

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

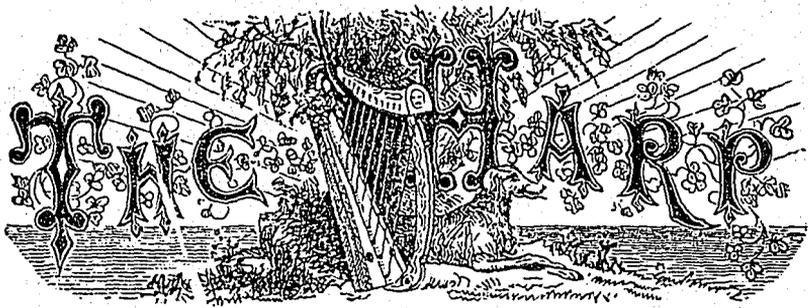
The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



VOL. 3.

A Magazine of General Literature.

No. 12.

GILLIES & CALLAHAN,
Publishers.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1878.

Terms in Advance:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM.

Now, that the hot blood of the July excitement has cooled off, it would be well if the romances of the "misummer madness" of party were to pale before the realities of practical patriotism. Some one has pithily said that distrust is a radical vice of the Irish character: it would not take much time or trouble to prove that want of faith in our fellows is not a fault altogether peculiar to Ireland. There is, it is said, a tendency of an opposite kind in the Irish character which shows itself in rashly engaging in projects without having perfectly considered the attendant hazards, or made provision for pursuing the speculation successfully. It is a fault—a great fault, undoubtedly—a natural result, perhaps, of the ardent national temperament which too often looks to the goal without sufficiently calculating the toils to be encountered on the journey. But we doubt very much if this charge against our countrymen is well established; at any rate, we are convinced it does not exist to the extent that is stated. Many an undertaking fails with Irishmen, not from want of forethought and care, but solely because the pecuniary resources at command are so inferior to those of their rivals. It is no use to say "Why make the attempt without, at least, a reasonable prospect of success?" A drowning man will grasp at a straw; and it is notorious that, as a people, life with the Irish at home is merely a struggle for existence. And what nation is the most ready to encounter hazards of the same kind?

The English. Their business is carried on with all the ostentations of gamblers, and they have failures innumerable as their Bankrupt and Insolvent lists daily testify.

But it is also said by another class of objectors that the genius of the Irish people is unsuited to commercial enterprises; that their artisans have not sufficient skill to excel in manufactures; that their manner of doing business is unaccommodating and clumsy; and, in short, that nature only intended them for hewers of wood and drawers of water for the benefit of their sublime lords and masters of other nationalities. There is just one way of proving that these charges do not apply to the Irish as a people. They must show the world by actions, not words, that the allegations are untrue. Instead of waiting for a national movement or government measures to assist, each man and each woman must act for himself or herself—must go at once about his or her business just as if the fate of themselves and their children, and the character of the whole nation were involved in their individual success or failure. If an example to encourage be wanting, we have it in that greatest wonder of modern times, the Temperance Revolution—a stupendous moral miracle achieved by the earnest philanthropy of one man with no extraordinary personal endowments to fit him for the mission; but inspired for the occasion by the greatness of his task, and sustained in his labor by the prospect of the mighty benefit for his country and mankind, which was sure to follow his

successful exertions. If we are true patriots let us proceed to this practical work at once. Let us no longer lose time in trying to persuade others, who are unwilling, to go along with us. If we wait till all are convinced we shall never begin. Let each man commence with himself. If deficient in learning let him increase his knowledge; if irregular in his habits, let him become more steady and careful in the future; if intemperate, let him become sober; if wasteful and extravagant, let him practice economy. No people ever become great or prosperous without the virtue of self-denial. For, what will avail the most laborious industry if it merely suffice to keep us from day to day—living from hand to mouth, as our countrymen idiomatically express it.

We, of the Irish race, have much to learn, but, we have also much to unlearn. That unyielding tenacity which clings to absurd customs in spite of conviction is the worst species of bigotry, for, it is based on the lowest form of selfishness, that perseveres because it will not acknowledge error, and suffers inconvenience rather than give pain to self-love. There are some timid spirits who have too little moral courage to lead the way in a reformation of this kind; but the immense mass will be easily influenced if they see that others are in earnest. Example is contagious for good as well as for evil; and our people, whatever may be said of their poverty in other regards, are rich in the wealth of good moral feeling. In physical and mental endowments they are not inferior to any; for intellectual rivalry they are supremely gifted. Why, then, do the Irish people—at home and on this Continent—lie despairing while they ought to be up and active. Let them only believe they can do something and then make the attempt to do it.

It shall be our duty, hereafter, to point out some of the modes by which individuals may reduce their patriotism to practice—not wasting energies in antiquated follies and differences about nothing—not in promotion of, or resistance to, those observances handed down from thoughtless sire to son, bringing ruin, and hate, and death, as their accompaniments; but in a genial and

generous recognition of every Irishman's right to worship his God according to conscience, and serve his country without the distinction of parish or county limitations. Many, we know, will sneer at all this as chimerical. But their number is small compared with those who will receive the advice gladly and determine to follow it, but afterwards, influenced by the excitement or impulse of a moment, return to their false gods of bigotry and exclusiveness, or, at best, slacken in their zeal and finally fall away in indifference. This is to be expected. It would be against our experience of human nature were it otherwise. We cannot, in a day or a year, remove the evils that have been accumulating for centuries: but we should not, therefore, say they are irremediable. Our faults have sprung out of our misfortunes; they are not such as to make us ashamed of ourselves or our history. We may boast a noble country and a noble people—this truth is acknowledged by all. That country and people have the sympathy of the world in their favour, albeit the annual ebullition in some quarters of unseemly bile and billingsgate. Ireland's degradation cannot last much longer—civilization will not suffer it—and the practical patriotism we would again enforce is, that it is important above all things Irishmen should have the principal hand in their own improvement.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith.

He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.

Can we esteem that man prosperous, who is raised to a situation which flatters his passions, but which corrupts his principles, disorders his temper, and finally oversets his virtue?

How many have had reason to be thankful, for being disappointed in designs which they earnestly pursued, but which if successfully accomplished, they have afterwards seen would have occasioned their ruin!

THE PRIMATES OF IRELAND.

ONE of our old and very learned annalists gave it as his opinion, that no investigator of Irish antiquities does not touch solid ground till he comes to the times of Cimboath. In this opinion he is followed by many; but he would be followed by far more, if he were to say that since the days of Cimboath, a period of more than two thousand years, no historical field exhibited a greater number of avenues ending in intricate labyrinths than Ireland. Mystery shrouds the origin of many a custom in full force among us; and the moral Sphynx rests guarding many a memorial of the past.

We must not be understood as implying for a moment that the use of the term "Primate" in the Irish Church runs back to a dateless period; but we are inclined to believe that though there is no ecclesiastical dignity on which so much has been written as on the primatial dignity in Ireland, there is not another on which so little, generally speaking, is known with certainty. Happily, at present, we can coolly approach a subject which, once on a time, roused the most sluggish, and quickened the zeal of the calmest and holiest. Perhaps there are few who do not know that now there is no real primacy, and that there has not been for many years. All know that the Archbishop of Armagh is styled Primate of all Ireland, and the Archbishop of Dublin Primate of Ireland—a distinction without a difference. But all persons, in all likelihood, are not aware when and how this very impalpable distinction arose, and least of all are they aware that disputants who inherited a contest waged with intermittent fury for well-nigh 600 years, at last had to acquiesce in a decision founded, in all probability, on an unauthentic document drawn up by one of the rivals.

After a great deal of talk and lengthy correspondence during centuries on the subject, the Most Reverend Dr. Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, wrote a treatise in proof of its primacy over the Irish Church. A reply styled "Primacy of Dublin" came from its Archbishop, the Most Reverend Dr. Talbot. In the following century, in the year 1727, an octavo volume of moderate size entitled *Jus Primatiale Armacanum*, and indeed the

ablest defence of the Primacy of Armagh, came from the pen of its Archbishop, the Most Reverend Dr. M'Mahon. The contents of these several treatises on the primacy, and the most striking details of the contests which it involves, are given concisely and clearly in the eighth chapter of Malone's Church history of Ireland. It has often been asked, was there ever a recognized primate in the Irish Church? The opinion of the learned author of *Hibernia Dominicana*,—as expressed in cap. i. num. xi. lit. a.—who outlived the faintest murmur of contention on the subject in the last century, is that the Archbishop of Armagh or of Dublin was neither acknowledged as primate, nor addressed as such, by Popes, the real sources of legitimate ecclesiastical jurisdiction and dignity, unless agreeably to the tenor of a document to which they replied, and whose wording they, as a matter of form, had borrowed. This opinion we must dissent from; and if we adopt any part of it, it must be with some modification.

Now, in the first place, the famous Fitz-Ralph, Archbishop of Armagh, owing to the poverty of the see, applied for the annexation of four benefices to his revenue. In yielding to his request, the Pope styles him "Primate of Ireland." This does not appear wonderful, because in the petition Fitz-Ralph very probably so styles himself; but it is exceedingly improbable that, if he spoke of his successors, he thought of styling them Primates of Ireland. And yet the Sovereign Pontiff styles them Primates (*Veter. Monum.* p. 295)

Again, Pope Clement V., in appointing Walter Joyce to the see of Armagh, calls him Primate of all Ireland (Theiner, 176). In doing so he was not repeating the words of a document in reference to the election, received from the chapter; for if I am rightly informed, he received no such document. There had been no need of writing to the Pope about the death of the last Archbishop, because he had died in Rome; there had been no need of getting information from the chapter of Armagh, relative to the merits of the future Archbishop, because he was brother to Thomas Joyce, Cardinal of St. Sabina; furthermore the Pope states that it was by provision he appointed to the vacant see, without mind.

ing the choice of the chapter. For all these reasons I conclude that in applying the term "Primate" to the Archbishop the Pope did not follow the tenor of any document, as DeBurgo would have us believe.

But, on the other hand, was primatial jurisdiction ever given to or exercised by any Archbishop of Ireland? There need be no hesitation in saying that St. Patrick received, substantially if not formally, primatial jurisdiction. How could we imagine him fit for the conversion of a country, to all intents and purposes pagan, and regulating a newly-constituted hierarchy, without primatial jurisdiction? If such jurisdiction be lawfully exercised in confirming Bishops, in adjusting differences, in convoking a national council, in watching over the observance of discipline in all parts of the kingdom, in being competent to give dismissory letters—then surely did St. Patrick exercise it (*Vet. et Nov. Disciplin.* pars i. lib. i. c. xxxii. 111). Such power may have been personal to St. Patrick, and ended with his life. Some such arrangement may have been made as with St. Augustine by St. Gregory the Great in these words: "Usum tibi pallii concedimus, ita ut per loca singula duodecim Episcopos ordines, qui tæ ditioni subiaceant. . . . Si post obitum tuum vero, inter Londoniæ et Eboracæ civitatis Episcopos in postorum honoris ista distinctio, ut ipse prior habeatur, qui prius fuerit ordinatus" (1. vii. epist. xv.).

To suppose that any arrangement such as that between the Archbishop of York and Canterbury took place in reference to Armagh and some other Irish see is quite conjectura, or that the primatial dignity was annexed to St. Patrick rather than to the see of Armagh. On the contrary, a canon in the old book of Armagh ordained that "only such difficult cases should be brought before the Apostolic See, the chair of Peter, as did not admit of a satisfactory solution from the see of Armagh or its wise counsellors." Beyond doubt such a canon implies supremacy not only of honour but of power.

And furthermore, the language of councils is borne out by the testimony of the Bishops and doctors of the Church. Fiech, Bishop of Slotty, called Armagh

"the see of the kingdom." In the sixth century St. Evin styled it the fixed metropolis of Ireland, and attributed supremacy to it. Nor did the canons of councils nor the decisions of doctors remain unacted upon. The Archbishop of Armagh challenged and exercised primatial jurisdiction under adverse circumstances. Ireland had been split into many petty kingdoms whose several rulers were very jealous of their independence, and naturally opposed to the exercise of any authority amongst them by the subject of any other toparch. Nothing, then, but a general acquiescence in the primatial powers in Armagh could have warranted its Archbishop to visit judicially the other provinces. Yet such was the case.

In 810 Nuad visited Connaught; in 835 Diarmuid visited it to confirm the people in the teaching of St. Patrick; 1068 Malisa visited Munster; Domhnal, with consent of the Irish clergy, "imposed fasts on the entire kingdom, which preserved the people from impending calamities." In 1106 St. Celsus visited Munster, presided in 1111 at the celebrated synod at Usneach attended by fifty Bishops and many thousand ecclesiastics; and in 1116 visited Connaught. And in the middle of the twelfth century St. Bernard (*Vita S. Malach.* chap. ix.) calls Armagh the first see, and adds that there was another metropolitan see which Archbishop Celsus lately constituted, but subject to the first see and to its Archbishop as to its primate (*tanquam primati*). The word *tanquam* is used here as in such matter to express not likeness to, but the reality of, primacy. So, when St. Gregory gave primacy to Theodore, he used the same form: "Quem (Theodorum) prefecit Romanus Pontifex universis Angliæ Episcopis, tanquam Primati" (1. v. c. xii. de rebus Anglicis. Wm. of Newburgh. edg.). At the time in which St. Bernard wrote there were only two archbishoprics, those of Armagh and Cashel; yet the latter was subject to the former. Even after the four archbishoprics were honoured with the pallia in 1152, Gelasius, Archbishop of Armagh, exercised primatial jurisdiction. Several times he visited, as ordinary, the different provinces of the kingdom, and presided at a synod held, 1163,

in the archdiocese of Dublin; and, on the supposition of primatial powers, this was quite legitimate—the granting of the pallia notwithstanding. “No alii Metropolitanii appellentur Primates, nisi illi qui primas sedes tenent, et quos sancti patres synodali et Apostolica auctoritate primatos esse decreverunt” (Ep. St. Gregor. 1. vii. c. 336).

The first shock to the primacy of Armagh was given in the year 1182. John Comyn, the first English Archbishop of Dublin, received a bull of exemption from Lucius III., the then reigning Pontiff. It ran: “Agreeably to the holy canons, no Archbishop or Bishop should presume to celebrate synods or handle ecclesiastical matters within the province of the Archbishop of Dublin, unless he be a bishop of the province, or some other person enjoined by the Roman Pontiff to do so.” This bull was understood as pointed at Armagh. It was confirmed by Honorius III. And another obtained by Archbishop Loundres in 1221 went even still further. It was as follows: “It prohibits any Archbishop or Bishop of Ireland except the suffragans of Dublin or apostolic delegates without consent of the Archbishop of Dublin or his successor, to bear up the cross, celebrate synods, or handle ecclesiastical causes in the province of Dublin, unless delegated thereto by the Apostolic See.” Relying on these bulls, the Archbishop of Dublin denied the assumption of supremacy by Armagh; while Armagh, insisting that the forementioned bulls did not affect itself, did battle for the primacy. At length in 1261, the Archbishop of Armagh produced a document pretending to come from Pope Urban IV., and confirmatory of the primacy of Armagh (see Malone's *Church History*). But the genuineness of this bull is much doubted: and for good reason, if for no other that, in a few years subsequently, the Archbishop was empowered by the then reigning Pontiff to style himself primate of the province of Tuam. Now, it is very unlikely that the powers and title of Primate would have been confined to the Province of Tuam, if obtained a few years previously for all Ireland (Theiner, 68). For a full century afterwards, the matter of primacy was warmly debated. But in the year 1353,

an entry appeared in the Dublin registers which forms an epoch in this protracted controversy. It ordained “that Armagh and Dublin should be primatial sees; that the Archbishop of the latter should be Primate of Ireland, and of the former Primate of all Ireland.” This bull was pretended to have come from Rome. However, there are the strongest reasons for doubting its genuineness. In the first place, there was an appeal immediately on this dispute to Rome, which, it was pretended, it had but just decided for ever. And then it appears very strange that while the Archbishop of Armagh is invariably styled Primate by the Supreme Pontiffs, the Archbishop of Dublin, in the seventy bulls addressed to him by them (see Theiner), is not even once, as far as my memory serves me, styled Primate. So early as 1257, down to the sixteenth century, the Archbishops of Armagh were indiscriminately styled Primates of Ireland and of all Ireland by the Popes. But then it may be asked, how could have been suggested such a curious distinction between the Primate of Ireland and of all Ireland? Very probably in this way: the Archbishops of Dublin, who were chiefly Englishmen, were quite aware of the controversy carried on between the Archbishops of York and Canterbury for the English primacy, and of the means resorted to for adjusting their differences. Well then, in the year 1304, William, Archbishop of York, convoking a provincial council, declared himself Primate of England, and threatened with heaviest censures those who might appeal to Canterbury. The Archbishop of Canterbury was Primate of all England. So it was in Ireland in 1353. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the controversy was opened anew; but in the middle of the latter the Propaganda decided that the controversy should be dropped. Benedict XIV., when addressing the Irish hierarchy, never alludes to the existence of a Primate; while at the same time writing to the Polish clergy, he distinguishes them by Archbishops and Primate, &c. And even long before that time, the idea of attributing primatial jurisdiction to Armagh was given up in Ireland. At a meeting in Galway in the year 1650, of six signatures

to a document, the procurator of the Archbishop of Armagh was the third in order; Dublin and the procurator of Tuam signed before him.

