

among us leads—there is a national and social, a literary and intellectual, a spiritual, but a public life, throughout which the world leads as human society and as formed into nations.

Do we not know that history itself—the record of our race—deals far more with the life of nations than with the life of individuals? Do we not know that the public action of this world is determined and carried on far more by the action of nations than of individuals? Have not the nations a public conscience—are they not responsible for every episode of the public life as well as the individual? Ah! certainly; and therefore, besides the judgment which awaits the individual personal man, in which he has to render an account of himself to God, there is the other more terrible judgment that awaits the world as a whole—that awaits society, that awaits nations as nations, and it is necessary that such a judgment should be public, most solemn and full. There is one amongst many reasons which might be and are adduced by the philosophers and holy fathers of the Catholic Church to indicate God in His action of a universal judgment; and it is the only one I select—first, because it bears in a special manner upon the circumstances of the age in which we live; and secondly, because it bears upon the charity to which I am asking you to contribute to-day, as we shall see. First then, I lay down this principle, nations have their own life, society has its own consciences, they are bound to accept the faith of Jesus Christ, they are bound to conform their lives as a society to the faith, they are bound to form and erect their laws and to shape their legislation according to the immortal, eternal, imperishable dictates of the faith, and if they give up the faith, if they turn their backs upon God, if their legislative assemblies, if their public action, if their armies in the field, if they make war against Christ and His anointed, then they are guilty of a national and public sin, a shame, a scandal and a ruin to the mortal as well as the spiritual civilization of society. Has the world ever committed this sin, dearly beloved, or will there be any indictment against the nations on that day when the Son of Man will come in all the terrors of His public and universal judgment? I answer in the words of the gospel.

All men shall be assembled, all those whom the world ever knew, all those historical names that have come to us upon the stream of history as of men who formed the destinies of the world, all those philosophers who invented the various systems of thought that have guided the minds of men, all those scientists who with genius and most scientific glance have penetrated through the mysteries of nature, opened up the resources of this material world, commanded the lightning, sounded the sea, weighed the air, and left behind them an imperishable name—all those Kings and Emperors who waged wars just or unjust—above all those peoples or societies or nations who in one period or another of their history turned against the Church of God, the one infallible witness and organ of the word of God, they shall all stand before God to answer for their public, their natural, their social, their intellectual, and their spiritual life. What indictment will be laid against them? Ah! the Lord Himself has said the words that come from the lips of Christ are—"In that day all the tribes of man shall come." Please observe His word. He no longer talks of individuals. He speaks of tribes of man, the societies in which they have formed themselves, the nations that have begun to live their public and national life, and He tells them they shall all assemble in the day when their public and national comes before the world on the one side, and God and His angels on the other. Oh, how terrible shall that accusation be, arising far more out of the vision of the Son of God, and these men's consciences than from any extraordinary voice of angel or devil!

Glance for an instant over the history of the world, dearly beloved. Behold how Almighty God in the beginning created mankind in the fulness of the light of His knowledge and in the fulness and strength of His divine grace. Oh! how fair a dawning was that of this world's history when Adam arose from his bank of earth; the animated clay into which the Almighty God breathed His own vivifying image and His own vivifying spirit, arose and opened his eyes and saw the Lord his God with a glance of his unfallen and unstained soul, apprehended all the mysteries of God revealed to him so clearly that they almost ceased to be articles of faith in his mind but rather points of positive knowledge and vision. Oh! how fair was that dawning when the first man arose in the omnipotence of his virtue and in the majesty of his grace, the Lord and master of all things, but above all the Lord and master of himself and of his own passions. Before that voice was broken by the cry of sorrow or the note of sin, man called the eagle that soared aloft into Heaven and the obedient bird folded its wings and dropped down, the voice yet unbroken by sin called the spotted tiger from his lair and the submissive beast came forth and licked the feet of man. The sunshine of divine knowledge, the warm sunshine of divine grace is suddenly shut out by a black cloud that no ray of grace, knowledge, purity, or truth remains; man loses his dominion over himself, handing over his soul to his passions and his will to his senses, and his whole being to the devil, and God immediately cuts him off. Behold the history of the nations sprung from this central source.

