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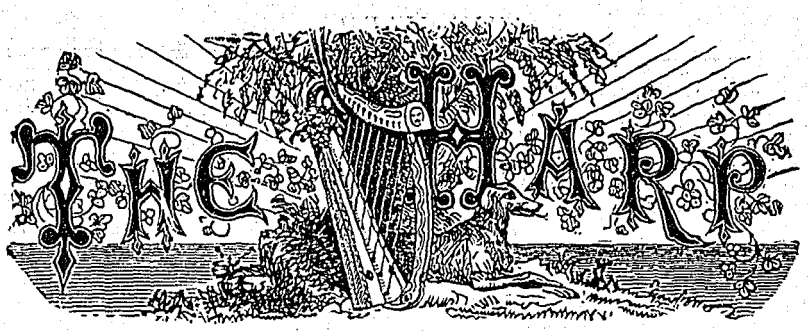

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WHOLESOME LITERATURE.

Of course, we do not expect secular newspapers to become active exponents of the great truths of religion, nor should it even be required of them to give undue prominence to the publication of matters of a religious character. That is not their province. But appearing as they do in a Christian community, and being supposed to reflect in a great measure, the feelings, views, and moral status of the people who support them, we have a right to demand that they adhere to the teachings of that moral law which ought to govern us all. * * * * *

The secret of this apparently unconscious Anti-Catholic feeling which we lament in the daily press, is to be found in the mental inferiority of the editorial fraternity as a class.—*Catholic World*, for July.

There are few who, amid all the discussion of the power of the press, as it exists at the present day, have ever really attempted to sound the causes which have given it birth or the ultimate influence which it exerts. Correctly regarded, the press is not an engine wielded by a few hands for the convenience of the many; its operations are not, as in the case of other professions, the result of a distinct class of minds individually and entirely responsible for its tone. It is the reflex of every mind, the exponent of every principle. The philosophers of olden time believed that every portion of the physical and mental structure of every man corresponded to some portion of the great world in which he had lived and that its changes were sympathetically signified in him. This little world, or microscosm, forms no unapt parallel for the press as it exists in a free country, where every voice, every opinion and every development in the great world of the popular mind is chronicled in, and forms the being of that *multum in parvo* the modern periodical. It is a strong point in the practical portion of COUSIN'S philosophy that the great man is the product of the age, and that those men are most worthy of regard who best represent the spirit of the times in which they live. Were the editor less nearly identified with the people whose views he sets forth, we should soon find the calling regarded in a different light from that in which it is at present seen.

It was believed at one time that books were the only legitimate source of knowledge, and there is still a lurking prejudice current against the man who relies on those flying leaves, the newspapers and magazines, for his general information. And yet, what a vast proportion of intelligent and highly educated men there are who with a reputation for much general knowledge, which they themselves believed came from their libraries, have in reality unconsciously extracted nine-tenths of it from the ephemeral literature of the day. In fact there is hardly a branch of science or art, or a philosophy, opinion, or doctrine, which has not its literary representative in some periodical. Magazines and newspapers are as we have indicated, peculiarly a production of the present age. Men are busier now than they were in the olden times—they have less leisure for acquiring information; and still to pass current in society they are required to know far

more than they once did, and to be *au fait* on a number of topics which would require years of study if drawn from books. For such men and such *requirements the magazine or newspaper* is the one great essential. In such a publication we find concentrated and reduced to the most appreciable measure, all of that knowledge on any subject necessary to a fair comprehension of at least its general scope of character.

In proportion to the influence of the periodical press, and the recognition and acceptance thereof by the people, should be the care exercised in promotion and preservation of the wholesomeness of its teachings. This is positively true from a Catholic and Irish standpoint—not that we would make Literature sectarian or in a cosmopolitan community limit its sphere to a nationality; but that as the tendency of modern encyclopedists is to undermine faith on the one hand and trample out patriotic aspiration on the other, it should be a duty to set up a safeguard against contaminating compromises in religion, and supply an antidote to the poison in political matters so freely dealt out by the enemy. It was once tritely and truly declared by Rev. Dr. Hecker of New York that "we are numerous enough and strong enough in all religious, literary, and scientific matters to suffice for ourselves." There is no reason in the world but our own spiritual indolence, and the torpidity of our consciences, why we should feed on the unwholesome garbage provided for us by the humanitarianism and pruriency of the age. We are able to have a general literature of our own the production of genuine Catholic taste and genius if we will it; our means are ample; the government and civil institutions place no obstacles in our way. Our Catholic community is large enough and contains readers enough to sustain as many periodicals as are needed. What is true in the religious sense is true in the national, and while we heartily join in the aspirations of a healthy Catholic tone in the publications read by Catholics, we would, with the same heartiness, advocate and labor for an Irish tone in publications patronized by Irishmen. On this point there is no room for compromises. There must be a defined policy in a periodical if its teachings are designed to instruct, to advocate, or to defend. The "chip in *porridge*" is an old illustration of inutility, either for strength or flavor in the household economy. Now, there are two conditions necessary to effectiveness in the mission of the periodical press—One, the national spirit and religious fervor of the Irish Catholic community: the other, the fitness of the representative publicist who undertakes to guide the project. The first we hope to see developing itself as intellectual food worthy of acceptance is presented: the second will, or ought, in great degree depend upon the first.

From the modernness of the literary profession its votaries have *no rank*—no recognized professional place in society guaranteed by diploma; they are only certificated by the ability which they can make felt before their readers. There is no Guild of Literature to give authority by sealed instrument. The French and other European nations are in advance of us. The designation *Homme de lettres* is as well understood as *Avocat* or *Medecin*. But by what name shall we call a man in this country who derives his livelihood from literature which is likely to be understood. Some journalists by professsion are merely so by accident; they are rarely educated to the life as to a permanent and profitable employment. When a man has failed in other lines it is supposed he may safely retreat upon editorship as an occupation requiring neither capital nor more than very meagre abilities. And this, perhaps, may be taken as explanation or excuse for the somewhat sweeping charges urged against Catholic journals some time ago in a New York Catholic publication "The editors and publishers of Catholic Journals" it says "edit and publish them as a lawful business, and very naturally seek the widest circulation possible. To secure that they necessarily appeal to the broadest and therefore the lowest average of intelligence and virtue of the public they address." If a tithe of this allegation be true it is time to remove the reproach by remedying the evil.

And the first step to a remedy is a

recognition of the patent truth so positively stated in our epigraph from the *Catholic World*.

The preponderance of the periodical press, its commonness and general spread have naturally led people to reflect that the sheets must have a manager and guide, and they have concluded to call such person an editor. The office must, however, always want authority—frequently be inefficiently filled—and sometimes degenerate into the abuse by "appealing to the lowest average intelligence" until editors show an education for their duties—the education of culture and fitness—and it may be added, until the true teacher and quack are distinguished, one from the other, by the diploma of experience representing a certain amount of qualification. A writer may poison the minds of the public just as a doctor may poison their bodies. A physician cannot vend drugs or prescribe remedies without having gone through a series of studies qualifying him how to judge of the properties of the medicine and the nature of the disease; but anyone may dress up false and pernicious doctrines and sell them to the public, just as any one in this free country may set up as a teacher of youth although he himself be both ignorant and vicious. There ought to be no censorship on opinions; but it is worth consideration whether any one should be entitled to manage a publication without having given some guarantee of being qualified. It may be said "*laissez les faire!* the best writers will find the most readers, and the ignorant editor will ruin his paper, and the evil correct itself." This is a mistake. We are not speaking of talents but education. A man may be very ingenious or very eloquent and yet be very pernicious from the want of the elements of the science of publication. Be it the mission of THE HARP to strive for the realization of the higher standard—to secure to press and to people a literature worthy of acceptance—to labor for the Irish race and those of our household of faith, mindful of the use and abuse of reading; and instead of descending to the market requirements of the lowest average of intelligence to seek so to improve the taste that nothing unwholesome will be tolerated.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

No. IV.

It must not for a moment be supposed that the action of the Church on Pagan slavery was *sudden*. It would not have been the work of God, if it had been. "*Reformations*" which are accomplished by fire and sword and the rack and confiscation are *revolutions*, and the Church of God has never yet sanctioned *revolutions*. Some ardent spirits are discontented at this. They see in Roman slavery so horrid an evil, that they expect the Church to crush it of a sudden, to stamp it out, to put her heel upon it once and for ever. They who ask this, ask too much. The Church was in her infancy, when she first met this horrid monster. David was not called upon the first moment he was born to kill Goliah. He was a youth—a beardless youth if you like,—but still a youth of thews and sinews before he received his inspiration. And so the Church; she had to gain a foothold herself before she could, like Hercules, strangle the serpent from her cradle. And for another reason these people are asking too much. If the divine Founder did not plant his Church by a *revolution*, what reason have we to expect the divinely founded Church to uproot slavery by a revolution. The servant is not better than the master. And if the divine Founder wished to plant his Church on earth by the *slower* but more divine means of peace and good will to all men, surely the Church of Christ is not to be blamed for following the example of its divine Founder. And herein is proved the divine nature of her action—that she accomplished *so much* by such apparently inadequate means. It was by no mere accident that the pebble from David's sling slew the mighty giant Goliah. The very smallness of the means points to a divine interposition. And so with the Church in her battle with the monster (giant as we have just seen him to be) Pagan Slavery. Had she fought with worldly weapons, with fire and sword and rack and penal code, we should never have recognised the divine hand in the subsequent conquest. We should on the other hand have deemed it "of

the earth earthly." But when we see her in profound silence with slow and almost imperceptible motion, whilst *respecting all existing institutions,* displacing nothing violently, and yet by little and little superinducing other manners and customs, which will in time render slavery impossible, then at once we recognise the hand of God, (the pebble from the shepherd's scrip,) and we immediately sing with the Jewish women in their dances, "Saul has slain his thousands and David his tens of thousands."

(But she preached "resignation and submission" to the oppressed slave.) Exactly; but she also at the same time set herself to change the hearts of the oppressor. If she said to the slave "seek not to escape *by violence* from your unhappy thraldom," she said also to the slave owner, "Love your slaves as *brothers;* diminish their number when superfluous; recognise them as your *equals* always; oftentimes as your superiors before God, and if indeed you wish to do good for your soul *'pro remedio animæ'* grant them their liberty." These were noble, nay, divine words! these were the pebble from the shepherd's scrip that in God's own time struck the Philistine in the forehead, "and he fell on his face on the earth."

It required the utmost tact and skill on the part of the Church to touch the burning question of slavery *without* causing such an explosion as would at once have destroyed both slave owner and slave, and would have left Roman society for centuries in a worse state of *civilized barbarism* than it found it. Pagan society rested entirely on slavery. Without it Pagan Rome could not have existed for a moment. That the foundation was a rotten one I grant you; but the very rottenness of the foundation shows the master hand of the engineer who could remove a crumbling foundation and supply a solid and lasting one without even shaking the superstructure.

Many *servile* revolts (revolts of slaves) had already brought the Roman republic to the very brink of destruction.

1. A single fanatical slave passes himself off as inspired by a strange goddess—he is able, like Eunus in Sicily, to arouse 20,000 of his comrades; to proclaim himself king; to declare such a war against Rome as it will take two years to quell, and which will break out again with greater violence 30 years later.

2. Seventy-three years before the Christian era Spartacus, a gladiator, makes a like appeal to the fugitive slaves and adventurers of Italy, and immediately assembles 70,000 desperate characters around him, moulds them by austere discipline into a compact and formidable army, overcomes one after another a pretor and two consuls, threatens Rome itself, fights seven battles, and for two years hold the whole force of "mighty Rome" in check.

3. If Cateline had succeeded all Rome would have been sacked *by her slaves.*

4. Two years later, Claudius, the tribune, incited an insurrection of slaves who were prepared to burn Rome and to put the whole Senate to death, if the banishment of Cicero was not decreed.

5. During the excitement which followed the death of Cæsar, slaves were seen trying to set fire to the temples and private houses.

6. In the inscription of Ancyra, Augustus acknowledges that after the defeat of Sextus, he had sent back 30,000 fugitive slaves to their masters to be put to death for having taken up arms against the republic.

This was a tottering foundation for any society to be built upon; how tottering, Tacitus tells us in a few graphic words. "For the whole Roman world to revolt, it suffices that a single great land owner should not hold with a sufficiently firm hand the thousands of slaves who people his forests and his pasturages." And as a matter of fact we find in the year 54, B. C., a Roman lady accused of having "endangered the State" by her want of firmness in the government of her Calabrian slaves. These slaves, it must be remembered, were not Negroes, but were all the more dangerous because highly educated, highly civilized and highly skilled in their various trades. It was not the degenerate African but the highly cultivated Greek and Roman that the Roman slave master had to control.

How truly dangerous the State felt these slaves to be is evident from the

severity with which they were treated after every insurrection. When Spartacus was overcome Crassus lined the road from Capua with 6,000 crosses on which to crucify his prisoners. After the wars in Sicily slaves were forbidden to carry arms and so rigourously was this law carried out, that when a certain slave had dared to kill with a spear, a wild boar which was devastating the country, instead of being rewarded he was crucified. Cicero relates this fact without blaming the severity of the punishment, whilst Valerius Maximus approves of it, "for reasons of State."

For the State and the leading minds of the age to be so ferocious there must indeed have been great fear. But then, men living over a volcano must needs tremble at every sound. And tremble the Roman slave owner undoubtedly did. Cato lays it down as a fixed principle in the government of slaves to incite frequent quarrels amongst them. Columella expresses this same fear when he advises the masters not to let their overseers be so harsh to the slaves, because *when once aroused they are terrible.* Cato disliked quick and intelligent slaves. I prefer your sleepy slave, says Columella; "it is your intelligent slave, who has oftenest to be put in chains." "The lazier a slave is," says Palladius, "the less he is likely to be incited to crime." As a matter of protection to the masters, it was enacted that if a master was assassinated by his slaves, all the slaves on his estate were put to death, who could not prove not only their innocence, but that they had even risked their lives in his defence.

Such facts and such sentiments expressed by the leading historical characters of the day, show us how prudently with a divine prudence the Church acted towards the Roman slave when, instead of heating his brain with denunciations of the harshness of his oppressors, she taught him to obey his master for Christ's sake the froward as well as the kind. One inciting word from that Church which, according to its enemies, "condemns everything so easily and so imprudently," would undoubtedly have raised such a storm in Imperial Rome as would have swept slave owner, slave and Christianity from off the face of the earth. H. B.

A TALE OF MONKISH TIMES.

In the latter part of the ninth and beginning of the tenth century, one Solomon, abbot of St. Gall, was bishop of Constance. Bishop Solomon, whilst pursuing his studies at St. Gall, had had for his master Iso, a monk of St. Gall, whom his historian calls a "doctor nominatissimus," and for fellow pupils three worthy monks, Notker, Tutilo and Ratpert, to wit—of whose exploits on a certain occasion we are about to write.

These three worthy monks, though bosom friends, were yet, as sometimes happens, very different persons.

Notker, as his historian avers, "was weak in body, *not* in mind; and in *speech* not in *spirit* a stammerer. In spiritual things firm, in adversity patient; mild to all though a severe disciplinarian withal. In ornamenting, reading and composing, assiduous; and, briefly, to comprehend all his endowments, he was a vessel of the Holy Spirit not less eminently than any one of his time."

Tutilo was a man of very different stamp, as this most veracious history will abundantly prove. "He was, as his historian quaintly remarks, "*a good and useful man*, as to his arms and limbs; such as Fabius teaches us to choose for a wrestler. He was, moreover, eloquent with a fine voice, skilful in carving, and a painter. A musician like his companions; but in all kinds of stringed and wind instruments (for in a place appointed by the abbot he taught the children of the nobility to play on stringed instruments) he excelled everybody. In building and in his other arts he was eminent. He was by nature powerful, and ready at singing in either language; cheerful, whether in jest or in earnest; in fact so perfect a man, that Charles the Gross once cursed him for having made a monk of himself. But with all this, what is of more consequence, he was in secret given to tears."

Ratpert was something between the two. He had been the schoolmaster of the monastery from his youth, and had very pronounced theological opinions as to the duties of that profession. He was, moreover, as our chronicler affirms,

a *straightforward* kind teacher, very strict in discipline (we shall see presently his skill at the rod) and seldom left the monastery, "making one pair of shoes last him a twelvemonth." He was accustomed to say that going out (of the monastery) was destruction; and frequently admonished Tutilo, who was given to travelling, "to mind what he was about." We have said that he had very pronounced opinions as to his profession. His biographer tells us that "fully occupied in the schools, he commonly neglected the exercises and Mass, 'for,' said he, 'we hear many good masses whilst we are teaching how they should be performed.' And although he used to say that immunity from rule was the greatest disgrace of a monastery, yet, he never came to the chapter unless he was sent for; because, as he urged, *that most painful office of reproving and punishing was laid upon him.*"

This united trio of different natures was, *as happens to all learned and useful men*, exposed to the backbiting and detraction of the idle and frivolous, particularly the holy Notker, who took less pains to contradict it. Tutilo and Ratpert, indeed, who dealt more harshly with such persons, and did not take insults so meekly, were less frequently attacked.

