

In 1527 they prayed, 'O, our father who art in heaven! hallowed be thy name.—Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled, as well in earth as it is in heaven,' &c. But, it may be said, that one language is now fixed; it is almost perfect; therefore, there is no danger of any change or corruption. This is, however, impossible, for every living language, as well as the men who use it, is continually changing; but allowing for the sake of argument that the English language is perfect, still, let him consider that the Universal church professes to be the guardian of the faith of all nations on the globe, many of whose languages are now in as great a state of mutation as the English was between the 7th and 10th centuries. The church now, as ever, uses the unchanged and unchangeable language of Rome; and now, as ever, she allows her children to lisp their prayers in their native tongue. When our Saxon forefathers were still stammering the barbarous dialects of the north, her priests chaunted the prayer and praises of God in the harmonious language of Virgil. Has not all that is beautiful and pure in the modern litanies and forms of worship, been drawn from the treasury of the church of Rome? Whence have we the simple, touching, and all-comprehensive diction of the prayer of Jesus as it now appears, from a *literal* translation of the Pater noster as uttered more than a thousand years ago? Who preserved this prayer?—The church of Rome. Let us be grateful to her then. I hope he will pardon me for offering to him the original and its modern dress:

"Pater noster, qui es in caelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum; adventat regnum tuum; fiat voluntas tua, sicut in caelo, et in terra; panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie; et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem; sed libera nos a malo. Amen."

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.—Amen."

Here let me end with my earnest wishes that he, in searching for the truth, may, like your humble friend, become a convert to the truth. A.

BLESSED VIRGIN.—"What other can we make of that address of Elizabeth to her; 'And blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord;' that expression plainly implying her faith of the Angel's message, both to be a ground of her own blessedness, and a medium whereby ours was to be procured. Sure I am that ancient and holy father Irenaeus did not only make that interpretation of it, but represented it moreover, as it did well deserve, as a farther proof of the completeness of that victory which we obtain over the devil through her seed. For 'so also,' said he, 'did the knot of the disobedience of Eve receive a solution by the obedience of Mary. What the Virgin Eve bound by her incredulity, that the Virgin Mary loosed by

her faith; even by that faith by which she conceived in her womb the great Redeemer of the world, and by whom it is that we are loosed from our bonds. Upon which account it is also to be said, that she ought not only to be held in honour, upon the account of God's making use of her womb for the conception of our Lord; and for which she herself affirms, that all generations should call her blessed; but upon the account also of her faith by which she was enabled to conceive Him. But from hence we may also collect, how unreasonably that of our Saviour is alleged against this good report, which was returned by him to a woman, who, upon occasion of His gracious words cried out: 'Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that thou hast sucked.' For as to the utmost that answer of His imports is, that is a much more blessed thing to conceive Christ in our heart than simply to conceive Him in a womb, so it doth not only make nothing at all against the due honour of this conception, but rather give a more sure establishment to it; because this conception was a conception of her heart as well as of her womb, a conception by faith as well as a fleshy one."—*Trowersons Explic. Cat. Church of England*, p. 155.

A PADDY M'KEW.

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave!" One of O'Connell's greatest public services is, that he taught the lower order of his countrymen the evils and dangers of secret societies. Spies and informers, and all the vermin who traded in blood, had a perennial harvest in the folly and credulity of their unfortunate countrymen, until he laid open their base traffic to public indignation, and spoiled their market, by making the people too wise to be deluded. But, even with a limited field of operation, the abominable system went on; and many a family lost its head or its prop by the villainy of wretches, who first lured them into illegal societies, and afterwards betrayed them for hire. The system is too familiar to require illustration; scarcely a district but has had its own sad story; and we refer to it now only to bring under public notice a new evidence of the deliberate baseness of its emissaries, who propagate delusions that lead to the jail and the gallows.

Let the following facts speak for themselves: In June last, a meeting of delegates from a secret society, called the "Hibernian Benevolent Association," met in Baltimore, county Leitrim. While they were sitting in council, the police arrested eighteen of them, every one of whom was, subsequently, either transported, or subject to a long and lingering imprisonment. It is still, we believe, unknown in that county how information of the meeting was obtained by Government; but the secret has come out, at length, on the other side of the Atlantic. A miscreant named M'Gloin, who was not only one of the delegates, but an official disseminator of the system (if not its founder) gave the information to the Executive, and was paid large sums of money for his infamy!

His correspondence with the Government officials fell accidentally into the hands of some Irishmen in New York, where he emigrated, who forthwith sent it to a newspaper in the Irish interest in that city, and we now give it, for the first time, to the public of this country.

[Here the letters are given which were published in this Journal some time in September.]

Mark how this M'Gloin spent money for the direct purpose of fostering the system which he professed himself anxious to expose and put down. He coolly confesses that he expended certain sums "in supporting branches of the society in England, and sustaining the confidence of the members." It was his milch-cow, and he fed it to draw sustenance from its vitals. He deliberately paid his victims for doing that which was to bring them to condign punishment; he fed them for slaughter, as a grazer feeds his cattle.