The opening of this world's history tells us of nations in their very birth departing from Almighty God into idolatry and sin; even the very people that He chose from all mankind remained a few years only faithful to Him. The history of the united Israel is but a speck in the history of the world. Presently they broke up and two tribes alone remained faithful. And when the Second Adam came, who was no less than God Himself, the Word Eternal made Man in Mary's womb—when He came to bring back the fallen man the graces which he lost, reillumined his darkened intellect with the light that had faded away in utter blackness of ignorance and idolatry, to regenerate the corrupt heart and purify the tainted blood, surely now at least man should be reformed, now at least no private or public sin would rise up to insult the Almighty God, and to provoke once more the awful anger which the sufferings of His adorable Son had composed and removed. No, Asia Minor, the country which was the very cradle of Christianity, fell away from the faith and turned her back on Jesus Christ, to one of the basest, vilest sensualists that ever appeared and cursed the face of the earth by its presence, unto M-homet, the mere creature of sense, whose polluted imagination could not devise joy in heaven except the joy of senses, and to the false Prophet said "Be thou my chief and I will be thy people." Oh, who would have thought it in the day when Christydom ruled and charmed the world with his saintly eloquence from his episcopal throne at Constantinople?

Who would have thought that this land in which it was found to-day when on one side was the army of schismatics, enemies of Christ and His Church, and the other the Mohammedans, enemies of Christ? As to Africa, behold it two days, lapsed into the lowest depths of barbarism, slavery, misery, poverty, the greatest curse of all Paganism come back under the name Mahomedanism, no minds enlightened, no tongue eloquent, no altar lit up. Yet this was the land, the stronghold of the Church of God from whose archiepiscopal seat at Alexandria the divinity of Jesus Christ was defined against the world, from whose glorious throne at Hippo, Augustine shed a light which illumined the whole Church on earth; but it has fallen—a national, social revolution against Christ and the turning away from Christ. Cast your eyes over the northern nations

Russia, Denmark, Sweden, once of the home of Christianity, and the pure form of Catholic truth which they received from the apostolic messengers of Rome, the centre and the source of all guidance and government for the Church of Christ. Behold them to-day sunk into the form of heresy which, although it may pretend to preserve a few truths of Christ, is a paralysing hand upon the Christian spirit, and wherever Luther has touched with his finger there the sanctity, the purity, the humility, the obedience of the Christian character has perished. In vain did the martyred Teutonic knight in heaven lift up his hand to plead for the land he won by his courage and life—Germany fell. In vain did the Saxon saints of old and the earlier martyrs cry out for England: in vain did St. Edmund the Confessor and St. Edward, the Martyr put up their voices—and all failed by a national apostasy.

These are the public crimes, these are the national apostacies that the world will have to give an account for at the day of final judgment. Come to our own age and look at the literary life of the world and public society at the present day. What have we? We have the awful, the almost incredible fact that outside of the Catholic Church to-day in the whole civilized world there can scarcely be found a man of commanding genius who is prepared to say, "I believe in Jesus Christ." The scientists of our day, the men who span the earth, the men who sound the depths of the sea and weigh the air, are analysts, are philosophers of light—they are not content when they make some great discovery of nature in explaining this, in commanding the admiration of the world, that every man of them seems as if he were bound immediately to try by some perverted argument, or by entering into the arena of abstract theology and philosophy, to turn his invention or discovery as an argument against Jesus Christ and His Church—aye, and in our day against the very name and existence of God. And to what a depth of degradation have we fallen, when outside the Catholic Church, the chief philosophers scientists of our age find no better origin for man than a brute, and some of the greatest historians and philosophers of our day tell us there is no God, no conscience, no immortality, no soul in man, and no future reward. For all this the world will be called to judgment, not merely individually but socially, not intellectually, but nationally, not as a society, but spiritually; and for these public crimes must they give an account publicly before the judgment seat of God. Oh, dearly beloved, what a meeting for those nations that prefer Mahomet to Jesus, when in the dread Valley of Jehoshaphat, and in that hour of universal judgment, they shall behold with amazed and frightened eyes the body of Mahomet animated by devils from hell. Oh, what a meeting for those nations who will behold the bloated form the besotted reprobate Luther, from whom they gave up the Judge sitting upon His throne when He was seated in His Blessed Sacrament.

