third, and bass, as they came to his fingers; the result, we have described. But, as the troop passed along in order, the loud shouting of the men rose for his relief, drowning, as the outcry rent the air, his pitiful minstrelsy; the inmates of the hovels, at their doors, or lying on their straw, joined the uproar, and even the shrill scream of women, and the tiny pipes of children, could be distinguished; there was no pity for Peery Clancy.

They arrived at the place where he was to undergo his punishment. History, the faithful mirror of truth, the rigid chronicler of facts, proceeds in her duteous details without consideration for the squeamishness of nerves; among other instances of the principle, the legal retribution visited on Damien and Ravillac has found its careful registrars; nor, in this transcript of real scenes, shall the illegal violence done to an Irish title-proctor want true and courageous historians; therefore proceed we in the circumstances.

Conformably with other preparatives, a grave was dug for the proctor's reception, close by the hedge in a contiguous field; in this he was laid and covered with loose earth to the chin; and then did Ymen O'Nase, who, like Shylock, had, for some time, been busily occupied sharpening upon a flat stone, the broad blade of his pruning-knife, advance, and, in the in-felt pride of being a dexterous operator, exclaim—

'Well, we're all ready; and it's a sweet bit of a blade that's in you, for one knife; oh, but it isn't none of your blade that's fit for nothing but cutting butter; I go! you my conscience, this holy and blessed night, 'twould take the horns in a ten-year old bull, not to spake it a poor proctor's ears, though them same does be hard enough in regard of all the prayers they won't hear, and all the lies they tell; come, come, interrupting himself, as he knelt down to his work, 'none of your o'clocks, Peery; don't be lase unasy in yourself, agra; you may be right sartun I'll do the thing nate and handy; but, man, in reply to a shrill scream, 'I'd whip the ears in a bishop, not to talk of a creature like you, a dark-er night nor this; divil a taste I'd lave him; and wouldn't bring any of the head wid me neither—' usha, what ails you at all? after he had half accomplished his task; 'you'd have a better right to give God praise for getting into the hands of a clever boy, like me, that—stop a bit now—that 'ud only do his captain's orders, and not be letting the steel slip from your ear across your wind-pipe, Lord save the bearers—stop, I say—there, now; wasn't that done purty?'

'Why, Peery,' said another, 'bear in mind that it's all for the good of your soul we're so kind to you; sure there's no doubt at all that the proctors, every mother's son of them, go strait ahead to the divil; but I'll be bound to say that Peery Clancy, that was burned,—and a decent berrin he got, wid his own people around him,—and Peery Clancy, that 'll be afther him, won't be the same body, at-all-at-all, in regard that one had wings to his head, and the other not one in the world; you won't be the same man, only some one else; and more be-token, the penance of this night 'll be mighty good for you in the time to come; take care of yourself there, a-voch.'

'Good night, Peery; and sure you have all the crop we can give you,' added others.

'To make everything sure,' said Doran, 'you must just swear as I desire you, Peery, or have Yeman at your throttle, along with your ears; give me the hook.'

A hook was handed to him, which he held to be kissed by the proctor, and the buried-alive swore never again to follow his unpopular profession. A sentinel was then placed over him, also sworn to release the sufferer in an hour.

'And now for the 'sallin-na-morra!' cried Doran, 'strike up, Bryan; Shawn, your horn; attention, men, and chorus.'

The 'sallin-na-morra,' or death-prayers, was a celebrated chant, pathetic-ludicrous, composed and sung to his fiddle, by Bryan Fitzpatrick, on all such occasions as the present; and, while the party gathered round the proctor, it now arose, according to orders, first as a plaintive solo by the son of the muses, and then chorussed in terrific diapason by the whole body, joined to the utmost efforts of Shawn's horn, and, indeed, of all the other horns present.

After one encore, Doran flung himself on his horse, and his words, 'up and ram along!' were the signal for the retreat of his troop, whose wild 'hurrah!' testified their triumph and readiness to accompany him, as they at once vaulted on their bare-backed couriers; and away they set, over the ground they had already travelled, at the same savage speed in which they had arrived.

After driving some miles, Doran, who kept abreast with Shea, carelessly said—

'I'm sorry we have left the poor devil in Terence Delany's hands, after all.'

