Some day in the spring
When earth is bright and glad,
When wild birds sing.
And fewest hearts are sad,
Shail I die then?
I know it will be sweet
To rest beneath the sod;
To kneel and kiss Thy Feet.
In thy home, oh! my God!

Some summer morn,
When all the winds sing songs,
When roses hide each thorn,
And smiles—the spirit's wrongs,
Shall I die the?
I know I will rejoice
To leave the home of men
To rest beneath the sod,
To kneel and kiss Thy Feet,
In Thy home, oh! my God!

Some autumn eve,
When shadows dim the sky;
When all things grieve,
And fairest things all die,
Shail I die then?
I know I will be glad
To sleep beneath the sod;
No heart can e'er be sad
In Thy home, oh! my God!

Some wintry day,
When all the sky is gloom,
And beauteons May
Sleeps in December's tomb,
Shall I die then?
My heart shall throb with joy,
To leave the home of men
To rest beneath the sod;
Alt Joy has no alloy,
In thy home, oh! my God!

Ah, me? I tell
The Rosary of my years;
And it is well
The beads are strung with tears;
Haste death and come!
I hipne—I pray for Home?
I know it will be sweet
To kneel and kiss Thy Feet
In Thy home, oh! my God!

THE MOORE CENTENARY.

CELEBRATION IN HAMILTON. BRILLIANT LECTURE BY FATHER FLANNERY

OF ST. THOMAS. At the Moore Centenary in Hamilton the popular pastor of St. Thomas, Rev. W. Flannery, delivered the following elo-

quent lecture on Moore:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I very much regret that the honor conferred upon me this evening deprives me of the great pleasure I would experience in hearing from more eloquent lips praise given to the name and memory of Erin's immortal bard. From boyhood up I have loved the name of Thomas Moore. His poetry, his melodies and exquisite songs ever had a charm for my ear, and a joy for my soul that no other poet living or dead could awaken. If the task, then, be a difficult one, or even a disadvantage this evening it would be bordering very much on hypocrisy were I to say I do not experice a real pleasure and a rare delight conversing with you for a short time on the many excellencies, and the unapproach-able glories of him whose 100th anniver-

sary birth-day it is our privilege this night

to commemorate.

Through no ancient lineage of belted knights or feudal lords did Moore trace his knights or feudal lords did Moore trace his pedigree. Like Beranger of France, and Burns of Scotland, our great poet was essentially a man of the people. From his father, honest John Moore, grocer and vintner, 18 Aungier street, Dublin, and from his truly pious, truly Irish mother, he inherited all that lofty genius, all those rare and splendid graces of talent, all that fiery ardour of soul and keenness of wit that ever distinguished the Irish scholar and poet. Small of stature, with welland poet. Small of stature, with well-formed, well-rounded limbs, a noble forehead, with full deep blue eyes ever sparkling through a tangled mass of auburn locks that clustered on his poetic brow, he was all life, all vivacity, all sociability, all poetry, all music, all fun. Everywhere his presence was courted and sought after; gentlemen of the very highest rank, schol gentiemen of the very highest rank, scholars and poets whose reputation was world-wide, Lords and Princes decimed it an honor to possess the friendship of Moore and to entertain him at the festive board; and the ladies, need it be said, all adored him. He was "the poet of every circle and the sidel of him. and the ladies, fred it be said, and the ladies, fred it be said the idol of his own." At Trintiy College, Dublin, he acquired a perfect mastry over the Greek and Latin tongues, and he devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of the muse. Metrical conditions are always and the said considerate and the said considera and he devoted his lessare hours to the cultivation of the muse. Metrical com-position, both grave and gay, chaste and sublime, flowed naturally and smoothly beneath the facile touch of his graceful pen; and at the age of fourteen he fugitive poems and much applauded verse to the Anthologia Hibernica, a magazine then edited in Dublin—and well known in his day for its many literary and artis-