Oh, what a meeting for those nations, and for those literary societies and public bodies, aye, and for those armies that draw the sword in an unjust cause and for these Kings and Emperors who are the tyrants of an afflicted humanity, when they shall see the Lord God on His throne, and recognize at once that this was the God against whom and whose eternal justice and mercy they dared to make open war. Joseph was sold by his brethren, as we read in the Old Testament—he was sold for a few pounds, the young innocent child. When he had grown up to be a man, he whom they supposed to be either a slave or dead, his brethren came into Egypt, and he met them and said, "I am Joseph your brother." The moment they heard his voice the strongest amongst them fell to the earth, thunderstruck at the awful judgment that brought them face to face again with him whom they had so falsely treated. When the son of God in the hour of his sorrow arose from his sweat of blood in Gethsemane, exhausted and weakened by His body, with languid eyes and scarcely able to stand, He turned and met the Jews who came in crowds to arrest Him and He said in meek accents, "Whom seek you?" And they answered "Jesus of Nazareth, where is he?" And He calmly answered "I am He." The moment they were conscious of His presence down they fell as if struck dead. And if the sight of an injured man so confounded the brothers of Joseph, and if the sight of a God disguised, and in that weak, fainting, bleeding form, with many a sign of blood on his face and hands, struck to the ground that ferocious crowd who came to arrest Him and do Him to death, think of the prostration the terror that will come upon those enemies of Christ when they behold Him no longer as in Gethsemane with blood upon His hands but armed with the thunderbolts of His justice and the signs of His majesty and His cross blazing before Him.

What is the crime that the world will be convicted of in that hour, what is the crime for which the world will be destroyed in that hour? I answer, the main sign that will be alleged against the world is they gave up the faith of Jesus Christ. When the Apostle St. Paul was drawing to the close of his magnificent career of apostleship and was giving thanks to God for all the graces that he had received, the one grace that he had selected amongst them all the burden of his thanksgiving was, "Oh God I have kept the faith." There is the crime for which the world will be judged, to give up the one sanctifying, faith that is only found in her sanctuaries; and dearly beloved, when the nations whose fleets cover the seas and whose soldiers cover the hills and fill the valleys of the world, when the nations whose statesmen who dictate laws to the universal earth, shall come trooping into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and ascending each into his own place, shall give answer for his national sin, there is one nation, one race, one people who will also give their record. The tale which they have to unfold will be no great recital of earthly glory, for what avail should such a record be at that moment when time is at an end and eternity come? No, but there is one people, one race, one nation that will be able to stand up in the valley of Jehoshaphat and before the Son of God in judgment will be able to say with St. Paul—"Lord we have kept the faith, we did the one essential thing, we fought the good fight, we finished our course, we kept our faith." Blessed be the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, blessed be Patrick and Bridget, that race and that nation, that voice which shall be heard will be the voice of the Irish people.

Oh, let not the abomination of desolation ever be seen in the holy places of our native land, the holy places for which our fathers died, the holy places whose first and earliest sanction of consecration was no less sacred than the blood of the martyrs that was shed on the altar steps of Ireland! Let us keep the faith; let not the abomination of desolation be seen in her holy places—namely in the minds and hearts of the people. In the mind it is infidelity, it is sin, impurity, drunkenness, or any form of corruption. Ireland has kept the faith, but Ireland has been driven from her parent isle in a great measure, her people have gone forth into the ends of the earth. *Queregron in terra non plena nostris laboris*. Where is the people that has not heard the voice of our desolation? Where is the land that has not at some time or other received the footsteps of the poor exiles of this sacred island? They have gone forth from their Jerusalem, their home, and they have borne the message of the faith with them wherever they went. They have been the apostolic nation of the world. Their destruction at home by famine, pestilence, and death has been the keynote for all nations that they were coming who bore the light, but whilst going forth on this apostolic career founding in other lands Catholic churches and Catholic colleges, do not for a moment imagine that Ireland is the main rather the loser than the gainer.

When the Jew of old left Jerusalem and turned his face on that fatal journey towards Jericho he fell among thieves, they robbed him, they stripped him of his clothes, and not content with this, they violated and outraged him, and left him bleeding and dying on the road. Then the Samaritan found him and because life was not extinguished in him because he was not utterly dead, the wine and oil of the Samaritan's charity brought him back to the fullness of his life, so many an Irish father and mother going forth from this old Jerusalem of ours and driven by sad necessity, turned their faces for some land that was denied the Lord God, to some land and some people that have apostatized as a nation from the faith of Christ.

