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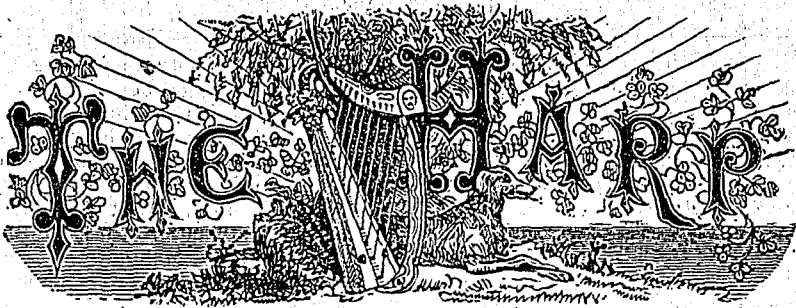
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A LAUGH—AND A MOAN.

The brook that down the valley  
So musically drips,  
Flowed never half so brightly  
As the light laugh from her lips.

Her face was like the lily,  
Her heart was like the rose,  
Her eyes were like a heaven  
Where the sunlight always glows.

She trod the earth so lightly  
Her feet touched not a thorn;  
Her words were all the brightness  
Of a young life's happy morn.

Along her laughter rippled  
The melody of joy—  
She drank from every chalice  
And tasted no alloy.

Her life was all a laughter,  
Her days were all a smile;  
Her heart was pure and happy—  
She knew not gloom nor guile.

She rested on the bosom  
Of her mother, like a flower  
That blossoms far in a valley  
Where no storm-clouds' ever lower.

And—"merry! merry! merry!"  
Rang the bells of every hour;  
And—"happy! happy! happy!"  
In her valley laughed the flower.

There was not a sign of shadow,  
There was not a tear nor thorn—  
And the sweet voice of laughter  
Filled with melody the morn.

Years passed—'twas long, long after,  
And I saw a face of prayer;  
There was not a sign of laughter—  
There was every sign of care.

For the sunshine all had faded  
From the valley and the flower,  
And the once fair face was shaded  
In life's lonely evening hour.

And the lips that smiled with laughter  
In the valley of the morn—  
In the valley of the evening  
They were pale and sorrow-worn.

And I read the old, old lesson  
In her face and in her tears,  
While she sighed amid the shadows  
Of the sunset of her years.

All the rippling streams of laughter  
From our hearts and lips that flow  
Shall be frozen cold, years after,  
Into icicles of woe.

FATHER RYAN.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,  
DEAN OF LIMERICK,  
Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The happiest man in England was Father John Hayes, when he learned that his sister had determined to embrace the life of a religious. Her mother in Ireland had already thanked God, that he had blessed her with a priest to pray for the family at the altar; and "now," she wrote, "I double my thanks that God has been good enough to inspire my daughter to become the spouse of His Son Jesus Christ."

Alas! alas! in the midst of life we are "in death," and care over tracts the footsteps of joy.

A ring at the door. A cap, and a breast bag, and a blue coat, and a brown letter.

"Telegram for Mr. Meldon."

Mr. Meldon read it aloud.

"*Rev. Edward Power, to C. Meldon, Esq., Grosvenor Hotel, London.*

"Thomas Hayes has been arrested for murder. Mr. Giffard D'Alton is extremely uneasy and anxious for his daughter's return!"

Such confusion as this missive produced among the little party has hardly been known unless in the Brussels ball-room, on the eve of the great battle of Waterloo. Father Hayes, although he knew the state of affairs, was afflicted by the imprisonment of his uncle—and dear Ally Hayes! well, her confidence in God was simply unbounded, and she could see nothing in a harm, or an evil which was not a sin! "God knows best!" was all her philosophy.

Mr. Meldon was quick in his decision—they should proceed to Ireland at once. They could not be ready for the evening train; but by the earliest train from Euston station they would proceed in the morning to Holyhead. This determination had not long been arrived at before a card was handed to Mr. Meldon, and evidently gave him pleasure; for he at once rose up and went to meet the new arrival and to bid him welcome.

"St. Laurence! a thousand welcomes!" he said. "But you are days after your time."

"A young lawyer, Mr. Meldon, must be eminently industrious, these times of competition. I took my holidays as soon as I was free."

"And just the evening before we leave for Tipperary. Old D'Alton of Crag is ill, and,——"

"Oh, I am quite up in that case. I have had ever so much information from old James Feehan and Thomas Hayes."

Who on yesterday was committed for the murder of Quirk."

"The rascals!" shouted Mr. St. Laurence. "The rascals! Mr. Meldon, I go over with you. I am Hayes's counsel—retained on the part of Mr. Giffard D'Alton of Crag."

"God's Providence is working!" remarked Mr. Meldon.

The two gentlemen soon joined the members of the company; and the joy

of all seemed full notwithstanding the sinister rumors from beyond the sea. Mr. Meldon and his party had called on the St. Laurences, passing through Dublin, so that old Sunday morning's acquaintances had not been allowed to die. From the first, Mr. St. Laurence, had no great inclination to leave any place where Clara Meldon was; and Clara was not more indifferent, though only now some fidgettings and blushes gave handles to Amy D'Alton, which, in fact, the poor child wanted much to resist the raillery of Clara Meldon.

Nearly all that night Mr. St. Laurence remained up with Mr. Meldon in the bed-room of the latter; and hundreds of papers were examined and interesting discussions raised which may engage the readers attention in the next chapter. The first train carried the whole party from London, on their way to Ireland, Count D'Alton and his grandchild accompanying them, as the old man had expressed his desire to visit the Crag and exchange condolences with one whose sad story so nearly resembled his own.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE Spring Assizes of 1849 brought busy scenes and busy-bodies to Clonmel. Clonmel at any time is an active, crowded, bustling thoroughfare; so that even on an ordinary market-day the streams of people that flow in through the great archway to the Main street in the morning and out again in the afternoon appear large enough to fill twice as many streets as Clonmel can boast. Yet that great concourse is only half the multitude, because from the Slieve-na-mon side just as many come to gain money or to spend it or enjoy the recreations, which to the honest farmer or farm laborer are such a boon.

We mean to say from all this what we have indicated above, that Clonmel at an assize time looks as nothing we have ever seen looks but Clonmel, a town packed to repletion, with all kinds of stands and merchandize—and all kinds of people and all kinds of merriment and frolic begotten of the excitement of numbers and the happiest dispositions and temperaments in the world. But at assize times we need not say

that there are sad souls and gloomy apprehensions and deep suffering, of which the crowd does not dream; and that fathers, mothers and friends feel the darkness deeper from the joyousness which surrounds them; nay it is a singular thing enough that in our sorrows we wonder how any others can be glad, and feel almost jealous of the enjoyments of others when our hearts cannot share them. So it was in Clonmel to-day.

Every thing must have an end; and poor Crichawn's suspense, and the suspense of his many friends, must have its termination. One way or another, an honest acquittal or an unmerited sentence must, on this very day, or on to-day or part of to-morrow, justify innocence or give a triumph to murderous maliguity.

There has been great training of witnesses. Crown lawyers and crown solicitors examining, harmonising and arranging things hard enough to be fitted together; and the counsel for the defense of course engaged in the same laudable occupation and solicitous to the last degree that no part of their secret armoury should be manifested until the proper time for bringing forth their weapons and striking the blow for justice and their client. Alas! how often zeal, ability, and a good cause are no matches for the conspiracy of black hearts or the avarice of corrupt ones.

The court is quite filled to-day and all our male acquaintances are there. Seats have been provided near the bench and Count D'Alton and Mr. Meldon have been invited to seats at either side of the judge. The crown lawyers are in great force and so are the magistracy and the police; while Mr. St. Laurence has a junior counsel and is well instructed by Mr. Callopy the celebrated solicitor from Waterford. Every one was glad to see Father Aylmer in the courthouse and our friend Father Ned Power; because the genial looks of the old man, and the frank free glance and bearing of the young man, imparted a kind of happiness as well as confidence to the flock that was devoted to them.

We ought to say that Mr. Baring and his friends are some in a corner—and some in the passages about the dock, and all of them, nearly in exuberant

spirits at the aspect of success which their bad cause seems to assume.

And Crichawn?

Crichawn stood with his hands quietly resting between the bars of the dock. He was a little paler than was his wont but he was "as firm as the rock of Cashel." We have long known that Crichawn had mastered the true philosophy of faith, and whilst guarding himself by foresight, he is always prepared for issues—confident that such issues have been regulated by "weight and measure" and that inevitably what is when it is not our own doing must always be what is best.

What a world of sorrow the true philosophy would spare mankind; and how independent it would render him among the casualties that so often crush peace!

The case was opened by the counsel for the Crown—and opened in a spirit of marked moderation. He detailed all the incidents of the awful night of the murder—at least all the incidents with which he had been made acquainted. He told the jury their responsibilities and the subject's rights. "Society should be protected," he said, "but not by a spirit of vengeance that sought victims only to satisfy hatred and allay apprehension. The case against the prisoner was an extremely strong one; but he should have the benefit of an honest doubt if it arose. Nay, I will add," he continued, "that the evidence of the approver in this case must be received with all due regard to his antecedents; and that, if not perfectly confirmed by that of Mary Wilson, commonly called *Maureen Bour*, a conviction would not be justifiable." The counsel sat down leaving a feeling of satisfaction in the mind of the court, the bar, and the public.

We need not stop to say that the finding of the body was proved by the police and by old Mr. D'Alton. The Doctor proved the mortal nature of the wound; and the ball which had done the deadly work was placed in the hands of the jury. The ball was rifled and small and evidently satisfied the jury that the piece from which it had been discharged ought to be easily discoverable, as the bore was so unusual.

As the reader will anticipate, Mr. Charles Baring was the next witness

called. He swore he had met the prisoner going armed in the direction of the Crag one hour before the time named as the time of committing the murder. In his cross-examination he swore he had no hatred to the prisoner; but admitted that, for the sake of peace and justice, he would like him to be removed from the locality. He admitted that the prisoner had knocked him down and bound his hands behind him, most improperly interfering between himself and his cousin. But when Mr. St. Laurence began to develop Mr. Baring's manner of paying his addresses and how much paying his debts depended upon the addresses being successful; and how Crichawn had been "always crossing and worrying him," Mr. Seymour, cold as he seemed to be, could hardly be restrained from going over to the dock to shake Crichawn by the hand. It was quite clear from the laugh that accompanied Mr. Baring, as he left the witness box, and the cheer that accompanied Mr. St. Laurence as he bowed to the Judge and sat down, that at least popular judgment had discovered reasons for private hatred enough; and that a good deal besides Mr. Charles Baring's evidence would be required to "hang by the neck" the poor prisoner at the bar. *Maureen Bour*, Mr. Baring's female servant, was the next link in the chain. She had positively seen the prisoner immediately after the report of the second gun, and he was running away from the back gate of the Crag bearing in his right hand what seemed to her a gun. In cross-examination she admitted a great regard and love for her young master; but she would be far from swearing away the life of his enemy to please him. She would leave things of that kind to "*Furrimers from Dublin*;" and *Maureen* tossed her head with the pride of all Tipperary.

Now came the first and very awful direct evidence. It was one of the companions of Quirk. He swore plainly that himself and Crichawn had conspired to murder Quirk, in consequence of a wrong that Quirk had done to the prisoner's family. They had known for certain that Quirk was coming on that errand to the Crag that night, and they made up their minds to do for him. They waited till he was on the ladder

and as the prisoner hated the murdered man, and did not hate Mr. Giffard D'Alton, he knocked him over.

In the cross-examination there was a good deal of confusion on collateral things; such as how he had known of the intended murder of Mr. D'Alton; why he should conspire against Quirk and help the prisoner at the bar, &c., but the main evidence, though clouded, was there in all its original dimensions.

Mr. St. Laurence now rose. All felt that Mr. St. Laurence had an arduous duty; but all felt he was equal to the burthen. He ridiculed the motives, not at all proved, by which the prisoner was supposed to be influenced. He dilated on the character of Mr. Charles Baring, who would find more and more astounding effects coming from this trial than he had ever divined or calculated. He, the counsel, would prove that the ball could not have been fired from the gun belonging to Mr. Meldon and found at Mr. Meldon's residence. He would prove the prisoner to have been at home, at the hour the servant-maid swore he had been at the Crag. He would even find the gun which had been employed on the occasion of the murder; and he would bring an eye-witness who had seen a man fire the shot; and that man was not the prisoner.

It was really found that the ball did not answer the rifle of Mr. Meldon's piece. Two servants swore that the prisoner had come home by eleven o'clock, and had no gun with him at all, and that *Maureen Bour* must have been mistaken when she thought she saw him on early morning at the Crag. So far, the cause of Crichawn seemed to improve and the power of the conspiracy to be relaxing.

But when, by order of Mr. St. Laurence, the crier called "Patrick Kearney" the interest became intense; because Kearney was a distant relative and a companion of the approver, whose direct evidence was of so much importance.

Kearney stepped on the table with a bold, determined tread. He looked around at the judge, jury and court. He then said to the judge, "my lord the judge, I am come to tell the court all about this."

Mr. St. Laurence saw that Kearney

was making an impression and gave him his own way.

"Go on then, Kearney, and tell your story," said Mr. St. Laurence.

"Well, my lord the judge, Crichawn was not at the Crag that night; and I was."

"Who is Crichawn?" demanded his lordship.

"'Tis a nickname of Thomas Hayes, my lord," answered Mr. St. Laurence.

"The prisoner was not there, and I was."

"That is your answer?" demanded the judge.

"Yes, my lord the judge."

"Well?"

"Well, my lord the judge, I was in the meetin' at the foot o' the mountain, whin eight men sentenced old Mr. D'Alton to death."

"Sentenced him to death!"

"Yes, my lord the judge; but I tell you, my lord the judge, I went to the meetin', an' I was sint there by Crichawn to watch over th' ould man's life; an' I said not a word to anywan; but as I knew the road, an' the hour, an' all, I borrowed a revolver from a friend, an' I stood behind the pier at the gate: and I saw Quirk shot down—I did."

"Who shot him?" demanded the judge with an appearance of great interest.

"The man that swore Crichawn shot him!" Quirk had wronged that man's sister."

"And what brought you armed to the place?"

"Oh, my lord, I'll tell you. If his enemy did'n't shoot Quirk, I would shoot him to protect ould Giffard D'Alton; an' neither God or man would blame me; because the old man is turned round to God an' the people."

"Why did you not give information to the police?"

"Och! none o' the Kearney's ever stagg'd; an' besides the fellows know every stir o' the police, an' would shoot me or d'rown me, or somethin'."

"And now?" the Judge demanded.

"Well, now, my lord the judge, I don't care what happens. "I'm not afraid a bit; but, my lord the judge, that boy at the bar, fed my little sister an' my mother, an' myself when we wur bad; an' he had only his own two hands! yis, my lord the judge, if I save

the innocent man and the *fear chroidhe* . . ."

"What is that?" said the judge.

"That's 'the man of the good heart,' my lord the judge. If I save him I'm satisfied to die."

Kearney on cross-examination admitted he had joined the "patriots" a good while ago; but *that time* they talked of nothing but a "rising." His oath was to be "thruc," and "I was," said Kearney firmly; "but my lord the judge, there was no robbin' or murderin', then, at all; only sence the Captain—"

"Ah, Kearney," interfered Mr. St. Laurence, you are not to talk of anything outside the trial. Do not mind the Captain!"

A policeman laughed slyly and looked askant at Mr. Baring, who was pale as death. He remembered what Mr. St. Laurence had said—that more important things than he had dreamed of would come out of this trial; and of all people he knew that some of the "important things" might seriously affect Mr. Charles Baring himself.

An extremely important witness came forward after Kearney. He was a man of wonderful physique and quite decisive in action and mode of expression.

Mr. St. Laurence asked him if he knew two pieces which were presented to him for examination.

"Yes," was the decided answer.

"You have had them in your possession?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get them?"

The witness smiled a meaning smile. "I took 'em by force from the *badach* that was swearing agin Crichawn, an' I kicked him away home in the bargain. I'd bate tin like 'im—the villain."

"Gentlemen of the jury," Mr. St. Laurence said, "both of these guns belong to the same gentleman—Mr. D'Alton's nephew; and one of them perfectly corresponds with the fatal ball. I am not going to explain the correspondence."

Mr. St. Laurence sat down.

The crown counsel asked only one question—and he looked at the jury a humorous look.

"Who sent you to seize the arms—the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes."

"That will do," said the crown counsel as if the case had been settled.

The judge on the occasion, took copious notes of the evidence, and his lordship's charge was a masterpiece of combining and arranging in such a manner as to leave hardly anything to conjecture or to doubt. Few have preceded him who have so impressed his generation, and few will follow him who will sway all souls as he has, by the consciousness of intellectual power and inflexible justice. He was able to see the beauty of a moral sentiment, even where he discovered what might be called legal guilt; and even when he was inflicting penalties, the sufferers felt the genial sympathy that yielded to stern necessity and that the sentence pained the man whilst it was pronounced by the judge. Crichawn himself declared that no man could listen to the judge without "praying for him and thinking of him like a brother."

The judge was evidently impressed by the evidence of Kearney; and yet taking Kearney as a man present at the conspiracy to murder Mr. D'Alton, some of the character of an approver attached to him, also, and his evidence should be supported by independent testimony. Nealon's evidence was important if they believed that the two guns were taken from the approver by force; but unfortunately for the prisoner, the witness and himself were identified, for it was he who sent Nealon to seize them. The first witness in the case, Mr. Baring, would be awfully compromised because, as sworn, the ball exactly fitted the rifle which was admittedly his, and did not fit the gun from which the prisoner was supposed to have fired. If they believed Mr. Meldon's servants, and thought them sufficiently exact about the hour of the prisoner's return home that morning, the case was ended. His lordship placed the case in their hands, quite sure that it would receive patient investigation enough; for the jurors after three or four hours' absence, found it "impossible to agree;" and one of them insisted on calling the doctor or surgeon who examined the wound to ascertain from him the "incidence of the ball, as the wound would be more oblique if the person was near, and more sharp if fired from the gate. The doctor seemed

to go strongly against the theory of the "sharp incidents," and so far the prisoner's case improved; but still in the jury room the "weight of evidence" seemed to be against him. Finally they were locked up for the night and sentinels placed over them to prevent all communication with the outer world.

The court adjourned; the people went to their homes, and hundreds who firmly believed in the innocence of Crichawn concluded that the conspiracy would destroy him. The judge himself believed that a kind of mystery hung around the case which time alone would be able to solve.

At the sitting of the court next day, the judge having made all preparations and inquiries, was about commanding the presence of the jurors, and the court was packed to a degree that defied patience, when a policeman outside the door cried with a stentorian voice, "Make way, my men! make way! Let in the magistrate! Let Mr. Briscoe in!"

