

RESTORING MONASTIC LIFE.

WHAT SCOTLAND OWES THE IRISH; BESIDES HER NAME—AN APPEAL TO THE CHARITY OF DUBLIN BY A SCOTCH BENEFACTRESS. REV. DOM JEROME VAUGHAN. ASKING AID TO REVIVIFY MONASTICISM IN SCOTLAND.

Thirteen hundred years ago, what Ireland was enjoying in the light of the Faith and enjoying the fruits of the labors of St. Patrick, Scotland was almost entirely in the darkness of heathenism and barbarism. The north of Scotland was peopled by the Picts, a race of the same Celtic origin as the people of Ireland, but wild, warlike, and roving, a race who painted their bodies, believed in Druids, and were the terror of the Britons, and had gloriously resisted the Roman armies of Agricola. The southern Picts dwelling on the banks of the North had received the Faith from St. Ninian, but seem soon to have lost it. The Isles of the western coast and the western portion of Scotland were inhabited by colonies of Irish, or

AS THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND WERE THEN CALLED, OF SCOTS.

These Scots-Irish, leaving their own green isle, had taken possession of that part of Scotland now known as Clydesdale and Argyllshire, and were destined to become the parent stock of that famous and unfortunate House of Stuart, around whose standard in the last drama of their history so many brave Irish soldiers were doomed to rally. These Irish invaders, or colonists, ultimately became the sole rulers of Caledonia, and from them it derived the name of Scotland. They appear to have lost the Faith at the time of which we are speaking, or never to have been more than half Christianized. Such was the state of Scotland when St. Columba, or as he is sometimes named, St. Columkill, with his twelve companions, left his beautiful isle of Erin and set sail in his frail bark of hides and wickerwork upon the blue waters of the Atlantic for the rugged and inhospitable coast of Scotland. He landed on a small island called Iona, and there he and his little apostolic band of Irish monks set up the torch of faith, and, without delay, set about to convert the pagan people of the north. Time would fail to tell of the labors, the miracles, and the achievements of this glorious monk-apostle from Ireland. But a terrible day of weeping and mourning came over the Church of God. The greed of money, the lust of power, the conceit of the flesh wrought death and destruction in the ranks of the one true fold. The shepherds were struck, the sheep dispersed, the monks and nuns driven from their cloisters, the lamp of the sanctuary was put out, a wooden table, bare and barren, substituted for the sacrificial altar of the living God, whilst some of the most magnificent abbeys were set fire to and reduced to a heap of black, gaping ruins. Thus the Church of St. Ninian and St. Columba, of St. Aidan and St. Cuthbert, of St. Margaret and St. David, was ruthlessly despoiled and widowed. All that was left of its ancient organization and splendor at the beginning of the nineteenth century were two missionary bishops, forty priests, eleven churches and chapels, two small seminaries, and about thirty thousand faithful. Nowhere did the Church of Scotland suffer more than in the Highlands, where St. Columba had preached, and nowhere was the faith preserved with greater fidelity and heroism. It would seem that

THE SPIRIT OF THIS GREAT IRISH APOSTLE

still rested mightily upon them. There had always been a constant relationship between the Churches of Ireland and Scotland. Even during the bitter days of persecution, this intercourse was kept up between Ireland and the Highlands. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Scottish priesthood had almost become extinct, and the scattered people of the Highland glens were almost as sheep without a shepherd. To Ireland the chief of the Macdonnell clan turned for help, and two Irish priests, Father Grey and Father White, crossed over to the Highlands, and spent their lives, till death in travelling over the mountains and through the glens of their wide district on foot, attired as poor peasants administering the sacraments, and keeping alive in the hearts of this heroic people the torch of faith and the fire of charity. In 1746 the battle of Culloden was fought; but there was no brave, dashing Irish Brigade present, as at Fontenoy, to turn the fortunes of the day. Prince Charles fled into exile. A military garrison was stationed at Fort Augustus, under the Duke of Cumberland, with orders to ruin and depopulate the district; and, alas! terribly did they do their work. The Highlanders were shot down on their mountains like rabbits, and the screams of innocent girls and women, outraged by a brutal soldiery, re-echoed through the mountains. Thousands, preferring exile to apostasy, left the Highlands for ever. In 1790 two thousand Highlanders emigrated to Nova Scotia; were followed three years later by three thousand more; whilst others found a home in Canada, St. Edward's Island, and in Australia. The Catholic remnant that remained behind clung to their faith with heroic fortitude, transmitting it to posterity as their most precious inheritance. To this day there are whole districts, and villages, and groups of hamlets in the glens almost exclusively Catholic. The priests are few, the churches long distances apart, the people poor; not is it an uncommon thing for men and women to walk ten, fifteen, and even

