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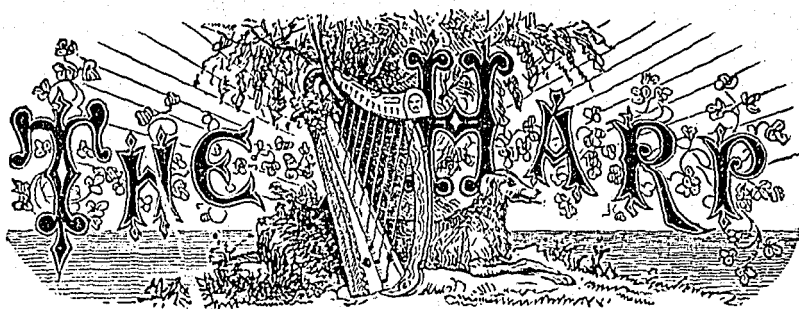
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A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

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No. 7.

ROCKS AND RIVERS.

AN IRISH FABLE.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

I.

When the Rivers first were born,  
From the hill tops each surveyed,  
Through the lifting haze of morn,  
Where his path through life was laid.

II.

Down they pour'd through heath and wood,  
Ploughing up each passing field;  
All gave way before the flood,  
The Rocks alone refused to yield.

III.

"Your pardon!" said the Waters bland,  
"Permit us to pass on our way;  
We're sent to fertilize the land—  
And will be chid for this delay."

IV.

"You sent!" the Rocks replied with scorn,  
"You muddy, ill-conditioned streams;  
Return and live, where ye were born,  
Nor cheat yourselves with such wild  
dreams."

V.

"You will not?" "No!" The Waters mild  
Called loudly on their kindred stock,  
Wave upon wave their strength they piled;  
And cleft in twain rock after rock.

VI.

They nurtured towns, they fed the land,  
They brought new life to fruits and flocks:  
The Rivers are the People, and  
Our Irish Landlords are the Rocks.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

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

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

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.)

We may well imagine how the old clergymen and the young enjoyed the reminiscences always so dear—the memory of sweet academic days, when the life of intellect and heart makes an elysium which, alas! so soon vanishes in the presence of the world of hard realities.

Father Ned, however, half lived this evening in the charmed atmosphere of fourteen years before, and the same must be said of his class-fellow, Father Michael Feehan; and though the elder clergymen had to banish the shadows of nearly five-and fifty years, they renewed much of their youth in the associations which gathered around in the geniality of a loving reunion.

Father Ned Power kept honestly to his contract; and if his heart was half as emphatic as his minstrelsy, we have great doubts of his devotion to "law and order."

"And true men be you men,  
Like those of Ninety-eight,"

had hardly been pronounced, when the little company was excited to a degree indescribable—simply by the arrival of the post. Indeed, there were two effects this evening from the same cause, and

we question whether in the varied history of the results of opening letter-bags two results more remarkable have been recorded. One of those occurred, as we say, in Father Aylmer's parlor; another at some distance to which we shall adjourn in due time.

On consideration, we will leave the gentlemen at Father Aylmer's—first conjecturing what letters were in the bag; and then conjecturing whence the letters had come; and then conjecturing what were the letters. In fact, the minds of those around the little table at good Father Aylmer's were so occupied by song and story that, when the post-bag came, they had little inclination to open the letters at all; and so a considerable time elapsed before the surprise came upon them and made the stir which none of them had anticipated.

The other place the post-bag made a stir at was, of all places in the world, at the Crag.

Thus it happened.

The post-boy was quietly coming along the road from Kilsbeelan, indulging himself and his mule by a very quiet lounge, when he was overtaken by James the Pilgrim who, as usual, staff in hand, and rosary hanging down, was wending his way to one of his many haunts in and near Ballyneal, and around the mountain base.

"God save you!" was the Pilgrim's usual salute.

"God save you kindly, sir," answered the post-boy.

"You spare your mule I see, Pat."

"An' the wisping," answered the boy.

"Do you ever trot him?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but I keeps the trot for the avenue you know.

"Go *dhirach*," remarked James, which is "just so," only more philosophically expressed in the *Gaelic*. "Any news?" continued James the Pilgrim.

"Not much, only the 'boys' got off from Waterford, yisterday; an' Tim Cunnecen bought a new hat!"

"You didn't hear that Miss Amy is going to be married?"

"Married? To who?"

"Oh, Miss Amy is going to be married, and Ally Hayes is going to become a nun!"

"Murder!" cried the post-boy; and now he started. Before his companion could call him back, he had dashed along the road far on his way. He rushed through the gate to the Crag; and, as he approached the door, half the house had turned out to see who was pursuing the flying post-bag of Mr. Giffard D'Alton.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton himself was one of those who came, in no pleasant temper, to demand an explanation.

"What is the matter that you ruin the beast with travelling like that?"

"Oh, sir, my heart is up to my mouth, I'm in a fright. Well, well!"

"Come in here, you vagabond. Come in! come in, I tell you; or——"

Poor Pat began to blubber and crave pardon, and make solemn promises for the "whole of the remainder of his life" to be careful of "Bill" the mule; and; finally he thought the storm had lessened enough to venture in.

"Now, tell me what whipped you up in that manner to-day?"

"I met the Pilgrim, your honor."

"Met the Pilgrim! Did that frighten yourself and the mule, you unmitigated rascal? Did that frighten you to death?"

"No; but he towld me something, your honor."

"Told you,—told you what?"