And sure enough the crowd did open; and in came a well-known country magistrate; and of all people on earth, who came with him? Father Ned Power, Catholic curate of the prisoner's parish!

The sideways of access to the bench soon opened an approach, and the two new comers came and bowed to the judge. His lordship the judge pointed to a place behind himself for the magistrate; and Mr. St. Laurence obtained accommodation for Father Ned in close proximity.

Every one felt that something important was being enacted, and the multitude became as still as the churchyard.

Two more—a respectable farmer and a woman—came in and proceeded to join Mr. Briscoe. What can it be?

At length the judge, who was deeply moved—indeed, every one saw two big tears on his lordship's cheek—turning towards the jury and speaking in a voice of deep solemnity, said: "Gentlemen, the grave has solved your doubts and relieved you from responsibility!"

Of course the sensation was awful.

"The girl, Mary Wilson—the witness who swore to the prisoner's presence at the scene of the murder—is dead! Mr. Briscoe has taken her dying depositions, and two witnesses are here to attest them. She swears that her oaths

on that table were all perjuries; that she was not present at the place at all; and she had been suborned by a certain person whose name she gives, but whose name I do not intend to reveal; in fact she had been purchased to "swear away the life of Thomas Hayes, commonly called Crichawn." She will not go before God without striving to do justice. And these depositions, gentlemen, were her last act in life."\*

The jury were in extacies. The crowd first swayed to and fro and then cheered again and again, and the judge sympathized too much with the people to appear angry.

"Much is due to you, Mr. Power, for your energy and prudence. You could have done nothing better than bring such a magistrate as Mr. Briscoe to the girl's bedside."

Immense cheers hailed this observation, particularly because Mr. Briscoe was a staunch Protestant.

The jury's verdict has been anticipated by our readers; and we may suppose the wonderful excitement of the crowd. Crichawn was not only a public favorite, but really, in his own way, he was a public benefactor. "Gentle and simple" rejoiced in the proclamation "Not Guilty;" and Clonmel went stark mad on the evening of poor Crichawn's manumission.

How Father Ned Power escaped with his life no philosopher could explain. He was claimed on one side and claimed on another side, and he should be "chained;" and he should be entertained; and in fact, as gentlemen and traders and farmers and laborers were all laying violent hands on Father Aylmer's curate, he had hard lines to choose in

\* It will interest the reader to state that the case of Mary Wilson is no imaginary conversation at the death hour. The author one day, in the year 1849 or 1850, was working his way through a cholera hospital, when, after preparing a woman for death, she called for the doctor in charge of the institution. The doctor shortly after called two witnesses and at the close of the interview with the dying woman, the doctor held her depositions declaring that the day before her death she had sworn away and falsely sworn away, a man's life, who at the moment of her conversion was within four or five days of execution. It is unnecessary to say that the man was not hanged; on the contrary, he was liberated by the Crown.

order to escape. But Father Ned, though he seldom tried the hard lines, was quite equal to the duty of adopting them; and hence nearly always contrived to have "his own way." At any rate Father Ned got home with whole bones, even though he carried with him part of the way the acquitted prisoner Crichawn.

We suppose the reader feels badly treated at our apparent forgetfulness of the Crag, and the name of Mr. Meldon. But in truth we wished to leave the readers mind free for the pleasant scenes that so wonderfully changed the Crag and its venerable master, and did justice to patience and contrition. Mr. Meldon was not easily moved; but every one saw that he shook hands with Crichawn as if Crichawn had saved the life of the nearest and dearest Meldon in the world, and considering the extremely exactly views of etiquette entertained by Mr. Meldon, it was astonishing that he took Crichawn from Father Ned and brought him home with him in the same carriage with Mr. St. Laurence. There were bonfires to meet them on many a spot between Clonmel and Kilsheelan; but the two largest of all the bonfires were those before Mr. D'Alton's of Crag and before the house of Mr. Charles Meldon.

Strong a man as was Crichawn, he yielded to the kindly manifestations which he beheld; and told Mr. Meldon, three or four times, they were "too much for him;" but Mr. Meldon answered, "Thomas, they are all for justice and the victory of right. God bless our dear Irish people."

"May I go now, sir?" said Crichawn, just when they arrived at Mr. Meldon's door.

"Where?" asked the master.

"Wisha, sir, in to see the poor widow—to see Ally Hayes's mother."

And Crichawn followed his good heart "into the widow's."

In the evening of this beautiful day, we accompany Mr. Meldon and Crichawn to the Crag. Not only Amy and Clara awaited them there: but they found Mr. St. Laurence and Mr. Leyton Seymour and Father Aylmer and Father Ned Power gathered round the old gentleman, Mr. Giffard D'Alton, who wept at the scene, because it brought to his



mind old times which he had made sad ones. Father Aylmer had been just reminding him of God's goodness and justice, and how grateful we all ought to be, for His protection, when Mr. Meldon entered the drawing-room and shed an influence around him which made itself always felt.

And that drawing-room—what a change poor Mr. D'Alton's new phase of mind and heart had wrought! The whole house looked under the spell of fairy transformation; but the drawing-room competed with that of Meldon Hall, in a blaze of splendor regulated by perfect taste. Amy D'Alton felt happy and maybe a little proud. When first she entered she was struck with surprise but Amy spoke not a word. She merely rushed across the room and embraced her father, weeping on his bosom, weeping for very joy.

About half-past eight o'clock, the servant John, holding the door open in his hand, announced "Count D'Alton!"

The Count bowed with his usual grace and made his way to Amy D'Alton. In a moment Clara was by his side to inquire about Miss D'Alton, and to complain of her absence. The Count promised to bring Euphrasia another evening soon; but this evening she felt excited and indisposed. Her maid was devoted to her; and he was on the way, in fact, or he should not of thought of leaving her.

At length the Count was seated, and Clara became his interpreter with Mr. D'Alton. The Count expressed great delight with the scenery and people, and complimented Mr. St. Laurence on his "splendid defence of Hayes, because, although he had lost much of his imperfect knowledge of the language, he was able to gather the substance of the address for the defence."

Mr. St. Laurence, who spoke French perfectly, adroitly changed the topic of conversation by remarking that he supposed the Irish and French and Austrian D'Alton's were the same family.

"I have been speaking of that to Mr. D'Alton," replied the Count; "and there is little doubt on my mind or his."

Mr. Giffard D'Alton remarked that the sur-names in the families and the traditions of their migration were quite the same.

"And most wonderful, M. le Conte, that you and Mr. D'Alton should have two sons named Henry," remarked Mr. St. Laurence.

"And born about the same time remarked Father Ned.

"You touch a sad chord, *mon pere*," replied the Count; "but really the fate of the two 'Henrys' has been the cause of my coming to this country."

"Your son is certainly dead?" remarked Mr. St. Laurence, addressing himself to the Count.

"Alas! I have seen all the proofs even to my own letters of doom and hard-heartedness which drove him from my side."

Clara translated only the portion about the letters. She would not give more pain.

Old Giffard D'Alton hung down his head.

"Reverend John Hayes!" cried John the butler—and in came Reverend John Hayes. Father Aylmer rose and went to meet his "little altar boy" and embraced him heartily.

Father John had an album under his arm; and Amy saw at a glance it was the same which contained Mr. Seymour's sketch of the charming mansion beyond the Atlantic. Amy D'Alton's heart beat fast, and she was just beginning to guess why.

"You come like a boy to school, smiling," said Mr. Meldon.

"Or a tutor to teach young ladies," answered Father Hayes.

"You are welcome!" cried old Mr. D'Alton.

"We have been talking," said Mr. Seymour, "of the two 'Henrys.'"

"I have heard of that story."

"What is your belief?"

"Why, I believe the D'Alton, of Crag, is alive!"

"You!" cried the old man, "Oh, you! You, Father Hayes?"

"That is my belief, Mr. D'Alton."

"My God! *Why* do you believe it?"

"Because I have seen Mr. Henry D'Alton. I have spoken to him. I have eaten of his bread and drunk of his cup."

"Heavens!" cried the old man.

"I suppose, Miss D'Alton," Father John continued, "you would like to see a sketch of where Mr. Henry D'Alton

resides, and where I have enjoyed his society and fine hospitality."

Father Hayes shook his head warningly, and she understood his meaning perfectly.

Father Hayes opened the album at the place where the sketch had been made; and Amy received it from his hand now bearing at the foot the words—

"Meldon Hall, the seat of Henry D'Alton, Esq."

Amy did not faint. The whole evening had been a shadow of some coming event.

Clara next moved in the sweet domestic drama.

She rose up and deliberately went across to where Mr. D'Alton was, and sat upon his knee, placing her little white right hand upon his.

"Why Clara," he said.

"Tell me, sir, had I a grandfather?"

"Why, child, what a question!"

"I wish, sir, it were—were you!"

"Well, darling, I, too, wish it were!"

"And would you wish little Clara were your granddaughter?"

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek, and he sighed.

"Yes, indeed, my child."

"Well, you are, sir! you are! I am Clara D'Alton, and Amy is my aunt, and my papa is your son."

The old man looked bewildered. The news wisely told—and not a bit too wisely.

"Father Hayes, you knew Henry?"

"There he is, sir," answered Father Hayes, jubilantly. "There he is, and there's your little granddaughter on your knee. Mr. Leyton Seymour and I have known Mr. Henry D'Alton for years and loved him. It was partly by my opportunities, Mr. Henry came home to be near you in time of trial."

Henry D'Alton is at his father's feet. Amy is kneeling beside him. Clara has come from the old man's knee and takes her place beside her father, and everyone has a blessing and a prayer.

"Send in Thomas!" cried Mr. Henry D'Alton to John, for whom he had rung.

Thomas Hayes, poor faithful Crichawn, presented himself; and with him Nelly Nurse, and old John the butler, and every one in the house.

"The lost is found!" cried Crichawn,

"The lost is found, thank God!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Unfortunately Baring had been brought into his presence, by Mr. St. Laurence, Shivaun and her sister, Kearney, Nelly Nurse and all who could prove his conspiracy and attempt to murder, and accepted a settlement in New Zealand. Henry lives with his father at the Crag. Crichawn and the widow are the owners of Mr. Meldon's house near Kilsheclan. Clara is to be the owner of the beautiful dwelling beyond the sea, and Mr. Leyton Seymour is about to retire from the army. The reader can easily guess the coming combinations; and the author may assure him that he, the said author, writes with great reluctance at the foot of this chapter—

—THE END—

## CANADIAN ESSAYS.

### EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

ALREADY we have said and repeated that the first thing we should study is the history of our own land, and then let us study that of the other nations. But it would never do to forget those by whom we are surrounded and those who have passed away, while we would be striving to glean a more perfect knowledge of our own people and our own country. One of the greatest and surest means whereby we may learn to know our own age, and our own people and country, is the study of the past. In studying the past we see the good and evil examples given us, by those who are now no more, and we can learn how to accept and profit by the one, while avoiding and taking warning from the other. The great Fénelon tells us, in his letters, that "the study of the past is ever and always most important:—it shews us great examples, which force the very vices of the wicked to serve instruction to the good, that unravels the origins, and explains by what roads the peoples have passed from success to success, or from misfortune to misfortune."

Therefore, the study of the past is a

most useful and important branch of instruction, and even education. But the question that, at first, presents itself to the mind is this: how are we to study the past? What are the means at our disposal? A truthful, but vague answer would be—these means are numberless. The question will, however, be better answered by naming a few of those avenues which lead the people of one age back along the centuries, even to the beginning of all things created.

Of course, the first and greatest and most indispensable of all is *History*. But what is history? Cicero styled it "the witness of ages, the light of truth, the master of life, the life of memory, the announcer of oracles." But in this definition, if it can be called a definition, we scarcely find what history really is. Charles Phillips tells us in four words, more faithfully and more exactly, what this strange creature, called history is. He says it is "the chronicler of the game." However, it matters little how we define the word or in what grand phrases we express our conception of its meaning, it is ever the same thing—the highway of ages. We are tempted to believe that in books alone we can find the story of the past. This is an error. We can study the manners, the customs, the laws, age—the very languages of nations long since lost to the world, through means other than the medium of books.

*History* is a golden chain, the first link of which was struck at the dawn of creation; and each successive generation forged a new link. And this lengthy chain has many branches. One of these—the most useful and most powerful one is composed of written documents, books, manuscripts, etc. Another, scarcely less important one, is formed of *monuments*. A third branch is made up of *coins*. A fourth branch is found in the *music* and *songs* of the nations. And numberless other such off-shoots exist.

On the four principal branches we will pass a few remarks. The past may be studied in books. Yes, but how many thousand volumes have been written upon this endless subject, and how few of these volumes we can procure! Before studying the history of nations in particular, it would be well to com-

mence by having a general knowledge of the advancement of civilization, of the rise and flourish and fall of nations—the causes of their successes and misfortunes. To illustrate our idea, let us take a glance at the history of the world, (as studied in books) and if we have no space, in another essay we will refer to the history of ages, illustrated by monuments, by coins, and by songs.

Let us ascend, for a moment, the great pyramid of Time, and from its summit contemplate, in one rapid glance the cycles of the generations revolving beneath us. In a glimpse we have the division of men, when having attempted the construction of Babel, that monument of their impiety and of their punishment, they were separated in the confusion of tongues, and scattered over the face of the earth. Separated they were, but such was not to last forever. A pagan prince had a dream. He saw four great empires arise, and flourish, and fall,—they became three in number. He saw the three succeeded by two, and these two swallowed up in one—the great Roman Empire. Then a stone detached itself from the mountain, increased as it descended, and striking the foundations of the mighty fabric, hurled it to the ground.

As the rays of light, coming from a luminous body, converge towards their source, so these nations, as so many rays converged towards the great focus of time. Not towards the glory of a Roman Empire, but towards the event of ages, the coming of the Redeemer of mankind. As it was necessary that all should be united, when He would send forth his apostles to tell the Truths of the Gospel to the world, so was it necessary that these nations should unite in this grand focus.

But again, as the rays in one direction converge, so in the opposite do they diverge. Once this great event over, once the old law destroyed, once the mission of Christ fulfilled, the nations were free to separate again. For a short time the old Roman Empire lasted. Soon the signs of its fall began to appear on the horizon. The Capital was changed to Constantinople. A double Empire was formed. The Empire of the East began to sub-divide.

The Empire of the West, torn by the ravages of the Huns, the Goths, the Vandals, the Visigoths, shattered by the rebellions of its numberless provinces, soon tottered to its fall. The day came! And on that morning, when the golden cross appeared to the hesitating Constantine, the breezes that were shaken by the war cries of conflicting thousands, carried on their wings, to the four quarters of the globe the echoes of that dreadful shock which proclaimed the fall of paganism, and the end of the great Roman Empire.

Nation after nation sprung up on the ruins of that monster nation. The feudal system, with its train of tyrannic satellites revolved through Europe's political sphere, wars, and numberless heresies devastated the continent. Such is the *resume* of the history of Europe for many centuries.

We have said that to study the history of our own land with profit, we should connect it with the study of other nations. Then, what of Canada all this time? Where was she—what was her part in the grand drama?

Canada, all this time, was quietly sleeping in the arms of nature. She was awaiting with patience the time when the old world should have interred all its follies and misfortunes—awaiting the hour when it should please the Almighty to call her forth, and send her, amongst the nations to fulfil her glorious mission. Such was Europe and such was Canada in the past. We have traced in this short and imperfect way, the history of the nations of the old world, and the story of our own country, through a few centuries, in order to show by an example, how the study of the past could be made of use to us. Of course in that long period of time which we have so spanned Canada had no *role* to play. But the reader can see what our object is. Let us study the history of the past connected with the history of the present—let us study the history of other countries while studying that of our own, and the profit we shall therefrom derive must be great. Our object in thus tracing out in rough lines a sketch of the career of the divers nations, is to show, in a very feeble way, if you will, the manner in which the

history of other countries, and of the past should be studied.

Firstly, get a general view or knowledge of history; be able to grasp at a moment the whole story of ages. It is not right to begin by particular events and minor facts. Commence by having a general knowledge of this great branch and once that general knowledge is acquired, then descend into particulars. Then take up each nation in its own particular history, and you will always be able to trace its connection with those by which it is surrounded or those which have gone before it.

What is a true History? We want to-day a real history of our country; what kind must it be? There is a difficult question to answer. But the answer is to be found in the words of our favorite author—Thomas Davis—and they apply not only to a history of our land, but of any country in the world.

What we want to study is A HISTORY. "One of the most absurd pieces of cant going, is that against history, because it is full of wars, and kings, and usurpers, and mobs. History describes, and is meant to describe, *forces*, not proprieties,—the mights, the acted realities of men, bad and good—their historical importance depending on their mightiness not their holiness. Let us have then a "graphic" narrative of what was, not a set of moral disquisitions on what ought to have been.

Yet, the man who would keep chronicling the dry events would miss writing a history. He must fathom the social condition of the peasantry, the clergy (Christian or Pagan) in each period—the townsmen, the middle-classes, the nobles,—he must tell how they are fed, armed, dressed and housed. He must let us see the *decay and rise* of great principles and conditions—till we look on a tottering sovereignty, a rising creed, an incipient war, as distinctly as by turning to the highway, we can see the old man, the vigorous youth, or the infant child. He must paint—the council robed in its hall—the priest in his temple—the conspirator—the outlaw—the judge—the general—the martyr. The arms must clash and shine with genuine, not romantic, likeness;

and the brigades or clans join in battle, or divide in flight, before the reader's thought. Above all a historian should be able to seize on character, not vaguely eulogising nor cursing; but feeling and expressing the pressure of a great mind on his time, and on after-times.

Such a work would have no passing influence, though its first political effects would be enormous; it would be read by every class and side; it would people our streets, and gleus, and castles, and abbeys, and coasts with a hundred generations, besides our own; it would clear up the grounds of our quarrels, and prepare reconciliation; it would unconsciously make us recognise the cause of our weakness; it would give us great examples of men and of events, and materially influence our destiny.

Here is a long quotation—telling us what a history should be, and consequently indirectly telling us how a history should be studied. If such a history, as the one spoken of by Davis, could be had for each country, it would be glorious to devote one's time to such a study. It would be difficult to find so perfect a book in every nation. But if we take the history that we have, there is much and many things to be gleaned from its pages.

Yes, one of the best ways to learn the history of our own country is by studying those of other countries, and above all of those of the past. The study of the past is the surest and safest guide we can have along the difficult road of the present, which leads to the still unexplored regions of the *yet to be*. And the first and greatest branch of that chain which so unites us with the past is History—History studied in books.

But the ages gone by, may be reached through other channels, by other avenues, and with other chains than through, and by the means of written history.

