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No. 3.

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
THREE HUNDRED MEN and THREE MEN.*
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

II.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shone, a far light;
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight;
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field, and fauce;
Its angel voice sang round my bed,
"A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

III.

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly:
For freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

IV.

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding—
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding;
For, thus I hoped some day to aid—
Oh! can *such* hope be vain?—
When my dear country shall be made
A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

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 VI.—(Continued.)

AND here a volume of cases in point, any one of which would sorely overtax the reader's patience, was brought to bear upon the argument in hand. We shall not pursue the disputed point with the dear old simple souls, who made themselves so delightfully miserable with all manners of fairy lore, in the days we write of. It is enough for our purpose to state that little Ally had a weary illness—slowly but surely fighting her way on to life and reason, but, alas, not to the use of her limbs; for, from her waist down, that July day she was perfectly paralysed.

After the languors of convalescence had worn off, the naturally quick and high-spirited child began to pine for the freedom she had lost, and many a time the tears flowed fast as she watched the merry games of her former companions, or saw them flit away, from a brief visit to her little chair in the window nook, to scamper their wild will over the hill side, and down by the river she had loved so well.

But Ally Hayes was, most of all things, sensitive and affectionate, and her perceptions, quickened by illness, grew speedily to understand that to see

* The Three Hundred Greeks who died at Thermopylae, and the Three Romans who kept the Sublician Bridge.

her suffer in any way was a sore trial to her parents, and the more than brother, her uncle, whose divinity she seemed to be; and, with a courage and endurance simply heroic in so young a soul, she made up her mind, not only not to notice, but not even to deprecate the romps and games of the thoughtless children around her.

Ally in due time begged her mother to teach her to knit and to sew and was frantically impatient for books and pictures; and when the first struggle was over, her mind grew to love what it fed upon, and no one could have detected even a shade of discontent upon the brow of the silent tranquil-looking girl, who seemed to enjoy her enforced inaction, until the hard times came, and she saw how anxiety to shield her and provide for her became a new pang, and an added responsibility to her idolised parents. From that time, her prayer to God for health became an agony of supplication, dying into a very stupor of horror in the sad scenes of her father's death, and the subsequent visit of the bailiffs, but reviving with renewed energy when the first shock of surprise at their occupation of the game-keeper's lodge was over, and she saw, at every turn, how useful she could be, and how much she might do to alleviate the sorrow, as well as to help the weakness of her much-enduring mother.

Things had gone on this way through the declining Summer and all through the beautiful Autumn time. Ally saw her dear mother peaceful and even happy; but she sighed as she marked the extreme pallor of her cheeks, and the depression which overcame her at any unusual exertion; and, night and day, the child's supplications for health and strength to aid those she loved became more frequent and more fervent, until at last, the mental strain began to affect her visibly, and the change in her appearance seemed to renew all her mother's sorrows.

Poor little Ally was in sore distress. To confide in her mother or her uncle would be to reveal all she suffered; and, if there was no remedy to be had, was it not better she should bear her trouble alone? The heroic child made up her mind to do so.

While sitting in her favorite window

one day, saying her Rosary, it occurred to her forcibly to say the Fifteen Mysteries, for a direct manifestation of God's will, as regarded her being cured or the reverse. Her mother had gone to Mr. Meldon's and there was no one by to check the long work of her fervent faith and hope. It was towards the end of November, and the gloom of the short Winter's day had deepened into darkness, allowing only the glimmer of the fire light to flicker fitfully, and indistinctly upon the familiar objects of the little kitchen.

Wearied with the long recital of the Rosary, and the emotions called forth by the prayers she offered for light and help, Ally lay back in her little chair, closing her eyes for a refreshing sleep, when an impulse she could not account for made her raise her glance to an old picture which hung, in a plain, black-painted frame, above the fire-place, and represented, in divers glowing tints, "Our Lady of Mount Carmel." It was that in which she is represented as handing the holy scapular to St. Simon Stock.

It may have been the effect of the fitful light upon the little picture, or more likely the outcome of her own overwrought imagination, but Ally fainted away, as she seemed to see the figure of Our Lady gradually enlarge, until the face wore a loving smile, and, while with one hand she held the scapulars, with the other she pointed significantly towards them, with a gentle inclination of her head towards Ally. A great darkness, which was in truth extreme fright and faintness, fell upon the child.

How long she continued thus she knew not; but she was roused by the sound of voices coming towards the house, and soon recognized the welcome tones of James the Pilgrim, accompanying Uncle Tom. And now the poor child's heart beat fast, for she could not help seeing, in the unexpected arrival of James the Pilgrim, a direct interposition of Providence in her favor. To him she could reveal everything, and be sure of advice, and help, and sympathy; and she could hardly restrain herself from weeping as the faithful old fellow entered the doorway, and cried out for his own little Colleen," and hunted about for a light till he'd "show her without

delay the fine new prayer-book he had brought her that very day from the fair of Carrick."

James himself was quick to see that an unusual pre-occupation and excitement, obliterating for the present all interest in his handsome present, possessed the usually frank and open-hearted Ally; and he could not help noticing, as he told his usual round of stories after supper, and was relating one, in particular, where a soldier's life had been saved in battle, from the bullet having glanced away from the scapular of Our Lady which he wore over his heart, that Ally gave a great start, and hardly suppressed a loud exclamation, James, therefore, was not surprised when he came to bid her good night to hear her whisper. "Daddy James, don't go away in the morning till I talk to you first."

He was much surprised and deeply interested when Ally unfolded her hopes and fears, and vehemently asserted her belief that "Our Lady would cure her by means of the holy scapular of Mount Carmel."

James listened attentively to the narration; and, while he wisely tried to moderate Ally's ardor, he took great care to say nothing that could lessen her beautiful confidence, or even inspire her with the idea of there having been anything unusual in the idea she had taken up about the movements of the picture.

"Trust in God and His Holy Mother, Ally *bawn*," said the old man. "I'll go to Father Aylmer to-day, and tell him the whole story. Most likely he'll come over himself to see my girlcen; and then we'll do what the priest tells you, Ally asthore; and that will be surely God's will."

With an anxious heart Ally, saw old James depart for Father Aylmer's, determining within herself to accompany him on her Rosary all the way; and great therefore was her joy when James returned towards evening with the welcome intelligence that Father Aylmer was to say Holy Mass at Kilsheelan next morning, and would come over to see her in the course of the day.

Father Aylmer had heard the story from James the Pilgrim, but he was naturally anxious to question the child

himself and see how much of her faith was pure confidence in God, or the result of a morbid fancy. He came then next day, and, having carefully cross-examined poor little Ally, he came to the conclusion that there was a fair reason to believe that her extraordinary faith in the scapulars was a divine inspiration, and he made up his mind to act accordingly. He told Ally that it was just nine days before the 8th of December, the glorious festival of the Immaculate Conception, and he bade her offer up special prayers each day, so as to finish the novena on the feast, when he would come himself and enrol her in the Order of Our Lady, bidding her at the same time to take her mother and uncle into her confidence. And such was the child's faith that, what would have seemed to many a weary waiting time, flew swiftly by with her.

Many were the preparations on that 7th of December, 1847, within the game-keeper's lodge over at Kilsheelan.

"Crichawn" had told Mr. Meldon, and that gentleman took care to act in his own peculiar fashion, and so it was that early on that evening a mysterious box and basket were deposited at the lodge, and opened with much tremor and anxiety by Mrs. Hayes. Who shall describe Ally's delight, or her mother's astonishment, on finding in the box a fair statuette of Mary Immaculate, and in the basket a vase of hot-house flowers.

It took half the night, and much of poor "Crichawn's" ingenuity to decide where the altar was to be raised; but at last it was declared to be perfect, and the statuette and vase and two blessed wax candles stood, in all their new magnificence, on a snow-white cloth, near to Ally's cot. Ally says there was a sound of sweet singing through the room that night. Certain it is she did not sleep much, and early morning found her impatient to be dressed; and soon she was put in her new frock, reclining on her bed.

Father Aylmer, as usual, came early, and, having recited the Rosary with his little congregation, he drew out of his vest pocket a pair of new brown scapulars, which he had got from the Ursuline Convent at Waterford, and, having explained the nature and obligations of

the order, he proceeded to enrol the candidate and to bless the scapulars.

For a moment the old priest seemed to be absorbed in silent prayer, and then, turning solemnly towards Ally, asked her for the last time if she had faith in the intercession of Our Lady; and, on her fervent response being given, he placed the scapulars around her neck, and, sprinkling her with holy water, bade her remain quiet for a while and raise her heart in humble hope to God.

The old priest was soon on his way; for a sick call waited him on his road homewards. He thought much upon the morning scene, and was not at all disappointed that an instantaneous effect had not followed his ministrations. God's time was always the best time; and, even if days were to pass, it might be to perfect the child's faith, Father Aylmer thought, or to give her an opportunity of gaining new merit.

Father Aylmer had many things to do that day, and next day he would be hard at work in his confessional; but still Ally Hayes was constantly before his mind, and many a prayer did he offer that, for her all things might "work together unto good." Once in his confessional, however, the good priest's mind was lost in the care of his penitents, and so absorbed was he in the ministration of the sacrament that he was the very last in the chapel to notice an unusual stir, and the low murmur of many voices raised in various ejaculations of praise and surprise around him. At last, the tumult became so great, that he opened the door of his confessional, and looked out to ascertain the cause of so much unusual commotion. The figure that met his gaze answered his mute enquiry; and for a few moments the old priest was as much lost in astonishment as any of his flock. There, before his eyes, walking firmly up the aisle, and making for the altar of Our Lady, her beads wound about her wrist, her scapulars on her breast, and her crutches in her hand, was Ally Hayes, smiling and radiant! Yet the child had a gentle recollectiveness about her, that was in itself a prayer, as she smiled and bowed right and left to the prayers and salutations of the wondering people.

"I come, Father," she said quite

simply, as Father Aylmer joined her by the Virgin's altar, "to lay my crutches at her feet who has given me power to move. And I walked the three miles good," she added; "and I am to walk them back again, because, Father, Our dear Lady never does anything by halves."

Soon we may be sure Father Aylmer and Ally were the centre of a prayerful crowd. The good old priest hung up the votive crutches, and Ally's joyful mother brought forth the votive candles; and, as they were lit, as a mute token of thanksgiving, he told how wonderful were the ways of the good God, and bade them all join him in a hymn—Mary's own Rosary, as a recognition of the great grace that had been sent among them.

After a visit to the confessional, Ally Hayes walked home, as she had promised, and the malady that had stricken her for long, weary years was for her as if it had never existed, save in a terrible dream.

We do not wish to make an argument, but it would be worth something to the followers of Messrs. Huxley and Tyndall to ponder upon *one single assertion*—and that is the simple fact that all we have related took place under the eye of the writer of this history, to whom the girl Ally Hayes represents was well known, and whose crutches were laid within the very church where he himself at one time ministered.

The fame of the miracle spread rapidly, and gave rise to the usual amount of dispute and contradiction; but among those who believed most fully, and sympathised, most cordially with the widow and daughter, was their employer and best friend, Mr. Meldon. He came first to see Ally on her feet, with his own eyes; and, then, as the sweetness, gentleness, intelligence, and rare natural refinement of the girl's person and manner grew upon him, he formed a project, which in due time he communicated to Father Aylmer, who most cordially approved; and so it came to pass, after a few months, that Ally was sent as a boarder to the Ursuline Convent at Waterford. There she had the happiness of making her First Communion, and in due time of being received among "*Les Enfants de Marie.*"

We know something of what a novice for Heaven these Ursuline schools are every where; and in the case of Ally Hayes, nature and grace worked in unison with the best efforts the good nuns could exert. "She will surely be a nun," they whispered on the day of her First Communion, when she seemed to breathe only in an ecstasy of love. And "You will soon come home to us, Alice," were the last words of Sister Mary Gonzaga, as Ally, weeping bitterly, bade her kind teachers good-bye, when two short years had flown past.

And thus we have explained why it was Mr. Meldon had crowned Ally Hayes as "Queen of the May," and how it was he seemed to think so highly of her.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING WHAT FATHER POWER WAS, AND DEVELOPING MR. MELDON A LITTLE, AND THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF THE "POOKA" CONSPIRATORS.

FATHER POWER was not the parish priest of the parish which he served; and, as the time is yet somewhat recent, we will not mention the name of the locality. Father Power was senior curate, however, and, when a parish priest has become old, the senior curate is a man of large importance. At any rate Father Power's character very much squared with his name. He was six or seven and thirty, not tall, but muscularly knit, with very bright steady grey eyes and an expression of mouth which revealed pride and firmness. He was devoted to sick calls and to the other onerous duties of his profession; but he did not forget either literature or politics, though he made both subservient to his views of religious duty.

And Father Power's politics—what were they? Well, they were of the "peaceful" kind, which seems often to be wickedest of all, because they are "peaceful" only for want of what the Irish call a "vacancy." The other kind—the brave, thoughtless, headlong movements—are easily met and easily subdued; but the cool head that secures success by calculation and patience can never be conquered. That was the kind of head Father Power seemed to possess.

It was interesting to watch the good

priest's inquiries and his exertions. "How things were going on" became known to him as regularly as to any chieftain of the advanced party; and often after preparing as many as sixteen for death—death in blackening typhus—he found himself at some meeting in the evening giving wise counsel, or in conference with some parties by whom the people, whom he dearly loved could be reached.

The parish priest, Father Aylmer, had a wholesome fear of Father Power. Father Aylmer approached the four score—may be had passed it—but his eye was still clear, and his step, though slow, was firm. The little differences between himself and his senior curate were generally about money. Father Aylmer, for bad times, had a fair revenue; but what was a fair revenue to Father Aylmer! The last year, poor man! he had succeeded in selling his little bits of plate, unknown to Father Power, and, now, three or four months before the "Christmas dues" would come in, he had succeeded in emptying his modest treasury.

"Why, Father Aylmer," Father Power answered, when he learned this unpleasant fact, "I have put into your hands since April, over one hundred pounds. Where is it?—where is it gone to?"

"Well, 'tis hard to say, avic—money goes so fast, you know."

"But how is your house to be supported? How are you to get on for four more months?"

"Oh! God will provide. He is a very good Father, Ned."

"His goodness, Sir, will not supply extravagance! He will not patronize what is wrong."

"Extravagance!" repeated the old man; and he looked at the breast of his threadbare coat, and his old eyes filled with tears.

"Oh! Father John—Father John! have I distressed you! Oh you know—you know, don't you?"

"Avic mo chroidhe," (My heart's son) cried the old priest, "you are better than two sons to your old friend and teacher. But, you know, the Caseys are very low, and the family is large, and, though the little farm was there, it gave 'em nothing—nothing, avic. I didn't

like to see an old neighbor's cabin levelled, and the children of a man that went to school with me made paupers. Was I wrong, *avie*?—was I wrong?"

"Ah, don't worry yourself any more about it. I'm sorry——"

"Well, *avie*, then, the Delanys, you know and the Caseys," said Father Aylmer. "I know 'tis a hard trial on you, *avie*. The house is not what it ought to be, for you—no, indeed; and you do suffer—but God will reward you. You work day and night, and you won't let me do a fair share, so you won't; and, yet, Father Ned, you suffer! Ah! sell that horse of mine and that old car! What do I want of them!"

Thus domestic affairs went on with old Father Aylmer; and, as his heart was very large, and he had unbounded reliance on God, resolutions and arrangements, and even wants could not stop his hand.

This little dialogue occurred after Mass, on the Sunday succeeding the events of the second chapter.

"I saw young M——at Mass today," remarked Father Power, just to change the conversation; "and a very fine young fellow from Dublin accompanied him. I'm afraid the spirits of those young men will not brook prudence."

"Well, *avie*, it's hard to blame 'em. They see the people dying of want—don't they?—and thousands stalking about like skeletons, and the coming winter threatening to be as hard as last year. Well, you see, Father Ned, they aren't able to reason, and——"

Father John Aylmer was interrupted by the entrance of one of the most brilliant and impassioned men of the epoch, accompanied by a second, who yet lives in honor.

The clergymen uttered an exclamation of pleasurable surprise.

"Why," Father Aylmer cried, "you're a thousand times welcome—the grandson of my oldest friend—the man of the '*Urbs Intacta*.'"

"This, Father Aylmer, is Mr. O——, a particular friend of mine, of whom you have heard," remarked the young man.

"Indeed, I have—and, moreover, I knew his father well twelve or fourteen years ago. He is well, I hope."

"I thank you, yes," replied a young fellow with the symmetry of an Apollo. "But we really came to ask you a question, and to get some information."

By this time the young men had been seated.

"What is to be thought of these wonderful appearances in the Glen—the manifestations of the Pooka, and the fire and brimstone rolling out of his mouth in volumes, and so forth?"

"You ought to take them '*cum grano salis*,'" said Father Power. "Have you seen any one who has witnessed them?"

"No," answered the young gentleman first introduced; "but we have heard a hundred who are sure of them; and behind that conviction there must be something."

"Fairly reasoned," answered Father Power, "and I promise you I will unravel the matter before to-morrow morning, and give you perfect satisfaction. But now, my dear friends," continued Father Power—and his voice shook with feeling—"is it not possible to turn you from the road you are entering upon?"

The second of the two answered, "Impossible!"

"You have no commissariat?" said the priest.

"No."

"And no arms?"

"No."

"And no money?"

"No."

"And without arms, money, or provisions you will enter in this contest! You are prepared to make a carnage."

"Better die in the field than die of slow famine!"

"Now, didn't I say that?" Father Aylmer cried. "The poor fellows are driven distracted by what their young eyes see, and their good hearts feel! Isn't that it, sir?"

"Well, we have a hope stronger. We hope yet to inspire more confidence in Father Power. Every person knows that he is no patron either of starvation or oppression."

Father Power turned to the young man first mentioned.

"And you?"

"The die is cast, Father Ned!"

"Without a hope of winning?"

"I must say yes."

"And is it possible that you will ex-

pose your country to such awful evils without a hope."

"Oh, yes, I have one hope."

"You have?"

"Yes. There are epochs in the history of every country—every oppressed country—in which, if the spirit of resistance be not manifested, it will die out. Ninety-eight was one of them here. Forty-eight will be another."