"Oh, he said!—murder, he said, Miss Amy was goin' to be a nun in England, an' Miss Hayes—that is, Ally Hayes, your honor, but we all calls her 'Miss Hayes,' now, Miss Amy is so fond of her,—is going to be married."

Poor Pat had scarcely uttered his last syllable, when old Giffard had, him by the throat, and swinging him round, tumbled him on the floor like a meal sack.

"You vagabond! you robber! you ruffian! How dare you say that to me! How dare you say such a thing to me!"

"Oh sir, oh sir, forgive me! forgive me!"

"Say you told me a lie, say you told me a lie! you——"

"I did sir; I did, sir, tell you a lie."

"Swear it; you villain! Swear it."

"I swear—I swear,"—the last part of his speech was uttered outside the door, to which location he had been unceremoniously kicked and cuffed by the enraged Giffard D'Alton.

Mr. D'Alton foamed at the mouth, and pitched a tumbler into the grate, assaulted chairs and tables most wickedly, and then sat down in dudgeon with all mankind.

All we have been describing happened after dinner, when strange to say, Mr. Giffard D'Alton was generally in the worst humor; but to add to his natural irritability, he had that day received an anonymous letter threatening his life and holding "the mirror up to nature."

Everything has an end; and at last Mr. Giffard D'Alton's passion subsided just enough to allow the post-bag a place in his memory. "I may as well open the bag," he thought, and he half started when he saw two letters with the London post-mark lying on the table. He knew one to be from Mr. Meldon. He did not know the handwriting of the other. "Meldon, Meldon!" he cried, "if you have robbed me of my child!—you want my family's money—my money for the Church; but I'll——"

At length Mr. Giffard D'Alton opened the letter.

He perused it greedily, wrapt up, as if he had turned to marble. He drew a heavy sigh at length; and, as he had been standing, he fell upon the old sofa, and the letter lay upon his bosom.

Long, long, perhaps an hour he lay—not thinking—yet filled with thought, a thousand thoughts gathered together—too crowded to be examined, and each obscuring the other. He took up the letter once again. It was as follows:—

"THE GROSVENOR, Sept. 2nd, 1848.

"Dear Sir,—The letter which accompanies this one is from Mr. Leyton Seymour. He has admired my dear friend, Miss D'Alton, from the very first moment he met her. I told you of his immense wealth and respectable connections. He is placing his happiness in your hands, he says; and, as I believe Mr. Seymour says nothing about means, I may say that he wishes every penny of Miss D'Alton's to be settled absolutely upon herself.

"I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

"C. MELDON."

"Giffard D'Alton, Esq."

"Settle every penny upon herself!"

he repeated; "every penny! And I am to be left alone!" he half wept—"alone!"

He thought of the anonymous letter of the morning. He thought of how much the love of Amy had been to him a shield of protection. He thought of the gentle ways that soothed him without words and the wise and kindly words that often convinced him, when he would not admit it, and appeased him, he hardly knew why. He then looked around him—and thought of all the light of his life faded, and neither within nor without a single friend! He thought of his son Henry. In that very room Henry and he had had their last interview. From this very spot he had spurned him and sent him to exile and the grave! He thought of the reckless nephew whose character and habits he had half discovered; and he groaned—he groaned, and absolutely went down upon his knees—the letter still in his hand! Yet it was not to pray. It was as if he had seen an avenger and knelt in horror.

"I am accursed! I am accursed!" he said bitterly. "Life is just at an end—and no joy, no hope! I have lost my life for a lie—the lie that—no matter! Lucy! Lucy! Had God left you to me, I had not been so hard—to him. Curse upon it; what can money bring me now? Lucy? Amy? Henry?—an honest good wish—an easy heart? Oh, my curse—"

Mr. Giffard D'Alton was interrupted by a knock, and by the entrance of a servant who desired to know if Mr. Cunneen might come up. At first he was inclined to be "out;" but he changed his mind; and, in a hard voice, said, "let him come."

Cunneen came in with the benedict humility of a man who was nothing and had nothing; but there was that sinister light in the corner of Mr. Cunneen's eye which always signifies a man to be minding his business and doing so successfully. He seated himself on the chair which he always occupied when with Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and, as usual, he placed his palms upon his knees, and he bent down the Iscariot brow of evil omen.

"I heard the news about Miss Amy, sir, and that brought me over."

"Umph!" was the eloquent rejoinder. "Mr. Seymour is a very wealthy gentleman, sir, and of course he will take no fortune, sir."

Another grunt; but the old man saw clearly that Cunneen had a stroke of trade in the hand of his sympathy.

"Mr. Seymour, sir, is a nephew of Lord Leyton, who has never married."

Strange, thought Mr. D'Alton, that Mr. Meldon never mentioned that. Yet he felt his heart leap a little.

"Of course, you will feel very lonesome after Miss Amy, sir; but, then, you have the best nephew in the world."

Giffard D'Alton turned suddenly on Tim Cunneen, and fixed his eyes upon him, so as to make his blood freeze apparently. Mr. D'Alton's eyes glared at him like the eyes of a tiger.

"Cunneen!" said he "are you not the vilest deceiver, hypocrite and devil that ever blackened the parish?"

"Mr. D'Alton!"

"Didn't you poison my heart against my son, belie him, drive him from home? you designing cheat! you miser! you usurer! you robber!"

"Whatever you like, Mr. D'Alton: I am anything you like! I was faithful to you always, and I will not contradict you."

"You will not, you low-lived impostor—you—"

"Why, Mr. D'Alton, all in the world I said was that your nephew was a pattern—not a word more."