We have *monuments*, which are as faithful indexes of the past as all the volumes in our best filled libraries. We have *coins* still more faithful than monuments, and we have *ballads* or *songs* which serve as a beautiful and charming connection between the present and the past.

Of these we will speak in a future

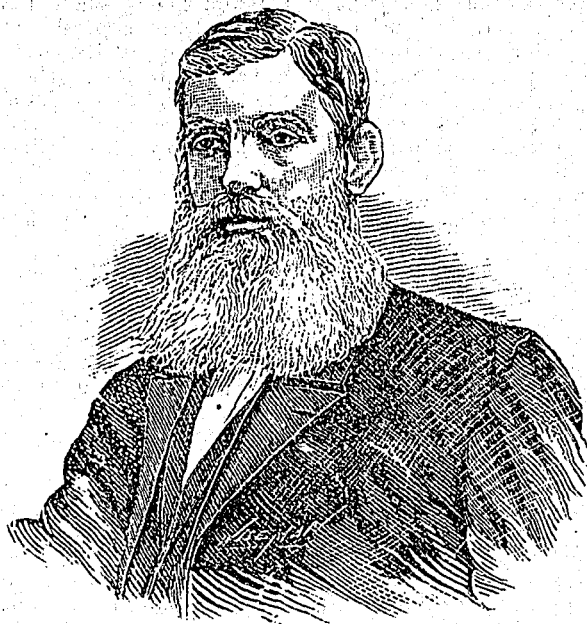
essay. But we would now morely desire to draw the attention of the public to *the study of the past* as one of the best means of education. We will terminate these few disjointed remarks by the words of the famous French author Charles Kallin. Speaking of history and the utility of such a study, he says: "It is not without good reason that history has been ever looked upon as the light of ages, the depository of events, the faithful witness of truth, the source of good counsels and of prudence, the ruler of morals. Without her, confined within the small circle of the age, and the country wherein we live, circumscribed by the narrow limit of our experience and reflections, we ever live in a species of childhood, strangers to the rest of the world, and ignorant of all that has gone before us and all that surrounds us." Yes, history is the common school of humanity. It pictures vice, it unmasks false virtue, it destroys prejudices, and gives a thousand and one noble examples which if followed by the people of our age, would surely result in the happiness, the prosperity and the glory of the land of our affections and our hope.

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HON. JOHN O'CONNOR, Q.C.,

POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

UNDER the régime that governs the people of the new Dominion it has become an acknowledged right that the Irish Catholics, who form so large an element of our population, shall have at least one representative in the Government of the country. As a rule, the honorable gentleman filling that position has deserved well, not only of the Irish Canadian element, but has figured conspicuously in the great political struggles of the land. Men of other creeds or origins, with nothing special to commend them, mediocre in ability, not unfrequently the creatures of fortune, have been pitchforked into the cabinet councils of Her Majesty's Government in Canada; but as history conclusively establishes, the Irish Catholic selected for that position must, of necessity, be possessed of more than ordinary talent, his only passport to political preferment be-



HON. JOHN O'CONNOR, Q. C.

ing that he is indispensable to the ruling powers. Without going back more than a few years we can point with a just pride to a glorious array of names identified in this connection with every great movement in the country's progress. The Drummonds, Alleyns, McGees, Kenneys, Scotts and Anglins are striking examples of what we have just stated; and it gives us pleasure to add, that the subject of this biography is a worthy successor of the great statesmen who have gone before him in the position of Irish Catholic Minister in Her Majesty's Canadian Government and leader of the people he represents throughout the Dominion.

The Hon. John O'Connor was born in Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, in the year 1824, and came with his family to this country in 1828. His father and mother, both O'Connors, were natives of the County Kerry, Ireland, and when they left their native home it was with the intention of fixing their residence in the Province of Ontario. Landing late in the fall at the City of

Boston, O'Connor senior was induced by his friends to remain and try his luck in that city, where he resided for about four years; but preferring Canadian institutions to those of the United States, he carried out his original intention and settled in the County of Essex, in the then Province of Upper Canada, where other members of the family had already located. Young O'Connor having been educated at the public school of the county, entered as a law student, and was admitted to practice as an attorney in the year 1852, when he immediately entered into partnership with the late Charles Baby, a barrister of long standing at Sandwich, who was also Clerk of the Peace. In February, 1854, he was called to the Bar, and fell rapidly into a large and lucrative practice. In 1855 he severed his connection with Mr. Baby and became the leading practitioner in that section of the country in Chancery as well as at Common Law. As early as 1857 he had completely monopolized the criminal defences, and with such marked success

that he acquired the sobriquet of "general gaol deliverer." For jury cases he had no superior, whilst to-day his reputation as a constitutional lawyer places him next to Sir John A. Macdonald. Politics had always been a ruling passion with Mr. O'Connor, and to his love of that career and his devotion to his party, he sacrificed his professional practice and the greater part of his private fortune. His first appearance in politics was during the exciting time of Lord Elgin's administration, when he gave a strong support to the Government on the memorable Rebellion Losses Bill in 1849. From that date until 1852 he edited, with marked ability, the *Essex Advertiser*. At that time the late Colonel Prince exercised a sort of dictatorship in the County of Essex and its neighborhood. Mr. O'Connor resolved to put an end to the terrorism he exercised, and was mainly instrumental, at the general election of 1851, in bringing forward a candidate named Caron, a French Canadian, in opposition to the Colonel. The latter was elected nevertheless, but by a very narrow majority. This *quasi* defeat and a stinging article that appeared in the *Advertiser* from the pen of Mr. O'Connor, so incensed Col. Prince that he "called him out." The answer to the challenge was the motto of the Irish Brigade *Semper et ubique paratus*, and things had every prospect of a sanguinary *denouement*, when, at the last moment, the Colonel acknowledged himself in the wrong and withdrew the challenge with an apology. In 1854, Mr. O'Connor was again prime mover in bringing forward Colonel Rankin in opposition to Colonel Prince. The latter shrank from the contest and gave place to his son Albert, a barrister of high standing and great popularity. Mr. Prince was ignominiously defeated by a large majority—much to the astonishment of his friends and admirers, and to the utmost chagrin of his father and family. Shortly after the election Col. Prince and Mr. O'Connor met at a large dinner party at Windsor, given by Mr. Perry, then an engineer on the works of the Great Western Railway and afterwards City Engineer at Ottawa. The Colonel had the bad taste, in replying to a toast, to speak of Col.

Rankin, who was not present, in terms grossly derogatory. Mr. O'Connor interrupted and attributed falsehood and cowardice to him. The Colonel left the table, and again sent a challenge to Mr. O'Connor, who met him with a prompt reply of acceptance. Strange to say, however, as in the former instance, Prince, thinking discretion the better part of valor, again withdrew the challenge. The Colonel had been regarded as a "fire eater;" he had several years before wounded a gentleman named Wood in an "affair of honor" at Sandwich. On the other hand O'Connor had the reputation of being "a dead shot." During this time Mr. O'Connor filled several important trusts in which he displayed great administrative ability. He was several times Reeve of the town of Windsor, where he resided, and for twelve years acted there as Chairman of the Board of Education. Another mark of the high esteem in which he was held was his election, during three consecutive years, as Warden of the County of Essex. At the general election of 1867 he entered the Commons for the Dominion, having successfully contested the election for the last mentioned county. He had not been long in Parliament when his marked abilities attracted the keen eye of the great Conservative leader, Sir John A. Macdonald, who offered him a seat in his Cabinet, in July 1872, as President of the Council, which office he filled until March of the following year, when he took the portfolio of Minister of Inland Revenue. In the month of July, 1873, he exchanged offices for that of Postmaster-General, which he held until the resignation of the Conservative Cabinet in November of the same year. In the general rout that followed the advent of the new party to power Mr. O'Connor was one of the slaughtered innocents and was forced into private life. During the five years that followed, Mr. O'Connor practised his profession in the city of Ottawa, in the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, and soon again took front rank amongst his confrères, until the general election of 1878, when victory having again perched on the banner of the Conservative Chieftain, the County of Russell sent Mr. O'Connor back to Parliament. On the

## CHIT-CHAT.

formation of the Cabinet the office of President of the Council was again tendered to him, he being the most prominent Irish Catholic representative on the Conservative side of the house. His fellow-countrymen were very much dissatisfied that a more responsible position was not assigned to him—one more worthy of his ability—and they were not slow in giving expression to their feelings of disapprobation at the course of the leader of the Government in thus relegating their champion to a post of comparative insignificance in the councils of the nation. But Mr. O'Connor had not long to await the proper recognition of his merit, and to-day he again fills the distinguished position of Postmaster-General of Canada. His advent to his old office, was hailed with delight by his fellow-countrymen in particular and by the whole Conservative party. In disposition he is kind, genial and retiring, and although a powerful speaker when aroused, he addresses the house only when necessity compels him. Endowed with fine literary tastes, he enjoys his favorite authors in the quiet solitude of his study, even more than the exciting scenes of political warfare. His affability has won for him hosts of friends, and the most humble citizen knocks at the door of his office, seeking an interview, with the same feeling of confidence as the most powerful man in the community. Several times Mr. O'Connor's name has been mentioned in connection with positions of prominence on the Bench, where his acute legal mind would win for him new laurels, but he has always declined to leave the arena of public life. Like the great Irish Canadians who have preceded him in the eminent position he now occupies, he is honored throughout the land, and his name will live in the history of the country.

J. J. C.

If you employ your time in study, you will avoid every disgust in life. You will not wish for night, nor be weary of the day. You will be neither a burden to yourself, nor unwelcome to others.

—Protestant writers often try to make a point against the Catholic Church on account of the harsh treatment received by the Jews, previous to the Reformation. The accusation is unjust as against the Church, and is not without certain palliative circumstances as against the nations. The Jews were the money lenders of the day—they were usurers, and usurers of the worst kind. The Church then could not but be opposed to them as such. She would have been recreant to the whole tendency of Christianity had she been otherwise. But the ill-treatment which the Jews received, did not come from the Church; neither did it arise from religious motives. It came from the people as such, and arose from economical motives. In the fourteenth century the Jews in France were allowed by law *six deniers per week on the liere!* so that in forty weeks the interest amounted to the principal. We may judge from this of the oppressive character of usury in the Middle Ages; and why the money lenders in general, and more especially the Jews, were the object of so much popular hatred.

—It is true that in our days, we have exactions of an equally oppressive nature, which are borne with equanimity. But then we are a long suffering, if not a pusillanimous people. Our lawyers stand to modern society in the same relation, as did the Jew to medieval society. We have known in these our days of enlightenment and religious revival! the small sum of *seventeen hundred dollars* charged by the lawyers, and paid by the heirs for the settlement of an estate of \$16,000! Such exactions as these, unless society has completely lost its manhood, can only lead in the long run to similar treatment, as that meted to the Jews. Was it in view of such exactions that our divine Saviour advised the whole future Christian world, in those remarkable words: "And if any man shall sue thee at the law, and (seek to) take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." (Mat. v. 40.)



—We have one amongst a thousand instances of the thoroughly economic character of this ill-treatment of the Jews on the part of the populace, in events which happened in Paris, in the year 1350. Under that John of France, who had been held captive by King Edward, of England, the Jews had been re-admitted into France, and allowed to live there on a guarantee for twenty years with great privileges, for which each was to pay 20 florins on his entry into France, and seven florins a year afterwards. In return a prince of the blood,—the Count of Stampes was appointed the guardian of their privileges and the judge of all questions concerning them, and he was especially charged to enforce the payment of all debts due them. A Jew named Manasses farmed this tax on the Jews, and was allowed two florins out of each twenty paid as entrance money, and one out of each seven of the annual tax. Now these taxes, and taxes on taxes, it is easily to be seen were heavy; and in order to pay heavy taxes, one must make heavy profits; in order to make heavy profits at money lending, one must charge heavy interest; heavy interest means usury; usury means hatred of the usurer, and in the long run revolt, perhaps ill-treatment, and death. Under these circumstances it is a work of supererogation to search for a religious motive for this ill-treatment.

When on the accession of Charles VI., the populace of Paris, rose up in rebellion against the regal exactions they would have been appeased by the promises of the young king, and would have settled quietly back again to their several trades, had not a number of nobles and gentlemen, who were eager to profit by the popular victory mixed with the crowd and suggested to them to demand the expulsion of the Jews, who they said had received under former reigns not only protection but exorbitant privileges. An insurrection against the Jews was always a subject of rejoicing to the gentry, because it often ended in the destruction of the writings which were the only proof of their debt, and thus relieved them from their liabilities. On this occasion the people forgot the promises of the king,

and whilst one part turned their fury against the Jews, another attacked the offices of the collectors of taxes. Those whose animosity was directed against the Jews, proceeded to a street, in which under the king's protection they occupied forty houses, which they broke open and plundered of all their riches, and under the direction of the nobles and gentlemen, who were the leaders of this part of the riot, they carefully sought out and collected together the bonds of all those nobles, or others who were the Jews' debtors. In the height of their fury the populace began to kill all the Jews they met, and many perished; but it was *economic* motives not *religious* one's that prompted the slaughter.

In England the attitude of the Jew almost to the very end, was an attitude of proud and even insolent defiance. He knew that the royal policy, and indeed the royal needs exempted him from the common taxation, the common justice and the common obligations of Englishmen. Usurer, extortioner as the realm held him to be, the royal justice would secure him the re-payment of his bond. A royal commission visited with heavy penalties any outbreak of violence against "the king's chattels" as he was held to be. The Red King actually forbade the conversion of a Jew to the Christian faith. "It was a poor exchange" he argued, "that would rid him of a chattel, and give him a subject." Under these circumstances, is it any wonder, that the people when exasperated against the king for his exactions turned also on those Jews, who added to the exactions?

Is not the lawyer of to-day an exact counterpart of the Jew of yesterday?

H. B.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK.—It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

THE LAUGH OF WOMEN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool exhilarating spring.

## HARPER'S FESTIVE SONG.

(AFTER THE BATTLE OF KILLCROHIN.\*)

Come knight and come noble, as guests lay  
aside,  
The sword that has cut in war's turbulent  
tide,  
From red fields of combat the Saxon has  
fled,  
The pride of his kindred is captive or dead.

Come chiefs of Ophaley in manhood and  
grace,  
Mid trophies of battle and spoils of the  
chase,  
The spear and chain-armor hang up in  
your halls,  
And let the tired chargers recruit in their  
stalls.

Come lord and come lady, the brave and  
the fair  
From banks of the Shannon to woody Kil-  
dare,  
O'Connor, O'Carroll—the friends of the Gael,  
O'Cullen, O'Kelly—the foes of the Pale.

Gillpatrick, O'Gorman, O'Lawlor of Leix,  
O'Dempsey of Geashill, O'Moore, Dun-  
nase,  
O'Regan, O'Bryan, the valiant Molloy,  
Delaney the fierce and the proud MacEvoy.

Come Toparch and Tanist of ancestral fame,  
The falcon let loose from the hood on its  
game,  
And hunt with the beagle, the wolf-dog, and  
then  
With stag-hound pursue the red deer of the  
glen.

Come Calvagh and Chieftain the banquet is  
spread  
And ladies await to the dance to be led;  
The harp is attuned to the minstrel's sweet  
voice,  
The wine cup is circling and clansmen re-  
joice.

Come brehon and bard, but your strains  
should not be  
The laws and the legends of old Ossorie;  
Let face, heart and soul, light and sparkling  
with mirth,  
Be pleasant and bright as the blaze on the  
hearth.

Come Palmer and pilgrim, your scrip and  
your staff,  
And fasting exchange for the feast and the  
laugh,  
Long prayer and psalm put aside for the  
joke,  
As cleric, this evening, his beads and his  
book.

Come harper and rhymer that wander along,  
But tell us no tales of attainder and wrong,  
While here social pleasure its essence distills  
As bon-fires are burning around on the  
hills.

Come Norman, Milesian, the gallant and gay,  
Your heart's fond allegiance and homage to  
pay,  
The soft tones of love and affection to share,  
The mild and the bright eye of beauty is  
there.

Then come knight and noble, the sword lay  
aside  
In welcome the portals are open and wide,  
The halls echo gladness—the banquet is  
spread,  
The foe is defeated, is captive or dead.

PHILANDER O'PHALEY.

Montreal.

## THE MISERERE.

A SPANISH LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH  
OF G. BECQUER.

A short time ago I left the city of Se-  
ville to visit the celebrated monastery  
of Caserta. I was reading in the old  
library, when my attention was drawn  
to a number of sheets of music that lay  
in a corner of the room. Evidently the  
manuscript was exceedingly old, for it  
was covered with dust and discolored  
and worn by the effects of dampness.  
On looking at it I discovered it was a  
*Miserere*. I am passionately fond of  
music, and, therefore, I examined the  
pages with great care. What especially  
struck me was the last page and the  
Latin word *Finis* written thereon, al-  
though the *Miserere* was not finished.  
My curiosity was still more excited  
from the strange fact that the Italian  
words which are always used to de-  
scribe the manner in which a piece  
ought to be played, such as *maestoso*,  
*allegro*, *forte*, *ritardando*, etc., were not  
to be found, but in their annotations  
were placed reading thus: "The bones  
rattled;" "cries of distress seemed to  
come out of the air;" "the strings  
shrieked without discord;" "brass trum-  
pets sounded without deafening me;"  
"the instruments all played without  
confounding each other;" "it was hu-  
manity weeping." And stranger still  
were the following lines: "The spectres  
were bones covered with flesh—terrible

\* Fought in 1413 by the Calvagh Murrugh, O'Connor,  
against the English of the Pale, in which the latter were  
beaten.

flames — the harmony of heaven — strength and sweetness."

"What does this mean?" I asked a small old man who was accompanying me, as I finished reading the lines which had evidently been written by a madman. The old man then told me the following story:

Many years ago, on a dark and rainy night, a pilgrim came to this monastery, asking to be allowed to dry his clothes by the fire and for a piece of bread to still his hunger, and some place of shelter where he might await the dawn then continue his way. A monk gave his poor bed and modest repast to the traveller, and then asked him whither he was bound and who he was.

"I am a musician," replied the pilgrim. "I was born far from here, and I have enjoyed a great renown. In my youth I made of my art a powerful arm of fascination; it gave birth to passions which finally led me to crime. I now wish in my old age, to consecrate to good things the talents I have hitherto used for evil, and thus obtain pardon."

The monk, having his curiosity excited, asked him several questions, and the musician continued thus:

"I wept in the bottom of my heart over the crime I had committed. I could find no words worthy to express my repentance or in which to implore God's mercy, when one day as I was turning over a holy book, my eyes were held by that sublime cry of contrition — the psalm of David beginning '*Miserere mei Deus!*' From that moment my sole thought was to discover a musical composition which I desired should be so magnificent and sublime that it alone would be able rightly to interpret the grand and majestic hymn, the sorrow of the prophet king. I have not been able to compose it yet, but if I ever succeed in expressing the feelings in my heart; the ideas that consume my brain, I am sure I will write so marvelous a *Miserere*, so heart-breaking a grief that its like has never been heard since the world began, and that the archangels will cry with me, their eyes filled with tears, 'Have mercy on me, my God, have mercy!'"

