

sparks of fire that cannot be permitted to rest and remain without scorching and burning.

"I never dreamed," mused the early reformed prelate, by way of diverting his accusing conscience— "I never dreamed that the *mea Irish* could conceive much less erect, such a splendid structure as this is. It is truly worthy of many a pretentious city of noble England. What glorious, shining, stupendous marble pillars! black as a raven's wing, polished as a glacier! What beautiful arches! what glorious windows! after with tinted glass and glowing sunset! What massive doorways, carved and chiseled, and gorgeous with the profuse riches of art! Ah, it is hard to despise Ireland—as hard as it is to control it—to reform it."

Here the sexton rattled his keys and coughed deeply and spasmodically, and the English ecclesiastic, followed by his wily servant, moved out through a side entrance, and directed his course to his solitary palace.

The new bishop distributed his reformed English priests amongst the several confiscated abbots of the four parishes; and the imported flocks were fairly and impartially divided between them also.

He was determined to rule with justice and judgment, and not to commit himself, like his predecessor, either with his own immediate charge or with the great mass of the outsiders, who were one and all in a very dangerous mood to be tampered with, and who, though driven from their own magnificent temples, would not be deterred from worshipping in their humbler chapels, oratories, and refuges.

The wise and prudent ecclesiastic, however, was not able, after all, to steer clear of the quicksands and shallows that surrounded his unhallowed ministry; and his first and last trouble began with a creature of his own reformed church, and one, too, upon whom he had bestowed innumerable favors, not a small portion of which was in the glittering coin of the realm, only lately stamped with the head of a brutal and unnatural tyrant, and with the signally unmerited motto of "*Fidei Defensor*."

The palace of his reverend lordship was furnished, furnished, and beautified in the most gorgeous style of the times, as all pretentious edifices are, even to this day, when the Government patronise them, and the people are obliged to pay for them; his servants were many, swift-footed and obsequious, sleek and santonious, as all well-paid Saxon servants are. And as the Government supplied the sinews of war to bishop, priests, and congregation, there was no fear of the neophytes turning lukewarm, or their heretic directors falling away from the love of their sovereign master, or refusing to recognise his supremacy, or forgetting the fealty of soul and body that was his due, as long as the "*Fidei Defensor*," jingled in their pouches and their spiritual duties and labors in his vineyard amounted to *nil*. What a happy colony was the planted Reformer in the ancient and sainted city of Kilkenny; and what a pity that an occasional interruption should disturb the pleasing current of their worldly peace!

Bishop Whammond sat alone in his study; it was evening—the autumn was barely peeping in. The window before him was still open, and the hum of the beetle was plainly heard as it wheeled backward and forward on untrailing wings. The swift had left the sky for his aerial in the old tower; and the swallow was already nestled, with her callow brood, under the deep eaves of the antique houses. No star as yet blinked from the cloudy firmament—but the dew began to fall, and the crow to fly homeward, and the cuckoo's monotonous song to sound freely from the meadows. The round tower threw a ghostly thin shadow over the graveyard, and the brass vase on the cathedral-top creaked in the gusty wind. The owl was seen standing silently and grimly in the huge belfry, and all nature seemed to be waiting anxiously for the advent of night.

A large ebony lamp, ornamented with many silver plates and many inlaid devices, occupied a dark oak bracket beside him. It was trimmed and filled with oil, and a phosphorous bottle and match were near, ready for instant ignition. This useful ornament had been the property of the last plundered Catholic prelate, but the present possessor only noticed that fact by industriously picking out of its polished surface a few graceful emblematic crosses which appeared to him incompatible with his new light of the Gospel.

The good bishop did not feel at home in Ireland, and much less in the Marble City, and least of all in the palace of the grand old cathedral, sentinelled by the tall, gaunt, grey round tower on the hill.