"A pattern?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much does he owe you?"

"A mere trifle, sir. I lent him some money to buy a horse."

"To buy a horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fifty pounds?"

"A hundred, sir."

"Come, give me a discharge in full for all he owes you, and I shall give you a cheque for a hundred and fifty."

"Well, sir, you know——"

"Well?"

"I mean, I lent him other money, for other things."

"Other money?"

"Yes."

"Five hundred pounds?"

"Or more."

"A thousand?"

"Somewhat over."

"Come, write a receipt in full, and I shall give you a cheque for fifteen hundred pounds. Will you, you——?"

"Well—no."

"Oh, you diabolical——"

Mr. Cunneen rose to the level of a great occasion. He straightened himself up, fixed his little black eyes on Mr. Giffard D'Alton, stamped his foot, and cried, "Who cares for you, D'Alton? No—no discharge—ay, not for two or three thousand! My business is my business; and I have not the curse of the poor and the hardworking! You can never be worse than I wish you to be. And if you be miserable, you deserve it. I am sorry I cannot see you turned out of the door with a bag upon your——"

Mr. Timothy Cunneen ended the sentence where he had found himself one and twenty years before—at the foot of the stairs. John, the butler, had stolen into the apartment, and had heard the last portion of Mr. Cunneen's address to his old master, which John rewarded by an embrace that would be worthy of Crichton; and, carrying his load half way downstairs, pitched it recklessly away, to find the remainder of its road by blind gravity. Mr. Cunneen picked himself up, and muttering, "My day is coming! my day is coming!" he gathered himself for the road away from the house.

Wretched indeed were the feelings of D'Alton of Crag; and, if this world can find punishment for a hard, money-grabbing heart, Giffard D'Alton had that punishment that day. Bereavement, desolation, hopelessness, darkness—utter darkness within and without, and around! "I wish I were dead!" cried the miser; "I wish I were dead!"

At eight o'clock, to the bewilderment of the butler and Nelly, and the whole household, who should arrive at the Crag but Father Aylmer. How he contrived to venture out, and why that night, were the speculations of the domestics all; and, great indeed, was the excitement in the house.

"I want to see your master, John," said the clergyman.

"Ah, sir, I'm afraid——"

"Well, John, you go, and say I desired you announce that your master's old friend—mind those words 'your mas-

ter's old friend'—wants to see your master."

John disappeared and made the announcement exactly, expecting what he used to call the "master's thunder an' lightning," but he was mistaken. On the contrary, Giffard D'Alton coughed once or twice; and then took out his handkerchief. It is a fact that Giffard D'Alton absolutely wept.

"Father Aylmer is most welcome," said the old man, in a low voice.

"The master will soon die," said John to the first servant he met: "he'll soon die!"

Father Aylmer was not only received courteously, but warmly; and he was just speculating on the cause of the change in his neighbor, when Giffard D'Alton said,

"You come about Amy's good fortune, I am sure! After all, an old man might be sure of one steady friend, if the old man were wise. I declare, Father Aylmer, I never remembered till now, that you have been father and mother to Amy."

"Oh, I think yourself——"

"No, sir; no. I was hard, unbending, and unfeeling, and only for God and you, she never could have stood the Crag. I am heart-broken, Father Aylmer; and, I deserve it all."

"You have God, Mr. D'Alton."

"I had, you mean—I had; but Him I drove away too."

"Mr. D'Alton, remember the word ever true—ever and ever true—'I stand knocking; I stand knocking.' He wishes—wishes, always—*now* even—to 'come in.'"

Mr. Giffard D'Alton's face began to reflect a gleam of light. He only sighed, however.

But Mr. D'Alton, are you aware that Mr. Seymour is to be received into the Church on All Saint's Day?"

Giffard D'Alton clapped his hands; absolutely, he felt a joy.

"And Mr. Seymour is likely yet to be a peer of the realm."

"I heard so from Cunneen wherever he got it."

"Oh, James the Pilgrim knows it all. He is an old friend of Mr. Seymour's father, and Mr. Seymour writes to him every week. You know, also,

that Ally Hayes is joining a religious Order."

"Immediately?" asked Mr. D'Alton, really now thinking how lonely his daughter Amy would be.

"Not immediately. Her brother, the clergyman, is a great friend of Mr. Seymour, and they expect him to be over for the occasion of Mr. Seymour's reception into the Holy Church."

"Thank God!" old D'Alton cried. The old priest almost wept to hear him thank God.

"I have yet some more news, I do not attach much importance to it; but who knows? God is good."

Giffard D'Alton looked at him anxiously.

"You heard of dear Henry's death in 1831?"

"Yes, what of that?" the old man asked eagerly.

"Have you got the letter near you?"

"Ochone! I have read it many a time!"

In a moment he laid his hand upon it and presented it to Father Aylmer.

"This states that on the 8th of December, 1830, Henry D'Alton died, and was buried in Halifax, Nova Scotia; that he belonged to the 32d Regiment of foot."

"Precisely," the old man remarked, in a voice of emotion.

"I have found that the Henry D'Alton mentioned there was not our Henry."

Poor old D'Alton jumped to his feet. He was deadly pale; and for a moment seemed to have lost consciousness. He whispered, as if to himself, "Lucy! Lucy!"

When Father Aylmer could re-open the case prudently, he continued to say that too much importance was not to be attached to the news. "But we should take measures to sift the matter," he said; "and, please God, we shall."

"But how, how could you know about this?"