"Aye," shouted the old man laughing—

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won!"

"Precisely," concluded the young enthusiast.

As has been remarked in the text, these two were men of note and honor; and both since risen to eminence almost unprecedented in the United States. One of them, alas! is lost to his country and humanity. The other lives—an ornament to his profession and to Ireland. The conversation is given almost word for word as it took place with the author—though he should call it conversations, because he met the gentlemen separately.

As in every case of extensive agitation where there is no strict controlling power, elements will find a place in them, not only against the principles of those who are supposed to lead, but entirely condemned and repudiated by them. Selfishness can easily adopt the guise of philanthropy, and dishonesty enrich itself by using the masque of patriotism; and they affix an undeserved character upon many an honest enterprise. Men who spoke of "preparation" and "energy" and "injustice" never suggested the means occasionally resorted to, and would accept death sooner than approve of them.

"He's come, sir!" the servant said to Father Power.

"Is he?"

"He's in the barn, waitin' sir."

"Gentlemen," Father Power said, "I beg—"

"Oh, by-the-bye," both answered together, "we have remained too long; but we will call again on Father Power to get the explanation of the mystery."

Father Power meanwhile went to the barn, and there found "Crichawn."

Evidently "Crichawn" had been sent

for, because his eye had an expectant look, when the clergyman presented himself.

"Well, Tom, I want once more a cast of your office," said the priest.

"Anything you want, Father Ned," replied "Crichawn."

"Make your way to Clonmel in the morning, early, and take this watch to Dr. Whelan, and hand it with this letter, and he will give you an answer."

"What answer?—a letter?"

"Well, he'll give you twenty pounds."

"Selling your watch, Father Ned!"

"Exactly. He will sell it for me."

"The prisintashin watch!"

"Why, yes, Tom—why not? The old parish priest is hard up, Tom—and he has been a father to me. What is a watch compared to relieving him."

"Murder!" cried "Crichawn;" "an' is there no other way at all, Father Ned?"

"Now, Tom, do as I tell you."

"Stop, Father Ned," said "Crichawn."

"If I make out twenty pounds, will you keep the prisintashin watch?"

"Tom, Tom, do as I tell you, or I must go myself. Things are come to a point with Father John, and you must take my way. No one on earth is to know your errand; and I can trust Dr. Whelan."

"Then I'll go this minute," answered Tom, "an' I'll be home at cockerow tomorrow mornin'. An' now I think of it, I have bisness myself, I do declare—bisness for Mr. Meldon, in Clonmel."

"Crichawn" went to get leave from his master, and if we must betray the good-natured dwarf, he broke faith with Father Ned, and told Meldon the whole story. Meldon turned over in his mind the tender affection of the two priests for each other and for the poor. One gave all to the wretched, and the other would give all to the giver. The tender heart is the instrument of a tender Providence. Mr. Meldon thought of scenes and peoples far away—peoples of benighted souls and free generosity; but he felt that the sentiment which makes benevolence the very poetry of "charity" is the honor and glory of our our own dear island. He dropped a proud tear and made up his mind.

"Stay, Tom; I know Dr. Whelan in-

timately. Take a letter from me to him."

Mr. Meldon sat down and wrote to Dr. Whelan, informing him that he had become aware of the whole transaction, and enclosed forty pounds to be sent to Father Ned; because the watch was more valuable than one would think." And so it was. It was the mute messenger of a manly piety and love, and a witness of the nobility which Ireland held fast when she lost everything earthly.

"Crichawn" took the cob once more and galloped away like a wild horseman. In fact, the cob knew him well, and always got into the spirit of her rider as soon as he bestrode her. He was equal to his word; and Dr. Whelan discreet and ready. At ten o'clock next day, "Crichawn" presented to the astonished Father Ned the fruits of his industry and activity.

"I met old D'Alton, in his own gig, goin' up, just as I came towards the turn."

"You did?"

"He keeps an account at the bank, to spread about a report how little he has after all; but every one knows the store is at home at the Crag."

"Well—and Mr. Meldon?"

"Mr. Meldon went over to make a visit to the darlin' Miss Amy D'Alton. Oh, he's fond of her!"

"Do you think so, Tom?"

"Oh, nothin' of that kind! Mr. Meldon pities Miss Amy. I heard him say she was ever so like some one belonging to him, an' he felt the full brother's *gradh* for her."

"I wish she was free of that cousin Baring. I am sure he makes her unhappy."

"The very word Mr. Meldon said to me on yesterday, and he said, although he was standing alone in Ireland, he would be able to spoil Mr. Charles's plot."

True, Mr. Meldon had gone over to the Crag, and for some time he had been on a footing of intimacy with Amy D'Alton, though their meetings were few and informal—generally at the church. Amy was fond of teaching at Sunday-school, and had boldly travelled to the church alone, and was allowed to return so until Mr. Meldon came to the coun-

try. He seemed to make it a point to meet her, and she enjoyed his society very much; but an occasional visit of a few minutes served his notions of his duty to the old gentleman at the Crag, who took great care to make only one visit to Mr. Meldon in eighteen months.

Talking to Timothy Cunneen, one day, he gave that amiable person the philosophy of this transaction. "I am not in want of money. I have just as much as meets my calls. What do I want to know this strange man for, as I do not want money? And, then, if I saw him much, he might want money of me. I have no money to give any one. I'm not going to die in the workhouse, I tell you, Tim Cunneen, so I'm not?"

Mr. Cunneen quite approved of old D'Alton's conduct and reasons, and congratulated that gentleman upon the economy of his house, "and the sparing habits of his nephew, Mr. Charles—one of the finest young men in the world, and a man that owed not a fraction to any one."

"That's the way I reared him, Tim Cunneen. No handling! no handling! and when they get accustomed to do without money, there's no fear they'll seek to spend it, and they'll be saved from poverty and the workhouse."

"You are the happy and sensible man, Mr. D'Alton," Timothy Cunneen said, and he grinned a horrible and ghastly smile at the perfect success of his deception of Mr. Giffard D'Alton.

Mr. Meldon had been some hours at the Crag, and had gone over the whole establishment, manifesting a correctness of taste and view that rendered his company an enjoyment. He had had a good deal of conversation on many subjects, and finally asked Amy had she much courage?

"Well, sir," she replied, "I have not been much tried, but I recollect that, when caught in a gale off Waterford, I had presence of mind enough to pray; and on another occasion, I was bold enough to threaten some one," she added with a smile.

"I know," Mr. Meldon said. "You do not fear him?"

"Well, I do not fear anything, unless his ruining my father. His pretensions,

otherwise, I am quite capable of meeting by the help of God?"

"Would it be a great comfort to you to know that I shall protect your father and you?"

"You, sir!"

"Yes, Amy D'Alton; can you depend on me?"

"Well, every one depends on you. I can only thank God, if He has sent me a protector."

"He has."

After some further confidential conversation Mr. Meldon was going away.

"Then," he said, "You are quite prepared?"

"Quite," answered Amy.

"And my man may occupy some place near the back hall door?"

"Certainly."

"And you will not have me remain or send any other to you?"

"Well," she replied, "there can be no necessity."

The heroes of the Glen wore true to their patriotic resolve; and the more so now that they had heard Mr. Giffard D'Alton was away. The scapegrace Mr. Charles had been faithful, and was in the evening furious at having heard that Mr. Meldon had spent a long time at the Crag. But the anticipations of to-morrow—the large sum he would possess, the scenes and persons concerned and dependent upon his success—occupied his mind so much that his annoyance had only half its place. He listened here and there, and went from apartment to apartment. At seven or eight o'clock, he announced to his cousin that business required him to be away till the next day.

Amy was too accustomed to such movements to make any remarks. She merely said, "*Au revoir*."

Nothing could be more quiet than the Crag that blessed Monday night. It was St. Augustine's day; and the twinkling stars were reflected from the purple leaves, on which a shower or two had fallen. Slieve-na-Mon was listening, and the stream in the Glen was stealing along, as if afraid to be heard.

The great house clock struck twelve. "Crichawn" was snugly settled in an old carriage in the coach-house; and he had with him a brown mastiff, whose head was on "Crichawn's" knee.

It struck one o'clock! It was half-past one. Silence and darkness reign. "Crichawn" feels disappointment. His ears are erect; he even holds his breath.

At length the dog commenced a low growl.

"Hush! 'Heethor!' lie down, dog, lie down!"

The obedient creature lay down, wagging his tail.

"Crichawn" has an eye on the courtyard. He sees a man plainly coming over the yard wall. He knew the man well. Another comes the same way; a third, a fourth, a fifth.

Softly as cats they tread. They wear no shoes, and their faces are covered with black handkerchiefs; but "Crichawn" knows them, every one but one.

"*Tha go maith!*" said "Crichawn." "If I wanted to take 'em all, 'Heethor,' wouldn't you and I do it?"

The dog shook himself and rose to his feet.

"Oh, no, 'Heethor' we're goin' to convert 'em only. We are our own police, my dog," he whispered.

And Heethor was quite appreciative. The thieves took only one half hour to accomplish their work; then out came the first man who had entered. He carried nothing—only a cloth cap. Then came a man with a low hat.

"Up, Heethor!" quietly said "Crichawn." "Look at that hat!"

Heethor wagged his tail rapidly, as he looked through the square hole in the coach-house gate.

"Mind that hat, me boy."

The dog gambolled around his master. "Stop now; down!" said "Crichawn," and the dog lay down at his feet.

The third man, middle-sized, not old, yet overweighted, carried a bag over his shoulders, and only for the help of the two remaining men could hardly have carried one half such a burthen. But with their help he got on.

They have all of them got away. Wonderful their exultation and the glorious feelings springing from the name which "in better times" this deed shall give the doers! It was really wonderful! Untold wealth, in gold and paper, acquired in one half hour, without a blow, and without suspicion!

"Heethor," very softly said "Crichawn," "Heethor! bring me that hat."

Hector never barked—but never stayed. The robbers had no great start of him—and he ran furiously. In a few minutes there was a shout and a howl; and "Crichawn gave a cry because his heart sank. In two minutes more, the dog came into the courtyard, limping on three legs—the other having been broken by a pistol ball; but he brought the low hat and a piece of some man's coat, and laid the prizes before "Crichawn."

"Crichawn" shortly after entered the Crag, where a single servant waited on him—one who had come from Mr. Meldon's. The hat was examined and the cloth. The cloth was broadcloth; and inside the hat was written "Charles Baring."

CHAPTER VIII.

TWENTY YEARS BEFORE.—HOW MR. D'ALTON BARRON WENT TO MEET O'CONNELL, AND WHAT O'CONNELL DID AND SAID ONE DAY. WHAT MR. GIFFARD D'ALTON THOUGHT OF HIS SON'S DOINGS.

THERE is a great change at the Crag, and every year these twenty years the change has been growing greater. During Mrs. D'Alton's time the house was well furnished, and her ascendancy was sufficient to moderate the parsimony which made Mr. Giffard D'Alton's life a misery. In fact, she kept the administration of household affairs in her own hands, and domestic life was respectable and liberal. Fortunately, she had control of a fair share of her fortune, and was enabled to avoid the inevitable discussions and repulsions which would have followed from personal demands for cash. Mrs. D'Alton was a person of culture, and of great personal dignity. Mr. Giffard D'Alton was somewhat proud of her, and he had reason; but, besides all this, Mr. D'Alton had a most healthy dread of the "Barron family," to whom he was responsible for the happiness of one so dear to him as the one time "beautiful Lucy." And indeed Mrs. Lucy D'Alton owed much to time for the gentle claims made upon her looks up to the period of which we are writing. She looked very young forty-one; so that her son Henry, called

Henry D'Alton Barron, was, by strangers, taken for her brother.

Henry D'Alton Barron was very unlike his father, but "the picture of his mother." He was of great strength of character, and of great physical strength also—"mild with the mild, but with the forward he was fierce as fire;" and, although of the highest sense of honor, he fell much into his father's habits of carelessness regarding practical faith. He never missed Mass to be sure; but that was nearly the extent of his religious devotion. Yet the people were proud of "Mr. Henry;" and when his fine, stalwart form appeared striding towards the chapel, about Sunday's noon, "That's the fellow for the *shooners*," often dropped from them, or was spoken loud enough to get a cheer. And the young man was really "the man" for that class of gentry. At that time, there was an exaggeration both of the claims of ascendancy and the resistance of independence. One side saw the heart of a united resolution in the movements of the nation, and became more self-asserting. The other had risen from slavishness of feeling and horrible depression to the enjoyment and manifestation of young sentiment, which like everything young, was ardent and aggressive. Young D'Alton had administered a few horsewhippings to fanatics who had insulted himself or his Church; and he had broken the pistol hand of an adversary in a duel, having told him, before the shot, that that was exactly what he was going to do; and what more could be required to make a man popular and a hero?

The "house" as we have said, was then well kept, and occasional hospitality stayed the process of the hardening up of old Giffard's heart, and made home what it ought to be, to his son and his hope.

Timothy Cunneen was at that time (*anno* 1828) the "agent." He was one trial to the young man. His father's views were always in collision with his, and his father's love of money was an embarrassment; yet the mother's gentleness, and even her resources, were more than a counterbalancing home-joy, which D'Alton Barron could value. All this was suddenly changed. His mother died in giving birth to her whom we

know as Amy D'Alton; and with his mother's death the son's last light may be said to have gone out.

To be sure, there was Nelly, his nurse, who had come into the Crag when D'Alton Barron came into the world, and the old butler, John, and all the servants—devoted, obedient, and loving—ready to die for him. But the attraction homeward when he went abroad, and the warmth and light of the love of a mother which gave the Crag an enchantment, had all vanished.

Yet, were they times to stir blood more cold than D'Alton Barron's—the times of growing national dignity, increasing, national strength, and united national movement. They were the times of O'Connell and Sheil, and all the galaxy that shone around the "Liberator," and raised the humblest in the land to the platform of their own large souls. Not a man seemed exempt from their enthusiasm,—or even a little boy; and the "Juvenile Liberal Club" was a school for the patriot, demagogue, or statesman of twelve to sixteen years old, whose intelligence brightened in the double pride of emulation and love of country. What days they were, only the sharers of the glorious epoch can feel; and what a transition from prostration to erect manhood, no one can understand who has not lived during the nation's lethargy, and after the awakening.

"'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
on life's dull stream."

O'Connell was going, one day, from Waterford to Clonmel, some time before the Clare election; and, of course, the whole route was an ovation. The great leader was then fifty-four years old, and you would pick him from a million, for the task assigned to him by Providence. A good deal over six feet high; regal in his movements and address; with an eye of light and humor that nothing escaped, and which looked into you while hardly appearing to look at you; with a mouth which was eloquent even when silent, and a voice so sweet, full, and powerful, that one felt it, as one feels language,—and it came a language to the Irish heart—no wonder we worshipped him! We have encountered gloomy days enough, and known how to restrain hope and confer confidence spar-

ingly—in fact, we had a share in the experience that "all is vanity;" but it is something to have known O'Connell, and to have lived much of the life which he imparted to Ireland.

A few men and boys—just what a great crowd breathes out before them; a little gathering, looking back anxiously for some approaching thing of interest; a distant cheer—another—the crowd thickening; the cheer growing from one of magnitude to one of thunder; the tens of thousands stretching on and on, apparently for miles, and so massed together that the men's heads would make a causeway; banners, and wands, and green ribbons, and boughs of trees, and bands of music, and in the midst of that endless throng a carriage, driven by postillions, while a single gentleman occupies the driver's seat—a man "every inch a king!" that is O'Connell! And the multitude, like a mass, slowly approach, the thunders of an enthusiasm never seen in the world before swell up the sides of Slieve-na-Mon, and are echoed by the hills on the other side of the "sweet banks of the Suir."

O'Connell and Father Aylmer were old friends, and, therefore, everyone was prepared for a standstill at Father Aylmer's door. And, thereupon, the old patriarch came forth, with his loving looks, and flowing hair, and open arms, to welcome "the man of the people." Such excitement, such hurrahs, such pride and exultation, could hardly take place in a century, because such men as O'Connell and Father Aylmer, in like circumstances, do not meet twice in a hundred years.

About this same hour of the day, Henry D'Alton Barron was on his way to meet O'Connell at Father Aylmer's. He rode a noble animal, and well became his place.

A large man, carrying a long stick, and his hair flowing over his shoulders, stood in the middle of the way and signified for a moment's delay. D'Alton Barron stopped.

"You are going to the meeting at Clonmel?" the old man said.

"I am, James; where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm as ever, you know. There's no home or rest for a sinner but the tomb."

"But you must be more hopeful, James."

"No matter, Mr. Barron. I want something else of you."

"Well, James."

"Are you armed?"

"Armed?"

"Yes, armed?"

"Well, I am."

"Your life is in danger; and I want to put you on your guard."

"How? Assassination?"

"No; but another case of D'Esterre. There is a regular plan to provoke you, and then put you out of the way. You are too much an enemy to the shoneens."

"And that is all, James? Pray for me, old fellow. Good-bye."

James's warning added interest to D'Alton Barron's journey, and gave warmth of color to his oratory as he addressed the "hereditary bondsmen."

The meeting was a great success. O'Connell towered over the force of power and wrong—looking the freeman he was not; and at the end of the meeting proved his influence by the people's obedience, more than by their cheers of admiration or their patient expectation. In ten minutes from the close of the meeting, not a group remained in the street, and during the evening not a drunken man was found in the whole population!

Every one admired D'Alton Barron's address as well as his fine bearing. "Slaves are never made of stuff like young Barron!" O'Connell said, and the whole population echoed the name. "He'll be a mumber for the county yet." "Arrah! is'nt he the *boochil*?" Everything that could flatter a young fellow of high spirit, just of age, met his ears while returning after bidding O'Connell an affectionate adieu. He looked to his arms, once more mounted, and was on his way to the Crag.

James the Pilgrim's warning seemed needless to-day. No event took place on the road. But when D'Alton Barron arrived at the Crag, things turned out less agreeable. The young man came in at the end of a conversation in which he was very much concerned; and which Nelly repeated with exactness.

"Mind yourself, Master Henry. That d—l Cunneen is makin' mischief."

"How so, Nelly?"