In the same monastery with our "most nameable" trio, was a monk named Sindolf who was "Refectorary," but who through his obsequiousness ("his only merit telling lies of his brethren," as our monkish historian naively puts it) was made by Solomon clerk of the works, (*decanus operariorum*, as the monkish latin has it.) Whilst *refectorary* he made himself as annoying as possible, especially to Notker. Bishop Solomon being much occupied, and unable to attend to everything, when it sometimes happened that the food was deficient or bad, many exclaimed against it, and amongst these many, it appears the three we are speaking of had said something.

Sindolf, who was always making mischief got the ear of Solomon, as if he was going to inform him of something in which his honour was concerned; and he, though he knew that nothing is more mischievous to bishops than listening to the whispers of their inferiors, inquired what news he had to communicate. On this Sindolf *falsely* told him that those three were always talking of him, and that the day before they had said such things as must be intolerable to God. He believed these things and bore malice against those who suspected no ill, and at length he *showed it*. They, not being able to learn the ground of offence, guessed that Sindolf was at the bottom of it. The matter being at length discussed amongst the brethren, when they with the concurrent testimony of all proved that they had said nothing *against the bishop*, every one called for justice against the false informer; but as the bishop would not give him up, they respectfully acquiesced.

Now, it was the invariable custom of our trio by permission of the prior; to meet at night in the interval before lauds in the Scriptorium, (or *writing*—I suppose I ought to say—*transcribing* room) and to discourse together on such Scriptural subjects as were most suited to such an hour. Sindolf knowing the time and the fact of these conversations, went out one night, and came privately to the glass window against which Tutilo was sitting, and applying his ear, listened to catch something, which he might carry in a perverted form to the bishop. Where there is a demand there will always be a supply. Tutilo who had become aware of his presence, and who was as we have already said, a sturdy man and *a useful*, who had full confidence in the strength of his arms, spoke to his companions in Latin, of which language Sindolf was ignorant. "There he is" said he, "the rascal—(Sceleratissmus) —and he has put his ear to the window; but do you, Notker, who are timid, go out into the church; and you, my Ratpert, catch up the whip of the brethren, which hangs in the stove-room, and run out, for when I know that you have got nigh to him, I will open the window as suddenly as possible catch him by the hair, drag in his head and hold it tight; but do you, my friend, be strong and of good courage, and lay the whip on him with all your might, and take vengeance for God on him."

Ratpert who was always most alert

in matters of discipline, went softly and catching up the whip ran quickly out, and came down with all his might like a hailstorm on Sindolf's back, whose head was dragged in at the window. He, however, struggled with his arms and legs and contrived to get and keep hold of the whip. On this, Ratpert catching up a stick which he saw at hand, laid on most lustily. When Sindolf found it vain to ask for mercy, "I must" said he, "perforce cry out," and he roared out vociferously.

Part of the monks, astounded at hearing such a voice at such a time and in such a place, came running with lights and asked what was the matter. Tutilo (the knave) kept crying out that he had caught the devil, and begging them to bring a light that he might more clearly see *whose shape he had assumed*; and turning the head of his unwilling prisoner to and fro, that the spectators might be the better judge, he asked with well feigned ignorance whether it could possibly be *Sindolf?* All declared that it certainly *was;* and begged that he would let him go. Whereon Tutilo released him, saying: wretch that I am, that I should have laid sacrilegious hands on the intimate and confidant of a bishop!" Ratpert, meanwhile having stepped aside on the coming of the monks, forthwith withdrew, and the belaboured Sindolf could never find out who had belaboured him. Though this beating was sore to the back, it gained him promotion. Bishop Constance, made him his Vicar General, (Ekkehardus Jun, and also, Ekkehardus minimus in vita Notkeri.)

Such, gentle reader, is a monkish biography, written by a monkish historian in monkish times. We would not for the life of us have you suppose, that we wish to defend *all* the lusty Tutilo's proceedings in this affair; (monks will err like other men) especially his endeavor after all was over to persuade the monks, that the arm that had belabored so lustily and well "must have been that of an angel." We believe this as little as Tutilo himself believed, that when he had Sindolf's head in the window "he had caught *the Devil*." There was more *vrai-resemblance* than *truth* in both assertions.

H. B.

A REMINISCENCE.

The following spirited and appropriate verses were written on the reception given to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P., at the great demonstration in favor of "Justice for Ireland," held in the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on the 28th of March, 1844. But the last verse—a sad contrast of the present and the past—has been recently added to add number an otherwise glowing picture:

"Our youth is like the dream of the hunter on the hill of heath. He sleeps in the beams of the sun: he awakes amidst the storms.

* * * * * *

When shall Ossian's youth return? When shall his ear delight in the sound of arms?

* * * * * *

Come with your streams, ye hills of Cona! listen to the voice of Ossian! The song rises, like the sun, in my soul. I feel the joys of other times."

—Ossian.

Oh! 'twas a grand and solemn sight
To see the friends of freedom throng
Round him who, in the cause of right,
Had battled for his country long,
Oh, 'twas a thrilling sound to hear
Their voices raised in symphony
To greet the champion with the cheer
That told him Erin should be free.

There, foremost leader of the band,
Stood Rathbone, friend of the oppressed
And Blackburn, prompt of heart and hand
To raise and succor the distressed.
There, high-souled Wood, bra' Scotland's son,
The friend of honor, worth and truth,
Vowed Erin's freedom should be won
In all the glowing pride of youth.

There Holland's earnest voice arose,
With hope still baffled, still renewed
His solace for the people's woes:
Impartial laws, cheap land and food.
And other patriot hearts were there,
United in their firm demand,
That Ireand, too, should have her share
Of justice with each kindred land.

Then boldly forth, in Heaven's sight,
O'Connell in Nestorian strain,
Proclaimed to all the peaceful fight
To rend their common tyrant's chain.
Responsive, too, each look and tone,
With high resolve and purpose stern,
Sent boldly to Britannia's throne
The lesson it had still to learn.

The day is passed, and passed the chief,
And vanished, too, that grand array:
Still Ireland grasped in stricken grief
The charter she upholds to-day.
Deserted, lone, and sore beset,
She scorns to bend the suppliant knee—
Resolved to rise a nation yet.
Begirt in freedom's panoply. H.

Liverpool, March 29, 1844.

MADGE FITZPATRICK;

OR,

An Incident of the "O'Connell Times."

"Ye would have it so!" he said, lifting his burly form above the peasantry who clustered about him; "would have him whose ancestry traces high, and whose seat has been in high places afore this, to take the lead, to present yer grievances, and to represent the Irish cause—" his voice became shriekingly high—"while ye stood aloof from *him* who has put backbone and sinew into Ireland; who has made the Irish know what's in them, and the power that's at their back Shame to ye all!"

He paused for a moment to recover his breath, and to wipe the perspiration that trickled down his face, then resumed, in a voice whose quick transitions from modulated tones to those of louder eager passion, heightened the effect of his words.

"Because he comes among ye now when he sees his own is in danger, because he has the soft voice, and the kind eye—*now* ye forget the rest, and ye keep yer support from the one that id use it rightly. Shame on ye again, slaves that ye are!"

He came down from the slight eminence on which he had been standing, with a firm, proud step—such a step and mien as ill-befitted the poverty of his apparel.

"The crayture!" said one of the female bystanders, "shure he's not himself at all since these O'Connell meetings."

"No," said another, whose kindly face reflected her warm sympathetic feelings, "and more's the pity the people won't heed his words!"

At this moment there was a commotion in the little crowd still surrounding the eminence—a turning of heads to the highway whence a horseman was seen rapidly approaching. The rider and beast were well suited to each other, from the mettlesome, fiery spirit which seemed to animate both. The former was a young man whose erect form and proud bearing commanded an involuntary awe from the group of care-hardened, weather-browned men, and anxious looking women, as he reined up the high-bred animal, and threw himself hastily from her reeking sides. He stood, gracefully retaining the bridle, and looking from face to face of the wondering people, as if seeking for recognition from some of them; but the close scrutiny appeared to satisfy him that he was quite unknown, and then he let the whole expression of his face change—the stern look about his mouth, the eagle glance in his dark dark eyes, give place to a winning smile and kindly expression, which attracted the hearts of his gazers even before he spoke.

Still holding the bridle-rein, still maintaining his graceful attitude, he said in tones whose ease and polish were in startling contrast to the burly speaker of a few moments before:

"I had no right to expect a welcome; still, I looked for it from some of you. I thought not to have outgrown the memories of all, for, though but a very little boy when last I looked upon these scenes," sweeping his arm toward a stretch of meadow-land on his right, "I thought my face would still retain sufficient likeness of the past to make you know me. Ere this time I presume you have heard my father's letter; his reasons for being abroad so long; his earnest desire to be among you again, and his prevention by illness; but he sends his son in his place—his son who swears to render you all the justice in his power—to make your cause his own, to live among you for the term of his natural life, and to die on the old sod."

He doffed his hat, and bowed slightly, with the winning smile and kindly look finding their way to hearts which had been obdurate to his words.

"I think you will be with me," he said in a lower tone; "You will have time to learn something about me, ere we meet at the hustings, and we will have other meetings than this."

He donned his hat, bowed again, and vaulted into the saddle, and dashed along the highway in the direction in which he had been proceeding when he stopped to address the little crowd.

A babble of voices began the moment of his departure; some had been completely won by the grace and suavity of the young landlord, and regretted

not having cheered his remarks, while others held aloof with marked indecision in their faces, and cast many looks of inquiry toward where the burly man who had spoken to them first, stood. He had also heard the remarks of the graceful stranger, but gave no outward token of how they had impressed him. With his arms folded and his head down, he had stood on the verge of the little crowd, listening with apparent apathy, and he maintained that attitude, while the stormy discussion continued about him.

At last some one ventured to address him. He started lifting his head with as proud a mien as that which had characterized the young landlord, and answered with a tone of such bitter irony that his questioner felt like shrinking from his sight.

"What do I think of him? This: that his oily tongue has made greater slaves of ye than ye were before."

He changed his tone slightly, and looked about him, as he continued:

"He said there would be other meetings than this. So there will! aye, so there will!"

He folded his arms again, and drooped his head, and no one seemed to like to address him a second time.

An old woman, with slightly bent form, and soft white hair just showing from the borders of a black cap, was making her way through the groups of two and three into which the little crowd had separated. They kindly made way for her, watching her with a sort of anxious interest till she reached the side of the silent man, and said in a voice whose sweetness, age had not decreased:

"Come home, Coach, dear."

Without a word he drew her arm within his own, straightened his form again, and with that same proud step moved off towards the highway. It was an odd sight to see the proud, gentlemanly bearing beneath the poor coat and shabby hat, to note the tender grace with which he bent to his old companion; to watch her, who, with an air scarcely less proud than his own, clung fondly to his arm.

"The craytures!" said the kindly woman who had spoken before. "Shure its a beautiful sight to see them together anyhow!"

And the little groups went home to discuss in poverty-stricken habitations how much sincerity might be in their landlord's words, and how bitter would be the evils to turn from him to O'Connell.

The young landlord on his spirited horse dashed rapidly along the highway, with a self-satisfied feeling in his heart, and his complacent air showing itself in the very touch of his hand on the mettlesome steed. He dismounted at last before a substantial-looking house built in the style of a previous century, and whose comfortable exterior was in striking contrast to the thatched cabins not a quarter of a mile away. An ostler at once appeared for the reeking mare, and the dusty rider hurried up the short flight of stone steps which led to the front entrance, and struck with the butt end of his whip against the staunch hall door, hurrying by, when it was opened, without a word to the aged porter, who looked after him a little distrustfully.

Spacious, sombre-looking rooms opened from both sides of the lengthy hall, and into one of these, whose door stood slightly ajar, the young landlord turned.

There was but one occupant, a graceful girl busily engaged in embroidering some silken stuff. She rose on the gentleman's entrance, and stood, slightly leaning forward, as if endeavoring to have her manner marked by more than ordinary courtesy. He doffed his hat and bowed also, saying respectfully:

"Pardon my intrusion. I expected to find your father here."

She answered in low, singularly sweet tones:

"You will find him in the next room."

And waving her hand toward the silken hangings which bounded the apartment on one side, and which were fastened by heavy cords to huge knobs in the walls, so as to permit a passage between the rooms, she sat down to resume her embroidery.

The young landlord at once passed to the apartment beyond, and was met by a gentleman apparently many years his senior, who had just risen from a huge desk in a corner of the room.

"You are back early, Master Harvey," he said, drawing forward a chair for his visitor.

"Yes," said the latter, taking the proffered seat, and permitting his face to assume its naturally stern, almost hard expression. "I got through sooner than I had expected, and on my way back found an opportunity to make a slight speech."

The elder gentleman's face brightened with an expression of interest. The younger continued:

"There was quite a number of them collected about a mile below here—many of them my father's tenants, I think. No one appeared to know me when I dismounted among them, though some of them did right well, and those who did not, suspected. However, I spoke as if sure they did not recognize me; brought in about my father, what I intended to do, and so forth; and I fancy I made somewhat of a favorable impression, if that fellow Coach Barry, as you call him, does not undo it all again. But at the meetings I intend to hold, I have a notion that my eloquence will master his."

"Do not be too sure," said the elder gentleman with a troubled look, "Coach Barry's eloquence, crude though it is, is something, when he chooses to let it fully out, which impresses Irish hearts in a manner that no mere polished grace of language ever could; and one sight of O'Connell will complete Coach's work."

"But O'Connell will not be down here for some time," answered the young man impatiently, "and meanwhile I shall bring every sort of influence to bear, to get me returned."

The elder gentleman drew a little nearer his companion, and answered in an embarrassed manner:

"No one could wish for your success, Master Harvey, more thoroughly than I do, and—pardon me for saying so—no one could have served your interests better than I have tried to do. Gratitude to your father for giving me this important charge of his Irish property, compelled me to serve him with double care, and I have ever sought to make his tenants know all the noble traits of his character. I prepared them for your coming, and I think it is due to my efforts that so many of them regard you with kindly and even warm feelings. Your father is an Irishman, you are Irish by birth; be merciful to these poor creatures if, tempted by the hope of better times, they turn to him who has raised the 'standard of repeal.'"

The young man rose; that stern, hard expression flashing unrestrainedly over his face, and giving almost a repulsive look to his otherwise handsome features.

"Be merciful!" he said in tones husky with suppressed passion. "I will show them such mercy as the wild beast shows to its prey when the latter is in its grasp—such mercy as the torturer shows to the victim on the rack. I hate the very name of O'Connell—hate him because he has dared to rouse the Irish at home, and throw discredit and disgrace on Irish landlords abroad—hate him for the very greatness he bears. And *my* tenants—for they are mine since my father, poor old dotard, would not come to Ireland to look after them—shall never return O'Connell! You doubt my eloquence—you have not heard me yet. I can throw that into my face and speech which never fails to win. Even the boasted purity of Ireland's daughters could not withstand that siege."

Both gentlemen had evidently forgotten the presence of the fair listener in the next room; every word had been distinctly borne to her ears, and long since the embroidery had dropped from her fingers, her cheeks had begun to burn and her bosom to heave with indignation. Bounding from her chair, and hurriedly traversing the space between the silken curtains, she stood right in the centre of the passage way with the crimson hangings reflecting their glow on her already burning cheeks. Her appearance was so sudden and unexpected, that surprise kept both gentlemen silent, while various emotions left her own tongue powerless to speak for a moment. Her white dress, her slight, yet full form, her spiritual looking face, with the wealth of flaxen curls waving about it all made a picture which commanded involuntary awe and admiration. Her struggling tones at last came forth:

"Coward and traitor, to speak thus of

your country-women! Do you know how Coach Barry has obtained his power over true Irish hearts? By the very respect which *his* high-souled nature pays to Irish female virtue, and *your* eloquence will never displace an iota of Coach Barry's influence—nor longer, father, must *you* seek to make the tenantry go against their feelings—let their votes be given for O'Connell!"

She crossed to the elder gentleman, and put her hand tenderly on his arm. He looked timidly from her pleading face to the scowling countenance of the young landlord, and whispered:

"Go away, now, Madge, darling, and by-and-by we'll talk about it."

"Well, don't let his eloquence influence *you!*" and with a look of indignation at the young gentleman, she stepped haughtily back to her embroidery frame.

"A pretty little rebel!" said the young landlord, striving to speak as if the passion surging in his heart would not have annihilated her with the rest of the O'Connell voters; and then he loosed the silken cords, and let the curtains close the space between the rooms, and Madge Fitzpatrick could distinguish no more of their conversation.

