

Doctry.

ON AN INFANT DAUGHTER'S FIRST WALKING.

He! a cautious little elf!
O! thy adventurous self!
Fairly off! O, fair betide thee!
With no living thing beside thee;
Not a leading string to guide thee,
Not a chair to creep or crawl by;
Not a cushioned stool to fall by;
Not a finger tip to catch at;
Not a sleeve or skirt to snatch at;
Fairly off at length to sea,
Full twelve inches (can it be
Really, truly!) from the lee
Of mamma's protecting knee!

Fair and softly—soft and fairly—
Little bark, thou sail'st it rarely,
In thy new born power and pride,
O'er the carpet's live tide,
Lurching through from side to side,
Ever and anon, and heaving
Like a tipsy chorub reeling,
(If e'en cherub saucy gipsy!
Smile like thee, or e'er get tipsy!)
Even as though you dancing mote
In the sunny air aloft,
Or the merest breath that met thee,
Might suffice to overset thee!

Helm-a-weather! steady, steady—
Nay, the danger's past already;
Thou, with gentle course untroubled,
Table-Cape full well hast doubled,
Sofa-Point hast shut ahead
Safe by Footstool Island sped,
And art steering, well and truly
On for Closet-Harbor duly!

Anchor now, or turn in time,
E'er within the torrid clime,
Which the tropic fender bounds,
And with brazen zone surrounds.
Turn then, weary little vessel,
Nor with further perils wrestle;
Turn thee to refit awhile
In a sweetly sheltering smile
Of thine own Maternal Isle—
In the haven of dear rest
Proffered by the doating breast,
And the ever ready knee
Of a mother true to thee,
As the best of mothers be!

Nay, adventurous little ship!
If thine anchor's still a trip,
And, instead of port, you choose
Such another toilsome cruise,
Whereso'er the whim may lead thee,
On! my treasure! and God speed thee.
Hackneyed as perchance they be,
Solemn words are these to me,
Nor from an irreverent lip
Heedlessly or lightly slip;
Even He, whose name I take
Thus, my dear one, for thy sake,
In this seeming idle strain,
Knows I take it not 'in vain,'
But, as in a parent's prayer,
Unto Him to bless and spare.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.

We hear much of the evil wrought in Society, but little of the good that is silently at work to counteract it. We are as prone now as were our fathers in olden times, to

"Write men's faults on scrolls of brass,
Their virtues in the sand."

And of this we were reminded by a little incident which occurred in our own city the past week, an incident which probably would never have been made public save by accident, while had the reverse been the case, every newspaper would have held up the picture of dishonesty and depravity.

A merchant of this city who had been somewhat delayed by his own payments, was going up Chesnut street in much haste to take up a note which had fallen due at the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank. Standing on or near the steps of the United States Hotel, were two "gentlemen of leisure," who, as he came up, seemed just to have discovered some object lying upon the pavement. Glancing before him he saw, and as quickly caught up, a roll of bank notes, while those behind him congratulated him in no very elegant terms upon his "luck."—The roll contained some \$880, and the gentleman thinking it quite as safe in his hands as that the original owners, entered the bank, settled

his own account, and as he did so the thought flashed across him, that the notes had been intended for similar payment, and the hour of three was fast approaching.

Quick as thought he applied to the teller, but there was no note of that amount due. Still pursued with the idea that the credit of some house might be endangered by the loss, he looked once more over the waif. The notes were all from the Bank of the Northern Liberties, in Vine street, below Third. No time was lost ere he had presented himself at its counter.

"Has a check been drawn here this morning for \$880?" said he.

"Yes, several hours since," was the reply.

"Who gave the check?"

The name of a firm in Third street was returned. They were industrious mechanics with a small capital. There was more reason than ever for haste. Had it been a large or wealthy house their credit might not have been as easily shaken.

Fairly breathless, our friend entered the store. Its owner received him with some surprise, more particularly when he hurriedly asked "Have you a note to pay to-day?" naming the sum which he held, begging at the same time to be excused for so abrupt and singular an inquiry, coming from an entire stranger.

"One of that amount fell due at the Bank of North America," was the reply, "but was paid several hours ago; at least I sent my brother for the purpose."

There was not a moment to be lost; the Bank would be closed, perhaps, ere they reached it.—Without waiting for explanation, he hurried the astonished man down Third street, and entering the Bank, called for the note. There were some odd cents more than the money he held, and paying the trifling sum from his own purse, he narrowly saved a protest. The thanks of the man he had thus relieved must be imagined. He insisted that the merchant should walk back with him, and await the arrival of the brother who had so carelessly imperilled the firm; for as he explained to his benefactor, the sum had been the saving of many months for this one object, and had it fallen into dishonest hands could not have been replaced.