"There isn't a man on the property that got a new coat these twelve months, or ate a bit o' meat this quarter, or gev his little boy a jacket or a pair o' shoes, that the ould Lucifer did'nt put down in writin', and hand to the masther for a rise."

"And what did my Father say?"

"He said that Cunneen was a valuable good agint; and he'd remember it for 'im, so he would."

"Well, anything else?"

"Throth, plenty! He said 'twas a pity you're making an enemy of the gentlemen by going so much among *spalpeens*, an' you're losing time an' money."

"The rascal?"

"Let me on now *echora*! Aint my darlin' dead! an' did'nt I carry you in my arms, when you were a little infant! Thank God that made you what you are to-day! An' could Nelly Nurse let her fester babe be run down?"

"Certainly not, Nelly," answered D'Alton Barron smiling.

"Well, did'nt he say you are running in debt wud the hope of the ould man's death?—Oh, well he did'nt say *that*, but he said 'hopin' by-and-by to be able to pay; an' sure wan is as good as another or as bad,—*shraen dharag shios air*! An' did'nt he say that you're interfering wid the tenants an' puttin' 'em up to be givin' 'em opposition, an' sayin' that 'tis hard to go on wid you? An' did'nt he say—the black devil—did'nt he say that there's a bill again you in the bank, dhue in a month, that you wint bail for Bill Galaher? An' did'nt he—"

"Say no more Nelly, say no more; and Henry strode right away to his father's room or office, and entering without announcement or knock, he found Mr. Timothy Cunneen in the full process of teaching Mr. D'Alton economy, and the paternal spirit in which he should govern such a wild young man as his son.

For a moment, he stood still, and placed himself under the necessary restraint. He then faced his father—not disrespectfully, but firmly. He was going to speak, when his father interrupted him.

"You are just in time, sir. I have been speaking of you to my faithful

steward; and I wish to let you know some of my mind."

"Well, sir?"

"Your ways are not my ways, and I am not going to end my life in the workhouse."

"Nor am I—at least I hope so," answered the young man, with suppressed passion.

"I'll have none of your—nonsense of speech-making and stirring up the people against their betters, and the humbug of 'Catholic rent,' and associations, and all that—humbug."

"Well, sir, you need'nt."

"Need'nt! Why, sir, whose money do you pay out? Whose horses do you ride? Whose food do you eat? Whose house do you make your own—I say, confound you, you coxcomb!"

"You are, you are going far, sir—a little too far," D'Alton Barron said in a tremulous voice. "I thought I was living in a father's house, and——"

"No—you! You thought you were living in a fool's house; but I can tell you by——I am not going to die in the workhouse!"

"I was going to say, sir, I thought I was living in a father's house, and, as I am of age, could claim the expenditure of every young man of my class; and I have not had half the allowance that men of your means allow their sons."

"Have you not food?"

"Well, sir——"

"Who feeds you? Who clothes you? Who mounts you on a horse worth one hundred and fifty guineas, every penny?"

"I am——"

"You are! Do you want to know what you are! You are a——low, mean, crawling sponge! By——you are, and you have'nt the spirit of a cur dog, or you would try and do something for yourself, and not send me into the workhouse, and make your infant sister a pauper!"

"I know the whole history of this," said the young man; "and I shall know how to meet it."

"Well, before you meet it, as you say, I wish to inform you that the black horse has been sold!"

"Sold! My horse sold!"

"Your horse! You beggar! You never had a horse! and I am not going

to pamper a blackguard who goes to O'Connell's meetings and owes fifty pound bills in the bank—I am not by——"

Young D'Alton Barron heard no more. He rushed at Cunneen, who was a young man then, and took up a chair to defend himself. He placed the chair between the assailant and himself and ran backwards towards the door of the office. But there his presence of mind seemed to fail him, and he went head over heels down the stairs, the chair tumbling over him, until both arrived at the bottom, when Mr. Timothy Cunneen cried out lustily "Murder! murder! Go for the police!"

Cunneen's punishment did not end here. D'Alton Barron rushed quick as lightning to the hall rack, and seizing his cutting whip, he dragged Cunneen outside the hall door, and cut and cut away until from head to foot Cunneen was marked by the hieroglyphics of an angry revenge.

At last D'Alton Barron stopped from exhaustion.

Old D'Alton came to the hall door. He was livid—awful to see, and his eyes

"Had all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming!"

At length the blood rushed to his face, and he recovered himself sufficiently to speak.

"Leave my house, you eternally disgraced hound! Leave my house, and never let me see your face again! Go and——"

"Do not fear, sir. I have no intention to intrude on one who has ceased to have a claim on my affection, and—that a son should say it!—no claim even on respect. You have——"

"Hold your tongue, you double-dyed villain and robber, and——"

"I go, sir. We meet not again."

"But stop!" cried Giffard D'Alton, "stop!" and he knelt down solemnly under the trees. "Stop," he continued; "take with you my curse; my curse follow you rising and lying; my curse follow you sleeping and——"

Long before the imprecation had ended, the son of Giffard D'Alton had departed, with a heart too filled with rage to be heavy or sad.

He went into the glen, and sat down.

in a little recess where his mother sometimes, and many more times, Nelly Nurse, had sat watching the light on the stream and the growing of the shadows. For sometime he was in a stupor—downright insensibility; but there was a calming influence in the loneliness, and the voice of the brook. He began to collect his thoughts and to consider upon the first immediate step then and there to be determined. He heard breathing near him, and, starting up, he beheld the very Nelly of whom he had been thinking.

"Oh! Nelly Nurse; so we are parting. Well, Nelly, I shall always remember you. You have been my mother, Nelly, and you have loved me as my mother did."

"Ochone! Ochone!" was all poor Nelly could say.

"I am going, Nelly; and, although I face the world without a penny, I am sure I shall have enough; and, when I am rich and powerful, Nelly Nurse will come to Master Henry again."

The poor woman cried aloud.

"Well, now, Nelly, for your son's sake, bid him good-bye, and get calm. Stick to the Crag. You know that will be your poor son's inheritance some time."

Poor Nelly still could do no more than weep.

He caught her by both hands; and the duellist and powerful athlete shed a tear.

"Oh, sir! oh, sir? oh!—Take this quick. Take this! Oh! do, sir, or *I'll die.*"

A purse fell at D'Alton Barron's feet.

"What! Nurse."

"Oh! don't spake—don't spake—but if you don't put Nelly's little purse in your pocket, she'll die at your feet."

He thought a moment.

"Well, darling Nurse, be it so! Be it so. God bless you!"

He bade her farewell, and made his way, as he told Nelly he would, to Father Aylmer and Father Ned. He then gave them the history as they sat around the little parlor table, where also he took out his purse and counted thirty golden sovereigns and a half.

"Poor girl," cried Father Aylmer. "Well, we'll mind her, Henry; indeed, we will."

"Have you any project?" asked Father Ned Power.

"Well, Father Ned," answered Father Aylmer, "we'll see after dinner. Won't that do?"

"You are right, sir," Father Ned replied.

The dinner came in time, and, taking all things into consideration, it was a happy one. All manner of projects were suggested, examined and discussed. In the midst of all this conversation Nelly's thoughtfulness came among them in the shape of a well-filled portmanteau packed with clothes.

The final resolve was for Canada. A ship sailed from Liverpool in three days. The young man knew some people who had emigrated to Montreal, and he was full of confidence in his own powers. He was induced to take twenty pounds from Father Power—a loan—and best of all he made a good religious preparation for his voyage. The young man, it was reported, died some years after his arrival beyond the Atlantic, and, it was thought, left a daughter; but that was uncertain. The widow did not survive the husband long.

Thus, Mr Charles Baring became an adopted heir, and the Crag every day went from bad to worse.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY PROF. O'GRADY.

TOWARDS midnight on the first of December, the explosion of a mine of gunpowder under the railway, near the station at Moscow, destroyed a baggage train, severely injured some of the officials, and tore up the track for several yards. It was all a mistake, however, as the police hastened to explain. The blowing up was intended for another party, who, unawares to the manipulators of the mine, had passed along half-an-hour earlier than expected. This was the Czar of Russia himself—lucky dog! With the rising of the sun, prayers of thanksgiving for the miraculous escape of the loved and loving autocrat went up from loyal hearts, or rather, went out through chattering teeth, all over the land, and telegrams came flying in from the crowned heads of Europe, from Berlin, Vienna, the

Quirinal in Rome, and London, and from the crownless head at Washington, congratulating their royal brother, and wishing him many more years of wise and beneficent rule. Of course, the Nihilists—*ex nihilo nihil fit*—were immediately put down for this gun-powder plot, and the entire espionage corps—a damning and terror-striking legion—set to work with a will to ferret out Guy Fawkes and his abettors within the ninety-ninth degree. Before a month the number of arrests made will have likely run up to the thousands. I have no symyathies with those who attempt, but fail, to make cruel emperors and grinding landlords, imperial and petty tyrants, subjects for coroners' inquests, because I abhor murder even when only committed in intent, and hold that is a sin against society to encourage coroners. When such conspirators succeed in their murderous designs, they deserve hanging at least; but when they bungle and fail, and injure unoffending people and destroy valuable property, as they did at Moscow, then, I say, they ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered. It is time to put a stop to this *fooling* between Nihilism and the Czar in Russia, and whether it be done by the extermination of foul conspiracy in the form of the one or of brutal tyranny in the person of the other, no one that loves justice and freedom will have cause to shed a tear. But there can be no rejoicing in Russia so long as either one evil shall survive the other.

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In the early part of the afternoon of the thirteenth of December, a short distance from the railway station at Calcutta, in a crowded street, a pistol shot was heard, and the occupants of the first in a line of carriages driving rapidly along ducked their heads in time to escape a ball which went whizzing past. A second shot quickly followed in the same direction, but happily it also was a waste of powder. The carriage fired upon contained the Viceroy of India who had returned by the last train from the frontier, and who, not having been apprised of the nature of the reception intended for him, could be readily

excused if he appeared just a little confused on meeting it. A lynx-eyed member of his staff detected the would-be-assassin at the first shot, and nabbed him right after the second. He proved to be a native, apparently very drunk, but presumably sober enough to know what he was about. Off to jail the prisoner was hurried, while the vice-regal party proceeded, without further molestation to the palace. The news of this attempt on the life of her representative travelled quicker than lightning to the ears of the Queen and Empress, who dispatched to him the conventional expression of her sympathy and joy. On receiving it, Lord Lytton's thoughts must have reverted to the fate of his less fortunate predecessor, the Earl of Mayo, and Her Majesty's message of condolence on that occasion to the distracted widow. Here was food, indeed, for profitable meditation. The vanity of the world, a question of far more importance to him personally than the most vital affairs of State, and which, perhaps, he had hardly ever seriously considered before, must now have exacted his attention. Probably it did not present itself in the evangelical form: "what doth it profit a man," etc., but in the form the American paragrapher has put upon it: "what's this world to a man when his wife is a widow?" Even in this shape it must have impressed him more or less. So, you see, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." By the way, is Lord Lytton a married man? Is there any lady in existence who, in case of his prior decease, could be called his widow? I do not ask this through idle curiosity, for the information wanted is of national, yea, of cosmopolitan interest. Besides, professors never do put idle questions, except to one another in scientific discussions. Then the answers are always idle too. Will some learned brother, who has consecrated himself to the pursuit of knowledge for the enlightenment of the race, make the necessary researches to discover whether the Viceroy of India is a benedict or a bachelor, and then die happy in the *Edinburgh Review* or the *Atlantic Monthly*, with the consciousness that he has discovered something. Perhaps Prof. Dawson will take up the question when he shall have

done with the horns of the Apocalypse, if the horns don't do for him?

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"A repetition of the scenes of mutiny of 1857 has for some time been a sort of probabilities."

This was the startling appendix to the first recital of the incidents at Calcutta on December 13th. The natives were reported in a half-threatening attitude towards the English officers and all British authorities, and amongst the latter most intense anxiety prevailed. But every following account was more re-assuring, and finally we were informed that the attack on the Viceroy had no political significance whatsoever. It is difficult to know when the cable tells the truth and when it lies, and it is always safe to doubt its first story, except it be something about the Pope or the Church somewhere. In that case, no matter how absurd or monstrous the tale, swear to it, and try to force it down your neighbor's throat. Special correspondents sometimes make a mistake or two in the matter of a boat race, or "go-as-you-please," or an after-dinner speech, but in ecclesiastical affairs, they never do. That they are infallible in everything relating to the Church and the members of the hierarchy, is a dogma generally admitted, to deny which incurs anathema by the secular press, and is besides a lamentable exhibition of ignorance, superstition and priest-riddeness generally in a land where the public schools have been diffusing light for half a century or more.—See what a digression I have made. Let us return to India. No matter what the individual or combination controlling the wires may say, British rule in India is entering upon a crisis the like of which it has not passed through before. Its yoke has been a heavy one upon the natives, and their patience has limits, just as like yours and mine. They only await an opportunity to throw it off, but, unlike the Irish, they wait prepared, they are armed; they are organised; they are ready. The opportunity is come,—England's embarrassment at home, her trouble all along her scientific frontier in Africa, and her disasters daily increasing in

Afghanistan. There is the situation at present. What shall it be a month hence?

"MAN IS BORN FREE."

It is the great boast of the present age, that now at least men *are free*. Everywhere we hear men boasting of their freedom; in the Senate, in the Courts of Justice, in the press, on the market-places, in the taverns, even in the pulpit we hear men applauding this new born prodigy, which is supposed to have just appeared like a new Messiah to the world.

As there are undoubtedly two masters—God and the devil; two kingdoms—religion and the world; two laws—the law of God and the law of our passions, so there are two freedoms, the freedom of God and the freedom of the devil, the freedom of religion and the freedom of the world, the freedom of the law and the freedom of our passions. But which of those is the true freedom? The Apostle tells us "If Christ hath freed you, you are truly free." There are many freedoms but the only true freedom is freedom from the world, the flesh and the devil.

"Man is born free," says the present age. Certainly the present age has never seen a new born man, else would it never have uttered so great a *lie*. The very name—*infant*—which we give this new born man (who is supposed to be free) disproves this freedom. We call him an *infant* (in-fans unable to speak) and this thing—unable to speak you tell us is born free. Of what is he free, I pray you? Of hunger, of thirst, of cold, of heat, of sickness, of death? No; no sane man would dare for a moment to claim for this new born man freedom from any one of these.

Of what then is he free? Free from wants? Independent of external aid? No; the infant cannot live without its mother's care; old age cannot exist without the assistance of the young; the servant has need of the master, the master of the servant; families and peoples have need of government by their respective heads. Without them they would be neither families nor peoples. In one word men could not exist, if they were not made

dependant, the one on the other, by the duties of society. Men are not then free of each other.

Of what then is man born free? Of error? of passion? of vice? Would to God he were! then and then only would he be truly free. Then would there no longer be disputes, nor anger, nor contention, nor wars, nor sin, nor crime. The whole world would be an earthly paradise. But alas! how different is all this. From that unhappy hour when Eve first thought to be free—from that unhappy day when the devil tempted her to render herself independent of God by eating the forbidden fruit, man has been at the mercy of a thousand desires, the slave of a thousand evil passions. This unfortunate man (whom the present age would ask us to believe is free) has been enslaved to lying and avarice and self interest and self will and anger and ambition. All these as tyrants have made him in turns their football to kick hither and thither; and that religion (which the age asks you to despise as a tyrant) has been the only liberator that could have struck off these chains of sins, the only thing which could make him rise superior to these passions, and restore him to that state of original freedom to which God originally created him.

Of what then is man born free? of all duty and conscience? yes; says at the bottom of his heart, the libertine, the atheist, the robber and the cut-throat, who knows and covets no other liberty than the liberty of doing evil.

And in sooth man is free as the freedom of the age goes. For what is the freedom of which this age boasts so loudly and so persistently? Is it not to be free and independent of *all duty*?—to be a slave to no one but oneself? to follow no law but the law of our desires? to be free indeed but *not* with that freedom which becomes a man worthy of the name of man, but with the freedom of man brought down to the level of the brutes?

Is it not to be free and independent of all honor? of all faithfulness? of all honesty? to be free from everything but money? to adore nothing but fortune? to sell for place and power and even for a few dollars one's oath and one's con-

science? Is it not to be free from all the duties and restraint of religion? to believe nothing but what one wants to believe? to do nothing but what one wants to do? to refrain from nothing but what one wishes to refrain from? Is it not to be free from all legitimate authority? from the authority of the parent in the family? from the authority of the sovereign in society? and to acknowledge no sovereignty but that of sovereign self? Are not these "the advanced thinkers" as they love to call themselves of the age?

But in what does the freedom of the Christian consist? The Apostle tells us in two words, "Ye are free from sin and made slaves to justice." To be submissive to God, but independent of all other things—to be inseparably attached to God alone as to a Father and thus to be raised superior to the whole world and to reign supreme over oneself—this is true freedom. Man the sport of a thousand speculations and of a thousand systems—running incessantly like a child here and there after each gaudy butterfly of opinions, that floats under the name of science in the atmosphere of thought—allowing himself to be tossed about like the foam of the sea by every breath of theory and plausible conjecture, which any day dreamer may proclaim, *such* is the representative man of the century, who declares to the world that he has been born free. The Christian enlightened by faith, sustained by hope, animated by charity, and secured from all fear of wandering, from all anxiety of opinion by the infallible teaching of that Church with whom Christ has promised to be even to the end, such is that Christian bondage which alone is true freedom. Man the slave of custom, of the laws of what is called "society" and of the spirit of the age, not having manliness enough to resist the torrent of the world, but allowing himself to be drawn down into the whirlpool of evil passions and the general depravity of the age—this we are asked to believe is the man who is born free, whilst the Christian independent of custom, free from the trammels of "society" nonembody with the spirit of the age—the Christian strengthened by the grace of God to a strength above all manhood—the Christian standing

upon the rock of Christ and looking down calmly upon all that foam and turmoil and war of waves which is called "the world," laughing at the storm and mocking the whirlwind—this is he who is said to be in bondage! Yes, he is in bondage, but it is the bondage of Christ wherewith alone we are made free.