Merry old England was more to his mind—for, indeed, England had all the mirth to herself in those days, except when the O'Neill or the O'Moore spoiled it by stamping it out with vengeful fire, and sword, and immolation. Gloomy enough, therefore, were the innovator's lonely musings, and melancholy and unpromising the future that he saw too plainly depicted before him. Shadows began to creep in at the windows, to crawl about the walls, and to drop from the thick oaken panels shimmering on the floorway. The owl uttered his first hoot from the belfry, the beetle beat dully now and then against the thick window-pane, and a moan from the creaking boughs guarding the ancient cemetery were all too much for the palpably unstrung nerves of the aliea and the Reformer. He started to his feet, seized the sulphur-tipped match, plunged it into the ready phial, and whilst the bluish lurid light lit up his face like an evil spirit, the ebony lamp was aflame, and a somewhat more natural and less ominous reality afforded to the shadowy apartment.

Bishop Whammond yawned, stretched up his two clasped hands towards the ceiling, stamped his feet upon the floor, and had just disentangled himself from the horrid *emmi* that hung around him when a smart tap at the door fully awakened him to the concerns of the nether world and all their concomitant duties.

"Come in."

The uncouth body of a course, burly man appeared in the doorway.

"Come in, Ha, Dullard."

The man in the dirty blouse and the hobnailed shoes entered accordingly, with a dogged look and a surly brow. The quiet demeanour of his reverend patron and the grandeur of the lofty apartment must have impressed the Saxon savage to some appreciable extent, for he dragged off his greasy leathern head-gear and flung it outside on the lobby.

"What irketh you this even, James Dullard?" asked the bishop, with an impressive dignity and a loftiness of tone and bearing, intended to overawe the very inferior creature before him.

But it was all lost on the rude henchman.

"I want more money, Bishop Whammond, that I do, and there ain't no two ways about it."

"Man! you came not hither to live in idleness, and upon the revenues of the Church; you must work at your trade."

"There's no trade for me here in Ireland but your trade, Bishop Whammond; they won't have it, at no price, no English shoes, neight but brogues and buckles," said Dullard, sturdily.

"Well?"

"I can't work brogues, and I don't want to—What then, pray?"

"Dang it! the Church must support me—Ay, why not? Turn about its fair play—I support the Church. I gave the Church a congregation. Zooks! your house was empty but for my family; and Jarl Tomkins his; and Rasper Ferns and his; and Tilly Jokers and his; and all the rest that I carry-squabbled into making up a congregation for the hold Irish cathedral, and for your own self into the bargain. Now, that's what I call business, Bishop Whammond."

His reverence, considerably disconcerted by his curiously parishioner's unexpected mode of attack, endeavored, at once, to cover his own retreat, and turn the flank of the enemy by an instant and adroit diversion—

"Your daughter has not yet made her appearance in our Church, sirrah, which is a crying scandal to the faithful, and so much to the credit of a man whose influence is so much over-vaunted."

"My daughter is a wilful wench, and like her father, may be led by a thread, but not dhrave by a spear. I reckon, bishop, your own daughter has not been quite the choise over the brook yonder, but what odds, girls will gag, and—"

Bishop Whammond blackened with rage, but the callous countenance of the rascal before him wore a smirking grin and an expression of such brazen assurance that he saw that any retort or reply must be beneath his own dignity, so he merely uttered a withering "*psshaw!*" and flinging a heavy piece of money to his tormentor, ordered him out of his presence without delay.

Dullard shot out a broad palm to catch the golden coin on the wing, but missed it; he then spread his legs to arrest it on the floor, but it escaped him. As a last resource, and with a hoarse, chuckling laugh, he lunged himself on his knees and followed the tempting fugitive on all-fours until he secured it, after an animated chase, and after a circuitous route, within a few inches of the feet of his patron. A loud guffaw followed the capture, and the uncultivated boor looked up into the face of his lordship with a most meaning grimace, as if he expected a full appreciation of the pantomimic feat which he had just enacted.