The pilgrim remained thoughtful for some moments, then heaving a profound sigh, continued his story. The

old man and two or three shepherds belonging to the monks' farm listened silently, gathered around the firelight.

"After having traveled," continued he, "through Germany and Italy and a great part of this country of classical religious music, I have never yet heard a *Miserere* capable of inspiring me, and I am almost sure that I have heard all that exist."

"All!" interrupted a shepherd: "that is impossible, for you have never heard the *Miserere* of the mountain."

"The *Miserere* of the mountain," exclaimed the astonished musician; "what is that?"

"The *Miserere*," continued the shepherd, with an air of mystery, "that is only heard by shepherds who wander day and night on the mountains and valleys with their flocks and which has a history as true as it is astonishing. At the extremity of this valley, whose horizon is bound by a chain of mountains, may still be seen the ruins of a monastery that was very celebrated many long years ago. A great seigneur disinherited his son on account of his crimes, and had the edifice built from the proceeds of the sale of his lands. The son, was as wicked as the archfiend, if, indeed, he was not the demon himself, seeing his fortune in the hands of monks, and his castle transformed into a church, placed himself at the head of a troop of bandits. One Holy Thursday night, at that very hour when the monks were chanting the *Miserere*, the bandits penetrated into the church, pillaged the monastery and set it on fire. The monks were all massacred or thrown from the rocky height. After this horrible exploit the bandits disappeared. The ruins of the church still exist in the hollow of the rock where the waterfall has its source, which falling from rock to rock, finally forms the little river that runs beneath the monastery."

"But tell me about the *Miserere*," interrupted the impatient musician.

"Listen, I will soon have finished," the shepherd said, and he continued thus: "The crime terrified all the people about, they repeated the tale of the tragedy, which has come down to us by tradition. Old men tell the story over the long winter nights. But what pre-

serves its souvenir more vividly, is that every year on the night of the anniversary of the crime, lights are seen glimmering through the broken windows of the church; and a strange sort of mysterious music is heard, like dreadful funeral chants mingling with the winds moaning. No doubt it is the massacred monks come from purgatory to implore Divine mercy, and they sing the *Miserere*.

"Does this miracle still occur?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, it will begin without the slightest doubt in three hours from now, for this is Holy Thursday night, and 9 o'clock has just struck on the monastery clock."

"How far away are the ruins?"

"A mile and a half from here. But what are you about? Where are you going on such a night as this?" cried they all, seeing the pilgrim rise, take his staff and go towards the door.

"Where am I going?" To hear the mysterious and marvelous music, the grand, the true *Miserere* of those who return to earth after death and who know what it is to die in sin."

Saying this he disappeared, to the great surprise of the monk and shepherds.

The wind howled and shook the doors, as though a strong hand was trying to wrench them from their hinges. The rain fell in torrents, beating against the windows, and from time to time a streak of lightning illuminating the darkness. The first moment of surprise passed, the monk exclaimed: "He is mad!" "He is surely mad!" echoed the shepherds, drawing nearer to the fire.

\* \* \* \* \*

After walking an hour or two, the mysterious pilgrim, following the river's course, reached the spot where rose the imposing and sombre ruins of the monastery. The rain had ceased, clouds floated over the heavens, and athwart their broken outlines a fugitive ray of pale and trembling light shone; the wind beating against the massive pillars' moaned sadly as it lost itself in the deserted cloisters. However, nothing superhuman or unnatural troubled the mind of him, who, having laid many a night for shelter in the ruins of

some deserted tower or solitary castle, was familiar with such sounds. Drops of water filtering through the crevices of the arches, fell on the large square stones beneath, sounding like the ticking of a clock. An owl had taken refuge in a dilapidated niche, began to hoot, and reptiles whom the tempest had awakened from their lethargy, thrust their hideous heads out of the rocks or glided amid the stunted shrubs that grew at the foot of the altar, and disappeared in the broken tombs. The pilgrim listened to all the mysterious and strange murmurs of the solitude and of night, and seated on the mutilated statue of a tomb, awaited with feverish anxiety for the hour of mystery to arrive.

Time sped on and he heard nothing save the confused and mingled murmurs of the night which repeated themselves, though in a different manner, from minute to minute.

"Have I made a mistake?" the musician asked himself. But just then he heard a new noise, an inexplicable one for the place. It was like that which a large clock makes a few seconds before it strikes the hour—a noise of wheels turning, of ropes lengthening of a machine beginning to work slowly. A bell rang once, twice, thrice, and there was neither a bell, nor clock, nor even a belfry in the ruined church. The last stroke of the bell, whose echoes grew fainter and fainter, had not died away, its ultimate vibrations could still be heard, when the granite dias, covered with carvings, the marble steps of the altar, the sculptured stones, the black columns, the walls, the wreath of trefoil on the cornices, the pavement, the arches, the entire church was suddenly illuminated without a torch or lamp being visible to produce the strange light. Everything became animated, but with a sudden movement, like the muscular contractions which electricity applied to a dead body produces—movements which imitate life, but which are far more horrible than the stillness of a corpse. Stones joined themselves to other stones; the altars arose intact from their broken fragments strewn around, and at the same time the demolished chapels and the immense number of arches interlaced themselves,

forming with their columns a veritable labyrinth.

The church being reconstructed, a distant harmony, which might have been taken for the moaning of the wind, was heard, but it was in reality a mingling of distant voices, solemn and sad, that seemed to rise from the bosom of the earth, and which became more and more distinct little by little.

The courageous pilgrim began to be alarmed, but his fanaticism for the mysterious warred against his fear. Becoming more calm, he rose from the tomb on which he had been resting and leaned over the edge of the abyss, whence the torrent leaping from rock to rock fell at length with a noise of continuous and dreadful thunder. The pilgrim's hair stood on end with horror. . . . He saw the skeletons

of the monks half enveloped in the torn fragments of their gowns. Under the folds of their cowls the dark cavities of the orbits in their skulls contrasted with their fleshless jaws and their white teeth. The skeletons clambered with the aid of their long hands up to the fissures of the rocks, till they reached the summit of the precipice, murmuring the while in a low and sepulchral voice, but with an expression of heartrending grief, the first verse of David's psalm:

*Miserere mei Deus secundum magnum misericordium tuam.*

(Have mercy on me, my God, according to Thy great mercy).

When the monks reached the peristyle of the church they formed themselves into a procession and knelt in the choir, continuing in a louder and more solemn voice to chant the succeeding verses of the psalm. Music seemed to re-echo the rhythm of their voices. It was the distant rumble of thunder that rolled as it passed away; the voice of the night wind that moaned in the hollows of the mountains; the monotonous sound of the cascade falling on the rocks, and the drop of filtering water, the hoot of the hidden owl, and the coiling and uncoiling of the noisome reptiles. All this produced the strange music, and something more besides, which one could not explain or even imagine, a something which seemed like the echo of a whirlwind; that ac-

companied the repentant hymn of the psalmist king, with notes and harmonies as tremendous as its words.

The ceremony continued. The musician who was witnessing it believed in his terror that he had been transported far from this real world into that fantastic one of dreams, where all things have strange and phenomenal forms.

A terrible shock aroused him from the stupor of a lethargy, which had possessed all the faculties of his mind. His nerves were strongly agitated, his teeth chattered and he shivered with cold in the marrow of his bones. The monks chanted just at the moment, in a thundering voice, these terrible words of the *Miserere*:

*In iniquitatibus conceptus sum et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.*

(I was conceived in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me).

When the echoes of this verse had resounded from archway to ceiling, a tremendous cry burst forth, a cry that seemed torn from all mankind in the consciousness of its crimes—a heart-breaking cry composed of all the lamentations of distress, all the groans of despair, all the blasphemies of impiety—the monstrous cry of those who live in sin and were conceived in iniquity.

The chant continued. Sometimes sad and deep, sometimes like a ray of sunlight piercing the solemn darkness of the storm. The church by a sudden transformation became illumined with a celestial light. The bones of the skeletons clothed themselves again with flesh. A luminous aureole shown around their brows. The cupola of the church was rent asunder, and heaven appeared like an ocean of light spread out before the eyes of the just. Then the seraphs, the angels and the archangels, all the heavenly hierarchy sang this verse in a hymn of glory, which arose to the Lord's throne like a wave of harmony—like a gigantic spiral of sonorous incense:

*Auditu me dabis gaudium et letitiam, et exultabunt ossa humilita.*

(Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness, and the bones that were humbled shall rejoice).

The shining light suddenly, blinded the eyes of the unhappymortal. His

temples throbbed violently. His ears rang, and he fell like one struck down by lightning.

The next day at sunrise the monks of this monastery received the mysterious stranger, who came pale trembling and with haggard eyes.

"And the *Miserere*, did you hear it?" an old monk asked, smiling ironically.

"Yes," replied the musician.

"How did you like it?"

"I am going to write it. Give me," said he addressing the superior, "shelter and bread for a few months, and I will leave you an immortal *chef d'œuvre* of my art—a *Miserere* that will efface my crimes before God's eyes, and which will render my name and that of this monastery immortal.

The superior, thinking him mad, consented; and the musician was installed in a cell and began his task.

He worked night and day with an extraordinary anxiety. He would stop sometimes as though he were listening to sounds coming from invisible objects. His eyes would dilate and he would cry out: "That is it . . . thus . . . no longer any doubt . . . this, this is well;" and he would continue writing musical notes with a feverish rapidity. He wrote the first verses and the following ones, but when he came to the last verse he had heard he could go no further. He wrote for two, three, perhaps a hundred minutes; but all was useless. He could not repeat the marvellous, heavenly music; and so sleep fled from his eyes, he lost appetite, fever took possession of his brain, and he became mad.

At last expired without being able to finish the *Miserere*, which the monks kept after his death, and which still exists in the archives of the monastery, as you have seen to-day.

#### WHAT EVICTION MEANS.

To the American reader the simple word "eviction" has so mild and harmless a meaning that he may not find it easy to realize its terrors for the Irish tenant. To the latter it means the loss of the home in which he and his children and his ancestors for generations

were born; it means beggary and starvation, or the workhouse. The following incident, related by the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, occurred some time ago in the County Moath: "Seven hundred human beings," says Dr. Nulty, "were driven from their homes on this one day. The sheriff's assistants employed on this occasion to extinguish the hearths and demolish the homes of these honest, industrious men, worked away with a will at their awful calling until evening fell. At length an incident occurred that varied the monotony of the grim and ghastly ruin which they were spreading around. They stopped suddenly and recoiled, panic-stricken with terror, from two dwellings which they were to destroy with the rest. They had just learned that typhus fever held these houses in its grasp, and had already brought death to some of their inmates. They therefore supplicated the agent to spare these houses a little longer, but he was inexorable, and insisted that they should be torn down. He ordered a large winnowing-sheet to be spread over the beds in which the fever-victims lay, and then directed the house to be unroofed cautiously and slowly. . . . The wailing of women, the screams, the terror, the consternation of children, the speechless agony of men, wrung tears of grief from all who saw them. I saw the officers and men of a large police force, who were obliged to be present on the occasion, cry like children. The heavy rains that usually attend the autumnal equinoxes descended in cold, copious torrents throughout the awful night, and at once revealed to the houseless sufferers the awful realities of their condition. I visited them next morning, and rode from place to place, administering to them all the comfort and consolation I could. The landed proprietors in a circle all around, and for many miles in every direction, warned their tenants against admitting them to even a single night's shelter. Many of these poor people were too poor to emigrate. After battling in vain with privation and pestilence, they at last graduated from the workhouse to the tomb, and little more than three years nearly a fourth of them lay quietly in their graves."

## THE IRISH PRIEST.

THE following tribute to the fidelity of the Irish priests to their flocks, was the conclusion of the speech delivered by Mr. James Redpath at the farewell dinner given to Rev. Father Fulton, S. J., in Boston :

"\* \* \* I discovered a new character in Ireland—not new to Ireland, for he has been a thousand years there—but new to me; for, although I have heard enough, or had read enough about him, I found that I had never known him. It was the Irish priest.

My father was a Scotch Presbyterian, and I was reared in the strictest traditions of that faith. No undue influence was ever brought to bear on my youthful mind to prejudice me in favor of the Catholic Church—(laughter). I can recall that I once heard read, with a somewhat tempered approval, certain kind and conciliatory remarks about the devil—written by a famous Scotchman by the name of Robert Burns—but I cannot remember a single genuine or brotherly expression of regard for the Roman Catholics or for their Faith. They were never called Catholics. They were Papists always. The Catholic Church was commonly referred to, in my boyhood, under the symbolic figure of a famous lady—and not an estimable lady—who had a peculiar fancy to fondness for scarlet garments, and who lived and sinned in the ancient city of Babylon (laughter).

"I believe that I had put away these uncomely prejudices of my early education—but the roots of them. I found, must still have remained in my mind—for how else could I explain the surprise I felt, even the gratified surprise, that these Irish priests were generous and hospitable and warm-hearted and cultivated gentlemen? For so I found them always, and I met them often and everywhere. I believe that I have no more cordial friends anywhere in Ireland than among the Irish priests; and I am sure that in America there is no man—the words of whose creed do not keep time to the solemn music of the centuries-crowned anthem of the Ancient Church—who has for them a more fraternal feeling or a sincerer admiration.

"The Irish priest is the tongue of the

Blind Samson of Ireland. But for the Irish priest thousands of Irish peasants would have been dead, to-day, even after ample stores of food had been sent from America to save them. Many a lonely village, hidden among the bleak mountains of the West, would have been decimated by famine if the priest had not been there to tell of the distress and to plead for the peasant.

"The Irish priest justifies his title of Father by his fatherly care of his people. He toils for them from dawn till midnight.

"It is a vulgar and cowardly slander to represent the Irish priests as living in idle luxury when Irish peasants are famished around them. I have entered too many of their lowly homes—as a stranger unexpected, but as a stranger from America never unwelcomed. I have been too often and too near their humble surroundings to listen with indifference or without indignation to aspersions so unworthy and untrue. I can hardly conceive of a severer test to which sincerity and self-sacrifice can be put than those Irish priests endure without seeming to be conscious that they are exhibiting uncommon courage or proving that they have renounced the world and its ambitions, for educated men, with cultivated tastes, they live in an intellectual isolation among illiterate peasants, in poverty and obscurity, and they neither repine nor indulge in the subtle pride of self-conscious self-conversation.

"For one and all but one of this world only, I profoundly know self-sacrifice and self-renunciation whatever banner they carry, whatever emblem they cherish, or whatever tongue they speak (applause).

"I saw one scene in Ireland that lingers lovingly in my memory. It was at a meeting, in the West, of a local Committee of the Duchess of Marlborough's fund. An Irish lord was the chairman; not a bad man either—for a lord; but every lord has the spirit of an upstart, and this lord at times, was insolent to his betters,—the toilers,—and a little arrogant to his equals,—the tradesmen—of the district.

"There was a deputation in the room of dejected peasants from one of the islands in the bay near by.

"It had been reported to this committee at a sub-committee meeting, where the orders for Indian meal were distributed, the tattered and hungry crowd had been somewhat disorderly—that is to say, they were starving, and had clamored impatiently for food, instead of waiting with patience for their petty allocations. My lord rebuked their ragged representatives, harshly and in a domineering tone; and, without asking leave of his associates on the committee, he told them that if such a scene should occur again their supply of food would be stopped. I was astonished that he should presume to talk in such tones before any American citizen—he who ought to have his hand on his mouth and his mouth in the dust, in presence of the damning facts that he lived on an estate from which peasants, now exiles in America, had been evicted by the hundreds, and that neither he, nor his brother, a marquis whom he represented, had given a shilling for the relief of the Irish tenants on his wide domain, nor reduced his Shylock rental, although thousands of these tenants were, at that very hour, living on provisions bought by the bounty of the citizens of the United States, and of other foreign lands.

"One of the ragged committee proved the claims of his famishing countrymen with an eloquence that was poor in words but rich in pathos. My Lord said that he would try to do something for them, but he added, and again in a dictatorial tone, 'that although her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, might expect it; that the funds were hers, not theirs; that the noble lady was under no obligation to relieve them.'

"The poor man, hat in hand, was going away sorrowful.

"I sat, a heretic beside a priest, a republican beside a lord; and I thought, with no little inward indignation, that I was the only person in the room, and I a stranger, whose heart throbbed with pity for the stricken man. For my hands were gnawing with hunger—just famishing—for a taste of his lordship's throat (laughter).

"But as I looked around the room I saw a sudden flash in the priest's eye that told of a power before which the

pride of ancestral rank is but as grass before prairie fire.

"I beg your lordship's pardon, said the priest, with a sublime haughtiness. 'I do not agree with you. The money does not belong to her Grace. She holds the money in trust only. We have a right to it. It belongs to the poor!' (applause).

"The lord was cowed; the peasant won. No man but a priest at that table would have dared to talk in that style to a lord.

"More than eighteen centuries have passed since a Roman Judge said to a missionary of the cross—'Almost thou persuadest me to become a Christian.' I do not believe that there has lived a man since then who felt more profoundly than I did at that moment the spirit that prompted that immortal declaration. As long as that priest was in that room, I think I was a loyal son of the Church (applause).

"I started as if I had been in a dream. Was this the nineteenth century or the fifteenth? For again I saw the arm of the lordling raised to smite the poor man; again I saw rise between them the august Mother Church, and again I saw the weapon of the oppressor broken into fragments against the bosses of her invincible shield (applause). And as I looked at these fragments I saw among these the shattered relics of the pharisaical conceit that I had been the solitary sympathiser with the poor man. I did not pick them up. I shall have no use for them in this world again. I had thrown down an invisible gage of battle; the priest had taken it up, and I had been defeated. The cross had conquered me. (Applause.) And henceforth, under what flag soever I may fight, whenever I see the white banner of the Irish priest pass by, I shall dip my own colors in salutation to it, in memory and in honor of his beneficent devotion to the famishing Irish peasant during the famine of 1880. Applause.)

SPEAKING AND LISTENING.—He that speaks doth sow; he that holds his peace doth reap.

GOLDEN MAXIMS.—Do not all that you can; spend not all that you have, believe not all that you hear, and tell not all that you know.



## GENERAL PATRICK CLEBURNE.

BY COL. AVERY.

