

lower part of his countenance, the further glance of his eyes alone met the gaze of Lord Dacre. Something there was in those eyes which once seen, was not easily forgotten; and Lord Dacre remembered the robber Miles, with whom he had held so sharp a contest in the house of Henry Willoughton, at Charing. The desperate character of this man would have rendered him no pleasant travelling companion; but a suspicion immediately darted across the mind of Lord Dacre that he was either employed as a spy upon his own footsteps, or was in league with many of the organized gangs of robbers which then infested the kingdom. Miles on his part showed no disposition to molest the traveller, merely scowling at him as he rode past with an expression which seemed to intimate that the recognition on his side was complete. The road which they were pursuing was in truth nothing more than a kind of beaten track, from which the trees had been partially cleared, and occasionally from the main path diverged a narrow winding way that led to some yawning glen or tangled thicket, where a deed of violence might have been with safety perpetrated.

The horse which Miles rode, a heavy iron grey, seemed but ill able to bear his own weight and that of his rider, at the rapid pace to which he had just been constrained. When, therefore, some fifty yards in advance of Lord Dacre, he again flagged, and seemed indeed as though about to fall dead lame. It was in vain that Miles applied both whip and spur. The poor creature, which had evidently been over-ridden, still continued the same heavy, weary pace. At this moment a shrill and peculiar whistle was heard in the forest. Miles at once desisted from his endeavors to urge the animal forward, and when the sound was repeated he answered by one of a similar nature. Immediately a crashing was heard among the boughs, and Lord Dacre perceived two men issue from the thicket and approach the robber with tokens of recognition. Their appearance was no more prepossessing than that of Miles himself. Their attire was torn by the brambles, and defaced by the stains of the weather. They were each armed with a cutlass and a carbine, and pistols were stuck in the leather belts about their waists. On their appearance, Miles dismounted, and holding his horse by the bridle, stood conversing with the new comers on the very border of the path which Lord Dacre was compelled to take. Approaching their intention, he urged his horse into a more rapid pace as he approached them. Nor was this precaution unnecessary. One of the party made a snatch at his bridle as he passed, and falling in the attempt to seize it, once lowered his carbine. But Lord Dacre's presence of mind did not fail, and as he had now pressed his horse into a gallop, he lowered his head, and the ball lodged in the trunk of an old and already decaying oak. A cry of vexation was heard among the robbers, but as at that moment the sound of other horses rapidly approaching was heard, Lord Dacre, as he turned with a pistol in his hand ready to repel any more such attacks, saw Miles and his companions plunge into the thickets. The new comers advanced rapidly, and greeted Lord Dacre courteously on their approach. They consisted of a youth of about three and twenty years of age, and a serving man somewhat older than his master. The cavalier was gallily habited; his riding cloak hung with an air of assumed carelessness over his left arm, was of violet colored cloth, and his doublet of black and orange color, trimmed with silver twist; while the plume of black feathers, tipped with orange, that was fastened in his hat, tossing in the brisk morning wind, discovered features well formed and full of a frank and even joyous expression.

"Ride you to the good town of Tubbury, gentle sir?" he inquired as he approached Lord Dacre. "Even so, sir," replied that nobleman. "Then, if it please you, courteous stranger," said the young man, "we will so far bear each other company. I am free to confess that my disposition is social, and I love riding likes me not; and, be it spoken with due reverence, the days in which we live are little favorable to solitary travellers. I were vain enough to imagine that such company as that with which you but now parted were even less agreeable than mine."

"Gentle stranger," answered Lord Dacre, "I am bound to express my satisfaction at your opportune appearance, but for which I might have found that company which you name somewhat more irksome to dispatch."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A LOOK AT THE IRELAND OF OLD.