TWENTY MILES TO CHURCH ON FOOT, FASTING,

to receive the Holy Communion. It is in the midst of these brave and noble Catholic Celtic people, in the very district which was the scene of the apostolic labors of Father White and Father Gray, in the region which tradition says was once hallowed by the footsteps of St. Patrick, amidst those wild mountains which witnessed the miracles of St. Columba, and on the very banks of Loch Ness, on whose waters he used to steer his little skiff—it is here, I say, that the Benedictine Order is once more to return to Scotland; and amidst such glorious historic associations as these to sing again those chants and hymns in the land which have so long remained silent and hushed. We yearn to do a great and lasting work for the Church in Scotland, and with the generous and ever-ready aid of the great Catholic people of Ireland we shall accomplish it. The Fathers of the Benedictine Order in England have accepted the old military building of Fort Augustus, and on the foundations of those walls, constructed to overawe the Highlanders and stamp out the Catholic faith, are now rising the walls of a Catholic college, destined to provide for youths a liberal education. A monastery, which will be at once a sanctuary of prayer and a school for monastic missionaries, a hospice, where the scattered clergy of the north and western portions of Scotland can assemble with their bishop and enjoy the retirement and solitude of a week of spiritual exercise, and freshen their spirits, worn down with the perpetual wear and tear of missionary solicitude. And now I hear a voice asking me what became of those great and numerous communities of Benedictine monks, whose houses so covered the land of Scotland that, like England, it might have been called the "Apostolate of St. Benedict," and the ruins of whose stately cathedrals are still the pride and the boast of Scotland. Sickness, sufferings and premature death was the end of many. Others continued by stealth to minister in disguise to the wants of the faithful. The Scottish monks of Rathbone continued to keep up the succession of the old Benedictine Scottish stock for years to supply the missions of Scotland with priests, even as the old Monastery of Dunstons sent forth English monks to face the chance of martirium in England. Of this old Scot-

ish line of monks one solitary member still remains alive. God has always watched over.

THE ORDER OF ST. BENEDICT. with a signal Providence, and given to it more than a human vitality. In the person of this venerable monk, whose one life-long prayer has been that God would not close his eyes in death, till he had seen his order in Scotland restored, this illustrious old Scottish line of monks would have become extinct. Three years ago a young man, after a sea-faring youth, entered the harbor of religion and received on his knees from this venerable father the holy habit of St. Benedict, thus becoming the connecting link between the monks of the past and those of the future. This privileged religious man is an Irishman, so that by Divine Providence, as it was from Ireland that the monastic system was first introduced into Scotland so now in these latter days it is again through an Irishman that the Order of St. Benedict is to be revived and perpetuated. Therefore do I appeal to the people of Catholic Ireland to assist the building up of the first Benedictine monastery in Scotland since the Reformation, and to promote this great monastic movement, this glorious Catholic revival in a country which, in the course of its chequered history, in its community of decent its romance, its struggle and its sufferings for the Faith, has so much in common with Scotland. And not to you only, who are before me do I appeal, but I would wish that my words could reach every town and village and hamlet in Ireland. I am not calling upon you to join in some good undertaking heretofore unknown or unheard of, but to help to re-establish, continue, and carry on a work which your illustrious ancestors began, for which they labored and prayed and suffered, for which they had its origin in Ireland, which always continued to be associated with Ireland, and which will never cease to be one of the most glorious pages in Irish history. Surely the sons and daughters of St. Patrick, when their Celtic brethren are crying out for aid, will not allow their charity to be narrowed or confined to the shores of this fair island. Never let it be said that the Irish Catholics of to-day are unworthy of those large-hearted, generous-minded men, bishops, saints, apostles, who promptly became exiles from Erin for Christ's sake, and went forth to evangelize and illuminate the nations of the new as of the old world, lavishing upon other peoples all that they possessed, and spending their lives and being spent in their service.