The fairest, sweetest, kindliest creature in that part of the country, was Madge Fitzpatrick, only child of Daniel Fitzpatrick, middleman or agent for Ross Harvey, a large Irish land-holder, for many years a resident of England. Not a cabin for miles around but was frequently brightened by her presence; and not a prayer was breathed by humble, grateful hearts, but that a blessing was invoked on Madge's young head. Every day she paid a kindly visit to some one, and with the well-filled, neatly covered basket on her arm, was sure to be met by a troop of rosy-cheeked, merry-hearted children, to whom it afforded intense delight to be permitted to escort her to her destination. This evening—the evening of the day on which she had rebuked the son of her father's employer—the children met and escorted her to a cabin whose interior betrayed the superiority of the habitation over others of its kind. An old woman met her at the door—she whose hand Coach Barry had drawn within his arm on that same day, when he had addressed the small crowd of tenantry.

"An ye're welcome, Miss Madge!" said the old woman, hastening to place a chair for her visitor, while the young lady deposited her basket on the table.

"Where is Coach?" she asked, looking anxiously round the cabin after she had seated herself.

The old woman sighed while she answered:

"He is gone out as he always does, to get his wild feelings off—shure he's beside himself about this thing of voting for Ross Harvey, or O'Connell!"

Madge echoed the sigh while she replied:

"And well he may be beside himself!" and then followed a hurried indignant account of all that had passed between her father and the young landlord.

The old woman's face paled, her lips grew livid, and when the recital was over, caught the young lady's hands, asking piteously:

"Do *you* think he'd show no mercy?" *You*, who never speaks ill of any one?"

"None, Kathleen! he would show none," was Madge's sad reply.

"Ochone! ochone!" murmured the old woman, wringing her hands, "If I only knew what to do!" Then clutching the young girl's dress—"I'll tell you—you're like an angel from heaven sure, and perhaps you'd know what to do!"

Rising she invited Madge to an inner apartment—a bedchamber whose neat, cleanly comfort attested the thrift and taste of old Kathleen, and for a long hour the two were closeted. When Madge came forth, it was with a pale face, and somewhat trembling step, but there was that in her eyes which told of some sternly fixed purpose.

"Pray for me Kathleen!" she said, on parting with the old woman—"pray that I may not fail!"

That night, when the young landlord who was the guest of Mr. Fitzpatrick, had retired to his room, and the somewhat timid host was pacing his own apartment, the latter was surprised by the unwonted presence of his daughter.

"I came to ask a favor!" she said in her gentle winning way, winding her arm around his neck and forcing him down to an easy chair, and then in

her loving manner, with the soft pressure of her white fingers against his cheek in a way he could not resist, she told him what she wished—

He started aghast, saying slowly—

"To go to England, Madge! I could not leave here now!"

"Nay! let me go alone, or, at least, accompanied only by a servant!" she said, fixing her eyes on him in a way that compelled him to see how strong was her will—immeasurably stronger than his, poor weak man that he was. And at last yielded; yielded without being informed why this singularly hasty journey—so hasty that it was to be commenced on the morrow—should be undertaken—promising to keep it secret till her return, and knowing nothing of the cause which led to it, or the consequences which might follow, save that a good deal of good *might* result.

So early on the morrow, before the gentlemanly guest was stirring, Madge Fitzpatrick with a trusted female attendant, who had crossed the channel before, and who had once in the service of an English mistress become familiar with London streets, begun the mysteriously important journey. And under the same safe *chaperonship*, when the English capital was reached, Madge found herself without much difficulty one sunny afternoon set down in front of a baronial-like looking residence. A liveried servant answered wonderingly to her inquiry for Mr. Ross Harvey, that that gentleman was at home, and asked what name would he take up.

She gave "Madge Fitzpatrick," tremblingly, and alas for the boasted courage of the last few days, it had all deserted her, and she was glad to sit in one of the stately chairs which lined the hall. But once in the grand apartment, whither in a few moments the liveried domestic conducted her, in presence of the stately gentleman who held out his hand kindly and said—

"What! the daughter of my old friend Fitzpatrick!" she gained all her old strength.

"You come on business of my son's, I presume," he continued, placing a chair for her—"a pleasant little ambassadress, truly!" and he smiled more kindly than before.

"You mistake, sir," she replied quietly, declining the proferred seat. "I have not come on *that* business of your son's—" with a rather haughty emphasis on the word that—"but on business relating to Coach Barry!"

The stately gentleman started, and the same stern hard expression, which was wont at times to disfigure his son's countenance, came into his, but he did not speak.

Madge continued, her tone growing firmer every word, and her eyes meeting his with a bolder stare:

"Kathleen Ryan will break the solemn promise she gave you twenty-eight years ago unless you do justice to Coach Barry."

The stately gentleman, stately with all his weight of years, and white flowing hair, attempted to smile; but the smile faded before the belief of Kathleen's tale, and the determination he saw in those young eyes.

"Tell me the story that Kathleen Ryan has told you," he said, coming closer and lowering his voice.

She leaned slightly on the back of the chair just within her grasp, and began in a low, sweet, steady tone:

"Kathleen Ryan was maid to Miss Cornwall, an Irish lady, an orphan with an immense Irish property in trust of a guardian, Mr. Ross Harvey"—slightly bowing to the gentleman opposite. "Miss Cornwall married ere she was of age, and went abroad with her husband, who expected to be rich enough from wealth entailed upon himself, to care little whether his bride ever possessed her rightful property. But his expectations were disappointed, and they hastened homeward expecting to arrive there little short of the time the young wife would be of age. On the way the husband was killed by a railway accident, and the wife gave untimely birth to a child, and died also, leaving the little one with no one to take care of it but this same Kathleen Ryan, who had gone abroad with her mistress. She nursed the child tenderly, and brought it safe home to Mr. Ross Harvey," bowing again to her listener—"who then as before resided in Ireland, still maintaining trust of her lucrative Irish property. Mr. Ross Harvey—" with another slight inclination of her head—"took the faithful creature aside, brought all

his gentlemanly influence to bear upon her, and at last, by means of promises to amply support her during her lifetime induced her to consent to proclaiming the child as her own. So the death of the young Irish heiress and her husband being made known, Mr. Ross Harvey, the next of kin, though distantly related, inherited the vast Irish estates. Immediately he appointed an agent, and removed with his wife and son to England, while Kathleen Ryan, taking the name of Barry to carry out the pretence of her marriage, lived on the Irish estate with her supposed son, supported, as all the neighbors thought, and think still, by the bounty of Mr. Ross Harvey, who thus kindly remembers even an humble dependent of his dead ward. But now Mr. Ross Harvey's son has come to carry death and evil among his Irish tenants, if they refuse to vote for him, and it is time to give to Coach Barry, or as his right name is—Florence Rodney—a meed of justice. Kathleen Ryan holds his baptismal certificate, and with the assistance which I think can be enlisted, there will be little difficulty in proving his claim, providing you contest it. You are reputed to possess great wealth in England, then yield this Irish property to its rightful owner."

She looked at him still with that steady gaze from which he seemed powerless to remove his own eyes.

"Kathleen Ryan has acquainted you with full particulars, I see," he said, ironically, and then the bitterness he had been striving to restrain burst forth in his tones, as he continued:

"You see what is to have a son who scorns his father's advice. My son would dabble in these cursed Irish troubles, instead of letting the people have their way, and being content to hold his property. It was for him, the only child I ever had, that I amassed this wealth, and now he scorns the veriest word which falls from my lips. Yes, as you say I have enough—more than enough beside it—I will do justice this time, not for justice's sake, remember, not that I acknowledge this claim of my ward's son, but to show my son," he thundered the words out, "that the old doting fool, which he called me the day before he left here, knows enough to avenge himself. Leave me your address. I will send to you in the morning."

He bowed her out with a stately gesture, and turned to pen a passionate letter to his son, wherein was stated that the writer was glad that the time had at last come for the revelation of a secret, which had been kept through long painful years; and then followed a succinct statement of the whole affair, with an admonition to yield all claims quietly, and return immediately to England.

That letter, addressed to Ross Harvey, Junior, closely sealed and formidably stamped, was placed in Madge's hands next morning, and at once the young girl and her attendant turned their faces homeward.

It was on a mid-day that she arrived at her father's house, only to find every one who could had gone to hear Master Harvey's great speech to the tenantry, and at once she turned her steps to Kathleen's cabin.

"It is *good* news, I think!" said Madge, grasping the old woman's outstretched hands. "But where is Coach?" His right name was so unfamiliar that she could not bring herself to say it.

"Gone to the meeting, an' I'm afeerd he'll make them let him speak. I'd have gone, but he asked me not to."

"Come with me," said Madge. "I cannot rest till I have given Master Ross Harvey his letter."

But the crowd was too dense to admit of the girl's sufficiently near approach to the young landlord to hand him the missive, and she had to content herself with standing on the verge of the crowd, and waiting till the meeting might disperse.

Ross Harvey was speaking—speaking with that polished grace of manner which he knew well how to assume; with the winning smile and kindly expression in his eyes, striving to fasten themselves on each one of the ragged crowd. He was cheered when he had concluded, and sat down on a hastily improvised seat with a flush of triumph.

Other speakers followed—speakers in the interest of Ross Harvey, junior, and who strove to clinch the nail he had driven so far. Then there was a call for Coach Barry—faint at first, but

finding a response from more than one true, loyal heart, till a score of untutord voices joined in the summons. Ross Harvey's pleased expression vanished; but on the whispered admonition of one of his adherents, he deemed it better policy to have Coach Barry brought forward.

His burly form raised itself on the slight stand which had been erected—his hat was off; the dark, thick, clustering locks seemed to add to the paleness of his face, though appearing thirty, a close observer would have detected his right age to be but twenty-five or twenty-six.

In that rich, powerful voice which penetrated with startling distinctness to the most remote of his listeners, he analyzed, so clearly, the motives of the speakers who had preceded him, that more than one face in the crowd looked darkly at Ross Harvey and the gentlemen surrounding the latter—he contrasted *their* aim with that of the great Liberator, in almost as powerful a manner as O'Connell's own eloquent lips could have done it; he pictured the miserable condition of Ireland, the waste of her talent, the neglect of her ability, and concluding with a burst of eloquence which went quiveringly home to the hearts of his hearers, asked for whom their votes would now be given.

A mighty shout of "O'Connell" responded, and the women sobbingly embraced, and men grasped each other's hands, and Ross Harvey beside himself with rage and disappointment, jumped upon the stand, and attempted to declare the revenge he intended taking; but in the midst of his fiery denunciations, a sealed packet was handed to him, and despite his excitement, curiosity at its strange appearance impelled him to open and read it.

Only Madge and Kathleen at that time knew why its reading caused such a demon-like look to come in his face; why he crushed the missive in his hand, and hurried away without explanation to any one—and why an hour later he was taking his departure for England.

But everything was known in a few days, when Ross Harvey's tenants became Florence Rodney's, and people went about too wild with joy to do more than talk about the strange events which had happened.

For Florence himself, he could hardly comprehend his new position; and not until with Madge Fitzpatrick as his wife, and Kathleen a mother to him, as she had ever been, did he permit himself to really enjoy the bounty of his vast estate.

The Liberator needed but little canvassing in that part of Ireland, for not less staunch supporters than Florence Rodney himself, were all his tenants of the great O'Connell.

MONODY ON DR. J. W. ROGERS, JR.*

Miserere mei—saltum vos, amici mei, orate pro me.

Stay, traveler! hast thou ever known
The pangs of grief, or heard a dying groan?
Hast thou ever watched a child from birth,
And loved it more than anything on earth?
Hast seen it bloom to manhood, and retain
Sweet intimacy almost without a stain—
Without a fault, save such as unawares
Assail the best of men, despite their prayers?
Hast ever lost a friend, or seen a loved one die,
And asked from other hearts the tribute of a sigh!
Then hear my story, and the faith of one
Who needs a prayer—your minstrel's hapless son.
Where suns go down, like heroes in their blood,
O'er gloomy forests, silent since the flood,
And Mississippi meets Ohio's wave,
Mark, as you pass, a lonely traveler's grave.
High crested genius sitting on its brow,
His corpse was taken from a vessel's prow,
And, all unknown, neath Cairo's reeking sod,
They laid him on the bosom of his God.
One night of anguish on that vessel borne,
And death had claimed our darling for His own.
Visions of home, to which his journey led,
Grew fainter as he bowed his drooping head.
Without a priest or friend to cheer his soul,
All night he heard the deafening waters roll,
Obeyed God's summons at the dawn of day,
The first of Mary's month—sweet month of May—
Bewailed his faults, wept bitterly and cried:
"*Mary, receive me,*" blessed himself and died.
Then breathe a pitying sigh, all ye who pass,
And pray for him beneath yon waving grass.

WASHINGTON CITY, MAY 15, 1878.

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*Editors who copy these verses—not for their merit, but for charity—will have the prayers and Communion offering of a bereaved mother.

CHIT-CHAT.

(*Cited from the Anti Jacobin.*) "Can you imagine," said Sir J. Mackintosh to Dr. Parr, "a man more treacherous and profligate than that O'Coigly?" (an Irish patriot priest who was executed on Pennendeath Heath.) "Yes, sir;" said Parr, "he might have been worse. He was a *priest*, he might have been a *lawyer*. He was a *traitor*, he might have been an *apostate*. He was an *Irishman*, he might have been a *Scotchman*. (Exit Mackintosh.)

A certain traveller in Japan gives us a Japanese estimate of farmers, which is *curious* and consolatory though hardly complimentary. In an inn at Fijisawa he met with a picture representing a group of husbandmen sowing rice in a field, and on one side of the drawing a distich running thus:

"Useless even for drugs,
How happy are the frogs."

What connection there was between frogs and farmers it was hard to see until a Japanese fellow traveller thus solved the riddle:

"Sir," said he, "here is a lesson of humility and contentment conveyed under a parable. It is a fact, which will meet with the imperial assent, that frogs are of no use in the world either as food or even in medicine. "Very good food," we objected, "either in a curry as eaten at Hong Kong, or with white sauce as at Paris;" as to their medicinal properties we have not been kept informed.

Our Japanese not having been educated up to frog food, smiled the smile that is incredulous. "Some insects," he said, "feed upon smartweed," which was his Japanese way of informing the world that "there is no accounting for tastes." "However that may be," continued he, "we say that the frogs being useless, no man interferes with them, and they are allowed to live out their lives in undisturbed peace. So with the farmers. Their position is lowly, but they are free from the cares of greatness; therefore they should be content, and the painter celebrates their lot."

It may appear somewhat hard on the farmers to be likened to the frogs, but many honorable and honest men have found themselves treated by fate very much in the same way as the frogs by the boys in the fable—(what was fun to fate was death to them) and many a great nation after rejecting King Log has found itself gobbled up by King Stork. Be not offended then, O happy and contented farmers at being likened to the lowly but clean skinned Batrachian.

As to the frogs; if every hobbletehoy of a human brightened into as a fair a Christian as the tadpole of our swamps improves into the gold and green Batrachian of our meadows, there would be less superiority to be claimed by his frog-ship. And then as to his esthetical tastes he is a perfect German. Who that has ever heard the brekekekex koax koax of our Canadian swamps, but will acknowledge that it is superb in volume, and unrivalled in compass. Aristophanes himself could not have wished a finer chorus. It is true that the times for rehearsal and performance are somewhat out of hours. But then his frog-ship is only following the precedent of more aristocratic artists. Le Blache and Mario and Patti never began their songs before sun-down and seldom finished them before the wee sma' hours. What wonder then if the Le Blaches and Marios and Pattis of our pools follow and improve upon such aristocratic example. And then their devotion to the cause is *heroic*. Who that has ever tossed in a heated bed on a summer's night in a log shanty on the skirts of a Canadian swamp, but can testify that when after hours of conscientious chorus a slight lull has crept over the *lea*, and when all at once some polu-phlois-bluown precentor has again led off the chorus, every frog in that puddle that has ever been a tadpole is immediately at his post, and the chorus is again as full and varied and as untiring as ever. Truly, our farmers have reason to be proud of the Japanese simile, if patient industry and plodding labor and unflagging energy count for anything in "the battle for life," and in the supposed "survival of the fittest."

The little tatterdemalion beggar boys of Japan are as polished in their politeness as the Japan ware of their native island, and as insincere as a Parisian dandy. When two half naked, half fed lads, who claim even the most casual acquaintance meet, you will find them bowing and prostrating with more ceremony than would be exchanged between Western potentates in a diplomatic meeting.

"Welcome! welcome! Mr. Chokichi; this is indeed a matter of imperial congratulation." (The one pervading idea of a Japanese is Imperialism.) "You must be fatigued; let me offer you a cup of tea."

"Thank you, sir. This is truly rare tea. Kekko! kekko! delicious! delicious! Whence are you making your imperial progress?"

"From Odawara—it is long since I had the pleasure of placing myself before your imperial eyes."