"A Spanish lady met dear Amy in London. She knew the father of the young soldier who died in North America. He was a Count D'Alton. Thinking Amy might be a relative, she told her how Henry D'Alton a private in the 32d Foot, son of Count D'Alton, had died in Halifax, in the year 1830, and

left an only daughter whom, by-the-bye, Father Hayes will bring home with him."

There was a pause.

"We shall see, old friend," D'Alton said, seizing the priest by the hand. We shall see; but I fear the hope you have enkindled is too blessed to be realized for me, and that Henry does not live; or if he lives I have had too hard a heart ever to receive the joy of beholding him."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

"SHIVAWN NA CHOMHAIRLE."—THE  
"WHITE POWDER OF FION MACCUM-  
HAIL."—D'ALTON'S DANGER.

THE reader will remember the lonely house at the foot of Slieve-na-Mon, where Crichawn put up on his way to the "Pookah's hole," the evening of the "Long Dance." It was an out-of-the-way place, and the house was lonely and mysterious-looking. Two elevations enclosed it, north and south, because in building up the mud habitation, expense had been saved by digging out the earth, so as to make a third elevation answer for the wall on the east side; though this made the place damp and very like a cave. How any human being could exist there through the long Winter, in the clinging damp and often biting mist, and furious blast, we do not pretend to conjecture, as "one half the world," is said "does not know how the other half lives."

In this dwelling, however, an old woman, popularly known as "*Shivawn na Chomhairle*," (Joan, or Judith of the counsel,) for a long time flourished, and was an object of great interest to many, and to some an object of great dread. She did not beg, and she did not work, unless a small share of knitting; yet she never seemed to want a garment or a meal. She had living with her a female very small and attenuated, with pale face and black eyes, monstiously long fingers, and large hands. This woman might be any age from twenty to seventy, because she had no flesh to get wrinkled, and was active as a cat. The neighbors had it that she belonged to a race of whom people always spoke with reverence, and that *Shivawn na Chomhairle* received all her knowledge from

the strange, witch-like-creature. To be sure, people who knew Shivawn a very long time said, that her real name was Joan Cleary, and that the younger one was "Bridheen," the old woman's daughter, and was sickly from her cradle; but the wise inhabitants shook their heads and ended the controversy by "*Tha go maith—bidheadh she mar-shin*," which means, "Let us have no more about it—have your own way."

Shivawn was an herbalist of great repute, and the "medical department," did much for the pair; but the power of injuring her enemies by lessening the butter or making the cows run dry, or by other preternatural means, procured more than tolerance for Shivawn and Bridheen; they often got a *mischaewn* of butter or a little bag of potatoes from those who sought their advice and protection.

Shivawn herself was slightly bent, with a very sallow complexion and black eyes. She had a profusion of gray hair, which she wore over a tall fillet, and which fell down her back from a cap of questionable cleanliness. A tall staff which she used gave her an appearance of weakness, though for Shivawn's three score and ten, she was a woman of wonderful power. One thing we must add—that, rightly or wrongly, she was credited with more knowledge of poisons, quick poisons and slow poisons, than was good for her fame, or for her neighbor's security; and whenever a beast got sick in the barn, or blackened in the sty, "*Shivawn's poison*" came to the minds of the uncharitable of the locality.

Some time in the end of October, a man dressed in the ordinary garb of a countryman, approached Shivawn's cave late at night. He wore the "*coatha more*" of that time, blue ratoon, falling nearly as low as the ankles, and with a kind of military-cut cape. The coat was closely buttoned up and bound around the waist by a cord. The man was of medium height, and had dark, heavy whiskers covering his face, of which little was seen above a deep "comforter" which he wore. His brogues were covered with mud, and he leant heavily on his stick as if he had made a long journey. Having entered the dwelling and got the reserved wel-

come which Shivawn always gave, he sat down by the fire of furze which, helped by some turf, was making vain efforts to warm the apartment.

"I came," said the stranger, "a long way, and I came on very great business."

Shivawn answered him in Irish, which was the only language she would speak, and told him she would be glad to hear. The visitor evidently could understand the Irish, though he seemed not sufficiently master of the language to speak it fluently.

The pale girl now joined them, looking like a phantom, so light, so thin, and so vacant-looking was she.

"Well sir?" said she in a very dreamy way, but in fair English, "what do you wish?"

"I am glad you speak English," he remarked. "You can more surely understand me."

"Not more surely than Mother Shivawn," she replied, "but mother does not speak the Sassenach speech well."

"I suppose you are on the run?" croaked old Shivawn.

"Well, no," answered the stranger. "I suppose you have given a corner to many of the poor fellows here."

"What we do we are not in the habit of telling; but if you *were* on the run we would not turn you out," said the pale girl.

"There was a poor boy of the Keely's shot by a policeman over near the priest's, the other day," said the old witch, "and it will be a sore day for the murderer."

"How?" inquired the traveller.

"How?" answered the crone. "Leave that to me. I will make his cheek pale! I will turn his blood into ice; and the veins shall thicken and grow black, and the muscles of his arms and legs shall be twisted, and he shall die under the ban and the curse, a death, slow, and sure, and terrible!"

"And you can do that?" asked the strange man, now rather excited; "can you?"

The old woman moved her awful visage from side to side, while her unearthly eyes glared on the questioner. "Ah," the old crone half croonawned; "it will come; it will come; the brothers will be one, and the wise men will

prepare; and the *fathers* will see hope—the *fathers* will see hope—and a benediction will descend upon 'the green!' The time of the 'Three Kings' will come at last."