To sum up what has been said: St. Patrick professed primatial powers; his successors did so, if not with the positive sanction, at least with the toleration, of Rome and the acquiescence of the Irish Church, down to the year 1182; from that period to the revolution in religion in the sixteenth century, they were primates only of Tuam and styled Primates of Ireland; since then to the present, while possessing no primatial powers, they were styled Primates of all Ireland in contradistinction to the Archbishops of Dublin, Primates of Ireland. And while, during a contest of 600 years' duration, human passion may have carried some to unseemly lengths, there was a principle at stake, inalienable immunities which each felt it a sacred duty to defend. Certain it is, that the holiest and most zealous were often the most unyielding in the contest for the primacy. Lest they might barter away the privilege of their sees, the Bishops in the Council of Trent, than which there never was a holier nor more learned body, took their places on the understanding that their rights should not be forfeited. None did battle more warmly for the primacy than St. Thomas a Becket Lanfranc or St. Anselm. And the last saint, writing to Pope Zachary, says: "Ego nullatenus remanerem in Anglia; non enim debere aut posse pati ut me in ea vivente, primatus ecclesiæ nostræ destrueretur" (1. iii. epist. 152). And his firmness and zeal elicited the praise of Pope Zachary.

A soft answer turneth away wrath;
but grievous words stir up anger.

It is better to be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom.
Length of days is in her right hand;
and in her left hand, riches and honor.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and
all her paths are peace.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

Through the vista of Time, down through
memory's aisles,

'Mid the Ages of Faith, I am borne along.
Where Religion clad in her purple robe
smiles,

The mother and guardian of learning and
song,

I sit me down, there 'mong the good and the
true,

In the bowels of earth, and with sacrifice and
prayer,

I worship the Lord with the tried and the
few:

Who, strong in their faith and hope, worship
Him there.

The wolves are around them, and howl-
ing with rage,

Thirst for the blood of the neophyte band.

The mother and maiden, the priest and the
sage,

The noblest and best of the age and the land,
Are all gathered there 'round the Blood of
the Lamb,

With faces that mingle the lion and dove:

Their countenance shining with heaven's
own sun,

Whose rays all effulgent came down from
above,

And now in the broad Amphitheatre's seat,
With Agnes, the virgin, and Sebastian, the
pure,

Lo, the lions crouch harmlessly down at
their feet:

For a Presence's beside them they cannot
endure.

Yes, Agnes, Sebastian, names at whose sound
Memory brings up all that's noble and good,
At whose touch all the chords of the heart
must rebound

In admiring ecstasy with you and with God.
Green, fresh Oasis in the desert of life:

In an age of indifference, corruption and
wrong,

Charms that lead us and cheer in the strife,
And foster a faith, buoyant, joyful and strong,
Through th' avenues of death let us solemnly
move;

Through corridors solemnly, awfully, grand,
See still living in death, faith, hope and love,
Shine round the face of the first Christian
band.

Death, where's thy victory? each footfall
calls forth

Through those corridors niched with the
relics of saints.

Death where's thy sting? is re-echoed from
out

Those corridors hung with the triumphs of
Faith.

M. W.

CELTS AND CIVILIZATION.

Does the question never arise in the philo-sophic mind,—who are these Irish men woe here on this Continent settled everywhere—toiling everywhere? They are as marked a race as the Jews or the Gypsies. The map of Ireland is on every face. They do not differ in externals from the Canadian as much as the Bojosemans from the Caffres, or the Malays from the Tartars. But in spirit and temperament they are as separate as the Old World and the New. They stand on different shores. They can no more get confounded than the mountains. These people are Celts from Ireland.

There were, and are, Celts in Greece, Italy, Spain and France. Their history is a necessary part of the history of this great primitive race. Some call them Phœnicians, some the Japhetic race; but the Greeks, the great nomenclators called them Celts. In Greece these Celts copying the Arts from Egypt perfected them above the reach of time to excel or destroy. The Grecian Celts were Encyclopedists and Mythologists. They peopled Heaven with their beliefs and fancies, and the stars this night wear their Greek names over the forest trees of America and are hailed by them from ships sailing on the Southern seas.

The Italian Celts, or Roman, founded a great city they called Eternal. They took up literary and architectural civilization when Greece laid it down. They borrowed masters and weapons and manuscripts from Athens. Then Rome shifted into the foreground of the world's stage. But the Romans aspired to Universal Empire and carried their Eagle after the sun. They made Britain their final battle field, and there they met the freer Celts of Ireland and Scotland. For who were the Picts and Scots that the two walls were built and the two dikes dug against?—Who were they that Agricola and Severus and Aurelian tried in vain to crush?—Celts of the West—Ancestors of the vory men who sweat and toil in this Canadian land to-day.

In Spain the Celts founded municipal government and responsible administration. It was they who made their kings with this fierce formulè—
“We who are as much as you and ar-

worth more than you, we choose you for our lord on condition that you will respect our laws: if not—not!” Before the centralization of power under Ferdinand and the Spanish townsmen were the freest people in Europe. The laws of what are called the Goths of Spain are as a monument of municipal legislation second only to the Roman; and these laws are Celtic in origin. The Celts of France were early overcome by the Northern Franks who parcelled out their lands amongst themselves, and divided Gaul into different kingdoms. But the aborigines of France from time to time extorted “rights” from their masters until after the consolidation of power they came to have but one master the King. In time they struggled with him and laid his head upon a wooden pillow whence he passed into Eternity. They, too, have done Liberty some service. Now the Irish Celts are the kinsmen of these Greeks, Romans, Spaniards and French. They have all the family failings and the family virtues. The same deep passions, the same ideality, the same changeability mark the whole race. Under their peculiar circumstance the Irish Celts developed differently from their Southern and Eastern kindred. Far away from Egypt and in a Northern climate, the plastic arts were comparatively unknown; the indoor science of Music was their favorite. The old Irish banner is the only one in Europe that bears a blazon of high art. While the Slavonic heraldry is crowded with serpents, bears and lions, and the Eastern with flaming towers, and stars and crescents—the Irish device is the beautiful symbol of inspiration—the Harp of prophets, of women, and of Bards!

What were the old Irish laws and customs? A question full of questions, and one that it would take years to answer. Their organizations has been distinguished as Udal—in most respects the opposite of Feudal. By the feudal law the chief was lord of the vassal's life; and by the udal law there were no vassals but clans. Clanship as rightly understood was association. Each member of the clan had as absolute title to a share of the soil as the chief, and could sell his share just as we in the present day can sell bank stock or railway

scrip. The custom they call *Tenant Right* in Ireland has been proved to be a relic of the Celtic law. The holders of land in Ireland were obliged to keep a certain number of men for defence and war. This was their only tribute to the State. Besides those farmers or *Broocs* there were certain keepers of public lands set apart for the maintenance of hospitality and religion. These public hosts were called *Biatachs* and the Church farmers, *Brenachs*. By road and bridge, hurdle, park and mountain pass, these sacred warders kept watch and vigil turning to the four winds to see "if God would send them any stranger for a guest."

The early Christian schools of Ireland were supported by hospitality rather than endowment. In the valley of Banagher, about the Church of Armagh, and on the banks of the Avonduha thousands of foreign scholars received food and lodgment, and such knowledge as the Irish saints only possessed in the sixth to the ninth centuries. We must not confound these students' societies with the modern University. They were clusters of rude cottages supported by the hospitality of the district. Some of the teachers visited in succession the princes and nobles, and returned laden with stores for the maintenance of the schools. Some schools had as many as 3,000 scholars at the one time.

Such were the Irish Celts. Hospitality is the virtue of localism; and the virtue of localism pervaded all their ideas. They swore by their own Saint, stood by their own chief, lived on their own land, buried in their own churchyard. This intense localism marks them to this hour: their patriotism is local not national—it is Munster or Ulster, the North or the South they live or cherish. It is not Ireland but Home they think of, speak of, dream of. There is one side development of this idea to which we will not now refer. But it is this temperament which has made them so formidable to all centralizations of power. Whenever the Celtic race and centralization came into conflict, one or the other had to give way. Let us briefly glance at the record.

The first great European centralization was the Roman. One city governed three continents. All Europe, Asia

and Africa were subjugated to make Rome supreme—made poor to enrich Rome. Rome itself became centralized in the person of the Emperor, in whose little self all power converged like rays in some brittle focus. There was no citizenship tolerated but Roman—no law but the Roman—no character but the Roman. The dusky Kalmuck, the rude German, the stiff-necked Jews themselves, bent under the yoke and rendered tribute to Cæsar. The Irish Celts never bent a knee before that world sceptre waving above the Seven Hills. No Irish Celt was ever drawn at the chariot wheels of Consul or Imperator. No Roman vault ever arched an Irish captive's head!

It will be perhaps said, "The Island was too remote." What! too remote for the Romans? There was no country too remote for them. The shores of the Caspian and the banks of the Oxus were familiar to the feet of their legions. But the Alps were between the extreme Celts and Rome; and with these Alps for a breast-work they fought. "Long before Rome was built," says Dr. Knox, "the continental Celt occupied all France and northern Italy—they extended probably into Galatæa." How beautifully Thierry describes the race, tracing the mighty deeds performed by the Celts, "the most warlike of men." See him, before the period of well-authenticated history, burst from the territory of Old Gaul—from his countrymen in Cisalpine Gaul—that is, Northern Italy—pour down on Rome and the Peninsula, ravaging Greece and plundering the sacred temple of Delphi. Now he repeats his game century upon century—from Brennius to Napoleon. Three thousand years after neither his character nor his course; it is ever the same. A warlike leader appears, and his cry is, "To the Rhine!" To the Rhine. March once more to Italy. Once more across the Alps! See the Celts under Hannibal fight the battles of Thrasymene and Cannæ—the forefathers of those who conquered at Marengo and Austerlitz.

Yes! It was the Celts who most resisted the Roman despotism; not continental Celts alone, but British, Scotch and Irish Celts. The Irish Celts were particularly active: an invasion of a

Roman territory was the first act of each new king of Ireland. Nial perished in the Loire. Dathi was struck by lightning at the foot of the Alps, four hundred years after Julius Cæsar's time. The Roman Empire in Britain was so harassed by Irish Celts, that Agricola had organized an invasion of Ireland, which he was prevented from completing by his recall to Rome. Why did the Celts oppose Rome so furiously? Because Rome claimed the mastership of Europe; and the Celts have never fully acknowledged any master but God!

The next despotism attempted in Europe was that of the northern conquerors of Rome. These nations, whether Greeks, Saxons, Goths, Lombards, Venetians, or by whatever name known, were despots, not by institution, but from ignorance. There was not the despotism of laws, but the despotism of no laws; not the arbitrary ruling of a system, but of capricious force. The able man was their lord; the strong arm their sceptre; the violent will their code. They were a race powerful to destroy, but weak to construct—gifted to change existing powers, but unskilful to create new ones. The Irish Celts supplied them with skill, civilization and system. Ireland was passing from Paganism to Christianity during these events. Remote, sequestered, with a passionate, poetic, all-believing people, Christianity made a complete conquest of the island in one generation. St. Patrick saw the first Cross and the last Druid; he outlived the errors he came to oppose. A new civilization sprung spontaneously from this Christian basis. Ireland rushed into the new channel of her destiny like a flood long restrained. War itself sunk secondary to Religion. It was no longer the Red Branch or the Sunburst, but the Cross and the Cowl that were the insignia of Irish heroism. Schools thickened over the land; and scholars from afar stepped out of strange ships and kissed the shores of Ireland as the land of holiness and learning. Then went forth the missionaries of nations, each choosing, after the Divine example, twelve companions. Saint Buan sailed to Iceland; Saint Aidan to Northumberland; Saint Columba to Scotland; Saint Columbanus

first to Burgundy and then to Lombardy; Saints Kellan, Rumold and Fridolin into Germany. "Who were the Missionaries of Nations?" asked Dr. Milner, an Englishman; and he answers with the Irish martyrology. There is not a cathedral church from Iceland to Sicily wherein an Irish Saint is not honored and remembered.

But not alone did teachers of religion go forth. Religion and Science, in those happy days were inseparable. Clement and Albin, two Irish scholars, went to Paris, and crying out in the streets that they had "wisdom to sell," were brought before Charlemagne, who founded universities for them to teach in. Feargal, Bishop of Saltzburgh preached the sphericity of the earth; Erigena was the instructor of Charles, the Bald. Alfred, of Northumberland, was himself an Irish scholar, as were many Welsh, Scotch, and Norwegian princes. In the words of Dr. Johnson, "Ireland, in these ages, was the luminary of the Western World."

What has been the history of Ireland since then? A Celtic struggle for liberty. That struggle has an epic sequence and unity. Augustin Thierry traces back the contests of democracy in France to a Celtic source. We do the same for Ireland. That great thinker calls Ireland, "A nation with a long memory." Nationally, an Irishman never forgets a wrong, never forgives an insult, but is never ungrateful for a kindness.

We will not stop in our brief sketch to inquire whether the Celts or the Normans have done most for civilization. If civilization be the spread of empire, the Normans have done the most; if the spread of truth, the Celts. "People talk," says Living, "of the superiority of the Gothic, Germanic and Anglo-Saxon race, as if no such people ever existed as the Romans, the Spaniards, the French—no such men as Cæsar, Bonaparte, Montesquieu, Cervantes, Raphael, Michael Angelo." True, and may we not add—as if there were no such Irish Celts as Owen C'Neil, Marshal Thomond, Flood, Grattan, O'Connell, Moore, Malclise. Let us hear no more then of such talk about what men have never examined—never thought of.

We have briefly sketched this pedigree of the Irish race as a solemn warning; not to introduce them to "their grand

relations," but to inspire them with a better ambition; not to have them dwell on what they were, but on what they are. They are the same people who resisted Rome, resisted the Norman, resisted Great Britain. They are the same race who spread Christianity in the Sixth Century, and revived Letters in the Sixteenth. They are the same who brought Music to Western Europe, and founded the Arts in Italy. In Arms, in Art, in Oratory, they have excelled—can excel. But how do we find these Irish Celts in "This Cavada of Ours," as the phrase is? Are they marching at the head, or dragged at the tail? Are they reapers, or gleaners—designers, or chisel—architects, or tools—leaders, or led? Alas, we find them toiling at the wharves, or waiters on Providence—shovellers of earth-works, or carriers of water—dupes in the hands of designing bigots—creatures at the command of time-serving politicians—tools and tackle for other men's uses.

And is this, indeed, the end? Are they who wrestled with the Roman and would not yield to the Norman—are they to give out at last in the race of human families; and to break stones by the wayside, while the winners ride by in triumphal chariots, covered with fame, and laurels, and benedictions? The falsest ideas are those that prevail about Irish character. The Handy-Andy of the library, and the Dennis Bulgrudder of the theatre, never existed but as exceptions, if they ever existed at all. The basis of Irish character is all embedded in deep passions—love, hatred, revenge, devotion, ambition, vanity. Meet an Irishman alone in the street, or in the field, and who can be more serious? What makes him gay in society, is the desire to please, or the love of approbation: Wit and humour are but as wall-flowers on the eave of that ancient and somewhat dilapidated edifice—within you have all the tragic and heroic passions—all that make men eminent as Soldiers, Poets, Orators, Missionaries, Artists, Rulers! Oh that the mental power of Irishmen could be let loose to labor on this Continent, as their physical strength has been. The mind would work still greater change than the muscle—and why not let it loose?

S. J. M.

A FRENCH WRITER ON THE JESUITS.