tic merits. Moore was twenty years of age when he first crossed the channel and entered as a law student in the Middle Temple, London, but his mind seemed far more pre occupied with poetical imaginings than legal technicalities, so he carried with him the Odes of Anacreon, which in his school days he had translated from Greek into most beautiful, in fact, into inimitable English verse. These were published by subscription, and though an amatory or Bacchanalian vein runs through the whole composition, and therefore not to be re-commended—yet as they were master-pieces of happy translation they created quiet a furore among the educated and fashionable circles of the metropolis. The fashionable circles of the metropolis. The following year a volume appeared under the title of Juvenilia, or poetical works by the late Thomas Little,—a pseudonyme suggested by his diminutive stature. These also met with popular favor, although in his later years Moore was the loudest in their condemnation, both for style and for matter. But in the short space allowed me this evening it would be impossible to follow the young poet step by step, and me this evening it would be impossible to follow the young poet step by step, and verse by verse, to the dizzy height he attained in the zenith of his glory when the Lallah Rookh poems took the English speaking world by surprise, and the name of Thomas Moore was on every tongue, as the most brilliant writer of the 19th century. For brevity's sake, then, and for more clearness, I shall speak first of his prose works, and return again to his exquisite postry.

And although, perhaps, not very practical as a Catholic, yet he always remained firmly attached to the faith. No doubt his temptations were almost irresistible; all his surroundings, and the allurements all his surroundings, and the antirements to vice of a corrupt capital, were nigh proving fatal to his constancy; but he was upheld in all by the recollections of a mother's sweet example and of his own early piety. He tells us himself that while the Penal Code hung like a pall over the conscience of his native land, while it was criminal in the eyes of the law to assist at Catholic worship or acknowledge Papal supremacy, he felt bound, in honor and principle, to remain attached to the Catholic Church, how chieffers and the Catholic Church, how chieffers and the Catholic Church, how chief the Catholic Church Churc principle, to remain attached to the Cath-olic Church, how objectionable sover her teachings might be. But when the cloud lifted and a serener sky appeared, when Catholic Emancipation was proclaimed, and the shackles fell from his feet—then he considered he was free to become a Pro-tectant or servein a Catholic. Then all testant or remain a Catholic. Then all his stores of knowledge came to his aid. The most celebrated libraries were thoroughly ransaked. From their dusky shelves he tumbled down a Tertullian and Origen; he opened and went through the heavy iron-clasped volumes of the lucid and smooth-flowing Chrysostom. The letters of Justin and Clement, the volumnious tomes of Leo and Ambrose, of Sts.
Jerome and Augustine, were all pored
over and digested by the versatile, giddy
little poet, until he was thoroughly convinced that the religion of his pious parents was the religion of ancient days : that fasting and prayer, and ember days and Lent, belonged to the Apostolic age; that the earliest Christians heard Mass, and that earliest Christians heard Mass, and that in the days of Tertullian (A.D. 250) an ordinary Christian made upon himself in one day as many signs of the cross as would de an old Irishwoman for a whole week. He gave eloquent expression to his religious convictions and ample reason for the Faith that was in him in a every extensive and beautiful written work, entitled "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," which, without giving offence or casting a slur on the opinions or persua-sions of others, is one of the most fascinat-ing as it is one of the most convincing polemical works in existence. He would not be Thomas Moore, however, did he not embalm in elegant verse, and har-monise to a very sweet old Irish air, his monise to a very sweet our firsh an, us-solemn reflections on so grave a subject as Religion, one of his most enchanting, though, perhaps, least known, melodies is styled "An Irish Peasant to his Mistress." We understand the whole scope and gist of the poem, when we know that the Irish peasant is Tom Moore himself, and his