'I was going to say the same thing,' replied Pierce, 'and to ask you if you think there is danger of the unfortunate creature's life.'

'Heaven knows, not I; but you remarked the tone of his voice, and expression of his face, when he repeated my words, to release his prisoner in an hour?'

'I did; and for that very reason have my doubts; suppose we turn back?'

'Oh, very well, lieutenant; I have no wish or cause to order you from such a benevolent turn; only, it may be too late; you intend riding back by yourself?'

'Have I much to fear for my own life, if I do? You said something about risk just now.'

'Nothing of risk to a single man and horse, though; all is quiet, I believe; you didn't notice any one leave the house while you guarded it?'

'No,—good night,' answered Pierce, checking and turning his horse towards the village.

'Good night, then, and let us see you soon; on, boys, on!'—and the friends galloped in opposite directions.

The last clang of the whiteboys' horses, and the echo of their far hurrah, were lost in distance to the victim's ear, and his faint moan was then the only sound that disturbed the silence of the night around him. Terence Delany, his guard, stood over him, speechless and motionless; even his breathing was not whispered by the still air. But, after a considerable pause, he walked a few paces to the fence near which the grave had been dug, and returned bent and panting with some heavy burden round which his arms were clasped; it was a huge stone; he stopped and laid it down beside the bleeding head.

Again he paused, and stood motionless; but at last his husky tones broke suddenly and ominously upon the dead calm; for the proctor's moans had subsided into the feeble breathings of exhaustion; he spoke, as was his almost invariable custom, in the Irish language, of which we will endeavour to give the substance, and turn of speech.

'Know you, Peery Clancy, who it is that stands over you in the lonesomeness and silence of this night? The answer came also in Irish; 'I know not who you are; but, if you have a Christian's soul, you will release me from this misery.'

'Did you never bring it to your mind, and did the recollection of it never put your sleep astray, when, stretched on a bed of comfort, after a pleasant meal, that, by your deeds, Terence Delany, and his wife, and his three poor little children, were left houseless and hungry?'

'Oh! I'm lost for ever!' moaned the wretched man.

'Hah! you know who stands over you now; yes, you sunk them and me in poverty and the grave; you made me mad! and you now lie there, sure of the death-stroke from the arm of the madman you made!' The victim shrieked.

'Waste not your breath in idle cries; I will turn away, and give you a few minutes to make your prayer of God; when you hear my step again near you, cry mercy on your soul.'

He walked aside. By one of those singular coincidences which occur oftener than they are noticed, the face of night suddenly changed; the stars became extinguished, and the wind howled through the leafless branches. He turned his brow upwards, as if confusedly affected with the change; paused his time, in that position; but then starting wildly, hurried back, and heedless of the frightful scream for mercy, left with his foot for the exact situation of the head—stooped, and after many efforts raised the ponderous stone; poised it a moment over the mark;—when Pierce Shea bounded upon him from the other side of the hedge, forced him from his stand, and the rock fell, with a dull and hollow sound harmless on earth.

Delany instantly sprang on Shea, and with both hands gripped his throat; Pierce seized him in return, and swung him about, but the iron grasp became firmer; the blood stopped and throbbled in his head and could not circulate; so that breathing became a painful labour. In a violent attempt to free himself, both fell to the ground, and Delany entangled and locked his legs with those of his adversary, who now felt the man's hold tightened more and more, and heard the gnashing of teeth at his ear, while the pang of suffocation closed on his heart. In a moment's rapid thought, however, Pierce recollected a sleight he had learned in wrestling, by which it was possible to release himself from the disabling bondage the murderer held over his leg; and using it therefore, and immediately after summoning an effort that the fear of death could alone supply, he sprang on his feet bringing the other with him. This shook Delany's grasp; and Pierce instantly relieved, though of another sleight, acquired also in the wrestling rig; it was successful as the first; his enemy swung loose from him; and then a well-directed blow in the throat brought him down senseless.

(To be continued.)

ROME AND CIVILISATION.

(From the Dublin Irishman)

Rather curious in contrast were two pastoralists which appeared some years ago. In Dublin had been chosen; as usual those were attacked who, deprived of the many means of escape of the wealthy, most needed aid from others.