M. Paul Boyal, having renounced the profession of a romance writer, and dedicated the services of his pen for the remainder of his life (he is just sixty years of age) to the defence of injured truth and the promotion of religion, has given proof of the sincerity of his conversion by writing a pamphlet in defence of the Je-suits. After narrating how he was led to defend the Order, and then giving a sketch of its history from its foundation down to its suppression, he works up his "last word" in grand testimony to the truth:—

"In concluding my little book, which is only a hasty and incomplete sketch, I declare that I admire the Jesuits, and love them. It is not necessary to be indifferent in order to be impartial, and above this neutral virtue of impartiality there is truth which dominates over all. I have mentioned the word, truth; the truth which, by the sovereign law of justice, makes us condemn the persecuting evil, and defend the persecuting good! It is not necessary for a Christian to state that he has no human interest in lying; his interest is in the law of God, which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," and all the human interests put together could not excuse the transgressor of this law. To unfurl one's flag is good and wise. But the best of all strategies is frankness. I repeat that to unfurl one's flag, and loyally wave his colors in the breeze, is the first condition of impartiality. When I say that I love the Jesuits and condemn their enemies, I lay myself open in all the sincerity of my heart, and remove every veil that might obscure the meaning of my judgment. And this pleases me to have a so much more solid motive for my verdict. It was my chief wish in this book, after having drawn a rough sketch of the great work of the Jesuits, to delineate also the obscure and tortuous works of their enemies; I meant to show to what an extraordinary length the people who have distorted the meaning of the word Jesuit, were themselves an exact and striking representation of the monstrously deceitful creature whom they call Jesuits. This is the original side of things.

Protestant writers have saved me the trouble of showing the philosophical and Jansenistical Tartuffe employing to lavishness all the schemes and trickeries, all the infamies and deceits, we might say, with which the king of hypoërisies falsely reproaches the posterity of Loyola. There was a deep void left when the Jesuits were suppressed—a void in every thing, but particularly in preaching and education. The echoes of this disaster resounded unto the ends of the earth, and were produced far through the years that followed. We hear this cry of astonishment and sorrow not only in Christian literature, but in the works of the philosophers, as well as in those of the Universities. The sentiment of Chateaubriand in this regard is in no way different from that of Montanes, Joubert speaks like De Maistre, Lamennais like Voltaire, and Frederick of Prussia like Lally Tollendal."

THE WILL.

God wished man to be free. To this end He constituted one faculty queen over his acts; for this faculty He confesses that He Himself has a great reverence. In fact, He wished His own infinite power to stop short, as it were, in presence of the human will, or at least, before entering there, to wait until the door should be opened for it. In order to do what He wishes with us, He subjects Himself, in some sort, to do what we wish. To transform us into Himself, His grace seems to transform itself into us. It accommodates itself to the dispositions of our character; it assumes the task that we like best; it makes itself ardent and impetuous with souls that is filled with zeal and fire; sweet and calm with tender hearts; active and austere with strong wills. It stops at the door of our souls, unrepelled by our disdain and rebuffs; it knocks until an opening is made for it as God Himself says in the words of the Apocalypse: "*Behold! I stand at the door and knock!*" Above everything else, it is in the mystery of grace and its divine operations that we can understand the ineffable power of the will. We ought to call to mind with what pious

force the Church has wrestled in behalf of this power against the heretics who wished to destroy or weaken it.

The will is that sovereign faculty of the soul which God has placed at the summit of our being, like an impregnable fortress. Sin invades the body, subdues the senses, penetrates into the imagination, obscures the reason, shakes the heart. At last it approaches the will. There it is, at the foot of the fortress, trying to beat it down. What will the will do? Is it going to yield, or will it triumph? Victory is at its own disposal. A single act on its part will be enough to stop the assault and to break the shock. God is there with His angels, urging it, soliciting it. The devil too is there, with his spirits, striving to seduce it and lead it astray. Now let the queenly power make her choice, for nothing can shackle her liberty. Let not the clamour round about her terrify her, even though its shock reecho to her deepest abysses so long as sin has not entered into this fortress of the soul that she has in charge, nothing is lost. Nothing but the will can sin, as nothing but the will can merit.

Distinguish clearly this noble faculty from the others which God has placed under her orders. Confusion on this point might be dangerous, and might become the source of many illusions. Some there are who confound it with the heart and the imagination, and who think they *will*, when they feel for certain things that taste which pleases and delights, or when they are drawn towards some resolution by a violent and almost irresistible impulse. They take for the voice of the will those cries which passion or instinct force from the heart; those excitements of the soul, when she trembles under the influence of some grand idea that strikes her, or some generous sentiment that carries her away; those impulses which pass over the mind, and in which man exaggerates to himself his own strength and courage.

The will never cries out, it speaks; it never drags, it guides; it never falls in love, it approves; it never inclines towards objects, it judges them, and always remains elevated far above them. She *wills*, she does nothing but *will*; she can always *will*, even when all the other

powers of the soul will not. Nothing can snatch its consent from it. This power is all she possesses; but then she disposes of it entirely as she wishes. She is calm, cold, impassable, grave, collected. She has no precipitate movements, as the heart has; no irregular bent, like the imagination. She is the recognized organ of duty, of virtue and of sacrifice.

Do not confound, then, this faculty of willing with that of feeling or of loving. And be not discouraged when you do not feel within yourself that ardent and eagerness for good which sometimes render the accomplishment of it easy for the moment, but which just as often make perseverance more difficult, because, when they have exhausted themselves, the soul, so long accustomed to their support, feels itself as it were abandoned, and knows not what to do in its dejection. Be sedulously careful not to weaken in yourself that which constitutes your real strength, and not to give up to the yoke of the senses, or to the empire of the passions, your royal will—the queen of all the powers of your soul.

The only thing that makes a man is his will. There are two classes of men in the world; those who will, and those who know not how to will. Those are the men or masters; these the infants or slaves. The former will, both for them selves and for those who have no will of their own. But know, also, that this faculty, more than any other, is preserved and developed by exercise only; and that inaction or servitude diminishes it first, and then destroys it. Remember that the supreme function of the will is to act when all the powers of the soul are in to poor or sluggishness, and not when there exists within us an impulse of all our being towards good, and when good is accomplished within us of itself rather than through any act of ours.

Obedience alone can exercise and regulate the will. Without this virtue it accustoms itself to do only what is elective character, which is to will, and instead of this, assumes another character which is quite foreign to its nature. Instead of being the organ of duty, it becomes the instrument of pleasure. But obedience is not slavery; on the

contrary, it prevents servitude, and renders it impossible. We obey God only. We are slaves of man, or more frequently of ourselves. Safety for the will consists in obedience to the word of God by faith, and to His law by duty and sacrifice. The habit of acting by caprice or by impulse, and of doing only what pleases us, weakens and enervates the will.

Guard your will jealously lest it give itself up as a prey to the wicked and to libertines, who will take possession of it, and force it to do whatever they wish. If you have no will, grace, without which you can do nothing in the order of salvation, will have no hold upon you; for it is in the will that she acts, upon it she works. Without a firm will, what can you do in this world of corruption, of misery, and of vanity that surrounds you? What can you do in the midst of the traps that environ you, of the temptations that besiege you, and of the enemies that threaten you on all sides? What can you do in presence of those libertines who will scoff at you; of those infidels who will endeavour to undermine your faith by their bad example; of the many attractions and snares thrown out to entrap your soul?

Without will you will be powerless; you will yield through impulse, or through human respect, or through shame, to the attacks that will be directed against you; and you will soon sink to the condition of those poor wretches, who, not being able to will, are at the mercy of any one who wills for them, and who become, without perceiving it, the instruments of the most cowardly and criminal actions.

Hear counsel, and receive instruction, that thou may'st be truly wise.

Sully, the great state-man of France, always retained at his table, in his most prosperous days, the same frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life. He was frequently reproached by the courtiers, for this simplicity; but he used to reply to them, in the words of an ancient philosopher; "If the guests are men of sense, there is sufficient for them; if they are not, I can very well dispense with their company."

THE VOICE OF DRUNKENNESS.

BY E. J. M.

I have passed thro' the City, I've swept o'er
the plain,
I have quaffed of the life-blood, I've counted
my slain—
In the homes of the wealthy—the haunts of
despair
Glean the fields of my glory, for I have been
there!

When the victor was strong in his moment
of pride,
With his laurels all fresh I have sat by his
side,
'Till the drop I had drugged as it crept thro'
his vein
Made him own in his death-throe a stronger
had been.

When the revel was brightest I lurked in
the throng;
I have laughed with the loudest, I've echoed
the song;
From the noblest, the proudest, I've earned
my fame—
On the beautiful brow I have chronicled
"shame"

In the hut of the peasant I've hovered above,
O'er his turf-lighted hearth and the scenes of
his love,
When the burlet of wild-music from woman's
lips stole,
And the voices of childhood rang deep in the
soul.

As I entered the circle they died in a wail,
And the shrieks of the desolate swept on the
gale;
While gaunt famine and fever came swiftly
at hand
To reap the broad harvest I'd sown in the
land

I have laughed the fond hope of the young
heart to scorn,
And the mother I've taught to forget her
first-born:
In her heart I have poisoned love's holiest
springs,
Oh, what triumph like this can earth yield
to her kings?

Hast thou been in the cell where the mur-
derer lies,
As he counts on the dial the moment he dies;
Sought ye then by what tempter hell's work
was begun,
And his spirit made meet for the deed he
had done?

When the laugh of the maniac is echoing
high,
While the wild-fire of genius still flits in his
eye;
As he sits down and gnaws the strong fetters
that bind—
Be my temple built there 'mid the ruin of
mind!

And doubt ye yet sceptic—the arches of hell
Echo back the dark story its lost ones can
tell,
"Oh for ever—for ever—our doom's to drink
^{up}
All the strong wrath of God in the dregs of
that cup."

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S. J.

THE biography of a worthy man is precious at all times. His life in narrative is more effective than his human life. He has been honest, and not one street and one market, but streets and markets, have the Gospel of honesty preached to them; noble-souled, and millions look up to him; holy, and millions kneel to him. The religious Hindoo has his doctrine of Avatars. He believes that Vishnu has assumed several forms, and will yet assume others but that in all of them the divine virtues have been, and will be, in some recognisable way, revealed. Biography and Avatarism are not wholly dissimilar.

The man who has been worth living, will live, we may safely say, in one form or another, upon earth till the Fire comes. The light of his humanity will gleam, and sparkle, and blaze, and never be extinguished from the eyes of men. *Le bien ne meurt jamais*. Nay, even a bad man can cast a shadow behind him which it were not well that the world should lose. Though badness is of its nature negative and can do nothing, as is contended, yet the preacher who should assert this truth most unequivocally would be accounted no mean benefactor, and is not the genuine record of the badness it-elf the lips touched with fire to this end? The sputter of wickedness on the stage of Time, going down with any of its death-shrieks into the still silent waters of eternity, if fairly transferred to canvas; if fairly set in articulate speech, is a minister of terror to warn, to scare, to save. Theology's hell urges upward as well as theology's heaven.

But the preacher of heaven has a pleasing, grateful office. Apart from mere artistic development, we choose to look on St. Augustine's *City of God* in preference to Nieomberg's *dammid*, on Danto's *Paradise* in preference to Dante's

Hell. St. Gregory the Great holds that Thomas the Unbeliever did more for Christianity than Magdalen the Unquestioning, and, if men would only think it is possible that Judas the Traitor has made more saints than John the Beloved. But, omitting all comparison of the profits accruing from the memories of the dead, there can be no doubt that the record of a holy life is like a spring breeze to the gardens of our souls. It sweeps along, wakening the slumbering seeds of nobleness and truth, and calling upon them in the melody of affection and love to come up to the light to open out their petals, to become flowers of beauty and fragrance.

The record of such a life we propose to give. It shall be, for many reasons brief at our hands, but the sources of fuller information will be freely pointed out. We only purpose being suggestive.

It is an old literary statement that the sixteenth century was our Golden Age. The present is an age of remarkable intellectual beauty. There is warmth, and passion, and polish, and insight, real strength, real grandeur, nobility of impulse, ingeniousness of spirit, audacity of speech, in the English literature of to-day. Things have been accomplished in our midst which, so far as our mental gaze can go, will live on for ever. Mr. Gladstone does not regard the nineteenth century as being notable for minds of the first order. Executive capacity is, perhaps, its most prominent feature. But who can look forward, through any immeasurable time, and not perceive in the soul-struggles of mankind a yearning, prayerful outcry, as of captives at the waters of Babylon; a solemn, sacred holiness, as of men dying to be perfect; a challenge, and a passionate quenchless strife, as of souls determined to understand? And these we think the contributions of our day. But the sixteenth century has finished work to show. The spiritual admit, and the practical declare, it to be great. It has men who must be admired for ever, and men who must be loved for ever; men who stand before us like Sinais, others like Horebs, others like Calvarys; a few to be laughed with, many to be wept with, many to be knelt to.

Amongst these last is Father South-

well. Pure, holy, youthful, he went down to Tyburn on his way to heaven. Fanaticism hungered for victims, intolerance shrieked for prey, and this cactus-flower of Humanity, whom only once in a hundred years there is hope of meeting in our best-watered and best-cultured soul-gardens, was feasted on and devoured. Of course, fanaticism and intolerance levelled charges at him, flung accusations at him, for flesh has to be pickled and salted, or spiced, to suit delicate palates. And as mud when thrown sticks, so the priest carried a smeared coat about the world for many generations after; but as, in the language of Dr. Newman, no mud is eternal, the coat has been gradually getting back its old color until a few years ago, when a vigorous brush was applied, and every spot and streak cleared away.

The year and place of Father Southwell's birth are subjects of some debate. There is no doubt, however, that he was born either in 1560 or 1561, and it is most probable, at Horsham St. Faiths. The present Viscount Southwell, of Kinsale, Ireland, claims ancestral relationship with the priest's family. It is noticed also, as a pleasing circumstance, that the same family was intermixed with the root of the Shelleys. Many stories exist relative to the childhood of Robert, that he was carried away by the gypsies and providentially recovered that signs and tokens presaged his future greatness. We may be sure, however, that he was one of those deep-eyed, tender-hearted little creatures, that one can hold and talk to with a serious face; one of those that make one think of guardian angels, and of the peace and rest and innocence of that wonderful far, far off eternal home, all whose rooms shall be filled with "such as these." Robert got through his early studies at Douay, went from Douay to Paris, and from Paris to Rome. Only, twenty years before, Ignatius of Loyola had breathed his last. If it was an age of great unbelief, it was also an age of great belief. There were giants on both sides. But the attentive mind must behold two huge forces, in particular, in conflict—the heroism of Ignatius meeting the heroism of Luther. Personally the two men did not clash; but the

fiery spirit of the revolutionary friar still animated his widely-spread principles, and gave them an activity and a vehemence which shook thrones and brains and hearts. Jesuitism was never merely defensive; it was offensive, but offensive from the post attacked. This has been its history from the beginning, a sort of light infantry (as I believe its founder called it) of the Roman Catholic Church, unencumbered with bag or baggage, with honors or dignities, or worldly possessions, ever on the march, never at rest, and never to be while the hand of an enemy remains uplifted. Many virtues are required in the members of such a body, innumerable heroic ones were required in the founder. The spirit of Jesuitism was essentially new in the Church. It was no longer the humility of Francis, the learning of Benedict, the discipline of Dominick, that were proposed for attainment, but, without neglecting these, an enthusiastic, nay, to look at it from behind a counter, a reckless bravery, a total thoughtlessness of self, a total neglect of all the world calls prudence. Humility and courage are seldom coequal in elevation in the human soul. St. Theresa, with her eye on attainable perfection, prefers the man whose characteristic is courage, to him whose characteristic is humility. And she is right. In the case of Ignatius, however, there is courage to heroism, and there is humility to heroism. Not many scenes in the records of self-abasement will bear comparison with that of the Spanish soldier standing, disguised, and wearing the name of Fool, before the man who, had he known him, had hono red him as his master. Yet Jesuitism has a sort of martial pride about it. We never felt astonished that Philip Neri, the saint of commonplace, if we are allowed the phrase, resisted in his quiet, easy, stay-at-home way, all the solicitations which Ignatius used to unite him to his brotherhood. The Jesuits are soldiers, men of war, having no rest but inaction, rejoicing in no glory but scars; and, despite a very current opinion to the contrary, we look upon it as a truth to be established in the latter times that of all the Orders in the Church, overt speech and overt act have been in their highest sense the

property of the Jesuit.

This Order, fresh and blooming, sanctified by Ignatius and Xavier, Robert Southwell entered as a novice in his sixteenth year. So on years after he was ordained priest, and appointed Prefect of the English College at Rome. In 1586 he returned to London with a reputation, among all who knew him, for piety, learning, and genius. England was then in a troubled state. Passionate men forgot the sanctity of conscience, the sacredness of life. Wine was no longer transubstantiated into Blood, and lifted to the gate of heaven. No; for this foolishness was substituted real human blood. Again the immolations of primitive and barbarous times were well pleasing and perfect. The Juggernaut of Bigotry rolled crashing over its victims. The sword of Mahomed had passed into the hands of Elizabeth.