And this, be it remembered, is not a story of the forgotten days of persecution, but an occurrence not yet twelve months old. The last of the letters is dated in the last month of 1840; and a similar offer from some more recent Iscariot may now be laying on the Castle table!

Nothing, by the way, can better illustrate the true nature of the "great Ribbon conspiracy," than this correspondence. It proves, undeniably, that the system was altogether sustained, and probably created, by wretches who had an interest in its existence—miscreants who kindled the fire, that they might be paid for putting it out. And no honorable or candid man would venture, after such an insight into its machinery, to allege that any but the most ignorant were trappaned into a contemptible association, confessedly invented and propagated by the most dissolute and base.

We cannot but remark that it is honorable to Lord Morpeth that he refused to continue the scoundrel (M'Gloin) in his abominable vocation—he would not adopt the old Tory system of paying for the invention of conspiracies, that he might have the credit of suppressing them.

When his refusal was written, he could have no idea that it would ever come before the public; and it is highly honorable to his character that his most private actions tally so strictly with his public profession.—*Belfast Vindicator*, Oct. 13.

PEASANTRY IN RHEINISH PRUSSIA.—The peasantry, in particular, through Rhinish Prussia, and, indeed in most parts of Catholic Germany, have preserved in all their morning freshness the vivacity of ancient faith, and the tenderness of early piety. Nothing is more pleasing than to see, during the octaves of particular feasts, the rural processions of neighbouring villages, headed by their respective pastors bearing emblematic banners, and singing in devout chorus their simple hymns, enter a town to perform their devotions in the church of the saint commemorated. Nothing more touching than at "twilight's hours" to hear the choral harmony of prayer, as groups of peasants with rosary in hand, slowly move homewards, reciting the Pater noster and Ave Maria, or in the noon-day heat, to see in some cool shady recess by the roadside the countryman laying down his burden, like the cares of life, before the images of the Madonna and infant Saviour, kneel, and with outstretched arms pour forth his soul in earnest prayer.—*Dublin Review*.

THE STUART FAMILY.—There is not a family to be met with in the history of any country whose misfortunes afford so striking a proof of the sad vicissitudes of earthly affairs, as that of the ancient Stuart race. From the days of Walter the Senechal down to our own times, very few of his Royal descendants died a natural death. For instance:—James I. of Scotland, who succeeded his father Robert III. after being twenty years a prisoner in England, was assassinated by his subjects. He was captured by the English in 1404, near Flamborough Head, in Yorkshire, on his passage to France, whither he was going for his education. He was an excellent poet, and the author of the "King's Quair," a poem in six cantos; "Christie's Kirk of the Grene," and "Pebbles to the Play." During his captivity in England he had fixed his affection on the Lady Joan, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, whom he married, and with whom he entered Scotland in 1423. This King is the subject of a chapter in Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." He was crowned at Scone the year following, and was murdered in a monastery near Perth, in 1437. For the fullest particulars of his death I refer the reader to "The Spawife," an excellent romance, by the late Mr. Galt. James II. his son, was killed in his twenty-ninth year at the siege of Roxburgh, in 1460, by the accidental bursting of a cannon, near which he was standing. James III. put in prison by his people, was either slain in battle by the revolter, headed by his son and successor, James IV. or murdered, after being thrown from his horse, in a precipitate flight from the scene of action. Sanchie Burn, his son, was afterwards seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances.

James IV. perished in an engagement with the English, at Floddenfield.

James V. the Fitz James of the 'Lady of the Lake,' died of a broken heart at the early age of thirty. Mary, his daughter, was beheaded. Charles I. grandson of Mary, lost his head on a scaffold. Charles II. his son and successor, suffered many hairbreadth escapes, hardships and privations, and according to some accounts, died by poison. James II., his brother, was driven from his kingdom, and died in exile at St. Germain's.

James Francis Edward, styled the old Pretender, son of James, invaded Scotland in 1715, but was unsuccessful in the attempt.

He died at Rome, December 30, 1765. By his consort, Maria, daughter of Prince Sobieski, he left two sons, one of whom was the modern Ascanius, the chivalrous adventurer of 1745, Charles Edward, styled by the adherents of the House of Hanover the young Pretender. He made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to gain the throne of his ancestors.

He died in 1788. His brother, the second son, the cardinal York, paid the debt of nature at Rome, in 1807, aged eighty-two.

The column of Antoninus Pius (one of the most remarkable and conspicuous of Modern Rome) was struck by lightning on the 23d ult., and a good deal damaged at the pedestal base. The column still remains erect. It would indeed have been somewhat remarkable, as well as unfortunate had this beautiful monument been destroyed by lightning, remembering that the Temple of Antoninus was entirely destroyed by fire.

A conspiracy had been detected at Brussels, and a quantity of arms and ammunition seized. The ultimate object of the conspirators was variously reported—some alleging that it was a republic, others a restoration of the Dutch dynasty.