THE alchemy of battle brought into shining lustre many a character that would otherwise have stayed in the obscurest mediocrity. Characters in the quiet of civil life, ordinary, unambitious, and unnoticed; in the turbulence of war, aspiring, valiant, commanding. They seem to need the fiery crucible of revolution to burn their genius out of its shell. That grim Irish Confederate soldier, Patrick Cleburne, was one of these characters. A person observably unimportant in peace, he was a marked influence in war, distinguished for merit in every rank he held, and rising rapidly until a brilliant death at once closed and capped a career of rare glory.

General Cleburne was born in Ireland. He enlisted as a private in the English army, serving several years and rising to the rank of corporal. It was in the severe discipline of the English service that Cleburne received that training in the practical details of soldiering that made him so valuable in high command in the Confederate army. He knew from this invaluable experience the minutiae of army management, and it was one of the habitual characteristics of this superior officer that he constantly gave his personal attention to these essential details of the service. He was a thorough soldier, and the writer has often heard Lieutenant-General Hardee, under whom he so long served, say that Cleburne was the best major-general in the Southern army.

Cleburne emigrated from his own country to America, settled in Helena, Arkansas, and entered upon the practice of law. At the beginning of the war he raised a company of infantry, was immediately elected colonel of his regiment, and by the display of his striking efficiency won his brigadier's commission with swift rapidity.

When the writer's company of horse was at Corinth, before the memorable field of Shiloh, we had a camp, some four miles from the place, and, morning and afternoon, as I rode back and forth, a certain brigade of infantry regularly and industriously drilled. The leader was a plain-looking officer, dressed in

faded grey, topped with a weather-beaten slouched hat, riding an ungainly grey steed, strong and fast, but with that peculiarly ragged figure of low neck, high shoulders, reaching back and ugly sloping haunches, typical of a certain sort of rapid pacers—a style of horse homely but useful, and of exhaustless bottom. The rider and steed were singularly matched, and gave an impression of rugged strength.

That uncouth and indefatigable driller was Pat Cleburne.

On the Friday afternoon before the battle of Shiloh, my company arrived near the field. General Johnson expected to have opened the battle Saturday morning, but his troops did not all arrive on the ground. I shall not forget that Friday night. It was wild and black, with shivering accompaniments of rain and lightning. About nine o'clock, when the troopers were huddling around the feeble camp fires, an order came from General Hindman, to whom I was temporarily reporting, to go out a half mile beyond the outer picket line and establish a new chain of pickets. The order informed me that Captain Phillips, of General Cleburne's staff, would give all necessary information.

With difficulty, in the storm and darkness, I found General Cleburne's quarters. All had retired. A sentinel directed me to a tent, and I called among the sleepers for Captain Phillips. A gruff voice from the darkness asked what was wanted. I told my purpose. The gruff talker told me that Captain Phillips had work to do to-morrow and needed rest, and General Hindman must furnish his own guide. Just then Captain Phillips awoke from his sleep, and kindly offered his services, remarking, "General, it won't hurt me." The gruff voice still indulged in some muttered objections, and then invited me in while Captain Phillips was getting ready. The speaker was Cleburne; this was our introduction, and it is needless to say I was not pleasantly impressed. The adventures of my company that wild night were romantic, but they have nothing to do with Cleburne, so I pass them over.

During the second day's battle of Shiloh the fighting was terrific, with

occasional lulls. It seemed as if both sides spent themselves at intervals, and rested from their fury in absolute exhaustion. With straining desperation our line held its own under fierce and repeated attacks. The pressure at times of overwhelming numbers upon our decimated columns was literally awful. Thousands of demoralized soldiers ignominiously straggled back deaf to entreaty or menace. The order was issued to the cavalry to be dispersed into squads and bring the straggling infantry to the front. The shame of that day, glorious in the tremendous audacity and heroism of the few who stood immovable against every assault, was this distressing desertion. It did not often happen to the Southern soldier, but the contamination of unusual camp luxuries, captured from the enemy, had spread a devilish timidity or something else, unwonted with generally every reliable soldier.

The writer was pushing the stragglers to the front, when a familiar voice hailed and asked what I was doing. It was Cleburne alone, without even a staff officer, his brigade scattered to the four winds, not a man to follow him. In the horrible carnage of the two day's fight his command had dwindled to nothing, and he was a leader without men.

He joined me in my duty. Sometimes we found ten or fifteen men, with an officer, buried in the bushes, shirking the danger. I would that I could pass over the facts, but history demands the truth. Spots they are upon an admitted and magnificent chronicle of gallantry. I can recall Cleburne, with pistol in hand, ordering such fellows to the front in his harsh, loud voice—a voice dissonant in its high notes, but sweet in its low tones.

Later in the afternoon we met Col. Carney, a volunteer, and on Hardee's staff, who told us that General Beauregard had ordered a retreat, and still later we met General Breckenridge, who had charge of the rear-guard, who confirmed the intelligence, and still later we met General Hardee, sitting at the foot of a tree, unblanched and cool as he always was amid the worst disaster. We spent an hour or two destroying ammunition and preparing for the retro-

grade, Cleburne doing a private's part.

We heard groans in the wood off from the road, and proceeding there, discovered a poor fellow lying in a sitting position against a log, pallid, faint, dying, bowels torn out, suffering unutterable agony, and begging God for merciful death. There was nothing in which to remove him; he could not bear touching if we had had a thousand ambulances; there was no hope for him but speedy death—the quicker the better; and we had to leave him in the falling night to faintly whine for the dissolution of body and soul that alone offered relief from his measureless misery. It was a cruel and suggestive case of war's horrors. With a "Poor fellow," as tenderly uttered as a mother could speak to a sick babe, and a tear in eyes that in the battle blazed like fire, Cleburne left him.

As we passed through a camp we saw some immense hard tack, a bucket of butter, and a half sack of corn. The writer lifted the corn to the front of Cleburne's saddle by his direction. I then buttered each one of us one of the huge blankets of biscuit, and swinging the bucket on my own arm for further use, on we rode eagerly munching the tough provender. I often afterwards joked the General upon his comical appearance holding with one hand the bulky sack of grain on his saddle pommel, and with the other grasping a sheet of cracker as broad as the map of the United States, and cramming it in heavy relays down his throat. The rain began to fall, adding to the gloom of disaster. It got heavier until it became a steady pour, and the ground was converted into a deep slop, and the way impenetrably dark as we could go only by the occasional flash athwart the cimmerian darkness. We fed our horses about nine o'clock, and then resumed our weary ride for Corinth. Men and animals were worn down. We rode sleeping, and would be awakened by jostling against some one, or by a deep oath from some startled trooper. The horses would stop to drink in crossing branches, and fall asleep, and I would frequently awake to find my horse stark still, and a blinding flash of lightning would reveal the general's gray hugging closely to my mare, the general snooz-

ing away as if he had taken a contract to sleep.

At length, far into the night, we arrived at a broad creek, and let our stock drink, and, of course, the writer went to sleep. I was awakened by a deafening clap of thunder. I called and shouted for my companion, but he was gone, and I saw him no more for several days. It matters not about my own further adventure that night. Cleburne told me afterwards that he found me missing, and shouted lustily for me, and then rode on and brought up finally at a farm-house. The roads forked beyond the creek, and we took different routes.

This experience was the beginning of a warm intimacy that never knew change or had a shade. And upon one occasion General Cleburne expressed the wish, unsolicited, to add his indorsement in recommending the writer's promotion.

Cleburne went into Kentucky with Bragg, and achieved a rising fame for brilliant usefulness in every place where a soldier could show merit. He showed growing capacity for command. He was wounded, and won his baton of major-general. He led his division in the Middle Tennessee campaign of 1862, when General Grant pushed Bragg back to Chattanooga and clutched the beautiful and smiling country lying between Nashville and Chattanooga to Federal rule.

In the spring of 1862, before this important campaign, when the writer had risen to the command of a fine regiment of horsemen, I met Cleburne at War Trace, Tennessee. Our cavalry of Martin's division had been ordered from the right, near M'Minnville, to the left, before Shelbyville. Cleburne had his head-quarters at War Trace, and made me spend the day with him. He had donned better toggery than he used to wear, and I thought that in his laced bravery he looked actually handsome. The gray, with its Hungarian tracery of braid on the arm, became him well. Smoothly shaven, with his lithe and rather slender form, his blue eye, sweet and soft in its mild moments, but flashing in battle with lurid fire, and the mouth, so rigid amid the fight; wreathed in friendly smiles, he was an attractive warrior. After dinner, while

chatting in his office, I noticed a small book in blue and gold on the mantelpiece, that contrasted strangely with the accoutrements of battle lying around. I took it up, and found it to be a volume of poetry, and jocularly inquired what love-sick youngster he had on his staff, who mingled the Muses with Moloch, and thought of rhyme while he drilled grim battalions. To my supreme astonishment, he replied that the book was his own, and that he loved good poetry as well as anybody. And I thought more of him. It revealed a tender side of his stern nature of which I had not dreamed.

The South had no more practical, sturdy, iron-willed soldier than Pat Cleburne, unsparing in duty, sleepless in vigilance, wearing himself and others out in marching and fighting, harsh to wrong-doers, attending little to carpet-knight graces, blunt and out-spoken, springing from a rough origin, and not altogether without the traces of its rudeness. Yet this bold brusque warrior had a deep tinge of romance and a gentle side of his nature, and could spout you with pathos of touching sentiment of rhyme, and smile as winsomely as a woman, thus exemplifying that o'er-true couplet of Bayard Taylor:—

“The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring.”

This unexpected revealing of poesy gave the rough soldier a charm to me that he had never had before.

When I met him again, Bragg was falling back from Middle Tennessee. With my own regiment and one of Wharton's Texas regiments, I had covered the rear and crossed Duck River. The enemy was pushing vigorously. Slowly retiring, we had repeated skirmishes. The horses were in the rear, and our dismounted horsemen were fighting infantry fashion, when an order was received to fall back, mount, and go to the flank.

Drawing back under hot fire, we slowly and sullenly retrograded through the infantry skirmishers, with Cleburne, in person, commanding. A quick grasp of the hand, a hasty but cordial salutation, a hurried inquiry as to the troops in front, a swiftly-spoken good-bye, and we parted, the gallant Irishman push-

ing his deployed line rapidly to the front, amid the whizzing bullets and occasional shell.

But I cannot dwell upon these reminiscences. My entire relations with him were warmly friendly, and my recollections of him are pleasant and touching.

He rose to be a military authority in our army. He knew the very rudiments of fighting, and had genius to use his knowledge. Always ready, always watchful, never depressed, beloved by his good men, feared by his bad ones, trusted and respected by all, indomitable in courage, skillfully headlong in attack, coolly strategic in retreat, thorough master of details, yet with broad generalship, obedient to the letter, capable in any responsibility, modest as a woman, a resolute disciplinarian and dauntless fighter, personally as brave as a lion, Cleburne was a gem of a soldier—a shining jewel in the bright coronet of Confederate soldiery—a noble specimen of a genuine hero.

As an illustration of his unflinching candor and invincible truthfulness I can mention the following characteristic and historical incident. When General Bragg, some time in the Chickamauga campaign, called together his lieutenants who had petitioned President Davis for his removal, to catechise them personally and in questionable taste as to their views about him, I have been informed, and tell it as hearsay that has not been denied, that, while a number tergiversated, Cleburne, upon the plain question being put to him by Bragg as to whether he had confidence in Bragg's leadership, replied with manly frankness that he had not.

Cleburne made a characteristic charge in the first day's battle of Chickamauga. He was selected late in the afternoon to drive the enemy from an important position that had been held in spite of every assault the entire day. It was a little before sunset. The whole line was quiet. Cleburne gave the order to his peerless division to advance. Perhaps never in the same brief space of a quarter of an hour was there a deadlier struggle. A continuous and deafening roar of cannon and musketry marked the bloody work. Cleburne led his veterans straight to victory with the

resistless momentum of a tornado. It was a marvel of deliberate but fiery valor, this dauntless onset of fifteen fateful minutes. The intrepid division bivouacked upon the gory ground they had so swiftly but bloodily won, and the next day's work saw one of the brightest victories of the war reward Southern soldierhood at this well-named River of Death.

That was a frightful blow that Grant struck the Southern cause at Missionary Ridge. The shattered fragments of Bragg's army fell back in appalling demoralization. Cleburne fortunately brought up the rear with his wonderful division, that some discerning critic said would have "made the reputation of any man commanding it," and whose pride it was to say that it was "first in every fight and last in every retreat." Our army was in a disorderly retreat, and Grant pushing his advantage with his wonted vigor. It seemed as if nothing could save the broken Confederate force from complete defeat and destruction. It was here that Cleburne achieved the brightest fame of his lustrous career, and earned the proud praise of saving our army. Holding his thoroughly organized division in firm hand, manœuvring it as if on prade, he opposed its steady front to every assaulting force, rolling back the swarming fourteen onsets of fierce foemen as an immovable rock hurls off the rushing waves of the sea. At Tunnel Hill, Sherman threw 10,000 enthusiastic soldiers against this unconquerable division in three successive charges. Cleburne was told that the safety of our army depended upon his checking the enemy. That was enough. Assault was futile. Cleburne and his gallant men stood there, and, though heroic efforts were made by a fearless foe, he successfully resisted every blow, and finally administered so bitter a punishment to the attacking columns that they withdrew, leaving a thousand dead in his front, and two hundred and fifty prisoners in his hands. The army was saved, and Cleburne's name filled the public heart.

When the writer heard of Cleburne's death he was in bed, hovering on the verge of the grave from a desperate wound. I had anxiously followed Hood

on that perilous movement into Tennessee, foreboding the worst results. The first reports were gladdening, the enemy in hot retreat, Hood hurtling after them in pursuit, brushing them back deftly whenever he could get at them.

The vague report of a heavy engagement drifted dimly out, good and bad fortune mingled—a great triumph, but an awful cost in valued officers, Cleburne among them. Then came the depressing confirmation. It was a sad time in the Confederacy, a gloomy, dark period. One by one the best props seemed going—Jackson, Stewart, Polk—and now a sweeping holocaust of nearly all the brave leaders of an army, and among them my friend Cleburne. My heart shrank within me.

I pictured the death of Cleburne in my fancy, according to my knowledge of him—in the front, cool, composed as a statue, hurling with cool skill but fiery fervor his disciplined columns upon the enemy, handling the maddened mass with deliberate precision, playing amid the terrible melee the role of the perfect warrior, unblenching in the whirlwind, equipoised in the storm, using the skilful general's mastery of death's weapons in that craziest, deadliest, most useless carnival of the war.

I found afterwards I had perfectly imagined his conduct on that fatal day, when the best blood in the army was spent in assaulting a position that could have been bloodlessly flanked. Ordered to carry the heights fronting Franklin, Cleburne formed his division into columns of brigades, and, with bayonets fixed, charged to speedy, heroic death. And when he fell—when the envious bullets struck him, and his dauntless blood poured out—we knew that no purer libation was offered upon the cause of Southern liberty than the life of this spotless, noble Irish soldier—Patrick Cleburne.

#### THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

WORK of every kind is honorable. Brain-work or manual labor is the general condition of our existence. To fulfil such a duty faithfully and well, to be a true worker in every condition of life, entitles a man to respect, no matter what

his allotted task may be. It is not the calling makes the man, but his conduct which gives dignity to his calling. In feudal times the bearing of arms was regarded as the only occupation worthy of a gentleman. Even down to a much later date, commercial pursuits were spoken of as derogatory to men of good position, who would rather sue for sinecures and pensions, or live a burden to themselves and friends, than embark in commerce. These false notions and vulgar prejudices are happily exploded. Connections even of the Royal family do not think it beneath them to pass east of Temple Bar to win for themselves an honorable position in commerce. The learned professions are already overstocked, and as the progress of education is continually raising men in the social sphere, or at least is stirring in them the ambition to rise in the world, the rewards offered by an ever extending commerce are daily inducing men of mental activity and good education to try their fortunes in business. Not everyone anxious to earn a fortune in the city has, however, the means of starting in business on his own account, consequently, subordinate positions in commercial houses are gladly accepted by men who, in former days, would have been qualified to enter the learned professions. This widening of the circle of pursuits and callings for educated men was not, as it ought to have been, a matter of choice, but it is the result of necessity, arising from an overstocked market. Not the intrinsic worth, indeed, but the social value of commercial pursuits and appointments, is raised by the introduction into city houses of men of higher education and standing. The effect of this change, however, as it works out its natural course, will be to add to the efficiency of the service and to increase its rewards. Trained and capable men are always of value, and it is but reasonable to infer that the great commercial community, whose profits and interests their skilled labor and active energy do much to promote, will not forget or overlook such services.

In every calling there is a certain amount of discontent; failure is often attributed to the wrong cause, and men impute their want of success, not to their own inefficiency or unreadiness,

but to the nature of the service in which they are engaged. Such men are apt to believe, had they followed any other calling, they would have risen to the top of the tree, whereas, in reality, had they been tried, they would still have been found at the bottom. We are always, it is true, inclined to believe that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are greater than those of any other person or class. The worldly wise Horace makes the old soldier, broken with the fatigues of war, exclaim—"How happy the merchant!" whilst the merchant racked by fears for the fate of his cargo caught in a storm, envies the quick death or joyful victory of the soldier. Addison, in the *Spectator*, enlarges on this delusion, and quotes the celebrated saying of a greater sage, "that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division."

But these wise saws do not apply to the condition of a man or a class exposed to exceptional burdens, as must be the case with any class, in these jostling days, whose labor is unprotected and whose interests are not specially guarded. Neither is the want of success common to some in all pursuits, a sufficient explanation for the widespread inability of those engaged in commercial services to maintain their position in life. Whilst the dignity of labor is justly upheld, it should also not be forgotten that the laborer is worthy of his hire.

#### THE MODERN YOUNG CATHOLIC.

WHAT an excellent class of young Catholics we are bringing up in this country! "Smart" is the appropriate word to designate these young gents. Educated! Yes, indeed! What is it they do not know? Have they not been trained in our public schools; perhaps they have attended a normal or some other state institution, and learned wisdom from well-paid pedagogues. Some few of them have spent a year or two in some Catholic college. But, of course, they learned nothing there. How could they? The

professors were good enough in their own way, but they were not quite up to the times. The catechism is dull and prosaic. They would learn science (?) as it is taught to-day. They are smart talkers and can dazzle the crowd; perhaps floor pa or ma when she speaks of church or prayers.

Do they go to church? Yes, if convenient, and the priest says nothing to hurt their feelings. They know grammar in their own estimation—have studied physiology and a great many other things with long names. Why, they would not dare defend those dark Middle Ages when men thought for themselves. What splendid excuses, too, they can make for all the mistakes of Catholics in present and by-gone times. They know history especially that history, which tells all the cruel things Catholics did. Nobody ever defends those heroes of old; at least, they never heard any defense. Why, they can tell every bad Pope, priest or king that ever ruled here below. It would be a loss of time to look up the proof. Historians (?) have said these things, so they must be true. If they dared contradict some of the vile aspersions thrown upon their ancestors, their Protestant friends might consider them ignorant.

