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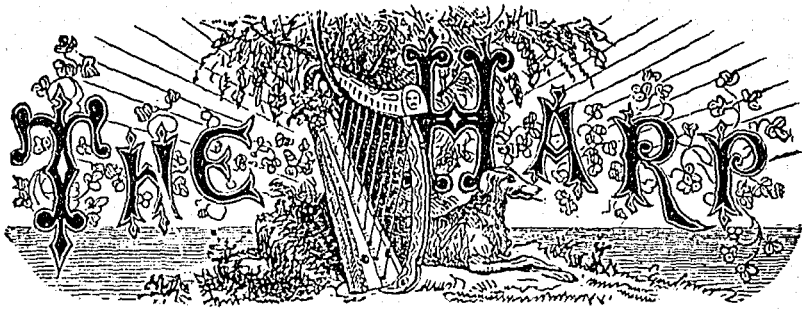
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A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1880.

No. 6.

A MALEDICTION.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

I.

"My native land! how does it fare
 Since last I saw its shore?"
 "Alas! alas! my exiled trère,
 It aileth more and more.
 God curse the knaves who yearly steal
 The produce of its plains;
 Who for the poor man never feel,
 Yet gorge on labor's gains!

II.

"We both can well recall the time
 When Ireland yet was gay;
 It needed then no wayside sign
 To show us where to stay.
 A stranger sat by ev'ry hearth,
 At ev'ry board he fed;
 It was a work of maiden mirth
 To make the wanderer's bed.

III.

"Tis altered times: at every turn
 A shiftless gang you meet;
 The hutless peasants starve and mourn,
 Camp'd starkly in the street.
 The warm old homes that we have known
 Went down like ships at sea;
 The gateless pier, the cold hearth-stone,
 Their sole memorials be.

IV.

"We two are old in years and woes,
 And Age has powers to dread;
 And now, before our eyes we close,
 Our malison be said:
 The curse of two gray-headed men
 Be on the cruel crew*
 Who've made our land a wild beast's den—
 And God's curse on them, too."

* Meaning the "exterminating" landlords.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
 DEAN OF LIMERICK,

Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. BARING'S DIFFICULTIES GROW THICKER.—"AN OLD FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY MAKES SOME SUGGESTIONS TO HIM."

MR. BARING'S difficulties grew and grew, until the sunshine looked dark, and, among men, he felt like one in an enemy's country. He became more and more moody and reckless, because excitement became every day a greater excitement. He had exhausted Cunnocn's endurance and liberality—Cunnocn himself used to say he had exhausted his means—and yet the more he needed economy, the more he plunged into hazards and projects and multiplied losses, until to "get more" or to face ruin became an inevitable alternative.

One night, Baring came home late, and in a mood which boded a wakeful night and a miserable morning. He seized a light in the hall, and made for his apartment, which boasted two rush-bottom chairs, a deal table on which a crippled mirror was falling in two, and a four-posted stretcher not over luxuriously provided with either mattress or bed-covering. The room was about twelve feet square, and the window of it looked over at the stables.

Baring laid the light on the table, and drew one of the chairs right into a corner of the room. The other chair lay at the head of his bedstead; and, as he sat down in his corner, his eye somehow fell upon the vacant seat, and kept itself fixed in a dreamy gloomy kind of reverie.

"Heavens!" he cried, striking his forehead with his right palm. "Heavens!" he repeated, "what shall I do?"

He turned his eyes towards the white wall, and he was startled to see some one just near him! He rose suddenly, and the stranger made a corresponding motion. Only then, he saw he had been frightened by his own shadow! "Wretched man," he exclaimed, "what is the matter with me? Am I going to get mad?"

He flung himself again into the chair. The candle burned dimly, and everything around was as dreary as the light was miserable. He looked like a condemned culprit, and the room looked like a condemned cell, where the culprit was preparing for a hangman's rope on the morrow.

The impressions of such a moment color everything; and, what is strange enough, even the accidental often falls in with the impressicns. Thus, when Baring's gloom was gloomiest, and his moroseness most morose, a rat stood before him on the floor. The creature was quite at home, and looked with fiery eyes into the eyes of Baring! The young man started with a cry! But the horrible thing did not stir! He made a kick at the monster; but looking down, the horrible thing was no longer there!

Baring then, according to his own account, began to brood! He brooded a long time. He knew not how long. He raised his eyes to the vacant chair at his bed's head. It was no longer vacant! Some one had stolen in, and occupied it.

Baring started up once more; and was on the point of seizing the intruder, when he lost heart, and sat down quite subdued.

"I ask pardon," the stranger said, "but I come as your friend. I know your difficulties, and I am one of experience. I come to give you counsel?"

"Counsel!"

"Yes, counsel!" And Baring could not withdraw his eyes from the severe but genial looks of the "friend" who came to give him "counsel."

"And, sir,——"

"Do not worry yourself, Mr. Baring I have my tastes. I know your needs, and I come to speak about them. Indeed, I am an old follower of many of your family!"

Baring became silent.

"You are wretchedly off in the case of that thousand pounds."

Baring started.

"It is a hard thing to be exposed—and proved a liar! Very hard!—and your enemy has no pity."

"Well, sir, who the——"

"Quiet for a moment. Are there not some ways of getting that thousand pounds?" and the stranger raised a pair of dark brows, revealing dreadfully dark and very small black eyes.

"Ways?"

"Yes, Mr. Baring. What a triumph that Kinravn will have, and how the puppies who envied you will exult! It is a real pity."

"Well! Well!"

"I was going to add that forgery on Commerford for five hundred will be discovered early next month; and your own note to Kane for a like sum will expose you so horribly!"

And the stranger stared horribly at Baring.

"Many a man would end it all by a bullet through his own brain, Mr. Baring."

Baring thought the same, but made no reply.

"Now, it is a sad thing that old men like your uncle heap up money uselessly and wickedly, while so many people need it. It has struck many a one, that such peoples' lives are useless to society—or, rather, great evils to it."

Baring sighed.

"Really, a young man has great temptation to rid himself of such a foe to his life. It takes nothing from a wretched old creature like Mr. D'Alton—for he has not long to run—and it removes the great obstacles to a life of delight and triumph."

"There's a gallows!" cried Baring bitterly.

"Yes, yes," replied the stranger, with

a sardonic smile. "Yes, a chance of a rope against a certainty of disgrace, ruin, and—worse than death!"

Baring started again in dismay. He had often entertained the same thoughts and reasoned like this stranger. Often the unfortunate man half raised himself up to eject the intruder, but each time a force, he said himself, within him, mastered his movements.

"The thing seems so easy, too," the stranger went on. "Mr. D'Alton is so unpopular that agrarian assaults would account for twenty times as much! And then you would have a free foot and a tranquil mind."

Baring again looked at his visitor. Baring felt choking. "Who or what are you?" he struggled to say.

"I am the friend of people in your plight; but I see you want courage!"

"Courage!"

I should say so; but I must remember that you are going to face the jeers and mockery of enemies and the contempt of all your class! There is, certainly courage in that!"

Baring groaned. The stranger had again stricken home—and the jeers and contempt and the faces of assailants and accusers and foes were all mixed up together with a gallows and a hangman in the midst of them.

"You may not find this course a necessity," the stranger said, after a pause—"at least for six months—may be never. Cunneen would cash an acceptance of Mr. D'Alton for one thousand five hundred pounds, and hand you one thousand."

"An acceptance of my uncle?" And Baring laughed that laugh of woe and hate which only mocked despair knows how to laugh.

"Well, Mr. Baring you imitate Mr. D'Alton's writing well."

The unfortunate young man shook. "Six months may bring about changes, and relief for you might be among them," the stranger continued. "You must go on, you know. To stand still is irreparable ruin and dishonor. Then, we all know, that even should D'Alton of the Crag live six months to get notice from his banker, he will never blast the reputation of his heir and the respectability of his family!"

"But, Cunneen——"

"Cunneen knows very well how he is and he knows that if he refuse you now, he ruins himself as well as you. Again, I say, six months is a long time, and"—Baring felt the dark eyes burrowing into his soul—"and," the stranger added with a look of diabolical meaning, "you may not be driven to the 'agrarian outrage' at all."

Baring fell into a state which could not be called "thought." It was a state in which images moved rapidly and incoherently through the mind leaving the spirit weak and broken—as sickness or long labors sometimes leave it. He raised his head. The candle had been burnt into the socket. The first rays of the morning were stealing in, and Baring looked towards where the stranger sat. There was no one in the chair, nor in the room! Baring crossed himself the first time for many a month; and, going to the door, he tried the lock. The lock was all right, the door perfectly secured, and the *key was inside!*

"I have been dreaming," Baring murmured; yet the dream was dreadfully distinct, and dreadfully coherent."

Mr. Baring might have added that it was wonderfully instructive; and very like what an "old follower of a family" of a "certain kind" would have propounded.

The mind of Baring was in chaotic confusion. Yet the "six months' relief" and all that might arise in that time, perhaps the old man might die, or he might conquer the repugnance of his cousin—or—and then the "agrarian outrage" would present itself as the solution so horribly suggested and terrible in the consequences to be apprehended! Ever and anon, the words came back, the words of evil omen, "chance of death, or the certainty of something very much more horrible."

The comings and goings of Baring were very mysterious, as we have said; but much better known than he was aware. He aimed at money by intrigue. He aimed at money by dishonesty, and he aimed at money by *treachery*. One time he thought the last mode would have become a mine of gold and silver; but after pawning his honor and breaking his most sacred compact, he was informed that, until the *results* of his

"loyalty" were obtained, he could not expect the rich rewards of his "fidelity to order."

Baring undertook one piece of public service which would have cost him dear, had he not encountered a man of resolution and feeling.

There was a Mr. Fullerton at the time of which we write, who added, to a pure enthusiasm, a singular caution, and who fanned the flame of political ardor into a perfect blaze: but who seemed to have an instinct of discovering men of the Baring stamp and evading them. Baring was, of course, furious at meetings, and rich in projects, many of which were of a character to compromise hundreds, and he was lavish of the money he had not got, just as he was of the patriotism to which he pretended. Mr. Fullerton made many speeches and headed many marches and processions, and somehow drilled men without coming into collision with the Act of Parliament. He brought the movements of the extreme party to the very line, where at any moment the sword might be drawn, but he did not commit any indiscretion in the process. He was just the most dangerous man that could be imagined; because the ideas of force were always kept before the minds of his followers, and the idea of resistance while the law could never proclaim either his deeds or language to be illegal. One day, however, this gentleman might be said to put arms into the hands of the population. Great excitement followed the publication of a certain missive, or proclamation from the chief of the movement. The people gathered in hundreds around the placard. They read it with avidity. It was plain and decisive, though not intemperate, and the populace cheered!

The police were soon on the ground, in the locality we speak of, and they deemed their duty a plain one. Opening his way through the circle which surrounded the placard, the officer tore the paper down and walked away.

Now, it happened that the local leader, Mr. Fullerton was not present at the moment, but he soon came to hear of what to his thinking was an outrage. The hour was a supreme one. If the authorities thus cowed the masses, all Mr. Fullerton's work would be undone,

and the labor of weeks and months lost to him. That should not be, Mr. Fullerton thought, and, accordingly the patriotic gentleman procured a new proclamation, or he had got a second copy. He hesitated not one moment. He hung it from the window of his drawing-room in a position where everyone could read it; and then he deliberately walked down stairs, and stood beside the sheet of supposed treason.

As we have said, the turning point had come, and the question was whether fear or conscious power governed the authorities.

However, this may be, the town was soon gathered above and below, and opposite the placard, and the town was so concerned in the same, that, at each side of the street the people sat down to make a day of it.

At length the "guardians of the peace" came, and signified to Mr. Fullerton what they conceived to be their duty.

Mr. Fullerton bowed very politely, as he well could, and was silent.

The officer advanced towards the placard, in the attitude of going to seize. There was a dreadful stillness. Then hundreds of men rose to their feet. A number of men appeared at the end of the street, with scythes, pitch-forks, and a few with old pikes.

All was silent; when Fullerton advanced to the side of the Inspector.

"Sir," he said, "I have hung that placard in its place. I believe it legal though patriotic. I am here to defend that manifesto of Ireland's old blood and best men; and I know the consequences perfectly. I have weighed them deliberately. I declare to you solemnly that the man who touches that placard dies."

"Why, Mr. Fullerton! What do you mean? You!"

"I mean, sir, that that placard shall hang from my drawing-room window. I mean that I will defend that placard. I mean, that even though myself and five hundred more die—after I have killed the man who stretches forth his hand to seize that placard—that man shall die!"

The populace overheard the defiance; and there arose a cheer!—well such a cheer as showed that 1848, in some places was in earnest.

The "authorities" exercised a wise discretion. The placard remained in untouched sacredness, until Mr. Fullerton removed it, when it became too dusky in the evening to read it.

Mr. Fullerton, then, was in earnest. Heart, hand, liberty and life, Mr. Fullerton meant revolution, and we must admit that for any government he was, locally, a dangerous man. The Habeas Corpus Act had not yet been suspended, or things might have come easier to the guardians of "order." Mr. Fullerton might in such case have been seized, though he were loyal as a pensioner on the Crown. How was he to be stopped, and handcuffed, *according to law*?

Mr. Baring is "the man in the gap;" but Mr. Baring had more than one reason for at least making a visit to Mr. Fullerton.

Whether the visitor whom Mr. Baring had been communing with mentioned Mr. Fullerton's name, we have no way of discovering: but, certain it is, that a few days after, Mr. Baring appeared at Mr. Fullerton's pleasant residence, and had himself formally announced.

"Mr. Baring of the Crag," said the servant.

"The d——take him!" interiorly, and uncharitably, answered Mr. Fullerton.

"Oh, one of the patriots!" Mr. Fullerton said loudly to his son. "Send him up," added he.

And, behold, Mr. Baring enters the drawing-room—a quaint old apartment with a monkish light falling upon ancient furniture, that is rich in spite of itself, and tells of happiness where there is display.

"Welcome, sir; welcome, Mr. Baring," cried the proprietor of Castle Fullerton.

"Thank you. I quite expected from your patriotism the reception of an old friend. You know me, Mr. Fullerton?"

"Well, I should say, I do. You are called 'the Captain,' I think?"

"Quite right, Mr. Fullerton. I am for good or evil, that man. I have come to you on most important business, and my time in this part of the country must be short."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fullerton.

Mr. Baring here whispered very low into Mr. Fullerton's ear. It was that

"one of ours" was outside the door, a brave fellow whom he would not think of introducing without Mr. Fullerton's leave.

Mr. Fullerton at once rang for the servant; and directed that Mr. Charles Baring's friend should be sent up stairs.

So he was; and the enthusiastic Mr. Fullerton bade him "welcome?" Nevertheless, Mr. Fullerton remarked that, coming up the room, the friend of Mr. Baring had a very *measured* tread, and that he had unnecessarily shortened his fine dark hair, and viewed Mr. Fullerton and the drawing room, as if he had been looking for something "lost or mislaid."

Mr. Baring in due time opened his mission or missions. This was, "his friend, Mardyke," he said, "and the 'chief' and the whole organization had unlimited faith in him."

"No doubt," said Mr. Fullerton.

"Then, my friend!" said Baring, "we want to arm the country immediately."

Mr. Fullerton listened.

"You know, brother," Baring continued, "that I am heir to four thousand a year, and that the 'governor' is over seventy."

"I have heard something like that."

"Well, brother, were I to lose the whole estate—were I obliged to sell every sod—our brothers must be armed."

Mr. Fullerton still listened.

"I am going to make you a proposal. It is morally impossible that my governor can live more than six months. I will draw upon you for £500 at six months, and take up the bill when it becomes due. We will buy arms for every penny of it.

"Well, Mr. Baring, what is the object of buying the arms?"

"The object! Why, the object for which you are known to have defied death a few days ago, and the object for which a nation's heart is beating—National Independence, sir!" warmly concluded Baring.

"Hear, hear!" cried Baring's friend.

"I have never 'done' a bill in my life," answered Mr. Fullerton. "And I certainly—even if I had done bills—would not do one to purchase arms. Hal! hal! pardon me—"

"I fear you do not trust me Mr. Fullerton!"

Mr. Fullerton glanced around the

ceiling in a thoughtful way, and his eyes finally rested on Mr. Baring. "Five hundred pounds!" he said interrogatively,—*"Five hundred pounds to arm a nation. Let us have common sense!"*

"Why, sir," I shall sacrifice all I have. I shall stake a thousand—two—three!" enthusiastically cried Mr. Baring. "Change that subject, my good friend," Fullerton replied. *We cannot approach one another on it; change it!"*

There was an amount of fixedness in Mr. Fullerton's manner and resolution that evidently wrought on the visitors' minds. Yet they were convinced that the whole thing was only oddity, as they knew he was in earnest and had the means; and they determined to see him again," when he had considered it. The conversation changed.

"Of course, you have plenty of arms, yourself?"

"Plenty! Oh, yes."

"A hundred?"

"Well, I can't say a hundred."

"But plenty?"

"Quite enough."

Mr. Baring exchanged a glance with his companion—only the flit of a beam. But Mr. Fullerton saw it, and he smiled in his heart grimly.

"Our 'chief' has profound confidence in you, Mr. Fullerton."

"Well, no one trusts him more, or loves him better than I do."

"I am going to see him this night."

"You are?"

"I and my friend here. Have you a note, or letter, or message? I shall be glad to deliver it."

Mr. Fullerton thought for a moment.

"How soon do you depart?"

"In one hour."

"Well, in that time I will be able to send a letter of some importance. Will you do me the favor of calling? or shall I send to your hotel?"

"Oh, I shall call, certainly."

Mr. Fullerton sat down to think; and the most prominent thought that possessed him was that Mr. Baring was to be utilised. He had not been long in this mood when, who came the way, but James, the Pilgrim.

"James! is that you?" cried Mr. Fullerton.

"Yes, sir. Everywhere, like the bad e-ther. A poor Summer, sir."

"James, you know Mr. Baring?"

"Yes, sir."

"He is a leading man—the 'captain.'"

"So I have heard, sir."

"Does he know where the chief is?"

"He! No."

"And you do?"

"I do."

"Mr. Baring is moving Heaven and earth to find the chief's whereabouts."

"He came here to get information," said James.

"Precisely," answered Mr. Fullerton.

"And you are going to write to the chief, arn't you?"

"I am."

"Well," James said, with the most comical face a man wearing belt and rosary ever yet put on, "here is the chief's address," and he looked full of fun at Mr. Fullerton.

Mr. Fullerton accepted the information with thanks, and, more than that, he made James wait for dinner.