"Through grief and thro' danger Thy smile hath cheered my w In 1803, he was appointed Registrar to the English Admiralty in Bermuda, where he arrived on the ship Pheton in January, 1804. The office, however, was neither lucrative nor congenial to his tastes, so trusting his duties to a deputy, he soon after returned to England. The poet, how ever, took advantage of his position to visit great portions of the United States and the Canadas. Nor was his time idly and the Canadas. Nor was his time faily spent, every point of interest he visited is immortalised by his genius. The Dis-mal Swamp, the Uttawa's tide, are made in turn the subject of ringing verse and stirring song whose sweet sound never die out. When leaving Phi When leaving Philadel-

istress the old Catholic Church-whom

compares to a loved one that once was

rich but lost her crown. He mentions

derived from attachment to a more fortu

nate mistress, but he still clung to his

phia, he sang
"Alone by the Scuylkill a wanderer roved,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye
But far, very far, were the friends that he

rapids and the romantic islands that he quietly in its broad bosom. The echoing songs of the French Canadian voyageurs who skim over its surface in their light canoes, charmed his musical ear, as they elicited the admiration of the Prince of Wales in 1860, and attenuated his Irish Wales in 1860, and attenuated ins Irisin harp to the enlivening and exhilerating sounds. The London Illustrated News copied these French rowing songs at the time of the Prince of Wales visit, and described as most charming when sung to the time of the paddles that impelled the light came in its rapid course: "A la claire fontaine," &c., &c.,

Moore sang to the same time and

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,

On his return to England he published a series of letters, edes, and epistles on American institutions, scenery and litera-ture. These were severely criticised by Lord Jeffrey in the Edinburgh Review. But our plucky little poet had not forgot but our pidexy intrepoet had not forgot his Irish valor in his wanderings; he chal-lenged Jeffrey to mortal combat, the sec-onds were appointed, the meeting took place, and Tommy Moore holding a pistol in each hand stood fiercely eying his adversary awaiting the signal for the fatal shot, when a sergeant of police appeared on the scene of action just in time to save the effusion of bad blood and the scatterng of very clever brains. It was subsequently discovered that one of Moore's stols had no bullet, and Lord Byron in is book entitled "English bards and Scotch reviewers," made a very humorous but most ludicrous allusion to Tommy Little's leadless pistol. Here Tommy's Irish was up again; he challenged Byron to fight him with swords or pistols; friends, however, interfered and likes chool-boys after a good drubbing administered to each other, Jeffrey, Ryron and Moore became the most steadfast and attached friends. Byron before setting out for Missolonghi, addressed Moore in words that have been set to music and the tune of which has been played and considered one of the national airs by the military of England.

With this water as this wine The libations I would pour, Would be peace to thine and mine And a health to thee Tom Moore,

of epistolary style, but also for the floods of light they shed on the history of Europe during the first quarter of the eventful century we are now passing through, and

hich is fast coming to its close.

Moore's poetry is classical and refined,
Il chaste and sublime—nothing in the all chaste and submine—nothing in the English tongue can compare with the rich profusion of voluptuous languages, beau-teous style, gorgeous colouring, sublime periods and elegant diction of the Lallah Companyable in every Rookh poems. Gems sparkle in every line, any one of which would be the fortune of an ordinary poet. Moore was re roached with being a song writer—the critics of his day, and their name was legion, averred that his genius, like his stature, was of the diminutive kind—and could produce nothing but ballads and fugitive cales. To dispute them. To silence them, Me fugitive odes. ndoned the busy hum and turmoil of London literary life, and secluded himself for three years in his county residence at Derbyshire.

His labors and meditations resulted in His labors and meditations resided in the production of Lallah Rookh—an ori-ental epic poem—in which for sublimity of conception, for grandeur of expression, for fidelity and accuracy of description, for weath of flowing measures and rolling numbers—he soared on eagle's wings, far above anything Byron had composed or Walter Scott had dared. His fire worshippers and their moslem mastery—his veiled prophet of Khorassan—Paradise, the Loves of the Angals, Left all the of the Angels, left all the poetic writers of the period completely in the shade. Some writers of fiction advance with