THE RESTORATION OF MONASTICISM IN SCOTLAND

occurring almost contemporaneously with the re-establishment of the hierarchy, has been more than once superabundantly blessed by the late saintly Pontiff. There was hardly any work which gave greater joy to his paternal heart. Before visiting Ireland I obtained from the Holy Father an autograph blessing, which he gave expressly to accompany me to Ireland, and which, he said, was to fall on all the heads of all the faithful who aid me in this arduous undertaking. The sickness under which he finally succumbed was even then pressing upon him, but notwithstanding—contrary to his usual practice—taking his pen and lifting his eyes to heaven, he wrote these efficacious words *Benedicite vos de rore caeli et de pingui die terra.* That is, May God bless with the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth. May God bless every man, woman and child in Catholic Ireland who helps the restoration of the Benedictine Order in Scotland, with the heavenly dew of Divine grace and the refreshment of spiritual consolation. May He bless all such faithful children of Ireland in their temporal affairs also, in their commercial enterprises, in their families, bestowing upon them the fatness and the plenty of the earth. And surely this beautiful blessing, pronounced by the late Vicar of Christ upon earth, will certainly be ratified by him now in heaven. Secure, then, for yourselves this rare blessing. Hearken to his voice who first pronounced it, for it is he rather than I who invites you to take a share in bringing back the monks to Scotland, and in building up again a college and a cloister, which with God's blessing, will become a seat of learning, a sanctuary of psalmody, a beacon and a light to the wandering, a shelter for the weary, a school for saints.

OBSTRUCTION FROM AN IRISH-AMERICAN STANDPOINT.

Notwithstanding all the threats made last year by the Conservative Ministry, supported by the House of Commons, the Obstructionists continue to pursue their scheme of embarrassing the Government by delaying public business, and the result of this constant obstruction will be painfully evident at the close of the present session. What has hitherto been done is but a small sample of what might be accomplished were the Home Rule members to afford unanimous support to obstruction tactics; but unfortunately the majority of the men who compose the party are little better than Whigs in disguise. This is due in part to the suddenness with which the last general election was brought on and the neglect of the Home Rule party to seek out and recommend to the constituencies reliable men. In all probability, at the next general election at least twenty candidates will ask to be sent to Parliament to support Parnell, Biggar, and O'Donnell. Should the constituencies return even twenty members pledged to obstruction, there will be inaugurated a really serious struggle between the Irish representatives and the Government. How it will end no one can foretell, but unless Ireland should be disfranchised, the world will have ample occasion to inform itself about the true relations existing between her and England. Obstruction is admitted to be a dangerous arm, and there is a growing belief that the Government, placed in front of a really strong obstruction party, would endeavour to effect a compromise by offering to pass measures of real utility for Ireland. This does not necessarily imply that Home Rule could be obtained; but some persons do claim that with sixty members carrying on a constant war by insisting on amending all laws, whether applying to England or Scotland, the interference of the Irish members could be regarded as general a burden to Scotland and England as is the interference of British members in Irish affairs. Nor is there any possible remedy within reach of the British Parliament, except the suppression of the Irish representation, and, as this would be an admission that the Union had failed, it is not at all likely to be resorted to. The temper of the obstructionist Home Rulers is admirably suited to the kind of constitutional warfare which suited to the kind of the British Parliament. With their wage against revolutionists, they are resolved to follow out their policy to whatever extent it may be necessary. At present they allege it is very difficult to know what Ireland really desires, and they reasonably say they are anxious to secure such reforms as would enable the masses of the Irish people to express freely their wishes. It is claimed that the proposed reform in the county and borough franchises would, to a great extent, secure this result, because it would admit a large section of the people, hitherto disfranchised, to the right of voting, and would secure the free exercise of the right by means of the ballot. Should nothing more than this be gained by the obstructionist policy, it will have rendered important and lasting service to the Irish race. No movement which has ever been undertaken has done so much to compel respect for Irish feeling, and for the first time in history even an English Parliament listens with attention to the claims put forward by an Irish representation which formulates its demands with dignity and independence. —Boston Pilot.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

(FATHER PROUT.) The versatile genius of the Irish wit, scholars and publicists of the last and the present centuries, has become almost proverbial. From Sheridan, who, according to Byron, made the best speech, wrote the finest poem, and composed the most brilliant comedy in the English language, to the celebrated "Father Prout," there is a long intellectual chain, every link of which represents a writer capable of grasping the most subtle propositions in ethics, discussing the proper inflexion of Greek verbs, writing a pasquinade or an acrostic "to his lady's eyebrow."