Ireland was rich in soil, beautiful in hills, and verdure, and vegetation, and scenery, and streams, and pleanous in fruits and fields, and animals, and wealth. And on that surf-bound island, where the eye of man beheld the loveliness of nature, the mind of man might have beheld the loveliness of the spirit of a race. There the power and wealth of the ruler were not used to subjugate and abuse the kern, but to comfort the body and ennoble the spirit. On the breast-milk of the plebeian matron the noble's son was fed, and into the rank and power and possession of the noble the plebeian's child was raised. The politics of the Celts were subordinate to the religion of the Celt. The influence of his church was superior to the influence of his court-house. Though the Celts at the blow of the war-bugle followed, with all the wild impetuosity of their nature, their petty prince to battle against the Celts of a petty prince, yet through religious motives did they submit for certain crimes to the rigors of a seven years' or a life-long penance more unhesitatingly and regularly than the Greeks in Greece, or the Romans in Rome, or the Africans in Africa, or the Gauls in Gaul. With the love for and obedience to religion was intimately associated in the Celtic mind an enthusiasm for learning. I doubt if in any portion of the earth, of the same area, in either ancient or modern times, there have been so many centres of learning as were in Ireland during the days of the ancient Irish Church. Love of learning, religious influence, the powers of rulers, the wealth of the land, united to dot the surface of the country with universities. What was the style of Irish buildings we may infer from the palace of Emania, built by Queen Macha toward the end of the fifth century. It was constructed of the black marble of Kilkenny and the green marble of Galway, while its roof was arched with polished marble imported from Italy. Its interior was decorated with pillars of Italian marble, exquisitely prepared. The style of furniture may be inferred from a poem of Oisín:

"I feasted in the hall of Finn,
And at each banquet there I saw
A thousand rich cups on his board,
Whose rims were bound with purest gold.
"And twelve great buildings once stood there,
The dwellings of those mighty hosts,
Ruled by Thelg's daughter's warlike son,
At Alaba of the noble Fiann.
"And constantly there burned twelve fires,
Within each princely house of these;
And round each flaming hearth there sat
A hundred warriors of the Fiann.
Had we not the most undoubted testimony for our

guidance, we should hesitate to believe the high degree of sanctity and civilization to which the ancient Irish Church attained from the introduction of Christianity to the depredations of the Danes. Gold, silver, gems, marbles, and art, which had been used for the decoration of pagan palaces and pagan temples, were given over for the adornment of the homes of religion and civilization. St. Patrick is said to have built seven hundred churches, to have consecrated seven hundred bishops (each monastery in those days having a bishop), and to have ordained three thousand priests. The monasteries, the number of which is amazing, were, in most instances, centres of education. Armagh is said to have had seven thousand students attending its schools, Clonmacnois three thousand, Clonard three thousand, Lismore four thousand, and other places such like extraordinary numbers. All these institutions were patronized and supported by the princes of the country. There was no greater pleasure for an Irish prince than the welfare, the virtue, and the enlightenment of the people. The following inauguration ode at the coronation of kings shows the notions of our pagan forefathers as to what was kingship, what was law, what were high crimes and misdemeanors:

"Seven true witnesses there are,
For monarchs' broken faith:
To falsely avert what's right,
To drive the Senate from his hall,
To strain vindictively the law,
Defeat in battle,
Years of famine,
Failure of milk,
Blight of fruit,
Blight of corn—
These are the seven living lights
That show the perjury of kings."

The will of St. Cormac, King of Cashel, gives a fair idea of the relations of a Christian king to his people, and his regard for learning and instruction:

"Tis time my testament were made,
For danger's hour approacheth fast;
My days henceforth shall be but few,
My life almost hath reached the goal.
"My golden cup of sacrifice,
Wherewith I holy offering made,
I will to Senan's brotherhood
At Inis Cathnigh's sacred fane,
"The bell that calleth me to prayer,
While on the green-robed earth I stay;
Forget not with my friend to leave
At Connal's shrine where Fergas flows.
"My silken robe of graceful flow,
O'erlaid with gems and golden braid,
To Roscre, Paul and Peter's fane,
And Conan's guardianship I leave.
"My silver chess-board of bright sheen
I will to Uladh's royal chief;
My well-wrought chain of faultless gold
To thee, Mochuda, I bequeath.
"Take then my amict and my stole,
And take my mantle likewise;
To Lenan's son, who lies at Cluain,
To Colman who has found his bliss.
"My psalter of illumined leaves,
Whose light no darkness e'er can hide,
To Cashel I forever leave
This goodly gift without recall.
"And my wealth I bequeath to the poor,
And my sins to the children of curses;
And my dust to the earth whence it rose,
And my spirit to Him who has sent it."