The young man came in not long after with a face pale as the dead, and confirmed the loss.—He could offer no excuse: he felt the extent of the mischief which he supposed had been wrought, and despair had now taken the place of hope, for he knew the hour of three had passed. He had been searching since the moment he had discovered the loss, not daring to return. Once more the merchant was doubly rewarded for his trouble, as he saw the glow of thankfulness light up that anxious face as the explanation was given.

"But, young sir," said he, "I found the money where you had no call. You drew the money in Vine, below Third, and you should have gone directly down Third to Chesnut and made your payment. How happened it that I found the notes in Chesnut, above Fourth street?"

The trembling confession was made: "It was only ten," he said, and he had looked in to see a friend working in some establishment just above there. After passing an hour or so in chat, he bethought him of his errand, and was on his way down Chesnut street. After a mild rebuke, the merchant left the brothers to talk over their narrow escape, and began to think for the first time that it was past his dinner hour.

We make no apology for occupying so large a space in our "chit-chat," in the above relation. There are many who would have made restitution of the notes as soon as their ownership had been proved—some, indeed, might have made exertions for the discovery, but most would have waited for the next morning's "Ledger" advertisement of "Lost," and would not have dreamed of so closely linking a chain of evidence, and so promptly repairing mischief, that another's carelessness had wrought. And cannot our young men, who are trusted to make deposits, take heed by this fearful trial? It is not a single instance where families have been brought to the verge of ruin by similar losses.—*Cath. Herald.*

THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGES—LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

(From the Freeman's Journal.)

To the Very Rev. and Rev. the Clergy and Faithful of the Diocese of Tuam.

Rome, Feast of St. Calixtus, 1848.

Dear and Venerable Brethren—We lost, no

time in transmitting the two accompanying documents, which will not fail, amidst all your afflictions, to cheer you with the consolations of religion. They evince the tender and unceasing solicitude of the Apostolic See for the spiritual interests of its faithful children in Ireland. One worthy of that see, 'the mother and mistress of all churches,' 'which heresy never tainted,' guards the pure and sensitive faith of the Catholic youth against the corrupting mixture of error. The other, equally illustrative of the charity of the same Roman Church, which even in the time of St. Paul was 'spoken of over the whole world,' breathes the compassion of a tender mother for the suffering poor, and dispenses the richest treasures of the Church to all who will mercifully contribute towards their alleviation.

During the last disastrous season of distress and famine, the good Holy Father, whose heart was moved by the cries of his children, awakened the sympathy of the Christian world in their behalf; and though his resources were but limited, encouraged the charity of others by the generous and noble example of his own. Now, when the same awful scourge threatens to be still more destructive, and when the enemy of mankind strives to steel the hearts of all against compassion for their sufferings, or to convert the famine into a huge engine of seduction, the Holy Father again comes to their aid, dispenses those spiritual treasures with which he is entrusted, and, by appealing to their hopes of eternal bliss, will secure the lives as well as the faith of the people.

Far more fruitful in works of charity will such appeals to the Faith of the wealthy be found than those recent institutions which, after grinding the poor, and crushing the rich down to their level, are now, we understand, turned into so many citadels to war against the spiritual jurisdiction of the ordinary of the diocese. You will understand our allusion to the recent insolent attempts made in our absence by officials who seem not to know the extent of their own power, but who, in the spirit of the proud man of Syria, would appear not to be content until they usurped the rights of the sanctuary. They shall not prevail against our spiritual jurisdiction or the faith of the people. Should they persevere, like the charter schools of Ireland, and so many other elaborate contrivances of persecution, under the specious name of charity, their existence will soon become a tale.

This recent attempt on the part of those highly-pensioned ministers of compulsory charity to interfere with our spiritual rights and duties gives you all a seasonable forewarning of what would be the fate of the Catholic people and Clergy of Ireland, if, through the use of a similar pension, the former, like those Commissioners, were to be the pensioners of the Crown, at once the slaves of the Ministers, and, perhaps, not unlike these functionaries, some the insolent oppressors of those who would resist the encroachments on the freedom and purity of our holy religion.