"I'm blowed," he exclaimed, in mock admiration, "but your reverence would be a tip-top sawyer at a game of chuck-farthing, or at a regular bout of toss-griddle!"

Bishop Whammond groaned in spirit, and abruptly turned away from the disgusting spectacle; whilst Mr. James Dullard quickly gathered himself up, and departed not a whit disconcerted at the roughness of his dismissal, or the evident abhorrence of fastidious lord and master.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

DUBLIN LIFE A HALF CENTURY AGO.

Mr. Frank Thorpe Porter, who was for many years Police Magistrate in Dublin, has published a very interesting volume of his reminiscences in that capacity. He relates many well-known stories of Dublin life for the last half-century, with much grace of style and considerable descriptive power. The following is one of the most dramatic of Mr. Porter's local incidents:

"I shall commence with the narrative of an alleged crime and its supposed punishment, which has been adverted to by Sir Jonah Barrington in his '*Personal Recollections*,' Vol. I. page 62, and in the description of which he has lapsed into considerable inaccuracy. According to him, the name of the person chiefly concerned was '*Lanegan*'; but in that respect there is a positive error; for by examining the records of the Crown Office (Ireland), I find the name, as my father had frequently stated to me, to be '*Lonegan*.' He was a young man who had been educated at the school of the Rev. Eugene McKenna, of Raheny, in the County of Dublin, and from that establishment entered Trinity College, Dublin, in the year 1773. During his undergraduate course, he resided with Mr. McKenna, and acted as an assistant in the school. In 1777, having finished his university studies, he became a tutor in the family of Mr. Thomas O'Flaherty, of Castlefield, in the County of Kilkenny. That gentleman was singularly unfortunate in having married a woman of most depraved tendencies. She engaged in an intrigue with Lonegan, and on the 28th of June, 1778, Mr. O'Flaherty died under circumstances which occasioned the arrest of Lonegan, on a charge of having poisoned him. The woman evaded arrest and escaped to a foreign country. Some time must have elapsed between the commission of the crime and the apprehension of the accused party, for it was not until the summer assizes of Kilkenny, in 1781, that Lonegan was arraigned for petit treason, the offence being considered by the law, as it then existed, as more aggravated than murder, inasmuch as he was in the domestic service of the man whom he was alleged to have destroyed. He succeeded, on certain legal grounds, in postponing his trial; but in the ensuing term a writ of *certiorari* issued, and the indictment was removed to the Court of King's Bench. A trial at bar was held on November 13, 1781, the jury having been brought up from Kilkenny. The prisoner was convicted, and sentenced to be hanged and quartered on the 24th of the aforesaid month, and the sheriffs of the City of Dublin were directed to have the sentence carried into effect. At the time of his conviction, the prisoner declared that he was innocent of the crime; but he admitted he bought arsenic at the instance of Mrs. O'Flaherty, who, according to his statement, told him that she intended to use it in destroying rats. He did not deny the imputation of an adulterous intrigue with her. The Rev. Mr. McKenna did not forget his former pupil and assistant. He visited him in prison, testified to his character in very favorable terms at the trial, and, after condemnation, was assiduous in preparing him to meet his impending doom with Christian resignation. He determined to attend him to the termination of his sufferings, and to pay the last duties to his remains. McKenna was married to a cousin of my father, and he was on terms of the closest intimacy with our family. My father resided in Skinner Row (now Christ Church Place), Dublin; and at the period to which this narrative refers he was in the prime of life—tall, vigorous, and active. He was also sergeant of the grenadier company of the Dublin Volunteers. He had known the unhappy Lonegan during the peaceful and comparative innocent days that the latter had spent at Raheny. He pitied the miserable fate of the culprit, doubted his guilt, and sympathized with the worthy man whose pious solicitude and friendship still sought to console the spirit that was so soon to pass away. On the evening before the execution, Mr. McKenna remained with the condemned as long as the regulations of the prison permitted. He then betook himself to my father's house, where he proposed to stay until the earliest hour of the morning at which he could be admitted to the jail. Having mentioned that he would not fail to attend Lonegan to the consummation of his fate, in compliance with the culprit's request, he was informed by my father that he should also be at the execution, for that owing to the paucity of regular troops in Dublin, the sheriff had made a requisition for a guard of the Volunteers, and that the grenadier company were to attend at Baggot Street (the Tyburn of Dublin), to which the prisoner was to be escorted from Thomas Street by a troop of cavalry.