majestic tread over a stage of their own making-some, like Milton, are forever soaring above the clouds, there wearying soaring above the clouds, there went you more's fancy in following them; but Moore is ever amongst us, ever on the wing, at times like the restless humming bird sup. times like the restless humming bird sup-ping sweets from every flower, and dis-tilling on parchaent through his never-liting res. Associated tiring pen. Anon he swoops down like the eagle, as when he sings, "Avenging and bright fall the swift swords of Erin;" and again he is found like the gilded bird of the story that flitted from the tree— "With the talisman's glittering glory has hope been that bird to thee," &c. Chris-topher North, a litterateur of the Scotch school, while praising the songs of his fel-low-countryman, Burns—declares that, of all the bards that ever sang, chanted, or all the bards that ever sang, chanted, or warbled, the greatest is none other than Erin's sweet bard, Tom Moore. The great-est of all modern epic writers is Milton; Shakespear by far surpasses all others in the dramatic; Pope excells all competi-tors in the didactic; but as a lyrist or song writer, Moore has superseded all others. His songs are the most exquisite productions that ever emanated from poeti They have been translated brains. brains. They have been trains and admired by peer and peasant, in the rude cabin and palatial hall. They touch every chord of the human heart, now inspiring the souls to deeds of daring, now meiting honors and emoluments he might have it to tears. They were vastly instrumental in obtaining for Ireland Catholic Em ancipation; in our day, inspired in their struggles for freedom, the patriotic Poles had translated, "By the Hope Within us springing," in chorusing which they flung themselves valiantly against the gun of the Russian and the lance of the Cossack.

However men may dispute over the pretended excellence of Moore's poetry in general, his Melodies have been universalaccepted as the *ne plus ultra* of lyric omposition. On them rests particularly Moore sings, every other song writer Moore sings, every other song writer chief claim to immortality. When sinks into mediocrity. The Melodies were chiefly composed in England, and under the following circumstances:—Mr. John Power, the well-known music publisher, on the Strand, London, consid-But far, very far, were the friends that he loved.

And he gized on the flowery banks with a sigh.

He ascended the chain of lakes which form the Ottawa River, and was entranced with its cascades and portages, its numerous rapids and the romantic islands that lie quietly in its broad bosom. The echoing soft the French Canadian voyageurs who skim over its surface in their light canoes, charmed his musical ear, as they elicited the admiration of the Prince of reputation as poets and writers of fiction. ered the idea of publishing a series of Irish reputation as poets and writers of fiction.

They were all consulted by Mr. Power, and all signified their willingness to contribute to the collection. This was in 1807, when little Tommy Moore, the law student, was not even thought of in con nection with so great a work as the one contemplated. The great poets, however, contemplated. The great poets, however, though very loud and emphatic in their promises, never contributed anything. The project hung fire. Finally, Tommy Moore heard of it, and he set to work inmediately. In a few days he approached the puzzled publicist, and presented a few songs, arranged to beautiful old Irish airs, which we recovered accepted and all at which were eagerly accepted, and all at once obtained for the work a world reputation. You will not be surprised when you hear the names of the first songs he sent in, they were—"Go where Glory waits
Thee," "Rich and Rare were the Gems
She Wore," "The harp that Once," and
"The Last Rose of Summer." The re
ception accorded to the new work was unprecedented. The fortune of Mr. Power precedented. The fortune of Mr. Power was made, and Thomas Moore became a Titan in an age of literary giants. The Melodies were written to the airs of old Irish ballads, solicited by Mr. Power and sent to him from all parts of Ireland; they were then handed to Mr. Stevenson for musical arrangement and as all the for musical arrangement, and as all th great poets of the day gave up in despair Thomas Moore became sole contributor. The airs in general were very fine, though long forgotten, but were resuscitated and again made popular by the genius of Moore. Very often it was extremely difficult to adapt classical language and refined expression of chaste sentiment fined expression of chaste sentiment to airs apparently so common-place, but Moore overcame every difficulty. To the grand, old Irish air of "Colleen Das Scruthin Na Mo" he adapted a short epic poem. The history of Ireland's downfall and her first invasion by our English neighbours. At the Prince of Brefin's return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Islands, in the Shannon, he found his Castle deserted and his wife in the hands of Prince McMurrough, who was already banished from his kingdom by his subjects.