They go forth, and their little one amongst them but they fell amongst thieves—they fell amongst a state of society for which they were not prepared in the earliest days of their Catholic faith. They are weaned away by a thousand stratagems and means, all to assimilate them with the peoples amongst whom they have gone and to make them also give up their faith—first the children fall away, the orphans are caught up into Protestant asylums the poor find no refuge but in Protestant workhouses, where the very first and primary consolations of their faith are denied them. The little children, baptized by Irish Catholic parents, belonging by sacramental claims and history to one holy Catholic Church, which alone can save them, they are led away to Protestant colleges, until, as they grow up, the sight is seen of Irish minds refusing to believe and Irish lips blaspheming the name of the Lord. But the Catholic Church follows them in their exile, seeks to save them abroad as well as at home; the priest, the monk, the nun, are at their work. Unglacious, indeed, is the task when not only has the child to be saved by instruction, education, and care, but this work has to be done in the face and in spite of an hostile society, and with the sad and terrible weight of utter and absolute poverty.

These are the difficulties that the Church of God has to contend with in our lands, and we need go no further than just across the English Channel and we are in the midst of it. Now, two of these sisters professing the Dominican rules and clothed in the habit of St. Dominick, they, ladies as they were, might have lived in happiness and comfort, but they gave up house and home and devoted their lives to the service of the Irish poor in one of the most Protestant parts of England. In this work they have incurred heavy and, I will add, for their condition, enormous debt, and when these debts were heavy upon them they turned with a kind of natural instinct to this mother island, to this island mother of sanctity, to this native fountain of charity—and to you and to me these sisters of St. Dominick have appealed—"Enable us to save these children of the poor Irish in England—enable us to preserve for them the only treasure that is left them, the priceless treasure of that faith which will preserve the integral portions of the Irish race, which will give them a right to take their stand amongst the Irish people in their national, literary, and social position in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and to proclaim aloft the glories of Jesus Christ and the holy Church here in time and hereafter on the threshold of eternity and for all eternity in heaven."

CATHOLICS IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

"Now let us come right down to historical facts. When and where have their sacrifices been made? They prate much about what papists accomplished for this country some hundred years ago. What does this claim amount to? . . . Many (Catholics) were desolated, having been taught by the Church to respect the divine right of kings, and to regard the freedom of the masses as downright heresy. When independence had been achieved through Protestant valor and the expenditure of Protestant blood and treasure, the leading religious bodies, such as the Episcopalians and Methodists, severed foreign connections and cut loose from foreign ecclesiasticalism."—*Cleveland Leader*.

To give with any exactitude the number of Catholics, either in the Colonial revolutionary service or in the Colonies at the period of the Revolution, is something we have not yet seen attempted by any competent or critical authority. Certain outline facts are matters of history, and they prove that whatever the number of Catholics, their zeal and eminent services made them conspicuous as patriots from the first gun to the Yorktown surrender. There is a book, we understand, about to be published by Mr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, L. I., an member of Congress, which will treat exhaustively upon the Irish race in America; from it Catholics may possibly gain valuable approximate information as to our numbers at the date of the Revolution. That there was a large Celtic immigration (not counting the Presbyterians from Ulster), than most people credit in that early period, we have always believed. The Maryland *Journal* (Baltimore, August 20th, 1773), contains the following item of interest in this connection:—

"New York, August 12th.—Within this fortnight thirty-five hundred passengers have arrived at Philadelphia from Ireland."

The above is one single record. Certain it is Irishmen and Catholics figured weightily, and from the first in the Revolutionary struggle. Stark's New Hampshire men who fought at Bunker Hill were largely Irish. Morgan's Riflemen were "Irish to a man." Maryland Catholics loom grandly out in legislation, diplomacy and the field. The famous Pennsylvania Line had an "Irish Brigade"—Wayne, Irvine, Butler and Stewart's regiments. The crack dragoons were commanded by the Irish Catholic Moylan. Washington's favorite aid was Colonel Fitzgerald. The first naval capture—Machias Bay, 1775—was achieved by the five sons of Maurice O'Brien of Cork. This while the Irish held England partly in check; their orators in Parliament, their disaffection at home—sympathizers with the Colonies.

To enter into an article descriptive of Catholic revolutionary glories, would be beyond our present limits. Suffice it, Chief Orono, a Catholic, held our northeastern frontier; Father Gibaut and the Spanish Consul Vigo covered, and saved to us, the Northwestern Territory; Galvez stood "like a stone wall" along our southwestern border, while the French and the Spanish fleets swept the Atlantic and the Gulf—truly the Catholic line was the circling wall of safety that permitted the Colonists to struggle and to conquer.