"What is that?" answered the man.

"Are you a stranger not to know that the time of the liberation, three kings will come to Ireland; and they will break the chain of bondage, and establish the reign of right and freedom and *Erin* will be happy again!"

"That's a prophecy, is it?"

"That it is; and the man to hold their horses in the streets of Carrick will be born on Slieve-na-Mon and is to have six fingers. They say that a male child with six fingers was born near the river at the other side of the mountain, one week ago. We shall have justice at last," crooned the old woman; "and the Crag will shake."

"The Crag?"

"The means of the poor will be dragged from the gripe of the miser."

"How is that?"

"How is that! Has not old D'Alton the land that my father tilled?" the old dame continued, "and did he not level the home of my kindred?"

"He has a hard heart indeed," said the stranger. "But I thought you could remove him by your enchantment. Did you not say so?"

"I did!" half shrieked the old hag.

"She does not want to," interposed the pale girl.

"Bad as he is?"

"Bad as he is, there is worse, you know—worse to come after him."

"Who is that?"

"Who is it?" again half shrieked the old woman; "who is it? Why, where do you come from, that you do not know who is to come after old D'Alton of Crag? Why, the greatest vagabond is to come, a villain false to God and the Church, and his mother, and his honor, and the name of his family—dirty Charley Baring."

"But, mother, I have heard that Baring is cut off, cut off."

"No, but he soon will be," said the old woman. "Amy D'Alton is going to be married, and the Crag is to go for her fortune—to a fine man! Oh, a fine man entirely, *beanachus do Dhia*."



The man shook in his chair. He half rose, but again sat down.

"What is that you have said!" he hoarsely demanded of the young woman.

"I have said nothing," answered the young enchantress; "but my mother has said that Baring the rake is to be put out."

"Why, you seem to take an interest in Baring the rake," cried the witch.

"Well, indeed, I do take something of an interest in him; and I think after rearing him up in such expectations, it would be a hard thing enough to make a beggar of him."

A clap of thunder at this moment was heard, and a howl of wind succeeded, showing that the night was giving notice of the Winter. The younger witch left the house, seeming careless of the wind or rain, though they had abated very little. The old mother informed the stranger that she had gone to watch the lightning and gather fairy herbs lit up by the flashes; and that she would be quite prepared to answer any question, or give him any help he wanted, when she came back. She lived in communication with "the good people." To all of which the stranger made no reply.

In three-quarters of an hour the night seeker came back, her hair dripping, her garments covered with mud, and her eyes standing as if under the influence of catalepsy.

"A hundred miles since, I will go bail," the mother said. "*Ta obuir aguing.*"

"We have work on hands," was the reply.

There was a pause. The girl shook out her hair loosely, and appeared to calm herself after an emotion.

"I am ready," the young woman said; "I am ready! What want you in the air above or on the earth below—what want you?"

"Well, I want physic to cure sheep that got a blast; and I want poison to kill rats. Can I have them?"

"Have them!" cried the old woman in the old tongue. "Shivawn has the herbs that were gathered in the November moonlight, and the leaves of the blessed alder that first met the sunbeams of the May. And she has the dragon's

gall, and the juice of the serpent's fang, and the white powder discovered in the rath which had not been opened since the days of Fion MacCumbail."

"And the white powder is very strong?"

"The size of a head of a pin would kill a horse or a cow."

"How is it given?"

"Why, lay it on the bread that is eaten, or put it in the cup that is drank, and nothing that eats or drinks what the powder touches can live."

There was a wretched clutch of chickens in a corner. Shivawn placed the merest sign of white powder in a pewter plate, mized with some crumbs of potato. She placed the plate beside a chicken, who pecked the food. In a moment the creature fell down, shivered and died.

"That is awful!" said the new-comer.

Shivawn now knelt down by a black, sinister-looking chest, and commenced a *croonawn*. She seemed weaving a spell, for her hair fell down about her, and she stared upon vacancy. She seemed calling powers from all places, far and near, and sending them on errands which required strength and rapidity. The mountain, the sea, the churchyard, and the bright stars, and the planets, were all invoked. The old crone wanted something "from the heart of the sea," "from the northern churchyard," and the high mountain "must send her a contribution," and "the river in the south," and all were commanded to "run fast to her—run fast to her!"

The stranger began to feel uncomfortable enough, and suggested that they might let him go; but the young woman requested him to be quiet; that he was more safe where he was than travelling on a dark night along *Slieve-na-mon*.

When Shivawn had satisfied herself with her incantations, it was far gone in the night, or into the morning, and signs of ending the trial appeared in the opening of the big chest. The stranger had hardly courage to peep in; but he ventured a glance to see innumerable bottles of all kinds, bundles of herbs, and the bleached armbone of a human being.

The old woman brought from the big chest about a thimbleful of what she

called the "white powder of Fion Mac-Cumhail," and a small bottle distilled from the mysterious herbs, and which was intended to cure the sheep of the fairy "blast."

"How much am I to pay?"

The young woman answered—"Two guineas in gold."

"Two guineas!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the witch; "and remember, if you show any hesitation you get nothing at all."

He took out a pocket-book.

"No notes!" cried the termagant, as if she was going to strike him.

"I have no gold."

"That is not true!" she answered.

"Look in your purse."

The man started, half in astonishment and half in horror.

Shivawn put out her hands to remove the packages, darting a fierce look at the stranger.

"No, no," he cried. "No! Here are your golden guineas;" and having paid down the money, he went his way.