lander for want of a breeches." Our American cousins had in vogue not long since a song to the same tune, which took very well for a time and was just as vulgar as the original—"Bully for You." Now, listen to the beautiful words Moore attached to that air and how he dignified it. tached to that air, and how he dignified it by his electric wit-

Oh, 'tis sweet to think that where'er we

We are sure to find something delightful and dear. Now, that song, though harmless enough and merely intended as a play of words, is one of the very worst in the whole col-lection. For of all the love songs that were ever written in any nation or tongue, there are none as free from grossness and indelicacy as Moore's. Lord Jeffrey says he (Moore) appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity and delicacy, no less than of justice, liberty and honor. There is nothing approaching in-delicacy even in his description of the seductions by which his heroes and heroine are tried—and they who object to his en-chanting pictures of the beauty and pure attachment of them would find fault, we suppose, with the level of the fault, we uppose, with the loveliness and embrac

f the angles. What a lesson for Irishmen, and for all men, is contained in that exquisetly re-fined song, "Rich and Rare." Where a lady, who is all beauty and loveliness, carrying a profusion of wealth and jewels, is represented as traversing Ireland alone. from one end to the other, wholly, solely relying for protection on the manly pride and heroic virtues of the sons of Erin—

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore. Could any words be more chaste or soul touching than the description of the love Mary Curran died of—in a strange land like Rachael, refusing to be consoled be-cause he was not. Her adored one, Robert cause he was not. Her adored one, Rober Emmet, had died for his country—no could she long remain behind :-She is far from the land where her you

ero sleeps, lovers around her sighing, oldly she turns from their gaze at

weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying." Moore is also the champion of conjuga fidelity, he never could lay claims to the title of National Bard of Erin did his song not reflect the national virtues that di not reflect the national virtues that dis-tinguish Irishmen and women the world over. Purity of morals in Irish maiden hood, and fidelity to one's husband in the married state, are among the traits that distinguish the Irish character. Two songs in the melodies are sufficiently elo-quent on this subject—"Believe me if all those endearing young charms.

Remember whenever the goblet is crown In this world whether eastward or w ward we roam,
When the cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh remember the smile that adorns her at

When Moore appears in the character

of a lover—he bears in his quiver the arrows of Mercury, but never the darts of Cupid. 'Tis fun he makes and not love of his enamoratas—hear him under the oalcony serenading his true love—he says "the best of all ways to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."—"Now, all the world is sleeping love-but the sage "-i.e., the astron "his star watch is keeping love,"-"But I whose star, more glorious far, is the eye from that casement peeping." Moore is reproached with a lack of

patriotism, simply, I suppose, because he never advocated taking up arms in a mad attempt at insurrection, rushing mad attempt at insurrection, rushing blindly to his own destruction and the ruin of others. Every man has his particular calling—and the man who is a poet born should not be expected to succeed as a general in the army. However, he proved by his matchless eloquence, that the pen is mightier than the sword. Had the great talents who seeded from O'Connell—had W. S. O'Brien, and honest John Martin, and John Mitchell, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and T. F. Meagher, and Gavan Duffy, and the poet Davis and other young Irelanders, instead of appealing to the arbitrament of the sword, entered the British House of Parliament in one solid unbroken phalanx and electrified the nation as they could have done, by the genius of their eloquence—and steadfastness of purpose, long since they would have obtained Home Rule for Ireland, or Samson-like, they would have obtained the missing the state of the sword, and, or Samson-like, they would have obtained the ruin of others. Every man has his particulate in the should not be expected to succeed as a general in the army. However, he proved by his matchless eloquence, that the pen is mightier than the sword. Had the great talents who seeded from O'Connell—had W. S. O'Brien, and honest John Martin, and John Mitchell, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and T. F. Meagher, and Gavan Duffy, and the poet Davis and other young Irelanders, instead of appealing to the arbitrament of the sword, entered the British House of Parliament in one solid unbroken phalanx and electrified the nation as they could have done, by the genius of their eloquence—and steadfastness of purpose, long since they would have obtained the university of Parliament of the sword of the propose long since they would have obtained the university of Parliament of the sword of the propose long since they would have obtained the propose long the pr land, or Samson-like, they would have shaken the pillars of the Empire, and brought down Westminster Hall upon