Father Prout was capable of doing all these things, and even more. He could not only write verse with ease and correctness in the English language and in the *patois* of his native county, Cork, but in excellent French, Spanish, and Italian, as well as in classical Greek and Latin. In fact, so richly was this extraordinary man endowed with the faculty not only of acquiring languages, but of using them sometimes in mere sport, that when he translated Moore's Melodies and some of Burns' lyrics into continental tongues and then re-translated them to prove that those celebrated Celtic bards were mere plagiarists, many of the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* believed him in earnest, while those who were in the secret lost their astonishment at his sublime audacity in their profound admiration for the ability displayed in the imposture.

Yet, though Prout seems to have fairly revelled in modern and classic love, while a contributor to *Fraser's*, he soon grew tired of London life, as he had done of the quiet parish of Grasshill, and shaking the dust of the English capital off his shoes, he fled to the continent for new scenes and more intense excitement. An active mind, particularly a gifted one, united to a sensitive conscience, except while in the performance of its prescribed duties, cannot possibly find rest. Prout suffered from ennui in Cork, and consequently, violating the discipline of his Order, he sought refuge in London, only to resume his fight to the gay capital of the world, pursued by the demon "Satirey."

As an occasional contributor to English periodicals and a regular correspondent, in succession, of two leading London journals, he spent several years in Paris, occasionally making excursions to Switzerland, and even penetrating as far as Rome and Naples, always, however, returning to Paris, where it would seem he had fondly hoped to drown commerce in the illimitable depths of its fascinations. All in vain—the brilliant wit and versifier, the accomplished gentleman and genial friend, found, fortunately for himself before it was too late, that all was vanity, and abandoning the things of the world; ambition, fame, and the congratulation of his associates, he retired to the seclusion of a monastery, and ended his days in peace in the spring of 1866. To the generality of his countrymen Prout is best known by his "Bells of Shandon," "The Town of Passage," and the "Groves of Blarney," to the more erudite and critical by his classic poems, and to the general reading public by his translations from the French. What can be finer than the following from Beranger, the greatest lyrical poet whom the French nation ever produced:

THE TRI-COLORED FLAG.

Comrades around this humble board,  
Here's to our banner's bygone splendor;  
There must be treason in that word—  
All Europe may the proof afford,  
All France be the offender,  
But drink the toast  
That gladdens most,  
Fires the young heart and cheers the old—  
May France once more  
Her tri-color,  
Blest with new life, behold!  
List to my secret. That old flag  
Under my bed of straw is hidden,  
Sacred to glory. War-worn rag!  
Thee no informer thence shall drag,  
Nor dastard spy say 'tis forbidden.  
France, I can vouch,  
Will from its couch  
The dormant symbol yet unfold,  
And wave once more  
Her tri-color  
Through Europe, uncontrolled!  
For every drop of blood we spent  
Did not that flag give value plenty?  
Were not our children, as they went  
Jocund to join the warrior's tent,  
Soldiers at ten, heroes at twenty?  
France, who were then  
Your noblemen?  
Not they of parchment—must and mould!  
But they who bore  
Your tri-color  
Through Europe, uncontrolled!  
Lepic had seen our eagle fall,  
Drunk with renown, worn out with glory;  
But with the emblem of old Gall  
Crowning our standard, we'll recall  
The brightest days of Valmy's story.  
With terror pale  
Shall despoils quail,  
When in their ears the tale is told  
Of France once more  
Her tri-color  
Preparing to unfold.  
Trust not the lawless ruffian chiel—  
Worse than the vilest monarch he!  
Down with the dragon and the basilisk!  
But let our country never kneel  
To that grim idol—Anarchy!  
Strength shall appear  
On our frontier,  
France shall be liberty's stronghold!  
Then earth once more  
The tri-color  
With blessings shall behold!  
O my old flag! thou liest hid  
There where my sword and musket lie.  
Banner, come forth for tears unbid  
Are filling fast a warrior's lid,  
Which thou alone canst dry.  
A soldier's grief  
Shall find relief,  
A veteran's heart shall be consoled—  
France shall once more  
Her tri-color  
Triumphantly unfold.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