One of the pastoralists was from the distinguished logician, Dr. Whately, Protestant Archbishop, by law, of Dublin; the other was from the venerable Dr. Murray, Catholic Archbishop, despite law, of Dublin. Dr. Whately, with clear and decisive reasoning, proved that no Protestant ministers were not called upon by their duty to go amongst the contagion-spreading sick, but rather to think first of the safety of their own families, wives, and children, lest they should bring contagion among them. Dr. Murray's pastoral, taking apparently his ideas for granted, not troubling itself to prove anything, was a cordial expression of approbation and thanks to his priests for their unreserved assiduity and devotion to the pestilential sick and dying. Decidedly, this does not prove that the ministers were less tender-hearted, or benevolent, or intellectual than the priests; it simply proves that Catholicity urges men to the highest standard of moral heroism, and, by celibacy, her ministers stand as peaceful athletes, ready for the most perilous conflicts, having given up pleasures which would encounter them, and prepared themselves so that no dread of endangering others could hinder them from the toil with pestilence or death.

Evidently, such a circumstance deserves notice as giving an agent in civilisation—one powerful over others in so far as example is better than precept. And considered as an agent in civilisation, such may be discussed in a newspaper, from which we exclude controversial writings. One or two examples, then, touching this matter. Men who thus stood above between earth and sky, without any ties which claimed their efforts for private individuals, could give up all their endeavours to those who needed most in the great human family. Hence, deeds of

surpassing heroism, not for fame, or valour, or self in any way, but for others, in obscurity performed, without applause of men, but with the soul bare to its Creator. Such things transform men and lift them to the higher levels. Thus, in "Bothen," Kinglake, speaking as an English Protestant, says of some monks of the Holy Lands, that they were "the lag remove of the human race." He speculates on their physiognomies and opines lowness. Pre-conceived judgments—prejudices—naturally lead his mind captive; under such influence, one will go into a church and peer at every priest's face. Do you think they are building up a judgment by reasons drawn from what they see? Undeceive yourself. They are simply painting those features with hues from their own prejudices. Does the observed look down, with habit of study, thought, or humility? What cruel, cringing servility! Does he smile, does he look about him?—What heartlessness, what intrigue, what laughfulness! But Kinglake passes to facts:—"The monks do a world of good in their way; and there can be no doubting that (previous to the arrival of Bishop Alexander, with his numerous young family, and his pretty English nurse-maids!) they were the chief propagandists of Christianity in Palestine. My old friends of the Franciscan Convent at Jerusalem, some time since, gave proof of their goodness, by delivering themselves up to the peril of death for the sake of duty. When I was their guest they were forty, I believe, in number! Yet that forty were reduced in a few days to sixteen: the plague was the messenger that summoned them to taste of real death, but the circumstances under which they perished are rather curious. It was about three months after the time of my leaving Jerusalem that the plague set his spotted foot upon the holy city. The monks felt great alarm; they did not shrink from their duty; they imagined themselves almost safe so long as they remained within their walls, but it was quite needful that the Catholic Christians of the place, who had always looked to the convent for the supply of their spiritual wants, should receive the aids of religion in the hour of death. A single monk, therefore, was chosen either by lot or some other fair appeal to destiny; being thus singled out, he was to go forth into the plague-stricken city, and to perform with exactness his priestly duties; then he was to return, not to the interior of the convent, for fear of infecting his brethren (and thus incapacitating all), but to a detached building, which, I remember, belonged to the establishment, but at some little distance from the inhabited rooms. He was provided with a bell, and at a certain hour in the morning he was ordered to ring it, if he could, but if no sound was heard at the appointed time, then knew his brethren that he was either delirious or dead, and another martyr was sent forth to take his place. In this way twenty-one of the monks were carried off. One cannot well fail to admire the steadiness with which the diabolical scheme was carried through—the anxiety with which they must have expected each day the sound of the bell—the silence that reigned instead of it—and then the drawing of lots (the odds against death being one point lower than yesterday), and the going forth of the newly-doomed man."