H. B.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

We have already referred to a few of our Canadian institutions of education, and now we would desire to draw attention, as much as our humble powers may permit, to the subject of education itself in Canada. And in so doing we have not the presumption to come forward with arguments and ideas that we consider as authorities. Every one is free, in this land, to express his individual ideas and to uphold his individual principles upon such subjects; but no one can at this period of our history come forth and impose upon his fellow-countrymen principles they may not choose to accept. And in treating of this grand and all important subject, we dare not for a moment imagine that what we shall state should be taken and practised upon by those who are older, more informed, more experienced and more influential. But we hope sincerely that our remarks shall meet with general approbation and that without considering the humble source whence they spring that a generous and patriotic public shall weigh them in a just scale and accord them the merit, however small it may be, that they deserve. We also hope that others better instructed and more potent in argument, will follow us and enlarge upon our ideas and labor, that their truth and necessity be deeply and strongly fixed in the mind of this youthful country.

Let us first make a distinction, too often disregarded or perhaps too often ignored, between the term INSTRUCTION and EDUCATION. Vast is the space that separates these two, yet they are so

connected that their union should be inviolate. In a few words as possible we will explain this difference. A young man may be well able to translate Homer or Virgile, to recite the speeches of Demosthenes or Cicero, relate the divers events that characterize the many epochs of history, solve the most difficult problems in mathematics, in a word know all that is taught in the best college of the land, and yet be unable to pass on through society, take his stand among his fellows in the great battle of life, apply that acquired knowledge to the different circumstances of his vocation or make himself, in the world, a mark that might withstand the effacing hand of time,—he is well *instructed*, but badly *educated*. On the other hand a young man may with tact and knowledge of the ways of society and the world, by frequent intercourse with his fellow-citizens, by observation and by exertion, by a study of the manners of those who succeed in life,—and with half the classic lore of the book-worm student, rise to an eminence far beyond the reach of the other,—he is *educated* well, but poorly or indifferently *instructed*. The one may have much knowledge, but it is of no use to others, and of little help to himself—the other may have little knowledge but the little is divided amongst those in whose society he moves. The latter is highly preferable to the former.

But if both of these qualities are combined in one person—if education and instruction were united in the formation of one character,—if the woof of education was well woven into the warp of instruction, the mantle which it would form, would clothe the humblest amongst us with a richness far out stripping the gaudy, showy, unsubstantial covering of the one who has only education—or the dull, somber and at times tattered garment that is wrapped about a person whose instruction is his only heritage. It should then be our object, the object of every good and well-meaning man, to see that whatever persons or institutions profess to educate the youth, that the imparting of knowledge be never separated from real and true education. And it is from this

stand-point, with this distinction and these principles before us, that we now hazard a few remarks upon the grand subject of CANADIAN EDUCATION.

In thus approaching so vast a subject we do so with a confidence that may at first appear verging on presumption. But we seek not to impose new ideas or new principles, neither do we pretend to complete originality. These principles are olden, even older than Ancient Rome, older than the precepts of Solon or the harsh rulings of Lycurgus. We cannot pretend to originality in all, for we draw our light from sources, both ancient and modern, from the precepts and sayings of good men and great and learned men of all ages and all stations in society.

HOME INFLUENCE.

To begin from the beginning, we will first speak of home influence and home education. And in thus commencing we will quote from a volume, alas, to little known in Canada, but which suffices to be named in order to bring with it the force of an authority; we refer to the "Literary and Historical Essays", by the everlamented Irish poet, essayist and patriot, who now sleeps in his early and honored grave in Mount Jerome—Thomas Davis. In an essay on "Means and Aids to self-education," he thus speaks of home influence:—

"Home is the great teacher. In domestic business we learn mechanical skill, the nature of those material bodies with which we have most to deal in life—we learn labor by example and kindly precept, we learn (in a prudent home) decorum, cleanliness, order—in a virtuous home we learn more than these, we learn reverence for the old, affection without passion, truth, piety, justice. These are the greatest things man can know. Having these he is well. Without them attainment of wealth and talent are of little worth. Home is the great teacher; and its teaching passes down in an honest home, from generation to generation, and neither the generation that gives nor the generation that takes it, lays down plans for bringing it to pass."

What more can be added to this beautiful paragraph? It contains a world, not of words, but of sound ideas and

noble precepts. It evidently comes from one whose soul was filled with noble aspirations, whose heart beat for the good of his fellowmen and whose energies were devoted to their interests. It is in the home-circle that the first precepts are to be learned. If home influence is evil and perverse, it is almost impossible for the victim of circumstances to ever break the bonds that tie him down; if that influence is noble and exalted it will require much and frequently repeated faults and evil connections in after life, to uproot the plant whose seed was sown in the fresh and youthful soil.

The ancients used to say that the essential things in education of the young are to teach them to worship the gods, to revere their parents, to honor their elders, to obey the laws, to submit to the rulers, to love their friends and be temperate in pleasure; objects too frequently omitted in the philosophic plan of modern education. The moderns have determined, practically at least, that the whole education consists in acquiring knowledge.

When the mind is fresh and pliable, it can be moulded into a good or a bad shape according to the influence brought to bear upon it. It is then the time, when the youth is still at home, before he sees the inside of a school—or even during his first school days when returning home for holidays or from the task of each day, that the grand points of his education and character should be attended to. And ignorant, or to say the least unfaithful to their duties, are the parents who consider that they are fulfilling their obligations towards their children when they pay their school bills and send the children regularly to their tasks. They must also fulfil that grander and greater duty of instructing and educating them at home,—of forming their characters after the purest fashion they can attain.

Fuller once said, "twenty years ago I heard a profane jest and I still remember it." He was then young, and the evil word left an impress upon his mind that all his twenty years of study and exertion could not efface. Had he twenty years before heard some lofty or noble expression, coming from some good source, how much more encouraging

would be the remembrance. And where are we to hear those good things, if not around the evening hearth, in the quiet of the home circle, from the lips of pious parents?

Again speaking of home influence, Thomas Davis tells us:—"Home life is obviously affected by education. Where the parents read and write the children learn to do so early in life, and with little trouble; where they know something of their religious creed, they give its rites a higher meaning than mere forms; where they know the history of the country well, every field, every old tower, or arch is a subject of amusement, of fine old stories, or fine young hopes; where they know the nature of other people and countries, their own country and people become texts to be commented upon, and likewise supply a living comment on the peculiarities of which they have read."

We might now say as after the first quotation from that true and whole-souled man, that nothing can be well added to complete what he says on this point. Parents should endeavor to begin as early as is possible to develop the mental faculties of their children,—which faculties when then used become active and energetic and grow in strength according as years pass on and their objects become more important. Nothing more pitiful than to see a mind rusting and growing unwieldy from neglect. It will not do to let a child believe that his parent has only one idea with regard to him, like that of Jason in the tragedy, whose sole prayer for his son was, that he might see them grow up into manhood, well nourished and vigorous, that they might defend him against his enemies.

But no child growing into youth should be deprived of amusement and relaxation. This is a fault amongst too many parents who imagine that their children lose time when playing. St. Jerome says: "Let the child have relaxation—let there be letters of ivory with which it may play and let its play be instruction." Another extreme fault would be to make a child bold and impertinent, with the object of shewing how much the child can do and how much he knows. Those children that

at the age of four or seven can perform wonders, generally turn out second or third rate men. They often resemble the son of the Strepesades returning from the school of the Sophists, to whom his father said with joy: "In the first place I mark with pleasure the expression of your countenance; your face indicates at once that you are prepared to deny and contradict all; yours is the Attic look."

Let it be remembered that if in youth the soul be left empty of pure and noble images, it will be soon filled by those of the contrary class. And so with the manners and exterior, if not marked by sweetness and grandeur they will be stamped with insolence and malignity. And so again for the physical person—if not properly recreated and relaxed, a dullness or stupor will overcome it, preventing the person from performing the work allotted to him in youth and from enjoying the tranquillity of old age, for as Denis Florence McCarthy says:

"Age will come on with its winter, though
happiness hideth its snows,
And if youth has its duty of labor, the birth-
right of age is repose."

We then repeat that the first place where a person should be educated and formed in character is at home—the sacred influences of which accompany the person through life. For the rich nothing is easier than to spend a portion of each day in the instructing and early training of those children who are destined to be the men of the coming generation. For the less wealthy class the task may be more difficult, but there is ever to be found time to devote to these grand and all important duties;—in summer time during the beautiful, cool, twilight hours too often spent in idle talk or even worse; in the winter,—

"When the oldest cask is opened
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow on embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When the young and old in circle,
Around the fire-brands close—
And the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows"—

is the time that should be so devoted and blessed.

MY LADY.

BY THE DEAN OF LIMERICK.

I.

I have loved my dear Lady, long and well,
 So long, and so long—that I n'er could tell
 When my love began! for, my memory
 bears
 The light of her loveliness all my years!
 Perhaps I've been taught it; but still it
 grew,
 Like a something implanted before I knew!
 And around its growth were all things
 serene,
 And holy and happy to please my QUEEN!
 Till the earth and the ocean and heavens
 above
 Were all filled with the image of HER *whom I*
love!

II.

I often remember the how'ry West,
 Where the sun sinks down to his golden
 rest,
 Stretching forth his arms in parting em-
 brace
 Of love light to brighten a DWELLING
 PLACE!
 And, oh, I remember a woman rare,
 Who mov'd round her home like a holy
 pray'r!
 With spirit-like form and pale smooth
 brow,
 Whose mystical radiance I see, ev'n now!
She taught me the earth and the heavens
 above
 Should be fill'd with the image of HER *whom I*
love!

III.

The azure, she said, was my LADY'S home—
 And the starry vault was the sparkling
 dome
 Of my LADY'S temple! Those flow'rs that
 grow,
 In their summer effulgence, here below,
 Were for odorous incense her name to
 greet!
 Or, in worship, to die at my LADY'S feet!
 And every blessing and grace should be
 The gifts of my LADY, she said, to me!
 Thus the earth all round, and the heavens
 above,
 Became filled with the image of HER *whom I*
love!

IV.

When, in blissful hours, I have felt the
 calm
 Of a feeling, that stole o'er my heart, like
 balm;
 And mem'ries of beauty and dreams of
 bliss
 Brought the joys of a holier world to this!
 In ecstasy soured I far away,
 And bask'd in the light of a paradise day!
 And, then, I bethought me, that I should
 find

The spell that had woven this Eden of
 mind!
 And I did!—in the midst of them all—was
 seen
 The life of their beauty, my LADY QUEEN!
 Oh within and without, and the heavens
 above,
 Are all filled with the image of HER *whom I*
love!

V.

Nay, e'en when I look on a clear blue
 stream,
 That wraps itself up, in a morning beam—
 Kissing roses and lilies, and sweeping
 along,
 Like a bride to the altar, her maidens
 among!
 With burdens of light to the distant glade,
 Like gems, lit to sparkle, within its shade!
 The stream and the flow'rs and beautiful
 sheen
 Are hymning the praise of my gracious
 QUEEN!
 Oh, the earth all around, and the heavens
 above,
 Be they fill'd with the praises of HER *whom I*
love!

VI.

Ah, once I forgot her, and woe is me!
 Like a helmless craft on a boisterous sea,
 Was I then, in my helplessness, tossed
 about,
 Till the sun went down and the stars went
 out!
 I bent my head and I covered my eyes,
 And I thought with myself—*thus a sin-
 ner dies!*
 The life of a sorrow just touch'd me then!
 I look'd up, and lo!—there was light
 again!
 I felt the breath of an odorous pray'r!
 Ah! none need to tell me that she was
 there!
 For the earth all round and the heavens
 above,
 Are all fill'd with the mercies of HER *whom I*
love!

VII.

Oh, my LADY fair!—she is Sharon's rose!
 The lily all sweet, that in Eden blows!
 She's the summer's bloom,—and, th' am-
 brosial air
 Blushes deep when it finds my LADY there!
 She's the sunset's glow, and the beautiful
 star,
 That, o'er Heaven's portal shines out afar,
 On the gloom of the pilgrim's weary way,
 Cheering hope with the light of coming
 day!
 The mountains are singing her praise to
 the glen!
 And seas, lakes, and rivers cry out,
 "Amen!"
 For the earth all around us and heavens
 above
 Sing in concert the praise of HER *whom I*
love!

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE
WRITINGS OF CARDINAL
NEWMAN.

RATIONALISM.

RATIONALISM is a certain abuse of reason; that is, a use of it for purposes for which it never was intended, and is unfitted. To rationalize in matters of Revelation is to make our reason the standard and measure of the doctrines revealed; to stipulate that those doctrines should be such as to carry with them their own justification; to reject them if they come in collision with our existing opinions or habits of thought, or are with difficulty harmonized with our existing stock of knowledge. And thus a rationalistic spirit is the antagonist of faith, for faith is, in its very nature, the acceptance of what our reason cannot reach, simply and absolutely upon testimony.

There is, of course, a multitude of cases in which we allowably and rightly accept statements as true, partly on reason, and partly on testimony. We supplement the information of others by our own knowledge, by our own judgment of probabilities; and if it be very strange or extravagant we suspend our assent. This is undeniable; still, after all, there are truths which are incapable of reaching us except on testimony, and there is testimony, which, by and in itself, has an imperative claim on our acceptance.

As regards Revealed Truth, it is not Rationalism to set about to ascertain by the exercise of reason what things are attainable by reason and what are not; nor, in the absence of an express Revelation, to inquire into the truths of religion, as they come to us by nature; nor to determine what proofs are necessary for the acceptance of a Revelation, if it be given; nor to reject a Revelation on the plea of insufficient proof; nor after recognizing it as divine, to investigate the meaning of its declarations, and to interpret its language; nor to use its doctrines, as far as they can be fairly used, in enquiring into its divinity; nor to compare and connect them with our previous knowledge, with a view of making them parts of a whole; nor to

bring them into dependence on each other, to trace their mutual relations, as to pursue them to their legitimate issues. This is not Rationalism, but it is Rationalism to accept the Revelation and then to explain it away; to speak of it as the Word of God, and to treat it as the word of man; to refuse to let it speak for itself; to claim to be told the *why* and the *how* of God's dealings with us, as therein described, and to assign to Him a motive and scope of our own; to stumble at the partial knowledge which he may give us of them; to put aside what is obscure, as if it had not been said to all; to accept one half of what has been told us, and not the other half; to assume that the contents of Revelation are also its proof; to frame some gratuitous hypothesis about them, and then to garble, gloss, and color them, to trim, clip, pare away, and twist them, in order to bring them into conformity with the idea to which we have subjected them.

When the rich lord in Samaria said, "Though God shall make windows in heaven, shall this thing be?" he rationalized, as professing his inability to discover *how* Elisha's prophecy was to be fulfilled, and thinking in this way to excuse his unbelief. When Naaman, after acknowledging the prophet's supernatural power; objected to bathe in Jordan, it was on the ground of his not seeing the *means* by which Jordan was to cure his leprosy above the rivers of Damascus. "*How* can these things be?" was the objection of Nicodemus to the doctrine of regeneration; and when the doctrine of the Holy Communion was first announced, "the Jews strove among themselves," in answer to their Divine Informant, saying, "*How* can this man give us His flesh to eat?" When St. Thomas, believing in our Lord, doubted of our Lord's resurrection, though his reason for so doing is not given, it plainly lay in the astonishing, unaccountable nature of such an event. A like desire of judging for one's self is discernible in the original fall of man. Eve did not believe the tempter, any more than God's word, till she perceived that "the fruit was good for food."

So again, when men who profess Christianity ask *how* prayer can really influence the course of God's Providence

or *how* everlasting punishment, as such, consists with God's infinite mercy, *they rationalize*.

The same spirit shows itself in the restlessness of others to decide *how* the sun was stopped at Joshua's word, *how* the manna was provided, and the like, forgetting what our Saviour suggests to the Sadducees—"the power of God."

Conduct such as this, on so momentous a matter, is, generally speaking, traceable to one obvious cause—the Rationalist makes himself his own centre, not his Maker; he does not go to God, but he implies that God must come to him. And this, it is to be feared, is the spirit in which multitudes of us act at the present day. Instead of looking out of ourselves, and trying to catch glimpses of God's workings, from any quarter,—throwing ourselves forward upon Him and waiting on Him,—we sit at home, bringing everything to ourselves, enthroning ourselves in our own views, and refusing to believe anything that does not force itself upon us as true. Our private judgment is made everything to us,—is contemplated, recognized, and consulted as the arbiter of all questions, and as independent of everything external to us. Nothing is considered to have an existence except so far forth as our own minds discern it. The notion of half views and partial knowledge, of guesses, surmises, hopes and fears, of truths faintly apprehended and not understood, of isolated facts in the great scheme of Providence, in a word, the idea of mystery is discarded.

Hence, a distinction is drawn between what is called Objective and Subjective Truth, and Religion is said to consist in the reception of the latter. By Objective Truth is meant the Religious System considered as existing in itself, external to this or that particular mind. By Subjective is meant that which each mind receives in particular, and considers to be such. To believe in Objective Truth is to throw ourselves forward upon that which we have but partially mastered or made subjective; to embrace, maintain, and use general propositions which are larger than our own capacity, of which we cannot see the bottom, which we cannot follow out into their multifarious details; to come before and bow

before the import of such proportions, as if we were contemplating what is real and independent of human judgment. Such a belief, implicit, and symbolized as it is in the use of creeds, seems to the Rationalist superstitious and unmeaning, and he consequently confines faith to the province of Subjective Truth, or to the reception of doctrine, as, and so far as, it is met and apprehended by the mind, which will be differently, as he considers, in different persons, in the shape of orthodoxy in one, heterodoxy in another. That is, he professes to believe in that which he *opines*, and he avoids the obvious extravagance of such an avowal by maintaining that the oral trial involved in Faith does not lie in the submission of the reason to external realities partially disclosed, but in what he calls that candid pursuit of truth which ensures the eventual adoption of that opinion on the subject, which is best for us individually, which is most natural, according to the constitution of our minds, and therefore divinely intended for us. I repeat, he owns that faith, viewed with reference to its objects, is never more than an opinion, and is pleasing to God, not as an active principle, apprehending definite doctrines, but as a result and fruit, and therefore an evidence of past diligence, independent enquiry, dispassionateness, and the like. Rationalism takes the words of Scripture as signs of ideas: Faith, of things or realities. ("Essays Crit. and Hist.," vol. i., p. 31.)

CHAT-CHAT.