A few minutes later, if you happened to meet them after they had parted, you would doubtless hear them discussing each other as—"that rogue, rascal, and villain of my acquaintance."

It is amusing to trace how the same ideas pervade *different nations* however distantly separated. As the daily wants of mankind have produced the saw, the plane, the chisel and the plumb-line, all the world over, so the same ideas have produced similar proverbs. At the entrance to the yard of a Japanese temple it is not unusual to find engraved on the stone lanterns—Shen Tien—*God's Field*, which is only our *God's Acre*. "Walls have ears," "Birds of a feather flock together," "Talk of a man and his shadow will appear," are as much Japanese as English, whilst some are modified by Japanese customs; thus, "You cannot draw blood from a stone;" assumes in Japan the form, "Bikuni ni kanzashi."—"To ask a nun for a hairpin!" (The nuns as well as the monks in Japan shave their heads."

What will not politicians do? Cards with a deep mourning border are being mailed in London (Eng.,) with the inscription:

"Epitaph for Beaconsfield," (Disraeli.")
"Give the devil his Jew."

Apropos of mail coaches and the days gone bye, a story is told of the Dowager Lady Shelley, who died some years ago. Travelling in the mail coach as an inside fare, her footman was amongst the passengers outside. In due time the coach was upset, and as it happened, turned completely over. The footman springing to his feet after his toss, heard his mistress's voice from beneath the wreck—"John! John! pull me out; *the black legs are mine!*"

MORAL: *Inside* a mail coach in a rainstorm—*outside* in an upset: If inside in an upset, have party colored stockings in order that you may be drawn forth from the *debris* in due order of succession.

Quoth the *Globe*—July 12: The Orangemen of Ottawa held their annual procession to-day. * * * *There was no exhibition of intolerance on either side.*" How strange! *We* had always thought, that the *annual procession* itself was one of the greatest acts of *intolerance*, that any nation outside of Hotentotdom or Fii-jii-dom was capable of. But then *we* have never been *educated* up to *Globe* ethics. The little boy whose ma whipped him, because he *would* insult his neighbors, was evidently a very badly used individual, and should, forthwith, be taken under *Globe* protection. "Well!" quoth Mrs. Dodd, "the human heart—at least in the Protestant version of it, *is* a most incomprehensible body." Your Orangeman is a regular storm bird—wherever he goes whether to Canada, Australia, British Columbia, Hull, or Halifax he carries his own hurricane with him.

A certain Indian potentate has bought a house in London, and the London wits are celebrating the event in characteristic verse:

Sir Albert Abdallah Sassoon,
That highly auriferous "coon,"
Has bought an estate
In the street called "Queen's Gate,"
And will enter upon it in June.

An old tale in a new dress. The Irishman to the Italian organ grinder:

Come here you Italian gossoon,
Come hither and play me a tune.
On that choicest of toys
Play "The Protestant Boys,"
And try can I stand it, aroon. H. B

FACTIONISTS FRUSTRATED

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.
—*Milton.*

This peace of the poet—with its victory and renown—has been vouchsafed to Montreal. It is no part of our design to assume the province of the journalist proper—or improper as the case may be—nor do we purpose to trespass on that domain of detail supposed to be the exclusive field of the newspaper press; but we claim, notwithstanding, a certain right as publicists; and, as in our July number we ventured, in the interests of peace, law and order, to refer to the Orange excitement then prevalent, it is fitting we should now turn with pride to the accomplishment of the state of things which we advocated with all our energy and earnestness. The day so anxiously looked forward to in fear of civic conflict, passed over in safety if not quietude; and instead of the tears and wailings of widows and orphans there arose to heaven at its close, prayers and blessings to the Giver of all good that a tragedy had been spared the city. Of course there was some disappointment and no little demonstrative indignation amongst the few at the interference with a supposed "right"—but the general joy overshadowed the partial ill-feeling, and the safety of the community was esteemed of higher moment than the gratification of a handful of unruly boys and ignorant bigots.

Mayor Beaudry may well congratulate himself that he is at present the "best abused man" in this Canada of ours—indeed all over the American continent: for the American press, taking its cue and inspiration from local writers and correspondents of an advanced type of Orangeism, reproduce the opinions and serve up a rehash of the manufactured facts of the Montreal journals, poisoning public opinion and misdirecting public sentiment. Yes, Mayor Beaudry may well congratulate himself while complacently regarding the result of his firmness; he can associate the sublime feeling of wrongful abuse with the joy that every humane citizen must have in contemplating the avoidance of an impending calamity. To every man whose mind is not warped by intolerant bigotry or national prejudice, His Worship's views of the situation must appear clear, calm and convincing; his practical steps in sustentation thereof courageous and uncompromising. We are, however, entering on a needless duty; and save to pay a tribute of approval not even the semblance of defence is necessary. Humanity is the Mayor's best advocate. Foreseeing from the past of Orangeism the possibility of evils arising from a defiant Orange demonstration, he adopted the time honored principle that prevention is better than cure; he saw that the protection of the whole people committed to his official guardianship was paramount to the gratification of, at best, the insane sentiments of a few factionists; he knew from a bitter memory of last year the antagonistic passions capable of being brought into active development by a revival of sectarian animosity, and experience had taught him, too, that no more explosive ingredient to this end could be flung amongst the people than the devised, and happily frustrated, display of the Twelfth of July. All honor to him for the manliness which induced him to run counter to that absurd notion of citizens' right that would permit its exercise even though murder were to follow; that would ignore the sensitiveness of the majority of the people in recognition of the assumption of the few to insult them, and that would overlook the claims of Irish Catholics and French Canadians to protection from irritating exhibitions while prepared to shield with the military arm of the Province the provoking demeanor—the insulting devices and blood-associated party tunes of a miserable minority of fanatics or fools. All honor, too, to the wise heads, and earnest hearts and active zeal of the Irish and French organizations that so worthily sustained our Chief Magistrate in the exercise of a Constitutional duty, and all praise be finally for the great fact that Mayor, Magistrates and People were upheld by the majesty of the law—that neither rifle shot nor bayonet thrust was needed to gain the victory of peace, and that the renown of Montreal in subjugating the "foul foreign blossom" of religious

rancour is higher and greater to-day than if we had to look back upon a record of victory attested by tears and ratified in bloodshed.

But what of the future? Law is powerful, doubtless, and the public tribunals, we may feel assured, will do their all in vindication of popular right—the right, that is of a whole people against the assumption of the few. Public sentiment must, however, become auxiliary to public justice; and that *lex non scripta* of Social observance which often precedes, and is in most cases more effectual than judicial dicta, must take its part in the settlement of this vexed question. We shall all of us, Protestant and Catholic —English, French, Canadian, Scotch, Irish—all alike, have to consider—

1.—Whether, living as we do under free institutions—with a government theoretically guaranteeing equal laws and equal liberty to all citizens, we shall claim for, or accord to, one set of people the right to periodically insult another set, thus turning our free institution into institutions of a by-gone ascendancy, and the much boasted liberty of all into the license of a faction to irritate the majority.

2.—Whether, supposing the abstract right of Orangemen to parade as granted, it would be expedient in the interests of our commercial community to enforce or exercise that right in view of the fact that in all times—in Ireland as on this continent—with reason or otherwise—the attempt at enforcement and exercise has been met with resistance; that outrage and bloodshed have been the immediate attendants of such displays—and that social disruptions—bitter memories and unchristian animosities have been the abiding results.

3.—Whether, looking to the material facts that in time of peace our city has been made to assume the aspect of a war occupation—that the cost of this military demonstration shall have to be paid by citizens—that the productive wealth of the community has suffered in the disturbance of industrial employment—the commercial interests have been injured by the cessation of trade at home and want of confidence abroad —that the tide of travel has been turned away from our city to its manifest loss —that distrust and danger are ever present during these periods of excitement—that gratification of an idea, the defiant assertion of a principle, both having wrong and ruin at their base, are worth all this cost to the city's character and the citizens' property.

4th and finally.—Whether Christianity sanctions or patriotism approves these faction fights in the name of Faith —and if not, whether citizens of any denomination in religion or of any nationality by birth or descent, are justified in giving countenance to, or commendation of, the aggressive spirit of Orangeism; it being an axiom in philosophy and morals that he who unnecessarily provokes a conflict is amenable to the odium of its consequences.

And now, one word to the Orangemen themselves. Why should the Bible, which all Christians regard as a Book of love of mercy of truth and humanity, become in your hands a weapon of war—why, from its sacred pages, do you draw forth goodly precepts of how Christians should first insult and then murder Christians—from its pages of love, extract mottoes of hatred—from its teachings of mercy, distil the lessons of vengeance? And then, for those traditions of loyalty which you cling to, forgetful of the fact that disobedience and defiance of the law are in antagonism to your profession. Look to the past and see how far English parties at home have sacrificed to gratify your prejudices and wishes in repayment for this devotion! You were repudiated and called "Orange vagabonds" by British statesmen. You were weeded *out in disgrace from* the British army notwithstanding the favor and advocacy of a royal Duke. When you wanted to depose William IV—ignore the succession of the "chit of a girl of 15" as you designated H. R. H. the Princess Victoria in 1835—and desired to put your Grand Master Cumberland on the throne, the whole British nation rose in opinion against you and your existence was banned and broken. You opposed Catholic Emancipation—the government carried it in your teeth. You petitioned and agitated against the Reform Bill—your remonstrance was laughed at. You swore against National Education in its theory and practice; ministers patronized that system

alone and disdained to honor your conscientious scruples with a penny from the public purse. You thought yourselves bound to denounce the Maynooth grant; and, as if in contempt of your opposition, the measure was carried in all its plenitude. In 1848, you were loud in your offers of assistance to government, and government was humbly grateful less for the aid than for the opportunity of keeping Irishmen still rent in factions. Well 1849 told how an Irish Executive could recompense an Irish Orangeman. Lord Clarendon,—the man who broke the spirit of your Roden and your Beers—was, himself, an Orangeman, and when he was denouncing the association and banning the leaders, the collar and decoration of the fraternity made part of the Viceregal wardrobe, and the oath of brotherhood that he broke formed part of the perjuries which, mayhap, he has since had to answer! And then, ye loyal Orangemen of Ontario, remember how your "loyalty" was snubbed at your own doors; how, under the shadow of those arches designed to be triumphal, you were stamped out and trampled on by the son of that gracious Queen whose girlhood your Order sought to humiliate, but who, in 1860, remembered what your loyalty meant a quarter of a century before; how H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, acting on instructions suggested by that remembrance repudiated your welcome, and renounced your questionable honors, and how, while thus avoiding contact with Orangeism at Kingston and Belleville and Toronto, the royal party did not hesitate to receive the graceful tributes of the Catholics of Lower Canada. But "worse remains behind." The Church you were sworn to defend has been demolished against your entreaties and defences alike; the "establishment" which was a part of your religious creed, torn down and trampled on, and the Union of Church and State which it was your pride to boast, and toast and uphold, rudely severed by the hands of those in whom you trusted and whom you served. And so it will ever be until you unite with your brother Irishmen in the effort for Irish progress and prosperity—in this land as at home—as a whole people and not as sectional factions of "far-ups" or "far-downs."

S. J. M.

THE OCEAN FERRY.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free—

"THE CORSAIR."

Who, a quarter of a century ago, would have supposed that a day would come when rising of a morning early and packing a portmanteau or two, men, aye, and women and children, would hie themselves off, put their trust in an Ocean steamer and brave all the supposed dangers of the North Atlantic for the Grand European tour, with as little concern and certainly at less cost than a trip to Saratoga, Niagara, or the White Mountains, would involve. This is one of the boons to society which the genius, science and enterprise of this our Nineteenth Century have given. If Electricity has realized the dream of the poet, annihilating space and time, Steam has, in no lesser degree, contributed to the speedy intercourse of sea-divided humanity and the conveniences of foreign commerce. The powers revealed by these discoveries have been utilized to our service by great minds and liberal hearts, until to-day, when Puck's promise of "a girdle round the earth in forty minutes" is an accomplished fact, and the terrors of Ocean travel are reduced to the pleasurable excitement of a River Ferry.

This year has witnessed, in a marked degree, the growth and progress of the annual European exodus. Trade depression and monetary panics, notwithstanding, there appear to be spirit enough and money in plenty for the temptations of the Exhibition season in Paris. Day after day for the past three months all our steamers from Montreal, Philadelphia and New York, have gone out full freighted with eager sight-seers; and even now when the Summer has advanced to the time of the "return" pressure of former years, the tide of travel eastward seems in no wise diminished. The "Allan" and "Dominion" Lines have had an amount of patronage

in this regard more than equal to their capacity of accommodation; and warm and unreserved are the praises bestowed by voyagers on the ships, officers and owners, for all the accessories that go to make an Ocean passage safe and agreeable. New York, however, has necessarily been the great port of outlet for the continent. The people of the United States, both from choice and convenience, give their patronage to the Ocean palaces of their own metropolis, and many of our Canadian friends anxious to take in the Empire city, with all its traditional excitements, in their tour, and behold at the same time the new and magnificent scenery opened up by the Delaware and Hudson Line of Railway, are nothing loth to endure an additional three hundred miles of travel for the gratification.

Nothing but an actual inspection could convey an idea of the magnificence of the ships of the New York and Liverpool passenger trade—perhaps from our standpoint, we should have rather said the New York and Queenstown—for in the latter place, one of the sweetest spots in that sweetest of all countries, the voyage proper may be said to end—and does end for a large portion of the tourists. We have pleasant memories of voyages made between these ports on board the pleasant ships of the "Guion" and "Inman" Lines. For safety and comfort, aye, and even speed, the fleet of the former Company hold their own even against the formidable and traditional attributes of the aristocratic Cunarders: while the latter—the "Inman Line"—has conquered a supremacy which no competition up to this has disturbed from its high place. There are many and special reasons why to Irishmen and Catholics the Guion Line should be a term of graceful and grateful remembrance,—we know how missionary priests and pious sisterhoods have had generous consideration at the hands of its owners and managers, and we are pleased to add that there has been a corresponding recognition of the compliment. What is true in this regard of the Guion is true also of the Inman Company; and we may be pardoned a special reference to that Company, because of the thankful appreciation entertained in Montreal households of the care, courtesy and consideration shown to our priests and pilgrims in the trying circumstances of the voyage last year, *en route* to Rome. That voyage, however, is a matter of history, and whatever the inconveniences or delays of the passage of the "City of Brussels," they were more than atoned for and counterbalanced by the return trip on board the "City of Chester." It would do one's heart good to hear the stalwart standard bearer of the party descant on the zealous and polite attentions of the genial purser, J. T. Kavanagh; or listen to words of acknowledgment from our priests of the courteous delicacy with which facilities and opportunities were arranged on board ship for the solemn services of the Church—or then again, the enthusiasm of the ladies, and the praiseful encomiums of the gentlemen of the party at the manner in which material comfort and recreative amusements were made to alternate in most admired regularity. It is no wonder that with such attractions the European holiday-trip is growing yearly in favor—less wonder still that with a knowledge of what the Guion and Inman Lines do for their patrons there should be preferential preponderance in their favor. We have no desire to make invidious distinctions where all deserve praise; we simply make selection of these Companies to illustrate our views, because of personal experience.

Is it not strange, (says an ingenious writer,) that some persons should be so delicate as not to bear a disagreeable picture in the house, and yet, by their behaviour, force every face they see about them to wear the gloom of uneasiness and discontent?

If we are now in health, peace and safety; without any particular or uncommon evils to afflict our condition; what more can we reasonably look for in this vain and uncertain world? How little can the greatest prosperity add to such a state? Will any future situation ever make us happy, if now, with so few causes of grief, we imagine ourselves miserable? The evil lies in the state of our mind, not in our condition of fortune; and by no alteration of circumstances is it likely to be remedied.