The good shepherd gives his life for his flock, but the hireling flees in time of danger. Such an instance so remarkable to Mr. Kinglake—assumes almost the character of commonplace to the Catholic versed in the history of the Church, of the saints, and religious orders. But, it struck him; and he should have reflected more on the subject; he should have enquired what power was it which, resisting the spirit of the age, and the desires of the flesh, could so transform "ignorant peasants," shut off from European civilisation, taken from Spain, Portugal, or France—could so transfigure this "lag remove of the human race," as to make them surpassing in heroic chivalry. No wonder then, that when the Church entered on her mission—the Church which was no novelty, but existent from the first times, with types and signs in the Jewish form, with these all fulfilled in the Christian, the one Church universal from eternity to eternity, and not "destroyed, but fulfilled" and made victorious—no wonder, when such a one spread abroad, inciting men to such heroic deeds, inspiring such self-sacrifices, that the prayer was answered—"Send forth Thy Spirit and they shall be created, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." The face of the earth was, indeed, renewed; slavery was done away with, not by the degradation of the master to the low level of the slave, but by the elevation of both to a far higher equality. For what was counselled and done by Otto, the "most just, most virtuous, most holy teacher, that the Divinity had given to men" (as Seneca says)—that is, to sell off all old and infirm slaves, in order not to support useless beings, would hardly be done by those slaves' Christian descendants with regard to a dog. Yet, Otto was the most virtuous, most just, most holy teacher, et cetera.

Europe of a new life: a soul had come into it. Everywhere, throughout its widest forests, its most stern wastes, farthest island, and unknown peoples, monks went as missionaries, and working at clearing the forests, tilling the soil, making roads, and building bridges and houses, they did similar labour in the hearts of the wild Pagans, in whom the traditions received from the common family, in old time, had been dimmed and distorted. They cleared away cruel and bloody superstitions, planted the Christian duties, made straight the path, and erected the Church in their hearts. Each of them, then, became a member of the mystic body of the Lord, acquiring infinite dignity, peace, gentleness, and a spirit of love and devotion to others. Ireland, indeed, shone in those days; and is not degraded even now. Bruce, the American historian, relates some instances which shows that old, but ever new, spirit of missionary enterprise among the Indians. The name of Jesus stands in honour in his pages, and in every heart which takes not its "history" from the pages of Eugene Sue, or the like. He writes:—"1673. The long-expected discovery of the Mississippi was at hand to be accomplished by Joliet, of Quebec, and by Marquette—who, after years of pious assiduity to the poor wrecks of Hurons, whom he planted near abundant fisheries on the cold extremity of Michigan, entered, with equal humility, upon a career which exposed his life to perpetual danger, and by its results affected the destiny of nations." He proceeds to describe the many wanderings of the "meek, simple-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette," and his associate; their perils and preaching. At length "they entered happily the Great River, with a joy expressed. Sixty leagues down the track of men was discovered on the Mississippi sand. Marquette and Joliet advanced alone to dare the discovery of the Indians. Six miles inland they found a village, and were well received. At the great Council Marquette published to them the one true God, their Creator. They are attended to their canoes by hundreds of warriors. After some perilous adventures, Joliet returns to Quebec to announce the discovery of the Mississippi. The tribe of the Illinois that traversed the banks of the river Illinois entreated Marquette to come and reside amongst them. The vaunting Marquette remained to preach the Gospel to the Miamies, who dwell in the north of Illinois, round Chicago. Two years afterwards, sailing from Chicago to Mackinac, he entered a little village in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said Mass, after the rites of the Catholic Church, then begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for half an hour:—

'In the darkling wood, Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down, And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks And supplication.'

At the end of the half hour they went to seek him, and he was no more. The good missionary, discoverer of a world, had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream that bears his name. Near its mouth the canoe-men dug his grave in the sand. Ever after the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument.'