Enough is known of these times to render any description of them unnecessary. Fortunately, and unfortunately, Ireland has cause to remember them. In England, as in Ireland, the Church of Rome was the outcast Church. The cross which it displayed had once again its early meaning. It is with no desire to serve any sectarian purpose that we make any of these remarks, or to cast a stone at the doctrinal convictions of any class. Every assembly that ever existed upon the earth has revealed in the hour of its complete success this spirit of intolerance. The divinest thought, says Lamartine, when worked through men, comes out in rags and blood. So, though eternal truth be the animating principle of an organization, the flesh that garments it about is of its very nature putrescent. Whatever programme of beliefs a man feels called upon to espouse, if he have turned his head only half round upon the history-lit past, he cannot but utter tearfully one heart-breaking cry—We all are sinners: yes, we all, we all!

Father Southwell had to hide when he came to London. Catholic families were scattered here and there, and being denied a stone temple in which to pray, they were using the holier temple of their hearts. The young Jesuit ministered in private to the wants of his little band. He comforted, he

cheered, he prayed, he sang. But at last after six years of fruitful, though hidden, labor, the hands of persecution found him. He was betrayed by an apostate from his own flock. Ann Belamy, whose family blushed and paled for her deed, and grieved till death released them, sent for a priest to visit her, under pretence of sickness, and at her husband's house. All was ready for his capture; he would walk free no more.

He had dismal times of it in his prison. Hunger and nakedness beset him; filth and squalor encompassed him. Yet was he cheerful. To this period, which lasted three years, we are indebted to the poems which built him up a fame. The great day, however, came at last. The mockery of a trial, usual in such circumstances, was enacted. The prisoner was not sorry to be relieved from torture and pain, and in words of joyful gravity opened his lips to his judges. The next morning a cart carried him through the streets to Tyburn. By mistake, the noose slipped, and he was strangled, not hanged, swinging there in the raw cold air. Then came the horrors of the closing brutality, and all was over.

Before the end of the century his poems had gone through at least eleven editions. Taking into account what we have already said about the literature of that time, this fact bears ample evidence. Though for a century and a half or so the poems fell into neglect, yet from the year 1800 they have been daily drawing more and more notice, till now he holds the place, and holds it almost unanimously, of an English poet. Aris Wilmott, in his *Life of Southwell*, calls him the Goldsmith of English History. Hall praises him, Johnson admires him. The Rev. Alexander Grosart, a gifted clergyman of the Church of England, his fullest and fairest and most appreciative biographer, paid, a few years ago, a tribute of the most generous enthusiasm to the intellect of the life of the holy man. Dr. George MacDonald considers that he has never been praised to his deserts, and Archbishop Trench of Dublin warmly concurs in the opinion. In Chambers' *Cyclopaedia* there is a respectful notice of him, and it is now impossible to speak in a liter-

ary sense of the poets of the sixteenth century without mentioning the name of Father Southwell.

He is no more hymnist, but, as may be imagined, all his sentiments breathe forth a ravishing spirituality. *St. Peter's Complaint* is his longest poem, and is generally considered his best. The scope of it can be readily apprehended. Some passages of it are exquisite for pathos and fancy. Simplicity and sincerity and something of the man's nature appear to repose in many of the stanzas.

"And could I rate so high a life so base?

Did fear with love cast so uneven account,
That for this goal I should run Judas' race,
And Caiphas' race in cruelty surmount?
Yet they esteemed thirty pence his price,
I, worse than both, for nought denied thee
thrice

"The mother-sea from overflowing deeps,
Sends forth her issue by divided veins,
Yet back the offspring to the parent creeps,
To pay the purest streams with added
gains,

But I, that drank the drops of heavenly flood
Besmired the Giver with returning mud."

Many of his short poems are published here and there. One of them, however, is rarely found straying, and as it has been highly commended we shall transcribe it from Mr. Grosart's copy.

THE BURNING BABE.

As I, in hoary winter's night stood shiv'ring
in the snow,

Surprised I was with sudden heat which
made my heart to glow,

And lifting up a fearful eye to view what
fire was near,

A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the
air appear,

Who scorched with excessive heat such floods
of tears did shed,

As though his floods should quench his
flames which with his tears were fed.

Alas! quoth he, but newly born in fiery
heats I fry,

Yet none approach to warm their hearts or
feel my fire but I;

My faultless breast a furnace is, the fuel
wounding thorns,

Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the
ashes, shame and scorns;

The fuel justice layeth on, and mercy blows
the coals,

The metal in this furnace wrought are men's
deluded souls,

For which, as now, on fire I am, to work
them to their good,

So will I melt into a bath to wash them in

With this He vanished out of sight and
swiftly shrank away,

And straight I called unto mind that it was
Christmas Day.

This was a favourite poem with Dr. Johnson. The heartiest reader, says the Rev. Mr. Grosart, will come upon thinking and feeling in all his productions, that they are as musical as Apollo's lute and as fresh as a spring-budding spray. A collection has been also made of his Latin compositions. The spirit is the same throughout all, but the verbal texture inclines in a few places to the silver age of the language.

It may be noticed that we dwell somewhat fully upon the leading traits of the Jesuit character. Our design in so doing was to bring out more strongly the personality of Father Southwell. The courage, and perseverance, and fortitude, and lofty disregard for the flesh, which belonged to Ignatius, belonged also to his disciple; but Macaulay could term the great saint a madman, and Carlyle a pig; Southwell, on the other hand, both would concur in pitying. This looks anomalous. The explanation, however, lies not in the hypotheses that he was less fervid than his master, but in the fact that there was a kindness and a softness in his human character which, when the demon of bigotry had moved aside, returned upon all who had ever beheld his face or evoked his image from the chimes of his dying soul.

There exists no authentic likeness of him; but read his volume, think of his life, his death, his works, and which of you will demur to the vision of his most interesting biographer—"I've very much mistaken if a genuine portrait of him would not have shown an intellectual, etherialized face, thin and worn, no doubt, but ensouled." If we search the picture-gallery of our mind we trace a resemblance between him, his manner, and the expression of his face especially, and the amiable, gentle,

courteous Francis de Sales; or better, between him and the pious, virtuous bishop of Cambray. Does not Jean Paul (the only!) call Fenelon a child, a woman, a man, and an angel? Such, we think, was Father Southwell.

Dear departed spirit, unfortunate and fortunate! it does good to our human hearts to recall memories such as these of thee. In the whirlwind of passion thou dost whisper peace; in the anguish of desolation thou dost whisper joy. And lighting up our souls against the tumult of maddening shrieks, of cries from the depths of despair and death, from the lips of illusion and harsh betrayal, of hopes falling to dust, and of ravening doubts, thou tellest us, and the voice of thy etherialized being convinceeth us, that there is "a veiled eye behind time, an infinite heart beyond the grave;" that we, in all our fury and wild world conflicts, our cursings and weepings, cannot leave the hollow of a Father's hand; that infinite love sustains us, infinite patience, and infinite mercy; and that a divine bosom beats, beats, and the pulse is a time-piece of eternity, to put our heads to rest on the pillow of sweet and never-ending repose.

E. J. O

AERATED WATERS.—Consumers of aerated water should be on their guard. In the British *Medical Journal* there is a letter from "An eminent Fellow of the Royal Society," on the result of the examination of some artificial aerated waters—soda and seltzer waters—sold in "siphon bottles." This examination disclosed in all cases dangerous contamination with a poisonous metal. There was quite enough lead in all the waters examined to undermine health. And the British *Medical Journal* remarks on this discovery: "When we examined the ordinary, aerated mineral waters of commerce some time since, we found that they were of the most various composition, and that they only occasionally correspond with what was implied in their name. A great many of them, too, were made with well water, which was anything but pure, and some of them were dangerously impure."

"WILL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH
IRELAND?"

BY D. O'SULLIVAN.

[Did any one ever hear or conceive a more beautiful idea than that expressed by Charles J. Kickham, in his story of "Knocknagow," where Father O'Neill tells of the old woman who is dying in a strange land, and, having received the last sacrament, turns once more to the priest, and anxiously inquires: "Will my soul pass through Ireland?"]

Oh, Sogarth aroon, sure I know life is fleeting—

Soon, soon in the strange earth my poor bones will lie;

I have said my last prayer and received my last blessing;

And, if the Lord's willing, I'm ready to die:

But, Sogarth aroon, can I never again see
The valleys and hills of my dear native land—

When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of sorrow,

*Will it pass through old Ireland to join
the bless'd band?*

Oh, Sogarth aroon, sure I know that in Heaven

The loved ones are waiting and watching for me;

And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them,

In those realms of joy 'mid souls pure and free:

Yet Sogarth, I pray, ere you leave me forever,

Relieve the last doubt of a poor dying soul,
Whose hope, next to God, is to know that when leaving

*'Twill pass through old Ireland on the way
to its goal?*

Oh, Sogarth aroon, I have kept through all changes

The thrice-blessed shamrock to lay o'er my clay;

And oh, it has minded me often and often
Of that bright smiling valley so far, far away;

Then tell me, I pray you, will I ever again see

The place where it grew on my own native sod—

When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger,

*Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to
our God?*

THE BOY WITH THE CURLING HAIR.

(Gossoon ruckagh ruadh.)

BY ROSA GALLAGHER.

ONCE upon a time, and a very good time it was, on the banks of the Boyne, in "royal Meath," about midway between the hill of Tara and Telldown, (Tullon,) there lived a powerful chieftain. This great man had three fine sons, not giants, but almost as great in strength and agility. Any one of them could, and often did, jump from the bank of the river Blackwater, on the island in the middle of the same, which was a feat entirely impossible for the men of our day to accomplish. (Even to this day, the young men of the neighboring districts assemble, once a year, on the island of Martyr, to try their strength by wrestling for prizes, etc. This is all that remains of the once famous sports of Tullon.) But to my story: There lived not far from the chieftain's castle, a very wise man, who could tell future events. The father of the young men, already mentioned, anxious to ascertain what would be the future career of his sons, called on the seer, who told him, when he arrived home, to assemble the three young men together, and ask each, in turn, in case he inherited his father's estate what use would he make of a large willow-tree that grew on the lawn. The chieftain followed these instructions.

On calling his eldest son, he asked him what the tree was fit for?

The young man replied: "It would make an excellent mast for a ship."

Calling his second son, his father asked him the same question:

"I differ from my brother," he replied; "I think it would be more suitable for a weaver's beam, and, should it ever come in my possession, this is the use to which I will put it."

"And I," said the youngest son without waiting to be asked, "would leave it stand where it is at present. It would be a thousand pities to cut it down, as it would make an excellent gallows, on which to hang the thieves who infest our highways, and this, dear father, is the use to which I will put it."

The chief returned, and told the wise man what each of the young men said.

"Well," the old seer answered, "your eldest son will be a great warrior on both sea and land; and will conquer sufficient territory for himself, and be exceedingly rich. Your second eldest will be an inventor, a great thinker, and highly respected. His name will be but another for fame!"

Here the speaker hesitated.

"Go on," exclaimed his visitor, impatiently. "What is to become of the pulse of my heart. He is to remain with me, since one will be so rich and the other so famous, they will not need any aid from me. Speak out, old man, is it not so?"

"Alas, that I should live to be the bearer of such unwelcome tidings," said he. "The youth will be hung; and if you take my advice you will, to prevent disgrace, get rid of him as soon as possible. As soon as you recover from the effects of this sad news, call your sons together once more, propose a foot race from a certain point to the great gate of the castle, and he who arrives last, close it against him forever."

The sorrow-stricken parent went home and did as he was desired. The young men started from a given point, and the youngest, being weakest, arrived last at the gate, which was closed against him. He demanded an explanation of this strange proceeding, when his father told him, with tears in his eyes, that he was to be hung, at the same time offering him a purse full of gold: but the poor lad was too proud to accept it. And not knowing what want meant, took nothing from home with him but his favorite horse and what little money happened to be in his possession at the time.

He turned his back to his childhood's home and with the terrible secret of his fate in his mind he was riding along the road *thursagh bronagh*. The first thing he met was a funeral, immediately after which came a man running at the top of his speed, and almost out of breath.

"That corpse must not be buried," he shouted, "until the money he owed me in life be paid."

"How much do you demand?" asked the chieftain's son.

"Ten pounds," the man answered.

"Here is the amount," said he, "and let the corpse be buried."

"After this he proceeded on his way. When about a quarter of a mile from where he met the miser, who declared his intention of keeping the body of his unfortunate debtor overground, he was met by another man who asked him if he saw a funeral? He replied in the affirmative.

"Oh, dear!" said this man, "do you think I will be able to come up to it before the rascal is buried. He owes me ten pounds, with six months interest on the same, so I cannot lose my time talking to you."

"Stay," said our hero; "I will pay you the amount; so proceed no further."

This second creditor could hardly believe his senses, when he saw the money actually in his hand. Generosity and him being perfect strangers, he thought the young man was a little out of his mind. He clutched the money with a firmer grasp and strode away. He was within sight when another person, still more excited than the others came along. He was covered with dust and perspiration. Merely glancing at the traveler on horseback, he kept up his pace; but, suddenly, as if a new thought struck him, he returned, and, taking off his hat, saluted the gentleman, and begged to know if he met a funeral.

"Will this ever end?" thought he, as he answered the inquiry for the third time. And so as to make a long story short, this individual had the same complaint to make against the dead man as the two who preceded him. He vowed vengeance, not only against his debtor, but, also, all belonging to him.

"Of what use then were all my efforts?" said the young man to himself. "I have no money left; but, then, there is my horse; I will give him to cancel the debt."

"Here," said he, "If you promise me you will not disturb the dead, or annoy the living any further about this debt, I will give you my horse, and travel on foot to the end of my journey."

He was taken at his word, you may be sure. The man mounted the animal, and was out of sight in an instant, wondering at his good luck.

By this time the sun was setting be-

hind the hill of Ward, but our poor wanderer heeded it not; and an hour later found him musing in the same spot.

"Ever since I remember," he said to himself, "I have been obedient to my parents, and have lived a blameless life. Yet, here am I to-night without a place to lay my head."

He was interrupted in his reverie by a boy, who, after trying in vain to awake his attention, by moving close to him, at last came boldly up, and, saying:

"God save you, sir. You look as if you were accustomed to be waited upon. Would you engage me as a servant? I am faithful, trustworthy, and honest, as time will show, if you engage me. I ask neither wages nor clothing, but will wait on you as a labor of love. I am well acquainted with the neighborhood, and can lead you where you will receive a *cead mille faithe* for this night, and as many more as you choose to stay. So pluck up courage and come along with me."

It would be impossible to refuse this good-natured lad, he had such a winning way with him. His smile could not be resisted it was so frank, so honest, altogether he was fair to look upon. He wore no hat, but a wealth of auburn hair, which a modern belle might envy, flowed and rippled on his shoulders. When his new master asked him his name, he replied:

"Call me '*gossoon ruckagh ruadh*.'" (Curling-haired boy.)

"Well, my lad, I'll follow wherever you lead, as I place great confidence in you."

So they proceeded up a beautiful avenue (boreen) to the splendid castle of Rathmore, where the young chieftain was immediately recognized by the lord of the castle, and great, indeed, was the welcome extended to him.

New orders were given to the servants, and the family harper or musician was requested "to prove his already wide-spread and well-deserved fame, for, on this night, he would be listened to by a distinguished guest of the real old Irish blood," and consequently a greater judge of music than the lord of the castle, he being of Norman descent.

Amid all the bustle which the fulfil-

ment of these orders gave rise to, the curly-haired lad mingled, unperceived, among the servants, and two of them, who seemed very confidential, and who ceased speaking when any of their fellow-servants came within earshot, were watched closely by the lad.

"It's lucky," said one, "this stranger came here to-night for the thing you know," and here he drew close to his companion, "can be done more easily."

"But our dear young lady. I fear I will never be able to do this. 'T would be a pity she is so good and kind."

"But the thing is as good as done now," said the first speaker, "so you cannot prevent it if you would, and the money it will bring us, my dear, will set us up so nicely on our own account; so do not pretend you are in the least troubled about the matter. You have already chosen."

This conversation was held between a young man and woman, and almost in presence of our "curly head," who could at that moment see without being seen. He learned still further, that the heiress of Rathmore was to be carried off that night by a rejected suitor, and the lad planned to prevent this if possible.

"If I could frighten the villains," thought he, "for such as them are always cowards; or, if I could inform the young lady of the plot—but that is impossible. Perhaps my master will be able to manage it better; for it must be prevented at all hazards."

Meanwhile the night wore on, and most of the guests retired to rest, ere the one in whose honor the magnificent entertainment had been given could retire, and his servant needed the excitement of the news he had to communicate to keep him awake. At last his master made his appearance, and to him the lad related all that he had seen and heard.

"Let the lord of the castle be informed of this immediately," said the young man.

"But, my dear master, you will spoil all by so doing, as it is the lady's own maid that is going to betray her. Could we not make use of a little stratagem and capture them without bloodshed, and then bring the wretches, with their accomplices, who will immediately con-

ness all before their master. We know it would be infinitely more agreeable to the young lady herself to do the thing as quietly as possible.