HON. J. L. BEAUDRY, MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

HON. JEAN LOUIS BEAUDRY, MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

It was Lord Byron, we believe, who spoke of waking one morning and finding himself famous. Mayor Beaudry is another exemplar of the sudden accession of fame. On the 13th of July of this year every journal all over this wide Continent had his name as a prominent feature in their columns; every tongue was laden with his praise or blame as opinion or prejudice dictated; and, while to-day he stands as the best abused or worst understood man in the community, there is one protection to which he may look for support—that of his own Conscience—one tribunal to which he may appeal—the cause of our common Humanity. In another article, however, we deal with the Mayor's action, in relation to the frustrated Orange parade, in a sufficiently exhaustive manner; and little remains to be done save to make brief reference to our portrait of His Worship. It is not all we could wish as giving a clear insight to the manner of man who has so distinguished himself, and we regret the shortcomings of the artist the more that we have not materials at hand for a pen and ink biographical sketch. But, after all, there is little necessity for a record of the birth, parentage, or education of such a man; how he boxed his schoolboy battles, or struggled on to fortune in his early manhood. The man is before us in his living presence—doing battle in his maturity for what he deems the right; and in this is the interest of his life and not in the gossip of the nursery or the genealogical details of pedigree. We learn, however, that His Worship is in the neighborhood of seventy years of age—and not sixty as stated by some of our newspaper contemporaries. The mistake is, however, allowable, as, in physical energy and clearness of mind and intellect, no one

could suppose that he had passed the grand climacteric. Mayor Beaudry is stated to be one of the wealthiest citizens and principal financiers of Montreal. He contested Montreal unsuccessfully for the Canada Assembly in 1854 and 1858, but has several times been elected Mayor; in March, 1877, he was returned to that office by an overwhelming majority over his adversary; and again this year, was elected by acclamation. He entered upon his duties in a spirit of curtailment and reform; and considering the present depressd condition of the city finances and the abnormal increase of taxation, much is expected of Mr. Beaudry in the work of alleviation. The Mayor is President of the Banque Jacques Cartier, which institution is much indebted to him for his labors in its behalf when on the brink of collapse. He is also connected with several other prominent monetary institutions. In 1867, Hon. Mr. Beaudry was called to the Legislative Council of the Province of Quebec, where he still sits as the representative of the Division of Alma.

We may, however, sum up the Mayor's character by the following extracts from a leader in the Montreal *Star*, of February, 1877:

"Hon. J. L. Beaudry has passed through the crucial test that tries men's souls. * * * His public record is as clear as the sun at noon-day. * * * No man can point to one dark stain on his official character."

We have seen the husbandman scattering his seed upon the furrowed ground! It springs up, is gathered into his barns, and crowns his labors with joy and plenty.—Thus the man who distributes his fortune with generosity and prudence, is amply repaid by the gratitude of those whom he obliges, by the approbation of his own mind, and by the favor of Heaven.

If envious people were to ask themselves, whether they would change their entire situations with the persons envied, (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, and dignities,)—I presume the self-love, common to human nature, would generally make them prefer their own condition.

"THE MOB."

[In description and discussion of recent events in Montreal, the local newspapers could find no more courteous appellatives for Irish Catholics and French Canadians, than "the mob" &c.]

'Tis to the mob that I belong;
The mob—the mob,
The very mob.—*Beranger.*

So sung the Chansonnier of France,
And so sing I with equal pride;
The founder of my name ne'er took
A royal mistress for his bride;
Nor sold his sword—nor blow of blade
Received in knightly accolade.

Ha! say you mine's "a rebel name?"
I hold it not rebellious deed
To arm 'gainst tyranny, and strive
For country in the hour of need.
The rebel spurns his chosen king,
I never chose so poor a thing.

I never graced a hall, or bent
My knee to any but my God;
I breathe the bracing mountain air,
And win my living from the sod.
Ne'er spoke in favor of the wrong,
Nor took a pension from the strong.

Who is the nobler—he who speaks
For years amongst a servile throng,
Or he that rushes to the field,
A flashing sword his only tongue?
I prize men's deeds above their vows,
And value boastings less than blows.

Still, "to the mob do I belong,"
Still, with that mob my course shall be;
I toil with them—will gladly join
The laborer's struggle to be free.
That one day's work of good be done,
I toil from morn to set of sun.

And when that day of work shall come,
White hands will fail, where rough ones win:
Wo! to the rich that hoards his gold;
Wo! to the tyrant in his sin.
Were righteous judgment weighed to each,
What lessons would the balance teach!

Then would the hind, of honest aim,
Be seen in snowy ermine drest;
The poor, but charitable man,
Have stars of honor on his breast;
And lazy upstarts take the place
Of those reviled, and counted base.

So sung the Chansonnier of France,
"'Tis to the mob that I belong;"
Little the tailor's son then dreamt,
The mob, in time, would be so strong.
France proved it's power, Louis fled.
Such as Beranger rule instead!

S. J. M.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

AUGUST 15.

"And they brought the Ark of the Lord, and set it in its place in the midst of the Tabernacles."—*II. Kings*, chap. vi.

"It would seem fitting," says Saint Bernard, "that the Church, on this day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, should invite us to weep rather than to rejoice," since that tender Mother is departing from this world and leaving us deprived of her presence. But no; the Church invites us to rejoice, and with reason; for if we love our Mother we should prefer her glory to our own consolation. A son rejoices although he is to be separated from his mother, when he knows that she is going to take possession of a kingdom. Mary is now Queen of heaven; we ought, therefore, to share in her joy, if we truly love her, considering how solemn and how triumphant was her Assumption.

After Jesus Christ had accomplished, by his death, the work of the redemption of men, the angels burned with desire to see him in the celestial country; they incessantly repeated those words of David: "Come, Lord, come, now, that thou hast redeemed men; come to thy kingdom with us, and bring with thee the ark of sanctification—that is to say thy Mother, the ark which thou didst sanctify by dwelling in her womb!" It is thus that Saint Bernardine makes the angels speak. The Lord at length vouchsafed to grant that desire of the whole celestial court, and called Mary to paradise. But as he had formerly ordained the ark of the Old Testament should be with great pomp introduced into the city of David, it was with a far different and more glorious pomp that he ordained the entrance of Mary into heaven. The prophet Elias was transported thither in a chariot of fire, and that chariot, according to the interpreters, was nothing else than a group of angels who raised him from the earth. "But to transport thee thither, O Mother of my God," says the abbé Rupert, "a single group of angels was not sufficient; the King of heaven came himself with all his celestial court to accompany thee."

The Saviour came down from heaven to meet his Mother, and said to her: "Quit, my dear Mother, my pure dove, quit this vale of tears in which thou hast suffered so much for my sake; come in body and in soul to enjoy the fruit of thy holy life. The glory I have prepared for thee is immense; come and take thy seat beside me on my throne; come receive thy crown as Queen of the universe." Mary quits the earth, and remembering all the many graces she had there received from her God, she regards it at once with affection and compassion, since she leaves poor children there amidst so many miseries and dangers. Jesus holds out his hand to her: and that blessed Mother, gently leaning on her beloved, rises into the air, pierces the clouds, and arrives at the gates of heaven. The angels then repeat with transport what they had said on the entrance of Jesus Christ into the celestial dwelling: "Hasten, princes of the holy Jerusalem; arise and open your gates that the King and Queen may this day enter into their kingdom." The celestial spirits seeing Mary enter, ask each other in admiration: "Who, then, is this admirable creature who comes from the desert of earth, from that place so full of thorns and briers? Behold how pure she is, and how rich in all sorts of virtues; she leans upon her Beloved; he deigns to accompany her, to complete the splendor of her triumph, and to render more solemn her taking possession of the kingdom of her divine Son. It is the Mother of our God, it is our Queen, it is the blessed amongst women, the full of grace, the holy of holies, the beloved of God, the immaculate, the dove, the fairest of all creatures; let us bless, honor, praise, and love her!" And, uniting their voices, they exclaim: "Our divine Queen, thou art the glory of paradise, the joy of our celestial country, and the honor of us all: welcome, ever blessed! behold thy kingdom, reign over us forever; we all are thy servants, and it is our happiness to obey thee."

The reception which King Solomon gave to his mother was but a rough figure of that which the Saviour gives to-day to the Blessed Virgin; that truly pacific king went to meet his mother,

saluted her profoundly, and, having seated himself on his throne, ordered a throne to be placed on his right hand for his mother. In the mystery of this day is accomplished that prodigy which Saint John admires in heaven: "A woman clothed with the sun, having the moon beneath her feet, and a crown of twelve stars upon her head."

"It is impossible to express," says the Fathers, "the glory and the sublimity of the throne of the Blessed Virgin." "And that is not surprising," adds Arnaud de Chartres: "the glory of Mary, body and soul, in heaven, is not like that of others; she is in herself a particular order; she holds rank incomparably higher than that of the angels themselves; since the glory that Mary possesses is not unlike that of the incarnate Word; it is in some sort the same." Saint Peter Damian exclaims that, "in all but divinity, the Assumption of Mary was attended by more pomp and display than the Ascension of Jesus Christ."

Mary introduced into heaven, took her place on the sublime throne that had been prepared for her; and all the Saints hastened to congratulate her on her arrival, and salute her as their Queen, the virgins said to her: "We are queens of this kingdom, O incomparable Virgin, but thou art our Queen, because thou wert the first who gave us the example of consecrating our virginity to God; we bless and thank thee for it."

The martyrs hailed her as their Queen, because, by her great constancy amid the pains of her Son's passion, she had taught them, and even obtained for them by her merits, the strength to give their life for the faith. "Thou wert our hope," say the patriarchs, "and it was for thee that we so long sighed." "Thou it is," said Adam and Eve, "who hast repaired the ruin we had entailed on mankind, for thou hast restored to the world the benediction lost by our fault: by thee it is that we are saved; blessed be thou forever!"

Then came Saint Simeon forward to kiss her feet, reminding her, joyfully, of the day when he received from her own hands the infant Jesus; Saint Zachary and Saint Elizabeth, who thanked her anew for the visit she had paid them with so much humility and charity, and in which they had received such precious graces; Saint John the Baptist, who thanked her for having sanctified him by her words. But what must not her own parents, Saint Joachim and Saint Anne have said to her when they saluted her? Great God! with what tenderness they bless her! "Ah, Mary," they exclaimed, "the most tender object of our love, how happy were we to have thee for our daughter! Thou art now our Queen, because thou art the Mother of our God, and in that quality we salute thee and offer thee our profound homage."

Who could describe the affection with which Saint Joseph, her dear spouse, came forward to salute her, or the joy felt by that holy patriarch, on seeing his beloved spouse ushered into heaven with so much pomp, and become the Queen of Paradise. With what tenderness must he not have said to her: "Ah! my Queen and my spouse, when will it be given me to thank the Lord as I ought for having made thee my spouse—thou who art his true mother? It was by thee I merited on earth to serve the childhood of the eternal Word incarnate, to have him so often in my arms, and to receive so many special graces. Blessed be the moments which I employed during my life in serving Jesus and thee, my holy spouse! Behold our Jesus: let us now be consoled, he no longer lies upon hay in a stable, as we saw him at his birth in Bethlehem; he no longer lives in poverty and obscurity as at Nazareth; he is no longer fastened to an infamous gibbet as at Jerusalem; but he is seated at the right hand of God the Father, as King and Master of heaven and earth; we shall never more leave his feet, but shall praise him through all eternity."

Mary prostrated herself to adore the Majesty of God, thanked him for all the graces he had bestowed upon her, and especially for having made her mother of the Word. With what love the holy Trinity blessed her! What a welcome the eternal Father gave to his daughter; the Son to his mother; the Holy Ghost to his spouse! The eternal Father crowns her, giving her a portion of his power; the Son gives her a portion of his wisdom; and the Holy Ghost

fills her with his gifts. The three divine persons place her throne at the right hand of Jesus, and, declaring her universal Queen of heaven and of earth, commanded the angels and all creatures to recognize her as such, and in that quality to serve and obey her.

Let us enter into the sentiments of all the heavenly Jerusalem, on this day so glorious to the Mother of God; let us admire and revere her Assumption and her triumph in heaven; let us think with joy and with confidence reflect that that *Mother of God is our mother*, that that Queen so powerful with God, is our protectress, our mediatrix, our advocate, and that it depends only on ourselves to have that treasure of the Almighty, that distributor of graces, abundantly dispense them to us.

What consolation for the Christian who has a tender devotion to the Mother of God! What a subject of confidence for the true servants of Mary! Under such a protectress, have they anything to fear from the enemy of salvation? What can all the unchained powers of hell do against them? It is more especially on this day we should renew our act of consecration to her service, and promise her that we will pass no day of our life, without honoring her with a peculiar worship, placing in her all our hope, all our confidence in her goodness and in her mercy.—*The Year of Mary.*

A PRISON LAY.

The following lines were written by Thomas Francis Meagher in Clonmel jail, a few days after his sentence:—

I love, I love, the grey old walls!
Although a chilling shadow falls
Along the iron-gated halls,
And in the silent, narrow cell,
Brooding darkly, ever dwells,

Oh! still I love them—for the hours
Within them spent are set with flowers
That blossom, spite of wind and showers,
And through that shadow, dull and cold,
Emit their sparks of blue and gold.

Bright flowers of mirth—that wildly spring
From fresh young hearts, and o'er them fling,
Like Indian birds with sparkling wing,
Seeds of sweetness, grains all glowing,
Sun-gilt leaves with dew drops flowing.

And hopes as bright, that softly gleam,
Like stars which o'er the churchyard stream
A beauty on each faded dream—
Mingling the light they purely shed;
With other hopes, whose light has fled.

Fond mem'ries, too, undimmed with sighs,
Whose fragrant sunshine never dies,
Whose summer song-bird never flies—
These, too, are chasing, hour by hour,
The clouds which round this prison lower.

And thus from hour to hour, I've grown
To love these walls, though dark and lone,
And fondly prize each gray old stone
Which flings the shadow, deep and chill,
Across my fettered footsteps still.

Yet, let these mem'ries fall and flow
Within my heart, like waves that glow
Unseen in spangled caves below
The foam which frets, the mists which sweep
The changeful surface of the deep.

Not so the many hopes that bloom
Amid this voiceless waste and gloom,
Strewing my pathway to the tomb
As though it were a bridal bed.
And not the prison of the dead.

I would those hopes were traced in fire,
Beyond those walls—above that spire—
Amid yon blue and starry choir
Whose sounds play round us with the streams
Which glitter in the white moon's beams.

I'd twine those hopes about our isle,
Above the rath and ruined pile,
Above each glen and rough defile—
The holy well—the Druid's shrine—
Above them all these hopes I'd twine!

So should I triumph o'er my fate.
And teach this poor, desponding state
In sighs of tenderness, not hate,
Still to think of her old story—
Still to hope for future glory.

Within these walls these hopes have been
The music sweet, the light serene,
Which softly o'er this silent scene
Have like the autumn streamlets flowed,
And like the autumn sunshine glowed.

And thus, from hour to hour, I've grown
To love these walls, though dark and lone,
And fondly prize each old gray stone
That flings the shadow, deep and chill,
Across my fettered footsteps still.

Do not hurt yourselves or others, by the pursuit of pleasure. Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational but social; not only as social but immortal.

HYGIENIC PUMPING.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* publishes the following bit of patent therapeutics.:

They are in the midst of a big lawsuit in a neighboring village between Dr. Smiler and the rest of the population of the town. The doctor, it seems, had a large tank placed on the top of his house, from which to supply his bath room, and so forth, with water. The water had to be pumped up about 50 feet from the cistern in the yard, and the doctor found it to be a pretty good sized job, which would cause him constant expense. So after thinking the matter over carefully, one day, an idea struck him. He built a room over the cistern and put the word "Sanitarium" over the door. Then he concealed the machinery beneath the floor, and he rigged up a complicated apparatus with handles and hinges and a crank, so that a man standing in the middle of the machine and pulling the handle up and down, would operate that pump.

Then the doctor got out circulars and published advertisements about "Smiler's Patent Health Lift," and he secured testimonials from 1,000 or so people, who agreed that the health lift was the only hope for the physical salvation of the human race. Pretty soon people began to call to see about it, and Smiler would rush them out to the "sanitarium" and set them to jerking the handles. And when a customer had pumped up 50 gallons or so, would charge him a quarter and tell him that three months of that kind of thing would give him muscles like a prize fighter.

And he would push the project among his patients. If a man was bilious or had the toothache, or was afflicted with rheumatism or croup or measles or yellow fever or cholera morbus, Smiler would turn him in at the health lift and get a quarter each time. The thing became so popular that he had to enlarge his tank and put in a smaller pump, and he not only got all his pumping done for nothing, but the people who did it paid him about $1,500 a year for the privilege. It began to look like an uncommonly soft thing, and everybody was contented and happy.

One day, however, old Mr. Maginnis, who had been practicing at the health lift every day for months in order to cure himself of indigestion, jammed the handles down a little too hard, and broke the board upon which he was standing. As the board gave way it plunged Mr. Maginnis into the cistern, and just as he was sinking for the third time Smiler fished him out with a crooked nail in the end of a clothes prop. As the water was drained out of him, Maginnis said:

"I didn't know you had a cistern under that floor. What did you do that for?"

"Why to keep the air moist. It's healthier than dry, sir."

"It looked to me as if there was some kind of a pump under there."

"Oh no," said Smiler "those are only the levers of the lift."

"Mighty queer," said Maginnis, thoughtfully. "If that isn't a pump, then I don't know one when I see it."

So a few days later Maginnis came around with a lot of other patients, and found the doctor out. They determined to investigate. They pulled up a couple of boards and ascertained the facts about that pump. Then they cross-examined Smiler's servant girl, and learned about the truth, and they went home mad. A consultation was held, at which every bilious and rheumatic individual who had been working the doctor's pump used violent language, and talked about murder and sudden death. Finally they resolved to prosecute Smiler for damages and for obtaining money under false pretences. It is thought by good judges that by the time the Court gets through with Smiler, that will be about the unhealthiest lift for him he was ever interested in.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness; intemperance, by enervating them, ends generally in misery.