The following letter has appeared in the *Freeman*. Six—Perhaps the following extraordinary occurrence may interest some of your readers.—A few days ago some men were cutting turf at Narragmore bog, county Kildare. They had just reached the bottom floor of the hole when a blaze of fire rushed up under the men's feet, and kept burning for a long time. The smell which came from it was very stinking, resembling that of gas escaping from a leak. A similar thing happened in nearly the same place about three years ago. Perhaps some of your readers would be good enough to offer some explanation on this extraordinary matter, which has created no small surprise in the neighbourhood.—I am, sir, yours truly, JOSEPH THOMAS.

THE TERROR IN DONEGAL.

The feeling of horror excited by the murder of Lord Leitrim is natural in a civilized country. There was no incident wanting to complete the dramatic intensity of the scene. A lonely road; a momentarily unsuspecting man; watched through an approach of a quarter of a mile by the greedy eyes of the skulking assassins; the sudden shots, relentlessly repeated; and then the hand-to-hand struggle, which left the old man, his white hair dabbled with blood, and his still unruined face, cold and helpless, in the roadside ditch; the flight of the assassins, and their absolute disappearance, with no witness left save and abandoned boat. All these circumstances go to make up a picture which stamps itself on the public mind and calls forth a universal cry of horror.

We need not say that we have no desire to arrest that prevalent feeling of abhorrence and righteous anger in view of such an act. We have hitherto refrained from comment on the event, feeling the difficulty of apportioning guilt, and fearing the risk of appearing to applaud murder. But the debate in the House of Lords, the scene in the House of Commons, and the indiscriminate abuse bestowed on Mr. O'Donnell, and the unfortunate part he took in bringing about the latter, appear to suggest that of the two evils silence is the worse.

In speaking of the late Lord Leitrim, it would be difficult for the most active imagination and the fullest charity to say anything good. The most that can be promised on the *nil nisi* principle is, that the line shall be drawn somewhere in discussing his evil qualities.

The House of Commons was properly shocked when Mr. O'Donnell suggested, under the transparent guise of a Cumberland idyll, that the murdered Earl was a systematic lib-rine, and had made use of the compulsory clauses in the sacred rights of a landlord to gratify his passions. Upon this point we know nothing, except that the charge which aroused the indignation of the House of Commons is too familiar in Ireland. It is made openly in the newspapers, and with a certain circumstantiality that courts the disproof it has never received. But it does not need a reference to this portion of the charge against the late Earl to prove that he was a crushing load upon the life of thousands of helpless men and women; that his presence was a blight over a large tract of country; and that pious men, who were eye-witnesses of the deeds that were done might well sometimes stand still and doubt that there could be any God in heaven and doubt things he.

The population who, by the will of an inscrutable Providence, were subjected to the uncontrolled despotism of Lord Leitrim, will not, it should be remembered, the shiftless, thoughtless peasantry who people some parts of the south of Ireland. They were of the finest Celtic race, not afraid of a day's work. The characteristic is shown in the history of Milford, the town where the population subject to Lord Leitrim chiefly entred.

Fifty years ago Milford was a collection of miserable hovels. By the industry and "managing" qualities of the tenantry, who gradually improved the place by building stone houses and reclaiming land, it gradually gained an air of prosperity. Under the predecessors of the late Lord Leitrim these tendencies were encouraged, and the industry of the people was cherished by generous treatment. It is true that in 1844 a re-valuation took place, when the landlord benefitted by the labors of his tenants. But, though there was then some grumbling, the rise in the rents was acquiesced in; and all went well till the late Lord Leitrim came into possession. A change was speedily effected; a cross-natured, cross-grained, imperious man, whose tendencies to martinetism had been improved in the army, Lord Leitrim went to Donegal prepared to "stand no nonsense." By an accident of birth he became the possessor of vast tracts of land.