"What you advise is very sensible; and I, also, think that this is the best way to manage it. But, hark! What noise is that?"

They listened, and heard the sound of approaching footsteps. It was the servant already mentioned. They watched and saw him remove the heavy iron chains and bolts which secured the entrance door, and then move away as cautiously as before. In a few minutes three ruffianly-looking fellows stole noiselessly in, and were advancing, when our hero rushed out upon them and, in a voice of thunder, bade them give an account of themselves. The boy, in the meantime, slyly closed the entrance. The tumult in the hall awoke the other inmates of the house who came running pell-mell to the scene.

"What is the cause of all this?" was the inquiry heard in every direction.

At last, when something like quiet was restored, the cause was explained by the little lad whose watchfulness prevented such an amount of sorrow and suffering. The unfaithful servants were brought before their enraged master; the maid-servant was very sorry, she said, and cried aloud, protesting she would never be guilty of such conduct again. Her lover, the waiter, made the same cowardly apology that Father Adam did, namely: "That it was the woman made him do it;" but that both were equally in fault was the firm conviction of all present.

Without more delay they and their accomplices were sentenced to hard labor for life, and a very lenient punishment it was, considering the greatness of their crime. After the condemnation of the culprits the hall was cleared of all, excepting the young lady, her father, the young chieftain and his servant.

"And now," resumed the lord of the castle, "how am I to repay you, noble youth, for the great service you have done. Nay," he said, seeing the other about to speak, "do not refuse me, you know none of my ancestors were ever indebted to a living being, and I will not be less generous than they were. I

request you to do me this favor. Choose something valuable or beautiful; all I possess I place in your hands to do with as you judge proper. For a treasure, which I prize above all things, is owed to me by your bravery and presence of mind. Speak out, and make me happy by complying with my wishes."

"There is in your possession but one gift that I covet," and his eyes wandered in the direction of the young lady.

"Hold, my dear sir," anxiously exclaimed her father. "In making you an offer of all I possess, I should have added, 'except my daughter,' who is already promised to One whose claim upon her you will agree with me, is far superior to those of all earthly princes; and to Him my fair child has long since given her heart; but why look so downcast? You saw her but yesterday."

He answered:

"I loved her yesterday, to-day, and while I live."

"But I cannot let you depart without some token of my gratitude toward you."

"For myself, I will accept nothing, but you can reward my attendant."

Here he pointed to the *gossamer*.

"Well, my pretty lad, what will you take to keep us in remembrance. You shall have anything you wish for."

"If you please, my lord, I shall be satisfied with that old hat on yonder peg, as it is a perfect match for the rest of my attire."

"That old hat! it is only fit for a *scare-crow*. You shall have a *birredh*, trimmed with gold lace and a handsome plume."

At this the little fellow burst out laughing,

"Wouldn't I look nice in a lace hat; all the little boys would be laughing at me as I came along. Please give me the old one."

A glance of intelligence passed between them, and the old hat was taken from its place; and, as the owner handed it to its future possessor, he asked him in an undertone if he understood its value.

The boy nodded assent, and placing it under his arm, went in search of his master, who was quite ready to take his leave; and as the final farewell was

taken, the lord of Rathmore contrived to place in the satchel (where the gosssoon carried a change of clothing) a great amount of treasure. Thus were our poor travelers provided for. They made a tour over every part of the country, and this took a year and a day.

But the poor young chieftain sadly said, there was not in all Ireland a spot so handsome or one he loved so dearly as his own home, and "hit or miss" he would return there immediately.

"At long last" he reached the outskirts of his father's estates. But the journey home was too much for his strength, so his little active attendant pitied him, and he said:

"Master, look across that *double ditch* and tell me what you see."

"I see," he said, "a splendid horse, with saddle and bridle, ready for some more fortunate person than I am."

"Well, I will take that horse to you; you are now on your own estate, and who dare say a word against us. I have plenty of money to pay for the *garron* if his owners are not kind enough to lend him to a gentleman in distress."

"You may do as you please," was the response; the boy started off, and laying his hand on a three-barred gate, vaulted across it, brought the horse to his master, who seemed much pleased at the prospect of seeing his beloved father that night. But his happiness was of short continuance, for he heard the sounds of men in pursuit, and, looking behind him, half the inhabitants of the country seemed to be coming after, when, to his surprise and astonishment, he spied the curly-haired lad running towards them, and he, himself, soon followed his example.

"Now, what are we to do with this rich thief? He must be punished as much and more than if he were a poor man, for then there would be some excuse."

"That's so," says the curly-head, "and if the horse belonged to me, I would think hanging too good a death for the thief who would rob me; and if you take my advice, boys, you will hang him on the spot."

This was all the excited men wanted to hear; his own servant, said they, knows him better than we do."

"Hang him, hang him!" shouted the

multitude, while the owners of the stolen animal were fixing a gibbet.

"That will do admirably," said the apparently deceitful servant. "Here," he continued, "I am young and nimble," and he jumped up behind his master, and placing a rope on the limb of a large oak tree, he put the noose around his intended victim's neck, who never once opened his lips, he being perfectly sure it was the death Fate decreed for him. But no sooner did the friendly lad place the noose around his master's neck, than he laid the *mentioned old hat on his head*, and then slipped the noose off his neck. He gave the horse a smart cut of a whip, and off started the frightened animal, and after him the crowd, quite forgetful of the fact that a human life had just been sacrificed, for, for all they knew or cared, it might have been so. (It will be remembered, that when the curly haired boy was about to be rewarded by the rich lord, whose daughter he had saved, he chose nothing but an old hat. This hat had the magic power of making its wearer invisible.) And now the friends were quite alone. Both seemed to be perfectly happy. They understood each other now, and the young chieftain, in the excess of his joy, lifted his benefactor up in his arms and bathed his face with tears of love and gratitude.

"And now, my dear, loving and generous master are you quite satisfied with me? Have I not proved faithful and trustworthy as I promised when you allowed me to accompany you!"

"Aye, truly you have far exceeded my expectations. I have often thought as I looked upon your comely face that a kind Providence, on seeing me so wretched and lonely, revealed to my mortal eyes the form of my guardian angel in you."

"And you were not far wrong. Do you recollect the day on which you left your ancestral home and its beautiful surroundings?"

"Can I ever forget it?"

"The first thing attracted your attention was a funeral, was it not?"

"That funeral again!"

"Yes you paid away without asking whether the unfortunate man about to be buried was a thief or a spendthrift. You did not judge him, but gave with a

free heart, and cheerfully the last shilling in your possession that his remains might be allowed to receive Christian burial."

"All this is true, but why speak of it now?"

"Because my friend is at home again, and at liberty to exercise his rights. His brothers are great men in the land, and his poor, dear old father, pining and fretting his life away in his absence, and praying for his speedy return; and now that his happiness is almost complete, he will, I am sure, grant his little friend one request?"

"One! Oh, yes, as many as there are in my power to grant; you have but to ask it."

"I fear it will give you pain; but the time has come; so let your servant depart in peace."

"What! leave me now, when, at last, it is in my power to reward you?"

"I see that you do not yet understand. I am the happy spirit of the man whose only crime was cancelled by your kindness, and I was permitted to accompany you until you expressed yourself satisfied with me; and now I am free to enter into the mansions of bliss, where 'there is joy for one sinner doing penance.'"

"As he said this his whole appearance changed, so that his former master could hardly look upon his countenance, it was so dazzlingly bright and beautiful. He seemed to be lifted gently from the earth, and borne, noiselessly, softly upward by some unseen power, until, like unto a brilliant star, he disappeared in the heavens. And his master, then and there, made a resolution from which he never wavered. He spent his large fortune in the erection of schools, into which the poor were made welcome; hospitals, in which the unfortunate were well cared for; in a word, "he went about doing good," and not a day of his long and happy life passed that he did not ask the important question: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"THE DEAD ALIVE."

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

THERE are many instances on record of the reappearance of men supposed to be dead, after judicial murder had been committed on the persons of those suspected of their death. One of the most remarkable of these cases occurred in England, in 1660.

On the 6th of August, in that year, one William Harrison, the steward of a wealthy lady in Gloucestershire mysteriously disappeared. He had left home in order to collect rents; so, when days and weeks passed without his returning, or anything being heard of him, suspicion of robbery and murder became rife among his friends. In the neighborhood there lived a poor family consisting of a mother and two sons—Perry by name—of whom the mother bore but an indifferent character, and one of the sons was half-witted. It is supposed that the numerous reports which were in circulation with regard to Harrison unsettled what brain this poor idiot had, for he actually went before a Justice of the Peace and deposed to the murder of Harrison by his brother, while his mother and himself looked on, and afterward joined in robbing him. On this testimony the three were arrested, and, at the following assizes, doubly indicted for robbery and murder. The presiding Judge, Sir Charles Turner, refused to try them on the murder indictment, as the body had not been found; they were however, arraigned on the charge of robbery, and pleaded guilty, on a vague impression that their lives would be spared. While in prison, John (the half-wit) persisted in the charge he had made, adding that his mother and brother had attempted to poison him for peaching. At the next assizes Sir Robert Hyde, in consideration of the non-appearance of Harrison, tried them for the murder. On this trial John retracted the accusation, declared that he was mad when he made it, and knew not what he said. These were, however, the "good old days" when stealing a penny-loaf, or the presumption of having stolen a penny-loaf, was a

Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful. Open rebuke is better than secret love!

capital offense in England, and when
 "Wretches hanged that jurymen might
 dine,"

The mother and both the sons were sentenced to death, and died protesting their innocence.

After these poor victims of ignorance had lain in the grave for three years the murdered Harrison suddenly reappeared on the streets of Gloucester! In a letter to Sir Thomas Overbury he accounted for his long absence by stating that on returning home after the receipt of the rents he was set upon by a gang of crimps who had forced him to the sea shore, where they hurried him on ship-board and carried him off to Turkey. There they sold him as a slave to a physician, with whom he lived for nearly two years, when his master dying, he made his escape in a Hamburg vessel to Lisbon and was thence conveyed to England.

Blame in this instance could not possibly attach to the missing steward; but what can we think of the heroine of another story—an heiress whose uncle was at once her guardian and her heir-at-law? One day when he was correcting her for some offense she was heard to say, "Good uncle, do not kill me," after which she could not be found; whereupon the uncle was committed on suspicion of murder and admonished by the Justices of the assize to find out the child by the next assizes. Against this time, having failed to find her, he brought another child like her in years and person, appareled like the missing heiress; but on examination, she was found not to be the true child. Upon these presumptions (which were considered to be as strong as facts that appear in the broad face of day) he was found guilty and executed. But the truth was that the child, having been beaten, had run away, and afterward, when she came of age to have her land, appeared and demanded it and was directly proved to be the true heir.

Nothing is more remarkable in these cases than the facility with which jurors convicted and judges condemned on the slightest possible grounds of evidence. One sickens, as one reads, for we cannot forget that, in the agony of degradation which accompanies judicial murder, it is far more terrible than that which leaves

reputation stainless, though it takes life. How much innocent blood cries to God from scaffolds which have been erected in the name of Justice we can never know "till the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed," and those who have condemned shall stand before that mighty Judge whom no influence can corrupt, nor prejudice mislead. It would be possible to multiply greatly these examples, but there is only space for one more—that of a curious case in Gibraltar, which, says Mr. Phillips, "shows how ineffectively the romancist, even when his imagination is strained to the utmost, can portray the extremes of passion to which human nature is susceptible." It is of later date than any of the others, having occurred in the year 1841.

At that time a respectable merchant named James Baxwell lived in Gibraltar. He had removed thither in early life from London principally because he was of the same religious faith as the people of his adopted country—in other words a Catholic. For many years he occupied a small dwelling near the base of Mount St. Michael so renowned for its caves and crystallizations. He carried on a successful traffic in all articles of British manufacture introduced into Spain, acquiring, indeed, a very considerable fortune in this way. All the country knew that he had a large amount of treasure lying by him, not to speak of the capital belonging to him which was embarked in commerce. His name was one of credit in all the principal houses of exchange in Europe.

Besides his wealth, he had an only daughter of remarkable loveliness. The peculiar charm of English and Spanish beauty were combined in her to an unusual degree, and she had been for several years an object of devoted admiration to all the youths of Gibraltar. At church they devoured her with their eyes, and many thought that happy above all men would he be who could win the smiles of Elezia Baxwell. But Elezia bestowed her smiles on no one. She seemed to carry maidenly modesty to the extent of freezing coldness, and at mass her eyes were bent on her book, regardless of all the glances cast on her.

Love, however, can find a road to enter the coldest breast, and the icy maiden at length saw one who roused in her

some of the emotion she had caused in others. This was a young Englishman named William Katt, who, having assured himself of the affections of the daughter appeared as a suitor before the father.

"I am, like yourself, an Englishman," said he to the merchant. "I am of respectable family and character, young and wealthy. Give me your daughter; we love one another."

"It is impossible," replied James Baxwell. "You belong to the dominant religion of England, by which my fathers suffered so much and so long. You are a Protestant and my daughter is a Catholic. Such a union could not be happy, nor will I ever give my consent to it. "Elezia can never be yours."

The daughter, informed of this declaration, threw herself at the feet of her father, and endeavoured to move him from his purpose. Her lover did the same. But Baxwell remained obstinate, and a violent scene took place. Elezia declared that she would marry the object of her choice despite all opposition; her father declared he would sooner kill her with his own hand than see her carry such a resolution into effect. As to William Katt, who stood by, he kept silence. What thoughts were revolving in his mind it would be difficult to say.

Two days afterwards an alarming noise was heard to issue from a cave immediately adjoining the merchant's house, and used by him for some domestic purpose. The noise consisted of loud cries, which gradually became fainter, and at length altogether died away. The auditors looked at each other with amazement, and many were the conjectures as to the cause of the sounds. A solution of the mystery was not long in suggesting itself. Elezia had disappeared; she was no longer to be seen about her father's house. After many low murmurs had circulated the father was interrogated respecting his daughter. He replied that she was missing, certainly; but whether she had gone he knew not. He had nothing whatever to do, he said, with her disappearance.

This explanation was not satisfactory. The whisper went about that James Baxwell had assassinated his daughter to prevent her marriage with William Katt. Finally, this conjecture was

so forcibly pressed on the attention of the public authorities that they were compelled to arrest Baxwell and inquire into the matter. The dwelling of the merchant was examined, but nothing suspicious was found. "The cave! the cave is the place!" cried some of the crowd. The magistrates then descended into the cave, and there, on lifting some loose stones, they found a portion of Elezia's dress, sprinkled all over with blood, and a small quantity of her hair, clotted with gore.

Baxwell protested his innocence, but the proof seemed strong against him, and he was brought to trial. The result was his conviction for the murder of his daughter, and his condemnation to death. On receiving this awful sentence the unhappy merchant seemed overpowered by the dreadful nature of his situation. He continued in a state of almost insensibility during the interval between his trial and the day of execution. On the morning of the latter day the jailer came to announce to him that the moment was at hand. At this he was seized with a fearful trembling, and cried again—what he had reiterated to all who saw him during his confinement—"Before my Maker, I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death!"

They led him out to the scaffold. There he found, among others, William Katt, who, it should have been said, was the most important witness against him at his trial, having repeated to the court the threat of death which Baxwell, in his presence, had uttered to Elezia. No sooner did the doomed merchant behold Katt than he paused at the foot of the scaffold and solemnly said: "My friend in one minute I will be in eternity. I wish to die in peace with all men. Give me your hand—I pardon you freely the injury your evidence has done me." Baxwell spoke with composure, but the effect of his words on Katt was very striking. He became pale as death and could not conceal his agitation.

Baxwell slowly mounted the steps of the gallows and gave himself up to undergo death by the rope. According to the ancient custom of Gibraltar, the executioner commenced his duties by crying, in a loud voice, "Justice is doing! justice is done!" He then placed the black bonnet on the head of the con-

demned, and pulled it down in front so as to cover the eyes. He had just done this when he was stopped in his proceedings by a loud cry from the side of the scaffold.

"It is I who am guilty—I alone!"

The cry came from William Katt. The magistrate in attendance instantly called him forward and demanded an explanation. The young man avowed that he had carried off Elezia, with her consent to be his wife, and that she was now residing not far off in concealment. But to her he did not communicate the measures he had taken to revenge himself on her father. He had cut off a portion of her hair while she slept and clotted it with the blood of a lamb—also sprinkling in the same way a part of her dress, which he had purloined. These articles he placed in the cave and there emitted personally those cries which had borne so heavily against the merchant. The generous pardon which Buxwell bestowed on him had awakened (he said) remorse in his breast and compelled him to avow the truth.