—The Athanasian Creed has got into trouble in the Anglican Church; or perhaps we ought rather to say—that the Anglican Church has got into trouble with the Athanasian Creed. Ears polite do not like to hear tell of damnation, and the Athanasian Creed will not mince matters with ears polite. "Hence these tears." One would think that thirteen times a year was not too much to hear that eternal truth "He who believeth *not* shall be condemned." A portion of the Anglican world thinks different, and the Anglican world must be presumed to know its own business. But the Anglican Bi-hop of London (Eng.) is equal to the occasion. Though

he would not make the reading of it optional (as proposed by some) because this "would in many churches be equivalent to dropping it altogether, which would sacrifice its teaching power—a teaching power seldom perhaps more needed than at the times present and impending" he would suggest that the number of days on which it is read should be reduced to *four*. We like this proposal immensely, it has such a heaven-made-easy look about it. "My dear brethren, if thirteen times a year is too much for you, how will *four* times do? From thirteen to four thirteenths is a large reduction, and ought to satisfy any reasonable mind." As we said before, we like the proposal immensely. But is it Apostolic? We have heard tell of St. Paul advising Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake; but we doubt greatly whether the great thunderer would have been inclined to make a like compromise with Timothy's spiritual stomach. It was not thus he spoke to "Ye men of Athens." We nowhere find it related that when the Greek or Jewish mind rejected Christianity pure and simple, he offered for its acceptance four-thirteenths of it. Nor had his Divine Master before him, been inclined to compromise. When the Jews rejecting the Real Presence, went away saying "This is a hard saying who shall hear it?" He nowhere lured them to stay by offering, that any doctrine distasteful to them should only be propounded *four times a year*. Our Anglican Bishop is inconsistent. The teaching power of the Athanasian Creed he fully admits:—"a teaching power seldom perhaps more needed than in times present and impending," and yet he would lessen the number of times taught from 13 to 4. How is this? Can it be, that he is bowing to the inevitable and following out that axiom of the inevitable—"half a loaf is better than no bread." Evidently the Anglican Church is congregatio non ecclesia docens—a teaching congregation not a teaching church: the flock teaches the shepherd, not the shepherd the flock.

—We have a curious sample from Yedo of Japanese editorial. General Grant (or Gorantu as the Yedo scribe

calls him) is expected and Japan thus addresses him through her press:—"Whether we consider the Kelin [a fabulous animal] and the fox among beasts, or the phoenix and grey finch among birds, we find that even when endowed with unusual abilities the intelligence of these is not equal to that of stupid old women or doltish boys, and as to men it is not to be compared to theirs. Moreover, whether a fox or a finch be clever or not, they never, after all, rise beyond the level of beasts and birds. But men are able, if they choose, to cultivate their talents, and even if they fail to do this they possess the gift of thought, though it must be confessed that the majority of men are stupid, forgetful of the heavenly way, and confused as to their relations to one another. But there is a man who has cultivated his great natural abilities, is rich in thought, is admirable in his movements, is as unfathomable as heaven and earth, and with whom neither the Kelin nor the phoenix is for a moment to be compared. Such a one is General Grant, whose intelligence is commanding to a degree, and whose business capacities are truly grand."

How far General Grant—the future dictator—will appreciate this so close approximating of his Generalship with the Kelin and the Phoenix, the fox and the finch, "who at their best are never equal to stupid old women and doltish boys," and who "however clever can never after all rise beyond the level of beasts and birds," we know not, neither is it our business to determine. What is more to our purpose to know, is that evidently Yedo has not yet been contaminated with the demoralising teachings of the anthropoidal ape theory. This is encouraging for Yedo.

—Alas! alack! and well-a-day! what will become of all our old nursery conceits? A Mr. Ralston,—unfortunate man!—has broken Cinderella's "glass slipper" shivering it to atoms, oh impious thought! and she, poor princess and one time serving girl! must henceforth walk in common place slipper of fur. "Fair" says Mr. Ralston (and of course he knows) is old French for *fur*, not *glass*. Well! this is too bad. We do not love Mr. Ralston. Though

doubtless *right*, he ought to be *wrong*, if only for the nursery mind's sake, and we love him not accordingly.

—But we can forgive Mr. Ralston for correcting another blunder which has had nothing to do with *our* nursery mind, and which is of some historical importance. The French nursery mind was taught to believe, that formerly a Seigneur, if his feet were frost bitten, had the right to disembowel two *serfs*, (mark the word; gentle reader) and to revive his feet in their still warm carcases. This is not a very refined way of restoring circulation and vitality, but then the medieval mind was not supposed to be refined, and medical prescriptions in general from blue pill to Senna, from linsced poultice to fly blister, are sadly lacking in the esthetical. The practice however despite its inelegance is still carried on in Northern Asia, with this difference, that both in modern Northern Asia and medieval France it was and is *stays not slaves* (*serfs not serfs*) *corporum not corpora servorum*, that are supposed to resuscitate the unfortunate members. When shall we rightly understand medieval history? When all the Froudes are expunged.

—A notable pauper is said to have died recently in Chorlton (Eng.) Workhouse, at the age of sixty-four. The Clerk to the Board, who may be presumed to know the facts, informed the Guardians that the deceased, Charles Cartwright, was a man of education, and had once possessed very considerable means. He had run through two fortunes, one of £40,000 and one of £80,000, spending the money, it would seem, chiefly in an ostentatious style of life, and when utterly destitute had betaken himself to the workhouse, where he lived quietly, and apparently contentedly, for many years, earning a few luxuries for himself by writing poems for the country papers, and sermons for neighboring clergymen. Occasionally his friends would take him away and grant him an allowance, but their efforts were always useless, as he instantly resumed his old habits, frequented the dearest restaurants, smoked the most expensive cigars, and drove about in cabs. At last he died, in the work-

house, having never, the Clerk thought, been *unhappy*, though the Chairman on that point snubbed the Clerk, asking if he supposed that any happy man would ever write sermons.

It would be hard to say whether Charles Cartwright's notions of wealth, or the Chairman of the Chorlton Workhouse's notions of sermon writing were the more comical.

—Who are the Nihilists? The Nihilist believes, or pretends to believe, that all things proceed from nothing, and goes on to advocate the abolition of "property" and the overthrow of all existing Governments, with the abolition of marriage and the whole system of society as it exists at present. Of course all worship and all religion are to be abolished, and all their principles are to be propagated, if needs be, by force, by fire, and the sword. In sooth, a goodly company!

—The learned Professor D. Pietro Balan, sub-archivist of the Holy See, has just published a very able and interesting work entitled "The Tombs of the Popes, profaned by Ferdinand Gregorovius, vindicated by History." Reviewing the words of the German author—"There will come a time when the tombs of the Popes will have that same importance that the busts and statues of the Roman Emperors have to-day. . . . Then, probably, there will be no more Popes. Religion will be manifested in a new form unknown to us"—Balan says—"The time will come when people will know better what the Roman Pontificate is and to what it tends; remote or proximate, I know not; but it will come when men, instead of judging the Popes and the Papacy from the calumnies, the daring falsehoods, and the hypocritical fictions of their enemies, will study the true monuments of history and will shake off the conspiracy formed against truth, especially in Germany, from Luther's time; but the time in which there will be no more Popes will not come, because the Popes will exist when their calumniators will be no more; they will exist as long as the Catholic Church will exist on earth, which will be as long as time, until eternity begins, when the Church

Militant will cease in order to become the Church Triumphant. Until then Lutherans and Protestants, philosophers or atheists, wait in vain for the end of the Papacy. Luther exclaimed, *Ego moriens ero mors tua Papa*; Luther died, the Pope lives. The French Republic of '93, taking Pius VI. forcibly away from Rome to die at Valenza, cried that the last Pope was dead; they died and the Pope continued. Luigi Gualtieri, Count of Brenna, a mediocre and impious romance-writer, some years ago wrote the impious romance, "The Last Pope," and accompanied it with another, "The Nazarene," in which he offended the divinity of Jesus Christ. He meant that unless Jesus Christ were removed it was impossible to take away the Pope; but after the last Pope, Pius IX. came Leo XIII., after Leo there will come others, and others again, and when the name of Gualtieri will be forgotten, then the name of a Pope will still be pronounced."

—Reginald Cardinal Pole was a man of the true type. No ecclesiastical dignity could dazzle him. When the conclave which elected Julius III. had already lasted a month, without being able to come to a decision, Reginald Pole was hastily summoned one night from his bed by a deputation of Cardinals, to come to the chapel to receive the homage of his associates as pope-elect. "I cannot approve," answered the deliberate Englishman, "of any hasty proceedings. Put it off until the morrow, and if it is God's good pleasure that I be elected, it will do then as well as now." On the morrow the coalition formed over-night was dissolved, and a short time later Cardinal del Monte was chosen Pope, and ascended the Papal Throne under the name of Julius III.

H. B.

The word which denies God, burns the lips over which it passes, and the mouth which opens to blaspheme, is a ventilator of hell! The atheist is alone in the universe. All creatures praise God, all that feel bless him, all that think adore him; the orb of day, and the watch-lights of the night, hymn unto him in their mysterious language. He has written in the firmament his name Thrice Holy!

THE NEW YEAR AND THE OLD.

"The King of light, father of aged Time
Hath brought about that day, which is the
prime
To the slow gliding months, when every eye
Wears symptoms of a sober jollity,
And every hand is ready to present
Some service in a real compliment,
Be this day frugal, and none spare his friend
Some gift, to show his love finds not an end
With the deceased year."

As day succeeds night, and one month another, so does year follow year. Time never halts on his solemn march, while it becomes a part of Eternity itself. Like to the year, the human race also is ever coming and disappearing, just as the Phoenix is said to be reproduced out of its own ashes.

That the New Year should begin with January, or "chilly month," as the Dutch call it, is not inappropriate, so far, at least, as the Northern hemisphere is concerned, inasmuch as being close upon the winter solstice, the year is made to represent a regular and harmonious series of changes. It was Numa who decreed that the new year should open with January, and who added two additional months to the kalendar. The first month was aptly denominated *Januarius*, in honor of Janus, the deity who was considered to preside over doors. The ancient Jewish year commenced on the 25th of March, and for a long time the Christian nations reckoned their new year from the same date. It was not until 1757 that the first of January became the initial day both of the legal and the popular year.

In the ancient Roman mythology, Janus and Jana were held in especial honor. Their appellations are derived from *dies*, light, or day, an appropriate symbol of the opening year. Their original form was that of Dianus and Diana, subsequently corrupted into the titles mentioned. Originally special rites were employed in the worship of Jana and her brother Janus; but such became finally merged into a common religious ceremony. It is supposed that the idea of Janus was borrowed from the Tuscan, among whom a similar deity was worshipped from a very early period, and that he was regarded as presiding over the beginning of things.

Janus was highly significant. Two faces were given to this deity. The one looked forwards, the other backwards, implying that the god stood between the Old Year and the New:—

"Tis he! the two fac'd Janus who comes in view;
Wild hyacinths his robe adorn,
And snow-drops, rivals of the morn;
He spurns the goat aside,
But smiles upon the new
Emerging year with pride;
And now unlocks with agate key,
The ruby gates of orient day."

How tender and pathetically Milton refers to his great physical deprivation in the Third Book of "Paradise Lost." He says:—

"Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine."

In a quaint poem, descriptive of the months, December and January are thus appropriately portrayed:—

"Bring more wood, and set the glasses;
Join my friends, our Christmas cheer;
Come, a catch! and kiss the lassies—
Christmas comes but once a year."
The first month of the year is thus allegorized:—

"Lo, my fair! the morning, lazy,
Peeps abroad from yonder hill;
Phœbus rises, red and hazy;
Frost has stopped the village mill."

Not living and inanimate beings alone are calculated to speak to our eyes and ears, addressing "social reason's inner sense with inarticulate language." The seasons also, particularly the departing year, and the advent of the new, are specially calculated to "point a moral" for man's behest. Conjointly they address his reason, imagination, and feelings, and it should be with results similar to those so exquisitely described by Wordsworth in the following lines:—

"For the man
Who, in this point, communes with the forms
Of Nature, who, with understanding heart
Doth know and love such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred needs must feel
The joy of the pure principle of Love
So deeply, that unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow Nature, and a kindred joy."

The season of the opening and the closing of each recurrent year serves as garlands for the memory of those who have the skill to twine them:—

"Years may roll on, and manhood's brow
grow cold,
And life's dull winter spread its dark'ning
pall
O'er cherish'd hopes; yet time cannot with-
hold
A precious boon which mem'ry gives to all;—
Fond recollection, when the tale is told
Which forms the record of Life's festival,
Recalls the pleasure of Youth's opening
scene,
And Age seems young rememb'ring what
hath been."

The year stands to us in a peculiar relation, while the regular advance of time but adumbrates the progress and completion of human life. It has been pertinently observed in illustration of this sentiment that "an old man is said to die full of years." "His years have been few," is the expression we use regarding one who has died in youth. The anniversary of an event makes an appeal to our feelings. Moreover, we also speak of the history of a nation as its *annals*—the transactions of its succession of years. There must have been a sense of the value and importance of the year as a space of time from a very early period in the history of humanity, for even the simplest and rudest people would be sensible of "the season's difference," and of the cycle which the season's formed, and would soon begin, by observations of the rising of the stars, to ascertain roughly the space of time which that cycle occupied. Thus, in the words of the Psalmist, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth forth knowledge. There is no speech or language where their voice is not heard. Their lives have gone forth through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

How graphically the progress of Time is depicted by our national poet in one of his inimitable "Melodies." The New Year and the Old—human life with its sorrows and disappointments—are shadowed forth in the following forcible lines:—

"I saw from the beach, when the morning
was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was
declining,

The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise;
So passing the Spring-tide of joy we have known.
Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone."

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

BY T. O'HAGAN.

THERE are few subjects of greater importance than that of history. If the proper study of mankind be man, then it behoves us to pay much attention to the study of history, which has for its object the vindication of man. History means well nigh everything. It is philosophy, it is poetry, it is literature. Is not history a record of every subject. Is not the advancement of mathematics a history in itself. That Newton discovered the Binomial Theorem is a fact, which comes within the realm of history. History is then a record of all that has transpired in the family of mankind. It is philosophy teaching by experience. By means of it we pierce our way through the vistas of the past and look up the aisles of the future: we hold communion with the dead and sit in council with an offspring yet buried in the womb of time. How rapid is the winged flight of imagination, yet the foot of history is as fleet. With what celerity does the page of history picture to our minds the sovereignty of the garden of Eden in its primitive greatness. We have scarcely beheld Noah and his family enter the ark until we behold the arc of God's covenant span the heavens. Thus history hurries us along through the different periods of the world's existence. We accompany Moses through the promised land and stand with him upon Mount Sinai as he receives the Divine commands. The spirit of history bears us along through the ages of empires—

"Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?"

Each nation rises before us then fades away like the mist before the morning sun. Each sovereign rules his hour and

then departs bequeathing his sceptre to another. There is no interregnum in the great sovereignty of the world. The deeds of warriors are scanned and then surpassed. Each age is arrayed in more glistening armour. The sword gleams still more brightly in the hour of danger and peace reigns more supremely when it comes. Conquest and loss, hope and fear, joy and mourning ring through the universe, and the heart of mankind beats and throbs to its varied and never ceasing measure. Yes, the true import of history is found in the *government of Thought and Action*. He who would tell us only of camps and courts and the drilling and killing of soldiers does not merit the title of historian. He forgets that the great and mighty tide of thought and action is rolling through a world of existence, and it is this thought and action that shapes and influences a nation. There must then be a real spirit in history through which its characters live and move and have their being. "History," says Carlyle, "is a mighty drama enacted in the theatre of infinitude with suns for lamps and eternity as a background, whose author is God and whose purport and thousand fold moral lead up to the throne of God." Here we have a sublime definition of history. Let us place it side by side with that of Voltaire who said that history was merely a parcel of tricks that the historians played with the dead. True, how can we expect to understand the characters of those who lived two thousand years ago when many of us are at a loss to understand ourselves. This, however, need not imply that the historian should be a character trickster. And what did Napoleon define history to be? He said it was simply fiction agreed upon. With fiction we always associate the idea of unreality. Now truth is real and real history is truth, therefore history is neither fiction nor unreality. History by some is considered to be merely story telling. This definition would hold good were there nothing in the subject, but narration. Nearly every person is more or less a story teller and consequently an historian. Yes such a definition may pass muster with children who are more interested in the

adventure of a Robinson Crusoe or the astounding feat of Jack the Giant-Killer than they are in the growth and development of a nation, but it can never be accepted as the real and true import of the term history. Froude says that history is like a child's box of letters with which we can spell any word we please. We have only, says this historian, to pick out such letters as we want arrange them as we like and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose. It is to be feared that the great English historian has too closely followed his definition. Half of our histories are but mere romances containing neither spirit nor bone. To turn their pages would be but a useless task. They do not speak of the inward life of a nation. The kings pass before you just as in some play distinguished from each other only by their armour or their mask. Certain it is that history is a book with seven seals, and what we call the spirit of the past ages is but the spirit of this or that worthy gentleman in whose mind those ages are reflected. I remember having read some time ago an article in the *Canadian Monthly* entitled "A Quarrel with the Nineteenth Century," in which the writer complained of the difficulty of reaching truths through the medium of history. Well it is a task I must confess. Like our newspapers on political subject, each has a mission to fulfil and it is a question if all our histories together state certain facts intrinsically right. Each historian has his idol before whom he bows down and offers incense. Read one history and you will learn that Queen Elizabeth was a most amiable personage and fully justified in putting her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots to death; while another represents her as a cruel hearted and tyrannical monster. Even Henry the Eighth ensconced within the circle of his six wives comes in for a share of fulsome praise at the hands of James Anthony Froude while Macaulay, who was well infallible as an historian and could not write partially forsooth, wades knee deep in blood through the massacre of Glencoe in order to exonerate his favorite hero William the Third from all blame in the matter. And thus goes on the warring of historians with truth and fiction, I

suppose arrayed on both sides. There is one thing certain, that we look for something better in histories than the mere chronicling of events. It is of little importance to know that the Magna Charta was signed by King John at Runnymede, A. D. 1215, if we do not know that it was the great bulwark of English liberty. The mere fact that we dined yesterday at precisely twelve o'clock is not so important to the welfare of our bodies as the food which we disposed of during the event. The life blood of a nation is not nourished by dry facts and dates. The inward condition of life and conscious aim of mankind, constitute much of the reality of history. It very often happens that we are wont to consider events ushered in by the thundering of cannon, the roar of musketry and the bloody carnage of a battle field as the great landmarks of history. This is a mistake "When the oak tree is felled", says Carlyle, "the whole forest echoes with it; but a hundred acorns are planted silently by some unnoticed breeze. Battles and war tumults which for the time din every ear and with joy and terror intoxicate every heart pass away like tavern brawls; and except some few Marathons and Mogartens are remembered by accident not by desert. History has been considered to be the written and verbal message which all mankind delivers to man. It is the communication which the past can have with the present, the distant with what is here. "The perfect man," says Carlyle, "would be he who understood and saw and knew within himself all that the whole family of Adam had hitherto been or done." Such a person we do not expect to find, hence we must bear with the imperfections of history. Let us read the premises of history and draw our own conclusions, not follow the coloring of the historian, but view fact through the lens of our own minds. And now I come to the question, is history a science? My reply is, yes. A subject is said to have entered the scientific stage when phenomena are no longer isolated experiences but appear in connection and order; when after certain antecedents certain consequences are uniformly seen to follow, and when with facts collected we form a

basis by which we can in some degree foresee the future. But we must ever remember that there is something else in history besides the marvellous and wonderful that the true purport of history is not to amuse but to instruct. It is the great emporium of knowledge in which all can be shareholders. We can all sit at the footstool of history and become learned. In former days the office of historian belonged in a great measure to the minstrel,

"The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of border chivalry."