Mr. Baring came in due time for the letter, and duly received the same. He did more, indeed. In a fit of patriotic liberality, he produced a magnificent case of pistols, snugly flannelled in a mahogany box.

"I am so much indebted to you Mr. Fullerton, that I beg your acceptance of this case of pistols. They will remind you of this day, when liberty shall have dawned upon our land."

"Pardon me, Mr. Baring. I informed you that I have more arms than I will know how to employ. You know numbers of your friends who will be glad to receive them."

"What! you will not take them?"

"Not for the world! You can find plenty who want them."

However, Mr. Baring had the letter, the address on the cover of which named a place *only seventy miles away from the sojourn of him they called the "chief,"* and the pilgrim and the patriot Fullerton laughed more than we can measure or describe.

* * * * *

What is shocking to hear is that the case of pistols was taken from Baring as he went home, and that he got what some evil-minded people called "the father of a beating."

CHAPTER XVI.

A WONDERFUL CONCESSION, AND A WONDERFUL JOURNEY—A PENCIL BEAM UPON TWO HISTORIES.

ABOUT the period of Mr. Baring's meditations and great trials, Mr. Meldon appeared one day at the Crag. He was accompanied by his daughter Clara; and all the style within Mr. Meldon's command seemed "put on" for the occasion. The phaeton was shining; the horses were shining; and the harness outshone horse and phaeton. In fact everything looked "spic and span" new.

Mr. Charles Baring had been away for some days; and Mr. Giffard D'Alton was ill at ease, people said—so that, with all the offices of charity and her reading, which was never given up, Clara had been saying to her father that Amy's life was a great trial, and almost a misery. What rendered Clara's sympathy more active for her friend was the journey Mr. Meldon was about to make to Dublin, and the weary hours poor Amy would have to spend in their absence.

Clara, though so young, was full of good sense; and her education had given her confidence in herself. She loved Amy D'Alton deeply, and she conceived the wonderful thought of going to Mr. Giffard D'Alton to ask his concession for Amy to be a companion of her travels.

"Why, child," Mr. Meldon said, "you had better ask Amy herself first."

"Not for the word, papa. Amy would not move a step of herself to leave Mr. D'Alton alone. I must try and win the old gentleman myself, and, once he consents, I am sure of Amy. In fact, I will make Mr. D'Alton command her to come with us."

Mr. Meldon felt proud of his child. He saw, moreover how wise she was; and, kissing her on the forehead, he quietly said, "Bless you, Clara!"

We have now made the reader acquainted with the antecedents of this morning on which the Meldons appeared at the Crag; and, may be, the brilliancy of the "turn out," which was due to "Crichawn" very considerably, had some connection with that astute individual's knowledge of the objects of the visit, and also his desire of its success. Why Mr. Leyton Seymour was left at

home, we may readily guess; but Clara would have it so, if for no other reason than her desire to fight the battle with old Mr. D'Alton in the presence of the smallest number of witnesses that was practicable.

The phaeton flew along the road, and Sleave-na-Mon seemed to fly the other way; while Clara's pre-occupation of mind kept her musing and silent.

Arrived at the Crag, little delay was made in sending up cards, and preparing for the interview. The old gentleman was "at home;" and, in honest truth, had taken a survey of the equipage, and a good one, before he entered the drawing-room. His eyes fell particularly upon Clara, and he said afterwards, that "his heart softened" in the view of the young girl, and "he did not know why."

After the usual common-place, Mr. Meldon opened the way to Clara's mission, by announcing that he and his daughter were going to travel for a month or two; and that their visit was almost a "good-bye," though they intended to call again. They would not leave before a week or ten days.

"An expensive thing is travelling," remarked Mr. D'Alton.

"Well, sir, money is made to purchase recreation and information, as much as for food and raiment."

"Hem!" shrewdly coughed Mr. D'Alton. "Does your friend, Mr. Seymour, accompany you?"

"He leaves, to-morrow, and awaits us in Dublin or London."

"He is rich, I believe," continued the old man, and his gray eyes twinkled.

"Very wealthy," answered Mr. Meldon. "I should say his investments reach a hundred thousand pounds, and his property in Australia reaches several thousands a year."

"Phew!" emphatically replied Mr. Giffard D'Alton. "A hundred thousand pounds, and several thousands a year! 'pon my word!"

"Where is Amy, sir?" now demanded Clara Meldon.

"Where is Amy? Why, she is in her room, or in some cabin near. It is not hard to find that child of mine, Amy. She will be in great affliction after you, Miss Clara."

"No, Miss now, sir! You promised

me, ever so long ago,—do you not remember?—that you would always call me 'Clara,' just as you call Amy by her name."

The old man looked towards the window, and he took off his spectacles to have a good survey over the Crag. When he came back he was busily engaged in cleaning the optical helps with his pocket handkerchief.

"Well, Clara," he said, "we must send for Amy."

"Not for the world, sir; oh, no!"

"What! are you not going to say good-bye to your companion?"

Clara reddened a little, then became much moved, and finally did an excellent thing. She burst into tears.

"What!" cried Mr. D'Alton, looking at Mr. Meldon. He beheld a smile on the face of the gentleman, and became reassured. As Mr. D'Alton was a man of rapid thought and great penetration, perhaps he began to have a prevision also. But, with all his prevision and all his rapidity of thought, he never dreamt of what was coming. The fact was that one minute after she had commenced to weep Clara was weeping around the neck of old Mr. D'Alton and treating him in every way as if he were a relative rather than a visiting acquaintance. Not a word the young girl spoke, but kept showering upon the old man the marks of a child's love.

The old man could only say "Child! child! What is the matter?"

"You like little Clara, sir?"

The old man smiled. "You seem to know that very well."

"I do! And I know you have said little Clara is like *some one* you loved long ago."

"True," answered Mr. D'Alton with a voice of real feeling.

"And you would not like to afflict Clara, and wound her and—"

"What is it?"

"You must send Amy with Clara on this tour with papa."

The old man exclaimed "tour! on a tour!"

"Yes, sir, with me."

Mr. D'Alton looked at Mr. Meldon, and he saw plainly Mr. Meldon had come to the Crag with the object enunciated by his daughter.

"Mr. Meldon," asked Mr. D'Alton, "what am I to think of all this?"

"Well, sir," mildly replied Mr. Meldon, and with a voice like music, "the children need each other. Neither of them has a mother; and they have learned to love one another ever so much. If you accede to Clara's prayer, and give us Amy for the next month or two, she shall be as dear to me as Clara!"

The old man started, he knew not why; and he felt inclined to weep; and at last he yielded, he knew not why; and by the same arms which won Clara's first victory, a second was won; he declared "no matter what Amy wished, go she should."

"You shall hear from me constantly, and you shall be home within six weeks, I calculate. We shall bring with us a companion for Amy and Clara—our friend Alico Hayes."

"Then I am to rely upon Nelly Nurse and my most excellent nephew," rather cynically remarked the old man.

Here was something very strange, yet it fell in, somewhat, with Mr. D'Alton's idiosyncrasies. "Mr. Meldon's respectability was unquestionable. Mr. Seymour was a man of great estate; and to tell the truth poor Amy led a very mopish kind of life where she was. If Mr. Seymour liked Amy? Well, she was as good as he was, whoever he might be; and she was rich too; and if he happened to like her, she would be clear of Baring; and then there was no expense. On Meldon he—Mr. D'Alton—would depend his life and fortune. The man warmed him up, whenever he addressed him." Such were his reasonings.

That evening Mr. Meldon met "Crickawn" at the hall-door.

"Well, Tom, how is the widow?"

"Ever so well, sir."

"And Alico?"

"Oh, sir, she lives in the other world entirely, thank God."

"You know she comes with us on our tour?"

"God bless you, sir! I know all of it; and she has her heart fixed on something else, her mother sez."

"Would you like to come with us?"

"Would I like to come? Ah, sir, wid Miss Amy that fed my family many a

day—and Miss Clara—an' you—like to come? I suppose poor fellows like me have too much liking, so they have. They don't know how to curb themselves."

"Well, do you wish to come?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't want to follow the wish."

"Eh!"

"Ah, sir, the widow id be lonesome; an' I'm wantin' here, you know, about our own house; an' I dunno—somethin' about the Crag!"

"The Crag."

"Ah, sir, I'm afeard about the Crag. The old man is odd—and he's good in many things an' I'm not sure he won't require a marlike me near him."

Meldon started.

"Oh, sir, make your mind aisy. I am enough for three score of the old man's enemies; an' I can tell you my own friends are among them that speak hard of old Mr. D'Alton."

"Your friend?"

"Yes, sir; they are there to guard and protect Amy's father."

"Guard the owner of the Crag as you would guard your father, Tom. The old man is dear to me—very dear."

"Well, the honest thruth, is I always saw the same an' said it; but there's not a neighbor from this to Piltown or Waterford that dos'nt love Miss Amy, sir, and would'nt lose a fall to save her wan single tear."

The preparations for departure were not extensive; and, indeed, with practised travellers preparations are always few. Amy was persuaded by old Mr. D'Alton that she "needed change;" and he declared that he himself would go to Bonmahon or Tramore, and stay at the hotel for a month or more. Nolly Nurse would mind him, and—

"Well, sir, what of my cousin?"

"He may go to——"

Mr. Giffard D'Alton had lately been having somewhat more of Mr. Baring than was well for Baring's position in Mr. Giffard D'Alton's good opinion; and of all persons who deserved ill of Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and of some who did not, that gentleman was over ready to make that unmentionable, hooped-biped a present. In truth, he had been recently consulting some prudent people regarding the possibility of "breaking the

entail" by a "private act;" and Mr. Charles Baring had become aware of the same with something like dismay. That "friend and follower of the family," who gave Mr. Baring such wise counsel on a certain eventful night, came more frequently to his mind than ever.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE journey to Dublin was to commence on the morrow week of the day of the conversation last detailed; and on the day before the departure of the tourists all the packages were duly arranged and duly labelled, and the hour for Amy's presence at Mr. Meldon's fixed sufficiently early to enable the family to reach a morning train from Clonmel. The father and daughter, and Alice Hayes, sat down in the pleasant drawing room and indulged the anticipations born of such a moment. Very likely the young people were excited by the expectation of many novelties and much pleasure, and Mr. Meldon enjoying that luxury of a kind nature—the pleasure he was going to bestow.

Three heavy knocks at the hall door startled the little company. The noise of "grounded arms" was then heard,—done with a will as if to proclaim ponderous power. "Crichawn" was at the door in a moment. Mr. Meldon arrived immediately after, and found himself in presence of a dozen policemen.

"What is the meaning of this, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Meldon, when the police had entered the hall.

"We have been informed that Mr. M—— is harbored in your house."

"My house! who could have been so mad and so false as to name my house?"

"We cannot say," replied the sergeant. "We ourselves do not believe it, but we obey orders."

"And you wish to search?"

"We have been directed, if you pledge your word of honor that Mr. M—— is not in the house, to proceed no further."

"No, no; no 'word and honor' in this case. The information has been given likely enough to deceive you, by putting you on a wrong scent, or to annoy me; though I do not know how I could have made an enemy. In any case you must search!" Without fur-

ther demur the police did as they had been desired. The children were a little alarmed at first; but soon rather enjoyed the investigation and the failure of the visitors. Every place in the house and in the yard, and the stables and the granary, was examined; but all were found equally innocent of harboring the redoubtable hero of many a 'well fought field' (at hurling however) and who was now feared for his designs when his ability and strength would have taken another and more dangerous direction.

"We are very sorry, sir, to have worried you and your family."

"Worried us! Not in the least. I could not think of allowing you to depart without an examination; because a man does not always know everyone or everything, in his house; and because I confess, though devoted to 'law and order,' I was not displeased to give the fine fellow the chance of a run during your delay."

Mr. Meldon gave the men some refreshment for which they were extremely thankful, and they bade him a farewell and a happy tour.

For some time James the Pilgrim and a man in the garb of a blind piper had been waiting at the right hand side of the entrance—very modestly, as became them. Mr. Meldon, as soon as the police had gone, advanced towards James and gave him his hand. He then beckoned both the new comers into the hall, and drew James into the parlor.

"Well, James, my friend, have you seen Mr. Seymour lately?"

"I have heard from him, Mr. Meldon. He is in London?"

"London!"

"Yes, sir; and making use of Father Hayes's letters of introduction. I think you will find Mr. Leyton Seymour more agreeable than ever."

"What do you mean James?"

"I will not say just now," answered James; "but Mr. Seymour's father was worthy of a good son."

"Let us order the poor piper his dinner and bed."

"Like you, sir," answered the Pilgrim—"like you, sir. He wants both;—and he wants ten sovereigns."

"Ten sovereigns!"

"Yes, sir. The 'blind piper' is Mr. M——, for whom the police have just been searching. He is on his way to America."

"Chrichawn" entered.

"Sich a man! sich a man!" cried "Chrichawn." "That owld aunt will hang 'im. Was there ever——!"

Just then Mr. Meldon beckoned to the piper, who joined the party.

"Sich a man!" again cried "Chrichawn."

"All true, "Chrichawn," said Mr. M—— in a fine clear voice; "and I am sure, if you wanted to see your brother's wife, or Mr. Meldon, or even an old neighbor, once more before you left old Ireland, you would venture more than I have; indeed, you would."

Mr. Meldon presented his hand to the outlaw.

"I do not share your views—I will not say anything of your feelings; but I cannot help honoring your sentiments."

"Thank you, Mr. Meldon. I am grateful."

"But, sir," Mr. Meldon continued, "what on earth could you have done? You have had great proofs that democrat power was not with you. What could you have meant?"

"Well, sir, the time will come. We have made a mistake. Ireland's clergy must always be the real power and——"

"Ah, well, do not mind that! You must have suffered awfully on this run?"

"I have not, sir. I have enjoyed much, if I have suffered some. I saw men and women, and even girls, peril everything to protect me—ay, even when they told me plainly they were far from giving up 'Ould Ireland.' It is worth a life of work to prove a people so genuine and loving."

"I quite agree with you; and as I heard a neighbor say—you know Father Ned—the principle of national being is indestructible. Its development is only a question of time and circumstances. Your hazard this time was to see your aunt?"

"Yes; I would rather have gone to prison than left Ireland without seeing her. She has given much of her life, indeed all of it, to me, in rare devotion. I have seen her; that is enough now."

Ireland a *gradh's* *mavournen*!" added the young man hoarsely, "shall we ever baptize your cause in the holy wells?"

"Give up your wells an' rivers, now!" shouted "Crichawn;" "an' put on your coat, an' get off to the fair. Don't dhrive the baste too fast," though said the rogue. "And now let me see how the blue *ratteen* becomes you."

"Crichawn soon had enveloped the wanderer in a long, *ratteen* coat, on the back of which hung a cape down as low as the quondam "hurler's" hips. He then handed him a fine pair of whiskers not large but "bushy," as "Crichawn" called them.

"There now," said "Crichawn," a little proudly, "there's an *ould* *Irelander* for you! Isn't he as good as——"

The young man seized "Crichawn's" hand and gave it a hearty wring.

"You are a kingly man!" he cried.

"Oh, for a hundred thousand like you!"

"Now, you know,——"

"Yes, I know; you never came our road, and that makes me admire your friendship and your courage more."

Mr. Meldon was silent; but he was surprised.

"Crichawn" crowned his exploit by driving a cow to the door.

"Now *Paudheen* *Murphy*," said "Crichawn" with a droll glance, "dhrive that baste ever so aisy to the fair o' Clonmel, an' at the corner of the main street, just at six in the morning, a farmer will give you fifteen gold guineas for her; an' the train leaves the station for Watherford about nine. There's warnin' that Mr. M—— is to be at the Thurles station to-day, and others with him."

As "Crichawn" mentioned Mr. M——'s own name that gentleman at once saw his danger.

"Bless you, "Crichawn," he cried. Then turning to Mr. Meldon, whose kindness had shaped the whole situation, he expressed his obligations as a gentleman should, and bade him farewell.

This chapter was intended for Mr. Meldon's journey but the young enthusiast has borne us away as he many a time has borne away thousands.

We will compensate the reader by saying as little of the road as we can; and hardly anything of the partings.

Indeed, the partings were very few; and old Mr. Giffard D'Alton's was the saddest. He knew that ethereal love which Amy bore her father and believed that she held her life in her hands for him, at any hour or minute of her life. She was not at all insensible to his faults and follies. On the contrary, both had caused her many tears. But a child's love—particularly a well-reared daughter's affection—defies all resistance, and rises above all depressing influences. Its eyes, and ears, and senses, and everything, are in the heart!

The three ladies—Amy, Clara, and Alice—had a pleasant time of it, and had a companion in Mr. Meldon whose conversation was rich in knowledge, and indeed inexhaustible. Occasionally he mentioned Mr. Leyton Seymour's name, his fine property, and his family; and he saw plainly enough that such observations were not unacceptable to Amy D'Alton. He was glad of this for many reasons then working in his mind, and for many more which he hoped to see added to them.

Let us suppose the trains, all, to have been regular and the boats to have been faithful to "sailing time." and good fortune, good spirits, and high hopes to have accompanied the friends all the way, and they succeeded finally in joining Mr. Leyton Seymour at the "Grosvenor" and filled that gentleman with joy! Well, thus we find altogether in London.

The meeting was extremely agreeable to all parties, and the number just sufficient for the enjoyment of sight-seeing when business in the Metropolis, though the Metropolis made more for them. However, the particular calls and occupations of the gentlemen have so much to do with our mysteries that we must decline to name them at present.

It was easy to see from Mr. Leyton Seymour's line of thinking that his mind was very hard at work in a new sphere. He had been a great deal about the institutions which illustrated the science, art and charity of London; but what seemed to strike him most were the convents, particularly those that cared for poor orphans, and protected young women. Somehow, the devotion of the ladies to a work so great and so difficult, constantly forced itself before

his mind, and when he found among the religious not only the tenderly-reared aristocracy, but even those who had been brought up in very hatred of what they now worshipped with a hushed reverence—the saying of Pharaoh's necromancers came unbidden to his mind. "The finger of God is here," he said.

The reader will not feel surprised that Mr. Leyton Seymour accompanied the party to the Roman Catholic church very frequently, indeed almost daily; and one of those visits had a singular influence on his future career—and on the career of one at least besides himself.

One morning the ladies proposed to go to the Oratory at Brompton, and the gentlemen readily assented. It happened that as they drove from the door of their hotel, another carriage drove in the same direction, and street after street kept them company. At first they thought it curious, and then became really interested; but the interest culminated when they saw the carriage stop at the very same destination for which they were bound.