The confession was partly made at the scaffold and partly afterward. As soon as Katt had spoken decisively the executioner turned to Buxwell to take from him the insignia of death. The merchant, almost unobserved, had sunk down into a sitting posture. The black bonnet was drawn from off his eyes and head and it was found that he was a corpse! No exertions had the slightest effect in awakening in him the spark of life. The physicians, saying all that they could on such a subject, declared that he had died from the effects of strong imagination.

William Katt was conducted to prison amid the clamors of the populace, there to await judgment for his misdeeds, but what this judgment was we are not told.

It is also added that Elezia, on learning her father's fate, retired to a convent for life—But if she was married to Katt it is impossible that she should have taken the veil in any religious order, except in case of his death. It is unquestionable, however, that few daughters ever had greater need for repentance and penance.

If it be asked what healthy or useful moral can be drawn from these ghastly records of legal error, we may answer

with an old maxim, which cannot be too strongly commended to the consideration of all those who are concerned in the administration of justice: "It is better that ten guilty persons should escape than that one innocent should suffer."

GORMLEY'S ADVENTURE

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

OLD Hiram Gormley was an individual whom fortune had not forgotten in her distribution of the good things of this world. He had a fine fortune, a magnificent dwelling, and a plump, good-tempered wife. Moreover, he had a great reputation for sanctity and uprightness, and was an elder of the church to which he belonged. A very good man and thorough Christian old Hiram considered himself, for he had family prayers every morning, went to church every Sunday, and allowed the cook to give all the uneatable scraps of bread which remained in the larder to any beggar who applied for them. A judicious parent he believed himself to be, and a just one, for when his only daughter had married against his will he had cast her off forever, and refused to see her when she stood weak and trembling at his door to tell him that her husband lay upon the verge of death and that starvation stared them in the face.

"As she has sowed so she must reap," he muttered, as he saw her turn away, hiding her grieved face in her shabby bonnet. "She might have had old Grimes and lived in clover, but she made her own choice and must abide by it." And, so saying, he went back to his account books and banished his daughter from his mind as soon as might be.

Old Hiram Gormley was, as I have said, very wealthy, but he yet clung to trade with the utmost pertinacity. Money-getting was his life, and he was never so happy as while making a bargain. Among other things he had speculated in flour, and had made more, perhaps, in that line of business than in any other. How old Hiram and his brothers in the trade chuckled as tho'

poor man's loaf decreased and the store in their own coffers augmented, is best known to themselves.

It was at such a season that Hiram Gormley sat before his parlor fire, basking in its blaze and sinking gently into an after-dinner nap. His portly form filled the huge velvet chair, and his own portrait looked from its gilded frame upon its drowsy original with a bland dignity entirely of the artist's own invention. Mrs. Gormley had gone out to dine, and the carriage was to be sent for her at an appointed hour, so that the old man and his portrait were alone together in the comfortable room.

They were alone, at least for a few minutes. But as the silvery-time-piece rung out the hour of seven, the outer door was opened, and a small man, clad in a faded green velvet coat, entered the room with the soft tread of a stealthy cat. He was a queer-looking individual, so withered and wrinkled that he might have resembled some old goblin, and his white hair stood out, strangely enough, upon either side of his brown forehead. Upon his meager lower limbs he wore great, mud-stained boots, a world too wide for him, and in his hand he carried a cap of the same color and material as his coat. He looked first at old Hiram, then at his portrait, then back again to the original, and finally stepped forward and touched him on the shoulder.

Hiram Gormley awoke with a start, and, springing to his feet, regarded him with astonishment.

"Who are you, and what do you want here?" he asked, in a manner sufficiently imperative.

"Who I am is a matter of no importance," replied the stranger; "but I am here on business. I believe you are buying up flour?"

"I am," replied Hiram, becoming interested and gracious in a moment. "Take a seat, sir, and let me understand your business."

He pointed to a chair, and the visitor seated himself immediately, crossing his muddy boots, and folding his elfin arms upon his bosom, as he bent down his head and peered from under his drooping black brows straight into Hiram Gormley's face.

"We have flour to sell," he said.

"We?" said Hiram, interrogatively.

"I and my partner, or, more politely speaking, my partner and I," responded the little man.

"Oh," said Hiram; "may I ask the name of the firm?"

"I'd rather not mention names until I'm sure that we shall come to terms," replied the little man. "But let me tell you, Mr. Gormley, that such a chance has never been offered to one man before. If you accept it bread will run up this year to such a price that a loaf of the better sort will be worth its weight in gold, and rich men will give great sums for what they now esteem as nothing. How many barrels do you think we have on hand, my partner and I?"

"How many?" asked old Hiram, trembling with eagerness.

The little man bent forward and whispered something in his ear which made him start to his feet once more.

"So many!" he cried. "Why, the very speculators themselves will be at my feet. I shall be the richest man in the whole world. I'll buy it all in—all, all! When can I see it?—when can I sign the contract? Be quick—tell me where all the store is hidden?"

"In our office," said the little man.

"What office would contain such quantities?" asked Hiram.

"Hush!" whispered the little man; "There is an underground passage and a cellar or vault capable of containing ten times what it now holds. As for the time, you may come with me to-night, if you like; all hours are the same to my partner and me."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth ere Hiram Gormley had hurried on his overcoat, dashed his broad-brimmed hat over his eyes and seized his gold-headed cane with a nervous grasp of his right hand. "Lead the way," he said; "lead the way; I'd follow you if you were going to the moon."

The stranger only grinned and passed out of the door before him.

At the gate stood a small vehicle, black as ink, and capable of containing only two persons. A small, elf-like pony was fastened to its shafts, and a little black boy held the reins. Hiram glanced doubtfully to the shabby turn-

out, but, in compliance to a nod from his fellow traveler, stopped in and took his seat beside him. If the shaggy pony was small and unpromising to look at, he was nevertheless as fleet of foot as any race horse, and the dingy vehicle spun along at a rate which made old Hiram cling to the sides with both hands and shut his eyes that he might not grow giddy, until, passing from the village, it turned down the broad country road, and paused at the margin of a little piece of woodland.

"Your office seems to be in a strange locality," muttered old Hiram, suspiciously.

"Not at all," replied the little man in green; "only we are going by the underground way, so as not to attract attention."

"Ah!" said old Hiram; "well, this does seem to be an underground passage, sure enough!" for they were turning now into a sort of cave, and only one faint ray of light in the far distance saved them from being wrapped in utter darkness. "I shall be glad when I am safe home again," he added, to himself. "How do I know where this fellow is taking me?"

But even as he spoke the distant light grew larger, and the carriage paused at an iron-bound door with a grating in the top, through which fell a red glare, like that of a flame from the chimney of a pottery on a dark night.

"This is our office," said the little man in green; and old Hiram followed him as he leaped from the crazy vehicle, which suddenly disappeared in a most mysterious manner.

A rap at the door summoned a dark-visaged man, who admitted them without parley, and old Hiram Gormley stood in a veritable counting-house, the most spacious which had ever met his eyes. He glanced down the rows of diligent clerks, all dressed in black, and all engaged in making entries in immense iron-bound volumes; at the huge fire, which he could see reflected on the roof through a wide grating in the distance, and which rendered anything in the way of lamps and candles unnecessary; and then turned toward a tall, dark man, who strode toward him from the very center of the glowing light. He was clad in black, and his hair was

bound together in an old-fashioned cue. There was a sort of supple, snake-like ease in his movements, and his feet were singularly shaped, and covered with shoes that suggested either the gout or bunions.

"Mr. Gormley," said the little man in green, "Mr. Gormley, partner. He has come to inspect our stock of flour; he'd like to buy it in."

"He would like to buy it in, would he?" said the now comer. "You are very welcome, Mr. Gormley. I have no doubt we shall come to terms. Gentlemen, this is Mr. Hiram Gormley, with whose name you are so well acquainted, and whom you have expected so long."

As he spoke the long rows of black-clad clerks arose with one accord, and, bowing, turned upon him their hollow, blood-hot eyes, filled with a light which must have been reflected from the fire beyond, it was so red and horrible.

Old Hiram Gormley shuddered involuntarily, as, addressing himself to his two companions, he said: "Can I see this flour of which you have been speaking?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the taller of the two, as he flung open a narrow door to his right and beckoned Hiram to approach. "Light up, boys, light up!"

And at the words a myriad of torches flared down a seemingly interminable vista; and Hiram looked upon myriads and myriads of barrels, stretching away until they faded into mere specks in the distance.

"Full of flour, from the very first brand down to the poorest; not another barrel left in the market. You can have the upper hand of the whole of them, Hiram Gormley; when you can starve ten millions if you like to do so. Do you close the bargain, or shall we send for some one else?"

"Hush! I agree. Tell me your terms?" gasped Hiram, nervously.

"They are very easy," said the tall man in black. "Sit down, if you please. Here is the pen, ink and paper, and the document."

Hiram seized the paper and conned it rapidly, growing white and cold as he read on. At last he flung it from him and screamed.

"My soul! Promise to give you my soul! In the name of the fiend, who are you?"

"Your humble servant!" said the black-clad creature, bowing; and Hiram Gormley saw a cloven foot peeping from the queer boot and distinguished the perfume of brimstone.

"Let me go!" he said. "Let me go!"

"Softly!" said the creature at his elbow. "Softly! why do you care so much for what you have already mortgaged? You are half mine already, do you know that?"

"It is false!" said old Hiram. "I cheat no man; I belong to the church; and I subscribed \$50 to the missionaries a year ago."

The dark being grinned contemptuously. "Bring me Mr. Gormley's box," he said.

And he who had conveyed old Hiram to the spot where he now stood, set upon the table a box like that in which lawyers keep the papers of their clients, labeled, "Hiram Gormley, Esq." From the depths of this box he drew a pile of parchment, and read from thence: "A mortgage on the soul of Hiram Gormley, given on the day when he turned his daughter from the door. Another, when he seized old widow Potter's furniture for rent. Another, when he took advantage of a flaw in the papers to evade the payment of a just debt of his own. Myriads when he first began business, told fifty lies a day, and gave false weight and measure, and one tremendous mortgage for passing through the world without one loving, tender, sympathizing feeling for mankind.

"Your soul—bah! What is it worth now?"

"I'll take it all back. I'll have my daughter and her husband home. I'll pay—"

"Too late!" said the dark creature.

"Too late, Hiram Gormley; too late!" But the old man, stretching out his hands, screamed aloud in terror, and fell backwards in unconsciousness.

When Mrs. Gormley returned from the dinner party she found her husband stretched upon the hearth-rug, with a blue lump upon his forehead as large as a hen's egg.

When he related his adventure she

considered it a dream, and laid the blame upon the old port in the decanter on the sideboard; but, dream or reality, it had a strange influence upon old Hiram, for in a week he was reconciled to his daughter, had ignored the flaw and made the settlement, performed various unwonted acts of charity, and was, in fact, an utterly changed and altered man, while, singular to say, no earthly power has ever yet been able to induce Hiram Gormley to speculate in breadstuffs.

REST.

BY FATHER RYAN.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired—

My soul oppressed—
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain
In barren ways;

'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear—
But God knows best;

And I have prayed, but vain has been prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;

'Tis hard to till—and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart-oppressed;

And so I sigh a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest

My path; and through the flowing of hot
tears

I pined for rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child, I laid
On mother's breast

My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed,
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still. 'Twill soon be o'er—
For down the west

Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

THE MARTYRDOM OF FATHERS
BREBŒUF AND GABRIEL
LALLEMANT.

THEY (the Hurons) had with them Fathers John de Brebœuf and Gabriel Lallemant (nephew of F. F. Charles and Jerome Lallemant, of whom we have spoken), and they could not prevail upon either to betake themselves to a place of safety. It would have been altogether better if they had separated, and if F. Brebœuf had used his authority to oblige his companions to follow those who had taken to flight; but the recent example of Father Daniel, and the danger in which a great number of catechumens were of dying without Baptism, made both think that they ought not to go away. They took their stand therefore, each at one of the extremities of the line of attack, and were always to be seen in the most exposed places, occupied only in baptising the dying, and exhorting the combatants to have God alone in view.

At length all the Hurons were either slain or taken, our two missionaries being of the latter. Their conquerors (the Iroquois) set fire to the huts, and, with their prisoners and booty, retook the road to St. Ignace.

From St. Ignace they led them back to St. Louis, where they were received as it was customary to receive prisoners of war. They spared them even some months until their trial should take place, and until they determined not to lead them about any more. Father Brebœuf, whose twenty years of a labor were most capable of making all the feelings of nature die within one—whose firmness of disposition was proof against everything—whose virtue, nursed by a life always on the brink of a cruel death, made him make death the object of his most ardent vows, and who had been forewarned by more than one celestial admonition that his prayers had been heard—laughed equally at their threats and their torments; but the view of his dear neophytes so cruelly treated before his eyes spread a certain bitterness over the great joy he felt at seeing his hopes about to be accomplished.

His companion, Gabriel Lallemant,

who had only just entered on his apostolic career, to which he had brought more of courage than of strength, and who was of a sanguine and delicate temperament, was, above all, to his last breath, a subject of great anxiety and fear to him. The Iroquois knew well already that they had to do with a man who would not allow them the gratification of seeing the least sign of weakness escape him; and, as if they had found out that he would only communicate his own intrepidity to the rest, they separated him after some time from the crowd of prisoners, made him mount alone upon a scaffold, and tortured him in such a manner that they appeared to be beside themselves with rage and disappointment.

All this, however, did not prevent the servant of God from speaking out with a loud voice, sometimes to the Hurons, who could not see him, but might yet be able to hear him, sometimes to his torturers, whom he exhorted to fear the anger of heaven, if they continued to persecute the adorers of the true God. This fearlessness astonished the savages, and vexed them, although they were accustomed to suffer the taunts of their victims on similar occasions. They would have compelled him to be silent, but not being able to do so, they cut off his lower lip and the end of his nose, applied burning torches to all parts of his body, burnt his gums, and at last forced a red hot iron into his throat. The invincible missionary, seeing at the last cast the power of speech thus taken from him, still preserved a dauntless countenance, and so firm a look that he appeared still to give the law to his enemies. A moment after they brought out his companion in a condition well calculated to touch a heart as tender and as compassionate for the ills of others as it was insensible to its own. They had already stripped the young religious naked, and, after having tormented him some time, they enveloped him from head to foot with pitch bark, and were ready to set fire to it.

As soon as he beheld F. Brebœuf, and the terrible condition in which he was, he groaned aloud, and broke forth in those words of the Apostle, "*We have been made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men.*" F. Brebœuf an-

swered by a sweet inclination of the head, and at that moment, F. Lallemand, finding himself free, ran to cast himself at his feet, kissed his wounds, and conjured him to redouble his prayers to our Saviour, to obtain for him patience and faith, which he saw, he said, with much confusion, on the point of failing him, at every moment. The savages seized him again, and set fire to the bark with which he was surrounded.

His executioners restrained themselves some time, in order to taste the pleasure of seeing their victim burn slowly, and to hear the sighs and groans which he could not suppress. At length they left him some time in order to heat some hatchets red hot with which they made a collar for F. Brebœuf's neck; but this new torture did not daunt the martyr any more than those they had already used, and whilst the savages sought some new mode of torture an apostate Huron cried out that they should throw hot water upon the heads of the two missionaries in return for so much cold water which they had thrown on others, and which had brought so many evils upon their nation. Acting on this suggestion they poured hot scalding water slowly over the heads of these two confessors of Jesus Christ. Meanwhile the thick smoke which issued from the burning bark with which F. Lallemand was surrounded filled his mouth, and he was at times unable to speak. His cords being at length burnt he raised his hands to heaven imploring from Him, who is the strength of the weak, but the savages made him lower his arms by striking him with cords. At length the bodies of the two missionaries being one mass of wounds, far from striking the Iroquois with horror, only put them in good humor; they said tauntingly to one another, that a Frenchman's flesh ought to be good, and they cut from both bodies large pieces of flesh, which they devoured. At the same time adding taunts to cruelty, they said to F. Brebœuf, "You taught us just now that the more we suffer on earth, the happier we shall be in heaven; it is our kindness which make us torment you, and you ought to be thankful."

A short time after, they took off the martyr's scalp and as he still breathed a

chief cut open his side whence the blood flowing in abundance the savages ran to drink his blood; at last the same chief who had wounded him with another blow laid open the heart, plucked it out and eat it.

Father Brebœuf was from the diocese of Bayeux, and uncle to the translator of Phaxel. He was of a large size and in spite of extreme abstinence and twenty years of a laborious apostolate, was somewhat fleshy. His life was one of continued heroism, and his death astonished even his savage butchers.