There were, in connection with the land in addition to the worms in the ground and the vermin on the surface, four or five thousand human beings, whose presence was desirable, chiefly, inasmuch as they produced a certain rent-roll. Lord Leitrim had heard something of the obstinacy of this sort of creature. It sometimes murmured when rest day came round. It presumed to argue with its landlord. It whispered that it must live; and it had even been known to have this tendency in common with the other worms referred to, and when trodden upon, it would occasionally turn—a process that took the form of firing off rusty blunderbusses, which, if they did not burst in its hands, sometimes killed the landlord. Lord Leitrim to do him justice in the only possible direction—was a brave man. Fear was unknown to him, and he took a savage delight in facing a danger. He did not parade this feeling. That would have been too much trouble to take in connection with so inconsiderable a thing as a tenant. He went his way with his chin well up under his military stock; and if there was on his path he trod upon it.

A very fair sample of his attitude towards his tenants is supplied in a letter, written about twenty years ago, by one of them, a Mr. Lavins. The Lavins family were among the oldest and most respectable tenants on the estate. The younger Mr. Lavins had built a good house, and had otherwise improved his holding, and when it was all finished, Lord Leitrim gave him notice to quit. There was no help for it, and the most the Lavins could expect was compensation for improvements, a matter not then compulsory, for as yet the Land Act, against which Lord Leitrim raved, was not on the Statute Book. Mr. Lavins' simple narrative appeared in all the Irish newspapers at the time, and is beyond contradiction. Here is an extract, which will do more than a volume of description to show how this heir of the Donegal estates treated the tenantry whose interests were also bequeathed to him:

"Some time afterwards," writes Mr. Lavins "in the month of April, the Earl of Leitrim visited his Donegal estate, and I addressed him by letter, 'hoping his lordship would take my case into consideration, and allow me for my improvements.' I was in Milford the same day I forwarded my application for payment, and got a message that Lord Leitrim wanted to see me. Immediately I went to the office, and there found Mr. Buchanan Constable Hughes, and two sub constables. When I entered, Mr. Buchanan went to the inside office, and I heard him say Mr. Lavins was waiting. Lord Leitrim and his agent, Mr. Wray, came out, and his lordship addressed Constable Hughes as follows:—'I have sent for your sergeant, to hear the following communication read,' and turning to Mr. Wray, he desired him to read my letter, after which the Earl of Leitrim addressed me as follows:—'Now, sir, I know you well, and do not one foot of land will you ever enjoy under me. I do not care sir, whether you are a Ribbonman, a Molly Maguire's man, a Tenant Right man, or a Whiteboy, I care for no man. I will do what is right, and I will evict you after some months.' You made the matter public; this is my answer for the present. After his lordship had delivered the above communication, he turned out of the office, and did not give me an opportunity of replying.

and had brought it up to the value of £1,500. Lord Leitrim's answer to the entreaties of the younger Lavins and the remonstrances of the press, was, that if more was said, he would turn out old Lavins. More was said, and the Earl faithful to his promise, turned out the old man from the home he had built, and banished him from the land on which he had been born, and which was hallowed to him by the grave of his father and mother.

We cite this case, not because it is worse than any other, but because the evidence supporting it is documentary, and has never been contradicted. What Lord Leitrim was to the Lavins, he was to every man and woman on his estate. Cruel, relentless, remorseless, he paid no attention to the cry of strong men in their agony, and turned with impatient ejaculation from the whimpering of women and the sobbing of children.—To a simple, sober, industrious people, bewildered by his impetuous purpose, and appalled by his iron will and strength of character, he seemed to be a curse of God which passed all understanding.

Just twenty years ago, some poor fellow, after long brooding over the tyranny of the oppressor, broke forth in artless, but for that reason all the more impressive, song:

"Tenants from their homes evic ed,  
Built by ancestors of yore,  
Scenes too sad to be depicted,  
Who would not such scenes deplore?"

"He, the ruthless despot,  
Thought assuaging lordly style,  
To his country was a Traitor,  
Than a highwayman so vile."

"Some who knew the honored father  
Of this fiend, whom widows curse,  
Think a witch in stormy weather  
Changed him when he was at nurse."

This rude rhyme accurately depicts the feelings with which the peasantry regarded this terrible man. They had known landlords who were equal to the average hardness of demanding their rents when due, and even going the length of dispossessing when the money was no longer forthcoming. They had heard of landlords in the South who rode roughshod over their tenantry. But this handsome looking man, with his neatly trimmed beard, his military stride, his abrupt gestures, his commanding mien, and his heart harder than any millstone, was so unnatural in his inhumanity. On the night when the news of his death reached Westminster, and was told to a noble Lord who knew Lord Leitrim personally, and had full opportunity, as a neighbor, of realizing his position, he said, after a moment's pause, "Well, the only thing I wonder at is, that he was not shot long ago."