The occupants of both carriages entered the church together; and our friends saw that the strangers were ladies—or by their appearance, a lady and her maid. The lady hardly eighteen, was a foreigner of quite a noble look and bearing; and the maid was a worthy companion for so much distinction. Whether the parties were a mutual distraction or were not, we cannot say; but fate had arranged that they should become acquainted. It was inevitable.

The fact is, that just as they went to the church in company, they came back in company, and finally entered the porch of the Grosvenor together. What could be more inevitable?

Clara Meldon therefore, walked right across the ladies' parlor one hour after and as her eyes met those of the foreign lady, both quietly smiled.

"You see," Clara said in French, "Mademoiselle, we must become acquainted; *le bon Dieu* has brought us together."

"I am most happy," the young lady replied in the same language; "and such meetings are mostly providential."

Amy D'Alton now entered, when the

foreign lady said in English, and with a very pure accent, "this is one of your companions?"

"Oh, that is Miss D'Alton, my most beloved friend. But here is papa. Oh, papa! I have been wishing you to arrive. I have made a friend," the little witch said, most witchingly.

Mr. Meldon bowed low.

"My father's name is 'Meldon'" she said looking at the fair foreigner; "and my name is 'Clara.'"

"Well my name is Fernandez I come right from Berlin, accompanied only by my maid."

"From Berlin!" Mr. Meldon remarked.

"Yes, and I leave this to-morrow."

Mr. Leyton Seymour just came in, and Miss Fernandez only waited the introduction before she added, "I am going to enter a convent, which you must come and see."

"To become a nun?" Amy asked.

"Precisely. In fact, I came for the purpose. But pray, did you not say Miss D'Alton," she said, after a pause, looking at Amy.

"Yes, that is my name."

"Have you any relatives in Austria?"

"I believe not," Mr. Meldon answered; "but——"

"I was going to say," continued the lady, "that a very old friend of our family, noble and wealthy, was named D'Alton, and something quite romantic makes the name dear to me."

"Indeed! Senora." Mr. Meldon said.

"Yes, sir. The Count D'Alton quarrelled with his son, who had made a match below his rank. The son was quite as proud as his father, and they separated. Young D'Alton was educated in Cambridge, and was more than half an Englishman. Having quarreled with his father, he enlisted in an English marching regiment, and left for North America. The account of his death came to his father, I believe, the year I was born. But there was a vague report of a child; and I never hear the name 'D'Alton' without feeling my mind stirred by the sad story."

Mr. Meldon and Mr. Leyton Seymour exchanged glances.

"This does, indeed seem providential," said Mr. Seymour. "I have just

had a letter from Father Hayes, in which he states that he is about to return from America, and that he will be accompanied by a young girl whom he discovered among the Micmac Indians. She had been brought up as the adopted daughter of an old Indian queen, and was generally known as 'Neemi, the Indian princess;' but Father Hayes's enquiries elicited the facts that her parents were Europeans, who died while she was yet an infant, and that her father was an English soldier, named Henry D'Alton, who had wealthy relatives, with whom, however, he had not corresponded for a long time before his death."

"Singular!" said the Senora Fernandez. "If this girl should prove to be the grand-daughter of Count D'Alton, what a joy it will be to the old man. He has long since repented bitterly of his harshness to his only son; and I understand he is even now in England, prosecuting, through the war office, enquiries with regard to his death; though he had little hope of finding the child he was reported to have left."

"In that case," said Mr. Meldon, "Father Hayes will be a great aid to him. But we must be careful how we excite hopes that may not be realized; though I have no doubt, from what the lady says, that the mystery will be satisfactorily cleared up; and," he added after a thoughtful pause, and looking significantly at his daughter, "it may be that, in its elucidation, it will explain other matters which now appear even stranger than this does."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ABOUT the time indicated in the last chapter, at all events not very long after, two or three old friends turned into Father Aylmer's for "one of the evenings" himself and Father Power knew so well how to bestow. "One of Father Aylmer's evenings" passed into a proverb, and however spare the tabling might be—sometimes it was, as we have remarked already—the hearty welcome of the parish priest and the *bônhomme* of the curate wore gifts not every day to be obtained, even when the fare was most luxurious.

On the day of which we write, the

arrival of an old friend and class-fellow in college made Father Power more radiant even than usual; and, as if to balance the years in the little parlor, old Father Morrissey, the nearest neighbor, came to make one of the happy circle.

Father Power's friend we must call Feehan, for convenience sake—and he was one of the most genial, most daring, and devoted men that ever wore alb or stole—like the "Great High Priest," always ready "to lay down his life for his friend"—or to share his last shilling with him. Father Feehan was under forty, wonderfully strongly built, and with an eye that shot out rays of reflection or sparkled with humor as the occasion arose, and really looked as if he was always going to sing "Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight?'"

"So those 'Young Ireland' boys are off," exclaimed Father Power.

"Safely as Giffard D'Alton's hoard," answered Father Feehan.

"How did you manage?" pursued Father Ned.

"I managed by sleeping in three different quarries three different days, and each succeeding night getting nearer to the sea."

"Singular," Father Morrissey said, "that her Majesty's faithful 'Peelers' did not make your acquaintance on the road."

"As I said, we travelled at night, and always had three carts, going 'on our lawful business;' in fact, we did carry loads of turf one night, and tents to set up at the fair of Ballybunnion another night."

"Well!" the old parish priest said, somewhat impatiently, "Father Feehan let us hear how the poor fellows got away."

"I succeeded in boarding a schooner one day last week. I found the captain was a Kerry man, and we agreed that he should receive £500 for landing the three men in Constantinople."

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed Father Aylmer,

"Ah, yes; your friend—or the son of your great friend—O'G—from Dublin—paid two-thirds of the money."

"Then?" asked Father Power.

"We paid one-third in hand; the remainder to be paid on arrival."

Father Aylmer's foot was very busy beating the floor. "Gracious!" he said finally, and looking imploringly at Father Ned.

"Well, sir," Father Feehansaid, turning to Father Aylmer; "well, sir, our friend the Captain, having got £100 in his pocket, took a 'vacancy' while we came on shore, and having, I suppose, got a fit of loyalty and avarice, he set sail and left us there."

There was a cry of indignation and astonishment.

"I found afterwards," Father Feehan said, "that the fellow was a Kerry 'souper,' who had apostatised some years ago. But, after all, we succeeded. I tried our fortune once again. This time the Captain, I found out, was an Englishman, from Kent. I frankly told him our condition, and our loss.

"I shall take them" said the Captain.

"Well, Captain, you are a frank, honest man. I will advance——"

"Not a stiver," replied the Captain.

"They can pay when they reach their destination."

"Thanks. Can you come along side, or shall we sail out to you?"

"Not for gold," replied the Captain, "shall you sail out; and, in fact, it is very likely the fellow who pocketed your money, has, by this time, pursued his industry a little further, by giving information of your whereabouts. So we shall need water and refitting; and stay a couple of days in the Shannon.

"And where are my friends to remain so long?"

"They are to come on board to-day; and we shall make much of them in the hold. However, I shall invite the Custom House officers to a bottle of Champagne; and, for the honor of the cause, I shall hunt up the Inspector of Constabulary. We shall have a jolly time of it.' You have it all now, gentlemen. I bade them adieu with a mixed feeling of joy and sorrow; but I believe they had all been convinced that the harvest time of national hope had not come, and that the counsels of their old friend had been the wisest."

"They are clear off—God be praised!" cried Father Ned; and the table rung with hearty applause.

The chances of the future were then discussed, and Father Ned evidently

knew very much more than an "Old Irelander" was generally supposed to know. In fact, the young fellows believed that his prudence invariably opposed his sympathy; and that all his feeling was for the cause and for them. Personally, he was the friend of every one of them.

"Come, Ned," said Father Feehan. "You are a 'loyal' man, we all know; and you can therefore afford to sing a disloyal song."

"But I do not sing disloyal songs, Michael."

"Come, now; 'Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight'—you must."

"Will you make a contract?"

"The terms?"

"I shall sing 'Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight,' if you sing the song you sung in college on Christmas night, 1834. We shall find who is the oldest rebel."

"Done!"

Father Michael Feehan then commenced:

"COME O FREEDOM! COME."

Come, O Freedom! come,
And beam thee on our lovely isle;
The hope that glads a nation's heart
Is bright but in thy smile!
Come! years have passed away;
And tyrant power hath flung
Its darkness o'er the sunny ray
That brightened her when young;
Its darkness o'er the sunny ray
That brightened her when young.

Come, O Freedom! come;
The patriot's heart is burning still;
The spirit free, as ocean's wave,
Brooks not the tyrant's will.
We love our fields of green!
We love our mountains blue!
And know we not what we have been?
Yes, Freedom! we love you!
And know we not what we have been!
Yes, Freedom! we love you!

Come, O Freedom! Come,
And bless the hearts that beat for thee;
The brightest beams of the Summer
hours
Are bright but for the free!
Come o'er the western wave,
That bounds in thy presence grand!
And tyrant, coward, and shrinking
slave
Shall flee from our green land;
And tyrant, coward, and shrinking
slave
Shall flee from our green land!

(To be Continued.)

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

LIBRARIES.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

GOETHE once said: "one ought every day at least to read a good poem, hear a little song, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words." Goethe lived in a land where the arts and sciences were encouraged and where, in consequence of that encouragement they were flourishing. In Canada it would be a difficult task to accomplish what the great poet lays down as a rule. "To hear a little song"—every day we do not consider very practicable, unless one were gifted with a talent for music and had for society and companions those who are constantly prepared to raise the voice. Outside the theatre or public concert halls the greater majority are not in a position to enjoy the sweets of music and song. Even those who may have friends or relatives that sing, too often find it difficult to snatch a few moments in the evening to devote to this enjoyment. "To see a fine picture"—indeed they are too few, as yet, in Canada. Our art galleries can be easily counted, for they are not as numerous as our cities. But if we cannot follow the advice of the author of this beautiful precept we can go as near to it as possible. "To read a good poem" (or book)—and "to speak a few reasonable words"—are things within the grasp of nearly every one of us. At home, in society, with friends, at morning, at noon or at night, at all times and nearly in all places and with all people we can find occasion to thus increase our little store of knowledge.

But for the person who desires self-education, who seeks to fill up a large mind and to cultivate a fertile intellect, this precept does not extend far enough. Every one has not the means to purchase books wherein that knowledge is to be found. Neither is every one placed in such happy circumstances as to enable him to hold, every day, a solid and instructive conversation. But if

those books cannot be purchased there is yet a grand way to get the hand and the eye upon them—there are avenues along which they are strewn, highways that lead on towards the great temple of knowledge. If we cannot, on account of business affairs, or for other such reasons, find time and place and occasion to meet with, and converse with those who are learned and whose conversation is a species of education, there are shrines devoted to the deity of learning wherein they may be found and admired. These avenues, highways, and shrines are better known to the public under the name of *Libraries*.

Libraries are the grand conservatories of knowledge in a land. A good public library is a focus towards which converge a thousand, aye a million rays of purest light. A library is an ocean of wealth to the city in which it is to be found. Hear what Thomas Davis says of libraries. It may seem strange that I have so often cited the works of this man. But they are not known, and he unfortunately was not known, and deep down in the soul of that humble man were plans and ideas revolving around each other, that would have dazzled the *literati* of the age had he the opportunity of bringing them to light. I cite his works, for what he says is stamped with truth and sincerity. Speaking, then, of libraries; he says "Beside a library, how poor are all the other greatest deeds of man—his constitution, brigade, factory, man of war, cathedral—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motly calf-skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Aladdin's lamp was a child's Kaleidoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most eminent men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—24 (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Afghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt and the Lyrics of Burns. Young reader! pause steadily, and look at this fact till it blaze before you; look till your imagination summon up even the few acts and thoughts

named in the last sentence; and when these visions—from the Greek pirate to the fiery-eyed Scotchman have begun to dim, solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities, as one whose breast has been sobbing at for sight of a mountain, resolves to climb it, and already strains and exults in his purposed toil."

In Canada we have grand public libraries. Not to speak of the splendidly filled shelves of those in Montreal, Quebec and Toronto we need but refer to that inexhaustible mine of literature and science that is an ornament to the capital of the country. The Parliament library of Ottawa is one of the greatest treasures that Canada to-day possesses. The materials are not wanting—the occasion is not amiss—the time, if properly and faithfully employed, is not too fleeting; but the desire and the courage, so to speak, are not to be found. There is not that thirst for reading and studying which should be found amongst the people. Did it exist the floods that pour from such a fountain-head would not be allowed to roll by "untouched, untasted."

This is the spirit and desire that should be forced, if force is necessary, into the minds of the people. They should be taught to regard their own education as a sacred duty. It is true you will often be told by a person that he or she reads very much and yet that person is unable to afford you the few moments "reasonable conversation" of which Goethe speaks. Why is it so? For one of two reasons. Either that person reads very much, but reads so as to forget it, to miss-apply it, to lose it, or he reads very much of the *thrash* literature that is floating like a scum upon the purer and clearer waters of *true* literature.

Either of those two ways of reading is not only useless but is very injurious. Too many know not how to chose their books—and consequently are led on to read and pour over volume after volume of those, so called novels and stories which, at best merely serve to while away and waste time. It is a difficult task to collect a small private library, and it is just as difficult to pick out the most useful volumes that are to be found in a large public one.

The best remedy to this evil is not as many imagine to lay down the rule "that such and such a book you shall read and such and such another one you shall not read under penalty." But the proper way is to so instruct and educate that the person can tell what is good and what is hurtful or useless in literature. Inspire the person with a sincere desire for self-education and self-advancement, then shew him the means necessary and most useful in order to gain that end. The person, if at all reasonable, will certainly chose the proper course and judging to a certain extent for himself will feel a kind of pride in picking his steps with care and caution along the highway of knowledge.

The surest means to make a young person read and ponder over a book is to let him know that it is forbidden to read it. Nine out of ten will seek the first occasion that presents itself to lay hands upon the volume and to devour its contents. But if a man felt a true desire for the acquirement of knowledge, felt the courage to shoulder his spade and go forth to delve and dig in some one of those mines of literature, felt the importance of saving time by reading to retain and reading to profit, felt the truth of that saying—"educate that you may be free"—he would have a grand field open before him.

"Let a boy loose in a library, and if he have years of leisure and a creative spirit he will come out a master-mind. If he have the leisure without the original spring he will become a book-worm—a useful help, perhaps, to his neighbors, but himself a very feeble and poor creature. For one man who gains weapons from idle reading, we know twenty who lose their simplicity without getting "strength."

Let us suppose a young, or even an old man who is in the habit of frequenting a library. Let us suppose him gifted with a certain amount of judgment and taste. It is wonderful what an amount of knowledge he will acquire in a very short space of time. He will know the literature of his own country and if he has not a knowledge of other languages at least through the medium of translation he will be enabled to become familiar with their beauties. And

if such a man had never the occasion to display before the public his learning and science it would be for himself a constant source of enjoyment—to which the poor pleasures of the majority of men cannot be compared. Contrast that innate satisfaction, that deep-felt pleasure, that soul-moving, heart-touching, peace-inspiring enjoyment with the relaxations and amusements which the hundred other sources afford.

The gambling-room, the bar-room, the hellish-resorts of iniquity are the centres of attraction for far too many of our people. There the time, that is precious in the eyes of the world and in the eyes of God, the physical energies that are so necessary for the preservation of happiness and health, the mental faculties that are the ornaments of man, are all wasted by degrees. Then there is the pomp of worldly display, the glitter of a grand appearance, the splendor of a rich banquet; these and a thousand such more innocent but still unprofitable pastimes are the rage, but as Goldsmith says: "These little things are great to little man." Not there is true enjoyment to be found. Again the rough and more brutal enjoyment of animal pleasures has laid a hold upon a certain branch of society. Again, we repeat, there is not to be found that true enjoyment which should accompany us through life.

If the mind is not cultivated and tilled, it soon becomes dull and cannot soar beyond certain narrow limits. The man may have physical strength and energy, he may be gifted with a grand appearance and beautiful features, he may have all that is attractive and admirable exteriorly, but if the mind is uncultivated there is a dead blank. An old English poet once sang:

"Were I as tall to reach the pole,
And grasp the Ocean in my span,
I would be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man."

And the best and surest place where that refinement can be had is within the four walls of a good library. But a library is a labyrinth. A thousand by-ways start out from one point and these are intersected by a thousand cross-paths. At times, as in the depths of the catacombs, all is darkness and bewilderment. It is necessary to have

a light and a sure and faithful guide in order to safely reach the end. It would be impossible to visit every passage—a life time would not suffice; no, not ten times the space allotted to man upon earth. The explorer must, therefore, pick out the corridors, most useful and less dangerous and most in accordance with his tastes and energies, and then follow them through their divers windings.

An hour a day in a good library would suffice to lead a person a long long distance upon any one way. Take for example History—You start with your well trimmed lamp and your faithful guide. Away you go—back, back along the ages. On each side of you, lit by the wane light of your flickering torch, you see the tombs of the nations—some grandly adorned and beautifully worked, others simple and dull. You read upon each the epitaph, into which is condensed the story of its birth, its rise, its flourish and its fall. On you go and the ghosts of dead ages come forth from their crypts and stalk out before you. Back, back along that winding, lengthy, passage you advance—even (if you have time) until you reach its end. Such is your progress in that great library labyrinth. But as yet you have only seen one passage, without even making a single excursion into the million off-shots or by-ways that branch away from it.

Suppose it is another corridor you desire to explore. It is that of Literature,—away you go with the same guide and same light that you employed when walking the road of History. So on for every branch of learning or science. Their name is legion. Certainly in the space of one life-time a person could not even attempt the exploration of more than a small number of those passages. But what an amount can be acquired, what a distance can be travelled, by slow stages—an hour a day—what things can be seen and gleaned is wonderful in the end.

Every library should be encouraged and used. They are a source of incalculable good to a city and even the country at large. Not only are they of use to the men of profession but even more so to the men of the merchant class. These are the people whose time

is occupied with business and who are unable, owing to circumstances, to devote much of it to study. But if in the city or town there is a good public library, where they could walk in and take a book every now and then, soon a desire, a real thirst for reading would take possession of them and they would soon find that they were wont to waste much time in idle talk or in a thousand other ways, which could have been much better employed.

"Reading to consume time is an honest but weak employment. It is a positive disease with multitudes of people. They crouch in corners, going over novels and biographies at the rate of two volumes a day, when they would have been far better employed in digging or playing shuttlecock. Still it is hard to distinguish between this long-looking through books and the voracity of a curious and powerful mind gathering stores which it will afterwards arrange and use. Indeed the highest reading of all (which we may name epic reading) is of this class."