As soon as F. Brebœuf had expired F. Lallemand was reconducted into the hut where his martyrdom had commenced. It is not quite certain whether he was present at F. Brebœuf's last breath; he had been brought out only to draw pity from his companion and to shake if possible the courage of that heroic man. It is at least certain from the testimony of several Iroquois, who had been actors in this tragedy, that whereas, F. Brebœuf died on the 16th, and was only three hours under torture. F. Lallemand's torments lasted on the contrary seventeen hours, and that he died on the 17th.

Be that as it may, as soon as F. Lallemand re-entered his hut, he received under the left ear a blow from a hatchet which laid open his head, and caused the brains to protrude. They plucked out an eye also, and in its place thrust a burning coal; this is all that is known of what passed until he expired; but all those who were present acknowledged that his executioners surpassed themselves in cruelty. They add also, that from time to time the holy martyr uttered cries capable of piercing the hardest hearts, and that occasionally he appeared beyond himself with pain, but that immediately recovering himself he would rise superior to his sufferings and would offer them to God with admirable fervor. The flesh was often weak and ready to yield, but his soul was always prompt to assert itself, and he persevered to the end. F. Lallemand was from Paris, and was the son and the grandson of "Lieutenans—Criminels." He was extremely thin, and had arrived in Canada scarcely six months before his death. He died in the 39th year of his age.—(Charlevoix Vol. II, p. 2.)

THE ROSE OF WARNING.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

In a beautiful Swiss valley
 Stood a cloister, long ago,
 By a stream that musically
 Wandered down from Alpine snow ;
 Round its walls a garden grew,
 With still pathways winding through ;
 Holy brothers dwelt there, praying !
 Musing, guiding, hearts up-staying.

And they tell us that whenever
 The cold-handed conqueror Death
 Called a brother's spirit, never
 Failed this token of last breath—
 At the midnight call to pray,
 On the fated brother's chair
 Lay a snow-white Rose of Warning :
 He must die at break of morning.

In his cell, then, uncomplaining,
 He awaited his last hour,
 Gazing still, while life was waning,
 Prayerful, on the warning flower
 Hung upon the sacred wood,
 As once He whose gracious blood
 From His pierced heart flows forever !
 Love's divine, unfailing river.

Once, alas ! the Rose of Warning
 Chose a youth 'Twas hard to die
 When upon the world life's morning
 Had just opened her young eye.
 Hastily and stealthily,
 Ere the others enter, he
 Laid the flower to warn another—
 An old, weary, waiting brother.

But upon the early morrow
 O'er the lowly cloister wall
 Rose a long loud wail of sorrow :
 There were two for burial !
 The old man, in happy rest,
 With his hands upon his breast ;
 But the youth, all pale, distorted—
 Who could guess how he departed ?

And the Rose upon its bosom
 Wore a fearful stain of blood !
 Never more the snow-white blossom
 Warned the sorrowing brotherhood.
 Vainly they, at midnight bell,
 Watched for that sad miracle ;
 For with blood was it polluted,
 And for service pure unsuited.

And the brothers, broken-hearted,
 Died in sorrow, one by one ;
 And the cloister stood deserted
 And decaying, till the sun
 Could not find it.—There, they say,
 Grow white roses to this day ;
 But a stain of blood weaves through them,
 For the murder-curse clings to them.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

In the west of Ireland, some forty years ago, the spirit of emigration made rapid strides among the better order of the lower class, owing to the false prospects held out to them by those speculating adventurers who had no care how many families they involved in ruin, provided their miseries paved the road for their own advancement. Among the number who lent a willing ear to their machinations was Denis Costello. Now Denis was a particularly great man in the part of the country he inhabited, being proprietor of a small farm of seventeen or eighteen acres, which had been handed down, with a considerable profit-rent, from father to son, before the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" of the village. He generally drove half a score of wethers, and, at times a fat cow, to the fair of a neighbouring town, which was distant about four miles, and never sat down to a worse dinner than bacon of his own saving, and a smoking dish of flat-dutch cabbages. Owing to these and other prudent considerations, the priest of the parish generally favored the mansion of the lucky Denis by holding frequent stations therein, and made it a point to breakfast with him every Sunday after having held mass in the little chapel, which, fortunately, lay at but a short distance. Denis had, however, a very considerable source of profit in his trade, which was that of cart, plow and harrow maker generally, to the nobility and gentry of Ballybooleghan ; so that, altogether he considered himself, and probably was, as independent a man as the squire who whipped his four bays every Sunday to the parish church.

At the early age of seventeen, according to the usual custom of Irish peasants, he had married a neighbor's daughter still younger than himself, and the pride of the village for beauty, fortune and accomplishments ; in fact, no marriage in high life was ever talked over more than that of Denis Costello with Nancy O'Neill. The elders of the village met in solemn conclave, generally two or three times a week, at some appointed place, and, voting the school-master in the chair, argued the point

with as much zeal as so many ambitious members of Parliament.

Thus far all went on well. Denis prospered and grew rich—his friend the priest paid his visits *even oftener* than of old—and the squire, who, by the way, was also the county member, had latterly begun to exhibit extraordinary solicitude about him, taking care to ask "how his good friend Mr. Costello and family did," whenever he chanced to meet him at fairs or elsewhere. About this time the squire's steward, a Scotchman, and gifted with even more than his just share of national craft and penury, took it into his head that, having amassed a considerable sum of money, it would be a most prudent speculation to try his luck with it on the other side of the Atlantic. In forwarding this plan, he conceived it would be highly beneficial to his interest if he could prevail on a few families of comparative independence and accredited industry to accompany him; and with this view had latterly begun to sound some of the better class of the neighboring peasantry on the subject of emigration, and among the rest, Denis. By degrees he led them on till he at last induced them to listen with silent admiration to the mighty prospect of the "El Dorado" he held out to them, shrewd letters from his friends, who had gone out paupers, and were now driving their carriage—(anglic, wheelbarrows;) and, in fact, taught them to believe that the very rocks exuded with some imaginary wealth. The astonished rustics drank in the information with greedy ears of unlettered ignorance, and gathered round the man of words, as he advanced toward their place of evening rendezvous, under the big oak tree at the cross roads, with evident symptoms of satisfaction. Even Denis came under the infectious influence of his machinations, and began at length to look with a jaundiced eye on the now despised luxuries of his homely cottage, considering it a very unwise thing to fling away the prospects of such amazing wealth for the want of a little proper spirit; and, from at first listening with a degree of common interest to the lucubrations of the wily Scotchman, at last conceived a distempred longing for the Yankee dollar. He

concealed, however, his wishes from his wife, who nevertheless, secretly and with concern, perceived the turn his mind had taken, but without in the least hinting her suspicions, prudently considering that opposition only makes things worse.

Poor Denis loved his wife with the most tender affection; and, for her sake alone, had determined to devote himself to labor in a strange land. He thought it incumbent on himself to pursue a course which seemed so easy of access, and which promised so speedy an attainment of comfort and independence. But, on the other hand, his heart fluttered with many wild emotions when he considered that they could but be purchased by a long absence from all he loved, and at best but an uncertain prospect of return. His days now became indolent and moodish, and his nights passed in restless reveries—his farm became neglected—his corn was no longer the most healthful and earliest of the season; and while his plow gathered rust in an out-house, his two work horses cropped the scant herbage of his neglected pastures in all their indolent enjoyment of an unexpected holiday.

Nancy, however, still kept matters right within doors; and the more apparent the consequences of his neglect became, the more strove she to conceal them. His children still climbed his knee—his hearth still blazed—and his dinner smoked with its wonted regularity before him; yet he was no longer the happy man he had been. At length one evening as he sat after dinner before the fire enjoying his half hour's smoke—which, amid all his cares, he had never omitted—he all at once formed the dreadful resolution of informing his wife of his wish and decided intention to emigrate. He felt his color come and go several times during his meditations; and his determination, like Bob Acre's courage, was beginning to "ooze out fast through the tops of his fingers," when, taking his pipe from his mouth and shaking off the ashes on the hob beside him, he had, already opened his mouth to commence, when a mechanical effort of his arm returned the pipe to its original position, and he smoked away for some minutes longer.

At length, after a few preliminary hems, he said—"I'm beginning to think, Nancy, somehow or other, that this same country is no place for a man to better himself or his family in."

"Why, thin," rejoined Nancy, "thank God, Denis, we've no great reason to complain—we're as well off as our neighbors, and want for nothing."

"Aye, but Nancy," answered her husband, "my father, and my grandfather, and his father before him again, have all been working like slaves at this little patch of ground, and here I am now in possession of the fruits of their exertions, and yet no richer, nor half as rich as Mike Delaney that went to 'Merica only two years ago as poor as a rat."

"Oh, thin, if that's what you're for," said Nancy, "we certainly hear great talk of riches and all that with them that's going out, but we see no great signs of it on them that come back."

"Well, well," muttered her husband, at all events land isn't what it used to be—our landlords are poor and want high rents: we can't pay high rents, and ever look to be anything better than we are."

"We're rich enough Denis, honey," said the affectionate Nancy, drawing her stool near her husband with a smile of love and contentment; "we're young and strong, and this fine fellow," added she, placing a chubby boy of five years old on his knee, "will soon be able to turn as good a day's work as yourself."

"Blessings on his little heart," cried the happy father, as a tear half started; "sure 'tis to save you and him, Nancy, dear, the trouble of laboring from morning till night, just to keep the soul and body together, that I'd leave you at all, at all."

Nancy had many arguments to make use of, but forgot them just in the very moment she should not: she remarked her husband's emotion, and shared it with a genuine sympathy; and, as her tears were not meant to effect an audience, she retired to the little bed-room off the kitchen, to weep them away unseen and in silence. In one or two subsequent conversations, Denis more fully communicated his intention of joining Mr. Duncan's expedition, which was to sail about the middle of the spring, and

it was now February. In the meanwhile old Timo kept his accustomed pace, and brought round the weeks and days with wonted regularity. All was now in readiness for the voyage—the ship was freighted and provisioned—implements of husbandry were laid in—and cattle of various kinds purchased for breeding. Matters had been arranged by Denis to provide for his family's maintenance during his absence—he himself, in the plenitude of his expectations, taking a little more than what he calculated would set him afloat in the new world; he had also taken care to solicit the schoolmaster (at an ample premium) to write an account of all that will occur, and how Nancy and the children did.

"It was now the day before that fixed for his departure. Nancy bore the prospect of separation with a silent sensitiveness, which was infinitely more distressing than if she had given loose to her feelings in the womanly resourse of tears, and had latterly given up all remonstrance. His plan was, to walk to the nearest post town, carrying his little box, which contained all the property he meant should accompany him, and proceed from thence by mail to Dublin, where he was to join Mr. Duncan, who, with others of his friends had gone up to arrange matters.

Poor Denis grew more and more sad as the hours flew quickly by that now remained for him to spend with his beloved family; yet, considering the step he was about to take as an imperative duty, he never wavered in his resolution.

Here he left the scenes of his youth for ever; he went, accompanied by his affectionate wife, to pay a last visit to the graves of his parents in the neighboring churchyard. Kneeling reverently on the grassy mound, close by the ruin of the ancient church, the two offered up their orisons for the repose of the souls of those whose mortal remains mouldered beneath; and then Denis, standing up, with head still uncovered, called upon Heaven to protect the weeping creatures at his side, the partner of his joys and sorrows, until they were enabled to meet once more in a happier land.

The hazy light of the morning had begun to break its way gradually through

the crevices of the window shutters, when Denis, who had not once closed his eyes, rose softly from his wife's side. Still, however, his resolution remained unshaken: and having dressed, he was about leaving the room, when Nancy caught his arm (having risen unperceived from the bed), with a convulsive grasp, and with her large black eyes suffused with tears that ran slowly down her cheeks, pale with excitement and anxiety, and a voice trembling and broken, said:

"Look you, Denis Costello, when you first said you would leave us to go look for wealth we didn't want, I did not say against you, for I saw 'twas your humor; but don't think I'll stay behind the father of my children, and let him wander in a strange land, and among strange people, with no one to take care of him, or comfort him in sickness or in sorrow—you that knew nothing but kindness and love since you were the age of this creature, that you'd give up, all for a little gold and silver. You may go now; but, so help me God! I'll never part you till death comes between us—and what will then become of those poor babies that we ought to love and stand by?"

"Then," cried Denis, as he flung himself with tears of joy on his wife's neck, "may I never sow a ridge of potatoes, but though every acre of that same America was paved with gold an inch thick, if I'll leave *you*, my darling, or *you*, or *you*, ye little jewels," as he kissed the drowsy children all around, who, being by this time awakened, were looking on with astonishment at the domestic drama that their parents had been acting in the middle of the room.

Having stripped, Denis returned to bed, the happiest man in the parish; and when the neighbors called in the morning to condole with Nancy, they found him whistling the "cruskeen lawn" behind his long-neglected plow.

The hope of future happiness is a perpetual source of consolation to good men. Under trouble, it soothes their minds; amidst temptation, it supports their virtue, and, in their dying moments, enables them to say: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?"

THE REMOVAL

CIRCUMSTANCES rendered it necessary that the old man should remove. He had resided in the house for upwards of half a century, and was himself nearly eighty years of age. He had, moreover, been born within a stone-cast of his present residence; that residence which he was now about to leave for ever.

Never shall I forget that removal; for never did I witness anything so affecting as that old-man's grief at the prospect of leaving the scene of his past happiness—of parting with those objects which long association had endeared to him beyond all other earthly things. He was a fine looking old man—and of a race proverbial for their attachment to their native soil, particularly the immediate places of their birth.

The farm which the old man, or rather which his sons occupied, for he himself was no longer able to take an active part in the business of life, was taken, with several others, by a wealthy tenant, and the former were removing to another small farm at the distance of twenty miles.

There was nothing in or about the place to attract the notice, much less to excite the admiration of a stranger. It was a place of ordinary character. But what has beauty to do with our love for the place of our nativity?—that love implanted in us by nature, and which is equally strong in the Laplander as in the native of the most favoured regions of earth.

In the barrenness around his beloved Morveeny, the old man saw beauties which were revealed to no other eye; and its most indifferent and uninteresting objects claimants, silent, but powerful, on his tenderest regards.

For several days previous to that of his removal, the old man had flitted about the farm like an unquiet spirit; speaking to no one, wandering here and there apparently without purpose or aim, and, anon, stopping to gaze on some well-known and well-remembered object or to burst out into some pathetic lamentations on their approaching separation.

During all this time, too, he had refused all nourishment. They, indeed,

prevailed upon him to take his place at table as usual, but he could not eat. Neither could he rest. His mind was oppressed, his spirit crushed, his heart all but broken.

On the day of removal, he took no heed of nor interest in what was passing around him. Whilst all were busy, all in motion, he sat with his face buried in his hands, and every now and then giving way to the grief that overwhelmed him. Sometimes rocking himself to and fro in silent agony—sometimes giving utterance to his sorrow in a strain of the most fervid and impassioned eloquence. His grief had inspired him, and his lamentations often rose to the dignity and elevation of poetry. He apostrophised in language the most plaintive and affecting the woods, the waters, the hills, nay every rock and rivulet, around his beloved residence; naming them all, and dwelling fondly on their various features and characteristics.

It was not without great difficulty that we got the old man to leave the house. He would not quit it; nor could he be got to do so until the last article it contained had been removed. His two sons then sought him, and, with gentle violence led him weeping forth.

Some weeks after the old man had been removed to his new-dwelling place, he was one day absent for so great a length of time as to cause some uneasiness to his family. When he returned, he was met by his eldest son, who asked him where he had been. "I have been bathing in the Urr, James," he said, "and it has done me much good; for I thought while I was in the river that these waters had not long since passed through the farm of Morveeny." Such was the case then. The old man had gone a distance of four miles to bathe in the river Urr, and this solely because that river, twenty miles further up, ran through the ground on which he had been born, and on which he had spent the greater portion of his after life. He did not long survive the "Removal."

Art thou poor?—Show thyself active and industrious, peaceable and content. Art thou wealthy?—Show thyself beneficent and charitable, condescending, and humane.

O'CONNELL'S BAR ANECDOTES.

SOME of the stories told by as well as of O'Connell, throw a flood of light upon the manners and customs now rapidly passing away. Those who wish to obtain a full idea of what O'Connell had to say will consult his interesting life, by Mr. O'Neill Daunt, that faithful veteran of the Repeal army.

Here, however, we may be permitted to quote one or two for those who may never have that opportunity. And first, one which focusses an attorney who should have stood in the dock along with his client. He was, however, a clever rascal:

"The cleverest attorney that ever I heard of," said O'Connell, "was one Checkley, familiarly known by the name of Checkley-be-d—d. Checkley was agent once at the Cork assizes for a fellow accused of burglary and aggravated assault committed at Bantry. The noted Jerry Keller was counsel for the prisoner, against whom the charge was made out by the clearest circumstantial evidence—so clearly that it seemed quite impossible to doubt his guilt. When the case for the prosecution closed, the judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence."