Accordingly, on the 24th November, 1781, Lonegan, having briefly but very distinctly denied any participation in the crime for which he was condemned, was hanged by the withdrawal of the cart from beneath the gallows to which the halter was attached, and although he received no drop, his sufferings did not seem to be very acute. He almost immediately ceased to struggle, and life appeared to be extinct. The weather was extremely inclement; and when the body had been suspended for about twenty minutes, the sheriff acceded to a suggestion that it might be cut down. There was some difficulty in getting at the rope so as to cut it with a knife. McKenna remarked this to my father, who, drawing his short, slightly curved, and very sharp dagger, directed the cart to be backed towards the body. Then, springing up on the cart, he struck the rope, where it crossed the beam, and severed at once. A coffin was brought forward from a hearse which was in waiting. The sheriff

directed the cap to be removed, and the body to be turned with the face down. Then he handed a sharp penknife to the executioner, who made two incisions across each other on the back of the neck. This was considered a formal compliance with the portion of the sentence which directed "*quartering*." The body was then left to the care of the faithful friend McKenna, who directed it to be placed in the hearse and conveyed to his house at Raheny. On the 26th, a funeral, very scantily attended, proceeded to Raheny churchyard. McKenna had the coffin lowered into a very deep grave and the burial service was read by the parochial clergyman. Persons were engaged to watch for a few nights, lest any attempt should be made to exhume the corpse for anatomical purposes. In two days after the funeral, my father received a note from McKenna, in consequence of which he immediately proceeded to Raheny. On his arrival he was pledged to secrecy and co-operation. He willingly assented, and having been conducted into a small apartment in the upper part of the house, he there beheld alive, although greatly debilitated, the man whom, at Baggot Street, he had cut down from the gallows. On the night of the 30th November he brought Lonegan into Skinner Row. There he kept him concealed for upwards of a week, and then succeeded in shipping him for Bristol. From thence, he proceeded, unsuspected and untraced, to America, where, under the name of James Fennell, he lived for a considerable time, and supported himself by educational pursuits. His resuscitation was attributed to the rope having been unusually short, to his being swung from the cart without receiving any perpendicular drop, and especially to the incisions in his neck, which produced a copious effusion of blood. Lonegan stated that on being suspended he immediately lost any sensation of a painful nature. His revival was attended with violent and distressing convulsions.

The "*Ship Street Diamond*" is a less glistly but hardly less romantic story. It has the merit of being quite unique:

