

lord, rode over to see what could be done, and pleaded for Garvey, as he had often pleaded for others, until Mr. Taylor promised to consider his case. But next day a long letter signed by Father Morrissey appeared in the local paper, abusing in violent language a man who threatened one of God's creatures with expulsion from his holding. The next Sunday similar denunciations were used from the steps of the altar, and Mr. Taylor was dared to evict a tenant in the face of an indignant people. Of course a threatening letter followed this discourse, which decided Mr. Taylor, and Garvey was evicted.

Transferred to another curacy, his pugnacity manifested itself with enhanced vigour, until having graduated in the stormy squabbles of parochial faction he received his reward in the comfortable parish of Kilnascap. Troublesome as Father Morrissey has been, he is filled with an honest belief that as his quarrels have always tended to the glory of God, by the assertion of the power of the Church, they must be praiseworthy and right. Of every transaction affecting the relations between landlords and their tenants he has considered himself the censor; and while he has succeeded in disturbing the harmony that existed for many years between the largest proprietor in the parish and his tenants, it must be confessed that he was mainly instrumental in preventing Mr. Moran, the pawnbroker, who purchased a small property near Kilnascap, from evicting three tenants for non-payment of one year's rent that he had raised 100 per cent.

Cordially disliked by the gentry of the parish, Father Morrissey as cordially disliked them. They are Protestants, and heresy is an abomination to him. They are, to a certain extent, powerful, and power in other hands than his Father Morrissey cannot abide. Between them and him there is not one idea in common in the entire range of metaphysical and material subjects. From the glory of heaven to out-door relief they look at the question from opposite standpoints; and Father Morrissey has no difficulty in adopting the view that to counteract the influence of men benighted by a false religion the end justifies the means. Viewed in this light the entirely unfounded statement made in his sermon, that Mrs. Morrison, of Roundfort, wife of the neighbouring squire, who was in the habit of visiting the houses of her husband's tenants with a view to their improvement, and taking soups and other delicacies to their sick wives or children, had endeavoured to proselytize the women by reading the Bible and leaving blasphemous tracts subversive of the teachings of the Holy Church, may not seem a mere ebullition of meaningless mendacity, for it had the effect of putting a stop to that lady's interference with the poor and the possible increase of her husband's popularity. Not that Father Morrissey himself has ever attended to the physical wants of poor people. Living by the dues collected from even the poorest houses, his own poverty is as much an article of faith as the intercession of saints; and an acknowledgment that the means were more than his necessities would deprive him of the small subscriptions of the many poor that make up so large a portion of his income.

The fiercest battle fought in the parish was at the time of what Father Morrissey called the Bunbury's Exterminations. Six of Mr. Bunbury's tenants lived on holdings so small and so miserable that they could never hope to be anything but paupers. They owed four years' rent, and yet their removal was a problem by no means easy of solution. Ultimately the rent was forgiven; the passage paid of the entire number to America, and a sum of money given in hand to support them on landing until work could be procured. This offer the tenants accepted. But Mr. Bunbury had to meet an opponent who would not have his flock scattered by any landlord however tyrannical. Letters filled the papers depicting the horrors perpetrated upon virtuous and contented people. The dying mother dragged from her bed of damp straw and flung to her wailing children was pictured in vivid phrases, and curses were called down upon the head of one who could so prostitute his power as to destroy a God-fearing people impoverished by his tyranny. Mr. Bunbury could not understand the meaning of this attack. The incidents were purely apocryphal; but that did not prevent his being pelted with stones when he attended the election of a dispensary doctor. Ultimately the tenants emigrated, the six houses were levelled, and six small springs dried up that had helped to feed the stream of the parish dues.