"'Yes, my lord,' said Jerry Keller, 'I have three briefed to me.'

"'Call them,' said the judge.

"Checkley immediately bustled out of court, and returned at once, leading in a very respectable farmer-like man with a blue coat and gilt buttons, scratch wig, corduroy tights and gaiters."

"'This is a witness to character, my lord,' said Checkley."

"Jerry Keller (the counsel) forthwith began to examine the witness."

"After asking his name and residence.

"'You know the prisoner in the docks,' said Keller.

"'Yes, your honor, ever since he was a gossoon.'

"'And what is his general character?'

"'Ogh! the devil a worse.'

"'Why, what sort of a witness is this you've brought?' cried Keller, passionately flinging down his brief, and look

ing furiously at Checkley; 'he has ruined us!'

"He may prove an alibi, however,' returned Checkley; 'examine him to alibi as instructed in your brief.'

"Koller accordingly resumed his examination.

"Where was the prisoner on the 10th instant?" said he.

"He was near Castlemartyr,' answered the witness.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure, counsellor."

"How do you know with such certainty?"

"Because upon that very night I was returning from the fair, and when I got near my own house I saw the prisoner a little way on before me—I'd swear to him anywhere. He was dodging about, and I knew it could be for no good end. So I stepped into the field and turned off my horse to grass; and while I was watching the lad from behind the ditch, I saw him pop across the wall into my garden and steal a lot of parsnips and carrots, and what I thought a great deal worse of, he stole a brand-new English spade I had got from my landlord, Lord Shannon. So fair I cut away after him; but as I was tired from my day's labor, and he being fresh and nimble, I was not able to catch him. But next day my spade was seen, surely, in his house; and that's the same rogue in the dock. I wish I had a houl't of him."

"It is quite evident," said the judge, 'that we must acquit the prisoner; the witness has clearly established an alibi for him. Castlemartyr is nearly sixty miles from Bantry, and he certainly is anything but a partizan of his. Pray, friend,' addressing the witness, 'will you swear informations against the prisoner for his robbery of your property?"

"Troth I will, my lord! with all the pleasure in life, if your lordship thinks I can get any satisfaction out of him. I'm told I can for the spade, but not for the carrots and parsnips."

"Go to the crown office and swear information," said the judge.

"The prisoner was, of course, discharged, the alibi having been clearly established. In an hour's time some inquiry was made as to whether Checkley's rural witness had sworn inform-

ations in the crown office. That gentleman was not to be heard of; the prisoner also had vanished immediately on being discharged, and of course, resumed his malpractice forthwith. It needs hardly be told that Lord Shannon's *soi-disant* tenant, dealt a little in fiction, and that the story of his farm from that nobleman, and of the spade and the vegetables, was a pleasant device of Mr. Checkley's. I told this story to a *coterie* of English barristers, with whom I dined, and it was most amusing to witness their astonishment at Mr. Checkley's unprincipled ingenuity. Stephen Rice declared he would walk fifty miles to see Checkley."

Perhaps it was the existence of such a fellow as Checkley that gave a barrister named Parsons that horror for attorneys which O'Connell relates so humorously:

"There was a barrister of the name of Parsons at the bar in my earlier practices," said O'Connell, "who had a good deal of humor. Parsons hated the whole tribe of attorneys; perhaps they had not treated him very well—but his prejudice against them was eternally exhibiting itself. One day, in the hall of the Four Courts, an attorney came up to him to beg his subscription toward burying a brother attorney who had died in distressed circumstances. Parsons took out a pound note."

"Oh! Mr. Parsons," said the applicant, 'I do not want so much; I only ask a shilling from each contributor.'

"Oh, take it—take it," replied Parsons; 'I would most willingly subscribe money any day to put an attorney under ground.'

"But really, Mr. Parsons, I have limited myself to a shilling from each person."

"For pity sake, my good sir, take the pound—and bury twenty of them."

But of all the stories that he told, there is not perhaps another so comically exquisite as that which relates a droll mistake of a judge, who was not posted in the popular idiom. O'Connell

says: "One of the most curious things I remember in my bar experience, is Judge Foster's charging for the acquittal of a homicide named Denis Halligan,

who was tried with four others, at the Limerick assizes many years ago. Foster totally mistook the evidence of the principal witness for the prosecution. The offence charged was aggravated manslaughter, committed on some poor wretch whose name I forget. The first four prisoners were shown to be criminally abetting; but the fifth, Denis Halligan, was proved to have inflicted the fatal blow. The evidence of the principal witness against him, was given in these words:

"I saw Denis Halligan, my lord (he that's in the dock there) take a *vacancy** at the poor soul that's kilt, and gave him a wipe with a *cleh-alpeen*,† and lay him down as quite as a child."

"The judge charged against the first four prisoners and sentenced them to seven year's imprisonment each; then proceeding to the fifth, the rascal who really committed the homicide, he addressed him thus:

"Denis Halligan, I have purposely reserved the consideration of your case for the last. Your crime, as being a participator in the affray, is doubtless of a grievous nature; yet I cannot avoid taking into consideration the mitigating circumstances that attend it. By the evidence of the witness it clearly appears that *you* were the only one of the party who showed any mercy to the unfortunate deceased. You took him to a vacant seat, and you wiped him with a napkin, and (to use the affecting and poetic language of the witness) you laid him down with the gentleness one shows to a little child. In consideration of these circumstances, which considerably mitigates your offence, the only imprisonment I shall inflict on you is an imprisonment of three week's duration."

"So Denis Halligan got off by Foster's mistaking a *vacancy* for a vacant seat, and a *cleh-alpeen* for a clean napkin."

His reminiscences of the witty men who flourished in his early days are interesting—he considered Curran as perhaps the wittiest, but others were bright of intellect.

"Holmes," said he, "has a great share of very clever sarcasm."

Plunket had great wit; he was a creature of exquisite genius. Nothing could be happier than his hit in reply to Lord Redesdale about the *kites*. In a speech before Redesdale, Plunket had occasion to use the phrase *kites* very frequently, as designating fraudulent bills and promissory notes. Lord Redesdale, to whom the phrase was quite new, at length interrupted him, saying:

"I don't quite understand your meaning, Mr. Plunket. In England *kites* are paper playthings used by boys; in Ireland they seem to mean some species of monetary transaction."

"There is another difference, my lord," said Plunket. "In England, the wind raises the *kites*; in Ireland, the *kites* raise the wind."

"Curran was once defending an attorney's bill of costs before Lord Clare:

"Here now," said Lord Clare, "is a flagitious imposition; how can you defend *this* item, Mr. Curran?—"To writing innumerable letters, £100."

"Why, my lord," said Curran, "nothing can be more reasonable. *It is not a penny a letter.*"

"And Curran's reply to Judge Robinson is exquisite in its way:

"I'll commit you, sir," said the judge.

"I hope you'll never commit a worse thing, my lord," retorted Curran.

"Wilson Croker, too," said Mr. O'Connell, "had humor. When the orier wanted to expel the dwarf O'Leary, who was about three feet four inches high, from the jury box in Tralee, Croker said:

"Let him stay where he is—*De minimis non curat lex*' (Law cares not for small things)."

"And when Tom Goold got retainers from both sides:

"Keep them both," said Croker; "you may conscientiously do so. You can be counsel for one side, and of use to the other."

Speaking of Judge Daly while he was yet alive, O'Connell said:

"No man would take more pains to serve a friend, but as a judge they could scarcely have placed a less efficient man upon the bench. * * * He once said to me at the Cork assizes:

"Mr. O'Connell, I must not allow you to make a speech; the fact is I am

*Aim.

†Shillela.

always of opinion with the last speaker, and therefore I will not let you say one word.'

"My lord," said I, "that is precisely the reason why I'll let nobody have the last word but myself if I can help it."

"I had the last word, and Daly charged in favor of my client. Daly was made judge in 1798. He had been chairman of Kilmainham, with a salary of £1,200 a year. When he got on the bench, Bully Egan got the chairmanship."

"Was Bully Egan a good lawyer?" asked Mr. Daunt.

"He was a successful one; his bullying helped him through. He was a desperate duellist. One of his duels was fought with Mr. O'Reilly, who fired before the word was given; the shot did not take effect."

"Well, at any rate, my honor is safe," said O'Reilly.

"Is it so," said Egan—"egad, I'll take a slap at your honor for all that."

"And Egan deliberately held his pistol pointed for full five minutes at O'Reilly, whom he kept for that period in the agonies of mortal suspense."

"Did he kill him?"

"Not he," replied O'Connell; "he couldn't hit a haystack. If courage applied to duelling, he certainly possessed it. But in everything else he was the most timid man alive."

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

The best three medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose. Whatever promotes a comfortable and harmless state of mind promotes health.

BEAN SOUP.—Boil one pint of white beans till soft, add one quart of rich milk, butter size of egg, season with salt and pepper, boil; slice a few slices of bread in tureen and pour soup on boiling.

POTATO SALAD.—Pare and slice six potatoes; boil until tender; slice six onions; fry in butter till done; beat two eggs; add one cup of vinegar; drain the potatoes, and add all together; season with salt, and boil a few minutes and serve.

F A C E T I Æ .

Ladies Maid — "And remember, granny, when the duchess comes you must say 'your grace.' Do you understand?" Granny—"Yes, yes I understand. For what I am about to receive the Lord may make me truly thankful."

Actual fact! A pious man was going through the Common one Sunday, and came upon some youngsters "playing marbles." "Boys!" he said, "Boys, do you know what day it is?" One of the imps turned to a by-stander with "here, can you tell this man what day it is, he don't know?"

A missionary rebuked a South Sea Islander for polygamy, whereat the heathen was much grieved. In a day or two he came back to the missionary with a face radiant with joy.

"Me very good Christian, now," said he. "One wife."

"What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary.

"Me eat her up!"

A six-year-old child, who was in the habit of saying the Lord's Prayer only in the morning, said the other evening: "Mamma, I think I'll say the Lord's Prayer to-night, too, I can just leave out 'Give us this day our daily bread;' and, instead, 'I'll say, what the ministers say, 'Keep us, O Lord, from the prevailing diseases.'"

"Who is your pastor, my dear?" asked a good old lady from the country, addressing her daughter, who has been living in the city for a year or so. "Really mother, I scarcely know, I never saw him. He was away on a vacation last summer, and now he has started on his lecturing tour for the winter. I may get acquainted with him next spring."

Our daughter never dances out of her own set, said a proud dame at one of those nondescript entertainments got up at a certain watering-place. "Is it a blue set or a pink set?" some one asked, and the good lady colored up and could make no reply. It turned out that this exclusive person was the worthy mate of a dealer in modern china.

"THE MAN IN THE MOON IS LOOKING."

AS SUNG IN BABES IN THE WOOD.

Words by C. HARDY.

W. HARRIS.

Tempo di Valse.

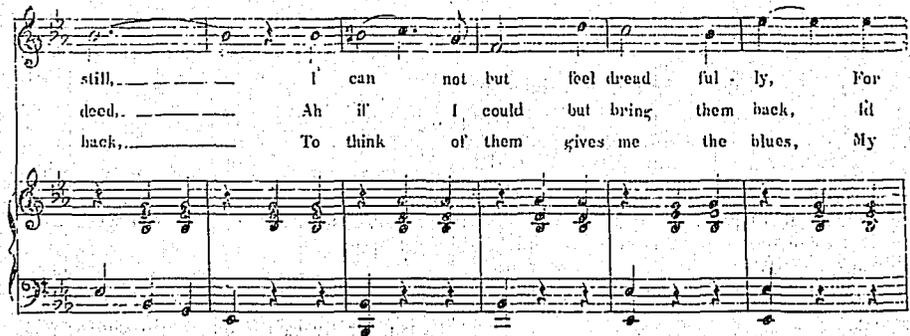


Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.



Musical notation for the first two lines of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are:

1. How dread - - ful now my sor - rows are, Their mem - o - ry haunts me
2. My con - science sore - ly trou - bles me, In sor - ry for the



Musical notation for the last two lines of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are:

3. Whats done can nev - er be un - done, Those babes can ne'er come
still, _____ I can not but feel dread ful - ly, For
deed, _____ Ah if I could but bring them back, I'd
back, _____ To think of them gives me the blues, My

I have act - ed ill, _____ I've done a wick - ed
 send for them with speed, _____ Yet once I thought I
 heart will al - most crack, _____ They haunt my slum - bers

sin - ful thing, And thought it would not show, _____ But the
 ha - ted them, And wished them from my sight, _____ But the
 ev - ry night, And fa - ces make at me, _____ If

man in the moon look'd down too soon, And saw it all I know _____
 man in the moon look'd down too soon, Be hind the clouds o' night _____
 e'er those ba - bies could come back, You bet I'd let them be _____

CHORUS.

The man in the moon was look - ing down, With wink - ing

f

and with blink - ing frown And stars beamed out bright to

gaze at the night The man in the moon was look - ing

p

Photo-Electro. Paid. 1876. Burdand-Deberata Co.

JOHN CONNOR, Dealer in Choice Groceries,
Wines, Spirits, &c., corner of St. Andrew and
Manufacturers' streets.

P. DORAN,
UNDERTAKER,

Funerals furnished on shortest
notice, at Moderate Charges.

186 St. Joseph Street,
MONTREAL.

F. B. McNamee & Co.,
GENERAL CONTRACTORS,
444 ST. JOSEPH ST.,
MONTREAL.

F. B. McNamee, A. G. Nish, Capt. Jas. Wright



J. CROWE,
Black & Whitesmith
LOCKSMITH,
Bell-Hanger, Safe-Maker
and General Jobber,
No. 17 St. George Street,
MONTREAL.
All orders carefully and
punctually attended to

W. E. MULLIN & CO.
Manufacturers and Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES

Wholesale and Retail,

14 CHABOILLEZ SQUARE,
(20 yards from the Grand Trunk Railway Depot)
MONTREAL.

We keep always on hand a large and
well-assorted stock of the above Goods:

All kinds of Gents' Boots made to order
also, the latest English and American
styles.

WILLIAM MURPHY,
PRACTICAL

PLUMBER,

GAS FITTER,

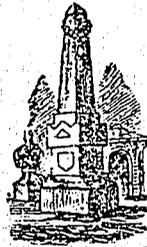
STEAM FITTER,

BELL-HANGER, &c.,

18 St. Antoine Street,
MONTREAL.

All Jobbing personally attended to.

St. Lawrence Marble Works
91 BLEURY STREET,



CUNNINGHAM BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail.

Cemetery Work a
Specialty.
Mantles & Plumbers
Slabs, &c., made
to order.

GO TO

DION'S VIRGINIA TOBACCO HOUSE

FOR GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS.

No. 685 CRAIG STREET,

(Near Bleury street)

MONTREAL.

J. B. LANE,
21 BLEURY STREET
MONTREAL.

Keeps a full stock of Irish publications, amongst
which are:

MacGeoghan's History of Ireland,
John Mitchel's " " "
Mooney's " " "
McGee's " " "
Ireland since '98: The Men of '48,
Mitchel's Jail Journal,
Adventures of Wolfe Tone,
Carleton's Traits and Stories of the Irish
Peasantry.

A full assortment of Irish and Catholic Monthlies
and Weeklies always on hand, including the Dublin
Nation, Irishman, Flag of Ireland Weekly News,
Irish Times, also, Irish World, Boston Pilot, Irish
Canadian, Catholic Review, Tablet, Lamp, True
Witness, Harp, &c., with 3000 volumes of Romantic,
Scientific, Historical and Theological Works to pick
from, all very cheap. Second hand books bought and
sold. Picture framing a speciality.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.



GRAY'S

CASTOR-FLUID

A Canadian Product, of Vegetable Origin and Delicately Perfumed.

The Originator claims for Castor-Fluid that it cleanses and stimulates the roots of the Hair, and gives it a lustre and a gloss which cannot be obtained by any other preparation. The most remarkable property of this Hair-Fluid is, that while it embellishes the Hair and gives to it a most beautiful lustre, it is not in the least sticky or disagreeable to use; on the contrary, its cooling properties are so refreshing to the head that it is at once the most grateful and elegant preparation known.

The daily use of Castor-Fluid will prevent Dandruff, promote a rapid growth of Hair, and in most cases prevent it falling. It is not a dye, and will not therefore darken the Hair.

DIRECTIONS.—A little should be poured into the palm of the hand and well rubbed into the Hair every morning, after which brush well with a hard brush.

SOLE MANUFACTURER:

HENRY R. GRAY, CHEMIST,

144 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

MONTREAL.

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES.

N.B.—The compound word "Castor-Fluid" is registered as my Trade Mark, and all infringements will be immediately prosecuted.