Such was the death of a Jesuit. Here is another example from the same writer. In 1717, at Norridgewock, on the banks of the Kennebec, the venerable Sebastian Raskles, for more than a quarter of a century the companion and instructor of savages, had gathered a flourishing village round a church which, rising in the desert, made some protestations to magnificence. Severely ascetic—using no wine, and little food, except pounded maize—a rigorous observer of the days of Lent, he built his own cabin, tilled his own garden, drew for himself food and water, and distributing all that he received, gave an example of religious poverty. Himself a painter, he adorned the humble walls of his church with pictures. There he gave instructions almost daily. Following his pupils to their wigwams, he tempered the spirit of devotion with familiar conversation and innocent gaiety, winning the mastery over their souls by his powers of persuasion. He had trained a little band of forty young savages, arrayed in cassock and surplice, to assist in the service and chant the hymns of the Church, and their public processions attracted a great concourse of red men. Two chapels were built near the village; * * * there the hunter nerved his prayers on his way to the river or the wood. When the tribe descended to the sea-side, in the season of wild fowl, they were followed by Raskles, and on some islet a little chapel of bark was quickly consecrated.

"1717. The Government of Massachusetts attempted in its turn to establish a mission; and its minister made a mocking of Purgatory, and the invocation of the saints, of the cross, and the rosary. But the Protestant minister, unable to compete with the Jesuit for the affections of the Indians, returned to Boston."

So far we see the labours of the Church to elevate the red man to establish his equality and fellowship with the white; such had been its course with the wild men of Europe, whom it is Christianized. Could it have acted undisturbed, in America the red man would now be in the cities and government of his native land. In Mexico, where its influence was only partially hindered by ambitious men of arms, the Indians are not exterminated. But let Bacract display how that influence was totally "put down" in the North by the Puritans:—"1721. Several chiefs had, by stratagem, been seized by the New England government, and were detained as hostages. For their liberty a stipulated ransom had been paid, and yet they were not free! The Abenaks then demanded that their territory should be evacuated, and their imprisoned warriors delivered up, or reprisals would follow. Instead of negotiating, the English seized the young Baron St. Germain, being a half-breed, at once held a French commission and was an Indian war-chief, and after vainly soliciting the savages" (which were the savages?) "to surrender Sebastian Raskles, in mid-winter Westbrooke led a strong force to Norridgewock to take him by surprise. The warriors were absent in the chase, yet the Jesuit had sufficient warning to escape with the old men and the infirm into the forest. . . . These insults induced the Indians to hope for no peace but by inspiring terror. On returning from the chase, after planting their grounds, they resolved to destroy the English settlements on the Kennebec. (The war-chiefs are assembled, and Brunswick settlement is assaulted and burned.) The clear judgment of Raskles perceives the issue. The forts of the English could not be taken by the feeble means of the natives, unless the French should join with the Indians;" he reported the land as lost. Many of his red people retired to Canada; he bade them go; but to their earnest solicitations that he would spare their flight, the aged man, foreseeing the impending ruin of Norridgewock, replied: "I count not my life dear unto me, so I may finish with joy the ministry which I have received."

The Government of Massachusetts, by resolution, declared the Eastern Indians to be traitors (!) and robbers (!), and while troops were raised for the war, it also stimulated the activity of private parties, by offering for each Indian scalp, at first a bounty of £15 and afterwards of £100. (This horrible purchase of blood—human blood—has been well known here and in England since Elizabeth's time; it is a mark of progress and reform, no doubt!) "1724. The Puritan troops attacked and burnt the village and chapel. This is the concluding scene:—"1724. Twice it was attempted, in vain, to seize Raskles; at last, on the 23rd August, 1724, a party from New England reached Norridgewock unperceived, and escaped discovery till they discharged their guns at the cabins. There were about fifty warriors in the place. They seized their arms and marched forth in mutinously—not to fight, but to protect the flight of their wives, and children, and old men. Raskles roused to the danger by their clamour went forward to save his flock, by drawing down upon himself the attention, and his hope was not in vain. Mentioning the savages (not the Puritans, but the red men, the word is taken in its primitive sense, savages, not necessarily ferocious) fled to the river, which they passed by wading and swimming, whilst the English pillaged the cabins and church, and then, heedless of a rifle, set them on fire. After the retreat of the invaders, the savages returned to nurse their wounded and bury their dead. They found Raskles unscathed by many blows, scalped, his skull broken in several places, his mouth and eyes filled with dirt; and they buried him beneath the spot where he used to stand before the altar."