The present employment of time should frequently be an object of thought. About what are we now busied? What is the ultimate scope of our present pursuits and cares? Can we justify them to ourselves? Are they likely to produce any thing that will survive the moment, and bring forth some fruit for futurity?

GENERAL JAMES NAPPER TANDY.

JAMES NAPPER TANDY.

It is somewhat singular that in the various histories of the "Volunteer" and "United Irish" movements, there is but the barest mention made of JAMES NAPPER TANDY, notwithstanding that he played a conspicuous part in both, and was at one time the central figure toward whom the eyes of all Europe were directed, by the action in his behalf of the French government, through which, alone, he escaped the ignominious death meted out to his comrades in the insurrection of 1798. He was one of the earliest organizers of the patriotic "Volunteers," being Captain of the "Liberty Artillery," which, in the demonstration made in Dublin, on the 4th of November, 1778, backed the national demand for the emancipation of Irish trade from the trammels with which England had hampered it, with their loaded guns, bearing on their muzzles, the significant inscription—"Free Trade, or else——." Tandy was also one of the last to submit to the dissolution of the national army, and continued by his public exertions to preserve the spirit that once had animated its councils.

In 1793, he published, under the *nom de plume* of "Common Sense," a number of tracts boldly attacking and censuring the government. For this he was indicted, and—knowing that a long imprisonment awaited him, if convicted, as he was certain to be—he fled to America, from whence he afterward went to France, where he entered the Republican army, in which he soon rose to the rank of Chef de Brigade. In 1798, he accompanied the expedition which sailed from France, for Ireland, under command of Humbert; the division commanded by Napper Tandy being on board the *Anacreon* brig of war, which became separated from the rest of the fleet. Being prevented from effecting a landing by stress of weather, and having learned, when off the coast of Donegal, of the failure of Humbert's invasion, Tandy sailed for Norway, from which he started overland for Paris, by way of Hamburg, which was then a free city. Here Tandy and some other Irish refugees, including Gen. Corbett, Morris and Blackwell, considered they might rest safe from the power of England; but they were speedily and most unpleasantly deceived; for, Lord Grenville the English Minister, having made a peremptory demand for their arrest and extradition, they were basely seized, and Tandy and Corbett were specially delivered up to the vengeance of Great Britain, by the authorities of Hamburg. The fate designed for them was foreshadowed by their being sent in chains to Ireland to be tried for high treason. The act was in the most extreme sense disgraceful to men calling themselves Republicans; and it met with speedy and exemplary punishment. Bonaparte, who was then First Consul of France, had just returned from Egypt, and learning the circumstances, became deeply incensed against the Hamburgers, who sent deputies to offer explanations and mitigate his anger; but he threw the deputation into prison, and sent to the Hamburg government the following letter:

"*Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to the Burgomasters and Senate of the Free and Imperial City of Hamburg:*

"PARIS, 9TH NIVOSE, 8TH YEAR (30TH DEC., 1799.)

"*Sirs*:—We have received your letter. It does not justify your conduct. Courage and virtue preserve states. Cowardice and vice destroy them. You have violated the laws of hospitality. Such an event could not have happened among the most barbarous hordes of the desert. Your fellow-citizens must forever reproach you. The two unfortunate men whom you have delivered up will die illustrious; but their blood shall work more evil on the heads of their persecutors than a whole army would have done.

(Signed), "BONAPARTE."

"HUGHES B. MARET, *Secretary of State.*"

Bonaparte did not stop at mere letter writing. He imposed a fine of four millions of francs on the Hamburgers for their "violation of the laws of hospitality," and having selected out a dozen of the principal English officers in his power, he notified the British government that he would hold them as hostages for the safety of Tandy and Corbett. The latter succeeded in escaping out of jail in women's clothes, and made his way to France; but Tandy was brought to trial at Lifford and condemned to die. The government, however, finding that Napoleon was firm in his determination

to hang the English prisoners, in the event of Tandy's execution, at length extended to the latter a pardon, which, however, they afterwards attempted to evade in the basest manner; and it was not until Napoleon refused to sign the peace of Mathieu, unless General Tandy was released, that the English finally liberated him, and permitted him to return to France. He was received by the city of Bordeaux with public honors, and resumed his command in the French Army, in which he continued till the close of his career.

Previous to leaving Ireland, in 1792, Tandy brought an action against the Viceroy, Lord Westmoreland, and the members of the Privy Council, for a proclamation which had been issued, offering a reward for his arrest while absent in the North. Of this affair, Dr. Madden gives the following account:—

"Tandy's action against the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council was an evidence of as extraordinary temerity as his descent on the coast of Donegal, in 1798. The circumstances of Tandy's case are briefly these: He was secretary to the Dublin Society of 'United Irishmen.' It became the object of the Society to discover the views of the 'Defenders,' at Castle Bellingham, where he took the oath; he was informed against, and a bill of indictment was privately prepared against him at the Louth Assizes, the authorities expecting to take him on his way to Dublin, where he had shortly to stand his trial for libel. He was informed of his danger, however, at Dundalk, and soon after quitted the kingdom. Previous to his departure, in 1792, he had challenged Toler, the Solicitor General; and Toler, it is said, was content to waive his privilege as an officer of government, but finding that Tandy was dilatory in taking advantage of the readiness on his part, intimated to his opponent, he complained of the breach of privilege, and Tandy was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons; a warrant was issued against him, and subsequently a proclamation was put forth, offering a reward for his apprehension. These were the grounds of the proceedings against the Viceroy and Privy Councillors. The final hearing of the motion came on November 26, 1792, the Hon. Simon Butler, Thomas Addis Emmet, and Mr. Nally for the plaintiff, Tandy. The result was what might be expected, and the case is only curious for the report of the speech of Emmet, the first of his on record, and the one at greatest length of any that has reached us. In that speech there were sufficient indications of ability of the first order to justify the anxiety felt to take him from the Bar, and to shelve such formidable talents on the bench."

Tandy died in Bourdeaux, in 1803; his companion in captivity, General Corbett, survived him until 1842.—*Irish-American Almanac.*

HOW TO READ PROTESTANT HISTORIES.

Well! perhaps the *correct* advice would be *not* to read them. But then as the *correct* advice is precisely the advice which is least frequently taken, and as there always will be Protestant histories to be read, and Catholics sufficiently curious to read them, and as, after all, there is always a great deal to be learnt from these histories *if properly read*, our advice resolves itself into—the way to read them *properly*. Now, the way to read them *properly*, if read at all, is "cum grano salis," which, anglicised means, "with a great many bushels of salt." We will exemplify our meaning.

In certain moments of leisure, looking over some old numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine* (a fair specimen of Protestant thought) we stumbled upon an article entitled, "How Prior Richard ruled his monks." As on seeing the title we immediately suspected that Prior Richard would prove a Middle Ages' monk; and as the manners and customs of the Middle Ages, have at all times had a peculiar charm for us, we sat ourselves down with most pleasureable anticipations for a quiet perusal of Prior Richard's Priorate. We were *in a manner* disappointed. The hands, indeed, were the hands of Esau, but the voice was the voice of Jacob. "How Prior Richard ruled *his monks*" proved to be "How Prior Richard ruled the *townsmen of Dunstable.*" Our author, however, was

minute and particular. In order to narrate the doings of Prior Richard in the 13th century, he took us back to Magiovintum, a Roman town of the era before Christ. This was certainly laying a firm foundation for Prior Richard's rule, and we appreciated it accordingly. In due course we found that Prior Richard was Prior of Dunstable in England, somewhere about the, year 1205. Prior Richard, you see was getting a local habitation and a name. For a time our author confined himself to *facts*, and so long all went "merry as a marriage bell." We felt no reason to doubt our author's *facts*. Indeed, his having taken us back to Magiovintum, and the days before the Christian era, was *prima facie* evidence of their accuracy. Magiovintum gave us a certain *faith* in his *facts*. Soon, however, our author began to revel in that luxury of authors, *deductions* from facts; and then, alas! our faith was rudely shaken, for we found that he indulged *too freely*, in fact, we may say, *much* too freely. Like Falstaff's lunch, his deductions were "too much bread for so unconscionable a little sack"

The first deduction which startled our faith, was the one that "Richard when he became Prior of Dunstable, must have been *young, because* he had only yet reached the grade of *deacon*." This we felt was inaccurate with the inaccuracy of ignorance, and our esteem for our author declined accordingly. The fact of a monk being only yet a deacon, is, certainly, no proof of youth, since many monks are known to have died at an extreme old age "having yet only reached the grade of deacons." Not only Priors but even Cardinals (teste Antonelli) have died *only* deacons. This, however, is a minor point, and is valuable, perhaps, only in as much as it *was* the first *deduction* which caused us to look with distrust upon our author. We drew the salt-cellar nearer to us and proceeded with our reading.

Prior Richard, was no less a personage than Richard de Morins, one time a young canon of Merton, but who, afterwards as Prior Richard of Dunstable, played no inconsiderable part in the English history of England's Kings, John and Henry, of noteworthy memory. In his estimate of Prior Richard, our author says:

"There can be no doubt, that the profession for which Richard de Morins was best suited, was *law* rather than *divinity;* that he was a clever man of the world; that he had two great objects constantly in view—the aggrandizement at all risks of the monastic establishment with which he was identified, and the gratification of his own pride and vainglory."

These are grave assertions to be brought against any monk's character, let alone against one of Prior Richard's reverend and exalted station. Let us examine them. *Primo*—Richard de Morins, was best fitted for *law* than *divinity*, (and had therefore "missed his vocation.") *Secundo:* he was "a clever man of the world" and, therefore, by implication, not fit for a monastery.) *Tertio;* he had two great objects constantly in view—the aggrandizement of his monastery *at all risks*, and the gratification of his own pride and vainglory. One would have supposed that this estimate of *Prior* Richard's character, would have been arrived at from overwhelming documentary evidence, and would be sustained by overwhelming proof. *No such thing.* On the contrary, what proof is offered is of the flimsiest. Behold it:

"The evidence to his character has been left us under his own hand, for, no sooner had he become Prior of Dunstable, than he began two records *which appear* not to have existed in the monastery before: one a chartulary, or register of the charters and legal proceedings of the house; the other a chronicle; and *the grand object of both was to record the actions of Richard the Prior.*

How far this proof sustains the three propositions it is intended to prove, would be somewhat hard to determine; that the author himself did not think it self-sustaining is evident from the fact, that he finds it necessary in order to bolster its weakness, to supplement it by an assertion of his own, which at once *begs the whole question*: "the grand object of both, he asserts, was to record the actions of Richard the Prior." It is astonishing what strong powers of divination some authors have—especially if they happen to be Protestant authors writing upon Catholic subjects. "The grand object of both." How could any one tell "the grand object of both," short of divination? The writ-

ing of *two records* is, surely, no proof of vanity or vainglory. If every one, who from those days to this has written two records, is to be accused of vanity—what is to become of those who have written a hundred? And then two *such* records—*one a chartulary* or register of the charters granted and legal proceedings entered into; and the other a *chronicle* of the house. Could there possibly be two more innocent documents? Again, these chartularies and chronicles were part of all monastic establishments, and were evidently very useful, not to say necessary parts; and were expected to be continued down to all time. How, then, can their "grand object" be said to have been to record the actions of Richard the Prior? Richard was not known to be immortal; nor was there any evidence at the time, that Dunstable's Monastery would sink into the earth the moment Richard died, albeit he was a good and holy man. As things appeared *then*, many Priors were likely to succeed in due order of succession to this one Prior Richard; and, as a matter of fact, many *did*; how, then, can this chartulary and this chronicle have had for their "*grand object*" the recording the actions of Richard the Prior? Or, how does their having been set on foot by Prior Richard, establish the fact of Prior Richard's vanity and vainglory? Surely, there is here too much bread to such an unconscionable little sack.

But we have every reason to be thankful to our author for having favored us with *any* proof. Had he, like many authors we wot of, remained silent as to proof—had he rested content with his own *bare assertion*, we should, in all charity have supposed, that there *was* some proof—that he knew a thing or two but would not tell—that the proof, indeed, if necessary was forthcoming, but was witheld if nothing was said out of consideration for Prior Richard's feeling, or for those of Prior Richard's friends, if any, who should happen to be in the flesh. All this, one half of his readers, especially the Protestant portion, would have taken for granted, and having swallowed the assertion without examining it, would have gone down to their graves under the pious conviction that *Prior Richard*, at least, (if not *all Priors*,) was a very proud and vainglorious man. All this, we say, would have happened if our author had only known *when* to hold his *tongue*—(or, I suppose I should say his *pen*)—but in an evil hour he spoke—*in* an unguarded hour, he professed to give reasons for the faith that was in him, and behold, like the ass in the lion's skin, his own voice was our greatest protection—his own logic was his own most complete conviction.

H. B.

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD"

NEW YORK: The Catholic Publication Society. MONTREAL: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Notre Dame Street.

The July number of this excellent monthly magazine is before us, and we give the publication its best praise when we say that it amply redeems its title not only in its Catholic features but in its further professed scope of "general Literature and Science."—Remembering our old familiar friend, Brownson, with all its Orthodox characteristics and Classical tendency—the influence on public opinion exercised in its day and generation, and the prestige which still clings to the name as the first really creditable periodical in Catholic advocacy and defence, we must, nevertheless, take to our favor with undiminished pride the new aspirant for the leadership in these regards. And not new either, except in comparison. The *Catholic World* has stood that most trying test for all literary ventures—the progress of time—it has grown in popularity as it grew in years: new features of attractiveness are continually added; those who imagine that the profundity of theological discussion would render it an unpopular adjunct to the library table of the home circle, will be disabused by finding that current topics of "general literature and science" are treated with all the sprightliness, but without any of the sensationalism, of secular magazines—and the graces of poetry and wholesome fiction are supplied as acceptable ornament to the more solid repast. The magazine has reached its twenty-seventh volume and if that be not general praise suf-

ficient to obviate the necessity of particular criticism, we know not the value of an enduring popularity.

The number for this month is, however, a model number. There are fifteen articles, each marked by a special excellence. One, however, will command attention at once as striking at an evil, or more properly a want that comes home to every Catholic household. It is on the influence of the newspaper press—its duties—its shortcomings—the want of qualification in those who undertake the editorial duty of Catholic journalists &c. We give to an article of our own on the same subject a brief epigraph from the *Catholic World* which will indicate the scope and tendency of that periodical's remarks—We could wish the number were in every Catholic's hands as a guide and beacon in this regard. The *Catholic World* is on sale at Sadlier and Co's, in this city—The subscription price is five dollars per annum, or fifty cents per copy; and when our Catholic friends have the assurance of a supply of sound literature under the editorial supervision of some of the highest lights in our priesthood, the duty of patronage is plain and apparent.

THE TRUE LADY.—Beauty and style are not the surest passports to respectability. Some of the noblest specimens of womanhood the world has ever seen, presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart and the purity and sweetness of her character, and such a woman with a good disposition and a well-balanced mind and temper, is lovely and attractive. If her face is ever so plain and homely, she makes the best of wives and truest of mothers. She has a higher aim in life than the beautiful yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher purpose in life than to flaunt her finery in the streets, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by attracting flattery and praise from a society whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.

He that cannot live well to-day, (says Martial,) will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.

IRELAND'S WEALTH.

Oh do not call our country poor,
Though Commerce shuns her coast;
For still the Isle hath treasures more
Than other lands can boast.

She hath glorious hills and mighty streams,
With wealth of wave and mine,
And fields that pour their riches forth
Like Plenty's chosen shrine.

She hath hands that never shrink from toil,
And hearts that never yield,
Who reap the harvests of the world
In corn or battle field.

She hath blessings from her far dispersed
O'er all the earth and seas,
Whose love can never leave her—yet
Our land hath more than these.

Her's is the light of genius bright,
Among her children still;
It shines on all her darkest homes,
Or wildest heath and hill.

For there the isle's immortal lyre
Sent forth its mightiest tone;
And starry names arose that far
On distant ages shone.

And want among her huts hath been;
But never from them passed
The stranger's welcome, or the hearts
That freely gave their last.

She hath mountains of eternal green,
And vales for love and health,
And the beautiful and true of heart—
Oh these are Ireland's wealth;

And she is rich in hope, which blest
Her gifted ones and brave,
Who loved her well, for she had nought
To give them but a grave.

Through all her clouds and blasted years,
That star hath never set;
Will not our land arise and shine
Among the nations yet? F. B.

We have obliged some persons:—very well!—what would we have more? Is not the consciousness of doing good a sufficient reward?