Is not Ireland worthy of Home Rule?—New York Tablet.

THE STANDARD OF IRELAND'S CIVILIZATION IN DAYS OF OLD.

What Was It?

In Ireland, educational and religious establishments were marvellously numerous and highly favored of the kings, and there are still indications extant of the extensive range of knowledge an Irish curriculum embraced. Medicine, law, geography, mathematics, philosophy, history, music, painting, poetry, theology, language, and virtue were cultivated in the halls of Irish universities. In the publications of the Irish Archaeological Society one may see what the Irish knew of medicine. The Brehon Code is the embodiment of the Irish genius as to legislation. About the end of the eighth century St. Dicuil wrote "De Mensura Orbis Terræ," a work based on the earliest geographers and the reports of Theodosius's commissioners. St. Virgil, in the ninth century, received the cognomen geometer. John Scotus Erigena was the greatest philosopher of his age, as in after-ages Duns Scotus was the rival of the greatest man of the Western Church, St. Thomas. Marianus Scotus has been pronounced to have been the most learned chronicler of his era. The prejudiced Cambrensis bears testimony to the superiority of Irish music and musicians. He writes: "In their musical instruments alone do I find any trace of laudable industry amongst this people; in these they are incomparably skilful beyond all other nations. Its melody is filled up, and its harmony is produced with a sweetness of rapidity, a likeness of unlike sounds, and a concord of discordant notes." The wild and feeling effusions of Ossian, and the tender, patriotic strains of Columbkil, and the expressive choir odes of Sedulius, may be reasonably ranked with the productions of the Grecian muse. The illuminated manuscripts in St. Gall, in Germany in T. C. D., and in Italy, attest the high attainments acquired by the Irish in the art of painting. Mr. Westwood, in his "Palaecologia Sacra Pittoria," says: "The copy of the Gospels traditionally ascribed to have belonged to St. Columba is unquestionably the most elaborately executed manuscript of early art now in existence, far exceeding in the gigantic size of the letters, in the frontispiece of the Gospel, the excessive minuteness of the ornamental details, the number of its decorations, the fineness of the writing, and the endless variety of initial capital letters with which every page is ornamented, the famous Gospel of Lindisfarne in the Cottonian Library, (which is also a Celtic work); but this manuscript is still more valuable on account of the various pictorial representations of different scenes in the life of our Saviour, delineated in a style totally unlike that of any other school." The scholastic method of teaching theology probably had its rise in the Celtic school. John Scotus Erigena is described as a splendid scholar, and, according to Baleus, did, among other things, translate Aristotle's "Secret of Secrets" and "Government of Princes" into Chaldee, Latin, and Arabic. In fact, it appears that Ireland was then the school of Europe. And a hospitable school it was. The stranger needed no annual pension for his board, no money to buy his books, no expense to pay for his lodging or clothes, no initiation fee for his college or professors. Many an Italian, and many a Teuton, and many a Frank, and many a Saxon availed himself of Celtic masters. The ecclesiastic, the noble, the peasant, and even kings took themselves to Scotland. So say the annals of Scotia. So say the annals of foreign nations. Bede, a Saxon, writes: "In Scotia were many nobles and gentry from the English, who in the times of Bishops Colmanus and Finanus, withdrew themselves thither for either the sake of divine study or to lead more chaste lives; and some gave themselves up to a monastic life, and others attended in the monasteries to hear professors. All of them the Scots most freely admitted, and supplied them gratis with daily sustenance, with food, and with masters." And Camden: "Our Anglo-Saxons at that time flocked to Ireland as if to purchase goods." Hence it is frequently read in histories on holy men, "he has been sent to Ireland to school." It would be easy to multiply authorities on this point. It is certain that Ireland was then a land of learning, and a land of hospitality

for the stranger, and a land of sanctity, so as to be called "The Isle of Saints." Is it not worth of Home Rule?—N. Y. Tablet.