The part France played is too well known and too extended to be more than mentioned here. If any one chooses to read reflectively any history of the United States, that point will be made sufficiently clear. At Valley Forge, the period of our greatest trial, we find the social circle of George Washington in those famous winter quarters almost entirely confined to "foreigners" and to "Papists." Carroll, De Kalb, and Lafayette—these were his constant intimates in their long, dreary and well-nigh hopeless days. Take up the battle of Savannah—we note ("Barney's Centenary History") with the exception of Laurens and Hume, absolutely no mention of prominent participants save Catholics and Irishmen; D'Esterling, Count Dillon, Count Pulaski, (dead on the field of battle clasp the banner the Moravian Nuns had presented him), Lieut. Bush, and the gallant Sergt. Jasper. So on history reads, chapter after chapter, of the Revolutionary struggle.

Not alone that; all Catholic Europe embraced the

cause of the Colonies. Spain, notably in diplomacy, by supplies of money, of munitions of war, by opening her ports to our infant navy, and by co-operation in the field. Small wonder, then, that Washington should publicly express the hope that the aid Catholics rendered in establishing our Government should never be forgotten; that he should fraternally accept membership in the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," and that he should attend Mass (St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, 1780) to assist with his faithful allies, Lafayette and Counts Rochambeau and De Grasse, at the solemn chanting of "Te Deum."

We can truly boast no Catholic name is linked to Tory treachery. As for the Methodists, the less said the better. Wesley, Fletcher and Baxter were all ardent (and Biblical) adherents of the Crown. And if one wishes standard and easily accessible authority in corroboration, we refer to Southey's two-volume "Life of Wesley." It can be found in almost any public library. Briefly—for we have neither time nor taste for the rehearsal, even after George Washington was elected President, Wesley showed anger that the Methodists joined in an address of allegiance. He kept up his animosity longer than the Colonists, who after the Revolution tolerated the Methodist sect. During the war, however, prudence made the Americans wary and suspicious. They drove every Methodist preacher out of the country—save one, Asbury; and for years he had to hide in the house of a friend. Indeed, so great was their indignation at the unbecoming conduct of the Methodist ministers, that wherever one was caught, he was summarily tarred and feathered. All this is open matter of history, yet we never unprovokedly taunt our neighbors with it; but why they dash against us in their politico-religious fury, it is as well to show them what outcasts they were and what vagabonds they are.—*Catholic Universe*.

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS.

VISIT TO THOMAS CHAMBERS.

This long suffering and unconquerable Irishman was visited on the 19th of December by his father and mother, accompanied by the honorary treasurers of the Political Prisoners' Visiting Committee—Messrs. Collins and Ryan of London. It will gratify the readers of the *Nation* to hear that Mr. James Chambers, the prisoners' father, is no longer an inmate of the Thomastown Workhouse, thanks to the kind attention and exertions of the Cork Relief Committee. The old gentleman having long expressed his ardent desire to see his son, Messrs. Ryan and Collins made all necessary arrangements not only to enable him, but Mrs. Chambers also, to gratify the yearnings of paternal love with the sight of the son who had been to them as dead for the past twelve years. It is but justice to the prison authorities of Woking to record that every facility was afforded both visitors and visited to render the interview as satisfactory as circumstances would permit. Chambers spoke very highly of his treatment since his arrival in Woking on the 27th of November, and believes his health to be somewhat improved in consequence. He told his father that on his reaching his new quarters the medical officer gave him the option of admission to the infirmary, "whereas," remarked he, "if reduced by sickness to the necessity of crawling on my hands and knees, no such offer would ever have been made in Dartmoor." He also intimated that he was located apart from the common malefactors and exempted from many of the indignities which he daily experienced during his ten years' confinement in Dartmoor. He expressed much concern for his friend Michael Davitt's position, and hoped that he also might be removed to Woking. It would have afforded him inexpressible pleasure had he known that Mr. Davitt was at that moment on his way to London, a free man once more—as far as a ticket-of-leave man can be considered free. When next due for a visit, Mr. Chambers expressed a desire to see Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., and I am happy to hear that Dungarvan's patriotic representative has willingly consented to comply with his request. Mr. Chambers also desired to have his warmest thanks conveyed to Mr. J. Boyle O'Reilly, of the *Boston Pilot*, for the letter sent him by that distinguished patriot. Sad as must have been the feelings of a father and mother in beholding the wasted form and premature grey hairs which "human" England's vengeance had inflicted upon their son, it must have sent a thrill of joy to that mother's heart when, in answer to her query, "But they could not break your spirit, Tom?" she saw his eye flash in proud consciousness of his strength of love for Ireland, and heard him exclaim, "No! Dartmoor with all its horrors, backed by the worst which English torturing skill could inflict, could never effect that!" At the termination of the visit he was allowed to see his sister's photograph. It is hoped by friends here in London that this favorable change in Mr. Chambers' position may be indicative of his speedy liberation. Whether twelve years' inhuman punishment and its undeniably effects upon his health may satisfy English "justice," or whether his removal to Woking and consequent better treatment is but to strengthen him for England's vengeance should not be glighted with the full term of fifteen years' imprisonment, can be only a matter of conjecture.—*Cor. of Nation*.