When the love of unwarrantable pleasures, and of vicious companions, is allowed to amuse young persons, to engross their time, and to stir up their passions; the day of ruin,—let them take heed, and beware! the day of irrecoverable ruin begins to draw nigh. Fortune squandered, health is broken; friends are offended, affronted, estranged; aged parents, perhaps, sent afflicted and mourning to the dust.

AN IRISH HEROINE.

AN EPISODE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

There is not, perhaps, in all Ireland a wilder or more romantic spot than the Giant's Causeway, in the northern part of the island; and there is not, we well believe, in that fair and lovely land more grand and majestic, or sublime and varied scenery than is to be met with in the county of Antrim. Defying the ravages of time, and the incessant warfare of wind and wave, solid and enduring as the mountains that cast their shadows upon it, the Causeway stands, grand in its colossal dimensions, and sublime in its magnificence—a wonder and a mystery to the world. The sea-gull frets its wing against its basaltic towers, the eagle screams in untrammelled freedom over its thousand pillars, and the waves, when lashed into foam and fury, beat upon it striking the beholder with awe, and awakening within the soul an intense and abiding feeling of the might and Majesty of the Creator. Nor is it alone this singular structure, natural or artistic, whichever it may be, that fascinates the eye of the traveller and kindles his heart with glowing aspirations and pleasureable emotions. Around on every side, save where the ocean rolls, the mountains soar in grandeur and pride, and "Alps upon Alps arise," to sentinel the coast. The bold headlands and promontories that loom far above the sea, the hills, clothed from base to summit in a mantle of heath, the witching loveliness of the peaceful lakes, fringed with a flowery carpet of beauty, and sparkling like gems on the bosom of the valleys, stand unrivalled by any for grandeur and beauty, save only by the Lakes of Killarney. The boasted Campagna, the Lake of Como, the Alpine Hills, and the castellated Rhine have been famed in song and story, and poets and travelers have vied with each other in rendering homage to their beauty; but there are scenes in Ulster which can compare with any of them, and if these make the heart swell with pride, the sons of the North need not blush for their country.

> There, lake and plain smile fair and free,
> 'Mid rocks, their guardian chivalry;
> Sing oh! let man learn liberty
> From crashing wind and lashing sea.

But it is not of the "men of the North" that we now intend to write. Their praise has been hymned by a thousand tongues, and their deeds extolled to the uttermost ends of the earth. In the old land the names of O'Neill and O'Donnell are household words round every patriotic Irish hearth, and in the new, the fame of Montgomery is only eclipsed by that of Washington himself. Ours is an humbler task, and treats of one who moved in an humble sphere of life; but, were justice done, her memory would shine as bright and glorious on the historic page as the immortal Joan of Arc, or the maid of Saragossa, for the patriotism and fortitude of both were blended in the heart of Jane Campbell, the subject of this brief sketch.

Captain Matthew Cannon was a seafaring man, and held command of a merchant vessel plying between Belfast and Philadelphia. Having won a competence, he quitted the sea and settled down on a small farm in his native county, Antrim, determined to spend the remainder of his days among the scenes familiar to his youth. His cottage stood within hearing of the roar of the ocean as it beat around the Giant's Causeway; and here on the first day of January, 1743, his daughter Jane was born. Here her early years were spent, and it was, perhaps, her familiarity with nature in the wild and sublime scenery of this romantic region that nourished the spirit of independence, and the strength of character so strikingly displayed by her in after life amid far-distant scenes. The permanency of the impressions received in childhood is shown by her frequent recurrence toward the close of a protracted life, to these juvenile associations, to her father, her school, and her youthful companions, and the manners and customs of Ireland.

Unfortunately for Captain Cannon, he lived at a time when the penal laws were ruthlessly enforced in his native land, and the despotic hand of power crushed to earth the liberties and energies of his countrymen. Being of a bluff, honest nature, and despising tyranny in every shape, his heart melted with compassion at the sufferings of the peasantry, who were scarce permitted to live under the savage rule of a bigoted

government, and the savage laws of exacting landlords. Being unwilling to endurewhat he could not ameliorate, he determined to bid farewell forever to his suffering country, and emigrate to the North American colonies. Disposing of his household effects, he, with his wife and children embarked for the New World. Jane was just entering in her teens when her father settled down in his new home at Newcastle, in the present State of Delaware. Here they remained for ten years in agricultural pursuits. He then, with his family, penetrated the wilderness to the central part of the State of New York, and fixed his home in the extreme frontier settlement, within the limits of the present county of Oswego, and about seven miles from the village of Cherry Valley.

Foremost among the settlers in this region was an Irish family named Campbell, and from the same part of Ireland as the Cannons. An intimacy sprang up between the two neighbors, and the result was that Jane Cannon was married to Samuel Campbell, then a young man twenty-five years of age, and distinguished for his energy of character and bold spirit of enterprise. They settled down in their new home to enjoy in peace the blessings which were denied them in their own land, and for years prosperity smiled upon their efforts and rewarded their untiring energy and industry. But a dark day was dawning upon that happy settlement, storm-clouds were gathering over it and casting their ill-omened shadows between it and the sun; the sanctity of the hearth was destined to be violated, and the peace which they had so long enjoyed changed into bloody and relentless warfare. The Revolution was about to burst upon them. It came but found them prepared for it. Captain Matthew Cannon and Samuel Campbell, the father and husband of Jane, were the first to declare for the colonies. There was scant love in the hearts of these two Irishmen for the red-cross flag of King George. The wrongs inflicted on their native land by him and his predecessors were still rankling in their breasts, and with all the ardour and energy of their natures engaged in the cause of liberty and independence. As soon as the news of the battle of Lexington arrived, both commenced to enroll the militia; both were on the Commitee of Safety, and pledged themselves to the achievement of National Independence. Samuel Campbell was early chosen to the command of the militia in that region, and at the general request, converted his own house into a garrison, where for two years, and until a fort was erected in the settlement, the inhabitants of that exposed frontier were gathered for protection. In all his patriotic efforts he not only had the sympathy of his wife, but found her a zealous and efficient co-operator. Her feelings were ardently enlisted in behalf of her adopted country, and she was ready to give her own exertions to the cause, as well as to urge forward those who had risen against the oppressor.*

In the month of August, 1777, Colonel Campbell, with his regiment, were engaged in the disastrous battle of Oriskany, the bloodiest, in proportion to the number engaged, of any of the battles of the Revolution. His brother was killed by his side, and he himself narrowly escaped. In the July following occured the massacre of Wyoming, and in November, 1778, a party of the same force composed principally of Indians and Tories, invaded and utterly destroyed the settlement at Cherry Valley. The dreadful tragedy here enacted, says Dunlap, "next to the destruction of Wyoming stands out in history conspicuous for atrocity." The horrors of the massacre, and the flight, indeed likened the scene to that

"Whose baptism was the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts."

Some extraordinary instances of individual suffering are recorded. One young girl, Jane Wells, was barbarously murdered by an Indian near a pile of wood, behind which she had endeavored to screen herself. The wife of Colonel Clyde fled with her children into the woods, where she lay concealed under a large log during a cold, rainy day and night, hearing the yells of the savages as they triumphed in their work of death, and seeing them pass so near that one of them trailed his gun upon the

*See Women of the Revolution, and Annals of Tyrone County.

log that covered her. Colonel Campbell was absent from home at the time but the father of Mrs. Campbell, who was in her house, attempted almost single-handed to oppose the advance of the savage enemy, and notwithstanding that resistance was madness the brave Irishman refused to yield till he was wounded and overpowered. Imagination alone can depict the terror and anguish of the mother trembling for her children in the midst of this scene of strife and carnage, the shrieks of slaughtered victims and the yells of their savage foes. They were dragged away as prisoners by the triumphant Indians, and the house was soon in flames. The husband and father, who had hastened homeward on the alarm of a cannon fired at the fort, arrived only to witness the destruction of his property, and was unable to learn what became of his wife and children.

Leaving behind them a scene of desolation, the enemy departed that night with their prisoners, of whom there were between thirty and forty. That night of wretchedness was passed in a valley a few miles from the fort. A large fire was kindled, around which they were collected with no shelter, not even, in most cases, an outer garment to protect them from the storm. There might be seen the old and infirm, and the middle aged of both sexes, and "shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast." Around them on every side gleamed the watch-fires of the savages, who were engaged in examining and distributing their plunder. Along upon the valley they caught occasional glimpses of the ruins of their dwellings as some sudden gust of wind or falling timbers awoke into new life the decaying flame. What were the thoughts of the poor Irish captives when they awoke next morning to a sense of their painful and hopeless situations, we can hardly venture to describe. In an agony of feeling they knelt upon the ground, and in silence, with uplifted hands, implored the mercy of their God which they dared not expect from man. No word faltered from their tongues, their faces were turned to heaven, but, that that flashed from them showed that their spirits were still unconquered, and as Christians they were not afraid to die. Jane Campbell clasped her sleeping infant tighter to her breast, and whispering a few words of hope to her aged mother by her side, resigned herself to her fate. But she was not destined then to die. The position which her husband held in the "rebel" ranks, and the eminent services which he had rendered the cause of independence, made him to be peculiarly obnoxious to the enemy. The Indians well knew that Jane had constantly aided her father and husband in their efforts against the English Government, and had been of great service to the friends of liberty in Cherry Valley. Both were marked for vengeance, and hence Jane and her children were considered as important captives. While other women and children were released in a day or two, after being ransomed by their friends, no such mercy was extended to the Campbell's. The Indians after a long consultation, approached Jane, and told her that she and her children must accompany them to the land of the Senecas. Her mother, the aged and infirm wife of Captain Cannon, felt conscious that she never would be able to perform the journey. Jane endeavoured to tranquilize her mind and sustain her spirit, though she herself felt little hope. On the second day of their journey, her mother became fatigued, and while Jane was endeavoring to aid her faltering steps and encouraging her to exert her utmost strength, an Indian approached and struck her down with his tomahawk. Her murdered parent fell by her side, and the same Indian with his bloody weapon threatened the life of poor Jane if she for one moment stopped or relaxed her speed. Without being allowed to close her dying mother's eyes, or receive her last sigh, she was hurried onward by her foes. She carried in her arms an infant eighteen months old, and for the sake of her helpless little ones dragged on her weary steps in spite of her failing strength, until the evening shadows covered the forest and the savages rested for the night. The journey was a long, arduous and melancholy one. The captives were taken down the valley of the Susquehanna to its junction with the Tioga, and thence into the western part of New York, to the Indian

Castle, the capital of the Seneca nation, near the site of the present town of Geneva. Here it terminated. "The whole region," says the author of The Women of the American Revolution, "was then an unbroken wilderness, with here and there an Indian settlement, and the journey was performed by Mrs. Campbell on foot with her baby in her arms. Her other children were separated from her on the way, being given to Indians of different tribes, on her arrival at the village her infant also—the last link that visibly bound her to home and family and civilization—was taken from her. This, to the mother's heart, was the severest trial, and she often spoke of it in after years as the most cruel of all sufferings. The helpless babe clung to her when torn away by savage hands, and she could hear its piercing cries till they were lost in the distance.

A fierce and dreary winter followed, and in the long gloomy nights when sleep brooded over the children of the forest, and the chilly blast of the North swept through the leafless trees, the lonely captive sat in her wigwam communing with her own thoughts, thinking of her lost husband and children, of her father and her friends, knowing not whether they were dead or alive, yet always trusting in the mercies of her Saviour, and hoping for the best. At times, as she afterward observed when restored to home and family, her mind reverted back to the days and scenes of her childhood, and she, in fancy, would conjure up before her the green fields and meadows where in infancy she played, the thatched school-house which she attended, and the brown mountains which bounded her Irish home. The Giant's Causeway, with all its weird and mysterious pillars, was present in her imagination, and she could fancy the breaking of the angry surf against its rocky sides. Thus dreaming of home and friends, the tedious winter passed away.

Jane was placed in an Indian family; composed of females with the exception of one aged man. With the tact which always distinguished her she made herself useful and agreeable to the Indian maidens and soon secured their confidence. One day an Indian visited her, and observing the cap she wore, said he had one like it and would give it to her. He invited her to his cabin, and pulled from behind a beam a cap of a smoky color and handed it to her, saying that he had taken it from a woman in Cherry Valley. It had a cut in the crown made by a tomahawk, and was spotted with blood. She recognized it as having belonged to the unfortunate Jane Wells. She shrank with horror from the murderer of her friend.

In the meantime Col. Campbell was making every exertion in his power to recover his wife and children from the Senecas. He sent messengers to all the tribes to ascertain their fate, and negotiate measures for the release of those who might still be alive. He proposed an exchange of Mrs. Campbell and children for the wife and sons of Col. John Butler, the noted partisan leader, which was agreed upon by Governor Clinton and General Schuyler. Early in the Spring Col. Campbell dispatched an Indian messenger to Col. Butler at Niagara. With some difficulty the exchange was agreed upon, for Mrs. Campbell had so endeared herself to the savages that they were loath to part with her. At length in June 1779, an Indian came to her cabin and told her she was free. She was sent to Fort Niagara, where many persons took refuge, preparations being made for an expected attack by General Sullivan. Among them came Katrine Montour, or Queen Hester, as she was called by the savages, a fury who had figured in the horrors of Wyoming. This bloodthirsty female had murdered with her own hand more than a dozen patriot prisoners, captured in the battle. One of her sons having taken prisoner Captain Cannon in the fight of Cherry Valley and brought him to the Indian country, it may be conceived what were the feelings of his daughter Jane on hearing her reproach the savages for not having killed him at once, and to avoid the incumbrance of an old and feeble man,

For one year Mrs. Campbell remained at the fort with her children, all except one, who was still a captive among the Indians. Through the instrumentality of Butler they had been restored to her. In the Summer of 1780, she received the first letter from her husband sent by

a friendly Oneida Indian. In June she was sent to Montreal, Canada, where she recovered her lost child, a boy seven years old, whom she had not seen since the day after the massacre of Cherry Valley. He had been with a branch of the Mohawk tribe and had forgotten his mother tongue, though he remembered his mother, whom in the joy of seeing her he addressed in the Indian language. In the fall she and her children reached Albany, escorted into that city by a detachment of troops under the command of Colonel Ethan Allen. Here Col. Campbell awaited their arrival, and the trials of a two years' captivity were almost forgotten in the joy of restoration. They remained there until peace was proclaimed, and the British driven out of the country, when they returned to Cherry Valley and literally began the world anew. Their land had gone to waste, and was covered with underbrush; all besides was destroyed, and with no shelter save a small log cabin, hastily put up, they felt for a time that their lot had been a hard one. But the consciousness of having performed their duty as patriots sustained them under misfortune. By the close of the following Summer a more comfortable log-house was erected on the ruins of their former residence, and the farm began to assume the aspect of cultivation. It was in this house that General Washington was received and entertained on his visit to Cherry Valley, accompanied by General George Clinton and other distinguished officers. It was on this occasion that Mrs Campbell presented her sons to Washington, and told him she would train them up to the service of their country, should that country ever need their service.

Once settled on the old homestead, Mrs. Campbell's trials and sufferings were at an end, and she was eminently blessed in all things temporal, being permitted in old age to see around her a large and prosperous family. Her oldest son was the Hon. William Campbell, Surveyor General of New York. Her second son James S. Campbell, was for many years a magistrate, and one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in Otsego, whilst the youngest son, Robert Campbell of Cooperstown, an able and eminent lawyer, enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of the people of that county. Col. Campbell after an active life, died in 1824, at the age of eighty-six. His wife lived in the enjoyment of health, to the age of ninety-three, and died in 1836—the last survivor of the Revolutionary women in the region of the headquarters of the Susquehanna.

Reader this is but a brief episode in the history of an Irish heroine, one of the pioneer mothers of the West. It is culled from American history, and is true in every particular. There are many such. In the local histories of the thirteen States scores of Irish names appear previous to the war of Independence; names which, in after days, shed honor upon two lands, the land of their birth and the land of their adoption—Ireland and America.

What Would You Have?—Would you have wealth? Go to work then like a man and get it; go to work bravely and you will succeed. Would you have fame? Go to work and win it. With a stout heart and untiring perseverance, you cannot fail to win the prize. Don't say "I can't;" if you do you will certainly fail. Remember that true courage never stops to talk with fear. Would you be wise? Begin to-day and get wisdom. Don't put it off till to-morrow; it never has existed and never will exist; it is but a phantom, an imaginary pleasure that will still be a day ahead of you if you follow it till you die; if you would be truly great, learn to be truly good; and if you would be truly good, begin now. Remember that time is our master if we sleep, our servant if awake and at our post faithful, and true. If thou hast aught to do, if thou wouldst win thyself a name, be great, or good, or wise, or powerful—then seize the golden moments as they pass. The living moments of to-day are thine, nor thou nor angels know what lies beyond.