But if for some persons reading is a waste of time, in general it is a good and a grand employment. And if libraries are useful to those who seek and desire self education, they are more so to those who already enjoy a liberal education. For men of professions nothing so important as a library. The physician, the lawyer, the engineer, the clergyman and above all the author or writer requires some such place where knowledge is to be had for the mere trouble of seeking for it.

Space is limited and consequently only very few of the multitude of things which might be said upon this subject can here be expressed. Volumes could be written upon libraries, and volumes could be written upon the subject of books in general. As in all those essays, whatsoever be the subject, only a short glimpse can be taken at the question brought forward, so in these few phrases we merely desire to draw attention to this branch of education—for no one can deny that it is a very important branch.

Let libraries be encouraged and let the people be encouraged to frequent

them. Rest assured that if you are seen in a public library it will never injure you in the eyes of the one whom you meet there. If you are often seen frequenting these sanctuaries of learning, found delving in these mines of literary wealth, discovered pouring over the volumes of those great conservatories of knowledge, walking the passages of those winding labyrinths, that you will soon be marked out by your fellow-citizens as a useful, intelligent, worthy—aye good man. And the older the volume you hold in your hand, the more dust of the musky forgotten shelf that is seen upon it—the more will you be considered studious and learned. But beware of doing this for show-sake. Such would be an acted lie. Do it that you may glean the benefit and reward.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER AND THE GALLOGLASS.

A BALLAD.

A barrier lay 'twixt him and me,
For I was far in rank above him,
So handsome, graceful, kind was he
I could not but sincerely love him:
Thus whether in a hunter's dress
Or trowse and cloak, as simple farmer,
In saffron tunic—playing chess,
Or girt with sword and clad in armor.

As arrow straight—a spear as tall,
When Connor's clan attacked the
stranger
How proud his mien—as castle hall
He left, to claim the post of danger,
While sang the *Ros-catha* a bard,
He from the kerne and galloglasses
Was chosen by his Chief to guard
The river fords or mountain passes.

The warfare o'er—at banquet board
The clansmen talked of border forays,
When Cairbre laid aside the sword,
How sweet his songs and droll his
stories;
Metheglin, wine their spirits lit,
(Good cheer the fiercest face relaxes)
Still more his humour and his wit
E'er bright and keen as battleaxes.

As foster-children we had played
Mid orchard fruits and garden flowers,
At eve (although of ghosts afraid)
Among old Dangan's gloomy towers.
In after years his love was seen,
It roused the anger of my brother,
Hot words ensued—each drew his *skeine*,
Tho' Conn's fond nurse was Cairbre's
mother.

From thence our paths asunder led,
 No more to meet on ramparts daily,
 On bushy road or rath——he fled
 The fields and forests of O'fahey.
 I knew his worth—and courage tried,
 How pure and high his sense of
 honor,
 Though Fortune's favours were denied,
 His heart was with the House of Con-
 uor.

We still with fear in secret met,
 And tears were shed before we parted,
 He told me once the sun should set
 On us no more half broken hearted;
 And said though poor in all beside,
 Although in want of lands and trea-
 sure,

Yet if his Eileen were his bride
 His toil and trials would be pleasure.

He called me then his *gra machree*,
 His *Colleen bawn*, the sweetest crea-
 ture,

From Barrow's banks to Lough-na-ree
 And good in soul—as fair in feature,
 He gave me there his hand and word,
 That if he failed to fondly cherish
 The lady whom he long adored
 Might all his hopes and prospects
 perish.

Returning home, pressed to his side,
 He kissed my blushing forehead over,
 And made me promise—what betide,
 That soon he'd be my wedded lover,
 My cheek was near his faithful breast,
 My fingers hung upon his shoulder,
 I then my maiden love confessed,
 Tho' years have passed, 'tis scarcely
 colder.

We called the evening star above,
 Whose orbit bright is ne'er forsaken,
 To witness our true vows of love,
 In sight of saints and angels taken:
 Next day the solemn seal was set—
 Unknown to kindred—by a friar,
 Tho' want has pinched—without him yet
 I never wished for station higher.

The fervor breathed in his sighs,
 The warm embrace that would in fold
 me,

The pure affection in his eyes,
 The sweet, soft things he often told me,
 I've counted like a miser's wealth,
 Whose hoarded gold his mind be-
 witches,

Our children with content and health,
 Have since become my only riches.

I envy not the queens of earth,
 When I observe the gifts and graces,
 Of boys and girls around our hearth,
 Their beautiful and happy faces:
 But when in love like us they sigh
 And hand and heart are freely given,
 With nuptial rite we'll ratify
 The pledges registered in heaven.

Montreal.

LAGNIAN.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

RENAN at least, infidel though he is,
 does not believe in the lie, that the
 Church has never opposed slavery.
 Speaking of the persecution of the
 Christians in the year 64, he says "Thus
 opened that extraordinary poem of
 the christain martyrs, that epoch of
 the amphitheatre, which is to last 250
 years, and to eventuate in the ennob-
 ling of women and the reinstating of
 the slave in all the rights of manhood
 and citizenship." (Antichrist, p. 175).
 To shed his blood for the faith was for
 the slave an eloquent declaration of
freedom; to die in the same arena done
 to death by the same wild beasts with
 freemen; perhaps with his own master,
 was *equality*. If during periods of
 comparative calm some difference of
 rank might have sprung up in the chris-
 tain family between master and slave,
 they disappeared when the one and the
 other were cast into the same prison,
 were tried before the same judge, suffer-
 ed the same torments and died together.

The persecuted Church called all the
 faithful, without distinction of age sex
 or condition, to the combat. If to die
 for virtue, liberty or for oneself, says St.
 Clement of Alexandria, is good and
 honourable for man, it is so also for
 woman. Such deaths are not the ex-
 clusive privilege of men, but of all the
 good. Let the old man and the young,
 let women and slave live faithful to the
 commandments, and if necessary die
 for them, that is to say, "gain life by
 death." Commemorating the martyr
 Agricola put to death for the faith a
 few moments after his slave, Vital, St.
 Ambrose cries out: "The slave has gone
 first in order to prepare a place; the
 master follows; the one began, the
 other finished, the work. They have
 striven together in good deeds, after
 having become worthy to be equals.
 The master has sent the slave before
 him to martyrdom; the slave has drawn
 his master after him. No condition of
 life is an obstacle to virtue." "There
 are combats," says St. Chrysostom, "in
 which certain conditions of age, sex and
 dignity are required for the combat;
 slaves, women, children and old men are
 ineligible; but hither (to martyrdom)
 all ranks, all ages, both sexes are called

a great liberty is given to all, in order that they may learn how free and powerful is He, who has instituted this combat." These are strong proofs of the perfect equality of all classes (and therefore of the slave) in the Christian church. It is true that the martyrs themselves with a beautiful humility may sometimes have drawn a distinction. Origen, in his Exhortation to martyrdom, gives us a beautiful example, "we poor" he represents them as saying "though we are martyrs like you, yet reasonably give you the first place, since for the love of God and Christ you have given up more than we; you have trampled under foot high rank great riches and love of your children."

But the Church did not accept this distinction. When a martyr's death had crowned any of her children, she affixed to his name in her diptychs the honourable title "martyr vindicalus" ("canonised saint" we should say now-a-days) whether he was born of free man or bond-woman. The *arcosolium* which in the catacombs received the ashes of the one or the other was clothed with the same honors, and on the feast days of the martyrs saw the same crowd elbow one another pressing forward to pray there and to participate in the holy sacrifice. This veneration paid to martyred slaves was a matter of grave astonishment to the pagan mind. These christians says the Sophist Eunapius, "*honor as God's men, who have been put to death with the extreme penalty of the law; they prostrate themselves in the dust and mud before their tombs. They call faithless slaves, who have been striped with the scourge, and whose bodies bear the scars of punishments caused by their crimes—martyrs,*" &c.

Besides proving the equality of slaves, does not this last testimony afford invincible proof of the veneration of saints in the early church? Even the pagan Roman bears testimony to it.

It would be impossible to give the names of all the slaves who were honoured with public worship and who are mentioned in the writings of the first centuries. During the persecutions the indifference of the Pagan slave-master for the religion of his slaves suddenly vanished. Not only did they punish

those, who declared themselves christians, but much more, they obliged, at least in the persecution of Dioclesian, all slaves to offer sacrifice and libations to the gods as a proof of their attachment to the religion-by-law-established. There were slave-martyrs of all grades of slavery for even slavery had its grades. Here a powerful slave has been touched with grace, and is brought home dead for Christ to the palace, where formerly all trembled before him. There slaves hitherto favourites of their masters are cast into prison as soon as their conversion to christianity is become known. Or an old well respected slave around whose knees three generations of children have sported, dragged to death as a Christian, breathes out his short remaining life on the cross. For refusing to sacrifice to false gods another is run through with a spear like a wild beast by his master. A whole family of slaves, father, mother and children are put to death by their Pagan master for having confessed the faith. Perhaps the weak ones are the most to be admired. A young slave mother, just delivered of her first born, rises from the bed of sickness to fight for Christ in the amphitheatre. A female slave is shut up by her mistress in a strong room to die of hunger because she has been surprised frequenting the Churches. Slave virgins (Sts. Felicitas, Matrona, Digna, Eunomia, Eutropia, Dula, Pitamien) are denounced as Christians for defending their modesty, and die for their own honor and that of religion. All kinds and degrees of servitude are here represented. It is a labour of love to unroll verse by verse "this poem of the slave martyr." It abounds with touching scenes, and sublime episodes. It is the chant of victory. Paganism stood confounded in presence of this presumption of the slave made free (in soul at least) by Christianity. A young Christian slave named Mary is denounced by her master for adoring Christ. Why being a slave, are you not of the religion of your master? asked the Judge. This was the Pagan servitude. These martyrs were a puzzle to Paganism. It could not understand this "*non possumus*" of the Apostle repeated again by the lips of those who hitherto had not had the power to say no.

PARNELL'S RECEPTION.

THE most magnificent demonstration ever witnessed in the City of Montreal! Such was the unanimous verdict expressed by all who beheld the royal reception given to the great Irish agitator, the successor of the immortal O'Connell on the evening of the 8th of March. Well might the heart of Ireland's cherished son rejoice at the genuineness of his welcome, the public manifestation of confidence in the sincerity of his motives, and the cordial approval of his course as bold and unflinching as it is unique in the history of parliamentary or constitutional warfare. Unprecedented as was his reception in the grandeur of its display, the recipient of the ovation had fully earned the laurels that were showered upon him. A Protestant in religion, he had espoused the cause of his distressed and oppressed Catholic fellow-countrymen; a landlord he had thrown himself into the breach to do battle for the victimised tenantry of his native land—born to a position of ease, the road to honor and emolument was open before him, were he to join the ranks of the heartless rulers of his country, he had preferred the rugged and painful career of champion of popular liberties; instead of the smiles of the powerful, he had chosen the inevitable ostracism of men of his own creed and class—and what has been his reward? At an early age he has become famous throughout the civilized world, his name is enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen at home and abroad, he has no honorable prefix, no ribbon of any ancient order decorates his breast, but in their stead he has won and wears the grander and nobler title of Parnell the patriot! His career is fresh in the minds of our readers. His entry into Parliament, his tactics of obstruction which have gladdened the hearts of his countrymen whilst they have caused gnashing of teeth, and brought forth curses both loud and deep in the camp of the enemy. His espousal of the cause of the tenants of Ireland, and the peaceful revolution he has occasioned already for the benefit of his clients. How he sounded the alarm of impending famine, and how he was met with the lying reports of Government Commissioners

proclaiming that Parnell and his associates were merely making political capital and that there was peace and plenty in the land; reports so mendacious but persisted in so flagrantly that even the Bishops of Ireland were for a moment deceived by them, and venerable pastors on this side of the Atlantic, whose whole lives prove that their heart's blood would be given for the cause of their country, were induced to stay for a short time the hand of relief that was about being extended to the sufferers. Later, how the venal press of the United States, subsidised by the money of the profligate landlords of Ireland had made common cause in hounding him down as an impostor, a demagogue and disturber, and how his noble and unswerving course had actually goaded the greatest enemy of his country into subscribing the magnificent sum of \$100,000 and opening a list towards the relief of the starving poor. Well do our readers remember how he made the history of Ireland's woes and the intolerable condition of the wretched tenants-at-will the subject of comment at every fireside in America. It was for all this, and to show their contempt for his foul slanders, that the people of Montreal gave him a reception which we have just termed in the opening of these few lines the most magnificent demonstration ever witnessed in the city. Imagine not less than twenty associations, clubs and societies, averaging, swelled as their numbers were by sympathising outsiders, at least five hundred members, each bearing torches and transparencies, one vying with the other in beauty and brilliancy: first our hackmen astride their splendid animals a credit to the city of Montreal, then the National, Benevolent, Temperance, Benefit and Athletic associations on foot, the whole winding up with a mounted guard of honor, each man bearing a torch, the whole body moving along with military precision, the procession extending nearly a mile and a half in length, and our readers will have some idea of the grandeur and gorgeousness of the display.—On the following evening the Theatre Royal was crowded to overflowing with an audience eager to hear the great

tribune of the people, and to contribute with genuine Irish generosity to the fund of the agitation. The rousing cheers that again and again greeted the appearance of Mr. Parnell can never be forgotten, and his plain unvarnished tale sank deeply into the hearts of his hearers. The whole proceedings were such as long to be remembered by those who witnessed them; perhaps never again in the lifetime of the present generation will the streets of Montreal present a scene so grand as this public endorsement of Ireland's patriotic son, and in the words of one of the orators of the evening at the Theatre Royal, we say "God speed to the advocate of the cause of the people, and may the day of Ireland's deliverance and the hour of the triumph of right over might have an early dawn."

J. J. C.

AN ENGLISH PRONOUNCEMENT FOR HOME RULE.

The following excellent article appeared in the London *Weekly Despatch*—a paper of very large circulation in England:—

Unless we greatly misread the signs of the times, the Home Rule question is one which will soon have to be considered seriously by Englishmen. Events appear to be conspiring very rapidly to bring it "within the scope of practical politics." An agrarian agitation which the Government is wholly impotent to stem, an impending famine which the Government is making, no adequate preparation to deal with, are not by any means ill-calculated to bring about this result. It is very far from improbable that before the Winter is over we shall find coroners' juries summoned to ascertain the cause of death of people who have died of hunger in the counties of Donegal, Sligo, Mayo, Galway, Clare, Kerry, and Cork, returning verdicts of "wilful murder against Lord Beaconsfield." It is, moreover, unfortunately almost certain that before the Winter is over many a man who now "owns land" in Ireland will have come, by means of a violent death, to own no more of it than some six feet by three.

Then the British public, whose atten-

tion is usually (and quite rightly, and indeed necessarily) taken up with its own affairs, will be driven to give some consideration to Irish matters, and to come to some conclusion one way or the other upon the Irish demand. What, then, is the Home Rule proposal? Let us try to make it plain to ourselves. Whether we agree with a proposal or not, there is no harm in understanding it, more especially if the proposal is one with which whether we like it or not, we must deal one way or the other. What, then, is the Home Rule project? It is neither more nor less than this—a proposal put forward by the majority of the Irish people to assimilate in some respects the constitution of the United Kingdom to that of the United States. Everything American may be abominable; yet that does not prevent the State of New York or New England from being an "integral part" of the American Union. Now, Ireland wants—wrongly, wickedly, rebelliously, Papistically, if the reader pleases—to be an integral part of the British Union. Ireland asks for no more than this. Let us, then, consider the question upon this basis, and talking no more nonsense about "the integrity of the British empire" or anything else which has nothing to do with the matter, let us endeavour if possible, before our hair turns grey, to arrive at some conclusion on the matter. The Irish ask to be allowed to manage their own affairs, first on the ground that they understand their own affairs better than we do. This may not be true, but it is not altogether improbable for English politicians of both parties have been driven once and again to confess that they can "make neither head nor tail" of Irish affairs. As far, indeed, as we are aware, no English politician ever has been able to make head or tail of Irish affairs with one single exception (and he always makes tail), the present Irish Secretary, "Jemmy" Lowther, as he is now playfully called. He will be called "Famine" Lowther, or "Manslaughter" Lowther before next Spring. Secondly, the Irish ask to be allowed to manage their own affairs on the ground that they have time to attend to them. "You English," they say to us, "are very kind, very good-natured at the same

time you are very busy. You now and then give us two whole sessions, and it is a great act of condescension, but still Irish business lags somewhat. Now, we would give ourselves the whole of every session and thus, although confessedly an inferior race, we should get through more Irish business in the long run than you do with all your wonderful energy and all your good will in these occasional spurts." "In a few years we hope," say these simple people, "by giving our whole time and our whole minds to it, to pull Ireland up to the condition—well, to the condition of the Isle of Man." By the way, they have Home Rule in the Isle of Man—so they have—a native Parliament too. They call it the House of Keys. It is a queer arrangement certainly. But is it not better to have a House of Keys than to have "Jemmy" Lowther going about with the whole bunch in his pocket and "not knowing one from the other?"

They have Home Rule, too, in the Channel Islands—or rather they have allowed us to have it, as they say—these perky little Normans, always pluming themselves on their victory at Hastings—and they are quite content with the arrangement. Then there is Norway. Norway has recently obtained Home Rule, and now she and Sweden are as pleased as Punch with each other. Iceland, too, has now had Home Rule conceded to her by Denmark, and everybody is charmed with the arrangement, even our old friend the *Times*. Working round this way we get back to the place we started from, America, and there we find Home Rule rampant, but nevertheless "business carried on as usual." So that the Home Rule idea does not appear to be either a very new idea, or, as far as one can judge at first sight, a very dangerous idea. It may not, indeed, be absolutely and perfectly safe. No political combination ever is, was, or will be. Why, the combination of famine, agrarian outrage, and "Jemmy" Lowther is not quite safe if you come to think of it. But looking abroad—taking a general survey of the universe, and remembering our own parochial system and our time honored proverb, "If you want a thing done do it yourself"—the Home Rule idea, in

the abstract of course, appears to be neither very unsafe or very unpractical.

For this reason, then, there seems no cause why we should allow ourselves to be alarmed by these Irishmen. It is not a blunderbus they are holding to our heads after all, but only a constitution. They may be an eccentric people, but they are not so eccentric as to wish to cut either the British connection or their own throats. Being (at least, the vast majority) of sound mind, memory, and understanding, they wish to continue British subjects, just as the New Englanders are American subjects. They wish to continue free to serve in the British army and navy, to come to the English bar, to obtain colonial appointments, and to own land in England without the necessity of being naturalised. They want, in fact, to continue as they are now, members of the great Imperial Club, but at the same time to be allowed to have the exclusive management of their own household. This is all they ask. Does it sound so very dreadful? Ought it to turn our hair grey merely to have it mentioned? Are we justified in denouncing as a "traitor," "sycophant," "rogue," "hypocrite," and "liar" every Radical candidate for a borough constituency who says he will "vote for an inquiry" into the matter? Home Rule may perhaps, turn out to be absurd; but is it not a fair subject for inquiry whether the Home Rule system is more or less absurd than the "Jemmy" Lowther system?