Moore's patriotism consisted in loving his country most ardently, and in causing her virtues and her greatness to be admired and loved by every other nation on the earth—what the blood of Emmet and rd Edward Fitzgerald could not effect Moore's poems accomplished. They made our English task-masters to pause at the our English task-masters to pause at the song of their captive and weep. Where the eloquence of O'Connell could not penetrate—Moore's Melodies were wel-comed and pondered over. The tale of Ireland's wrongs could be found in the bouldoir of every high-born lady in the land, and pity was awakened and sym-could be distributed by the beauty of all that pathy elicited in the bosoms of all that vere noble and Lumane, till the outburst of feeling became so general and so loud that it was impossible for King George to refuse the demands of O'Connell, Catholic Emancipation was achieved. I know that Moore had his faults, but must we reject the sun because of its spots? We should consider the circumstances in which he was placed. They say man is the creature of circumstance. An Irishman living amongst Englishmen, a Catholic associating with Protestants—it should not be wondered at if he did blunder sometimes. But the fact is that under those adverse circumstances he never for once ceased to advocate the cause of country and religion. Was he not a patriot who sang of the glories of Brian the Brave? Was he not a patriot who wept over the silent grave of Robert Emmet, his old friend and associate? "Oh breathe not his name, let it rest in the

shade, re cold and unhonoured his relics are

soems were due to the inspiration he aught from the constant contemplation of the wrongs and the injustice inflicted

Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, declared, on reading them: "Dean Swift should give way, for now Thomas Moore was the glory of Ireland."

glory of Ireland."

If Moore's poems did not breathe of patriotism, would the greatest and noblest Irishman that ever lived, Archbishop MacHale, go to the trouble, as he has done, of translating every line of them into magnificent Irish verse? Küdare's Holy Shrine, the Vale of Aveca Chendaland. Shrine, the Vale of Avoca, Glendaloug thy Gloomy Wave, and Gentle Kathleer Grave, and St. Senanus and St. Kevin's bed of rock, Lough Neagh, and a hundred other localities are immortalized by hi genius and are familiar to every ear. The grand old airs of our ancestral music would long ago have been forgotten and lost forever, did not the harp of Erin's bard catch up the inspiration and crystal-lize it in undying song. So patriotic were Moore's Melodies that O'Connell and many other celebrated orators of his time borrowed largely from them, and elicited borrowed largely from them, and elicited rapturons applause by a quotation from Moore in their eloquent harangues to the people. How often the great tribune promised that he would not rest nor be happy, nor cease to agitate, till he saw Ireland as she ought to be, "great, glorious, and free." How often, when a boy, have I not listened with rapture to the have I not listened with rapture to the thundering voice of the great Liberator as it rolled over the thousands gathered before him, and was heard at the outmost limits of the countless assemblage, when he broke in at last with the poet's words: "Oh, where's the slave so lowly." Moore said that as an Imperialist or man of the world he could respect England, but that as an Irishman he should hate her. His words were, in his life of Sheridan, "As a citizen of the world I could point to Engitizen of the world I could point to Eng land, as its brightest ornament, but Irishman I blush to belong to her.'

With Moore's love for religion and fatherland was no name for his principles. He tion was no name for ins principles. It was liberal-minded even to a fault. You see how on principle he denounced, in prose and verse, tyranny under every shape and name; yet on principle he was liberal and generous, as might be proved

by many quotations from his writings.
On a day like this, when all Irishmen of every creed glory in honouring his name, they should resolve to forget past grievances and unite in one common fraternity of patriotism, and one common aspiration for Ireland's regeneration and nationhood.

for Ireland's regeneration and nationhood.

"Till like the rainbow's light
Her various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace."