"I have already mentioned that old Skinner Row contained a considerable number of establishments belonging to goldsmiths and jewellers. Pre-eminently amongst them was one kept in the early part of the present century, by Matthew West, who realized an ample fortune there, and attained to high civic distinctions in Dublin. His concern was celebrated for an extensive assortment of jewelry, and for the tasteful and correct execution of orders specially relative to the setting of precious stones. When such were brought to be cleaned, arranged, or set, the owner was required to state the value which he attached to the property, and to sign such statement on the back of the receipt given for the articles. Mr. West gave considerable employment, especially in gem-setting, to a man named Delandre, who occupied the upper part of a house in Great Ship Street, in front of the ground on which the Church of St. Michael le Pole formerly stood, and over the yard of which the windows of his workshop opened. A narrow passage led from the street under the house to a building in the rear, and a high wall separated this passage from the old cemetery. The top of the wall was thickly studded with broken glass to prevent trespassers. In the year 1811 a gentleman called on Mr. West, and produced a diamond to which he attached considerable value, and which he wished to have set in a peculiar style. His order was taken, and a receipt was given for the stone, with an endorsement of its value at £250. Delandre was sent for and received the diamond, with directions for the setting, and with an injunction to be expeditious. He took it to his workshop, and the weather being very warm, the window close to his bench had been opened. He was using heavy pressure of the diamond against the material in which it was to be set, when either the tool or the gem slipped, and the latter flew out of the opened window. Instantly alarming his family, he watched the passage and the yard until means were adopted to prevent the entrance of any strangers. Then the passage was swept and the sweepings were sifted. The surface of the old cemetery, for a considerable space, was similarly treated, the top of the wall was brushed carefully, and a tombstone in which a fissure was observed was raised and examined; but all the searching was fruitless. Finally, Delandre had to betake himself to Mr. West and communicate the disastrous loss of the valuable jewel. Extraordinary as was the statement, Mr. West did not discredit the workman, in whose probity he placed great confidence. He undertook to afford constant employment to Delandre and to his son, but stipulated that an insurance should be effected on the life of the former, and that weekly deductions should be made from their earnings, so as to provide for the premium on the insurance policy and form a reserve for the value of the diamond. Delandre scrupulously observed his engagements. He had full employment from West, and although he was working, as he termed it, for a '*dead horse*,' he kept his hands busy and his heart light. Each year lessened his liabilities, and at length, having paid for the diamond, he received an assignment of the policy of insurance for the ultimate benefit of his family. He had grown old and rather feeble, but still, in conjunction with his son, attended industriously to his trade. Mr. West had died, and I, who had been a schoolboy when the diamond was lost, had become a magistrate of the Head Police Court of Dublin. In my younger days I had often heard of the Ship Street diamond, and the various accounts of its loss were occasionally exaggerated immensely in reference to its size and value. In 1842 some much-needed repairs were in progress at the rear of Delandre's dwelling. Whitewashing and plastering were intended, and the top of the wall between the yard and the wall had to be re-glassed. Old Delandre had gone out to buy some provisions, and on his return he was accosted by one of the workmen who had been removing the glass from the wall, and who showed him a curiosity which he had found. Delandre did not require a second look to satisfy himself that it was the long-lost gem. Amongst the glass which had been on the wall there was the neck of a pint-bottle, which had been placed in the plaster with the mouth downwards, and it formed the trap in which the diamond had been caught on falling from the window. Delandre gave the finder a liberal reward; but, with a laudible anxiety to remove all suspicion of a sinister nature to himself, he had the discovery of the diamond made the subject of a solemn declaration, which the finder subscribed before me in the Head Police Court. The loss of the gem had been eventually highly advantageous to the man, by whom it was at first very naturally considered a great calamity. It had induced him to adopt a life of strict economy and industry, which easy circumstances would not have suggested or enforced."

The following photograph of a female habitual drunkard is in Mr. Porter's best manner:

There is, I believe, still living in Dublin, a woman named Bridget Laffan. I would readily wager that since 1841 she has been the subject of more than two thousand commitments, in which drunkenness, violence, abusive language, indecent expressions or behavior, and occasional mendacity, constituted the offences. Shortly before I retired she was brought before me, charged with intoxication, and with three direct assaults; one being on a constable in the execution of his duty. I told her, the case having been fully proved, that on each of the assaults she should go to prison, with hard labor, for two months; which would relieve the public and the police for the next half-year from one who had become an intolerable pest and disgrace to the community. When I directed her to be removed, she exclaimed that "*she had got no fair play*, and had not been allowed to say a word for herself." I then said she was at liberty to speak, if it occurred to her

that there was any favorable circumstance in her case, either as a defence or mitigation. Her reply was short and peculiarly argumentative. "*It's an unreasonable thing to send me to Grangegorman for six months, and to call me a pest and disgrace to the *varsal* world. If it wasn't for me and the likes of me that gets a bit disorderly when we have a drop and kicks up ructions, now and then, there'd be very little call for police magistrates and policemen, or such varmint. It's creatures like me that's yer best friends, and keeps the bread in yer mouths, and all we get for it is jailing and impudence.*"