WHAT HATH IRELAND DONE FOR EUROPE?

First, it was a refuge and home of hospitality for all those that loved religion and thirsted after knowledge. The Ireland of old had its arms open to receive wanderers from all nations—yea, we learn that special provinces of Ireland had special affections towards special peoples. An arch-Ollamh writes: "Friends like itself each tribe hath found,
Though all our clans one kindred claim,
Thus Niall's race loves Alba's heights,
And Munster holds the Saxon dear;
"And Spain is loved by Uladh's tribes,
Now scattered wide through Erin's lands;
In Britton Connachit finds allies,
To France Lagenia turns for friends."

Bede states that the Irish were most friendly towards the Saxons. From this feeling of fraternal love and of extending hospitality to the nations of Europe, hundreds and hundreds were induced to come to Scotia, and, having been instructed in the then civilization, returned to their wasted lands to reconstruct society. Of those who came it is not necessary to construct a catalogue; but Willibrordus, the apostle of the Batavians, Frislanders, and people of Antwerp deserves to be specially named. But did no Scots leave their homes to educate and christianize the late importation of barbarians from the north of Europe? Most certainly. The Scots of Ireland not only left the homes of their fathers, but went in such numbers as to force a tide of migrating evangelizers with them, diffusing the Celtic Spirit, communicating learning, preaching Revelation, tending down barbarism, refining morals, and spreading far and wide the blessings of civilization. The first outflow of Christianity from Ireland was to their own blood relations with whom they had been connected for hundreds and hundreds of years. I mean the unconquered and unconquerable Caledonians. I do not know of any saint so unmistakably reflecting the spirit of the Celtic race as St. Columbkil. In the Apostle of Iona, we find a deep reverential awe and an intimate perception of the presence and workings of an omnipotent God in nature in society, and in church, beholding at the same time this quality of mind unafraidly colored by a reckless daring in calculation, an effectiveness in energy, and an unmercenary love of land and race. He was a spark let fall among the Caledonians, to light them up in a blaze of Christian glory before the eyes of the world. With the departure in 593 of Columbkil, together with his twelve companions, for the time honored ocean beaten, liberty-loving shores of Caledonia, or, as it was called, Almba, commenced the aggressive policy of the Celtic civilization. The passage of this great man across the rough ocean river, which rolls between Almba and Erin, his settlement in Hy or Iona, his labors and life assimilated, in a religious point of view, the Celts of Caledonia and the Celts of Erin. Then followed Lindisfarne in Northern England. St. Aidan converted Northumbria under King Oswald, and in 635 founded a school, a monastery, and a see at Lindisfarne. St. Fintan, a monk from the house of Columba at Hy, succeeded Aidan in 651, and continuing the aggressive policy, sent Diuma to convert the Middle Saxons and Mercia. St. Fintan, another inmate of Columba's home, at Hy, succeeding Fintan in 669 in Lindisfarne, continued the war against Saxon paganism and barbarity; while Bishop Kilach succeeding Diuma moves on the front lines of the Celtic Christian army. The landing of St. Augustine in Kent may have more eclat, inasmuch as he came from the headquarters of the Catholic Church, but the Scottish onward movement on paganism was more effective and aggressive. St. Augustine started from Rome with power to concentrate in its name the glory of what had been done or would be done in the cause of Christianity. The incomparable Columba had landed in Caledonia forty years before the monks of St. Augustine