O no, they do not take Catholic papers or read Catholic books. Why, they never heard anybody deny or saw any written contradiction of the great errors propagated to-day. They have no doubt but such men as nlgersoll, even, frighten the most learned among Catholics. They could not afford to lose time reading Catholic books, and money spent in supporting Catholic literature is thrown away. Bah! you know all this cry of indifference is old priest's tales. He may be a good man in his way, but then he has had no experience in the world. If he had, perhaps he would not have been a priest. He has been shut up in a college or a university all his life, where he could not read a daily newspaper, and how could you expect such a man to know the world? Yes, he has read history, and says there are as many lies as truths told; but how can he know that, when he has not heard of the latest divorce or suicide? He is opposed to modern progress and does not part his

hair in the middle, therefore his words cannot have much weight.

Our modern young man goes to mass too, actually goes to mass, when it is convenient. But he does not need a prayer-book. Humph! he can make better use of his eyes. Yes, he goes on his knee, actually goes on his knee, at the elevation, more especially if there be a suitable resting-place for the rest of his body. Do they hear the sermons? Well, hardly ever. There is nothing new in them. O yes, they are God's truths, but they want to hear something new, something about science. Moreover the priest is a very troublesome fellow. He troubles a man about confession, the sacraments, hearing mass. Why, they never commit any sins. They are immaculate, in their own opinion, or very near it. It is preposterous for the priest to think they need such helps. Pa and ma do those things, but they, poor simple souls, came across the sea from the Isle of Saints, and cannot forget how the heroes of old, and themselves too, for that matter, suffered hunger, imprisonment, and perhaps blood, for the faith that was in them.—*Bedouin, in Catholic Columbian.*

#### FAMOUS ULSTERMEN.

It was an Ulsterman of Donegal, Francis Mackemie, who founded American Presbyterianism, in the early part of the last century, just as it was an Ulsterman of the same district, St. Columbkille, who converted the Picts of Scotland in the sixth century. Four of the Presidents of the United States and one Vice-President have been of Ulster extraction. James Monroe, James Knox Polk, John C. Calhoun, and James Buchanan. General Andrew Jackson was the son of a poor Ulster emigrant who settled in North Carolina towards the close of the last century. "I was born somewhere," he said, between Carrickfergus and the United States." Bancroft and other historians recognize the value of the Scottish-Irish element in forming the society of the Middle and Southern States. It has been the boast of Ulstermen that the first General who fell in the American war of the revolution was an Ulsterman. Richard Mont-

gomery, who fought at the siege of Quebec; that Samuel Findley, President of Princeton College, and Francis Allison, pronounced by Stiles, the President of Yale, to be the greatest classical scholar in the United States, had a conspicuous place in educating the American mind to independence; that the first publisher of a daily paper in America was a Tyrone man named Dunlop; that the marble palace of New York, where the greatest business in the world is done by a single firm, was the property of the late Alexander T. Stewart, a native of Lisburn, County Down; that the foremost merchants, such as the Browns and Stewarts, are Ulstermen; and that the inventors of steam navigation, telegraphy, and the reaping-machine—Fulton, Morse and McCormick—are either Ulstermen or the sons of Ulstermen. Ulster can also point with pride to the distinguished career of her sons in India. The Lawrencees, Henry and John—the two men by whom, regarding merely the human instrument employed, India has been preserved, rescued from anarchy, and restored to the position of a peaceful and progressive dependency—were natives of County Derry. Sir Robert Montgomery was born in the City of Derry; Sir James Emerson Tennant was a native of Belfast; Sir Francis Hincks is a member of an Ulster family remarkable for great variety of talent. While Ulster has given one Viceroy to India, it has given two to Canada in the persons of Lord Lisgar and Lord Dufferin. Sir Henry Pottinger, who attained celebrity as a diplomatist, and was afterwards appointed Governor-General of Hong Kong, was a native of Belfast. Besides the gallant Gen. Nicholson, Ulster has given a whole gazetteful of heroes to India. It has always taken a distinguished place in the annals of war. An Ulsterman was with Nelson at Trafalgar, another with Wellington at Waterloo. Gen. Rollo Gillespie, Sir Robert Kane, Lord Moira, and the Chesneys were all from County Down. Ulstermen have left their mark on the world's geography as explorers, for they furnished Sir John Franklin with the brave Crozier, from Banbridge, his second in command, and then sent an Ulsterman, McClintock, to find his

bones, and another Ulsterman, McClure, to discover the passage Franklin had sought in vain. Mention may now be made of at least one statesman at home—Lord Castlereagh—who was a native of county Down, and a son of the first Marquis of Londonderry, who was a Presbyterian elder till the day of his death. The name of Castlereagh may not be popular in any part of Ireland, on account of the bloody recollections of the rebellion of 1798; but his reputation as a statesman has undoubtedly risen of late years, for it is now known that he was not such an absolutist or ultrist as has been generally imagined. He possessed in perfection the art of managing men, and excelled as a diplomatist, while he had an enormous capacity for work as an administrator. For most of his career he had a very remarkable man for his private secretary, Alexander Knox, a native of Derry, whose literary remains have been edited by Bishop Jobb, and whose conversational powers are said to have recalled those of Dr. Johnson himself. Lord Macaulay calls him "an altogether remarkable man." George Canning, the statesman who detached England from the influences of Continental despotism and restored her to her proper place in Europe, who was the first Minister to perceive the genius and abilities of Wellington, and who opened that "Spanish ulcer" which Napoleon at St. Helena declared to be the main cause of his ruin, was the son of a Derry gentleman of ancient and respectable family. Lord Plunket, who was equally celebrated in politics, law, and oratory, was a native of Enniskillen, where his father, Rev. Thomas Plunket, was a minister of the Presbyterian Church. To come down nearer to our own times, three men who have made their mark on the national politics of Ireland—John Mitchel, Charles Gavan Duffy, and Isaac Butt—belong to Ulster. The first was the son of a Unitarian minister, and was born in the county Derry; the second is the son of a county Monaghan farmer; the third is the son of the late Rector of Stranorlar parish, in the county Donegal. An Ulsterman—Lord Cairns—was Lord Chancellor of England in the late Tory Administration.

## THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

REPLY TO THE LORD MAYOR'S APPEAL.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

I find in the European news of this morning, (June 11th), a cable message from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, "addressed to the mayor of every town in the United States and Canada." The Lord Mayor says:—

"I regret to say that more funds are still needed for the relief of distress in Ireland. In many districts the pinch is now equal to any previous time. The distress is much felt by the small farmers, who dread work-house relief, but can get nothing else till the crops come in. While deeply grateful for the generous contributions already received, I can not help asking further assistance for the Mansion House Fund committee during this trying period."

Not a single dollar should be sent from America to the lord mayor of Dublin in response to this appeal;—not because the Irish peasantry do not need further aid, but because the Mansion House committee of Dublin, and the lord mayor himself, deserve American condemnation instead of American contributions. I refer to the real committee not to the ornamental members of it. For the active members of the Mansion House committee represent a class of Irishmen who never hesitate to disgrace their country before the world rather than to relieve their suffering countrymen by their own individual contributions. America has given more than all the rest of mankind to relieve the distress of the Irish tenantry—a distress created for the most part by the exactions of the Irish landlords—and yet, instead of appealing to these rich landed proprietors to have pity on the victims of their avarice, and holding them up to the scorn of Christendom if they refuse assistance, the lord mayor of Dublin uses the Atlantic cable as a beggarman's dog to catch a few more pennies for the paupers whom these merciless and mercenary miscreants have created!

I never saw men so bankrupted in



self-respect, so nationally degraded as the wealthier class of Irishmen in Dublin. Their spirit of caste is so strong that they do not seem to suspect that in the eyes of the world, outside of their own social circles, whatever degrades the Irish peasants degrades the Irish gentry; that to the world at large Ireland is a unit, and that their petty Lilliputian factions are of no greater interest to it than the fights of kites and crows in the county Donegal.

In the last report of the Mansion House committee, I find that Australia and New Zealand contributed £55,570 to relieve Irish distress; the United States, £5,658; Canada, £2,348; India, £3,750; the *people* (nor the Government) of England and Scotland, £10,046; but I can find no account of the contributions of Irish landlords or of the Irish gentry.

Neither could I find any record of the contributions of the Irish landlords and Irish gentry in the reports of the Duchess of Marlborough's fund.

Now, I don't know a single Irish girl in America who has not given one dollar, at least to the relief of Irish distress: and thousands of them have supported their parents in Ireland since the present distress began. After I lectured in Boston, the other week, a poor seamstress who refused to tell her name—saying only "God knows my name"—contributed \$50 to relieve the Irish distress: a sum that represented the savings of at least six months incessant toil. The dollar subscription represented two days' wages. How much did the queen of England give? *One day's wages!* How much did the Prince of Wales give? One thousand dollars. How much did the lord mayor of Dublin give? £50, I heard—but I also heard that he spent £700 for the ball given to the officers of the "Constellation": not to honor America, but to procure a knighthood! £50 for famine: \$3,500 for a feast.

The Duke of Edinburgh, the other day, was invested with the Order of St. Patrick by his thrifty mother, in "recognition of his services" in distributing the food—sent from America—among the starving peasants of the west of Ireland. Now, what did this stripling do. He has a large income, as one of the

queen's son's, besides his pay as an officer in the British navy. How much did he give for the relief of Irish distress? Not one penny. But it was *heralded* by "reverend" and other parasites of royalty that the duke put certain gunboats at the disposal of the American committee. He did not do so, originally: for two of the gunboats, to my personal knowledge, had been employed in that service for several weeks before the Duke came to Ireland, one of them "Goshawk" to my personal knowledge had *also* been put at the disposal of absentee landlords to send over the constabulary to evict starving peasants on Clare island, in the county of Mayo. The Duke of Edinburgh did *not* go to Ireland to help distribute the American supplies. He was there, when I was in Queenstown, in the line of his regular duty, as a naval officer, and spent most of his time fishing and sporting, and dining out.

Why do I recall these facts?

Because it is time for an indignant out-cry from America against the shameless and heartless indifference of the wealthy classes of England and Scotland to the sufferings of the Irish peasantry. The queen, the Duchess of Marlborough, and the lord mayor of Dublin deserve no thanks from America. They deserve reproaches for their miserly contributions for the relief of the Irish distress.

The husband of the Duchess of Marlborough, for example, received \$100,000 as salary for the practically sinecure office of lord lieutenant of Ireland. He inherited the enormous wealth of the Churchills. He married and his son married into wealthy families. Yet his duchess, rich in her own right, gave \$250 to head her own relief fund. A Cork paper, before I left Ireland, begged for the honor of Ireland, that the wealth of Ireland should add an *Irish* Fund to the American, the English, the French, the Australian, and the Canadian funds for the relief of the poor of Ireland!

I have not published this disgraceful fact so fully before, lest I might injure, not the Irish rich, but the Irish poor. But now that the lord mayor is a persistent beggar from America it is fitting that Americans should tell what we

thing of his class. Pass the hat to your merciless landlords, Mr. Mayor, and your close-fitted gentry, before you shout across the Atlantic to us.

There is another phase of English responsibility for Irish distress on which America's voice should be heard in emphatic tones of rebuke. Let it be replied by America to the lord mayor's begging message that the *distress in Ireland can be abolished in a single day by a single vote in the House of Commons*. The lord mayor of Dublin is a member of parliament. Why does he not beg or demand relief there? Is he afraid that it might interfere with his ambition for a title? Let us of America speak then, for we grant favors—never ask them. The day for soft words has passed by. Gladstone and John Bright can get a grant of a million dollars voted by parliament for the prevention of deaths by starvation in Ireland quite as easily as the government of the Dominion of Canada got \$100,000 voted there. Public men who can relieve public distress from the public treasury, and yet refuse or neglect to do so, are justly to be held responsible for it. If there are deaths from starvation between now and harvest, let Gladstone and John Bright be held accountable, and hounded with the curses of Christendom.

Thus far the administration of Mr. Gladstone has shown no intention of doing justice to Ireland. His Irish secretary has only advised the landlords to postpone the serving of processes of ejectment until autumn. Then he promises to execute the laws as they stand on the statute books—infamous laws that Gladstone can repeal and therefore his plea that the government is bound to execute the laws as it finds them is a dishonest effort to evade its duty to abolish them.

Translated into the American tongue—the language of truth unadorned—what does the plea of Forster mean? Just this: "Landlords, let the Americans feed your tenants till September, and then go in and seize the crops (that foreign bounty enabled them to raise) for your rack rents are due now!"

America has earned the right to criticize English dealings with Ireland, and therefore I protest against a single dol-

lar being sent to the lord mayor of Dublin.

American contributions should be sent to Mr. Prince, the mayor of Boston; Massachusetts. For the distress in Ireland is great, and it is increasing, and it cannot diminish till the last of August, when the crops will be ready for digging. The fact that "the crops promise splendidly" will not feed the people in the meantime.

As every dollar of the money sent to the mayor of Boston will be expended in relieving distress—not one dollar of it in supporting sixteen clerks, such as the lord mayor of Dublin supports,—I recommend that an American mayor be made the almoner of American charity.

I know that the Mansion House has made itself the instrument of executing landlords' spite against honest priests who have spoken too freely of these, the real oppressors of the Irish poor. As long as such men as the nominally "noble" manufacturer of "Guinness's stout" are honoured in the Mansion House, and such men as Father Coyne, the really noble priest of Roscabill are punished by it, America cannot afford to contribute to its funds.

## HOW TO FIND LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

ONE of the errors of this age is believing that liberty and equality can be decreed. To declare in a charter or in a constitution that all men are free and equal is about as reasonable as to declare them all noble and holy. Liberty and equality are no more to be decreed than holiness and honor; they are to be won. To be won they must be deserved. But the men of these days are thus constituted—they demand that prize be awarded to them without having gained it.

Equality has been presented to men by God Himself as the culminating fact and point of human destiny. And what is equality? Equality is perfection: "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." This is not to be attained by a decree.

Where is the man who can flatter himself that he can attain perfection? The best can only draw nigh to it. As

they do not draw nigh to it neither do they draw nigh to equality. For them at the same time, the expanse of liberty enlarges, since, as man becomes more perfect, constraint upon him becomes less necessary.

Liberty, in fact, is naught else than the absence of all constraint. So considered, it is not the beginning of wisdom; on the contrary, it is its crowning glory. He who avoids evil and does good only through fear of chastisement is only in the rudiments of virtue: "initium sapientiae timor;" if he rises no higher, he will never be anything but a being of inferior nature; neither liberty nor equality was made for him. Nations are not to be deceived; and know how to distinguish between the man who sets about his duty through fear of punishment and him who fulfills it through motives of conscience and zeal.

To burn with passion for the attainment, of the good, the beautiful, the true, whereof God is the eternal and infinite Type, to measure with the soul's eye the greatness of the immolations which this victory demands, and nevertheless, to press steadfastly to that goal, to advance thus with all the strength of intellect and heart, in the fullness of liberty, towards those lustrous heights where supreme equality abides—equality even in perfection—this is a spectacle, which men have ever judged worthy of their admiration.

Grossly do they deceive themselves who think that the human soul can be borne aloft by the power of the law.

Whoso says law lays constraint, that is the opposite of liberty. And yet how many pretended liberators day by day proclaim that they will make laws to establish the reign of liberty! They do not seem to doubt but that liberty reigns in proportion as laws go on. Every law is a bond, as its name indicates—"lex," from "ligare." Liberty is the absence of all bond. They, therefore, alone are worthy of liberty who have not need of law to constrain them to shun evil and do good.

For such men, laws can be abolished and its full perfection be given to liberty; with such men universal suffrage would only be an imposing manifestation of truth and justice—universal

suffrage! that murderous instrument in the blind and ignorant hands of men whose will obeys only their appetite.

The path of perfection, is therefore, the only one that leads to absolute liberty and equality. But in the road to perfection how many stages? How many lukewarm, how many cowards, how many deserters? On that endless ladder of progress and failures where shall we find equality? And how many who, instead of pressing forward, turn back from the goal? How many leave the way of light and salvation to descend into the byways where darkness abounds, where the very idea of good and evil is lost, where the yoke and bridle await them.

The unfortunate wretches still do not cease to thirst for liberty and equality; they are in hot pursuit of them. But in vain it is for them to invoke, to decree, to impose them; liberty and equality but wing their further flight away. All liberty which is such by decree is only nonsense or a disguised tyranny; all equality which is such by command can be equality only in servitude and might.

## IRISH HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

### THE SLAYING OF HUGO DE LACY.

WHEN, in 1172, King Henry was summoned from Ireland by the Papal Delegates to answer for his participation in the murder of St. Thomas of Canterbury, he appointed Hugo de Lacy his chief representative in Ireland, at the same time creating him Lord Palatine of Meath. This De Lacy was certainly the most rapacious, treacherous and blood-thirsty adventurer who entered Ireland at the time of the English invasion. De Lacy's character and personal appearance is thus depicted by Cambrensis, the English historian:

"He was a man of small size, short neck and deformed shape, with dark and deepset eyes and repulsive features. Careful of his private interests, avaricious, ambitious and lustful."

No sooner had this fitting representative of a sacrilegious murderer become installed as a ruler of Meath, than he signalized his advent by an indiscriminate massacre of all the native

chiefs whom, by force or guile, he could lay hands on, and by a wholesale plunder of the churches and other religious institutions with which the piety of the Irish princes had studded the land. The brave Tighernan Ua Ruairc, prince of Brefni, was one of the first victims of his treachery; for, in the year 1172, he was slain at Tactga by Hugo, aided by a degenerate member of his own tribe. He was then beheaded and carried to Dublin, where his head was placed over the town-gate, and his body gibbeted, with the feet upward, on the north side of the city, "a woful spectacle to the Irish."

For the space of fourteen years, Hugo de Lacy continued his deeds of murder and rapine. Meath, from the Shannon to the sea, was full of his castles and English followers. But his career of blood was drawing to a close; for, as the God of vengeance inspired the maiden Judith to slay the tyrant Holofernes in his tent, so he selected a brave and noble Irish youth as His instrument in executing justice on the English murderer of his people, and the despoiler of their temples. The following is the manner in which he met his death, as recorded in the ancient annals of Ireland, A. D. 1186:

"Hugo de Lacy had just finished the building of a castle at Darrow, and had gone with some of his English friends to inspect the work. While thus engaged, one of the young men of the noble tribe of Tebtha, in Westmeath, named Gilla-gun-Inathar O'Maidhaigh, a scion of the noble stock of the Irish monarch, Nial of the Nine Hostages, approached him, and drawing out a battle-ax which he had kept concealed, he, with one blow, severed his head from his body, and trunk and head fell into the ditch of the castle, so that 'his short neck' was made shorter, and his 'repulsive features' and 'deformed shape' were not much improved by the operation. By this one vigorous blow the murder of O'Ruairc, and the indignities offered his lifeless body, were appropriately avenged. The brave young noble who had so gallantly struck down the enemy of his race and nation, in the fair light of day, surrounded by his followers, effected his escape in a manner equally daring. Pro-

ected by the power which had inspired him to the heroic deed, he sprang over the ramparts, and by his fleetness of foot, he distanced all his pursuers, and gained the friendly fastnesses of the wood of Killeclare, and from thence he made his way to his noble kinsman O'Caberny (styled the Sinnach), the chief of his tribe."