The sun had not risen when the traveller who bore the charmed packages got out from the fields on the main road. He kept the road, however, only when there were no dwelling-houses by the wayside, and he took care to meet no one face to face, and in case he encountered a wayfarer, he went to the opposite side, and kept looking over the hedge—or the wall—as the case might be. He was approaching a forge, about a mile from the Crag, and he took his usual precaution. He walked quickly past, a hundred yards behind the forge; and he thought he heard a voice speak loudly. So he did. Our old friend, Crichawn, held a horse of Mr. Meldon's by the bridle at the door of the forge, and cried, as the dark figure passed by behind, "Take these!" These were the words heard by the traveller.

In a quarter of an hour from that time, Crichawn was speaking to Nelly Nurse at the Crag. Long and earnestly he addressed her in the Irish tongue. Nelly clapped and wrung her hands, and wept bitterly, and stamped; but Crichawn strove to appease her and encourage her, and at length succeeded in his efforts.

One thing, however, filled Crichawn's heart with a joy that rarely brightened

his life. The Crag was beginning to wear a new aspect. He saw vast preparations and expensive ones, all around him, and the Crag was evidently preparing to give "his darling Miss Amy" a surprise and a welcome. "Thank God! Thank God!" murmured the poor fellow; and then he thought of Ally, the "Queen of the May;" and though "proud and happy" at Ally's lot, we shall not be surprised that he heaved a sigh.

"Alone!" he said. "But no! my brother's wife is left to me, and Mr. Meldon, and Miss Clara, and, och! the neighbors—everyone so good."

On the evening of that day Charles Baring returned to the Crag; and everyone remarked his beaming benevolence and kindly humor. Everyone had reason to enjoy his presence, because he had a good word or a good gift for everyone. To Nelly he was particularly benignant; and he congratulated her on the great change in her old master, Mr. Gillard D'Alton; and he expressed a hope that he would live long enough to convert the enemies he had made for himself, and to make them all friends.

Nelly was taciturn. She listened and looked thoughtful.

Never was man in more awful straits than Mr. Charles Baring. Not only poverty but infamy was threatening him, and in the whole world he saw no mode or manner of escape. Cunneen had him bound, hand and foot, and the Crag was his, practically, at the moment; and all the furnishing and decoration added a poignant grief to the many that crowded his soul. What was he to do? We need not say that the "old follower of the family," who gave him such lessons in "things worse than death," and how natural "agrarian crimes" were, in certain cases—very often was with him in spirit; and although he had striven to divest himself of the horrible feeling of having communicated with the Prince of Evil, he had striven in vain. Charles Baring was fast getting desperate. Any thing or place he thought better than what he suffered, and where he was.

Amy D'Alton's room had a door opening upon that of her father, and here, in this room, we find Baring that night. He is clothed in a dark dressing-gown and soft dark slippers, and he is restless

and worn. Ten o'clock strikes, and Baring takes up a newspaper. His eye falls upon "An atrocious murder!"

"Confound you!" cried Baring. He flung down the paper.

Eleven o'clock struck, and he listened with his ear to the keyhole of the door opening upon old D'Alton's room. The breathing of a heavy and tranquil rest, regular as a pendulum was audible.

"Come!" said he now.

The "old follower of the family," he thought, was beside him; and he shuddered. He extinguished his candle, however, stole with cat-like step towards the door at which he had listened, took steady grip of the door-knob, noiselessly twisted it round, and entered with a beating heart the well-known chamber.

Like a shadow he approached the dressing-table; and, placing a croft of water before him dropped into it a white powder. He shook the croft gently; and then stole noiselessly to his own room.

"'Tis done!" said he.

Of course the reader now knows that Mr. Charles Baring was the traveller who engaged *Shivawn na Chomhairle* and her daughter in the witchcraft of the night before.

"'Tis done!" said Baring; but he was mistaken. Nelly Nurse entered the bed-room two minutes after he had left it, and quietly poured the contents of the croft into a vessel she had brought for the purpose, and took the croft itself away.

"Let him ring if he wants a drink," she muttered. "Bether get a scowlding than make the road for a coffin. Och! I wish Miss Amy was at home!"

Mr. Charles Baring left the Crag very early. Whatever the news at the old dwelling, he would hear it at some distance; and everyone or anyone in the house would be suspected far sooner than he. How could he? He made first for Mr. Timothy Cunneen, to whom he expressed his opinion that the Crag would be forthcoming before long, and from him he heard the consoling remark that it should "before long or never." He thought the old Judas looked very like the "old follower of the family," and gave a muttered curse.

## CHAPTER XX.

A CONSPIRACY.—CHARLES BARING'S RIGHT-HAND MAN.—A MYSTERIOUS SHOT.

FOUR of the men who first presented themselves in this history met once more at the place of their first rendezvous. It was more distant from the Crag and was not in the Glen; but a considerable way into the table-land eastward, and within the walls of a ruined and abandoned out-house or the wreck of a hut.

The night was dark, but, for an autumnal night, it was still, unless when the bay of a mastiff in some distant farm-yard reminded the hearers of the chances of intruders and the necessity of being vigilant.

"So, Paudheen, you made a bowld stroke of business in Waxford." This was said in a very low voice by a very tall man.

"Faith, if I have luck an' got the money, I'll go to New York."

"How much is the reward?"

"A hundred pounds!"

"A hundred pounds! Murther! was any wan of the family ever so rich? But, warn't you hard hearted to sell poor, old Mr. D'Arcy?"

"Not a bit. He was sure to be tuk; an' isn't the money bether in his countryman's pocket than in the pocket of the p'lice?"