HORRORS OF THE WAR.

FRIGHTFUL PICTURE OF THE STATE OF THINGS AT PLEVNA.

A correspondent writing from Plevna states that when the Turks made their sortie they left a thousand sick and wounded starving and unattended. Those unfortunates remained in this state three days, and hundreds of them died. Over a thousand corpses came from the hospital daily. Undoubtedly many who were not quite dead have been buried. Those killed in the battle were not buried. Turkish prisoners are encamped among them and are almost starving. Plevna is one vast charnel house, surpassing in horror anything imaginable. Modern warfare has no parallel for it, and its horrors can only be compared to those which followed in the wake of Genghis Kahn or Timur, as their savage Tartar hordes swept over and desolated Asia. The famished dogs of which there are always large numbers in every Turkish town, were feeding on the corpses of the dead and the bodies of the still living wounded. The savage howl of the greedy brutes as they tore the putrid flesh of the dead, or crunched the bones between their teeth; the cries and groans of the wounded as they vainly struggled with the dogs, might be heard for miles around, and made the soul sick. Birds were picking at the skulls, hopping from body to body, with beaks and plumage besmeared human blood and screaming with fiendish delight. The dogs fought among themselves, and bird struggled with bird for the possession of a morsel of human flesh and the most indescribable horror prevailed. In one house alone thirty-seven dead and fifty three wounded Turks were found, some in a half decomposed and putrid state, and the wounded in a condition that can be more easily imagined than described. Some of the wounded were able to crawl

about in a clutch at morsels of food that were found in the hands of the dead, devouring it with feverish avidity, but thousands of them were utterly helpless and awaited our succor with listless fatalism. Eighteen hundred prisoners were huddled together on the banks of the Vid, and the horrors of their position equalled those of the great plague which ravaged Europe in the fourteenth century.

Living and dead were piled together promiscuously in heaps, like wood and carried away. There were only three carts available for this work, and the confusion was indescribable. Osman's bravery is stained and blackened by treatment of the Russian wounded that fell into his hands. His gallant defence of Plevna for a moment blinded the victors and Europe to the fact that all prisoners were butchered by troops under Osman's command.

IRISH GENIUS ABROAD.

The *London Spectator* some months since asked why it was that an Irishman who would be called a dangerous rafter when in his own country "goes away, and thence-forward makes his way in the world with the energy and the moderation commonly supposed to be the monopoly of Scotchmen." The *Spectator* continued: "Either he catches a fortune, or he becomes a premier of a colony, or he leads a successful army, or he achieves in some way a reputation which makes the most prejudiced Englishman regret that ever he should have been forced to go."

In a recent article we showed that even under the British Government Irish intelligence and force have won many of the highest colonial positions. But leaving the British Dominions and the United States, we can point to distinguished Irishmen in every country where an opportunity has been afforded them for effort. Clancy in a chapter on the Irish in exile, says: O'Sullivan, Lawless, Gardiner, O'Donnell, and O'Reilly, became grandees of Spain; and men yet living can recall the time when O'Donnell was Dictator at Madrid, Lacy and Browne were Marshals of Russia, and won the most brilliant victories of their era. Admiral O'Dwyer commanded the Russian fleet in 1787, Marshal Maurice Kavanagh was Chamberlain of Poland; Colonel Harvill filed a similar position in Bavaria. Patrick Lawless was ambassador from Portugal to France; O'Reilly represented Spain at the Court of Louis XVI.