The National school of which he is patron stands close to the chapel grounds and is a source of considerable anxiety to Father Morrissey. He remembers when National schools had not supplanted the hedge school-master and extended educational facilities into every townland. He knows how docile were the wayward and unlettered people to their spiritual directors, and he feels too surely that the mental activity of to-day has seriously diminished his authority. . . . When the Kilnascap branch of the Ribbon Society debated the proposed rise of Mr. Mulgrave's rents on the hill farms from twelve shillings to sixteen shillings an acre the meeting adjudged him worthy of death, and began to collect subscriptions payable to the gentleman told off to execute the sentence. Father Morrissey determined that a crime so horrible should not be perpetrated if burning words from him could avert it. The next Sunday he spoke openly and passionately on the atrocity of assassination and warned the foolish men who had banded together with the desperate purpose of murdering Mr. Mulgrave that a crime so horrible would not go unpunished. He spoke for Mr. Mulgrave and pointed out that even though these rents were to be raised the tenants had held the farms for many years at a rent below their value, and gave some instances of kindly feeling and charitable action on the part of that gentleman. The following Sunday the congregation was composed entirely of women, and an intimation was conveyed to him that if he did not apologize from the altar for the words he had spoken the men would consider themselves absolved from attendance at chapel or payment of dues. The day of Easter collection came and the money paid amounted

to £3 10s. Father Morrissey recognized the logic of facts and apologized if any words he had spoken had offended the congregation.

After that things went on smoothly as usual until the Fenian conspiracy began to assume serious dimensions. This time he was backed by the power of the Church to the fullest extent, and denounced the Fenian Society by direct authority from Rome. The sacraments of the Church were forbidden to those who belonged to the brotherhood, and its members were formally excommunicated. The young men rose and left the chapel and on the gate he found a notice headed: "No priest in politics," repudiating any deference to him in social or political matters. . . .

Speaking at a canvassing meeting at Kilnascap he reproached the young men for imagining that they had been deserted by the Sogart-naroon. "No," he said; "your best friend saw that you were engaged in a gallant but hopeless struggle." The time has not come, but it is coming; and when it arrives you will find your priests where they have always been in the time of action—at your head leading you to victory. Once more relations were restored and Father Morrissey spoke of his people as if their souls' desires were in his keeping. But his eyes were opened and he saw with sorrow that the young men had almost shaken themselves free from the teachings of the Church and were fast adopting a Socialist creed. "No priests in politics" had ceased to be a cry, but had become an axiom. Father Morrissey is no Republican. The entire theory of the Church is based upon an attitude of submission to a superior power, and the independence of the lower orders is inimical to the maintenance of a priesthood claiming to rule by divine right. Hating and fearing Socialism, as does Father Morrissey, the propositions embodied in the land agitation of 1879 are diametrically opposed to his principles, and when the agitation began he refused to sanction by his presence its immoral doctrines. But the twice-told tale has again to be repeated. An appeal to a people's cupidity aroused feelings too deep to be restrained by the priest; so now Father Morrissey's voice is heard on many platforms. And once more he resumes his ascendancy, and leads his parishioners as a horse leads the driver who cracks a whip behind him.—*Pictures from Ireland.*
By Terence McGrath.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* is one of the richest numbers ever issued by any periodical. Opening with a Christmas sketch by Mr. George William Curtis, full of the charm characteristic of this now too infrequent writer, it contains such notable articles as that on "Alfred Tennyson," by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie; a comedy entitled "The Register," by W.D. Howells; "A Gossip about the West Highlanders," by William Black; short stories, by Charles Reade, Edward Everett Hale, George H. Boughton and Mrs. Pember; poems by Austin Dobson, Frances L. Mace, and Mrs. Dorr, and the first instalment of E. P. Roe's new novel, "Nature's Serial Story." We quote Mr. Austin Dobson's delicious little pastoral lyric, and extracts from Mrs. Ritchie's extremely interesting paper on Tennyson:—

THE MILKMAID.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

Across the grass I see her pass;
She comes with tripping pace,—
A maid I know,—and March winds blow
Her hair across her face;—
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow. I watch her go:
Her eye is brown and clear;
Her cheek is brown, and soft as down
(To those who see it near!)—
With a hey, etc.

What has she not that they have got,—
The dames that walk in silk!
If she undo her 'kerchief blue,
Her neck is white as milk.
With a hey, etc.

Let those who will be proud and chill!
For me, from June to June,
My Dolly's words are sweet as curds—
Her laugh is like a tune;—
With a hey, etc.

Break, break to hear, O crocus-spear!
O tall Lent-lilies, flame!
There'll be a bride at Easter-tide,
And Dolly is her name.
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,—
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th of August, 1809. He has heard many and many a voice calling to him since the time when he listened to the wind as he played alone in his father's garden, or joined the other children at their games and jousts. They were a noble little clan of poets and of knights, coming of a knightly race, with castles to defend, with mimic tournaments to fight. Somersby was so far away from