#### SANITARY LESSONS IN SCHOOLS.

Our usual system of teaching may be called absurd, not alone for what it omits as for what it drums into the ears of boys and girls, who spend years at grammar, geography, geology, astronomy, chemistry, French, Latin or Greek; things which only one in ten of them puts to any sort of use in life. Meantime, the one thing needful is completely ignored—the instruction which would show them how to regulate their own bodily functions so as to avoid disease or sickness, in a great degree, and keep the great blessing of health. In this respect, our style of schooling is about as barbarous as was that of our ancestors a thousand years ago.

Classes might be formed in schools for learning something of the laws of life, and the consequences of breathing the foul air of cellars, sewers, and close and crowded rooms, and something also of the disinfectants which may be employed in such places. Boys should also learn how alcohol injures the bodies and brains of those who use it; the necessity of a clean skin, and the injury of wearing wet garments. They should be taught the nature of the victuals they eat—how some are better and more wholesome than others, and better fitted to sustain a man at his work. They could easily learn how stale vegetables or meat can bring on sickness, and they could also understand the proper way of treating sickness whenever it visited them.

As for girls—all the worthless make-believes called "ologies" should as a general thing be swept away from their desks at school. When they have learned "the three Rs," they should be taught things which will most concern them as housekeepers. Like the boys, they should learn something of the human

system, the nature of the various foods, and that happiest and most comfortable of all sciences—the household chemistry which we call “cookery.” They may also learn something about the cures which may be employed in many cases of sickness, or injury from accident. Women are by nature nurses, and they should be nurses with some degree of knowledge and skill.

This innovation might be easily carried out. Young folks would like the “sanitary lesson,” which would be such a relief from “fractions” and “those stupid old maps,” and they would learn a hundred familiar things which they would never forget, from the questions or conversations of their teachers. They would come naturally and easily, and almost without knowing it, to understand things which the physiologists treat of in their learned books, and which are so puzzling to those who have not been trained to think in a proper way. An education founded on the simplest or most familiar facts of science would be one of the best means of improving the intellects and physical condition of the people.

We offer these observations by way of making a beginning in a new direction; hoping to see the question taken up by the friends of sanitary science, and believing the day will come when this—the most humane of all the sciences—will be taught in every school and college in the nation.—*Illustrated Catholic American.*

### AN IRISH PATRIOT.

BY ALOYSIUS C. GAHAN.

AMONGST the many, who, by the sacrifice of their lives, have shown their devotion for poor Ireland, there was one—an humble peasant—whose memory we should cherish with a deep reverence. The name of this Irish martyr was Edmund Wallis, and it was during our struggle for liberty in 1798, that he fell into the merciless clutches of English law.

In the south-east of the county Limerick, there is a magnificent tract of undulating country—fair and fertile—which is called the Barony of Coshlea or *Cus-na-Sleitbh*. Its chief town is Kilfi-

nane, which is pleasantly situated on the side of one of those beautiful, picturesque hills, that form the southern boundary of the plain. For a few years immediately preceding '98, this was a very stirring spot. The Irish there, were pitch-capped, flogged and hanged by the dozen; and the squire who had the satisfaction of reigning over this district, was (as Irish squires generally are) a most energetic and unscrupulous *vagabond*. One day the people to resent this gentleman's injustice and cruelties, set fire to the town; some of the supporters of “law and order” sought a refuge in the market house which however the people set on fire, and it was only by breaking through the roof in the midst of smoke and confusion that they escaped with their lives.

Immediately after this event a corps of yeomanry was raised, which, together with a company of militia, was quartered in the town. In the July of '98 a small detachment of these troops rode out for a trot on the plain, and while descending the slope, one of the soldiers noticed a man running through the fields; the Captain ordered pursuit, and this unfortunate fugitive was captured, brought back in triumph and lodged in jail. Nothing could exceed the joy of the gallant captain as he had been secretly informed that this man was an energetic organizer of the United Irishmen and was sure of his victim.

Next day Wallis was brought before a court-martial, when—after justice had been outraged by a mock trial—he was condemned to be flogged for three successive market days, then hanged and finally beheaded. It is needless to observe that the flogging was inflicted with the most merciless brutality. During those three days he never flinched. On the first day of the flogging the Captain offered him a *free* pardon if he would inform on his brother conspirators. He looked at the Captain with a look of contempt, not deigning to speak his reply. On the third day when his back presented a ghastly appearance the captain said, “I bet a guinea he informs to-day.” The flogging proceeded, the flesh was again torn off; and when he was taken from the cart, the only remark he made was, “Well, Captain you lost your bet,” these were the only

words uttered by this brave man for the three days.

Next day he was hanged and beheaded, and his head was fixed on the Market House as a Salutary warning to bad and seditious people—as they pleased to term us. Such was the fate of Edmund Wallis—a poor, unlettered peasant, but the love of Ireland was deeply planted in his breast. He bore the scourge and the torture, with an undaunted fortitude—and all for love of country. Through the Barony of Coshlea, and in the neighboring counties, the name of Edmund Wallis is fondly cherished by the peasantry. Let the Irish all the world over, cherish it likewise and learn one lesson at least from his history—a lesson of love and devotion to the Isle of their birth. We cannot despair of our country's freedom when such examples of genuine patriotism are to be found among her sons. Our terrible passion must soon pass away, for—

“Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son  
Tho' baffled oft is ever won.”

and let us hope that our dear Motherland shall again soon flourish 'neath the golden sunshine of a National Independence.

#### A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing,

Ever made by the hand above—

A woman's heart and a woman's life,  
A woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing,

As a child might ask for a toy?

Demanding what others have died to win  
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,

Man-like you have questioned me—

Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,  
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,

Your socks and your shirts shall be whole:

I require your heart to be true as God's stars,

As pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;

I require a far better thing;

A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—

I look for a man and a king—

A king for a beautiful realm called home,  
A man that the maker, God,  
Shall look upon as He did the first,  
And say, It is very good.

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade

From my soft, young cheek one day—  
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,  
As you did 'mid the blooming May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep  
I may launch my all on its tide?  
A loving woman finds heaven or hell,  
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,  
All things that a man should be;  
If you give this all, I would stake my life  
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook  
You can hire with little to pay;  
But a woman's heart and a woman's life  
Are not to be won that way.

#### TRIAL BY JURY IN IRELAND.

##### FEARFUL TRAGEDIES BY LAW IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

Lord Claude Hamilton, in bitterly opposing a suffrage bill that would invest the Irish peasantry with a little more liberty in that line than heretofore possessed, after pronouncing them poisoned by a pernicious and seditious press, and reiterating Disraeli's expression that Ireland is in a state of “veiled rebellion,” and that those words are even more applicable to-day than when first uttered, said “trial by jury is little better than a farce there.”

For this expression the Dublin *Irishman* thanks him and says:

The blow he intended for the Irish people falls hard and heavy on its Government.

What was “trial by jury” when O'Connell was arraigned? An eminent English law-lord aptly described it, with emphatic indignation, as “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.”

What was “trial by jury” when John Mitchell was arraigned? A hideous farce, acted by “a packed jury, a perjured sheriff, and a prejudiced judge.”

What else was “trial by jury,” when the State prisoners of Sixty-five were

arraigned; when the jurors were carefully classified into "black sheep and white sheep," and the judge, a man who had risen to place through perjury, and who since has committed the crime of self-slaughter, after attempting that of murder.

What else but a fearful farce was it in the case of the Cormacks, when the same judge played the part of a furious prosecutor, and consigned to death men whom the whole country believed to be innocent?

What was it but a farce at Dungarvan, when a verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned against the Lancers who killed their victims, but of whom not one was brought to justice.

What else but a farce was the trial, the verdict of which was in favor of the plaintiffs brutally injured by the police in the Phoenix Park, and the result of which was promotion to the culprits, whose expenses were paid out of the people's taxes?

But, turn from Ireland to England, and see what "trial by jury" in England too often has been. There the jurors are free from all influences save those of their own stupidity and prejudice.

What was trial by jury in England in Hebron's case? He had, it appears, the misfortune to be an Irishman, he was charged with murder, condemned, and sentenced; now the confession of the real English murderer, Perce, comes to clear him, and prove that trial by jury there may be a terrible tragedy.

The Criminal Law Amendment Association of England has published a list of several persons, who, it asserts, have been condemned to death—and whom circumstances afterwards proved to be equally innocent. This is an extract:

1831. Richard Lewis (executed). Murder of Donald Black. "I suffer unjustly. God, who knows all things, knows it is so."

1865. Polizziona. — After sentence proved innocent. Free pardon.

1865. Giardinere. — After sentence proved innocent. Free pardon.

1867. Smith. — After sentence proved alibi. Free pardon.

1867. J. Wiggins (executed). "I am innocent, innocent, innocent!"

1873. Hayes and Slano (executed). Murder at Spennymoor. Afterwards found guilty impossible.

What was trial by jury in England in those cases? Frightful tragedies.

But there are other cases besides. Five Irishmen were indicated at Manchester, in the year 1867, for the shooting of a man, whom none of them could have seen or aimed at—since he was enclosed in a prison van.

Five Irishmen were, on the same evidence, found guilty and condemned to death.

Before the deed was consummated, the innocence of one of them, Maguire, became so plainly manifested that he was set free at once.

Before the deed was consummated another of them, O'Meara Condon, was relieved, and has since been liberated.

The remaining three, charged, tried, convicted on the same evidence, were executed.

What was trial by jury in England, in the case of these five Irishmen, but a terrible tragedy?

#### CARRIED HIS OWN BUNDLE.

In the dullest part of the dullest country in England is situated the little demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of T.

Once there happened to the said little town a very dull season. Every town on the coast besides was full of company—bathers, walkers, donkey-riders, saunterers, and peddle gatherers; yet the luckless town of T. was comparatively empty. Huge placards with "Lodgings to let" stared everybody in the face, from every window in every direction.

In this state of utter stagnation were affairs at T. when one hot day, in the middle of August, a stranger was seen to enter that town-corporate. This stranger entered the town in so questionable a shape, that the very fourth and fifth castles in T. stood aloof, holding themselves above him. Even the shop-keepers, matuna-makers and waiters at the taverns felt their noses turn, up intuitively at him. The groups of loiterers, collected at the doors of the inns, passed contemptuous comments on him as he pursued his way, and the fashion-

able that were to be seen in the streets cast supercilious glances of careless superiority upon him; for he was on foot and alone, attired in a coat, and waist-coat, and in short, a whole suit of that sort of mixed cloth called pepper-and-salt-coloured, with a black silk-handkerchief tied about his neck in a nautical style. He wore sea-boots pulled over his knees, and to complete the picture, carried a bundle in a red silk handkerchief at the end of a stout oaken cudgel over his shoulder.

"I'll warrant me, Jack, that 'ere fist of his would prove a knock-me-down argument," said a sailor to one of his ship-mates, who was intently surveying the stranger.

"By, ey, my lad, make yourself sure of that," replied Jack, between whom and the stranger a single look of recognition had been exchanged, *en passant*.

"He's a rum sort of fish, howsomever," rejoined the first speaker, "and I wonder what wind cast him on this shore. He don't look like a landsman, for all his pepper-and-salt gear. Mayhap you know somewhat about him Jack."

"Mayhap I do," replied Jack, pursing up his mouth with a look of importance; but I haven't sailed so many years in the King's service without learning to keep my own counsel—aye, and another's too, on occasion; and I'd advise you, Ben, my boy, to take another observation of his fist before you go to crack your jokes on him!" said Jack; and Ben having done so, wisely determined on keeping his distance.

There certainly was a characteristic something in the stranger, from the tie of his handkerchief to the slight roll in his gait, that savoured of a seafaring life. Even his way of setting on his hat had not the look of a landsman. The act of sturdy independence with which he shouldered his bundle and tridged along showed that he considered the opinions of the bystanders was a matter of perfect indifference. Yet there was that about him which forcibly arrested the attention of every one. People who would not own to themselves that they thought him worthy of notice nevertheless turned round to look at him again.

A sovereign procured him a supper and bed, and all things needful for rest and refreshments, at a small public

house, whose crazy little creaking sign promised to travellers, "Good entertainment for man and horse."

The next morning, being disencumbered of the unpopular bundle at the end of that oaken cudgel, which he still either grasped or flourished in a most nautical fashion, he entered the reading-room of the town.

"It is no use entering your name, sir, for you cannot be admitted here," was the answer he received from the superintendent of this fashionable resort.

"Not on my paying the usual terms of subscription?" demanded the stranger.

"No, sir; we cannot admit persons of your description on any terms, sir."

"Persons of my description!" retorted the stranger, most emphatically, grasping his trusty cudgel; "and pray, sir, of what description do you suppose me to be?"

The Jack in office surveyed the sturdy stranger with a look in which contempt and alarm were oddly blended, as he replied:—

"Can't exactly say, sir; but I am sure none of our subscribers would choose to associate with you."

"How do you know that, you saucy Jackanapes?" said the stranger becoming a little choleric.

"Why, sir, because, sir, we make a point of being very select, and never on no account admit persons of your description."

"But it seems you do not know of what description I am."

"Why, sir, no one can expect to keep these sort of things secret."

"What, then, is it whispered about that I am?"

"Whispered! Lord, sir, it was in everybody's mouth before breakfast!"

"And what does everybody say?"

"That you are a broken-down miller hiding from creditors." And here he cast a shrewd glance on the threadbare pepper-and-salts of the stranger, who regarded him for a moment with a comic expression on his features, made him a profound bow and walked off.

Not a whit humbled by this repulse, the stranger repaired to the place of general promenade and took possession of a vacant place at the end of one of the benches, on which were seated two



or three of those important people who had from time immemorial invested themselves with the dignity of the head persons of the place.

These worthies did not allow him time to make their acquaintance but with an air as if they dreaded infection they rose and departed. Not the least discomposed by the distastes of the great men of little T. evinced for his society, the stranger drew from his pocket a box, lighted a cigar, and smoked for sometime with great relish.

At length, perceiving a new set of loungers on the promenade, he hastily dispatched his cigar, and, approaching one of the other benches, addressed a few courteous though trifling observations to its occupants, three ladies and a gentleman; but had his remarks been either of a blasphemous or indelicate nature they could not have been received with a greater appearance of consternation by the ladies, who, rose alarmed at the liberty the man had taken, while the gentleman observed with a most aristocratic demeanor, that he laboured under a mistake in addressing those ladies.

"Sir," said the stranger, "you are right; I took you for persons of politeness and benevolence. Discovering my error, I crave your pardon and retire."

Although any reasonable person might have been satisfied from these specimens of the inhabitants, still "the man who carried his own bundle" persevered in his endeavours to find some liberal minded person therein. From the highest to the lowest, a general feeling of suspicion seemed to pervade the bosoms of all, and the luckless stranger resided in the town a whole week without finding a single exception.

The habitual good temper and light-hearted gaiety of the stranger was ruffed; and there was a compression on his brow, and an angry glow on his cheek, as he entered that notorious gossip-shop, the post-office. The mail had just arrived, and the letters, having been assorted, were delivered to their respective claimants. But there was one letter which had not been claimed, which excited general curiosity.

According to the invariable diurnal custom, all the town-people who had

nothing to do were assembled in or near the post-office—those who expected letters to receive them, and those who did not to take note of the epistles directed to their neighbours.

The unclaimed letter was of a tempting appearance, surmounted with a coronet, addressed to the Right Hon. Admiral Lord A——B——, and franked by the Duke of A. Many were the surmises offered on the subject. Could it be possible that a man of his high rankment to honour them with his presence for the season? But then he had not engaged lodgings. No matter; there were plenty disengaged. Lord A——B—— would doubtless arrive that day with his suite. It would be the salvation of the town for the season, to be able to announce such an arrival in the county papers. The presence of my Lord was perhaps a prognostic of a visit from the Duke and the mighty Duchess.

During the discussion, in which by this time the whole town engaged, there were some whose curiosity to know the contents of this important epistle was so great as to betray them into the endeavour of forestalling Lord A——B—— in reading all that was come-at-able in his letter; but the envelope was folded so as to baffle the most expert in the worthy art of round reading.

The stranger (who had remained an unnoticed listener in the crowd, and had quietly seen the letter passing from hand to hand through a large circle,) now stepped into their midst, and, making a low bow, said:

"Gentlemen, when you have amused yourselves sufficiently with that letter, I will thank you to hand it over to me, its rightful owner."

"To you!" exclaimed the whole town and corporation in a single breath, "this letter which is franked and sealed by the Duke of A——, and addressed to Admiral Lord A——B——?"

"I am he, gentlemen," said the stranger, making a sarcastic obeisance all around. "I see you do not think that the son of a Duke can wear such a coat and carry his own bundle on occasion. However, I see one within hail who can witness to my identity. Here, you Jack Braceyard, have you forgotten your old commander?"

"Forgotten your Honour! No, no,

my Lord," exclaimed Jack, springing into the midst of the circle. "I knew your noble Lordship the moment I seen you; but I remembered your Honour's humour too well to spoil your sport by saluting, when you thought fit to hoist foreign colours."

"Jack, you are an honest fellow, and here's a sovereign to drink my health, for we have weathored many a hard gale together, and here's another for keeping my secret, old heart of oak. And now, gentlemen," continued Lord A—B—, "if you are not yet satisfied that the letter belongs to me, here are, I trust, sufficient proofs." As he spoke he produced from his pocket-book a bundle of letters, bearing the same superscription.

The Postmaster immediately handed him the letter, and began a string of elaborate apologies, which his Lordship did not stop to listen to, but walked back to the Golden Lion, leaving the assembled population of T. mute with consternation.

That afternoon, the whole corporation, sensible too late of their error, waited in a body on Lord A—B— to apologize for their mistake, and to entreat him to honour the town with his presence during the remainder of the season.