An elevated genius, employed in little things appears (to use the simile of Longinus,) like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude; and pleases more, though he dazzles less.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

There is not one of our readers who has not heard of

"The groves of Blarney,
They are so charming,"

and the subject of our wood-cut might naturally tempt us to be mirthful and extravagant. But despite of Milliken's excellent song—we are not in the vein, and feel more disposed to melancholy than gaiety at sight of a noble castle, the seat of one of the most ancient, and most unfortunate princely families of Ireland—the Mac Cartys of Desmond.

The castle of Blarney was founded about the middle of the fifteenth century by Cormac Mac Carty, or Carthy, surnamed Laider, or the strong, descended from the hereditary kings of South-Munster. He was also founder of the beautiful abbey and castle of Kilcrea, the nunnery of Ballyvacadine, and many other religious houses, in the former of which he was buried, and in which his tomb was till within a few years to be seen, bearing the following inscription:—

"Hic. Jacet. Cormacus. fil. Thadii. fil. Cormaci. fil. Dermitii. magni. McCarthy, Dnus. de. Muscraigh. Flayn. ac. istius. conventus. Primus. Fundator. An. Dom. 1494."

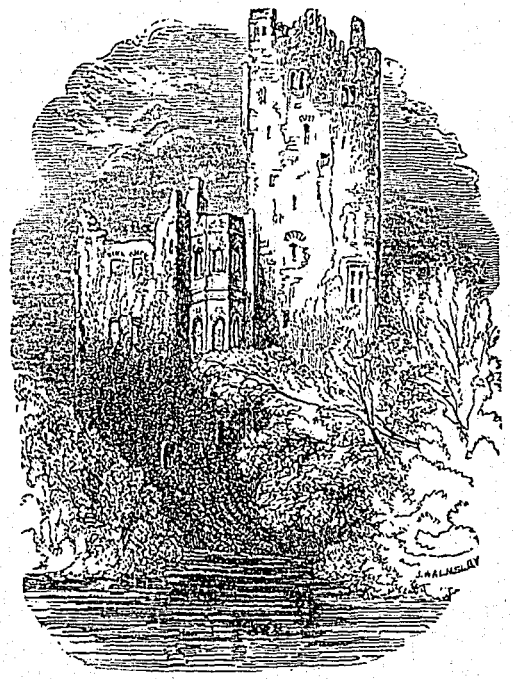
The castle remained in possession of his descendants till forfeited with the extensive estates belonging to the lord Muskerry and Clancarthy, in the war of 1689, after which it came into the possession of the Jeffrey's family, to whom it still belongs. A pension of three hundred a year was, however, allowed to this unfortunate nobleman, on condition of his leaving the kingdom. "With this," says Smith, "he retired to Hamburg on the Elbe, and purchased a little island in the mouth of that river, from the citizens of Altona, which went by his name." He died on October 22, 1734, aged 64, leaving two sons, Robert, a captain in the English navy, commonly called Lord Muskery, and Justin Mac Carthy, Esq. Lord Muskery, having fallen under suspicions of being attached to the house of Stewart, "which had on a former occasion," remarks Charnock, in his Biographical Navalis, "proved the ruin of his father, was ordered to be struck off the list of naval officers, on the 16th July, 1749, He afterwards entered into foreign services."

"Such," says Mr. Crofton Croker, in his excellent "Researches in the South of Ireland," is the history of the once powerful Mac Cartys of Muskerry; that of the other branches of the same family, as well as of most Irish clans, closely resemble it; attainder, forfeiture of property and exile form the melancholy termination of each, and the circumstances and situations which have arisen and still arise out of such violent events are numerous and deeply affecting. Instances have occurred where the lineal descendants of the most distinguished houses have labored from day to day for precarious support on the lands over which their ancestors exercised unlimited sovereignty. A pathetic incident connected with the Mac Cartys has such claims on the feelings that I will not conclude this narrative of their fortunes without the mention of it. A considerable part of the forfeited estates of that family, in the county Cork, was held by Mr. S—— about the middle of the last century. Walking one evening in his demesne, he observed a figure, apparently asleep, at the foot of an aged tree, and, on approaching the spot, found an old man extended on the ground, whose audible sobs proclaimed the severest affliction. Mr. S—— inquired the cause, and was answered—"Forgive me, sir; my grief is idle, but to mourn is a relief to the desolate heart and humble spirit. I am a Mac Carty, once the possessor of that castle, now in ruins, and of this ground;—this tree was planted by my own hands, and I have returned to water its roots with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have long been an exile and an outlaw since the Revolution. I am an old man, and to-night, probably for the last time, bid farewell to the place of my birth and the home of my forefathers."

The military and historic recollections connected with Blarney are, doubtless, of sufficient importance to give an interest to the place; but to a curious superstition it is perhaps more indebted for celebrity. A stone in the highest part of the castle wall is pointed out to visitors, which is supposed to give to

whoever kisses it the peculiar privilege of deviating from veracity with unblushing countenance whenever it may be convenient—hence the well-known phrase of "*Blarney.*"

The grounds attached to the castle as I before observed, though so little attended to, are still beautiful. Walks, which a few years since were neat and trim, are now so over-run with brambles and wild flowers as to be passed with difficulty. Much wood has been cut down, and the statues, so ridiculously enumerated in a popular song, removed. A picturesque bridge, too, which led to the castle, has been swept away by the wintry floods, and, with the exception of a small dell called the Rock Close, everything seems changed for the worse. In this romantic spot nature and art (a combination rather uncommon in pleasure grounds) have gone hand in hand. Advantage has been taken of accidental circumscances to form tasteful and characteristic combinations; and it is really a matter of difficulty at first to determine what is primitive, and what the produce of design. The delusion is even heightened by the present total neglect. You come most unexpectedly into this little shaded *nook*, and stand upon a natural terrace above the river, which glides as calmly as possible beneath. Here, if you feel inclined for contemplation, a rustic couch of rock, festooned with moss and ivy, is at your service; but if adventurous feelings urge you to explore farther, a discovery is made of an almost concealed, irregularly excavated passage through the solid rock, which is descended by a rude flight of stone steps, called the "Witches' Stairs," and you emerge *sul margine d'un rio*, over which depend some light and graceful trees. It is indeed a fairy scene, and I know of no place where I could sooner imagine these little elves holding their moonlight revelry.



BLARNEY CASTLE.

When we have no pleasure in goodness we may with certainty conclude the reason to be, that our pleasure is all derived from an opposite quarter.

DARBY AND THE RAM.

'Twas one of those days when the sun in its perpendicular altitude looks at two sides of the hedge at once—a lovely midsummer day—when nature was laughing till her sides ached, and mother earth, in her gayest mood, was lavishing her promises and her smiles to her often ungrateful children, the lambs were skipping to and fro within their enclosed pastures, and the cows, with grave and matron aspect, were lolling in the sun, and ruminating there already gathered repast—everything seemed happy except the Shepherd Darby.

Poor fellow! "A green and yellow melancholy," had settled on his manly cheek; his grief he revealed not, but let "concealment, like a worm i' the bud," prey upon his spirits; he stalked about the field like a ghost, or leaned upon his crook in silent despair.

Lord Amplefield and Squire Buckthorn were riding past to dinner. "I wonder," said his lordship to the squire, "what can be the matter with my shepherd Darby. He seems in a galloping consumption, and were I to lose him, I would not see his like again for many a long day. He is the most honest, steady, careful creature in the world, and never told a lie in his life."

"Never told a lie in his life! Why, my lord, do you really believe such nonsense?"

"Decidedly I do, I know your opinion is not very favorable as to the moral character of our dependents, yet there are some among them not unworthy of trust."

They now advanced nearer, and his lordship held up his whip as a signal, and over bounded Darby. "Well, Darby, that shower we had last night served the pastures."

"It did, my lord, and the cows will give a larger meal, and require milking earlier this evening through means of it."

"Darby, bring over my favorite ram, that this gentleman may see it."

"Yes, my lord. Hallo, Sweeper, away for Ballface." In a few minutes the dog hunted the ram up from the flock. "That's a clever turn, my worthy," said the squire, "here's half a crown to drink."

"Thanks to your honor," said Darby, "but the worth of that in strong drink will serve me a year, and yet I'll spend it on drink all in one night."

"Explain this riddle, Darby."

"Why, sir, when I feel myself merry enough without it, where's the use in taking it? That stream can slake my thirst as well. Yet I'll not speak for others—many a one there are, who must have strong drink to give them false spirits. On them will I spend it to open their hearts, and make them forget their day's toil."

"You are a worthy fellow, and a philosopher," said Lord Amplefield, with a look of triumph, as he and the squire rode off. "What say you to my shepherd now?"

"A mighty plausible fellow, indeed! Yet proud as you are of him, my lord, I bet a score of sheep that before two days I'll make him tell you a barefaced lie, out and out."

"Done! said his lordship, the wager was laid, and the squire set out on his LIE-MAKING expedition.

He soon ascertained the cause of Darby's melancholy. There had been a quarrel between him and the girl of his heart, the lovely Cauthleen. Pride prevented a reconciliation, though both would have given the world to be in each other's arms. To her the squire bent his steps, succeeded in drawing out the secret that she loved Darby with a heart and a half, and then artfully upbraiding her with unkindness in neglecting the "worthy young fellow," who was dying for her, contrived to inveigle her, by a series of falsehoods, into a plan to get reconciled to Darby, and while in the height of his happiness, to coax the ram from him. It succeeded next day to admiration—and the laughing girl tript home, leading the animal with a kerchief taken from her snowy bosom.

Darby was now left to solitary reflection. The hour was rapidly approaching when his lordship usually took his round, and he would infallibly miss his favourite ram—what was to be done? To tell a LIE appeared to his honest mind the very essence of degradation—to EQUIVOCATE was meanness ex-

ecrable—yet an excuse must be had! A sudden thought seized him—he resolved to see how a lie would look before he told it; and planting his crook in the field, and placing his hat on it, in order to personate himself, he retired to a little distance, and in the character of his lordship, hailed the effigy as follows:

"Good morrow, Darby."

"Good morrow, my lord."

"How are the flocks to-day, Darby?"

"Pretty fair, my lord."

"Darby, I don't see my favourite ram—where is he?"

"Oh, my lord, he—he—he—."

"He what, Darby?"

"He was drowned-ed—my—my lord!"

"Darby, if I did not know your general character for carefulness, I should feel exceedingly annoyed, but I presume it was an accident. Send the fat and hide up to the castle."

"That won't do!" murmured Darby, slowly turning away. He resolved to try again.

"Good morrow, Darby."

"Good morrow, my lord."

"Are the flocks well to-day, Darby?"

"Bravely, my lord."

"And my ram, Darby, where is he?"

"My lord, he—he—."

"Is there anything wrong? tell me at once."

"He was sto—len, my—lord."

"Stolen! stolen! I saw him this morning as I was riding past! When was he stolen?"

"That won't do either," exclaimed the poor shepherd, as he turned away the second time. "Cruel, cruel, Cauth!"

Something seemed to whisper to him, "Try if perhaps the TRUTH will do!" Fresh courage animated his desponding mind, and wheeling about, he recommenced the colloquy, and on coming to the usual interrogation, "where's the ram," he dropped on his knees, and exclaimed, "Oh, my lord, I had a falling out with my sweetheart, and she would not make it up with me unless I made her a present of your lordship's favorite ram. Discharge me, my lord, do with me what you please, but I could not bring myself to tell your lordship a LIE!"

"That will do!" shouted Darby, springing from his knees, and walking up and down with a feeling of honest exultation. He had scarcely time to compose himself when his lordship and the squire appeared. Darby, on the usual interrogation being put, dropped on his knees, and told "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" and instead of seeing a frown gathering on his lordship's countenance, he beheld him turn with a look of triumph towards the squire, while he exclaimed.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

The ladies are informed, in conclusion, that the squire's forfeited sheep was given to Cauthleen as a dower, and in taking the hand of her shepherd, she promised never again to put his truth and constancy to so severe a trial.

T. E.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

To Cool the Blood.—Drink cold water acidulated with pure powered cream of tartar.

For a breakfast dish, slice cold sweet-potatoes and put them in the oven, to warm; then pour over them some cream or milk, thickened a little, and season with butter, pepper and salt.

Mince Pies Without Meat.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of water, one and one-half pounds of raisins (chopped), one-half cupful of weak vinegar, one half cupful of butter, a little salt, three eggs, three pounded crackers, spices to suit the taste. This will make six small pies.

Stuffed Cabbage.—Take a large, fresh cabbage and cut out the heart; fill the space with a stuffing made of cooked turkey, or any meat except mutton or lamb; chop very fine and highly season; mix with one mashed potato, and the yoke of one egg and two spoonfuls of the gravy stock; roll into balls and roll the balls in flour; stuff the cabbage, and place the loose leaves you have removed over the hole at top and bottom with them, and tie the cabbage firmly together and boil in a covered kettle two hours. The water should be salted. It makes a very delicious dish and is useful in using up small pieces of cold meat.

FACETIÆ.

JUST THE DIFFERENCE.—When a man leaves our side and goes to the other side, he is a traitor, and we always felt that there was a subtle something wrong about him. But when a man leaves the other side, and comes over to us, then he is a man of great moral courage, and we always felt that there was some good stuff in him.

An English vicar was standing, on a Monday morning, at his gate, when one of his parishioners arrived with a basket of potatoes. "What's this?" said the vicar. "Please, sir," replied the man, "its some of our very best taturs—a very rare kind, sir. My wife said you should have some of them, as she heard you say in your sermon, that the *common taturs* didn't agree with you."

A timid girl came in last week and laid the following poem on our desk, and as she said it was the effort of her life we give it a place:

How dear to my heart is the goat of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents him to me;
The beautiful beast which whene'er he was riled would
Make everything fly from the presence of he.
My mischievous Nan was the frowlest butter
That ever did but a stone fence till it fell;
He'd see it a coming—a scream he would utter,
Then brace his four legs and go at it pell-mell.
O, how he would buck it! An iron bound bucket,
He once tried to buck it, and died in the well.

The wife of a small farmer in Aberdeenshire, having been confined to her bed before the time when her last approached, the husband, who was of a very niggardly disposition, at length grudged to let her have even so much as a light by the side of her bed. One night, when in this dark condition, she exclaimed: "Oh isna this an inco thing, that a puir body can get nae licht to see to die wi'?" The husband instantly rose lighted a candle, and bringing it forward hastily to the bottom of the bed, said: "There! Dee noo!"

What the milkman said when they found a fish in the lacteal fluid: "Good heavens the brindle cow has been in swimming again."

The following is a San Francisco Advertisement: "Correspondence is solicited from bearded ladies, Circassians, or other female curiosities who, in return for a true heart and a devoted husband, would travel during the summer months, and allow him to take the money at the door."

"I suppose you miss your husband very much" he remarked to the charming young relict. "Miss him! of course I do. He was very useful in attending to the fire, winding up the clock, and turning out the gas."

Incredible obstinacy: Well, Johnny, where is your copy? Johnny—Got no ink; swallowed the ink? Governess—Swallowed the ink? what in the world did you do that for? Johnny—Well you see, I wasn't going to let it master me altogether.

A little six-year-old boy was watching the sunbeams as they shot through a window and danced diagonally across the room. "Mamma," said he, "what are those streaks?" "Those my son, "she replied "are sunbeams from Heaven." "Oh, I know what they are for, mamma," said the little fellow, who had been sliding down beams in the barn-loft, "they are what God slides the babies down on when he sends 'em to folks.

SHE DIDN'T SCARE.—A boy who was disappointed the other day in making a sale of tinware to a woman on Park street, Detroit, muttered something which excited her indignation, and she gave him a great big piece of her mind. In "jawing back" he said: "Your husband ought to be arrested for working on Sunday!" "Working on Sunday—come here, bub! Now, bub, if you'll prove that my husband ever worked on Sunday, or any other day in the week, I'll give you a dollar! I've lived with him for twenty years, and have always had to buy even his whiskey and tobacco and now if he's gone to work I want to know it!" The boy backed off without another word.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

THE HARP.—We have no hesitation in pronouncing this by far the best magazine of its class printed either in Ireland or out of it, for Irish readers. It is strange that we should have this to say, this of a monthly serial published—not in Dublin, nor in Cork, nor in Limerick—but in Montreal. Such, however, is really the case. Neither the "Shamrock," published in the Dublin "Irishman" office, nor "Young Ireland," emanating from the "Nation" office, is comparable to it.—*San Francisco Monitor.*

THE HARP.—The only Irish Catholic Magazine published in this Dominion, it ought to command a generous patronage. Its price—one dollar a year—is surely no obstacle to its general circulation amongst those to whose tastes and interests it is addressed. And Messrs. Gillies & Callahan of Montreal, who are the publishers, have done already so much for Irish Catholic literature that their association with the HARP ought to be regarded as another reason for its liberal support.—*Irish Canadian.*

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THE HARP contains original and selected matter of great interest, not only to Irish folks who will be chiefly interested and taken by its name but also to the general reader.—*Connecticut Catholic.*

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