But the history doled out by the minstrel was only the history of song. We feel however that we are now touching greater years, and as this enquiring nineteenth century speeds on its way, we begin to study more and more the true philosophy of history. Gibbon believed that the era of conquerors had gone, but could he have communed with the spirit which has cried "havoc! and let slip the dogs of war," during the past ten or fifteen years, he would have believed that such an era was only being inaugurated. The blood stained clouds which floated above Sadowa and Werth have scarcely passed away ere the heart of the whole Christian world mourns for a royal death in Zululand. And now a word touching the true spirit of history. To me it would appear that this is often lost sight of. Instead of counting the followers of Mahomet we should rather enquire what was in the character of the people which enabled Mahomet to work upon them; their existing beliefs, their existing moral and political condition. It is not enough that we should know the princes and crown heads of Europe who enrolled themselves under the banner of the cross in the great movement of the crusades, the effect of this great military expedition upon European civilisation and commerce is of far more paramount importance to the student of real history. With respect to methods of teaching history let us take a lesson from the pioneers of Canadian civilization who is piercing the virgin forest of the land, first blazed a large tree here and there in order that they might not lose

their way in the interminable mazes of the forest. In like manner let us be guided through the great labyrinth of history by great and leading facts, for we are indeed pioneers pushing our way through the remote ages of the past and our destination is that era coeval with creation when the garden of Eden formed the great sovereignty of the world and the divine right of kings belonged to the great first subject and king Adam. We should also remember that the reality of history consists in the essence of biographies which contain all the greatness of mankind—a greatness worthy of our young men and women who have for their object nobility of character and a desire to lead great and good lives.

IRELAND.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY (1847).

They are dying! they are dying! where the
golden corn is growing;
They are dying! they are dying! where the
crowded herds are lowing;
They are gasping for existence where the
streams of life are flowing,
And they perish of the plague where the
breeze of health is blowing.

God of justice! God of power!
Do we dream? Can it be,
In this land, at this hour,
With the blossoms on the tree,
In the glad some month of May,
When the young lambs play,
When Nature looks around
On her waking children now,
The seed within the ground,
The bud upon the bough?
Is it right, is it fair,
That we perish of despair
In this land, on this soil,
Where our destiny is set,
Which we cultured with our toil,
And watered with our sweat?

We have ploughed, we have sown,
But the crop was not our own;
We have reaped, but harpy hands
Swept the harvest from our lands;
We were perishing for food,
When lo! in pitying mood,
Our kindly rulers gave
The fat fluid of the slave,
While our corn filled the manger
Of the war-horse of the stranger!

God of mercy! must this last?
 Is this land preordained,
 For the present and the past
 And the future, to be chained—
 To be ravaged, to be drained,
 To be robbed, to be spoiled,
 To be hushed, to be whipt,
 Its soaring pinions eclip't,
 And its every effort foiled?

Do our numbers multiply
 But to perish and to die?
 Is this all our destiny below,
 That our bodies, as they rot,
 May fertilize the spot
 Where the harvests of the stranger
 grow?

If this be, indeed, our fate,
 Far, far, better now, though late,
 That we seek some other land and try some
 other zone;
 The coldest, bleakest shore
 Will surely yield us more
 Than the storehouse of the stranger that we
 dare not call our own.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

It is no longer possible, says the Liverpool *Catholic Times*, to deny the imminence of a partial famine in Ireland. In two of the provinces the crops are so deficient in yield, speaking generally, as to leave no margin to the cultivator. When the most stricken farmers have paid the most pressing claims upon them—to do which it will be necessary to export the greater part of their produce—they will have little or nothing left. The peculiar circumstances of Ireland must be borne in mind whenever the harvest is taken into consideration. Four-fifths of the population live by and upon the land in the most direct sense. A considerable proportion of the remainder depend for subsistence on the expenditure of the farming class. If, then, in ordinary seasons, the cultivators and their servants have little to spare, in bad seasons they must suffer actual distress. What loss the present harvest will entail has not been approximately estimated; but we can arrive at a sufficient judgment by taking into consideration that oats are in poor quantity, that potatoes have failed disastrously, that live stock has depreciated, through the disappearance of capital, and that the turf, fuel of the people, has not been saved to any great extent. We are not

suggesting that the soil has given less than would supply all the homes in Ireland. On the contrary, in the very worst districts it has been fruitful enough to render every home comfortable if the tillers could retain the fruits. But the crop has to bear inexorable charges. The landlord must have rent, the taxgatherer his taxes, the bank its loans, the laborers their wages, and the household a multitude of necessaries. Were there a repudiation of monetary obligations, the farmer and his staff could get along very well; but repudiation is impossible, even if it were not immoral, and therefore we must look at the position when the farmer has discharged imperative contracts by sending the bulk of his harvest to the market. The small margin he can hope to retain will not be enough for his reasonable wants; and if that be so what will be the situation of the laborers and the petty tradesmen in country towns who can only derive a livelihood from rural customers?

A little while ago there was a manifest disinclination in England to believe that the tales of coming distress were not scandalously exaggerated. Who will take that line of argument now? The Irish Government has had an official report full of ominous disclosures. Mr. Lowther saw and heard enough in the West to convince him that something should be done and at once. And now not only the Bishops, but nearly eighty Members of Parliament, have approached the Ministry with appeals for help. Their Lordships say that a "calamity has come upon the people through no fault of their own," and that the poor-law system would be utterly unable, as it was unable during the great famine, to meet the necessities of the impending crisis. They "cheerfully bear testimony to the generous conduct of many landlords" towards the tenantry, and urge others to imitate the good example, and they beg public bodies, as well as private individuals, to give all possible employment to the laboring classes. The petition of the Members of Parliament declares that "complete failure of the potato crop and the fuel supply, combined with the absence of employment, will involve a considerable number of the small farmers and

laborers in absolute destitution." Never on any previous occasion did the Irish parliamentary representatives unite as they are united in this prayer; and as the majority are gentlemen who own land, and have a stake in the country, they may be taken as having a correct knowledge of the state of affairs. Urgency, too, is imprinted on what they and the Bishops write, and if there is a sincere desire on the part of the Government to come to the rescue, the necessary steps should be taken without delay.

As to the nature of the remedy, the memorialists leave no room for misapprehension. The Bishops "suggest that some scheme of public employment which would at once relieve the pressing wants of the people, and be productive of permanent benefit, should be promptly devised and carried out through the country—such scheme to embrace arterial drainage, the reclamation of waste lands, the construction of earthworks for trams and railways, the plantation of mountain and marshy districts, as well as the improvement of tenants' dwellings." There is a statesmanlike proposal. The Members of Parliament believe the mitigation of the calamity, if not its prevention, "can be best done by affording assistance to works of a permanent and useful character." Lord Beaconsfield was studiously cautious at the Lord Mayor's Banquet in his allusion to the subject, and the "substantial embodiment" of English sympathy which he promised is not very definite. It may be as well to say, however, that if the Premier means eleemosynary charity he will have to correct his intention. The famine of 1847 was relieved in that way, and the result was to let a million creatures die, to absolutely waste an enormous amount of money, and to pauperise a nation. There must be no repetition of such a huge blunder as the employment of hundreds of thousands of men at nominal and wretchedly inadequate wages, to build mounds and pull them down again, to construct forts and level them, to make roads to nowhere, and to perform other equally ridiculous feats. There is plenty of profitable and productive work to be done, and the Bishops indicate it. The *Times* says Ireland is over-populat-

ed. But there is an aggregate of five millions of acres yielding nothing, and offering a good per centage to the reclaimer. Why should these acres remain barren in a country where every inch will grow its blades? Arterial drainage is required on many more millions of acres, and has not been done hitherto because some landlords want the requisite enterprise and others the requisite capital. The Government is expected to find money for whatever may be undertaken, but only as a loan certain of repayment. No one asks for any help savouring of mendicancy. It is the duty of a Government to protect its people from famine, as it would from a hostile invasion, and questions of political economy so-called ought not to stand in the way of preserving lives. But it is on the strictest principles of political economy that our Government is now solicited to take precautionary measures in Ireland. Whatever is spent prudently, as the farmer or merchant spends his gold—that is to say, whatever outlay is directed to the improvement of the land—will come back again, every penny, with full interest; not only so but it will materially increase the area of production and the wealth of the country, and as a consequence lessen the chances of those hitherto constantly recurring famines. For its own sake the Government ought to be bold and practical. Ireland is the one country in Europe which has had a famine every quarter of a century for upwards of a hundred years past, and it is futile to even hint that laws and systems are free from the blame.

Fire tries iron, and temptation tries a just man.—*Thomas a Kempis*.

Man has three friends in this world;—how do they conduct themselves in the hour of death, when God summons him before his tribunal? *Money*, his best friend, leaves him first, and goes not with him. *His relations and friends* accompany him to the threshold of the grave, and then return to their homes. The *third*, which he often forgot during his life, are his *good works*. They alone accompany him to the throne of the judge—they go before,—speak, and obtain mercy and pardon for him.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL,
LEADER OF THE IRISH LAND-MOVEMENT.

THE events of the past few months in Ireland not less than the impending disasters with which the people are menaced, have settled effectually the question of leadership so strongly agitated during the latter days of the late Isaac Butt, and at present the Irish people, at home and abroad, recognize as their foremost champion and spokesman, Charles Stewart Parnell, the popularly elected member from Meath, who now holds a position in the esteem and affection of his fellow-countrymen second only to that occupied by the great O'Connell in the zenith of his fame and power.

Mr. Parnell enjoys the singular advantage of being a genuine Hibernian Irish-American. Born on the "old sod," he has in his veins some of the best blood of the American Revolutionary era. He belongs to a distinguished Wicklow family, who have for generations been identified with the struggle for Irish independence. His grandfather, Sir John Parnell, was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons previous to the passage of the "Act of Union," and to the last opposed that iniquitous barter of the liberties of Ireland. His father, John Henry Parnell, during life, followed in the parental footsteps, and was one of the most popular and respected land-owners in the county of Wicklow. His mother (who still lives) was Miss Della Tudor Stewart, daughter of Admiral Charles Stewart, who in 1815 commanded the United States frigate "Constitution" when she captured the British war-ships "Cyane" and "Levant." Admiral Stewart, in the historic "Old Ironsides," met England and defeated her on the ocean when the "Mistress of the Sea" least of all expected a defeat, especially at the hands of a Yankee sailor. We need hardly say that the public course of Mr. Parnell, and the letters of his talented sisters on the Irish question, show that the old fire has not smouldered in the descendants of the gallant admiral. Mr. Parnell was born in 1846, at Avondale, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland, and was educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge, England. He was little more than of age on his initiation into Irish politics; but, from the first, he took the popular side, and has never wavered in his allegiance to the cause of the people. "Honest John Martin" could not have a better successor than Charles Stewart Parnell. In the House of Commons he is the man most feared and hated by the bigoted Tory majority; but, at the same time, he commands the respect even of those who differ with him, and has compelled the prejudiced press of England to acknowledge his merit. As a land-owner, he practises conscientiously the doctrines he preaches. He has several estates in Ireland, one of them, in the county of Wicklow, being regarded as the model estate of the neighborhood. Mr. Parnell has several times visited America, where his mother and sisters at present reside.—*Irish-American*.

*** Mr. Parnell sailed from Queenstown on the 20th December, for the United States, where we feel sure he will meet with a reception worthy of him. When it was announced that he intended visiting America, the St. Patrick's Society of this city sent him an invitation to visit Montreal. By letter written from Avondale, Co. Wicklow, about a week before he left Ireland, Mr. Parnell signifies the "great pleasure it will give him to visit Montreal, if possible, and lecture there under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society."—Ed.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY FOR IRELAND.

Action is being taken in the principal cities in the United States, to raise funds to relieve the distressed in Ireland. New York merchants intend chartering a vessel, as was done before in '47, to convey provisions, &c. Baltimore has been divided into districts for collection purposes: the "Knights of St. Patrick" of the latter city appropriated \$300 for the relief fund. San Francisco is also coming to the front. The "Knights of St. Patrick" of that city, invited representatives of other societies which was heartily responded to, and committees were struck to prepare suitable addresses to the people of the State at large, on the necessity of at once coming to the relief of the famine threatened districts of Ireland. At the meeting of the "Knights of St. Patrick" \$500 was set apart from the funds of the Society for the benefit of the Irish Relief Fund, and an address of the Irish National Land League and Relief Association of San Francisco, has been sent to the societies and organizations throughout the State, that are in sympathy with the cause.

The Dioceses of Detroit and Cleveland have already remitted to Ireland over eighteen thousand dollars, between them.

MASS MEETING IN ST. LOUIS.

The mass meeting to consider the condition of Ireland and devise means to aid the suffering peasantry of that country was an immense affair and was attended by citizens of all nationalities. The Irish-born citizens of St. Louis turned out in great numbers, and several of their civic societies were present in regalia, with music and banners. Peter L. Foy presided, assisted by about three hundred vice-presidents, selected from among the most prominent and influential citizens of St. Louis, irrespective of creed and nationality.

The speakers were President Foy, Colonel Dan Morrison, ex-Lieutenant-Governor Chas. P. Johnson, Father O'Reilly, Joseph Pulitzer, Colonel A. W. Slaybach, William L. Darcey, D. H. MacAdam and Samuel Brskine.

The political condition of Ireland was generally ignored by the speakers, special attention being paid to the sufferings and want of the people and the hardships arising from land laws and the exactions of arbitrary landlords.

Resolutions were submitted and unanimously adopted, declaring that the citizens of St. Louis extend to the suffering people of Ireland their earnest sympathy and commiseration, deploring the evils which affect them, but more still the causes which make these evils possible and periodical, holding that all legitimate government should be of the people, by the people, and for the people, and deprecating and denouncing the violation of every principle of law which makes the government of Ireland a government of Englishmen, by Englishmen and for Englishmen, and declaring that the first duty of the government is the protection of life, liberty and property, and grieving that many instances of English rule in Ireland seem to be a system of extirpation, oppression and robbery; holding as a fundamental principle of popular rights that the land of every nation belong to the people thereof and, considering the enormous accumulation of land in the hands of a few individuals, who have proved stumbling blocks to Irish prosperity, and an outrage on the people, making justice herself fret in the trap-pings of law.

The closing resolutions were as follows:—

"Resolved, That a peasant proprietary being the only stable foundation of national peace and prosperity, it is the duty of the Government in Ireland to assert the right of eminent domain and place the comfort of a home within the reach of Irish frugality, industry and economy.

"Resolved, That the failure on the part of the English Government to correct the evils of the present land tenure system places it in the attitude of hearing the appeal of a troubled and agonized people and shutting the ears of justice and mercy against their voices; that it incurs the guilt of inciting rebellion and the shedding of blood, by leaving no other alternative but resistance to iniquitous laws or servile submission to intolerable wrongs.

"Resolved, That while thus holding the Government responsible for all the distress in Ireland, yet counselling peaceful methods of reform, we claim the humble privilege of feeding our brethren whom English laws have made hungry, of clothing a brave people whom English rapacity has left naked; and of saving to country and hope a people, a race, which English indifference abandons to die.

"Resolved, That we make this expression of our feelings and purposes by transmitting these resolutions to the people and press of Ireland."

The "Knights of St. Patrick" have given \$500 for the benefit of the Irish peasantry.

ACTION OF BISHOP CHATARD.

The Right Rev. Dr. Chatard, Bishop of Vincennes, Ind., has issued the following circular, in regard to the distress in Ireland:—

"Authentic information has reached us telling of the great distress, and even of threatened famine in Ireland; that the English Premier himself has expressed his solicitude for the welfare of the population, and has promised that the deficiency in fuel shall be met by the Government sending to the distressed districts coal to be sold at cost prices. This state of things, dearly beloved brethren, calls for the earnest attention and charitable aid of all throughout the world, who, like ourselves, have been benefited by the emigration of the Irish race. To a great extent they have been heralds of the faith to us here; 'tis they who, in great part, have built up our churches, schools, and charitable institutions; they share with us alike the happiness of our faith and the trials of our religion. 'Tis, therefore, most meet in us, especially as so many of those whom I address first saw light on the emerald soil of Ireland, to go to the aid of our brethren in the faith,—there where they have nourished that faith, kept the light ever burning amid the storm,—suffered for it with a constancy that the whole world admires; and this is all the more, because the poverty with which the people of Ireland are stricken has no dishonorable origin; it came from attachment to the noblest of

causes—the saving faith of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us then, one and all, give cheerfully to relieve the distress so great at present, and to be greater still owing to the severity of the Winter. We appoint Sunday, the 7th of December, as the day for a general collection in the churches of the diocese for the purpose, as early aid will be most useful.