But we will not afflict your joy at those glad tidings by any such gloomy anticipations of a hireling and stipendiary Priesthood. It will not be permitted to any persons to enter into convention with the enemies of our Faith, and to ascertain the price at which they may be permitted to betray into the hands of those who would bind and make a mockery of her the ever-faithful Church of Ireland. As for our parts, our course is determined, our resolves are fixed. We are determined not to be seen to rise in worldly prosperity whilst the nation is sinking, or to insult, by the offensive parade of wealth and splendour, the starvation of an oppressed people. The land on which the holy unction has been poured to be lifted up in prayer for the Faithful, shall never be soiled with a bribe proffered for the betrayal of their Faith and of our own. No; it may be said of the longest-lived that the days of their pilgrimage in this land are few. We shall not, then, on this dark eve of the rising splendour of our holy religion, fall into any act of despondence. And yet it would be a grievous and fatal act of despondence to think for a moment of accepting such a poisonous boon, on account of the suffering and poverty of the people. 'Faith fears not starvation,' says St. Jerome. The Holy and Illustrious Pontiff, whose Feast we celebrate this day suffered from famine, too, before his career was crowned with martyrdom.—Besides, this year of suffering will soon pass away, and will be seen succeeded by more cheering seasons. In the mean time we shall joyfully,

like the Baptist, be content with such humble food and raiment as the Desert of our country can supply, rather than forego the duty of rebuking cruelty and profligacy in the high places, which are poured down like water, and bringing on the land the wrath and vengeance of Heaven.

And in the discharge of those duties of admonishing, with the freedom and the mildness of the Gospel, the high and the lowly, we will be giving not only to God what belongs to God, but also to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar. We will thus be the more efficient promoters of order and the public tranquillity. This truth is now attested by the deplorable state of the country.—Whilst battalions of armed men, and a corresponding force of other functionaries could not preserve the public peace but at the dreadful sacrifice of the lives of the people, this task of peace has, in the midst of the most terrible temptations to disorder, been performed by your poor, unpensioned, and faithful Pastors, who, though the victims of all sorts of slander, retort not when they are reviled, but courageously braving the calumnies of oppressors on the one hand, and the discontent of some of the deluded people on the other, perform those duties which they owe to their religion and their God, and rescue a misguided and maddened population from the frightful horrors of anarchy, into which the guilty rashness of some few was nigh plunging them. Those were men who unfortunately forsook the councils of peace, and who were cheered on in their foolish career by every enemy of Ireland, in order that by their excesses they might bring discredit upon those legitimate and hallowed efforts for the safety of our Faith and nation which won for the late illustrious G'Connell an imperishable fame as the benefactor of his country. Had the Catholic Clergy been the salaried servants of an anti-Catholic Minister, their hold on the affections of the people would have been lost; the people, frenzied by despair, would have rushed on their fate; and thus our country and our religion would have been exposed to ruin.—While we must, as ministers of the God of Peace, condemn such criminal acts, we cannot but lament that some were the dupes of designing men; nor can we forget that in the very process of punishing them our Holy Religion is insulted and reviled, and Catholics branded still with the stigma that even on their oath they are undeserving of credit. It is an abuse of confidence to think that men who thus insult our religion could mean well in pensioning its pastors.

You will not, I trust, be wanting in gratitude to our good and great Pontiff, the Ninth Pius, nor fail, according to your means, to co-operate in seconding his exhortations towards the establishment of a Catholic University. To this important subject we have but time merely to make allusion. In reference to the subject of the condemned Colleges—condemned as full of "grievous and intrinsic dangers," you will rejoice without any feeling of an ungenerous kind mingling with your joy. It is not the triumph of any party. God forbid! The Church of God knows not the spirit of partisanship. It is the triumph of Truth over Error—the triumph of Faith over the Powers of the world—the triumph of Christ over his enemies, who are labouring to sever the members from the Head—his representative on earth—and again to sever those members themselves of the One Mystical Body from each other: but they shall not succeed. Neither now, nor at any other time however lowering the prospect, shall the enemy prevail against the Irish faithful portion of the Catholic Church. We shall not forget to keep the most powerful bond of unity by having recourse, in our doubts and difficulties, to that "See from which sacerdotal unity is derived."

In the hope of soon seeing you, and contributing to lighten your afflictions by sharing in their burden, we conclude this letter with the prayer of the Apostle, "That God may make you abound in charity towards one another, and towards all men, as we do also towards you—to confirm your hearts without blame in holiness before God and our Father at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Yours faithful and affectionate servant in Christ,

JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

Births

December 8—Mrs Scott, of a daughter.

10—Mrs Phelan, of a son.

14—Mrs O'Brien, of a son.

14—Mrs Rivals, of a daughter.