He was busily employed in tying up his bundle when the deputation entered, and he continued to adjust it all the time they were speaking. When they concluded, having tightened the last knot, he replied as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I entered your town with every intention of thinking well of its inhabitants. But I came in a shabby coat, carrying my own bundle, and took up my quarters at a paltry ale-house, the only place where you would give me admittance. Your reception of me would have been very different had I arrived in my carriage. But, gentlemen, I am an odd fellow, as you see, and sometimes try whether I can obtain it without these adventitious distinctions; and the manner in which you treated me, while I appeared among you in the light of a poor and inoffensive stranger, has convinced me of my error in looking for liberality here. And I must inform you that I estimate your polite attention at the same value that I did your contempt, and that I would not spend an-

other night in your town if you would give it to me; and so good-morning."

As his Lordship concluded, he attached his red bundle to the end of his bludgeon, and shouldering it, with a droll look at the discomfited corporation, he trudged out of the town with the same air of sturdy independence that he had trudged in.—*Belgravia.*

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### VELOCITIES.

#### VELOCITIES OF THE FORCES OF NATURE.

##### CHAPTER I.

In former times, when a man would speak of the rapidity with which light traverses space, most of his hearers thought it to be a scientific exaggeration or a myth. At present, however, when daily opportunity is afforded to admire, for example, the velocity of the electric current in the electro-magnetic telegraph, every one is well convinced of the fact, that there are forces in nature which traverse space with almost inconceivable velocity.

A wire a mile in length, if electrified at one end, becomes in the very instant electrified at the other end. This and similar things every one may observe for himself; then, even the greatest sceptic among you will clearly see, that the change—or "electric force"—which an electrified wire undergoes at one end, is conveyed the length of a mile in a twinkling, verily as if a mile were but an inch.

But we learn more yet from this observation. The velocity with which the electric force travels is so great, that if a telegraphic wire, extending from Montreal to Washington and back again, is electrified at one end, the electric current will manifest itself at the other end in the same manner. From this it follows, that the electric force travels with such speed as to make a thousand miles in a space of time scarcely perceptible. Or, in other words, it travels a thousand miles in the same imperceptible fraction of a moment that it does a single mile.

And experience has taught us even

more yet. However, great the distance connected by a telegraphic wire may be, the result has always been, that the time which electricity needs to run that distance, is imperceptibly small; so that it may well be said, its passage occupies an indivisible moment of time.

One might even be led to believe that this is really no "running through"—in other words, that this transmission of effect from one end of the wire to the other end, does not require any time at all, but that it happens, as if by enchantment, in one and the same instant. This, however, is not the case.

Ingenious experiments have been tried, to measure the velocity of the electric force. It is now undoubtedly proved, that it actually does require time for it to be transmitted from one place to another; that this certain amount of time is imperceptible to us for this reason, viz., that all distances which have ever been connected by telegraph, are yet too small, to make the time it takes for the current to go from one end to the other, perceptible to us.

Indeed, if our earth were surrounded by a wire, it would still be too short for common observation, because the electric force would run even through this space—twenty-five thousand miles nearly—in the tenth part of a second.

Ingenious experiments have shown, that the electric current moves two hundred and fifty thousand miles in a second. But how could this have been ascertained? And are we certain that the result is trustworthy?

The measurements have been made with great exactitude. To those who are not afraid of a little thinking, we will try to represent the way in which this measurement was taken; although a perfect representation of it is very difficult to give in a few words.

A FEW DAYS SINCE—this is a fact—a little fellow in Clinton, Conn., anxious to find a home for a pet kitten where it would stand a right good chance of being well brought up, carried it to the residence of a clergyman, asking him, as he responded to the knock, if he would like a kitten? "Oh, I don't know," said he; "what kind of a kitten have you got?" "A Unitarian kit-

ton, sir." "No, I guess not of that sort." A few mornings after the little fellow appeared at the same door, rang the door-bell and again found himself face to face with the "man of the house." The boy repeated his offer of the juvenile feline. "But arn't you the same boy that called the other day; and isn't this the same little Unitarian kitten you had then?" "I know it," the little man responded, it's the same kitten, but he's got his eyes open now, and he's an Episcopal kitten." It is fair to suppose that the "opening of his eyes" proved the salvation of pussy, and found for it an agreeable and congenial home.

### INDUCEMENT.

WE propose to our young readers the following treat: Any boy or girl writing the best moral on, "BEING AND SEEMING," shall have it not only published in the "Children's Corner," of THE HARP for August, but a beautiful and useful book presented to such, as an inducement to continued literary exertions. Come boys and girls! betake yourselves to the task, and success will crown some of your endeavors.

We have omitted the usual quota of select questions for this month; in order to attest the literary abilities of our young correspondents, and to induce a taste for original composition.

EDITOR.

### BEING AND SEEMING.

"Do be quiet," said a young dove one day to his fellow nestlings. "Keep your quarrel till those people have passed by. Don't you know you have got a character to keep up? Men have a way of saying, 'As gentle as a Dove,' and 'Birds in their nests agree.'"

And Pearlé, the speaker, gave a satirical coo, which sounded rather like a laugh.

"I don't mind what they say," said Duskie, hotly. "I don't see why Ruffie should take up so much room; I can't stir a claw, and all my feathers which I smoothed so beautifully this morning are turned up the wrong way."

And Duskie gave Ruffie a peck, which Ruffie returned.

"Coo, coo, coo, coo!" said Pearlle, sweetly, trying to keep up the character of the family as the two girls who had passed before came by again. They were walking up and down learning their lessons.

"Do hear those sweet creatures," said one.

"What gentle voices they have," said Mary. "They always live at peace, I am sure."

"Of course," said Jenny, "but they seem to be fluttering in their nests, nevertheless. Look, Mary, if you stand here you can see them."

Pearlle, who had been pleased with the fluttering of the first speaker, made grimaces at Duskie and Ruffie to keep quiet, but in vain; peck followed peck, and flutter followed flutter, till there was nothing to be done but to leave the nest and have it out in the air.

And so they did, and Mary and Jenny watched them with tearful eyes, for it seemed truly sad to see those pretty, soft, and graceful birds fighting, with ruffled feathers and angry glances.

At last the parent bird came back, and administered sharp correction to the naughty young ones.

"Duskie," said the father, "it ought to make you gentle to know it is expected of you to be 'as gentle as a dove.' And Ruffie, you ought to be ashamed to have the character of being gentle and peaceful, and not to deserve it."

"Yes indeed!" said Pearlle, indignantly. "And if you had only seen how those saucy sparrows laughed! You were too angry to hear them, but they enjoyed your disgrace, and said something which I did not understand about profession and practice."

"Yes, dear, those are long words used by men, and they mean that we ought to be what we seem to be, or what we have the character of being."

"Ruffie, go outside the nest and smooth yourself; you naughty bird!" said the mother. "You look positively ugly. And, Duskie, you and your brother must not go to the pea-field for a week. In fact, I shall be obliged to keep you close by me. It is not only the harm you do to yourself by being

angry, but the harm you do to others."

"Why, those sparrows will make a mock at goodness always now, and you will find they will find they will say, 'Oh, doves put on a meek and gentle manner, but they know how to fight and quarrel as well as others.' How sad! it seems worse to see doves fight than other birds. They look as if they ought to live at peace—as if God meant to teach us a lesson about the beauty of gentleness, and meekness, and innocence and they have spoiled the picture. I shall never see doves again without a painful feeling."

"Did she say that," said Duskie, in a choky voice. "That's worse than all; I thought it didn't matter much just being naughty once. But if she will never forget it, it has done her harm, too; and she is such a dear little girl; she often throws me peas."

"Ah, Duskie! you can never be naughty without hurting others, and you never know how much harm you do. Besides, you cannot undo what you have done. That little girl will always remember the sad picture of two doves fighting and tearing each others feathers in rage. But now go to sleep; I am tired and sorry."

"Coo, coo, coo!" came from the tree, and those who could recognize the slight modulation of the coos, and who could understand what they expressed, would have discovered affection and penitence in Duskie and Ruffie's coos," and tenderness and forgiveness in those of the parent birds.

#### CURIOUS LETTER OF NAPOLEON I.

A curious letter, said to have been written by Napoleon I., to his father when the future Emperor was a mere child and a pupil at the military school at Brienne, has just been published in France. It is dated April 5, 1781, and runs thus: "Father if you or my protectors cannot afford me the means of living more honorably in this house, bring me back home at once. I am tired of proclaiming my indigence, and of seeing the sneers of insolent scholars whom nothing but their fortune elevates above me, but there is not one who is not a hundred 'pikes' below the noble sentiments which animate me. Is your

son to remain the laughing stock of a few *patoquets*, who, vain of their own means of enjoyment, insult me by smiling at my privations? If you are unable to afford me any improvement in my position here, take me away from Brienne, and put me into some mechanical position. From this offer you may judge at my despair. Please believe that my letter has not been dictated by the vain desire of indulging in expensive amusements, which I have no taste for. I only want to be able to show that I have the means of procuring them like my companions.

Your respectful and affectionate son,  
BONAPARTE."

#### THE SHIPWRECK.

THE following beautiful little "gem," entitled "The Shipwreck," is from the pen and poetical brain of an esteemed friend, long since called to his reward:—and as the contributor has no knowledge of it ever appearing in print up to the present, he asks and solicits space for it in the "Young Folks Corner," of THE HARP.—W. McK.

From the climes of the east, o'er the calm ocean waves,

The vessel is gallantly sweeping;

When far far—below, in their red coral graves,

The hearts of the shipwrecked are sleeping;

From the climes of the east to their own lovely isle,

The mariners gladly are steering,

And bright are their prospects, and sweet is their toil,

For no storm on their path is appearing.

They think of the homes where their parents reside,

That shall greet them with tear-drops of gladness;

Where the wives of their love, each as gay as a bride,

Shall lighten the heart of their sadness;

Where their children shall meet them with bright eyes of blue,

And cheeks like the summer-tide blossoms;

Where their sweethearts await, like the lilies in dew,

To drop overpower'd in their bosoms.

From slumber to tempest the ocean awakes,

Like the lions in hunger that waken,

And the canvass is scatter'd like winter-snow flakes,

And the masts like a willow are shaken,

And down goes the ship, like a star from the sky,

When the storm on the night-wind is dying—

And now the green sea waves all quietly lie,

Like the turf on the graves that are lying.

#### SCIENTIFIC RECEIPTS.

HOW TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL GEMS OR PASTES.—As this species of *jewelry* and *gem-gaws*, is so common on this Continent, it may prove interesting and instructive to our young readers, to give a few receipts for their composition and manufacture.

In making artificial gems or paste jewels, the first consideration is to procure a kind of glass which shall be of as great a specific gravity, and as clear as possible, in order that it may reflect the rays of light, and occasion that particular play of light which renders paste so much more brilliant than common glass. Some glass, however, is of greater specific gravity than the gem to be indicated; were this used for the purpose the mock gem would have an unnatural glare of light, and consequently be immediately detected. Very numerous are the receipts to make the colorless *foundation paste* or *strass*, as it is called, everything used in the making of which should be perfectly pure.

1. COMPOSITION OF PASTE FOR DIAMONDS.—Rock crystals 4056 grains; red lead 6300; pure potass 2154; borax 276; arsenic 12; or 2nd. Rock crystal 3600 grains; pure carbonate of lead 8508; potash 1260; borax 360. 3rd. White sand, purified by being washed first in hydrochloric and then in water till the whole of the acid is removed, 100 parts; red lead 150; calcined potass 30 to 35; calcined borax 10; oxide of arsenic 1 part. It is necessary to keep the whole of these compounds in a state of fusion for three or four days before they will have attained their greatest perfection.

TO IMITATE THE YELLOW DIAMOND.—To one ounce of paste, as above, add 24 grains of the chloride of silver, or 10 grains of the glass of antimony.

TO IMITATE THE SAPPHIRE.—To 24 ounces of paste add 2 drams 26 grains of the oxide of cobalt.

"I found the original of my hell, in the world which we inhabit," said Dante, and he said a greater truth than some literary antiquaries can always comprehend.

## F A C E T I Æ.

If your son has no brains don't send him to college. You cannot make a palace out of a shanty by putting a French roof on it.

"The devil is said to be the father of tobacco," said a minister to the local punster, who was smoking too vigorously. "And that accounts for it containing so much Nicotine," was the punster's reply.

Customer—"Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster: it's as hard as flint."

Waiter—"Beg pardon, Sir; a slight mistake. That's the imitation lobster out of the show-case. Shall I change it."

"Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughter, "that no girl eighteen years old who can't cook a good meal shall get married till she learns how to do it?" "Why, then, we'd all get married at seventeen," responded the girls in sweet chorus.

TONALT (who has just been reading the newspaper): Asia Minor! Asia Minor! "Whaur's the Major when they kick up sic a dust about the Minor?" Tugalt (not over well versed in the subject): "In the Army, nae doubt." Tonalt (who has gained his point): "Hout aye, to be surely."

"CAPERS" CUT.—Scene—Poop of an American liner. The Captain is pacing up and down; to him enter second engineer. Engineer: "I've tae complean, Captain, about the cook. He dis ony thing he likes wi' us. I noticed yesterday that the cabin folk got soor peas tae their biled mutton; noo he gies me nae soor peas tae mine."

It is not always a safe matter to hazard remarks upon the personal appearance of those with whom we come in contact. The writer once saw a specimen of the travelling Englishman completely sat upon for venturing on an impertinence of this kind. It was at a table d'hôte at Boulogne. The Englishman in question, a very bumptious individual, was accompanied by a lady, and sitting opposite to them was a young German, on whose fingers were a number of massive rings. After gaz-

ing in a most persistent manner at him, the Englishman, addressing his companion in a loud tone, said—

"I hate to see a man with rings on his fingers!"

The German replied to this with a supercilious sort of sneer; so the Englishman "went for" him again, and said, in a still louder tone—

"Do you know what I would do with a ring if I had one?"

Before the lady could reply, and to the great amusement of all who heard it, the German, in a sulky growl, broke in—

"Vare it in your nose!"

"Have you 'Blasted Hopes'?" asked a young lady of a librarian with a handkerchief tied over his jaw. "No, madam," said he, "it's only a blasted toothache."

A little boy asked his mother to talk to him, and says something funny. "How can I?" she asked; "don't you see I am busy baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charlie, won't you have a pie?' "That would be funny for you."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.—Cultivate self-control until it becomes natural to you. Self-repression isn't self-control. One time I knew one of these men who are accustomed to self-repression. He was a quiet, soft spoken man, with the most ungovernable temper that ever tore a human passion into rags. But he rarely showed it. One day, in the Autumn he was trying to make a joint of six-inch stove-pipe fit into the end of a five and one-half inch length. And during the struggle he smote his thumb, about midway between the nail and the joint, with a round backed hammer. He arose with a sad, sweet smile, laid the hammer down softly on the carpet, changed the lengths of pipe, fitted them and put the pipe up, and never said a word. But he was pale, and there was a glowing light in his eyes. And the next day about three o'clock in the afternoon, that man walked out of town up the B. and M. grade, and stood in the woods and foamed at the mouth and howled and raved about stove-pipes and people who make them until he frightened a thirty-ton engine off the track. Self-repression isn't self-control, my son—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Da. day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in July.
1 Thurs	Archbishop Plunkett executed by the English, 1681. Battle of the Boyne, 1690. General T. F. Meagher accidentally drowned in the Missouri River, 1867.
2 Fri	VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. First stone of the Jesuits' Church, Dublin, laid, 1829.
3 Sat	Grattan, born in Dublin, 1746.
4 Sun	Anti-Popery declaration of James I., 1605.
5 Mon	Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, died, 1605. R. D. Williams, "Sham rock" of the NATION, died in Louisiana, United States, 1862.
6 Tues	Seizure of letters, papers, etc., in the office of the <i>Irish Felon</i> , National newspaper, by the police, 1848.
7 Wed	Richard Brinsley Sheridan, died, 1816.
8 Thurs	O'Connell declared elected for Clare, 1828.
9 Fri	Edmund Burke, died, 1798.
10 Sat	John O'Donovan, the Irish scholar, born at Ateamore, county Kilkenny, 1809.
11 Sun	T. F. Meagher arrested, 1848.
12 Mon	Battle of Aughrim, 1691. Henry and John Sheares tried for high treason, 1798.
13 Tues	First steam vessel arrived at Cork from America, on this day, 1819.
14 Wed	Henry and John Sheares executed, 1798. Charles Gavan Duffy elected member for New Ross, 1852. Banquet, in Belfast, to celebrate the French Revolution, 1791.
15 Thurs	Henry Joy McCracken, United Irish leader, and commander at the battle of Antrim, executed, 1798.
16 Fri	Thomas Parnell, poet, died, 1717.
17 Sat	Athlone besieged by Lieutenant-General Douglas, 1690.
18 Sun	Sir Cahur O'Dogherty, beheaded, 1680. Donal O'Sullivan, the hero of Dunboy, assassinated by an Englishman in Spain, 1608.
19 Mon	Ecclesiastical Titles Bill passed, 1851.
20 Tues	Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, died at Rome, 1616. Procession in Dublin, to lay the Foundation Stone of the Catholic University, 1862.
21 Wed	Arrival of Father P. Scarampi, Commissioner from the Holy See to the Irish Confederation, 1643.
22 Thurs	The Six-mile bridge (Co. Clare) massacre, 1852.
23 Fri	Emmet's Insurrection, 1803.
24 Sat	John Philpot Curran born, 1750.
25 Sun	Peace made by the Irish Confederates with the English, 1646. City of Limerick besieged, 1690. Siege of Athlone raised, 1690. The "transplanting" of Irish families of the Pale to Connaught, 1654; "all must be gone before March next."
26 Mon	Habeas Corpus Suspension Act arrived in the City of Dublin, 1848. Church Disestablishment Bill received the Royal Assent, 1869.
27 Tues	W. S. O'Brien, Meagher, and others withdrew from Conciliation Hall, 1846.
28 Wed	William Michael Byrne executed, 1798. Rewards offered for the arrest of W. Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon, Doheny, and others, 1848.
29 Thurs	Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, fatally wounded at the battle of Landen, 1693. Attempted insurrection under the leadership of William Smith O'Brien, at Ballingarry, in the County of Tipperary, 1848.
30 Fri	Professor Eugene O'Curry, the Irish scholar, died in the year 1862, aged sixty eight years.
31 Sat	Siege of Limerick raised, 1690.

Small is the distance between the prisons and graves of Princes.

Facts are more convincing than arguments.

It is a mark of virtue to avoid vice; and true wisdom to lack nonsense.

The man of desire is a man of fear; and he that lives in fear lives in slavery.

A nation is never so powerless against a foreign enemy, as when she is agitated by intestine commotions.

Exile and death, are terrible, but to the wicked.

The people are seldom wrong-woo to those who despise their remonstrance.

As virtue is the great highway of the mind, so is vice the narrow alley that serpentine.

Should the body sue the mind before a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove a ruinous tenant to its landlord.