set their foot on the shore of Kent. Columba's landing dates 563, Augustine's 603. Then from Scotia there was an unremitting stream of learned men and missionaries pervading the Saxons through the following centuries. The Saxons received Christianity from the north through Hy and Lindisfarne, not from the South through Augustine and the Kentish king. But while these events were passing in Britain that great father St. Columbanus had passed into Gaul. Luxeuil was the Iona of Gaul. Under Theodorice Fontaines arose, about the year 509, an offshoot of Luxeuil. Quarrels followed with Brunehaut. Columbanus is forcibly exiled in 610. Helvetia gains. The restless and indomitable spirit of Columbanus passes on, leaving his companion St. Gall sick in Helvetia. Celtic ardor triumphs. Gall recovers. St. Gall is founded, monastery, a town, a principality, and, in 1798, a canton of the Swiss confederation. In 645, at the age of ninety-five, died the great St. Gall. But a third Iona is founded. The persistent and tireless spirit of Columbanus has moved onward a spirit which preached through Helvetia rested a year at Bregenz, and is now in Milan. Columbanus accosts the Lombard king, Agilulph, and the Lombard queen Theodolinda. Bobbio is founded a glory to this day, a fourth Iona. About two years after the foundation of Bobbio in 615, died the immortal father of Irish or Celtic missionaries, St. Columbanus. Peace be with thy spirit, Columbanus! Missionaries have poured on from Caledonia and Iona in the trail of these Ionas. Another movement is inaugurated, Europe has received in a crude form the Christian religion and yearns for education. The Merovingian dynasty of France is gone and the Carolingian succession is about to be inaugurated. The Scots from the island of the world (Tasso calls them, "Oh Irlandesi irati dall'ultima Irlanda") are the people for educational as well as for religious propaganda. Within a brief distance of the time, England and France make a literary move. Alfred redresses the Angles. Charlemagne the Saxons. Alfred's pride is Oxford, Charlemagne's Paris and Pavia. John Scotus Erigena, skilled in mathematics, dialectics, philosophy, theology, Scripture, and languages, is Alfred's pride; for Charlemagne Clemens was the president of the university of Paris, and Albinus in Pavia. John Scotus Erigena may be said to have founded a literary Iona in Oxford, Clemens a second literary Iona in Paris, and Albinus a third literary Iona in Pavia. There was, lastly, a new order of things a conservatism rather than a propagandism; it was the monastic foundations of Germany. Ratisbon was the last Iona founded in Europe. But Ratisbon did its work well. The Irish monasteries had a custom of sending out from each dependent monastery a chief with twelve followers, according to the custom of the Apostles, that they might found a new monastery. Ratisbon spread its dependencies through all the Teutonic tribes, and even penetrated to the Czars at Kiev, the capital of Russia before Moscow. Such are the great Ionas of the European continent; but there arose lights which, though we cannot well reduce them to any planetary order, we do not consider minor to class among the wandering comets.—From Dieul, a geographer, we have a description of Thule or Iceland according to a report of Irish, or more probably Caledonian monks, received thirty years before. On the same subject we know that Gonulph and Buu and the Irish John are mentioned in Scandinavian authors as missionaries to that iceberg-bound island. The Irish Papis extended their labors to Scandinavia and Lapland. It is on record that St. Sedulius the Younger attended a council in Rome under Gregory the Second, in 821, and was sent as Bishop of Oretio into Spain, where he addressed a pamphlet to the Spaniards on the identity of the Scottish and Milesian races. St. Cataldus, a