ROME AND IRELAND.

A FEW weeks ago certain English correspondents at Rome made, with great confidence and elaborate detail, a very remarkable announcement. They announced that the Holy See was about to raise its voice in earnest and indignant protest against the Land agitation in Ireland, and that in fact the Papal anathemas had already been forwarded to the Irish bishops. These statements were received in Ireland with a smile of incredulity. The trust of Ireland in the illustrious successor of Saint Peter who now wears the Tiara was never for a moment shaken. "No Irish Catholic" says the Dublin *Freeman*, "believed for one instant that Leo XIII. was about to

sunder one of those golden bands by which the Chair of Peter and the liberties of Ireland have been for ages bound together. Leo XIII. is a profound student of history, and he knows how in the dark days of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the splendid but unsuccessful struggle for Irish Independence had its centre and focus in Rome; how the Holy See extended such noble hospitality to the victims of that struggle, exiles for conscience sake from Fatherland; how "the Barbs" sleep their last sleep under the shadow of the Vatican; how Own Roo triumphed at Benburb not alone as the champion of Catholic Ireland, but as the consecrated soldier of the Pope. Remembering these things—remembering in later days how often the Holy See had blessed the labors of the great Tribune whose heart now lies in the Eternal City—the Irish people never for a moment credited the lying story that the Pope was about to ban the struggles of Ireland for better government and repeal of cruel laws. And very soon and very remarkably have these lying stories been dispelled."

England, says the *Irishman*, turned her hypocritical face to America and to the Continent, and implored the Principalities and Powers to speak aloud and curse the Irish Nation, which would neither live quietly under oppression nor die mutely of starvation.

The Principalities and Powers of Europe and America looked once more upon England and her victim; and, lo! they have blessed wronged and suffering Ireland, and condemned England as her oppressor.

In America all the notables of the Republic have welcomed the champion of the Irish people; in France, organs of the most diverse parties have sanctioned the Irish struggle, and now from Rome itself comes a Voice, as it were the Voice of Peter, blessing the sacred cause of Ireland!

How our enemies must writhe under this judgment of humanity we may calculate from their anxiety to snatch, by fraud and falsity, a verdict in their favor. The telegrams of their agents invariably declared that judgment had been given for England whilst the full news that followed invariably demonstrated that

the verdict was clear, complete, and emphatic, in favor of the Irish Nation.

Rome was first misrepresented, and, as it now appears, foully and infamously calumniated. The London papers published statements from their agents (ostensibly at Rome) declaring that the Vatican viewed the agitation in Ireland with great disapprobation, that it had already despatched its condemnation of their proceedings to the Irish Bishops, and that it was about publicly to manifest its displeasure.

All this was false—false as England. It was not a mere perversion of the truth, it was its direct contradictory. Nothing could be more infamous than this outrage upon all veracity, save the fact that English policy now aims at a general violation of all truth, so far as the relations between Ireland and foreign states are concerned.

Fortunately for Ireland, Pope Leo has the qualities of his name—fearless, bold, magnanimous as a lion, he scorns the English leopard's cunning wile, and nobly declares for the cause of suffering Ireland. He will not permit England to misrepresent his convictions, in order that they may misgovern the Irish people with greater ease. He will not allow the names of Leo and of Rome to be invoked in order to serve as a screen between English wrong-doing and Irish censure.

Since England has had the audacity to attribute to him opinions which he never expressed, England, Ireland, and the world shall now hear the correct expression of his true sentiments.

These sentiments have been interpreted by articles published simultaneously in the Papal journals of Rome—the *Aurora* and the *Voce Della Verita*. The authority of these articles is acknowledged by the *Times*, which, after all its elaborate misrepresentations, has now to publish translations of these remarkable articles.

The *Aurora*, its Roman correspondent declares, is a new organ, specially reflecting the opinions of the present Pope—a man not only of exceptional intellectual power, but gifted with statesmanlike sagacity beyond many of his predecessors, and not a few of his contemporary sovereigns.

The *Aurora* points out that the news

of "a rebellion in Ireland" (which English agents had sent to Rome!) is unfounded. But it takes care to add that England is now beginning to experience inconvenience at home from those very principles which, especially during the Palmerston Government, she so fervently practised abroad. "Ireland," continues the *Aurora*, "has for a long time been a country agitated by many passions, for the reason that the most sacred rights of the ancient inhabitants were violated by English intolerance and harsh laws." The oppression of the Catholics, it proceeds, had the effect of causing them "to seek to obtain justice through secret associations." But it does not confine its views to the sufferings of Catholics, as such; on the contrary, whilst it points out that "to-day that injustice has been in great part redressed," it takes care to add that "much remains to be done for the poor Irish despoiled of their land."

Thus, it recognises that there is a Land question in Ireland; but, thank heaven! the *Aurora* goes further and declares that there is a National Question also. The agitation which had appeared to diminish since O'Connell's days, it says, now again arises and grows great. This does not surprise it; on the contrary, the *Aurora* looks upon it as the natural consequence of the principles which the British Government professes, and which it presses on other countries when occasion serves. These are its words:

"And in truth it is not strange that the Irish, knowing what the England of Palmerston has done for the constitutions of various countries, are unable to understand why she will not give them what, with so much insistence, she asked not long ago for Hungary. Ireland, therefore, asks for a Parliament of her own, as she had in times past and maintains that it is neither just nor reasonable that the laws of Ireland should be made in London, instead of in Dublin. Canada has obtained from England what Ireland desires."

This states the case of Ireland with sympathy, and logical force. Again, it drives the argument home:

"England has favored elsewhere the doctrine to which the Irish people who

cry 'Ireland for the Irish' now hold, and what is more, the Irish cannot forget that the land they now see in the possession of others was taken by force from their ancestors who legitimately possessed it."

The *Aurora* warns England that she must practice what she has preached, for, it says, the flames are spreading, they must break forth, and they are bound to extend to edifices deemed secure. Then we have the following calm, deliberate and striking passage:

"The present condition of Ireland is the result not only of the conquest, but of the wars of religion and the wars of legitimacy. To remedy entirely this condition is impossible, but it is necessary to prepare to allow liberty of legally forming more equitable and a more tolerable state of things for the people descended from the ancient proprietors! This many men of sense believe cannot be obtained by better means than a Parliament of her own for Ireland. And perhaps this will be the best remedy, if that Parliament, which it seems the English now incline towards granting, be composed of upright and religious men who forget the past and its hatreds to think of the country."

A Parliament of her own for Ireland. Yes, thank heaven, this is the conclusion to which men of sense have come, not only in Ireland, but abroad—not only men of the Irish race, but the gifted, the most eminent, the most authoritative men of other races.

The *Voce della Verita* speaks to the same effect. As the article in this journal appeared simultaneously with that in the *Aurora* it has been fairly inferred that both are due to a suggestion from the Vatican. There cannot be a doubt that they represent the opinion of holiness. The *Aurora*, which is stated to be more especially his organ, speaks, perhaps, in a more statesman-like manner, but the conclusions of both are identical. It will be observed that the *Voce della Verita* adopts the same line of thought, and affiliates the present agitation in Ireland to that of O'Connell. It does not fall into the error, as some English Catholic organs greatly desired, of looking upon the Irish movement as a "Socialist," "Communist," etc., agitation. Quite the contrary, it at once and

correctly declares it to be a National movement, inasmuch as it acknowledges it to be the offspring of the Repeal movement, conducted by one—whose name is held in veneration in Rome. When a Roman organ declares that an Irish movement is akin to that of O'Connell, it can give no higher praise; that name is held to be a sanction in itself.

Thus speaks the Roman *Voce della Verita* :

"The present agitation in Ireland, in our opinion, is nothing more than the continuation of the great movement initiated by O'Connell, and it will have a happy issue, if the revolutionary passions, falsifying its scope, do not convert it into a rebellion, into an episode of the Great Revolution, which for centuries has convulsed the nation, and the result of which has been the confiscation of their most sacred rights, in favor of a rival sect which tyrannizes over them. The patience of the Irish, their patriotism, their respect for law, and, above all, for the Catholic religion, which commands obedience to legitimate powers, and which, in return for this obedience, promises every good thing, the sense of the English, their love of true liberty, the now extinct religious hatreds, and, finally, the fullness of the times, and the unanimous consent of all the real Liberals in that country, give us ground for hoping that 1880 will close the era of the agitation commenced in 1828."

These are the words of the *Voice of Truth*. It adds a prediction—a prophecy which this generation may see fulfilled in part:

"Yes, the Irish will acquire complete liberty, and will break the chains which still bind them to the servitude of the soil, remaining faithful to their religious traditions, and continuing to be the most devoted subjects of the great Crown of England. England will not permit so worthy a portion of the nation to continue under the burthen of a slavery which almost renders useless the celebrated Catholic Emancipation Bill. Political liberties are an insult without civil liberties, and these the Irish now demand."

We need not enter upon any debate-

able details in this passage, we have but to deal with the conclusions. Those both of the *Aurora* and of the *Voce della Verita* are the same.

Religious hatreds are extinct—this the two Papal organs insist upon, and with all justice—the Irish question is a National Question which includes the interests and welfare of Irishmen of all creeds and of all classes. Not only for the Irish representatives that are to be, but for the Irish people who are, the hatreds of the past are non-existent. Only its glorious lessons are and shall be remembered. Upright and religious men, we have no doubt, will go to constitute our native Parliament; this hope of Pope Leo finds its counterpart in the noble verses of an Irish poet:

"For Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train.
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again."

The Heart of O'Connell is shrined at Rome—may we not suppose that Irish Heart felt a thrill when the Heart of Leo dictated the words: "A parliament of her own for Ireland,"—may we not suppose that faithful Irish Heart felt one throb of joy, when the voice of the Roman Pontiff, sanctioned the prophetic words: "Yes, the Irish will acquire complete liberty!"

MORAL CHARACTER.—There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man, as a good moral character. It is his wealth—his influence—his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool—croaking sycophant—no treacherous honor-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life; never should we find them yielding to the grovelling and base-born purposes of human nature.

IN MEMORIAM.

P. J. Curran—Died March 5, 1880.

BY AN OLD CLASSMATE.

We know the sun goes down to rise
Upon a new to-morrow ;
We know no heart on earth can soar
Above all earthly sorrow :
We never doubt that life must end,
Unless it be for our own friend.

We who can count upon our hands
Our years since life's beginning—
We who have linked our golden bands
While love and learning winning,
Think sometimes heaven, so far away,
'Tis never reached in youth's bright
day.

We who are sighing, sad to-night,
Our eyes just brimming over—
We who are clasping hands as tight
As though he were our lover—
We scarce can understand at all
To-night the snowflakes are his pall.

We scarce can deem he's lying low,
His life behind him,
And we his classmates of St. Jo.
No more may find him,
Our dearest, best and brightest friend,
Untill our lives, like his, shall end.

It seemed like life's beginning still,
And we just started,
Finding our pathway up the hill,
Young and lighthearted ;
And now death whispers with his
solemn tone—
How speedily sometimes all our years
have flown.

And so we, trembling, pause and look around
And note how time has shattered
The little band that boyhood's friendship
bound,
How far apart we're scattered,
And wonder still while he we loved
the best
Is he we laid away to-day to rest.
Montreal, March 7, 1880.

Alas, and alas, for the hopes we most
cherish !
The brighter their promise, the sooner
they fade,—
Like the tints of the rainbow, they glow but
to perish,
The sky of existence replunging in shade !

Thus, doth the loss of our valued friend
grieve us,
And cast our bright hopes of his future in
gloom—
Hopes that but lured us, alas ! to deceive us,
While sharpening our sense of his prema-
ture doom !

How warmly as guest at our hearths was his
greeting,
Thanks to his virtues of head and of heart !
And how the glad moments seemed ever too
fleeting,
As his treasures of knowledge and wit he'd
impart !

Then, green be the sod that thy fond dust
encloses—
Aye, green, sacred Shade ! as our mem'ries
of thee,—
In spirit we'll guard the priz'd spot where
reposes,
One deemed once the pride of all circles
to bel

X.

SELF-PRESERVATION THE FIRST
LAW OF NATURE.

THE London *Universe*, speaking on this
subject, with reference to the condition
of the people of Ireland, says :

The laws of nature and the Divine
laws are never in conflict, since both
emanate from the same source. To pre-
serve life is the first instinct implanted
by God in the human breast. A starv-
ing man, therefore, unable to earn his
bread by the sweat of his brow, and
feeling that he has a right to live, helps
himself to that which will keep body
and soul together. In doing so he com-
mits no wrong, for Catholic moralists
among them St. Alphonsus Ligouri, de-
clare that it is no sin in a starving man
to help himself to bread or to anything
else which may sustain life. It is a du-
ty which he owes to himself in obedi-
ence to the law of self-preservation. The
starving peasants in Connemara, in
stopping a waggon-load of bread and
distributing it did so under the necessi-
ty of preserving their lives, and no man
however law-abiding or God-fearing, can
justly impute to these starving people
an offence against the rights of prop-
erty or the laws of God, since there is a
higher right than the rights of property
—the right to live.

Under such circumstances it is an of-
fence not only against the long-suffering
Irish people, but against the sense of
justice, to twit them with law-breaking.
We are not at all surprised to hear that
people in Ireland indignantly resent the
affront put upon them by the namby-
pamby preachings of certain English

Catholic writers as to the general duty of abiding by the law. Irish Catholics know their duty; to say the least, as well as these goody-goody English Catholic journalists; but they know far better than these "superior persons" who in London or Liverpool presume to sit in judgment on them the dire circumstances under which starving men and women in Ireland were compelled, in self-defence against death from hunger, to set aside for the nonce the rights of property and assert for themselves the higher right which comes from God—the right to live.

Men, women, and children under the frenzy of hunger and the fear of a horrible death, did, it is true, exhibit a natural excitement, and did, unfortunately throw stones at the constables—it is a pity that they did so, because it stirs up ill-blood and provokes retaliating blows—but, on account of these circumstances, for a writer in an English Catholic paper to declare that in Ireland "popular passion was rife enough for any extreme," would be an insufferable piece of impertinence were it not to be excused on account of the writer's ignorance of the sufferings, as well as of the rights of the starving people whom, instead of defending, he accuses as guilty of passion and law-breaking. Heaven deliver Ireland from such well intentioned but provoking and mischievous friends!

It is hardly necessary to assert, except for the enlightenment of the goody-goody people who set themselves up as preachers of morality and law-abidingness to the Catholics of Ireland, that human laws and institutions are subject to circumstances; that what might be right to-day, or in one place, may to-morrow, or in another place, cease to have binding authority over the consciences of men; or, in other words, that conduct which under one set of circumstances would be immoral under another is no longer so. Indeed, in all conditions of life circumstances dominate conduct. In no place, for instance, is discipline more rigidly enforced than on board ship. No Irish landlord has such strict rights and absolute dominion as a captain of a ship enjoys. A storm arises, the ship is half-wrecked; its sails are gone; it floats helplessly before the wind for days; food begins to fail. What

happens? The captain surrenders his peculiar rights and privileges; he shares his rations with the men to the last drop of water. The approach of starvation equalizes all rights, or, rather, all other rights sink before the supreme right which each man has of living.

In like manner, in those places in Ireland where the harvest has suffered shipwreck by the visitation of God—where famine approaches—where starvation has fallen upon the tenants, who can no longer pay the rack-renting amounts due to their landlords—surely the landlords are in duty bound to do no less than the captain of a waterlogged ship—forego their rights whilst danger of death lasts and share the produce of the land for the time being with their starving tenants, mindful that, before God, the tenant has as much right to live as the landlord.

FACTS FOR NO-POPEERY PAR- SONS AND BIBLE-MANIACS.

"I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed."—
SWIFT.

CHEATS, charlatans, and mere pretenders of all sorts, generally possess a superabundance of cool impudence; indeed, it is part of their stock-in-trade, and enables them to vend their spurious wares to advantage, that they may the more readily pass themselves off for something with the crowd, and impose on their credulous dupes.

The champions of the so called Reformation in this country—particularly in the good City of Montreal, are incessantly dinning in the ears of the public, that the Catholic Church has taken great care not to allow her people to be acquainted with the Holy Scriptures; I shall give an enumeration of Catholic editions of the Sacred Scriptures published in a few of the Catholic countries of Europe, before the thing called the Reformation.

No sooner was the art of printing discovered and which, of course, was a Catholic discovery, than innumerable copies of the Scriptures were printed and circulated, dedicated to popes, princes, cardinals, and legates. In Belgium, the first edition, in two volumes folio, was printed at Cologne, in

the year 1475. This was followed by two editions, one in folio, and another in quarto, printed at Delft, in 1477.

Next succeeded that of Gonda, printed in 1479. An edition issued from the Louvain press, in 1518, and another from that of Antwerp, the same year. And new editions from the press of the last named city appeared successively in 1525, 1526, 1531, 1533, 1534, 1540, 1541, 1542, 1544, 1545, 1548, and 1553. Editions were also printed at Louvain and Cologne, in 1548. Besides these versions of the entire Scriptures, the following separate editions of the New Testament were also printed, viz: one in 1523, without the name of the place; another at Delft, in 1524; three at the same place in 1531, two in 1533, one in 1535, two in 1538, two in 1541, two in 1542, and one successively in 1543, 1544, 1545, 1553, 1554. The first Protestant translation was printed at Embden, in 1556; so that before its appearance, there were at least twenty Catholic editions of the whole Scriptures, and as many of the New Testament were in full and active circulation. The Protestant version was, as far as the Book of Job, almost a verbatim copy of the Catholic one. The most approved Catholic version was that amended by Nicholas Von Winghamt, printed by Graves at Louvain, in 1548, and by Blakne at Cologne the same year. The discovery of the art of printing was hailed in Italy as a precious treasure; and the Church, ever ready to patronize everything valuable in science and in art, took the new discovery under its immediate protection. To judge of the immense patronage bestowed in Italy on the new invention, it is only necessary to state, that out of the first hundred cities into which printing offices were first introduced, one half were of that country, and Rome honored itself by being the very first city that imported the art from Mentz. Under the auspices of Cardinal Casa, Tweywhend, Pennartz and Ham, who had been invited by the Cardinal to Rome, set up printing presses in the Convent of Sublac, in 1465. At the close of the fifteenth century, scarcely a city in Italy was without its printing press; and before the year 1500, almost all the Latin, and many of the Greek classics had passed through

numerous editions. According to the most eminent bibliographers, no less than forty Catholic Italian versions of the Scriptures were printed in Italy before the first Protestant ones, which latter were, in fact, no translations, but mere alterations of Brucchioli's version. No less than forty editions of three or four different versions or translations of the whole Bible had issued from the Catholic press of Italy, before the Protestant one appeared. But the enumeration is probably far from being complete, as it is likely that other editions may have escaped the notice of bibliographers. But besides these editions of the entire Bible, numerous editions of the New Testament were separately printed before 1562, either taken from the entire versions, or from other translations, as Gachina, Theofilo, Maximo, and others. A translation of the Bible was made into Castilian, as early as the year 1260, by order of Alfonso the Wise. There is another version, in two volumes, made in the beginning of the fifteenth, by direction of Alfonso of Arragon. There were two or three translations into Spanish. Printing was introduced into Valentia in 1474. We are indebted to Spain for the first Polyglot. Cardinal Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, was the first that published a work of this nature, called the Bible of Complutum, in which was the Hebrew text as the Jews read it, the Greek version of the Septuagint, the Latin version of St Jerome, commonly called the Vulgate, and lastly, the Chaldeo paraphrase of Onkelos, upon the Pentateuch only, to which is added a dictionary of the Hebrew and Chaldee words of the Bible. This was printed in 1515; and what is most remarkable therein is, that the Greek text of the New Testament is printed without accents or aspirates, because the most ancient manuscripts had none.