Our author thus describes the bottle-throwing in the Theatre Royal in 1822:

In the "*Dublin Annals*" given in Thom's Almanac and Official Directory, it is stated in reference to the year 1822: "*Riot in the Theatre, on the Marquis of Welleley, the Lord Lieutenant's first visit thither, during which a bottle was flung into his Excellency's box.*" At the time referred to, I had not obtained a profession, and my magisterial position was twenty years distant. I have, however, a very distinct recollection of the affair, as I was seated about the centre of the pit during the riot, and I have to notice that the statement in the Dublin Annals is incorrect. It contains, perhaps, the only inaccuracy that can be found in that voluminous and comprehensive publication. No bottle was flung into the viceregal box, but a rattle was thrown, which struck the front of the box, fell inside, and was raised and held up to the view of the audience by the Lord Lieutenant himself. A bottle was thrown from one of the galleries, and it struck the curtain in the middle with such violence as to form a kind of bay for itself, and it slipped down on the stage, close to the footlights, and was taken up unbroken by the leader of the orchestra. Prosecutions for riot were instituted, and amongst others, a man named Henry Hanbridge was indicted. To him was imputed the throwing of the bottle, and some persons swore informations to the effect, that they were in the middle gallery, and that the bottle was cast from the upper gallery to the centre of the curtain. The proceedings for riot were ineffective. There was no conviction. When I became a magistrate, in casual conversations with Pemberton, Cox, and others, the "*bottle and rattle riot*" formed a topic. They said that the assertion of the bottle having been cast from the upper gallery was generally disbelieved. It was, in fact, regarded as an impossibility. Major Sirr and Alderman Darley went one morning, whilst the prosecutions were pending, to the theatre, bringing a large hamper of bottles, and accompanied by some active and powerful peace officers, who were directed to throw bottles from the upper gallery to the curtain, but not a bottle even reached the orchestra. The roof of the theatre sloped forward and downwards, and the elevation required to send the missile to the curtain invariably smashed it against the ceiling, and distributed the broken glass about the pit. The Major and Alderman came to the conclusion that the riotous bottle had been cast from the boxes or the lower gallery. In about ten years after the affair at the theatre, the house of Sir Abraham Bradley King, in Dame Street, was consumed by fire. The conflagration commenced in the lower part of the premises, in which there was a great quantity of stationery. The first and second floors were almost immediately in flames. The catastrophe occurred on a Sunday morning. No fire brigade was then organized, no fire escapes were then provided. A man was in the top front room, and he had no access to the roof. A fearful death appeared to be his inevitable fate, when another man emerged from the roof of a neighboring house, carrying a rope of six or seven yards in length, at one end of which he had formed a running noose. He stood on the narrow parapet over the window, and let down the looped end to the poor fellow, whose only chance of escape depended on the sheer strength and steadiness of an individual. The rope was fastened round the waist of him whom the flames were fast approaching, and he was carried along by the intrepid fellow whose courage and humanity excited him to risk his own life to avert destruction from another, until the window of the adjoining house was reached, and the rescue was completed. This heroic act was accomplished by Henry Hanbridge. I had been ten or twelve years in office as a police magistrate when I was applied to by a poor fellow, who was suffering acutely and completely debilitated by rheumatism, to sign a recommendation for his admission to Simpson's Hospital. The application was from Henry Hanbridge. I most readily complied with his request, and I told him that I would insert a few observations on his noble achievement at the fire in Dame Street. He expressed the deepest gratitude for my disposition to serve him. When I was giving him the document, I said, "*Now, Hanbridge, might I ask you who threw the bottle?*" He replied, "*I did, your worship.*" I asked him "*from what part of the house was it thrown?*" "*From the upper gallery, your worship.*" A friend and I emptied the bottle, and I ran my stick into the neck, and shot it straight to the curtain off the stick." My predecessors had not thought of such a mode of projection. These extracts will show what a delightful book Mr. Porter has compiled, and which, we trust, will be extensively read.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