native of Munster, a student and professor at Lismore, left Ireland about 650 for Jerusalem, lived as a hermit with his brother Donatus near San Cataldo, was a Bishop and has been a patron saint of Tarentum in Italy. His brother St. Donatus was a Bishop of Lucca in Italy. St. Frigidian, presiding over the Luccan see through twenty-eight years during the sixth century, has been the patron saint of Lucca.—St. Noluta has been extolled by Pope Gregory the Great. St. Dugan was called to Rome to teach Rome and the Romans. Among the Teutons St. Arhogast was consecrated Bishop of Strasbourg in 648. St. Killan and two companions suffered martyrdom in 639. St. Fidolin the traveller founded monasteries, not only in France and Helvetia, but along the Rhine. St. Virgil, surnamed "Solivagus," taught the sphericity of the earth and defended the existence of antipodes. From Aghaboe in Ososory, of which he was abbot, he passed to France, visited Pepin, went to Bavaria in 745, disputed with and defeated St. Boniface, was named Bishop of Salzburg in 756 by Pepin and Pope Stephen II, and died after visiting his diocese, which included Carinthia in 789. And in the fixed routes of Columbkil, St. Gall, and the Ratisbon men, there was an effective element in the Pagan Celtic character impelling the burbingers of the Gospel to move onward, and calling on their enthusiastic co-patriots. It was a religious fervor leavened with the love of national glory. The Scots penetrated forests, crossed rivers, founded schools which formed a nucleus for towns to swell into cities. The Scots rebuked licentious kings, filled the chairs of universities, presided over monasteries. Enlightenment of mind, rectitude of morals, a refining of savage customs, a building of schools, churches, monasteries, towns, and an elevation of society were the fruits of the mission of the Scots. As soon as a Scottish continental monastery was sufficiently filled, a detachment of twelve was sent to found another, which in its turn detached and dispatched twelve more; and, in this way, the Celtic influence was felt from the Atlantic to the Euxine, from the Arctic to the Mediterranean. The names of Alfred, Charlemagne, and the Pope are connected with and mark the rise of civilization after the desolation of Europe by barbarians. Who were Alfred's teachers? They were Scots. Who were Charlemagne's teachers? They were Scotch, or Alfred's subjects taught by the Scotch. Relatively to Rome we read in the Breviary of Paris: "Rome at that time took care to have the relics of the saints and holy books brought to her. She sent to Ireland for learned men to expound to herself and her people the canticles of the holy law which the Irish had almost by heart." Then what do the people of Europe owe us, Scots or Celts? Hearken. How many missionaries, saints, and learned men must our forefathers have sent them to justify the following statements! From Scotia went to Iceland and to Norway eight martyrs, patrons of places. Scotia, whether major or minor matters not, has given England 44 patron saints, Belgium 30, Gaul 45, of whom six were martyrs, Italy 13, and Germany 150, of whom thirty were martyrs. Again. The Irish had 13 monasteries in Scotland, 12 in England, 7 in France, 12 in Armorica Gaul, 7 in Lotharingia, 11 in Burgundy, 9 in Belgium, 10 in Alsatia, 16 in Bavaria, 6 in Italy, 25 in Rhetia, Helvetia, Swabia, Thuringia, and the left bank of the Rhine. Is not Ireland worthy of Home Rule?—N. Y. Tablet.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

The story of the Irish Brigade is one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the Irish people. Their ardent military spirit, which was one of the results of their Celtic origin, had been wasted through many centuries, in savage feuds among themselves, or in fruitless resistance to their invaders—and when at length it had become disciplined, under Sarsfield and St. Ruth, and acquired a force which might have yielded England the greatest service in her ensuing war, it was lost to her through the intolerance which proscribed the religion of a nation. The laws of the period which forbade Catholics to bear arms under the English crown, blindly renounced all the advantages to be derived from their devotion, and compelled the army of James II., when disbanded at the peace of Limerick to pass over to the continent, and enroll under its various monarchs. Almost every throne of Europe profited by the bold hearts and stalwart frames of the buoyant sons of the Emerald Isle, except only the one that still nominally claimed their allegiance while repudiating their services. It was in France, however, that James' army was found principally to reassemble—owing, probably, to the greater sympathy of the Hibernian and the Celtic temperaments—and there formed themselves into a body, which soon became distinguished under its title of the "Irish Brigade."

These gallant emigrants, who left behind them all their social and domestic ties, carried abroad, with their untarnished honor and their indomitable courage, all their unconquerable gaiety and their undying love for their native country. Almost as deep, however, perhaps was their love for their native music. So strong was it, indeed, that they refused to march to the French tunes, and on all military occasions insisted on the use of their national airs—a gratification that was conceded to them, though the same favor was denied to the Swiss. For this, however, there was a reason. The music of the "Ranz des Vaches" awoke in the breast of the latter such a passionate longing for home, that it often led to desertion; while in the poor Irishman, whose home was lost to him, no such danger was to be feared.