It was thus the Church of Rome, in the past as well as in the present, has acted in keeping her people in ignorance, by printing and circulating, in thousands, and in different languages, the Scriptures among the people. At the present day Protestants, with all their boasted knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the Bible, are profoundly ignorant of many of the great truths it

contains. They torture and pervert it to suit their own whims and fancies, till it ceases to be the word of God altogether, but the word of vain, proud, self-deceived, and deceiving men. In concluding this article, I may notice, as a singular fact, that it was almost solely in those countries which had remained constant to the Catholic faith, that these popular versions had been published, so little did they prepare the way for, or promote the innovation; while it was precisely in those kingdoms, England, Scotland, Denmark and Norway, where Protestantism acquired so early, and has maintained, a permanent ascendancy, that no Bible existed before they embraced the new creed. This is a problem which I shall leave to the Bible Saints and the No-Popery Parsons of Montreal, to solve at their leisure, hoping, however, we shall hear less of their boasting about superior Scriptural knowledge in future, and that they will considerably lower their pretensions—trim their sails to suit the wind—if they have any honesty in them—in this respect, as they might also in many others upon which they affect to be superior to their Catholic neighbours.

W. M. K.

CHIT-CHAT.

—What poor mean creatures the world's "Great Men" are! and how merciful it is of God not to have so made us as that others might read our inner thoughts. When Vulcan asked Momus, the Sir Critic of the gods, what he thought of the clay man, he had just finished, Momus, eyeing the figure for a moment turned on his heel (if the gods had heels) with a sneer, saying: My man should have had a window in his chest, that I might see not only his ailments but his thoughts. This was marvelously short sighted of Sir Critic, who evidently forgot that two can play at this game of peeping, and that however convenient it may be to look in at our neighbour's window, it is hardly desirable that others should look in at ours. Napoleon—we mean "the little corporal" not "the nephew of his uncle"—had a window in his chest, through

which he is seen to be as little in soul as he was in body. Madam de Rémusat, the wife of one of the officials of Napoleon's court, and who was on the most intimate terms with the Great Emperor has given to the world all she saw through this window and forthwith this "Great Man is seen to be of clay." The Russian lady, who had taken great pains not to confound Napoleon with Moses! (they were both in Egypt, you know) had certainly not peeped in with Madam de Remusat at Napoleon's window.

This "great man" was so little that he could not brook greatness (however small) in another. Hence his ministers and courtiers were expected to be figure-heads. To possess brains was a danger; to show you possessed them was treason. "I should not know what to do with them (his ministers)" he said, "if they had not a certain mediocrity of intelligence or character." In a fit of frankness, in which he sometimes indulged, he declared "that he did not like to confer honors except on those who could not carry them."

This desire to be little every one made him act the bear with the ingenuity of a fox. At his audiences his remarks, especially to the ladies, were generally insignificant, often absolutely disobliging; and he was continually asking "what is your name." It is related of Grétry, who as a member of the Institute often had occasion to come to these audiences, that at length impatient of of this eternal Who are you? he answered *Always Grétry*; Sir. After that Napoleon contrived to remember him. In religion he was an idolater; but it was *himself* he worshipped. "I cannot say," says Mde de Rimusat, "whether he was a deist or an atheist. He was ready to scoff in private at everything connected with religion, and I think that he gave too much attention to all that happened in this world, to care much about the other. I would venture to say that the immortality of his name, seemed to him much more important than the immortality of his soul." Like the scientist of *our day* this conqueror at Austrelitz thought religion a sign of want of progress. When it crossed his path, he was wont to say

"I thought men more advanced than they are."

This is not an amiable picture, though it shews the littleness of greatness without. Alas that there should ever be windows to Great Men's breasts. Momus you were wrong.

—Two *mots* of Napoleon are worthy of being recorded. They shew that the "little corporal" could at times be witty. Of Chateaubriand he said: "My difficulty is not to buy M. Chateaubriand but to pay him all he thinks he is worth." Of Madame de Genlis and her books he said "When Madame Genlis speaks of *virtue*, it is always as of something she has just discovered."

Even in his criticisms "the little corporal" seeks ever to trample.

—What a curious thing is man. *Mentally* he may say with Pennyson's *Ulysses*—

"I am part of all that I have met."

Physically, or structurally he may say with equal truth, though with somewhat less dignity—

"I am part of all that I have ate."

Religiously what is he? Can it be possible that every form of religious belief he has ever come in contact with, acts its part upon him more or less to mould him to its shape and substance? If so; was it not a wise provision of our forefathers, to keep heresy so much at arm's length? And does not the Church do well in discouraging mixed marriages.

—A curious proof of how thoroughly "we are part of all we have ate" and which bears strongly on the all important question of the transmission of drunkenness by mother to child has lately been given to the world by a French chemist. Some years ago M. Flourens hit upon the plan of tracing the growth of bones through the ingenious device of giving animals madder in their food. People in general are not aware of the great rapidity with which bone grows or wastes. To look at it one would as soon expect a milestone to grow beautifully less, or to add to its stature one line as that this hard shining substance called bone, should shrivel like a leaf, or swell out like a frog. Nevertheless it is a fact

that bones are always in an active state of waste and repair. It was the knowledge of this fact that led M. Flourens to mix madder in the food of certain animals he was feeding. The result realised his expectation. The madder coloured all the new deposits until every bone in the body was a deep red. Nay more; when the madder was discontinued for a time, and then given again the fact was disclosed by a deposit of uncoloured bone between two deposits of red.

But Mr. Flourens did not stop here. A sow nursing a litter was fed on food mixed with madder. In a fortnight all the bones of the little pigs were reddened. Remember—the milk of such a sow is as white as that of any other sow; nothing reveals the presence of the madder save the effects on the bones of mother and offspring. But M. Flourens was not yet satisfied that his experiment, was above suspicion. The snout of the sow when admitted to the young pigs had been seen coloured with madder. The little pigs might have taken the madder thence, and thus their bones might have become discoloured as by direct action. The whiteness of the sow's milk though fed with madder, added to this doubt. To make doubly sure he next took white rats and rabbits. Rats and rabbits for some time after birth do not eat, but only suck. Here then were all the conditions for a fair trial. A rat was fed with madder directly after the birth of her young. On the eleventh day every part of the bones of the young rats was red. It was the same with the rabbits on the ninth day. No trace of the madder could be found in either mouth, throat, stomach or intestines of the animals.

Have we not here a very remarkable confirmation of the old saying, "He sucked it in with his mother's milk?" and ought not mother's to fear the use of intoxicating liquors whilst nursing? so truly are we "a part of all we have ate."

The fool saith in his heart, "There is no God." (PSALMS.)

A would-be atheist I found,
Who quaintly urged in self-defence,
"The arguments I use are sound!"—
Yes; sound indeed; but little sense.

H. B.

INDIAN LYRICS.

VII.

THE HURON'S DEATH SONG.

As yon red sun sinks to his rest,
Soon to the Islands of the Blest
My soul will travel, free as air,
To meet my father's spirit there;
He beckons me beyond the grave
To join him with the just and brave
In peaceful rest—and far withdraw
From false, ferocious Iroquois.

Now come with torture—maim and cut
With flint and shell from head to foot,
Then fire from pitch-pine knot apply
And taunt, and I will yet defy;
Take off my scalp and blind my eyes,
And still your vengeance I'll despise,
When ancient torments fail, invent
New modes of pain and punishment.

Think not that while tied to this stake
My cheek will blanch, or hand will shake,
A Huron warrior has no fear
When Mohawk foes and death are near;
In vain you seek to rend my soul
With bowie knife and burning coal,
I do not shudder though I feel
Within my side the sharp cold steel.

You should with feet and hands begin,
Then from the shoulders tear the skin,
And jibe and jeer the victim's grief;
I tortured thus your Shawnee chief,
Now hacked his arms, then gashed his face
For hours, but pierced no vital place,
At length he like a woman cried,
Then closed his eyes and meanly died.

You know not how to break the heart,
To wound and kill not—or impart
That sense of anguish keen and deep,
Which makes a coward captive weep—
Go, count your kindred, and then tell
How many 'neath my fuscée fell,
Or tomahawk or bow well bent—
Their scalp locks hang around my tent.

The Medicine-men to camp have gone—
The shades of death move slowly on;
Thus with defiance on my lips
I'll die as comes the moon's eclipse,
Which far above this vale of tears,
Behind the Shadow disappears,
But when its darkened hour has passed

The war-dance ceases—whoop and yell—
To thee my squaw—a long farewell;
No more to raise my lodge I'll see
Thy busy hand—my humming-bee,
No more my love and labour share,
My leggings, food and drink prepare,
No more of branches make my bed,
Nor on my bosom lean thy head.
And yet, tall, strong, fleet as the moose
And fierce, be thou, our fine papoose,
This message, with my latest breath

I send,—my son I revenge my death;
As feebly fall my words, the light
Is fading from my aching sight;
A last and endless sleep I'll take—
And in the Spirit's land awake.

Montreal.

H. J. K.

NOTE.—This Lyric with two to follow, were published many years ago in the *Literary Garland*. They will be found, to a slight extent, amended and improved.

HON. T. W. ANGLIN, M. P.,

EX-SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PERHAPS the most prominent Irish Catholic now representing a constituency in the Dominion of Canada, certainly one who is looked up to with pride by his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists and who has won the esteem and confidence of all creeds and classes by his sterling ability, honesty of purpose and untiring labors for the advancement of the country is the subject of our sketch, the Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin, late Speaker of the House of Commons.—He was born in 1822 in the town of Clonakilty, Co. Cork, and educated in the endowed Grammar School of that town. Young Anglin with laudable ambition was preparing for a profession when the dreadful famine of 1846-7 came and disconcerted all his plans. He had struggled to save the small property belonging to his family until 1849 when he emigrated to St. John, N. B. There, devoting himself to journalism, he established the *Weekly Freeman* same year, and the *Morning Freeman* in 1851. The *Freeman* soon gained a leading position in the Province. He supported in politics those who called themselves Liberals until they being in the government allowed the Prohibition Liquor Bill to become law. He was opposed to that measure and led the opposition. The Liberal Government was dismissed by the Lieutenant-Governor and the Prohibitory Act was repealed, every member of the Assembly elected after the house which passed the act was dissolved being pledged to vote for repeal—with a single exception.

In 1861 Mr. Anglin was elected one of the representatives of the city and county of St. John, the first Catholic ever elected to represent that constituency. He took an active part in all the discussions which occupied public attention while he was in the Assembly. He



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opposed the proposal made for the construction of the Intercolonial Railroad as the joint work of the Provinces on the ground that New Brunswick would under that arrangement be required to pay more than her fair share of the cost and more than she could afford; he supported the Government when they resolved to build a railroad to the Gulf of St. Lawrence as a public work, and was afterwards the chief advocate of the same policy with regard to the road which would connect the Province with the United States. When any question involving in any way the rights or interests of Catholics was raised, Mr. Anglin was in his place to watch carefully over those rights and interests. When the scheme of Confederation was mooted he took a prominent part in opposition to it, because he did not believe as some asserted that the Union proposed was necessary for the defence of the Provinces or the continuance of their connection with the Empire, and because he believed it must increase the rate of taxation in New Brunswick enormously and that it

would prove destructive to many of the manufacturers there. The Legislature was dissolved and the Anti-Confederate party carried the Province by a large majority. Mr. Anglin was again elected for St. John and became a member without office of the Government formed by Mr. now Sir A. J. Smith. During the campaign he pledged himself to the construction of the Railroad connecting with the United States as a Gov't. work, and after some months when the Government resolved to get it built by means of a subsidy paid to a company he resigned his seat in the Government, he continued however to support his old allies as he deemed it necessary to enable them to resist the extraordinary pressure brought to bear upon them by the Imperial and the Canadian Governments, acting through the Lieutenant Governor and the leading advocates of Confederation. The agitation became very active and a No-Popery cry, always very potent in New Brunswick no matter how absurd and meaningless it may be, was raised. It was said that Mr Anglin was really the only opponent

Confederation, that he controlled the government even after he had left it and that he was actuated by hatred of the English Government and a desire to promote Popery. About this time a small body of men calling themselves Fenians appeared on the New Brunswick border and threatened to invade the Province in the interest of the Anti-Confederates. Mr. B. D. Killian their leader issued a proclamation inviting the Anti-Confederates to co-operate with him and promising that the Fenians would give them such help as would enable them to resist British tyranny successfully and maintain the Legislative independence of the Province. All this would have been very ridiculous but for the effect it had on a people always fond of cherishing the strangest delusions about Popery and Papists, they became thoroughly alarmed, they believed that the leading Anti-Confederates were at heart disloyal and that duty to Protestantism and to the Empire required them to vote for Confederation. When this feeling was thoroughly worked up the Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Gordon, acting on the advice of the Confederate leaders forced the Smith Government out, although they had a very large majority in the Assembly and dissolved the Legislature. At the elections which followed the Anti-Confederates were defeated and Mr. Anglin lost his election in St. John. He then resolved to remain in private life but repeated invitations to represent in the Canadian Parliament the county of Gloucester, which he had never once visited, were sent to him more than once declined, but when the Senators were appointed and he saw that not even one seat in the Senate was given to a Catholic as representative of New Brunswick he felt it his duty to accept the invitation repeated about that time. His election was strongly opposed by the Dominion Government. The Election was deferred until all the elections in Ontario and Quebec except Algoma and Gaspé had been held and all in the other districts of New Brunswick. Hon. Mr. Mitchell, then Minister of Marine, himself canvassed the County actively and on nomination day spoke for hours from the hustings. Dr. Robitaille, the present

Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, was brought across the Bay of Chaleur to canvass the electors who are chiefly French, and officers of the Fishery Department were employed canvassing indirectly where nearly all the electors are fishermen. Despite all this Mr. Anglin was elected by a majority of nearly 400: he has represented that County since, and was elected twice by acclamation and twice by large majorities.

In New Brunswick the issue of most importance since Confederation has been the School question. So peculiar a people are the majority that when the adoption of a Common School system was first proposed, Catholics hesitated to petition against it or to ask that their religious rights be respected lest by doing so they should accelerate the passage of the measure to which they were so strongly opposed. By great prudence and caution the evil day was postponed, but at last it came and Catholics were forced to do battle openly for their rights. During all those years Mr. Anglin, through the columns of the *Freeman*, and on the floor of the House of Commons, fought a valiant battle for his co-religionists. Throughout all this struggle, from the first day to the last, he worked in thorough accord with the Catholic Bishops whose entire confidence he enjoyed. His efforts and the exertions of those who laboured with him were so far successful that in the greater part of the Province a compromise was made which allows Catholics to have their own schools and teachers and to give religious instruction before or after school hours. This was far from being all he would wish, but it is much better than the utterly Anti-Catholic irreligious system at first insisted upon.

Mr. Anglin is still in the prime of life and in the full vigor of manhood, with, we trust, many years of unabated usefulness before him. He is a fluent speaker and a vigorous and logical debater. He attends his parliamentary duties with the greatest assiduity and is one of the pillars of his party ever ready to take a prominent part in the discussion of the most important topics, and is invariably listened to with marked attention by the leaders as well as

the rank and file of both sides of the House. During the years that he held the office of Speaker, Mr. Anglin won golden opinions for himself by the strict impartiality of his rulings and the great dignity he imparted to the discharge of his duties. It is not merely in the capacity of a public man, laboring with might and main for what he conceives to be the right that the subject of these remarks is worthy of a prominent place amongst distinguished Irish Canadians. His private life is as pure as his public acts have been conspicuous. He is an example to the rising generation of young Irishmen as a good and unostentatiously devout Catholic, a model in his family circle, as warm as a friend as he is energetic as an opponent, but ever true to the interests of his people and to the welfare of the Dominion.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

Go down where the sea waves are kissing the shore,
 And ask of them why do they sigh?
 The poets have asked them a thousand times o'er,
 But they're kissing the shore as they've kissed it before,
 And they're *sighing* to-day, and they'll sigh evermore;
 Ask them what ails them? they will not reply,
 But they'll sigh on forever, and never tell why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
 The waves will not answer you, neither shall I.

Go stand on the beach of the boundless deep,
 When the night stars are gleaming on high,
 And hear how the billows are *moaning* in sleep,
 On the low lying strand by the surge-beaten steep,
 They are moaning forever wherever they sweep;
 Ask them what ails them? they never reply;
 They moan, and so sadly, but will not tell why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
 The billows won't answer you, neither shall I.

Go, list to the breeze, at the waning of day,
 When it passes and murmurs, "Good-bye";
 The dear little breeze, how it wishes to stay
 When the flowers are in bloom, where the singing birds play,

How it *sighs* when it flies on its wearisome way.

Ask it what ails it? it will not reply,
 Its voice is a sad one, it never told why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
 The breeze will not answer you, neither shall I.

Go watch the wild blasts as they spring from their lair,
 When the shout of the storm rends the sky;

They rush o'er the earth, and they ride through the air.
 And they blight with their breath all that's lovely and fair,
 And they groan like the ghosts in the "land of despair";

Ask them what ails them? they never reply;
 Their voices are mournful, they will not tell why.