That scalp, with its grey, gory hair, we hope the Puritans have preserved as a relic; no doubt, it is indeed the property of the Government, and was paid for, at least, at the highest rate, £100. Possibly, it was brought forward to swear by, in late years, when Navium, and Know-Nothingism wrecked churches and convents, and tarred and feathered a priest for expressing his constitutional rights, and persecuted the nuns, who now tend their wounded and dying. One of the Sisters of Charity wrote lately from the military hospital, Louisville, Ky.:—"Some of the sisters and several priests have already died quite suddenly, of sheer fatigue, so that all have a good chance of resting from their labours before the summer is over; therefore pray for me continually, that God may grant me the peace of a happy death, which is all that can add to my happiness, which is, indeed, extreme and can hardly be understood even by myself." Where was that happiness? In a suffocating hospital, amid the wounded, where "yellow fever, and cholera, have already begun their desolating work." One would have thought the sufferings and self-sacrifices of men enumerated above would strike a stranger; but, it appears, that they have been surpassed. The Protestant Bishop, Potter, of Philadelphia, lately said:—"The Sisters of Charity are worth more to the cause of our brethren of the Roman communion, than all the wealth and learning of their hierarchy and priesthood, and all the self-sacrifices of their missionaries." Their lives, indeed, but also that of monks and priests, is a daily labour for others; work wrought so silently that you must seek it—seek it in its effects upon mankind, but not upon the platform, with the self-trumpeting philanthropists. Yet there are some—it will hardly be credited—who look blackly on convents, and scowl on their inmates, and abhor strongly the idea that any woman should bare the liberty of choosing a single life, in order the better to serve her Creator by giving herself up more completely to the service, the amelioration, and Christianising of His poor. But, it is not the poor, the sick the maimed, or the dying who say this. No! men who have got the rugged heritage of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists—who parade in bits and scraps of the rinsel of "strong thought" in vogue in the 18th century. They do not know that the sneers and jeers of that time have gone by the board with its fables against Christianity, and they adhere to them, still, thinking them still alive, or even life-like. The skeptics of that time were only skeptics against what had elevated and freed humanity; any idea, any theory, any assertion of their own or their friends was received with blindest credulity. Hence, their speculations favouring Buddhism or Mahomet.

Christianity, their blunders and mistakes in Oriental literature, which have been the amusement of science since. In old times, the Church had to ensure a sect which decreed marriage as unholy, and would have all single. In the latter days, reformers are no such ascetics; they will have all marry; and, by way of progress, they will have more. For Mormonism is not progress, and Mormons decidedly think for themselves and are free of Christian yoke. They exercise their private judgment, undoubtedly—Mahomet did not more so. Yet, the Protestant Government of America makes polygamy a felony. Is not this incongruous? Have not men a right to turn away from that power which raised them from Paganism, and return direct to that Paganism without stopping on the way, or sliding down gradually? And if men have, why not communities? Whether the civil law can keep them really from it—whether it can only separate them, and make them hypocrites, is what can be seen. Polygamy is forbidden by law in England, and what is the moral state of the country? Infanticides daily 1,400 suicides in the year; in France nearly 30,000 since Voltaire's time, and the dolour of Pagan Rome—virtues—suicide included—are these indications that mere law can "put down" Paganism? When Owens and Shelley, &c., following their leader, could declaim against that "trinity of scourges" invented by priestcraft—to wit, private property, marriage, and chastity, and periodicals be lent in London, calling themselves "National," par excellence, to expatriate on such a text, was the head of the old Paganism crushed and not rather getting the better of law? No, no it will not do. To keep from Paganism, the power is needed which saved from Paganism: a power which fills man with the spirit of self-sacrifice for his fellow-man, especially for the poor not a spirit which impels the rich to sacrifice the poor, or the poor to sacrifice the rich. If idealist would only think for themselves, they would see that self-sacrifice is the way; but how could they be expected to do so? To think for themselves would necessitate some study, some perusal of the labours of those who differ, as well as those who agree. And is it not clear that, besides such a course being far less agreeable, it might involve the supposition that he who differs might possibly be in the right? Which is preposterous. For, of course, the idealist cannot really admit the possibility of himself being in error. His first principle is, I am right; every one differing therefore, must be wrong. It matters not how many differ. The more the merrier. Statistics prove nothing; I know the reverse; history proves nothing; I know the opposite. Reasoning is useless, logic is vain a simple repetition of his former statement, immediately or next time, makes the idealist strong and comfortable. Let the matter be. Every idealist feels himself perfectly infallible, in every point, and though he may fly from opinion, he will claim his right to change, but deny that he has erred.