During the course of almost a century the Brigade was enrolled in the French army, and had an honorable share in all the latter's brightest achievements in Flanders, Spain, and Italy. Many instances of its staunch fidelity and its daring, decisive courage might be quoted from the military records of those days; but one especially may be selected, which, in its singular combination of the heroic and the grotesque, must be regarded as very national: Cremona, besieged by Prince Eugene, and defended by the French, was surprised one morning before dawn, and would inevitably have been lost but for the promptitude of the Irish. While the punctilious and ornate Frenchmen were deliberately buttoning up their regimentals, the former, at the sound of their trumpets, jumped out of bed, and, simply staying to buckle on their cross belts and cartridge boxes, seized their guns and hurried to the square, where, on forming in fighting order, their commander's words, "Halt!—dress!" were, at least in one respect, superfluous. The indifference to appearances on this occasion was all the greater that the period was midwinter, and the city was near the Alps. In this condition they were charged by the Austrian cuirassiers. It was steel coats against night shirts; but the linen trade of Ireland proved the more formidable of the two. The Austrians were driven back, and the French had time to form and recover possession of the town. For this brilliant service the brigade was honored with the emphatic thanks of Louis XIV., and also had their pay increased.

But these fearless fellows, as may be supposed, carried abroad to their new service not only their courage and fidelity, but all their exuberance as Irishmen. Their rollicking spirit and love of fun were quite as great as their love of fighting, and at times wore so opposed to propriety and discipline, that the mariners of the French ranks had to make formal complaints on the matter. It was on one such occasion that a great compliment was paid them by the brave Duke of Berwick, who, however, had good reason to love them for their devotion to his father.

"Please your majesty," replied the duke, your enemies make just the same complaint of them!" The idol of the Brigade was the celebrated Marshal Saxe, whose great bravery in union with his jovial, mirthful temperament, gave him a character that was so engaging and so kindred to their own. It was in reference to him originated one of the blunders of poor Pat that has so often been repeated and localized everywhere. The marshal was wounded in some engagement, and, moreover, it was reported—in his back. None of the Brigade, however, would believe it.

"When did he ever show his back to them?" was the general exclamation. "Wasn't it his face they knew the most of, and wasn't their backs that he knew best?"

At last a solution of the mystery was hit upon: "He was pushing 'em, you see, and just to make the villains think that, on the contrary, he was retreating, he buttoned his coat behind him!"

Of the anecdotes and jokes told of the Brigade during their extended foreign service—proofs of a humour and light-heartedness which exile even could not subdue—the number is, indeed, legion. Gallic vanity forced them often into the attitude of censors, and several of their repartees are excellent, and as full of sense as they were of pleasantry. Among the mass of these is one that has been often referred to their sources—when a Frenchman, claiming for his country the invention of all the elegances, named, among other things, a ruffie; and Pat answered:

"We improved on it—we put to it a shirt!" In the same spirit, but less known, was his retort upon a shopkeeper in some petty town where he was quartered. The place had rather a pretentious gate, and the grocer, dilated on its grandeur, and asked what the Irish would say if they possessed it. The sarcasm, however, was deeper and more essentially Hibernian when, on his going somewhere to dine, after hearing great praises of French cookery, he saw a pot of soup brought in with a bit of meat floating on the top of it, upon which he pulled off his coat, and, being asked why he did so, said: "Sure I am going to have a swim for that little bit of mate there!"

Among the adventures recorded of the Brigade, one of the most amusing was an occurrence, in the time of the Regent Orleans, in honor of whose birthday a grand masquerade was given in Paris. It was a high-class affair; tickets were a double louis d'or; all the rank and beauty of Paris were assembled round the regent, and a costly and luxurious supper crowned the attractions of the night. While the entertainment was proceeding, one of the prince's suite approached and whispered to him:

"It is worth your royal highness's while to step into the supper room; there is a yellow domino there, who is the most extraordinary comorant ever witnessed, he is a prodigy, your highness—he never stops eating and drinking; and the attendants say, moreover, that he has not done so for several hours." His royal highness went accordingly; and sure enough there was the yellow domino, laying about him as described, and swallowing every thing as ravenously as if he had only just begun. Raised pills fell before him like garden palings before a field piece; pheasants and quails seemed to fly down his throat in a little covey; the wine he drank threatened a scarcity, whatever might be the next vintage.