"† FRANCIS SILAS,
"Bishop of Vincennes."

ACTION IN CONGRESS.

In the House of Representatives, the following resolutions were introduced:—

Mr. Gillette, of Iowa, introduced the following joint resolution:—

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives:

"First, That we cordially sympathize with the people of Ireland in their present alarming condition from threatened famine, and in their efforts to obtain relief from the oppressive landlord system.

"Second, That we request the President of the United States to communicate to Her Majesty's Government our hope that some just arrangement may be early made by which the Irish peasants may become the owners of the soil they cultivate."

Mr. Frost, of Missouri, introduced the following joint resolution, which was referred:

"Whereas, It appear that the people of Ireland are seriously threatened with the horrors of famine; and

"Whereas, The destitution and suffering that are now prevailing and that are likely to increase, are in a great measure due to the system of land tenure which obtains in that unfortunate country; therefore,

"Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives, That Congress views with the most earnest and heartfelt sympathy the efforts now being made by patriotic Irishmen to ameliorate the condition of their beloved country, and extends to the Irish people its sincere wish for their success in their endeavors to obtain for themselves and their posterity the inestimable boon of equal laws and self-government."

CONGRESSIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE
IRISH PEOPLE.

A contribution list for the relief of the sufferers from famine in Ireland was started in the House of Representatives on December 9th by Mr. Kenna, of West Virginia. In less than one hour after the list was presented seventy Congressmen had signed it, each contributing \$5. Mr. Kenna expects to obtain the name of every other member, and thus realize about \$1,500.

COLLECTION IN BUFFALO, N.Y.

We take the following appeal from the *Buffalo Catholic Union*, of Dec. 11:—

“Editor Catholic Union :

“Although we have received no particular private information relating to the poverty and sad want and even danger of famine in Ireland, and no special appeals have been made to us, yet from the public press of Ireland and our own country, we cannot doubt that the condition of Ireland is such as to justify an appeal to the charity of our people in behalf of a land and a people that have so many claims and titles on our sympathy and respect. We request you, therefore, kindly, to open in the columns of the *Catholic Union* a subscription list, the proceeds of which we will undertake to distribute to the most needy districts and shall have acknowledgments of the same through the paper. This plan has been deemed the best under the circumstances, as it will afford to all desirous of relieving the present distress in Ireland an easy channel for their charities, and will not preclude the adoption of other measures should the emergency call for them, for it is well understood that the Catholics of America will not suffer their brethren and kinsfolk in the old country to die of starvation while they have a dollar to share with them.

“† S. V. RYAN,
“Bishop of Buffalo.”

MASS MEETING IN CHICAGO, ILL.

Never was a nobler response made to the appeal of an oppressed and struggling people than the answer given by the people of Chicago, assembled in

McCormick Hall, on Dec. 1st, to the question as to whether America sympathized with Ireland in her demand for equal laws and prompt justice to her agricultural classes, now trembling on the verge of famine, because of the ruinous system of land tenure which grinds them to the earth. Five thousand citizens filled the hall. The platform was filled with vice-presidents, to the number of nearly three hundred, who represented every possible interest of which the city boasts. There were many of the foremost citizens of the State among the number crowded around the chair. In fact, nearly everybody in the city in the slightest degree prominent in public matters or in business concerns was present.

The meeting was called to order by W. P. Rend, who, in a few words, stated that Hon. Thomas Hoynes had been chosen chairman of the assemblage. Spirited addresses on the question of the hour were then made by Lieut.-Gov. Sherman, Hon. Leonard Swett, Hon. W. J. Hynes, Hon. S. M. Moore, Judge Thos. A. Moran, General Martin Beem, and others. An address was adopted to the people of the United States directing the attention of the American public, without distinction of race, creed or party, to the agitation which is now progressing in Ireland,—having in view the reform of the existing land laws,—under the leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, M. P., supported by many of the ablest and most patriotic men in that island, as well as by an overwhelming majority of the Irish people.

The following resolutions were also carried unanimously:—

“Resolved, That we extend to the people of Ireland our earnest sympathy in their struggles to obtain such a reform of the land laws of their country as will enable them to become purchasers at a fair valuation of the soil they cultivate, and on the products of which they are of necessity dependent for food to sustain life.

“Resolved, That the chairman of this meeting be authorized to appoint a committee of citizens who shall constitute a committee on finance, empowered to solicit and receive subscriptions for the purpose of maintaining legitimate agitation, and, if circumstances demand-

ing it should arise, to relieve the distress of the Irish people, and that said finance committee shall have power to fill vacancies, and, if they see fit, add to their number.

The following telegram was directed to be sent at once over the cable to Mr. Parnell:—

“CHICAGO, Dec. 1.

“To the *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, Ireland, for Charles Stewart Parnell and the Irish Nation: Chicago, in the largest mass meeting ever held here, addressed by the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Judges and leading citizens, sends you hearty greeting. Continue your patriotic efforts. We pledge you and Ireland our sympathy and support.

“THOMAS HOYNE,
Chairman.”

THE IRISH HIERARCHY ON THE LAND QUESTION.

At the great land meeting at Ballinasloe, attended by thousands, letters were read from the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam; the Right Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert, and the Right Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Bishop of Elphin, all approving of the land movement.

The Most Rev. Archbishop MacHale wrote:

“In pressing our claims to relief we must not be considered mendicants prostrate at the feet of our haughty neighbors, neither should we be called upon to display our gratitude before a single favor is conferred upon us. Rather let us be looked upon as a nation justly claiming a portion of the taxes of our own country which, by a process of financial jugglery unknown to honest men, are annually transferred to the British exchequer instead of having been employed for national purposes at home, such as, at the present moment, the relief of impending want, the reclamation of waste lands, arterial drainage, and the construction of railroads in remote districts. By all means let the people be rooted in the soil of their native land; let their pecuniary relations with their landlords be decided by periodical

valuation; let those and similar well-digested projects be demanded with vigor and earnestness, by means of a constitutional and healthy organization of the political power of the people, with a view of realizing those social blessings. Let energy, activity, and the old principle, so unjustly censured by dishonest and crafty politicians, of independent opposition to all British parties by Irish members of Parliament, be vigorously required of them as a condition to senatorial honors by their constituents at the approaching general election, and the disorganization, recently witnessed with pain, of what should be a compact body will no longer dishonor our country in a foreign legislature. At the same time Irishmen must never forget that without their own independent Parliament the people of this land must ever remain the slaves of their powerful neighbors.”

The Right Rev. Dr. Gillooly wrote:—

“In substance and almost in terms your first resolutions coincide with those which were lately adopted by the Bishops of Ireland and presented to the Irish Government by a deputation of which I had the honor to be a member. History attests, and our own experience proves, that if the mass of the people, especially the cultivators of the soil, are not treated with justice and humanity by the upper classes, if their rights are not acknowledged and protected by the Legislature, the result must be, sooner or later, discontent and hatred, ending in social disruption and misery. It is therefore the interest as well as the duty of all classes, without distinction of creed, to bring about speedily a peaceful, constitutional change in our laws, and especially our land laws, which will give full security to the occupier and tiller of the soil and allow him to bestow on it his toil and capital, so as to derive from it an adequate support. That change can be effected in one of two ways, both of them already familiar to the public: Either by allowing or helping the tenant to become the owner of the land he occupies, or by securing him in its tenancy at an equitable rent. That such a change depends on the will of Parliament is admitted by all; and it is my conviction that if it were earnestly

and perseveringly demanded by the people and their united representatives it would be soon granted by Parliament."

The Right Rev. Dr. Duggan wrote:—

"I cordially approve of your meeting as a means of indicating to the Government that their primary duty is to utilize the resources of the country to save the lives of the people. The people need not ask alms from private or public resources. They are willing to earn the wages of honest work. The Government has now a grand opportunity of renovating the face of the country by inaugurating a system of reproductive operations that will not cost the State one penny, whilst at the same time they will profit the owners and occupiers of land and increase the revenues of the exchequer. Now is the hour for bold and wise statesmanship. Will the present Government grasp the opportunity of laying the foundation of solid industry in this country, and thus dry up the sources of agrarian discontent? Why those cycles of famine in Ireland? There are millions of waste, but reclaimable, lands. Why not reclaim them, and settle upon them an industrious peasant proprietary? Why not aid in developing our utterly inadequate railway system? Why not give facilities to the tenants to thoroughly drain and improve their holdings and habitations? In England the owners of land do all this. In the present state of the law fully 90 per cent. of the tenants are excluded from borrowing from the Board of Works. None can borrow but landlords and tenants with a lease of forty years unexpired, and no less than £100 can be obtained on loan. Why not improve the harbors about the coasts? To prevent the recurrence of these periodical famines the land system requires a radical change; hence the tenants must be rooted in the soil as the prelude of a large increase in the number of peasant proprietors. All these beneficial reforms can be attained by peaceable agitation within the lines of the constitution by energetic action on the part of our representatives. Much has been already gained, and more, including Home Rule, will be attained if the constituencies be true to their own

grave responsibilities. The policy of inaction has been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD ON IRISH POLITICS.

At a meeting of Irish electors at Salford at which Mr. Mitchell Henry attended, the Bishop of Salford wrote an admirable letter, in reply to an invitation. His Lordship said that even were it his habit to take part in purely political gatherings, he would be unable to do so on that evening because of another engagement, and added, "I may say, however, that I entirely approve of Irish electors in England meeting together to take counsel as to how they may best promote the interests of Ireland. It is natural and right that you should do this. You can trust neither of the great political parties in England to do full justice to Ireland's legitimate claims. When I observe that the great Imperial measures of reform for Ireland had been almost, indeed always, results of long sustained Irish agitation, and that they had been passed sometimes by one party and sometimes by the other I am bound to confess that England offers to Ireland the strongest justification for a policy of agitation, while at the same time she seems to bid you maintain an attitude of political independence and to work with whichever party is at the time prepared to serve you best; to-day it will be with one party, to-morrow it may be with another. Of one thing I feel well assured—that whatever be the political course which the Irish Catholics of Salford and Manchester may adopt, their cry will always be for God and country. They will never stand on the modern revolutionary platform which ignores the laws of God and the paramount duty and obedience we owe to the religion which God Himself has revealed and established."

"But tell me," said the Willow to the Thorn, "why art thou so covetous of the clothes of those who pass by? Of what use can they be to thee?" "None whatever" replied the envious Thorn, "I have no desire to take them; I only want to tear them."

INDIAN LYRICS.

V.

HYMN OF THE DAKOTAHS.

O! Thou whose vast pavilion stands,
Unseen by Indian eyes,
Among Lake Huron's lone is-lands,
Or in the sunset skies;
Thy vapoury banners are unfurled
Above the mountains blue.
Thou lookest on this fleeting world—
Immortal Manitou!

We have the Sacred dance at spring,
And then the Feast of Flowers,
The solemn First-fruit offering,
And thanks in harvest hours.
Each fall, we hold the Virgin feasts,
Our souls and bodies cleanse,
And still the prophets and the priests
The Holy fire dispense.

God of the Light!—who never tires,
Thy living rays are good,
Sent from thy lambent Council-fires
To gladden lake and wood.
O! give full crops—and o'er the foe
And in the chase—success;
O! guide us in the drifting snow
And in the Wilderness.

God of the Winds! whose misty form
Is seen in floating cloud,
Before the pinions of thy storm
The lofty pine hath bowed.
The flash that leaves yon airy halls
Bears mandates from thy throne,
We hear thy voice in waterfalls
And in the thunder's tone.

God of the Rains! thy summer showers
Refresh our native maize,
And change to fruit the forest flowers
And cool the sultry days.
God of the Night! whose golden bow
Is hung upon a cloud,
O'er all—thy shadows softly flow
And wake the starry crowd.

God of the wild and gloomy wood,
Accept our autumn fast,
Whose Rod before our father's stood—
Great Spirit of the Past.
God of the Future! we beseech
That after death, be found
The road by which our souls may reach
The Happy Hunting ground.

Montreal.

H. J. K.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.—These valuable repositories of literature are not of modern invention. The first collections consisted of religious works alone, and were lent out gratuitously. Hence the proof, that the much maligned Catholic Church and her religious, spared no pains to inculcate religion and awaken the intellectual powers of man: at the lowest possible figure—zero.

Pamphilus was a Presbyter of Cæsaria, and lived A. D. 294. In this distinguished person were united the philosopher and the Christian. Born of a very eminent family, and large fortune, he might have aspired to the highest honors of this world; but, on the contrary, he withdrew himself from those flattering prospects, and spent his whole life in acts of the most disinterested benevolence.

His unfeigned regard and veneration for the Holy Scriptures were as remarkable as his unwearied application in whatever he undertook. Being a great encourager of learning and piety, he not only lent books to read (especially copies of the Holy Scriptures), but when he found persons well disposed, made them presents of his manuscripts, some of which were transcribed with the greatest accuracy by his own hand. He founded a library, at Cæsaria, which, according to Isidore of Seville, contained 30,000 vols. The collection was formed merely for the good and use of the church. After this talk of the Catholic Church inculcating ignorance; and keeping her children in the background from the light of knowledge. Another author also authenticates the existence of this library; and St. Jerome particularly mentioned his collecting books for the purpose of lending them to read; and by the bye, Dr. Adam Clarke, whom none will suspect of Catholicity, or leanings thereto, remarks "this is, if I mistake not, the first notice we have of a circulating library." The benefits to be derived from a good circulating library, are too numerous, as well as too obvious, to need any comment.

ORIGIN OF POETRY IN GENERAL.—History informs us Poetry began with the shepherds, whose god was Pan;

NOTE.—The above Lyric and No. 3 of the series, with three or four to follow—revised and slightly improved—were published by the writer some years ago in the Literary Garland.

having from their many leisure and abstracted hours (while tending their flocks), a fit opportunity for such a pursuit. Hence, they first composed couplets, next verses, and these they perfected themselves in, and sung, while following their daily occupations. Thence came the Bacchanalian rites, and their sacrifice to their gods of a he goat, which took their rise, we are told, from *Bacchus*, who, one day, while entering his vineyard, discovered an animal of that species in the act of destroying a favorite vine, which in his rage he instantly killed. In these ceremonies, the hind of that day smeared their faces with the best of wine, and acted and sung various verses expressly composed for the occasion.

These were the first actors and song-smiths, (to use a new-coined expression), and their successors have done honor and credit to the invention,

“Æschylus and Thespis taught the age
What good, what profit, did commend
the stage.”

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT “PARADISE LOST,” AND ITS AUTHOR.—Milton possessed a fine figure, and, when a young man, was extremely handsome. In one of his wanderings when in Italy, being of a very pensive cast, he sat himself down under a tree, and commenced reading, but soon fell asleep. During his slumbers two females, who were observed at a distance by two of his companions, stopped on coming near to him; and one of them wrote on a slip of paper the following lines, which she laid on his breast, and with her companion immediately disappeared:—

“Occhi, Stelle mortali,
Ministri de miei mali
Se chinsi m'uccedite,
Aperiti che farete?”

which may be translated—“Beautiful eyes, mortal stars, authors of my misfortunes! if you wound me being closed, what would ye do if open?” It is said, that Milton was so sensitive on the subject, that he roamed over half of Europe in search of the fair charmer, but in vain; hence the inducement to write that sublime poem, and from the circumstances that had occurred to him, entitled it “Paradise Lost.” If the above be rather fanciful than suggestive; good authority asserts, that the

precious little document is still in existence, but its present whereabouts is a mystery.

THE FIRST BOOK.—PRICE OF EARLY BOOKS, &c.—According to chronologists, the First Book is supposed to have been written in Job's time. A very large estate was given for one book on Cosmography, by King Alfred. Books were sold from \$50 to \$150 each in 1400. The first printed book was the vulgate edition of the Bible, in 1462; the second was Cicero de Officiis, in 1466; Cornelius Nepos, published at Moscow, was the first classical book printed in Russia, April 29, 1762. In the year 1471, when Louis XI. borrowed the works of Rasis, the Arabian physician, from the Faculty of Medicine, in Paris, he not only deposited in pledge, a quantity of plate, but was obliged to give surety of a nobleman for their restoration. When any person made a present of a book to a church, a monastery, the only libraries during several ages, it was deemed a donation of such value, that he offered it at the altar, *pro remedia anime sue*, as a gift to God for the forgiveness of sins.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

HEAVEN BY LITTLES.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true!
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul, from the common sod,
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

CHAPTER III.

DESCRIPTION OF THE EXPERIMENT TO
WEIGH THE EARTH.

CAVENDISH, an English physicist, made the first successful attempt to determine the attractive power of large bodies. His first care was, to render the attraction of the earth an inefficient element in

his experiment. He did it in the following way :

On the point of an upright needle he laid horizontally a fine steel bar, which could turn to the right and left like the magnetic needle in a compass-box. Then he fastened a small metallic ball on each end of the steel bar. The balls were of the same weight, for this reason the steel bar was attracted by the earth with the same force at both ends; it therefore remained horizontal like the beam of a balance, when the same weight is lying in each of the scales. By this the attractive force of the earth was not suspended, it is true; but it was balanced by the equality of the weights. Thus the earth's attractive power was rendered ineffective to the disturbance of his apparatus.

Next he placed two large and very heavy metallic balls at the ends of the steel bar, not, however, touching them. The attractive force of the large balls began now to tell; it so attracted the small ones that they were drawn quite near to the large balls. When, then, the observer, by a gentle push, removed the small balls from their resting-place, the large ones were seen to draw them back again. But as the latter could not stop if once started, they crossed their resting-place, and began to vibrate near the large balls in the same manner as a pendulum does, when acted upon by the attractive force of the earth. Of course this force was exceedingly small, compared with that of the earth; and for that reason the vibrations of this pendulum were by far slower than a common one. This could not be otherwise; and from the slowness of a vibration, or from the small number of vibrations in a day, Cavendish computed the real weight of the earth.