No more social or genial soul ever existed than Thomas Moore. He was the life of company; and being the very soul of wit and good fellowship, he was overwhelmed with invitations to convivial requires. It was at a hanguet given to him It was at a banquet given to him in Dublin, after a long absence from his native land, when many of those around him had like himself grown grey in the service of their country, that he took out his pencil and wrote the lines with which —seeing so many time-honored friends before me—I think I may appropriately conclude. "And doth not a meeting like this, Make amends for all the long years

The rev. lecturer was rapturously applanded, and at the conclusion received a hearty vote of thanks.

MONASTICISM.

Their Dionysius Exiquus perfected stical computation. Their Guido Paris. Their Dionysius Exiquus perfected ecclesiastical computation. Their Guido invented the scale of music; their Sylves-ter, the organ."

BISMARCK AND THE CHURCH.

Bismarck has repeatedly had it announce ed that he meant to make his peace with the Catholic Church, but the action of the Prussian Government constantly gives the lie direct to this promise. The persecu-tion of the Church continues as bad as ever. Only within the last week several priests in the province of Posen have been exiled, after undergoing various terms of imprisonment. A new "state priest" has imprisonment. A new state priest has been forcibly introduced into a village of Silesia. A printer at Cologne has been indicted for using the words "Archibishop of Cologne" on the title page of a small book issued by that prelate years ago, and of which that printer had recently published a fourth edition; and another printer has got into trouble for reproducing the Holy Father's letter to the cardinal-vicar, in Father's letter to the cardinal-vicar, in which the government beholds "an outrage upon the Protestant religion." If all things are to be taken as preliminaries of peace, we only wonder what may be understood by preliminaries of war. Certain it is that Bismarck seems to have taken the action of King Pharao in Egypt for his pattern, and will have to be made to feel its consequences before he

Many anecdotes are related of the late Mr. Issac Butt. One day, a lady writes, he ran in hurriedly to see my father, who was out at the time. As he was rushing away without leaving any name I ventured to remark, "Who shall I say called?" Moore himself confesses that the great uccess and perfection of the Lallah Rookh soems were due to the inspiration he was then. Going home late one night he was accosted by a desperate looking ruffian prose works, and return again to his exquisite postry.

The religious convictions he inherited from his pious Catholic mother were not in harmony with the teachings of the learned Professors of Trinity College, nor did they obtain much acceptance or favor among the literary men who were his constant associates in England's busy capital.

The lettters full of wit and kindness—full of wit and kindness—full of instructions and delicate attentions, replete with allusions to contemporaneous events and individuals now belonging to his presented him with an army of freebooters and individuals now belonging to his presented him with an army of freebooters and individuals now belonging to his presented him with an army of freebooters and individuals now belonging to his presented him with an army of freebooters and excommunicated Knights Templars, distort, which passed between these two did they obtain much acceptance or favor did they obtain much acceptance or favor among the literary men who were his constant associates in England's busy capital.

The lettters full of wit and kindness—full of instructions and delicate attentions, replete with allusions to contemporaneous events and individuals now belonging to stand. "Well," recomed in England by Richard II., who restored him with an army of freebooters and excommunicated Knights Templars, but returned from the continent—intervence with his admirable life of with an army of freebooters and individuals now belonging to stand. "Well," revery sorry language, the fierce struggle for independance where the Ghebers of Persia and individuals now belonging to the comed in England by Richard II., who restored him with an army of freebooters and excommunicated Knights Templars, when the continent—intervence with his admirable life of with an army of freebooters and excommunicated Knights Templars, when the communication in the was going to stand. "The Fire Worshippers" is a most entraction, what in one of the suburbs of Dublin and asked

AN OLD HERO GONE.

