

world. No, I could not tell it to any living mortal."

"Ah! but you can tell it to me," says Mr. True, slipped a piece of money into her hand. At first she refused. But the good old gentleman said with a smile: "This is but a paltry acknowledgment of my obligations to you for having provided the melon for my table. I am still deeply indebted to you for such a splendid fruit. Not one in the whole town sells such good articles as you do. I was so pleased with your melon, that I must commission you to look for more."

The good woman was now quite friendly. She told the whole story, from the very moment Teresa appeared before her stall, on the fine summer's morning, down to the evening when she herself, standing at Mrs. Mayfield's door, and taking her leave, solemnly promised never to tell any person one syllable about the melon. She told all the conversation she had with Teresa and her mother—told some of it twice or three times over, and added much more of her own reflections as she was on her way home. She closed her narrative by saying, "Now, on no account let Mrs. Mayfield know anything of this business. I was obliged to pledge my word and honour, as I told you, not to say one word on the subject to any living being."

"Well, that is quite right," said Mr. True—"but you must make me one promise. From this moment never speak to any person, and least of all to Mrs. Mayfield, on the adventure of this melon. If you do—let there be no mistake—I will never buy a single melon from your stall—not even one cherry."

When Mr. True had retired a few paces, he looked around at her once more with a stern countenance, and significantly pressed his finger to his lips.

The good old gentleman was overjoyed to find his suspicions confirmed—that the melon had come from Teresa. "This delicate and unobtrusive gratitude," thought he, "is the proof of a noble soul. I must take care that it shall have its reward."

To be continued.

General Intelligence.

SPEECH OF O'CONNELL AT THE RECENT MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.

[Concluded.]

They have been already alluded to in more powerful language than any I could find. I allude to the forty clergymen who have given up their livings in the establishment in order to enter into the church. One of these, Mr. Capes, gave up £1,500 a-year, the salary of an ecclesiastical office, in or-

der to be at liberty to follow the bent of his soul. Here is a magnificent example. (Hear.) These are the people to educate England. That example is more powerful than all the speeches that have ever been or ever could be made. Look at all those clergymen, and I do not value them the less because I feel a delicacy in naming them. I do not the less value their sterling English worth. They are examples of what England was, of what England may be, of what England shall be. (Cheers.) Exeter Hall has done us much good. ('Hear,' and laughter.) They tell so many lies there, that people are induced to get the books of these denounced Papists; they read, they are undeceived; they find these works are not deserving of the foul calumnies heaped on them, they find the religion contained in such books is an emanation of God, the belief of successive ages; from foes they become friends, and that which began in prejudice and enmity ends in conversion and a blessing. (Cheers.) I am glad they abuse us—(hear)—we thrive on their abuse. (Laughter.) There was a time when the Catholic body of England had no press. Now, although there are abundance of weapons of attack at the press, we have some organs for defence. But how can the Catholic press meet one hundredth part of the lies that are repeated against Catholicity. For instance, the affair of Lucerne is scarcely understood in England. Lucerne, the Catholic canton, is a democratic state; something like universal suffrage exists there. The people govern. Well, the people resolved to erect a new college, and they desired to have six Jesuits as professors. That was their case. They had a right to choose professors for their children. Well what did the Protestant cantons do? They raised a free corps—a corps which certainly made very free. (Laughter.) They selected a day, and by way of taunt a Festival of the Virgin, and marched to attack Lucerne. They were met by a force not one-third of their own number and they were signally defeated—(cheers)—scattered to the winds. The men of Lucerne took more prisoners than there were individuals in their army. (Loud cheers.) That victory and that case should be better appreciated in England. I now speak of Lausanne and of Berne. These are Protestant Cantons; and what do they do? Why 'the powers that be' turned off the whole of their clergy in one day, for refusing to comply with an arbitrary injunction; and they'll get another set to be turned off again when it suits them. That Government will not tolerate any infidelity but their own particular shade of it; the last infidelity—the fashionable infidelity—if you are not of that you will not be tolerated in that free Protestant State. Now, that case is not understood, for the Protestant papers have contrived, with an in-