Ireland has been again called upon to show that she is resolved to have free university education, and again has she made a noble and truly Catholic response. It is just thirty years ago since those two wily statesmen, Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham, planned most insidiously that "*godless*" system by means of which they vainly hoped to sap the grand old faith of Ireland. Their plot most signally failed. No person speaks or writes of the Queen's University except in terms of ridicule. That petted institution failed because it did not contain one single element which linked it with the feelings of the people of Ireland. Colleges built at enormous expense (the first grant was £100,000), and maintained by the heavy outlay of £21,000 a year, have not succeeded in attracting Catholics, because the highest sanction on earth has declared that the teaching is "*dangerous to faith and morals.*" Thus has the newest form of proselytism been defeated. The old form was that persecution which hunted holy priests through Ireland's hills and glens and set a price upon their heads. That failed, as it deserved. The new form has been bribery and the vile and dastardly attempt to corrupt the young men of Ireland by means of university prizes. That, too, thank God, has been unsuccessful, for noble-hearted Ireland pushed back the bribe.

The Catholic University of Ireland has had much, very much, to contend against, but it will win a great victory by perseverance. The idea of such an institution dates back to glorious 1829, when O'Connell tore the chains from the Catholics of the empire. It took, however, some time to bring the idea to maturity. The attempt of Peel to bribe the mind of Ireland was met by the resolve of the assembled prelates of Ireland to establish a truly national university, one calculated to reflect the heart and soul of Ireland. O'Connell boldly denounced the infidel system sought to be established by the godless colleges. Well did that true patriot say to the English House of Commons:— "You must introduce religion into your system, or it will not be received by the people of Ireland. The Irish are essentially a religious people. Do not flatter yourselves with the idea that you are doing anything conciliating to Ireland, if in a matter of this kind you exclude religion from your consideration."

English ministers have over and over again admitted that the Catholics of Ireland are entitled to

possess their own university free and unshackled, but that right has not yet been conceded. Mr. Gladstone (the Whig) has declared that the state of university education in Ireland is "*bad, scandalously bad*," but his so-called "*remedy*" would have had enough while purely Protestant, is worse now that it is entirely infidel. Even a Tory statesman, Lord Mayo, confessed that the Catholics of Ireland had a right to their own university. He said:—

"A just claim exists for the creation of a university of a denominational character, which should offer the like advantage to those whose conscientious scruples prevent them taking advantage of the instructions afforded in Trinity College or the Queen's colleges."

And now let us see what the Catholic University of Ireland has done without any State assistance. It has affiliated no fewer than forty-one schools and colleges in different parts of Ireland. This is a good beginning, and it shows that the people of Ireland are willing to obey the Pope, and to sustain true Catholic education. It cannot be doubted that God will give prosperity to such endeavours, and will crown with His blessing the efforts of those who are thus struggling to preserve the truth. Some say that the Catholic University of Ireland is anti-national. This is quite wrong. At the recent opening of the Catholic Historical Society, when the rector of the university presided, the introductory paper was read by Mr. Gerald Griffin, who adds fine talents to a glorious name. He said amidst the loud applause of all present, that "*a people without a legislature can be neither prosperous nor free.*" This is Home Rule. England may refuse a charter to a Home Rule university (and the Catholic University is that), but an Irish Parliament will soon grant a charter to an institution which thus boldly declares for national rights. There is nothing bigoted about the Catholic University.

Ireland gave £10,000 last year to the Catholic University, and we believe gives more this year, so that she can't be said to despise the refusal of money; and as to the charter, that *must* come after some years of hard fighting, for we know that it will not come without a struggle. Some in England are foolish and bigoted enough to oppose the Catholic University of Ireland because its magazine is conducted by Jesuits, and because its young men are to a great extent under the guardianship of members of that most illustrious Order. Let such silly people rave on as they like, the Catholic University will not give up its efforts to win gold or charter.