Such an experiment, however, is always connected with extraordinary difficulties. The least expansion of the bar, or the unequal expansion or contraction of the balls, caused by a change of temperature, would vitiate the result; besides, the experiment must be made in a room surrounded on all sides by masses equal in weight. Moreover, the observer must not be stationed in the immediate neighborhood, lest this might exercise attractive force, and by that a disturbance. Finally,

the air around us must not be set in motion, lest it might derange the pendulum; and lastly, it is necessary not only to determine the size and weight of the balls, but also to obtain a spherical to the utmost perfection; and also to take care that the centre of gravity of the balls be at the same time the centre of magnitude.

In order to remove all these difficulties, unusual precautions and extraordinary expenses were necessary. Reich, a naturalist in Freiberg, took infinite pains for the removal of these obstacles. To his observations and computations we owe the result he transmitted to us, viz.: that the mass total of the earth is nearly five and a half times heavier than a ball of water of the same size; or, in scientific language: The mean density of the earth is nearly five and a half times that of water. Thence results the real weight of the earth as being nearly fourteen quintillions of pounds. From this, again, it follows that the matter of the earth grows denser the nearer the centre; consequently it cannot be a hollow sphere.

If we consider, that from the earth's surface to its centre there is a distance of 3,956 miles, and that, with all our excavations, no one has yet penetrated even five miles, we have reason to be proud of investigations which, at least in part, disclose to man the unexplorable depths of the earth.

In our next number, we will commence for our young readers, a series of short papers on the "Wonders of Astronomy." No science to which man has directed attention, is comparable to the study of Astronomy.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

J. K. F.

WHEN I was very young my god-mother made me a present, as a Christmas-box, of a little book. It was a simple but very beautiful story about a little child that was lost and abandoned and that found a home—a father, a mother, sisters and brothers in the humble hut of a good and pious woodsman. It was a touching story such as can touch the heart of the child. It was such a story as could bring a tear

to the eye of the young innocent. And I loved to hear that story read. When the book was given to me I had not yet learned the use of the twenty-four magic signs of the alphabet. But I remember well my mother would call me in the evening to spend a few moments with her, to hear her recite some poem that while filling me with wonder and admiration would serve to bring back to herself the days of her youth, or to tell me of the fairies that were wont to haunt old familiar scenes in the "land of song," or to teach me a prayer to the good God who gives his graces and bestows his blessings on the young and old. It was so every day—or at least every evening. We would sit in the long twilight of a Winter's eve and many a joyous hour would thus pass away. But at Christmas time, she would call me to read for me the little story of the orphan boy whose happiness it was to have met with a good home on Christmas eve.

And year after year I would have her read me that story. And when I grew older and could read myself, I used still to ask my mother to do so, for it seemed more natural that she should read it for me. And a few more years fled and the Christmas came and went and the little book was not opened. But I never forgot it. The story remained fixed in my memory, surrounded by a thousand tender and endearing recollections. And every Christmas eve I think of the little book my god-mother gave me and my mother read for me. And in thinking of the simple story, I would feel a soft sweet pleasure that cannot be expressed in words—a secret joy that one loves to cherish, but can never rightly define or even understand.

Such is the case with every one and at all periods in life. We should so act and so live that every day as it dawns will be for us the anniversary of some good action performed, some noble work accomplished, some happy end attained. If such could be the case, goodness would reign triumphant—and:

"Goodness is Beauty's best portion, a dower that no time can reduce,
A wand of enchantment and happiness,
Brightening and strengthening with use—

One the long sighed-for nectar that earthly-ness bitterly tinctures and taints,
And the fading mirage of fancy, and one the elcseymist paints."

FRUITS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

To the Editor of the Young Folk's Corner:

SIR,—Pursuant to your instructions, I yesterday attended a General Meeting of the Fruits and Vegetables of the Dominion of Canada, convened at the Three Jolly Gardeners, Bonsecours Market; and am happy to report, notwithstanding the illiberal tone of many of the speeches, that a very high degree of culture was observable in the generality: this is a fact, which in spite of their teeth cannot be denied.

A general gloom pervaded the aspect of the meeting; though this was somewhat relieved by the female beauty present in the galleries, which were crowded by *seions* of most of the old stock of the Dominion. Some pearresses might be named, nor must "two turn cherries," the rosiest of the race—and a delicate young plum, bursting with sweets, yet in all the immaculate bloom of youth, be forgotten. I was happy to observe, that the lovely duchess Peach retains all the mellow charm so much admired in her complexion.

Several foreigners of distinction were present, among whom those of the house of Orange were most remarkable. With these exceptions the meeting was exclusively *à l'outrance*; so much so, that the Hop family were stopped at the doors, as they declined entering without their poles, and those gentlemen could not be admitted till the sense of the assembly had been taken. That was soon done. Nothing human was to be seen in this solemn convocation! with the honorable exception in favor of that useful body—vulgarly styled old apple-women, who had been invited:—under the guise of one of these, your reporter made good his entrance.

After a short discussion, Alderman Melon was called to the chair. The portly gentleman excited much merriment in the galleries from the manner in which he rolled to his seat. There was a green and yellow *melancholy* in his appearance which caused the young ladies to observe that he was a bachelor.

After the chairman had stated the object of the meeting, and implored the attention of the vegetable world to the necessity of union among themselves in these innovating times.

Wild Strawberry arose, and in a *rambling* speech wished himself to be understood to claim the protection of the laws. Though commonly called *Wild*, he had sown his wild oats; he now began to look about him, and found that he was *superseeded* and forgotten in the market. He was a great landholder—he had held from time immemorial—it was said that no restraint was put upon him—that he had some of the most lovely spots in Canada to luxuriate in—but that was't the question; what was the use of his *growing*, if he was not to be eaten? he claimed a vested right in the stomachs of Canadians. Alas! he did not speak for himself—his days were numbered—bitter was the system of sacrificing the luxuries of units, to the happiness of thousands, that he complained of—it was a system by which he was a loser—it was ridiculous! he had been a sufferer—it was flagitious! Canada would have cause to mourn over the extinction of her wild strawberry. Why could't men eat now what their grandmothers had been but too happy to mumble before them. No! they must run after novelties; he would have them beware of innovations, one Hautbois for instance. The speaker closed with some severe reflections on Mr. Netherland, Chairman of the Market Committee. (Reiterated cheers.)

Green Peas then rose, and in a small voice, complained of being *forced* into the market at a season when his forefathers used to be still in the flower of their youth. I suppress some observations made by this speaker on being debarred from the pleasures and flirtations of the garden.

Onion then begged to rise, (*A voice*, "Onion, you're always a-rising.") Onion however proceeded in a manner that brought tears into the eyes of all present.

One Crab, a little ill-favored personage, then got on his stalk. (Yet he was very intimate with Ald. Garret.) He stated himself to come of a branch of an almost extinct family: he was

remarkably sharp and pungent in his observations on the neglect with which he is now treated; he whose name occupied so distinguished a place in the annals of old Europe and La Nouvelle France,—(here the gentleman quoted Shakspeare, in support of his European, and the *Relations des Peres Jesuites* in support of his illustrious Canadian pedigree.)—He who, whatever his enemies might say, was so celebrated for the sweetness of his disposition and intrinsic worth. ("Oh! oh!" from a knot of jolly young pippins who had insinuated themselves into the meeting.) He would ask why the insipid Codling a fellow of "no mark or likelihood," or the rascally Russet, that booby in a brown coat, should find more favor than himself. Neither did he care a fig for the mongrel Pearmain. He denounced the fate of all the empires that ever fell, upon Canada for her desertion of the Crab: He should move that a protection duty be laid on all the other apples: in fact that they become a part and parcel of our N.P.—it was no consequence that people made wry mouths at him; it was a symptom of bad taste, which time would eradicate, and the refinement of the nineteenth century popularise and raise to the highest place in *ton*.

Fig arose to express his wonderment at the personal allusion to himself in the speech of his honorable friend. He would appeal to the meeting, as to which of the two, Apple or himself, had done the best service to the human race, as far as histories went. He called on Crab to explain.

Crab must decline explaining; what he had said, he had said. It was well known that he it was who introduced Fig and his friends into public life.—High words ensued, and both parties were ordered into the custody of the proper officers.

Summer Cabbage and Red Cabbage rose together, but they spent the time allotted to speaking in a squabble as to priority. There was much ill-blood also displayed between worthy "Master Mustard Seed" and his old rival, one Charlock; Mustard was evidently very hot-headed.

Medlar next caught the eye of the Chairman. As time was pressing, he

would trouble them with a few observations on the change of seasons in Canada. (Cries of "Question!" and "Go on!") He would be toasted in pepper and buttered in mustard if he'd go on. They must account for the change of climate themselves! Medlar sat down evidently much mortified.

The Chairman then arose, and, previously to moving any of the important questions to be submitted, he must be allowed to express his utter abhorrence of those hot-heads of corruption, those nurseries of all that is bad, in which jackanapes calling themselves Melons; were constantly reared. He was a lover of the breath of Heaven, and would own himself a very Persian in his adoration of the sun. . . He was sure he spoke the sentiments of his worthy friend Cucumber, whom he had the honor to face.

Before Cucumber could adjust himself on his perpendiculars:—forth bounded the ponderous, and corpulent Governor Squash, to the consternation of the pigmy fry, who ran helter-skelter to avoid the inevitable—the ladies frightened out of a summer's growth, reclined—some in a state of somnambulency—others in a state bordering on syncope:—Governor Squash's face bore the deep impress of jaundice brought on, it was thought by some, from natural causes and the heat of the summer—others affirmed, it was the index of bile, generated by an excess of temper—be this as it may, his temper not ordinarily *suave*, was now aroused to its greatest tension, by the slight cast on his Excellencies' ponderosity, in selecting the diminutive Melon for Chairman—a man without other than greenish, yellowish attainment; mellowed by a sweetish succulency which gave him a position in ladies' society as a kind of spouter. But he would put it to the meeting: Was Melon fit to occupy that chair; and decide the *pros* and *cons* of the numerous speakers who were discussing the most fruitful and abstruse questions in political science? Viz., protection versus non-protection. (Yes! Yes! and No! No!)

A show of hands being called for, and taken, it was found that the majority were in favor of Melon—on which announcement Governor Squash left the

meeting in disgust, and declared his body would know no rest, and heart no peace, until he had dispersed of the former, and placed the latter in the hands of Miss Pie, the most estimable young lady connected with the tentable.

A variety of resolutions were then put and carried *nem con.*; said resolutions to be moulded into a petition and presented to the House of Commons at Ottawa, by any one of the elderly gentlemen before mentioned, who has a seat.

After the Chairman had retired, Deputy-chair Cucumber took his place, and proceeded, in a lengthy harangue, to prove the ability of the worthy Chairman—and his own eloquence. In proof, he said, of the respectability of the meeting, he needed only to remind those present of their Honorable President, Alderman Melon, whose propriety of conduct and high connections were unimpeachable. In proceeding, the speaker had occasion to direct all eyes to the galleries, in an appeal to the fair occupants, when shall I proceed—the object of his commendation was observed seated in very familiar chat with Mademoiselle Orleans, the ripe young plum! This proceeding of Melon's was taken in high dudgeon by the meeting—it was derogatory! it was indecorous! Elder-Berry was observed to look back, and Love-Apple turned pale. A tremendous uproar ensued; in the course of which, your reporter was discovered, and unmasked, and a shower of Nuts fell on his pericranium, like hail on the glass of a green-house. What followed is unknown; but it is presumed that gentler councils prevailed in your Reporter's behalf, as he had the satisfaction to find himself this morning in his own bed; without any of the wounds or concessions which usually result from such unprovoked attacks!

He begs to subscribe himself, Sir,
Your devoted and obedient Servant,

TOM RADDISH.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We are indebted to Prof. J. A. Lyons of Notre Dame University, for a copy of *The Scholastic Annual* for 1880. It is really a valuable production, full of very interesting reading, original and selected. Send for a copy, only 25 cents.

Parts 21 and 22 of Dr. Brennan's *Life of Our Lord and of His Blessed Mother*, published by Benziger Bros., New York, are received.

Mr. Hickey the enterprising publisher of the *New York Catholic Review* intends bringing out in a few days a new weekly illustrated paper to be called *The Illustrated Catholic American*. The new venture has been spoken of in the highest terms by the Catholic press, and in common with them we heartily wish Mr. Hickey abundant success and God speed. The price will be \$3 per annum.

F A C T I Æ.

The fall trade is good and will improve when the slippery side-walk arrives.

"Money does everything for a man," said one old gentleman pompously. "Yes," replied the other one; "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

A newly-married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. "Oh, you should just see some of his love-letters!" "Yes I know," was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk."

A Boston wife softly attached a pedometer to her husband, when after supper, he started to "go down to the office and balance the books." On his return fifteen miles of walking were recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard table all the evening.

New York proposes a school for plumbers. We are glad of this. It is time that a plumber should learn to compute more accurately than to make ten minutes' work with a soldering-iron and four hours of love-making to the cook, at sixty cents an hour, figure up \$19,84.—*Boston Post*.

Old Tom Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's favorite attendant, once said: "They are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it Tom," returned the novelist. "Yes, sir," said Tom; "for when I have been out all day hard at work, and come home tired, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly."

Mr. Todd of Acton when the Act was put in force for writing the owners name at length on taxed carts, instead of "Amos Todd, Acton, a Taxed Cart, caused the following anagram to be inscribed:—"A most odd Act on a Taxed Cart."

The venerable wife of a celebrated physician one day, casting her eyes out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed, "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions. It appears so much like a tailor carrying home his work."

"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?" "No, pa, I never can remember the text; I have such a bad memory." "By the way, did you notice Susan Brown?" joined in Mary's mother. "Oh, yes; what a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet done up, a pea-green silk, a black mantilla, brown boots, an imitation of Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old earrings, and such a fun!" "well my dear, your memory is certainly bad."

He came home very late one night, and, after fumbling with his latch-key a good while, muttered to himself, as he at length opened the door: "I mush-makeny noish, caught holoman's ash-sleep." He divested himself of his garments with some trouble, and was congratulating himself on his success as he was getting into bed, when a calm, clear, cold voice sent a chill down his spinal column: "Why, my dear, you ain't going to sleep in your hat are you?"

The *Elmira Gazette* gives the code of hat flirtation signals:—Wearing the hat squarely on the head—I love you madly; tipping it over the right ear—my brother has the measles; wearing it on the back of the head—ta, ta; awfully awful; taking it off and brushing it the wrong way—my heart is busted; holding it out in the right hand—lend me a quarter; throwing it at a policeman—I love your sister; using it as a fan—come and see my aunt; carrying a brick in it—your cruelty is killing me; kicking it across the street—I am engaged; putting it on the ground and sitting on it—farewell forever."

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in January.
1	Thurs	CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. Theobald Wolfe Tone sailed from New York to Paris to seek French aid for Ireland, 1796. The iniquitous act of "Union" came into operation, 1801.
2	Fri	St. MASCUS, Patron of Limerick. Edmund Burke born, 1730. Archbishop Hughes died, 1864.
3	Sat	Formation of Cork City Repeal Club, 1844.
4	Sun	The <i>Northern Star</i> , the organ of the United Irishmen, first published, 1792.
5	Mon	Lord Plunket, the famous lawyer and opponent of the Legislative Union, died, 1854.
6	Tues	EPIPHANY. Same price set by act of parliament on the head of a priest, and on that of a wolf, 1554. Great storm ("The Big Wind") in Ireland, 1839.
7	Wed	Commission granted to Captain Roger Harvey to cut off and spoil the rebels of Carberry, 1601.
8	Thurs	St. ANNE, Bishop of Emly. General Jackson, son of Irish parents, routed the British with great slaughter at New Orleans, 1815.
9	Fri	William, Archbishop of Dublin, and W. Connolly, Esq., sworn Lords Justices, 1718. Trinity College, Dublin, opened, 1593.
10	Sat	Father O'Leary died, 1802.
11	Sun	Numerous deaths from starvation in Ireland reported in the papers, an every-day occurrence in 1848.
12	Mon	Major Sirr of infamous memory, the assassin of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, died, 1841.
13	Tues	Opening of the Irish Confederation, composed of secessionists from the Repeal Association, 1847. O'Connell's first public speech against the Union at meeting of Catholics in Dublin, 1800.
14	Wed	Bishop Berkley died, 1753.
15	Thurs	St. IRA. Trial of O'Connell and other Repealers in Dublin commenced in the year 1844. The Last Session of the Irish Parliament opened, 1800.
16	Fri	St. Fursa. County and City of Dublin proclaimed, 1866.
17	Sat	Bishop Maguin died, 1849.
18	Sun	St. DIEGOUS. True bills under the "Algerine Act" found against O'Connell for alleged illegal meetings in Dublin, 1831.
19	Mon	Repeal banquet to O'Connell and other leading Repealers, at Newcastle, county Limerick, 1843.
20	Tues	St. FIECHUS, founder of the Abbey of Fore, &c., died 656. American Independence declared, 1776.
21	Wed	Proclamation requiring all Catholic clergymen to quit the kingdom (Ireland) in forty days, 1623.
22	Thurs	St. COLMAN of Lisimore. Annals of the Four Masters commenced, 1632. Polish insurrection broke out at Warsaw, 1863.
23	Fri	St. MAIMBONES.
24	Sat	Miles Byrne, a '98 hero, afterwards chef-de-battailon in the French service, died at Paris, 1862.
25	Sun	Daniel Maclise, the painter, born in Cork, 1811.
26	Mon	Tenant League meeting and banquet at Mallow, 1858.
27	Tues	Meeting in the Rotunda, Dublin to oppose the projected abolition of the viceroyalty, 1851.
28	Wed	St. CANNARA. Lord Clare, (the Fitzgibbon of '98), died 1802.
29	Thurs	The <i>Northern Star</i> , organ of the United Irishmen, suppressed by military violence, 1797.
30	Fri	The body of Oliver Cromwell hanged at Tyburn, and buried under the gallows, 1660. William Carleton died, 1869.
31	Sat	St. EDAN, First Bishop of Ferns, died, 632. Pitt introduced the "Union" resolution into the English parliament, 1797.

My book is Jesus Crucified.—*St. Francis of Assisi.*

There is this difference between *happiness* and *wisdom*; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

O Most Holy Heart of Jesus inscribe on my heart the bitter sorrows which thou didst suffer for so many years on earth for love of me, that at the sight of them, I may henceforth for the love of Thee rejoice, in all the pains of this life, or that I may at least bear them with patience.—*St. Liguori.*