How could you know he was sure to be tuk?"

"Oh, I was sure; an' I'm sure the gentleman would rather me have the money than let the govermint have id."

"How did you find where he was?"

"Well, a friend in Waxford. That's all now."

Paudheen was in the luxurious contemplation of his hundred pounds when his "interrogator" remarked that "the right-hand man" was a long time later.

"I suppose," Paudheen said, "the news is thrue afther all."

"The news!" two echoed together.

"Yes, faith," answered Paudheen; "ould Cunneen towld wan o' the Foley's yestherday, that Giffard was dyin'."

There was a general laugh—one of the fellows swearing that the old fellow would never die naturally; "it was 'gainst all reason," he said, "bekase I'd expect to see St. Patrick alongside ould

Giffard's bed, as soon as a priest wid a stole on 'im—so I would."

The required addition to the company at length arrived. He was a remarkable personage. A large, bullet-head, with curling red hair over the brow, a low forehead, short, small nose, and large mouth—topped a pair of shoulders fit for Atlas. His lawlessness, and, perhaps, his courage were seen in the fact that, in the face of all proclamations and Arms Acts, he carried a well-kept rifle, which seemed to be cared for as a sportsman would care for his piece.

There was a general movement and a low expression of welcome.

The new-comer took from under his coat a dark lantern, and soon the fraternity and their dwelling were dimly revealed.

Paudheen was the first to speak.

"Is it thrue that th'ould fellow is dyin'?" he asked the stranger.

"The news is too good to be true," answered the right-hand man.

"Tim Cunnecent towld Jim Quirk there that owld Giffard was as good as gone."

"But he isn't, you see. I saw him as well as you are when the bell was ringin' for the servant's dinner at the Crag."

"Saw him?" asked the man called Jim Quirk.

"Saw him," was the sententious reply. "He flung out your uncle, Jim," the right-hand man whispered.

"Flung him out," answered Quirk, "and sent him to the workhouse to die."

"He deserves a bullet," remarked Paudheen.

"*Moloch thearg air*," was the pious ejaculation of Quirk.

"The man that strikes the blow will have the blessin' of God an' man," another said. "If a murderer is hanged, why not a murderer be shot? He has no right to life; so he has'nt!"

"Right! right!" Quirk hoarsely muttered.

"The blessin' of the people an' a hundred good guineas he'll have!" said the right-hand man.

"A hundred guineas?" demanded Paudheen. "An' whin'?"

"Asbur the funeral," answered the right hand man. "Who goes? All? Two or three? or one?"

"One ought to be enough," said Quirk, firmly; "and I ought to be the man."

"An' the money?" asked Paudheen.

"You mind No. 1.

"Oh, ain't we all companions?" asked Paudheen. "We share what we get."

The right-hand man denied the rule laid down by Paudheen, and insisted that "the man in the gap" always got half; and the remainder was divided.

"Paudheen may have the money and be hanged!" Quirk said. "I want my revenge!"

Giffard D'Alton was at this moment tranquilly reposing; and he dreamt of his sweet child's return. The singular revulsion of feeling seemed to have more than a passing force. The old man began to think of how much joy he had killed in the home which his tyranny had darkened; and how misery and sorrow haunted his footsteps every day. He felt changed—wonderfully changed; and he began to be impatient for the return of his child and her friends. In fact, he used to wish from time to time that nothing would "happen him" until the spirit of his wife would smile and thank God for the change in the Crag. Alas! we cannot

"Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time."

and undo the facts which make up destiny. While Mr. Giffard D'Alton dreamt of a few years' sunshine, the shadow of death was gathering and deepening around him.

"Then you are the man," the right-hand man concluded, addressing himself to Quirk.

"I am the man!" solemnly answered the would-be murderer. "I am the man!"

"You will find a ladder at his bedroom window at twenty-four hours from this," the right-hand man continued; "and the ould codger keeps a light on his table."

"Capital!" all cried in an undertone. They saw the plan at a glance—its secrecy and its effective character.

Baring had determined to follow the advice of the "old follower of the family," and to give to history one more agrarian outrage, and make himself master of the Crag. Of course, "the right-hand man" was Baring's messen-

ger; and the hundred pounds was to come from Baring's purse, to pay the assassin of his uncle.

The right-hand man now produced new help in the form of a bottle of whiskey, of which the evil-doers largely availed themselves. A couple of glasses each produced a wonderful amount of ambitious heroism. First of all, Paudheen declared things had not been done fairly; "Every wan had a right to slay an' kill the ould vagabone!—Every wan!"

Paudheen was joined by one or two others who declared that Quirk got an advantage of the brotherhood, and they all had a right "to the life an' the money."

The right-hand man reminded them that "every one of 'em could'n't do the wan thing."

He was answered, "Lots! Cast lots!"

Quirk had not drank half as much as the others, and he saw things had tended to a row.

"Oh! I am satisfied even now," he cried. "Brothers ought'n't to fall out!"

"Right! right!" all of them replied. "Right!"

"We are to cast lots then!" the right-hand man remarked.

"The lots! the lots!" was the reply.

The rifle was now placed in their midst—on a long coarse form. Its shining barrel and lock of polished steel seemed to speak in the dim lamp-light, and to speak in sympathy to the workers in blood.