That the tragedy was so long delayed was due to the Earl's dauntless intrepidity, and the personal terror which surrounded him as an added atmosphere. He carried his life in his hand. But he also carried loaded pistols in his belt. Men who, driven to desperation, meditated assassination, had to take into account the probable consequences. Eighteen years ago the hatred that dogged Lord Leitrim's footsteps, and the curses which poisoned the air he breathed, found expression at the mouth of a blunderbuss. Lord Leitrim had, so the story runs uncontradicted through Donegal, varied the fierce delight of luttling with the fathers of the family honor, and fired at Lord Leitrim as he rode by. The shot missed, and Lord Leitrim, looking round, saw smoke issuing from a house at the roadside. Without a moment's hesitation, he jumped off his horse, ran into the house, and single-handed seized the would-be assassin, and handed him over to the custody of the police. This was the sort of man to be feared as well as hated, and fear kept murder back, till the fair April day just gone by, when the long curses of twenty five years' heartless oppression came home to roost, and the man who had bedridden a town like hideous night mare, died a dog's death on the roadside.—*Nayfair*.

FIGHTING IN AFRICA.

A South African correspondent of the London Times says:—I informed your readers in my last of the losses sustained in the combined attack on the enemy in the Perle Bush, including the death of Captain Joseph Gerald Donovan and Lieutenant George Walter Ward, of the Diamond Field Volunteer Horse, and the accident to Colonel Warren, R.E., commanding that force. Particulars of the manner in which the brave officers above named fell have been given by an eye-witness. It appears that on Thursday, the 21st of March, the Diamond Field Horse, numbering some fifty men, under Colonel Warren, proceeded on foot in skirmishing order to scour a portion of the Perle Bush, or Amatolas. They were supported by Captain Brabant's troop and a number of Fincoes. After walking all day, seeing very few Caffre men, but numbers of women, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, they heard a noise breaking boughs of trees. Some one called out "The cattle are being driven out," and there was a general push forward to ascertain the cause. Colonel Warren was in front, revolver in hand, when the stem of a tree which had been broken off, and was merely resting on one of its boughs, suddenly, without the least warning fell directly on him, crushing him to the earth. He was eventually conveyed to Captain Brabant's camp, where every attention was paid to him, and his friends will be glad to hear that he has escaped any serious injury save a severe shaking and general shock to the system. The private carriage of the Governor was sent out to convey him to King William's Town, but he preferred to remain where he was at his camp.

Almost immediately after the accident to the Colonel, Captain Donovan advanced and suddenly came to the edge of a deep kraals. On locking down he saw two Caffres running out of the bush below, and shouted, "Here they are, boys." On leveling his revolver to shoot, his attention was drawn to some Caffres who had remained behind, whom he evidently saw were attempting to take his life; for he was seen to turn his revolver and fire. Simultaneously the two shots rang out, and Donovan received a bullet in the mouth, which came out at the back of the head, and he fell lifeless, without a groan. It is a wretched consolation to know that he and his adversary fell dead together, as his revolver bullet struck the Caffre, full in the forehead, penetrating the brain.

Lieutenant Ward was shot within a minute of his brother officer, and fell within a few feet of his body. A ball entered above the ear, passing right through his head. He lived about three minutes, and endeavored to speak, but owing to the rush of blood from his mouth, it was impossible to understand what he wished to say.

All the troops behaved splendidly, and after killing the Caffres who were there—about ten in number—only they proceeded to construct rude stretchers, and assisted by the men under Captain Brabant, carried the bodies of the two officers to the camp, which was about three miles from where the action occurred. At 4 o'clock on Friday morning, the bodies were brought to King William's Town, and that afternoon received burial with military honours; his Excellency the Governor being present at a funeral.

PROPOSED IRISH VISIT FROM THE QUEEN

It is said that the Queen is likely to pay a trip to Ireland during the summer or autumn. The Royal Itinerary is already discussed, and according to popular report will include Dublin and Cork.