SUDDEN DEATH OF GEN. JAMES SHIELDS

As we close our forms a telegram reacher As we close our forms a telegram reaches us from Ottomwa, Iowa, dated June 2nd, containing the sad news of the death of General James Shields. The veteran died in that city at 10, 30 on the evening of the 1st inst. He had lectured in Ottomwa a few days previously, and was staying with some relatives. On the day of his death he appeared in usual health, ate a hearty supper at six o'clock, wrote several letters but just before retiring, complained of a pain in the chest, and soon thereafter said to his niece he was dying, and in 30 minutes expired, sitting in Lis chair, remaining conscious to the last. His remains will be removed to his home in Carrollton, Mis-

This death removes from us one of the oblest frishmen who ever became an American patriot. The career of General Shields is an honor to his family, his country and his race. As we wrote two years ago, his name was a household word with a former generation, when he re-turned covered with the red honors of Mexico. He lived through dangers and Mexico. He fived through dangers and sufferings perhaps unprecedented. In the profession of the law, he rose easily to be a Judge. In politics, he had occupied every position from a state legislator to a United States senator. The latter high office he has held from three States—an house which never come to another men. honor which never came to another in the history of the Republic. In the war for the Union he renewed the glory of his youih, and as Maior-General in command of a division of United States troops won the distinction of being the only General who defeated "Stonewall" Jackson. · Major General James Shields was born

Major General James Shields was born on the 6th of May, 1807, at Altmore, near Dungannon, in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, so that he died at the ripe age of 72. He was the oldest of three brothers, his father—who had come to America, and become a citizen of the United States—dying while he was yet very young. He came to America in his sixteenth year, and found himself fained beging a strange country. found himself friendless in a strange country. He studied law, and during his stud es became a volunteer in a company which soon selected him for lieutenant. His first war was the Semimole cam-paign, after which he became a resident of Illinois, was elected a Representative, if 1840 was made state Auditor, and in '43 a judge of the State Supreme Cor 1846 the State of Illinois raised a 1846 the State of Illinois raised a brigade for the Mexican war, and honored Shields with the command. Gen. Shields' whole service in Mexico was brilliant. He was for some time Military Governor of Tampice; but he rejoined his old brigade at Vera Cruz in the spring of 1847, where, under General Scott, he assisted in the capture of that city. For his services during the siege he was specially mentioned by General Scott in General Orders No. 80, dated March 30, 1847. His divi-No. 80, dated March 30, 1847. His divi-sion commander, Major-General Patterson, had simlarly commended him a few days

had similarly commended him a few days previously.

On the evening of April 17th, 1847, Gen. Shields' brigade carried the heights of Cerro Gordo in the face of terrible odds; but while gallantly leading his troops to the attack, he was struck down by a large copper escopet ball which passed through his lungs. When some of his soldiers came to remove their beloved commander, he thus addressed them:—

presented to him in the Fall of 1847, while he was the guest of Gov. Hampton's father, on his return from the war. The sword bears the following inscription:—

"From the State of South Carolina to-Gen. James Shields, in testimony of her admiration of his gallantry in the Mexican-war, and as a tribute of gratitude for his parental attention to the Palmetto Regi At the close of the Mexican war, Gen.

Shields returned to Illinois, and in 1849-was elected United States senate from that State. He afterwards removed to that State. He afterwards removed to Minnesota, which State he also represented in the Senate at Washington. During the present year he was elected by the State of Missouri to the same exalted position. At the breaking out of the late war he offerred his services to the Government, was appointed Brigadier General of Volunteers, and commanded a division in Banks' Army in the Shenandoa Valley, where, on the 22nd of March, 1862, he defeated "Stones" wall "Jackson at Wincester, winning the most glorious record of all.

Being wounded by a splinter from a shell on the day previous to the battle, he issued his orders from a litter upon which he was borne to the field. President Lincoln nominated him Major-General; but the jealousy of a miserable clique of politi-cians, who feared his growing popularity, prevented the confirmation of his appoint ment by the senate; and having suffered much from his wounds, he retired from

General Shields leaves a widow and a young family, to mourn his loss. To them in their affliction will go out the sympathy of the United States

For the brave old man who is dead we say with pride, "He was a brave soldier and a good citizen;" and we add with fervor: "He was a good Christian, a good father, a true friend—may God have mercy on his soul!"—Boston Pilot.

... Mgr. Capel, it is said, has had an offer to go on a lecturing tour through the United States, during which he will preach in aid of his pet scheme of higher Catholic education.

M. Louis Veuillot, of the *Univers*, is travelling in Spain. He has arrived in Madrid, and intends visiting Andalusia.

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