After watching him for some time the duke acknowledged he was a wonder, and laughingly left the room; but shortly afterward, on passing through another, he saw the yellow domino again, and as actively at work as ever, devastating dishes everywhere, and emptying the champagne bottles as rapidly as they were brought to him. Perfectly amazed, the duke at last could not restrain his curiosity.

"Who," he asked, "is that insatiate ogre that threatens such annihilation to all the labors of our cooks?"

Accordingly, one of the suite was despatched to him.

"His royal highness the duke of Orleans desires the yellow domino to unmask."

But the domino begged to be excused, pleading the privilege of masquerade.

"There is a higher law," replied the officer; "the royal order must be obeyed."

"Well then," answered the incoquito, "if it must be, it must; and unmasking, exhibited the ruddy visage of an Irish trooper."

"Why in the name of Polyhemus!" exclaimed the regent, as he advanced to him, "who and what are you? I have seen you eat and drink enough for a dozen men at least, and yet you seem as empty as a covey."

"Well, then," said the trooper "since the sacret must come out, please, your royal highness I am one of Clare's Horses—that's the guard-of-honor to-night—and when our men were ordered out, we clubbed our money to buy a ticket, and agreed to take our turn at the supper-table, turn and turn about."

"What!" exclaimed the duke, "the whole troop coming to supper?"

"Oh, it's easy, please your highness; sure one domino would do for all us—if a ache tuk it in turn. I'm only the eighteenth man, and there's twelve more of us to come."

The loud laughter of the jovial duke, probably the heartiest he had had for a long time, was the response to this explanation, followed by a louis d'or to the dragoon, and a promise to keep his "sacret" till the entire troop had supped.

The career of the Irish Brigade closed with the approach of the French Revolution, and fortunately for them, no doubt; since, had they remained in France, there is little question they would have maintained their loyalty, and been massacred like the Swiss.—"Life of Samuel Lover" (London, 1874).

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN AND THE OPERA.—Cardinal Cullen caused a letter to be read on Sunday, 27th ult., in all the Catholic Churches of the diocese of Dublin. His Eminence warmly denounces a scene in Balfo's Opera, *Il Talismano*, where nuns are introduced, and an altar with candles set upon the stage. The Cardinal describes the proceedings which commenced "with a procession of pretended nuns, represented by the ballet girls of the theatre. After this scene the disguised actresses took their seats in choir, and chaunted in a most discordant and disgusting way the litanies or psalms used in the sacred liturgy of the church, and went through other theatrical pretences of prayer, and asks—'Is it not disgraceful to violate the seclusion of those spouses of Jesus Christ, and to get them represented on the stage by dancing girls, who so often offend modest eyes by their want of dress, and by their improper signs or gestures, and who seem to be employed as a stumbling-block for the fall and ruin of the unwary?'"

CLIFDEN NEW CHURCH.—The new Church of Clifden, Connemara, is in an advanced stage of progress, but funds are requisite for its completion, and an appeal is made by the Rev. Patrick Macmanus, P.P., for the necessary assistance. Numerous contributions in aid of the building fund have been received by the rev. gentleman from America and Australia, as well as from England and Scotland.

BAPTISM OF VISCOUNT FORBES.—The infant son of the Earl of Granard, K.P., was baptized on the 22nd ult., by the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, in his Eminence's private chapel in Eccles street. The names given, Bernard Arthur William Patrick Hastings, are derived from old family names in the paternal and maternal ancestry of the youthful Viscount Forbes. The sponsors were Lord Petre and the Hon. Mrs. Clifford.

After last Mass at Nenagh on Sunday, a preliminary