As Guizot states, celibacy prevented the priesthood from ever assuming the character of a caste. It must be ever replenished from the various ranks of the people, and is a portion of the people, but so thought as to be enabled to elevate them. In another paper we may discuss the influence of Rome in arts and sciences, the eminent names she brought forth, the encouragement given to literature and literary men. In the meantime we may be permitted to conclude with a quotation from the Protestant Deist, Westminster Review (1851), as bearing on the preceding subject:—"A true British Protestant whose notions of Popery are limited to what he hears from an evangelical curate" (or Protestant works in general), "or has seen at the opening of a Jesuit church, looks on the whole system as an absolute mummy, and no more believes that men of sense seriously adopt it, than that they will be converted to the practice of eating their dinner with a Chinaman's chopsticks, instead of the knife and fork."

Few even of educated Englishmen have any suspicion of the depth and solidity of the Catholic dogma—its wide and various adaptation to wants insusceptible from the human heart, its wonderful fusion of the supernatural into the natural life, its vast resources for a powerful hold upon the conscience.

Into this interior life, however the popular polemics neither give nor have the slightest insight. It is not among the ignorant and vulgar, but among the intellectual and imaginative—not by appeals to the senses but by consistency and subtlety of thought, that in our days converts will be made to the ancient Church. When a thoughtful man, accustomed to defer to historical authority, and competent to estimate moral theories as a whole, is led to penetrate beneath the surface, he is unprepared for the sight of so much speculative grandeur."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

"NO IRISH NEED APPLY."—The following letter appears in the Star:—"Sir—On taking up your journal, page 8, column 5, I read among the advertisements for servants, 'No Irish need apply.' I had supposed that the Times was the only offender in this respect; for I suppose that it will not be denied that the pointed exclusion of the members of so large a section of the community as are the Irish cannot be justly considered as otherwise than a breach of public morality. The columns of the Star are the last in which I should have expected to meet with anything so offensive. Of course no one is constrained to accept an Irish servant, but surely religion and morality alike dictate that the Irish shall not thus be pointedly signalled out for exclusion.—The like practice subsists on no other portion of the globe. I do not know any other country in which it would be sanctioned, or indeed permitted. All right-minded Englishmen and women, I am sure, would join me in wishing for the extinction of a practice offensive and improper in itself, and quite at variance with the kindly feelings which at least ought to subsist between the united members of a great community.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

HENRY M'CONNAC, M.D.

18, Ebury street, Piccadilly, Sept. 9.

The Irish Government are likely to get into hot water with the citizens of Cork. It will be remembered that a wing of the Queen's College in "the beautiful city" was burned down, with most of its valuable contents, last winter. The heads of the College hold that this was the act of a malicious incendiary, and they have sent in the bill for restoring the damage, amounting to several thousand pounds to the Corporation, with a peremptory demand for payment by presentment upon the rateable property of the city. To this the Corporation have demurred, on the plea that there is no proof of malice, however suspicious may have been the circumstances, and that, moreover, it is monstrous to require the people of Cork to make good damage caused undoubtedly by some inmate or inmates of the College. This conflict between town and gown will probably be decided in a court of law, and whatever the issue, the Godless institution will probably lose favor in a city where it has hitherto been rather warmly encouraged.—Weekly Register.

We deeply lament to find that the crime of issuing threatening notices is on the increase in Ireland.—The working of the abominable secret confederacy is developing itself in Month, Longford, Roscommon, Kilkenny, Kildare, Clare, and Westmeath, as well as in Limerick, Waterford, and Tipperary. This is leading to a war of reprisals; and landlords reply to the threatening notices to themselves and their agents by giving notice that if these threats are carried out they will evict the whole of the tenants of the district where the outrage may be committed.—This is evidently a state of things that demands the immediate consideration of the Government as well as of the Legislature.—Ed.

Already the English cotton crisis has not only stimulated the Irish linen trade, but promises to create an increased and lasting demand for flax cultivation, and of the extension of the linen manufacture.