"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
 The blasts will not answer you neither shall I.

Go stand on the rivulet's lily-fringed side,
 Or list where the rivers rush by;
 The streamlets which forest trees shadow and hide,

And the rivers that roll in their oceanward tide,

Are *moaning* forever wherever they glide;
 Ask them what ails them? they will not reply;
 On, sad-voiced, they flow, but they never tell why.

"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
 Earth's streams will not answer you, neither shall I.

When the shadows of twilight are gray on the hill,
 And dark where the low valleys lie,
 Go, list to the voice of the wild whip-poor-will,

That sings when the song of its sisters are still,
 And wails through the darkness so sadly and shrill;

Ask it what ails it? it will not reply;
 It wails sad as ever, it never tells why,
 "Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
 The bird will not answer you, neither shall I.

Go, list to the voices of earth, air and sea,
 And the voices that sounds in the sky;
 Their songs may be joyful to some, but to me.

There's a sigh in each chord, and a sigh in each key,
 And thousands of sighs swell the grand melody;

Ask them what ails them? they will not reply;
 They sigh—sigh forever—but never tell why.

"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
 The voices won't answer you, neither will I.

A QUESTION FOR KELTIC
SCHOLARS.

"By Gob, Sir!"

Most Irishmen must have heard the expression "By Gob!" used as an affirmation or quasi-oath in conversation. Can any of your readers explain its meaning? Is it Irish? or English? or is it any language at all? In other words, is "Gob" the name of anything in heaven above? in the earth below? or of anything under the earth?

That not one man in a thousand who uses it, knows the meaning of it, we suspect. That it has a meaning we think probable. When first we heard it, we merely supposed it one of those innumerable expressions—*close shaves to swearing*—which have been less or more encouraged in Catholic society as a safety valve against an explosion of real swearing. Men must have expressions of surprise, of anger, of contempt, of exhortation always ready at hand to be used as occasion may require. The Scripture exhortation "let your speech be yea, yea, no, no;" presupposes a much higher standard of Christianity than the generality of men attain to. Hence the need of exclamations of some kind. Unfortunately the general tendency is to the use of the most sacred names as exclamations. To avoid this, expressions innocent in themselves, but approaching as near as possible to the sacred names have frequently been substituted. In Italy a common oath is "By the body of Christ;" the Church substituted "By the body of Bacchus." Thus substituting an innocent expression for one highly reprehensible. Hence when we first heard "By Gob" we suspected it to be one of these "close shaves to swearing," a substitution, in fact, of the letter b for d in the word God. This of course would leave it a mere expression without meaning—"vox et proterea nihil," but still a safety valve.

This we say was our first impression. We are inclined now to a contrary opinion. And for this reason, an expression so commonly used must we think have some foundation in fact. Not being an Irishman, and consequently ignorant of the Irish language, we cannot look in that direction for an ex-

planation. If any of your Keltic readers have any to offer we should like to hear from them. Meanwhile we have looked in the direction of the English language in particular and of the Arian languages in general.

Supposing the expression "By Gob" to be English, Gob would appear to be the root of our English word "*goblin*" a diminutive word derived from the old French, meaning a sprite or small spirit or ghost. In this case instead of being "a near shave," "a safety valve," it is absolute swearing pure and simple, being a cognate term to *By my soul*. It is to be hoped that some Keltic scholar will find a more innocent explanation of it. That it is not English we are inclined to think from the fact, that we have never heard it used by Englishmen, neither do we know of it ever having been used as a provincialism in any part of England.

H. B.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.

SHERIDAN.—DR. JOHNSON ON SHERIDAN'S MARRIAGE.—Sheridan, shortly after his marriage with Miss Linley, the famous singer, withdrew her from the stage, though he had not a shilling in his pocket at the same time for her maintenance. His conduct in this respect was censured by many of his friends. A few persons attempted his vindication, among whom was Dr. Johnson, who exclaimed, on hearing Sheridan's delicacy denounced as absurd pride—"He resolved nobly and wisely. He is a brave man. Would not a gentleman be disgraced by having his wife sing publicly for hire? No, Sir. I'd rather be a public singer myself, than let my wife be one."

SHERIDAN AND CURRAN.—Horne Tooke, contrasting their wit, says:—"Sheridan's wit was like steel highly polished, and sharpened for display and use; Curran's was a mine of virgin gold, incessantly crumbling away from its own richness."

SHERIDAN AND FOX.—They were introduced to each other for the first time by Lord John Townshend, in 1799. After the interview Fox declared to his

lordship, that he had always thought Haro, after Charles Townshend, the wittiest man he had ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both infinitely. Next day Sheridan expressed to his lordship his high admiration of Fox, that he "was puzzled which to admire most, his commanding superiority of talent and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and benevolence of heart, which showed itself in every word he uttered."

SHERIDAN'S ROBINSON CRUSOE.—He called at the theatre one day, while the pantomime was in rehearsal, and found them all in confusion, not knowing what to introduce to allow time for the setting of a scene. Sheridan saw a remedy at once, sat down at the proprietor's table and wrote on the back of a play-bill, in a few minutes, the beautiful ballad of the "Midnight Watch," which was set to music by Mr. Linley.

SHERIDAN'S POWER OF RAISING MONEY.—The boxes of the Theatre were newly decorated under Kelly's management, at Sheridan's desire, but there was no money forthcoming for the upholsterer. The cloth amounted to £350; and after some time a bailiff called upon Kelly, who had nothing whatever to do with the matter. He immediately sent word to Sheridan, who settled the debt without difficulty in his own peculiar way.

He sent for Mr. Henderson, the upholsterer, and after describing to him the cruelty committed on Kelly, who had nothing to do with the debt, and who had been arrested by his bailiff, remonstrated and extenuated, and in less than half-an-hour, Henderson agreed to exonerate Kelly and his bail, taking Sheridan's bond instead. Before the upholsterer quitted the room, Sheridan who never did things by halves, contrived to borrow £200 of him in addition to the original claim, thinking himself highly honored by Sheridan's acceptance of the loan!

At another time he was £3000 in arrears, with the performers of the Italian Opera, and as they saw no prospect of being paid, they refused to perform any longer, Kelly was Manager, and intimated to Sheridan the determination of the Company. *Three*

Thousand Pounds! Kelly, said Sheridan, "there is no such sum in nature." "Then," said Kelly, "we must close the Opera House—there is no alternative." Sheridan sat down and read the newspaper at perfect ease and then ordered a coach. "We'll drive to my banker's," said Sheridan; "I have been there and he will make no further advances," was the reply. However, they drove to Morland's and Sheridan entered the bank, leaving Kelly in a state of agonizing anxiety. In less than a quarter-of-an-hour Sheridan made his appearance, with £3000 in bank-notes in his hand. He never told Kelly by what *hocus pocus* he procured it; but placing it in his hand, desired him to take it to the treasurer, to have the debt discharged immediately, but to be sure to keep enough out of it to purchase a barrel of native oysters, which they would roast that night.

HIS PROCRASTINATING HABITS.—One of his plays was announced for performance on a certain night, though at the time of its announcement it was not half finished. Up to the night of the performance the actor's had not received their parts. The house was overflowing, and the acts of the play, so far of it as was written, were actually in rehearsal, while Sheridan was in the prompter's room, finishing the last part. As he wrote, the scraps came in piecemeal for the actor's, and not until the end of the fourth act, had Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, or Barrymore, their speeches for the fifth! But Sheridan knew that these were quicker than any other of the performers, and that he could trust them to be perfect in what they had to say at half-an-hour's notice. The event proved his judgment; the play was received with the greatest approbation, and was played thirty-one nights that season.

SHERIDAN AND LORD BYRON.—Lord Byron met Sheridan frequently. He had a liking for his lordship, and never attacked him as he did almost every body else who came within his reach. His lordship had seen him quizz Madamo de Staël, annihilate Colman, and do little less with a host of others, of at least equal fame; he had met him at all parties, and in all places, and always found him the spice of the evening.

In 1815, his lordship had occasion to visit his lawyer in Chancery Lane; he was with Sheridan, so his lordship waited. Sheridan and Byron met immediately afterwards, and after mutual greetings the former retired. His lordship first inquired of his attorney what was Sheridan's business. "On, the usual thing—to stave off an action from his wine merchant, my client," was the reply. "Well," said his lordship, "and what do you mean to do?" "Nothing at all for the present," said he; "would you have us proceed against old Sherry? What would be the use of it." And then he began laughing and going over Sheridan's powers of conversation. This man had as hard a heart as the most unfeeling of his profession, and his lordship could not understand how in half an hour he had softened and seduced him in such a manner that had the wine-merchant come in at the time, the lawyer would almost have thrown him out of the window, so strongly was he impressed in favor of "old Sherry." This was Byron's opinion. Such was Sheridan! He could soften an attorney—nothing like it since the days of Greek music, when madness was cured, and troublesome creditors calmed, by the influence of sweet sounds. The noble poet and some of his companions were all delivering their different opinions on Sheridan and other literary characters when Byron said, "Whatever he has done, or chosen to do, has been *par excellence*, always the *best* of its kind. He has written the *best* comedy, (*School for Scandal*), the *best* drama (the *Beggar's Opera*), the *best* farce, (the *Critic*), and the *best* address, (*Monologue on Garrick*), and to crown all, delivered the *best* oration, (the famous *Begum Speech*), ever conceived or heard in this country." Somebody told this to Sheridan next day, and on hearing it he burst into tears. "Poor Brinsley," exclaimed Byron, "if they were tears of pleasure I would rather have said those few but most sincere words, than have written the *Iliad* or made his own celebrated *Philippic*. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear he had derived a moment's gratification, from any praise of mine, humble as it must appear to my elders and my

betters." Byron describes his person thus:—"The upper part of Sheridan's face was that of a god—an expansive forehead, an eye of brilliancy and fire; but below he showed the Satyr."

A PROTESTANT HISTORIAN ON PERSECUTION.

THE following account of the cruelties practised by Henry VIII., towards ten monks of the Charterhouse, who refused to take the oaths against the Pope and in favor of royal supremacy over the Church of England by R. Watson Dixon, M. A., Honorary Canon of Carlisle, England. This extract is additional evidence of how Catholic faith was burned out of the hearts of the people of England by Protestant persecution:

There had been enough of the scaffold already for the Charterhouse; and for the ten recusants were reserved the more horrible but less conspicuous torments of the dungeon. They were committed to Newgate May 29 1537 and were subject to such frightful treatment that in the space of a fortnight five of them were dead and the others were dying. *In a standing attitude they were chained to posts, so that they could not move day or night; in that posture they were starved to death.* Their sufferings were rather prolonged than mitigated by the piety of a woman named Margaret Clementson, who, bribing the gaoler, entered the prison in the disguise of a milkmaid, bearing a pail filled with meat, not milk, with which she fed them, putting the food into their mouths, because they were not able to feed themselves..... This she continued to do until the gaoler, alarmed by a messenger from the king, who sent to inquire whether the culprits were dead or not, refused to admit her any longer. She then, however, with his connivance, got upon the roof of the building and let down her meat in a basket, approaching it as near as she could to the mouths of the Christians as they stood chained to their posts. This horrible story, which might be doubted if it rested only on the narratives of the Anglo-Roman party, is confirmed in the main by the unimpeachable evidence of Beryl himself: The

zealous Archdeacon had taken up his quarters in the Charterhouse, perhaps in the capacity of one of the discreet preachers who were to preach three or four sermons a week there; and while the unfortunate malignants were rotting thus in Newgate, he brought the new prior and the more compliant residue of the brotherhood, June 10, to execute a surrender of the house. Two days after this he was able to report to Cromwell that of the ten five were dead, two at the point of death, two sick and one whole; "for which," added he, "I am not sorry, considering their behavior and the whole matter; and I would that all such as love not the King's Highness and his worldly honor were in like case." It seems probable that out of ten men there would have been more than one who could have borne a fortnight's incarceration without death or severe sickness, unless extraordinary severity had been used; and the general result may be taken to confirm the only particular narrative that remains. Bedyll saw this former advice carried out to the letter—to kill of the best of the monks and disperse the others.

OUTWITTED.

"Now Sergeant Simmonds, how do you like this country?" asked the Bailiff Miller.

"How do I like it?" was the reply, "it is ten times as beautiful in my north country than in all Devonshire, allow me to say with all due respect."

"Are you not well pleased with our people?"

"I ought to be, they are good, kind folks."

"You are right in general, Simmonds, but they have their peculiarities."

"Indeed? What do you mean, Mr. Bailiff?"

"Do you know the Green Farm?"

"I was there yesterday."

"What do you think of Farmer Eudby?"

"Oh, Mr. Bailiff, he is a most respectable man. He invited me to a splendid breakfast, everything that is good. He is a capital fellow."

"Simmonds, Simmonds, beware of him; he has his tricks. I tell you he

has made the lives of your predecessors miserable, and I see you are in a fair way to be driven to the same extremities."

"Well, Mr. Bailiff, but what do you mean?"

"I mean that he is an accomplished poacher, and that as yet no one has been able to catch him."

"Not possible!"

"Yes, dear Simmonds, it is so. All your predecessors have failed to do this with all their cunning. Try whether you will have better luck.

"I will do my best. Of what use would it be to have served in the army for twenty years if I cannot succeed?"

"Well, good luck attend you; and you shall have a good recommendation afterwards. Good-day, Simmonds."

The bailiff's face had a somewhat malicious smile as he uttered these last words, which, however escaped the observation of the soldier.

Simmonds had but lately come from a garrison town in the North, and now he had a fine opportunity for distinguishing himself in his new service by a great act. What none of his predecessors had been able to do he would effect. Reward from Government, praise, promotion, all swept before his eyes as the probable consequences of his deed.

While he thus revelled in future enjoyments he did not forget the realities of the present moment; he retired from his post to a neighbouring public house, there to refresh his body and arrange his thoughts. Like a good general he must concoct the plan of his operations, and to this end he contrived to gain information about Eudby and his customs in an apparently simple and natural manner—for he was very cunning—from the guests who came in, so that he should get a secure basis for his operations, though by an occasional knowing wink of the eye it was evident enough that he knew that there was a tale connected with this man that he hoped he should trace to the end.

Yes, Simmonds was very cunning.

But why did the guests all laugh when, with a satisfied air, he left the house?

The Green Farm lay about half a mile distant from the barracks, surrounded by meadows and fields. On one side of

the handsome dwelling house was a large and well-cultivated garden, in which there was a pretty summer-house. Not a gunshot beyond this was an uneven piece of ground covered with bushes, and behind one of these bushes the newly-arrived Simmonds had been concealed three hours.

It was bitterly cold.

He saw many traces of hares leading towards the garden, but very few from it, from which he concluded that the garden must be a kind of hare's den to which the marks of footsteps are many, whilst there are few that mark a return. Here was at least a beginning which he would duly follow out.

The fact that the farmer snared hares in his garden was evident to him. Now there only remained to catch the poacher in the act, and that must be easy enough. It was for that reason that he had remained for three hours long concealed among the bushes.

But strange to say he saw not a single hare. The marks were so fresh that they must have been made only yesterday, and yet to-day not one is to be seen. Was the evil one conspiring against him?

It is to be feared that he uttered a few bad words, and at last, quite out of patience, he crept from his concealment and took his way home.

"Well," he said, "we must not despair; Rome was not built in a day."

When he came to the farm, past which his way led him, Eudby himself suddenly opened one of the windows—he had been seated by it the whole time—and called out to him: "Mr. Simmonds, will you not come in for a minute?"

Somewhat surprised, for Eudby must have been observing him, he accepted the invitation. Cold, hunger and thirst had done their worst with him.

The farmer received him in a friendly manner and with the most innocent appearance in the world. "You must have got cold out there," he said, "and a little refreshment will do you no harm."

Mrs. Eudby brought cold ham and wine, to which Simmonds applied himself duly. "This is quite a different thing from out there in the cold," he said. "The mischief take all the hares!" to himself.

"I should like you to taste this roast

veal," said Eudby as he was partaking of a large plateful of it, but a piece almost choked him so surprised was he when Simmonds replied: "Roast veal? I will have some with pleasure if it is not hare."

"That is not bad," returned Eudby smiling. "You are not the first who has paid my wife this compliment. She understands how to dress veal in such a manner that it cannot be distinguished from hare. You might swear it was roast hare."

"And I could swear that it is hare," replied the soldier.

"Veal, nothing but veal, my dear Simmonds," again affirmed the kind and unsuspecting host, and then he again filled the glass of the half-frozen man, which he failed not to empty. So it came to pass at last that Simmonds found himself in a particularly good humor in which he almost regretted that he had endeavored to work any ill to his good and hospitable host. When at last he rose to return home he pressed the farmer's hand as well as those of the clever cook, his wife, and his daughter Marianne.

But when he had reached the door he could not refrain from asking confidentially, "But tell me good sir, where do all the tracts of hares which I see leading to your garden end?"

"They are made by the hares," was the friendly reply.

"Yes, I know that, but I want to know what business the hares have in your garden," and then he winked at the farmer in a knowing manner, who however, answered without observing this:

"I cannot tell with certainty because I have never asked them, but I am of opinion that it is for the sake of my winter cabbages."

"Yes, that is possible, but I cannot understand how it is that the hares all run towards your garden and none of them seem to return."

"Yes, my dear Simmonds, that puzzles me too, I have often thought about it as you may believe, and I can account for it in no other way than by supposing that the clever animals after having feasted on my cabbages return backwards lest they should unexpectedly be

stopped in their career. An uneasy conscience disturbs them."

Simmonds was knocked over. "Yes, an uneasy conscience" he repeated, but he braced himself up for a last question. "Will you tell me in confidence," he said, "how is it that not a single hare has entered the garden to-day? I cannot understand that."

"Simmonds, Simmonds, you are laughing at me. Do you think the hares would jump over your head. You yourself stopped their way; how could they come out of the wood? And you know these animals are not famed for their courage. You shall not make a joke of me any longer. Adieu Simmonds."

Simmonds scratched his head.

"This plan has quite failed," he muttered, "but remember Simmonds that your honor is at stake. What wind what a roast! But he must be caught. I know where I can place myself with better success. He must be caught, or my name is not Simmonds."

So spoke the noble fellow to himself while he nodded his head emphatically, and then began to meditate over his black intentions as he wended his way homewards. He would carry them into effect the very next day, for his maxim was, "strike the iron while it is hot."

He was the more zealous as he felt how completely he had been made a joke of by Eudby, and he wished to revenge himself before his defeat of to-day should become known.

In fact he was very cunning.

Again Sergeant Simmonds was at his post, but this time it was not in the thicket but on the opposite side to it. "I will not stop the path of the hares to-day," he said to himself with a grim smile.

