

line of all prayers—'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' While Theobald and Clarita were thus drawing from the source of truth the only principles which can render us happy in this world or in the next; while these young hearts were opening to the love of God and their neighbor, like the calyx of the flowers to the invigorating dew, the trial followed the usual march of affairs in Corsica, and intrigues multiplied around the tribunal of justice. The brothers Fabiano had been transferred from Corte to Bastia.

LETTER OF THE REV. DANIEL W.M. CAHILL, D.D., TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NAPOLEON THE THIRD, PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, PARIS. Rome, Onida Co., United States, America, Dec. 3, 1860. O wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us. It wad frae monie a blunder free us. And foolish notion, What ainsie dress and gait wad lea' us, And e'en devotion.

raised you to a throne; before the recent nobility of our blood was dazzled by a family alliance with ancient Savoy; and above all, before you conceived the idea of levelling the kingly titles of all the neighbouring dynasties. This is the new fatal idea which has lately possessed you, in order to bring down Royalty to the level of a City Mayor; in order to enable the grandson of the Corsican Lawyer to stand in an equality with Charlemagne; and thus by effacing everything kingly, to raise the present democratic Emperor of France higher than all the ancient Monarchs of Europe.

land's children mounted the walls, and with proverbial courage of their race, they utter a shout of "No surrender." Thirty brave poor fellows then threw themselves in the breach and without flinching were killed to the last man! Ireland will remember this act to the Bonaparte race as long as we have hearts for revenge; and when your cousin makes his next visit to Kingstown in your Imperial yacht, I hope the waiting mothers of the slaughtered Irish Brigade will raise the cry of murder on the shore, as the hated, crimsoned Sardinian colours float in the murmuring breeze over the angry waters of the Irish harbour. Your Majesty will learn soon that your Roman policy is built too high; it must fall.

To those that worshipped thee, Nor till they fall could mortals guess Ambition's less than littleness. And she, proud Austria's mournful flower, Thy still Imperial bride How bears her breast the torturing hour Still clings she to thy side, Must she too bend, must she to share, Thy late repentance, thy long despair, Thou throneless homicide, If still she loves thee, heard that gem, 'Tis worth thy vanished diadem. D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE CROSS.—As a general thing, it may be expected that all Christians will find themselves able to bear the great crosses of life, because they come with observation; they attract notice by their very magnitude, and, by putting the soul on its guard, give it strength to meet them. But happy, thrice happy is he who can bear the little crosses which overlie in wait, and which attack us secretly, and without giving warning, like a thief in the night.

LETTER OF THE MOST REV. DR. DIXON. TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF ARMAGH. DEARLY BELoved BRETHREN.—Peace be to you. Our motive for addressing you at present is the anxiety which we feel to make you sharers, without delay, in the joy, whereof our visit to the Eternal City has been the occasion to ourselves. For we know that the deep interest which you take in everything that relates to the glory of the Church, and the happiness of its Supreme Pastor on earth, will make you rejoice in the things which we have to say to you.

Pray, Sir, have you ever reflected on the mean language of your uncle, when he was putting his foot on the English man-o-war, the "Bellerophon," after Waterloo? Oh, God, his retreat, his defeat at Waterloo! I shall repeat these execrable words of your uncle—"Like Themistocles of old, I throw myself on the honour, the greatness, and the hospitality of the English people." Alas, the hero of Marengo, and the genius of Austerlitz, how fallen! Sir, have you ever heard of the words which (it is said) were addressed by Pope Pius the Seventh to your uncle at Fontainebleau, in a small room, where your uncle had him confined? I was in that room, and I wrote a letter on the little table at the fireplace; where your uncle offered him, through General Berthier, a cockade, as a French symbol and as a compliment! The Pope replied—"Sir, I can accept no ornaments, except those with which the Church invests me—namely, the pastoral staff (which he held in his hand) and this little crown on my head. And remember, Sir, although you may at present throw down the monuments of the living and uproot the tombs of the dead, you will be soon confined in a narrow bed (the grave); and this little crook and this crown I wear, will govern all the universal earth, when your name and race and power will be forgotten amongst men." Sit, do you hear these words, and do you take warning in time. They speak loudly from the paper. It was after your uncle had imprisoned the Pope that he entered on his Russian campaign! he entered the Russian territory at the head of five hundred and thirty thousand men! and he returned to France with only seventy-two thousand broken invalids! On his retreat over the bridge of the Berezina the river was choked with the slain and the drowned; it overflowed the banks, and carried the dead into the fields in thousands, where they remained unburied for weeks and months.—Whole regiments of cavalry were frozen in their saddles; their horses like statues, the men sitting erect as in life. Regiments of infantry stood in the snow in their waists in line of battle, dead and stiff in their terrible death. It was a more thrilling awful case than the angry vengeance on Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold; And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea, When the blue waves rolls nightly on deep Galilee. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, That host with their banners at sunset were seen; Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown, That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.