A newspaper published in Vienna, March 1776, contains an interesting reminiscence, from which we make the following extract:—"On the 17th of this month His Excellency Count O'Mahony Ambassador for Spain to the Court of Vienna, gave a grand entertainment in honor of St. Patrick, to which were invited all persons of distinction that were of Irish descent—being himself descendant of an illustrious Irish family. Among others were present—Count Lacy, President of the Council of War; General McDonnell, General Brown, General McGuire, General Pankett, General O'Kelly, and General McElligott; four chiefs of the grand cross two governors, several knights military, six staff officers, four privy councillors of Austria, with the principal officers of state—who, to show their respect for the Irish nation, wore crosses in honor of the day, as did the whole court of Vienna." O'Reilly Kavanagh, and Prince Nugent are historic names in Austria, and were Aulic Councillors.

"It is strange," said Napoleon, on his second entry into Vienna (1809), that "now, as in 1805, on entering the Austrian Capital, I find myself in intercourse with Count O'Reilly." Napoleon had good reason to know the Count, for it was he with his band of exiled 98 men, that saved the broken army of Austria after Austerlitz. In that army at that time were over forty Irish names, ranging from the grade of colonel to that of field-marshal; and when Maria Theresa of Hungary instituted fifty crosses of the Legion of Honor, forty-six were worn on the breasts of Irishmen.

France is not over partial to Irishmen, and yet he says: "The Irishman of the last century rose to his natural level whenever he was removed from his own unhappy country. In the seven years' war Austria's best generals were Irishmen. Strike the names of Irishmen out of our own public service, and we lose the heroes of our proudest exploits."

Sarsfield and O'Brien became Marshals of France; Hamilton, Lally, and McCarthy, Generals; Shuldoy, Galmoy, O'Carroll, O'Grady, Fitzgerald, O'Mahony, O'Neil, Power, MacMahon, Burke, Murphy, Maguire, Dillon, Roche, McDonnell, Lee, McElligott, and a host of others commanded regiments, many of them founding families whose representative play an important part in French affairs to-day.

The organization and tactics of modern armies in Europe were perfected by a Franco-Irish colonel, named Daniel O'Connell. For this Sir Bernard Burke is authority. Marquis MacMahon (grandson of the Marshal-President) was one of the first agents sent to investigate the condition of the American colonies, and suggest plans for their liberation. In the new Catholic University of Paris we observe that one of the Professors appointed in the Faculty of Law is Monsieur Connelly, a distinguished councillor in the *Cour de Cassation*, or High Court of appeal.

Even in Germany Irishmen occupy positions of prominence, and take an active and important part in public affairs. We note by an exchange that the two counsels despatched to confer with the representatives of other great powers on the affairs of Herzegovina and Turkey, one was named O'Rourke. O'Higgins was Captain-General and President of Chili, and his place is now filled by President McKenna; O'Brien, O'Reilly, Devereau were Generals in the Mexican army; McKenna, O'Leary, O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Carroll commanded regiments; in fact most of Bolivar's staff consisted of men who were Irish by birth or descent. Indeed the list might be continued indefinitely of Irish genius distinguished in civil as well as military life in every land where the exiled race has found a foothold.—*Pilot*.

SCOTCH DISESTABLISHMENT.

A statement, published a few days ago by the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, goes to show that the prospects of ecclesiastical disestablishment in Scotland may not be quite so remote as the Conservatives and some timid Liberals suppose. Of the 980 churches of the Establishment, very nearly one-ninth (105) are classed as "deserted." These, it will be readily guessed, belong to the Highland counties of Ross, Caithness, Sutherland, and to Orkney and Shetland. Mr. Ramsay, an energetic disestablisher, would include all churches with a congregation of below fifty under the head of deserted, and this, it is supposed, would liberate the 105 already named. Any one acquainted with those parts of Scotland must know that a congregation of fifty is, in any, except a "Free" place of worship, very rare. The position of the Highland "Kirk" is exactly that of the Irish Church in the days of its dependence upon the State. Thus the church of Fortrose, "with a congregation of from six to a dozen," is endowed with £356 a year; Killearnan, with seventeen, has £256; Fodderty, with twenty-three, is worth £354; Lathern has £363, with a congregation of thirteen; while Applecross, with only seven, has an income of £193. It is suggested that the income of such churches should, after the death of the present incumbents, be devoted to popular education.