He waited a good while in vain; then he began to think that a similar fate awaited him to yesterday's, and he had just opened his mouth to make a very unbecoming speech when, hold! what is that? there, that grey thing; yes it is a hare; how lucky! Now nothing is wanting for Eudby but to take him. Then Eudby goes from the house into the garden and then into the summer-house.

Simmonds you are a lucky fellow. Up and to work.

He rose and went to the house. There

he found Marianne and asked after her father.

"He is in the garden," was the reply.

"What is he doing there?"

"He is snaring hares."

"Now I have him; he cannot deceive me any longer."

Certain of conquest our cunning friend went into the garden. What he sees there calls up a joyful smile to his countenance. The like had never happened to any of his predecessors.

There sits the farmer in the summer-house with a line in his hand. This line is attached to a hare trap which is hidden by fresh cabbage leaves, and not far from these cabbage-leaves there is a hare, the very same that he had seen; he knows him at once, the animal has not yet begun to nibble; it looks timidly on every side.

"So now it is time," said Simmonds to himself, draw the buckle on his sabre belt tighter, stroked his whiskers into a threatening position and taking the regulation military air marched down the gravel walk.

But Eudby must have heard his step, for he turned suddenly towards him, raised his finger and uttered a low "sh!"

The watcher of the law stood petrified at such shameless conduct, but he obeyed and remained where he was, for who would not be interested in seeing a hare made captive?

"There! a leap—and "hurrah" cried the farmer; "we have him. Come here Mr. Simmonds."

Simmonds drew near shaking his head. He is quite out of conceit with himself; he does not know what to think of it all.

Eudby stood by the imprisoned hare with a slight hazel switch in his hand. He took the prisoner out of the trap, seized the culprit with his left hand by the ears and gave him some hard cuts with the switch. Then he set him at liberty, and after this punishment the hare ran with wild haste to the woods.

"Go and tell your brothers," said the farmer as a parting salutation, and gave as a reply "No, we will never return."

"Welcome Mr. Simmonds."

Simmonds was stupefied.

"You see," continued Eudby calmly, "what a capital way I have discovered for keeping the hares away from my

winter cabbages. I shall do as you have seen to all the hares. The creatures perhaps think they can eat my cabbages with impunity."

Simmonds was silent.

"It was you yourself Simmonds who gave me this idea yesterday. The thought of all these hare tracks left me no rest during the whole night."

Simmonds continued silent.

"And, my dear sir, we gain this advantage from this game; the creatures will no longer go away backwards. Did you not see how that one ran off quite straight?"

Simmonds was obliged to yield. He had suffered a complete defeat. There was no longer any hope. Against this conjuror there was nothing to be done.

Resigned, but with the resignation of despair, he once more accepted Eudby's invitation to revenge himself on the farmer's wine and roast hare.

"Do not fear, dear Simmonds; it is not hare, only veal, nothing but veal," said the still friendly Eudby.—*Lamp.*

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A DOG BATHING-MASTER.

OUR faithful friend Jet, a powerful dog, lived with us on the Navesink Highlands. One summer we had a bright little fellow who, although not in the least vicious, yet had a boy's propensity to destroy, and to injure, and to inflict pain. Master Willie loved Jet dearly, and yet he would persist in torturing the patient dog outrageously, striking hard blows, punching with sharp sticks, and pulling hair cruelly. One summer's afternoon Jet was lying on the front piazza, taking a nap, and Willie came out and assaulted him with a new carriage-whip, which had been left in the hall. Jet knew the child ought not to have the whip, so he went and called the nurse's attention, as he often did when the children were getting into mischief or danger. But the girl did not give heed as she should have done, and Willie kept on following Jet from place to place, plying the lash vigorously. Finding he was left to deal with the case himself, Jet quietly laid the young one on the floor, carefully

took a good grip in the gathers of his little frock, lifted him clear, and gave him a hearty, sound shaking. Then he took up the whip, trotted off to the barn, with it, came back, stretched himself out in the shade, and finished his nap. The young gentleman did not interfere with him again, and ever afterwards treated him with great consideration.

Nothing delighted the dog more than to go into the water with the young folk, and to see the bathing-suits brought out always put him in the highest spirits. The children called him the "boss of the bathing-ground," and so he was, as he made all hands do just as he pleased. He would take them in and bring them out again, as he thought fit, and there was no use in resisting him, as he could master half-a-dozen at once in the water. No one could go beyond certain bounds, either under penalty of being brought back with more haste than ceremony. But, within the proper limits, he never tired of helping the bathers to have a good time, frolicking with them, carrying them on his back, towing them through the water, letting them dive off his shoulders, and playing leap-frog.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE STUPID BOY.

NEVER set a boy down for a stupid because he does not make a figure at school. Many of the most celebrated men who have ever lived have been set down by some conventional pedagogue as donkeys. One of the greatest astronomers of the age was restored to his father by the village schoolmaster with these encouraging words: "There's no use paying good money for his education. All he wants to do is to lie on the grass on his back and stare at the sky. I'm afraid his mind is wrong." Scientific men have often been flogged for falling into brown studies over their books, and many an artist of the future has come to present grief for drawing all over his copy book and surreptitiously painting the pictures of his geography. Your genius, unless musical, seldom proves himself one in his childhood and your smug and self-sufficient piece of precocity, who takes all the medals, and is the show scholar of his school, often ends by showing no talent for

anything beyond a yardstick. Sir Walter Scott was called stupid as a child, and it was not even considered to his credit that he was fond of "sic trash" as ballads, and could learn them by heart at any time. That boy, who really worries you by being so much unlike his bright brothers, may be the very one who will make you proud and happy some years hence. Take that for your comfort.

THE WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

PERHAPS the question presents itself to the thinking reader: If it be true that the heavenly bodies attract each other, why do not the planets attract one another in such a manner that they will run round and about each other?

Newton himself proposed this question; he also found the answer. The attractive power of a celestial body depends upon its larger or smaller mass. In our solar system the sun's mass is so much larger than that of any of the planets, that the balance of attractive power is largely in his favor; hence the revolving of the planets around him. If the sun were to disappear suddenly the effect of the attractive influence of the planets upon one another would be tremendous. There can be no doubt that they would all begin to revolve around Jupiter, because that planet has the largest mass. To give some examples in figures,—the sun's mass is 355,499 heavier, while Jupiter's is but 339 times heavier than that of the earth. It is evident that, the sun's mass being more than a thousand times larger than Jupiter's, so long as the sun exists the earth will never revolve around Jupiter.

Yet Jupiter is not without influence on the earth; and although he is not able to draw her out of her course round the sun, yet he attracts the earth to some extent. Observations and computations have shown us that the earth's orbit around the sun, owing to the attraction of Jupiter, is somewhat changed, or, as it is called, "disturbed."

As with Jupiter and the earth, so

with all the other planets; their mutual attraction disturb their orbits round the sun. In reality, every planet revolves in an orbit which, without this "disturbance," would be a different one. The computations of these disturbances constitutes a great difficulty in astronomy, and requires the keenest and most energetic studies ever made in science.

Perhaps some of our readers may ask here, whether in course of time these disturbances will become so great as to throw our whole solar system into confusion? Well, the same question was proposed by a great mathematician named Laplace, who lived towards the end of the last century. But he himself answered the question in an immortal work, "The Mechanics of the Heavens." He furnished the proof, that all disturbances last but a certain time; and that the solar system is constructed so that the very attractions by which the disturbances are caused, produce at the end of certain periods, a regulation or rectification; so that in the end there is always complete order.

After what has been said, it is evident that if one of the planets were invisible, its presence would still be known to our naturalists, on account of the disturbances it would cause in the orbits of the other planets; unless, perhaps, its mass to be so insignificant as to render its power of attraction imperceptible.

And now we may proceed to explain the subject of this chapter.

Up to the year 1846, when Leverrier made his great discovery, it was believed that Uranus was the most distant planet revolving around the sun. Uranus itself was discovered by Sir John Herschel in England in the year 1781. As this planet takes eighty-four years to go round the sun, its complete revolution had not yet been observed in 1846; in spite of this, however, the course of Uranus was calculated and known very precisely, because the attractive force of the sun was known; and all the disturbances that might influence the planet were taken into account.

But notwithstanding all the nicety of calculations, the real course of Uranus would not at all agree with the one computed. At that time already long

before Leverrier's discovery, the idea arose that beyond Uranus, in a region where the human eye could, in spite of all telescopes, discover nothing, there must probably exist a planet which changed the course of Uranus. Bessel, a great astronomer, who unfortunately for science died too soon, was already on the point of finding out by computation the unknown disturber. But he died shortly before Leverrier's discovery. As early even as 1840, Mädler, in the city of Dorpat, in Russia, wrote a fine article on this as yet unseen disturber.

Leverrier, however began the task and finished it. He computed with an acuteness that was admired by all men of science. He investigated whereabouts in the heavens that intruder must be situated, so as to be able to trouble Uranus to such an extent; how fast this disturber itself must move in its orbit, and how large must be its mass.

We live to see the triumph of Leverrier's being able to discover with his mental eye, by means of computation only, a planet at a distance of millions of miles from him.

Therefore let us say: Honor science! Honor the men that cultivate it! And all honor to the human intellect which sees farther than the human eye!

THE END.

REVIEWS.

THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED HISTORICALLY.—We have received from Mr. P. T. Sherlock, the veteran Irish publisher, 115 Randolph Street, Chicago, a well written work on this subject. It is really what it is represented to be, a clear statement of the Case of Ireland. If those who berate Mr. Parnell for his labor of love in trying to alleviate the condition of the Irish tenants would procure this little work, we feel sure they would, after reading it, change their tone in regard to his mode of settling the Land Question. The book gives a sketch of the history of Ireland in her days of peace and prosperity, and also of the 220 years' struggle with the Danes; of the Anglo-Norman invasion, begun about the year 1169; and the pollution of the land during the reigns

of the Plantagenets, the Stuarts, Cromwell, and the British rulers down to the latest day. The political, religious and social history of the country during its 700 years' struggle with England is graphically stated, with also some statistics of the famine of 1847-50. Coming down to the present time, there is given the personal history of Mr. Parnell and his associate Agitators for the reform of the land laws of Ireland; and then follows the whole statement of what Ireland complains of, and what she asks from the British Parliament. The book should be in the hands of every Irishman who desires to refute false and calumnious statements against his nationality. Price one dollar.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Benziger Brothers, New York, parts 27 and 28 of Brennan's Life of Christ. Price 25 cents each.

F A C T I A.

Correspondent: "Will the editor please inform me where me and my family can go on Sundays without danger of being crowded?"—Answer: "Go to church."

A bold young man explained why he had a pretty girl on his lap with his arm around her, by saying that he was engaged in the study of weights and measures.

When his cousin, Charlotte Dunne, was married, Jones said, "It was Dunne before it was bogun, Dunne while it was being done, and not Dunne when it was done."

"The botter the day the better the deed," is a bad proverb as it runs; but read it backwards, as wizards undo charms, and it is a capital saying "the better the deed the better the day."

A proper conclusion for the marriage coremony in many of our fashionable society weddings would be, "What commercial interests have joined together, let not ill-temper put asunder."

The little Parisian mendicant who followed a gentleman some time since, whined:—"Monsieur, give me just a sou—I'm an orphan by birth!" The definition was worth ten centimes to her.

"The moon is always just the same," he said, languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the opera," she answered. He took the hint, and bought tickets for two.

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?"—"Berry well, massa."—"What did you have for breakfast this morning?"—"Well, you see, missus biled three eggs for herself and gave me de brof."

Scene in a Paris restaurant. Customer: "Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster: it's as hard as flint." Waiter: "Beg pardon, sir. A slight mistake. That's the paper-mache lobster out of the showcase! Shall I change it?"

"What should a man do," asked a gentleman of a lady, "when he has an opportunity to correspond with a charming woman, but being a bachelor, is a little afraid of such business?" "I should say to him *do write*," answered the lady.

A nobleman built a handsome grotto, and caused this inscription to be placed over it—"Let nothing enter here but what is good?" A wit, to whom his lordship was showing the place, asked: "Then where does your lordship enter?"

Capability Brown was George III.'s head gardener, and exercised within his domain an autocratic rule which, while fully admitted, was secretly resented. In course of time Brown died and the King made haste to visit his emancipated gardens. "Ha! John," said His Majesty to the working gardener, gleefully rubbing his hands, "now that old Brown is dead you and I can do as we please!"

A young man who had just returned from a long journey, clasping his adored one in a loving embrace in a dimly lighted parlour, was seized with great terror that, for an instant, paralysed all his energies. "Oh, my darling," said he, wildly, "why didn't you write of this? What is it—spinal disease, or have you dislocated some of your ribs, that you are obliged to wear this broad leather-bandage?" "Oh, love," she gently murmured, "this is only my new belt; I would have got a broader one, but it would not go under my arms."

Young lady (*pettishly to dress-maker*): "Oh, bother! I wanted this dress for the sea-side, and it seems quite an in-door thing. You seldom see these dresses worn out." Dress maker—"Oh, no, miss; it is such a good material it will last all the season."

It is told of a Scotch "innocent" that when a gentleman, by mistake had given him a shilling instead of a half-penny, and on discovering his mistake, asked restoration in the ordinary way when such mistakes are committed, by saying, "Heeh, man, Rab, but I hae g'ien you a bad shilling; just return it to me and I'll give you another." "Oh, no," replied wise Rab, "I'll try to get it awa' mysel'; it wouldna suit you to be putting awa' ill siller."

ONE MAN WHO COULD NOT BE BULLDOZED.—A citizen went into the water department recently, and referring to a notice that his water would be shut off unless he paid up, said: "I'd like to see you try it on, I would. If this water board imagines that it runs the whole city, it will find itself grandly mistaken!" More silence from the clerk. "If the water had been shut off I'd have given this board such a tilt as it never had before. It can browbeat some men, but it musn't try any Caesarism with me." The clerk looks out of the window. "I now refuse to pay the rates, and you shut the water off, if you dare! I'll make a test case of it and carry it to the supreme court." The clerk shifts his weight to the other leg. "Yes. I'll carry it to the supreme court if it costs me \$10,000. I have never allowed anyone to trample on me, and it's too late to begin now." The clerk softly whistles, and the indignant citizen starts for the door, halts, returns slowly and says: "No, you can't browbeat me." The clerk begins making out his receipt. "I know my rights as a citizen, and I will maintain them—how much is it?" "Six dollars." "We have no czar in this country, and—take it out of this ten." "Fine day," remarks the clerk, as he hands over the change. "Yes purty fair. This board musn't try to bulldoze me. I'm not the man to submit to any sort of tyranny. Looks like snow, don't it? Is that clock right? Lots of pipes frozen up, I s'pose. Well, good day."

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in April.
1	Thurs	Prince John's fleet arrived in Waterford, 1185.
2	Fri	St. Patrick preached at Tara, 433.
3	Sat	Goldsmith died, 1774.
4	Sun	LOW SUNDAY. First baptism by St. Patrick in Ireland, 433.
5	Mon	ANNEXATION OF THE B. V. M. Battle of Cappelquin, Co. Waterford, 1645. Lord Essex landed in Dublin to make war on Hugh O'Neill, 1599.
6	Tues	ST. PATRICK'S Church, Dublin, burned, 1362. Resolution of the Grand Jury of the County Cork—"That the claim of the British Parliament to bind this kingdom by laws is a claim disgraceful and unproductive; disgraceful to us because it is an infringement of our constitution; unproductive to Great Britain because the exercise of it will not be submitted to by the people of Ireland."—1782.
7	Wed	Treason Felony Bill introduced into the House of Commons by Sir G. Grey, 1848.
8	Thurs	Monster banquet to O'Connell; Smith O'Brien in the chair, 1841. Special Commission for Trial of Fenian Insurrectionists opened in Dublin, 1867.
9	Fri	Thomas Addis Emmet imprisoned at Fort George, Scotland, 1798. Catholic Relief Bill became law, 1793.
10	Sat	Great Speech of Smith O'Brien in the House of Commons against the second reading of the Treason Felony Bill, 1848.
11	Sun	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Right Rev. Dr. England, a native of Cork, died at Charleston, S. C., 1842.
12	Mon	Galway surrendered to Coote on terms, 1652.
13	Tues	First stone of Trinity College, Dublin, laid, 1591. Emancipation Bill received Royal Assent, 1829.
14	Wed	Gavan Duffy released on bail, 1849. Lady Morgan, died, 1859.
15	Thurs	Essex landed with twenty thousand men at Dublin, 1590. Repeal Association founded, in the Corn Exchange, Dublin, 1840. Rout of the Williamites from Litford to Derry, 1689.
16	Fri	Henry II. left Ireland, 1172. Declaration of Irish rights moved by Henry Grattan in the Irish House of Commons and carried unanimously, and Ireland's independence won—for a time!—1782.
17	Sat	Monster Repeal meeting at Clones, 50,000 present, 1843.
18	Sun	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. ST. LASBRIAN, Patron of Leighlin. William Molyneux, author of "Case of Ireland Stated," born 1614.
19	Mon	Monster Repeal meeting at Limerick, 120,000 present, 1843.
20	Tues	Siege of Derry commenced, 1689.
21	Wed	Death of David Rothe, the celebrated Bishop of Ossory, 1650.
22	Thurs	Repeal Question introduced into the House of Commons by O'Connell, 1834.
23	Fri	Glorious Battle of Clontarf: rout of the Danes by Brian Boru, who was killed on the field of battle, 1014.
24	Sat	Rev. William Jackson, Protestant clergyman, found guilty of high treason, 1795.
25	Sun	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Thomas Addis Emmet born, 1764.
26	Mon	Attainder of the Earl of Desmond and his followers, 1586.
27	Tues	St. Asicus, Patron of Elphin. Carolan the Harper died, 1738.
28	Wed	Great meeting of Catholics in Dublin to protest against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 1852.
29	Thurs	Lord Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant, issued a proclamation against the assembling of the "Council of Three Hundred, or the embodiment of a National Guard," 1848. Sir Ralph Abercrombie, disgusted with the conduct of the troops in Ireland, resigned the command of the Army, 1798.
30	Fri	Rev. W. Jackson, having taken poison in order to avoid a public execution, died in the dock just as the judge was proceeding to pass sentence on him for high treason, 1795.

The less we have here on earth, the more we shall be exalted in Heaven.—*St. Theresa.*

The cross and wounds of our Redeemer loudly proclaim His love for us.—*St. Bernard.*

In order to arrive at a union with God, we must pass through the crucible of adversity.—*St. Catharine of Genoa.*

We ought not to breathe as often as we ought to think of God.—*St. Gregory Nazianzen.*