The love of learning, in Ireland is a matter of history. That noble sentiment has pervaded all her annals from the days when she sent forth teachers to illuminate a darkling world, down to modern times, when her "*poor scholars*" crept from village to village, and were respected and cherished by all. Ireland still clings to the same grand thought. The Catholics of that country are resolved that nothing shall check them in their progress to full and complete educational freedom. Never was the Catholic University of Ireland stronger in a nation's love than now. It is vigorous and energetic, and even already (young though it be) fruitful in results. It is well entitled to State recognition; but we tell its enemies that it can afford to despise the littleness that withholds it from an institution which a nation has adopted. All true and sincere Irish Catholics now feel that they cannot commit a greater crime against their religion and their country than to be apathetic in a cause of which the great Pope Pius IX. has blessed as the salvation of Ireland. The Jesuits can despise the attacks of the English press and the English ministers. They will continue to guard the Catholic young men of Ireland, and the Catholic University will in God's own good time, win a glorious victory.—*London Univers.*

DESTRUCTION OF PASSING TIME.

BY M. FOGARTY.

Ah! where are days of by-gone years,
When sport was childhood's choicest treasure,
When hours were spent in festive cheer
And moments spent in heartfelt pleasure;
When often by yon limpid rill,
In shining Summer's sultry weather,
To pluck the rose and daffodil
We rambled hand in hand together?
And where the chilling Winter nights,
When round the fire all friends were seated,
While off to yield us calm delight,
The truth and fable were repeated:
To which the vacant fiddle mind
Conjoined aloud in joyous laughter?
They're gone; they've left no trace behind;
And we, too, soon shall follow after,
Now where is he, the reverend sire,
Who in yon fane officiated,
Where he, to nourish our desire,
The text from Scripture oft related!
But oh, destruction comes on all!
He's fled from us and all beholders,
His soul's obeyed his Maker's call,
And 'neath yon roof his body moulders.
And where is he whose hoary crown
Conducted, once, our humble college,
Where I with others (seer and clown)
Received my scanty store of knowledge?
Ains! the tale's too sad to tell,
The hand of sorrow plainly shows us,
Beneath yon towering spire and bell,
The tomb shades where the sage repose.
Where are those mighty heroes gone,
Whose boasted names we read in story,
Who fought from dawn to setting sun
In quest of honor's empty glory?
They're gone—the sword has sealed their doom;
Nor shield nor arms their breasts encumber;
And 'neath some snow-cold, silent tomb
Their bodies lie in silent slumber.
And where the inmates of those walls
That now lie ruin'd behind yon mountain,
Where oft they braved both cares and calls
And sipped of Plenty's pleasant fountain?
They're gone! some to th' eternal home,
To reap the fruits of their devotion,
And some from friends and parents' room,
Adrift on Time's tempestuous ocean.
Such is the power of "*Father Time*!"—
He spareth nought, and none pass o'er him;
And Nature's work, and Art sublime
Are doomed alike to flee before him.
So while the sun of life shines bright
Let's make the hay of our salvation,
That when Time clouds us in Death's night
We may possess a heavenly station.

The Delaware peach growers have just got the figures of the past season's business footed up, and find that there were used by distilleries 235,000 baskets; by canning factories, 570,054; shipped to markets, 7,081,662 baskets; a total yield of 8,782,716. This yield is in excess of any three previous seasons combined. The crops of 1871, 1872, and 1873 were the largest previous to this year, and the total yield of the three years was 8,175,334 baskets. The net profit to the growers is put at \$1,018,000 from all sources, or a trifle over 1½ cents per basket. The larger part of the receipts went for paying freight. The Mississippi River, where it leaves Lake Itasca is, by actual measurement, twenty-three feet and four inches wide.