The right-hand man soon found the lots; and all anxiously gathered around him. He carefully placed the pieces of reed between the fore finger and thumb of both hands, so as to make them all on a line. The lot fell on him who drew the shortest; or on the right-hand man himself, if the shortest should be left in his hand. One drew—an other—a third—a fourth—a fifth—and the lengths were compared. It would be surprising, and look like a fate, if the lot fell upon Quirk—and it did; but we fear very much that the right-hand man took advantage of the few glasses the patriots and humanitarians had taken, and enabled the sober man to put his neck in the halter.

Complaints were raised—rather loudly too—and it required all the tact and

influence of the emissary to prevent a battle. Finally, however, the midnight band separated, and it was agreed that two of the number should be within call, if needed by the perpetrator of the deed; and that, at half past one in the morning of the following day, the identical rifle on the table should do justice to mankind by blowing out the brains of Mr. Giffard D'Alton as he laid unconscious in his bed.

A solemn oath of help in case of need, and secrecy, was then renewed, and the party broke up.

Quirk was true to his hate and vengeance. He had courage as well as malignity. In a lonely glen some miles away he spent the following day, and spent it in constant practice. He fixed marks against rocks—tied marks to the branches of brambles—fixed slight, straight twigs fifty, sixty, and seventy paces away. He hit the mark every time.

"That will do, *colleen!*" he said to the gun. "You will send the murderer of my poor uncle to destruction! Oh, agin I say *molecht dheargh air!*" and that means a fine scarlet malediction—red as blood!

And yet whenever Quirk met a stranger, he looked in his face, as if he had been suspecting him of anything; and once he saw a policeman coming along the road in his direction; and Quirk's heart beat. For he thought all had been discovered. But there was no notion of the dark deed to be done at the Crag.

On the contrary, this day Father Aylmer had been with Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and had with that gentleman a very long conversation. He had been saying how the words used by Father Aylmer had been before his mind ever since; and how he used to repeat "I stand knocking!" until he really began to think he heard a real knocking at the door. He said, moreover, that he always thought God would not give him the comfort of seeing even his daughter Amy—"just because it would be *such a joy*—and you know, reverend sir, I deserve no joy," he would conclude.

Father Aylmer had been the bearer of an offer to Mrs. Hayes from Mr. D'Alton to give to Crichawn and herself a farm twice as good as the one of which he had dispossessed her; and

when the offer was thankfully declined he insisted that he should be allowed at all events to "help Ally Hayes's fortune," and astonished the priest by a cheque for two hundred pounds!

"Why, Mr. D'Alton!"

"Well, reverend sir, what use—what use? Why I would give two or ten or twenty thousand pounds to live my last five and twenty years over again! But I can't change the lives I made miserable—and I can't restore the dead!—*Ochone!*"

"Well, sir, you will have many years yet—and Amy, and—who knows—even Henry!"

"Oh, don't—don't—don't now. There is the heart-break—the heart-break!"

"Have you written to Mr. Meldon?"

"I have; and so have you."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, the short and the long of it is—I dare not believe that—Henry lives—and I keep my mind away from it."

"The fact is we must continue the inquiries. Mr. Meldon says there was a Mr. D'Alton well known in North America, a man of large fortune and great success in all his pursuits. The Mr. D'Alton so well known was *not* in the army at all; and therefore the death of which you heard could not be the death of Henry D'Alton."

On grand designs of reparation intent the parish priest and the changed Giffard D'Alton talked on till ten or eleven o'clock. The priest gave family prayers, at which Mr. Baring most devoutly assisted, and then the clergyman departed for home.

Mr. Baring had made his uncle's room a visit and industriously removed the encrustation of antiquated dust which muffled the bed-room window that looked into the yard. He then stole into Amy D'Alton's room, got down a back stairs, and soon was miles away.

The tumult in Baring's mind began now to have a kindled tumult in the world around him. There was first a stillness which lasted for some time after he had left. The leaves on the trees seemed to listen, and as they fell on the moist earth or on one another the echo was like the hiss of a whip. Then there was some rumbling in the distance; and then a darkness and a flash; and then a thunder clap that

seemed Nature's death-sentence, and seemed to shake the foundation of the hills. Decidedly the gambler and debauchee is frightened, and he has reason.

A figure passes in the thick darkness—and he thinks he hears a terrible Irish curse breathed. He is too frightened to stop or stay. He rushes on and on, hardly knowing where; and, drenched with rain and almost blinded with lightning, he sinks under a shelving hedge and tries to rest.

Meanwhile Quirk is not unfaithful to his bad resolve. Crouching in a cabin half a mile off he is waiting for some pause in the storm. Even inside his "coatha mor" his rifle would become useless, after a struggle with such a down-pour as happened that evening; and he had time enough until two o'clock, or even three, in the morning.

(To be continued.)

## CANADIAN ESSAYS.

### EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

#### LECTURES.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

"THERE is a lecture this evening at the hall," said a citizen to his friend the other evening. "Who is the lecturer?" asked the friend. "Mr. So-and-o and he lectures upon such and such a subject—you should come!" He thinks for a moment and then replies, "I guess not, I have heard him before and once is enough for me to hear a man." "But," continues the other, "you never heard him lecture upon the subject he has chosen for this evening." "No, but I have read all about that subject, and it would be tiresome for me to listen to the same thing over again." "Well, then," says friend No. 1, "do as you please, but for my part, I am off to hear the lecture." "And I," says friend No. 2,—"am off to the opera—they play *Fra Diavolo* to-night, it will be the fifth time I have gone to hear this opera, and I still find something new and attractive in it each time—a change of costume—a change of *role*—a change of *scenery*, always something new. Good-night and I wish you fun!"

The above conversation has never taken place in these terms, but by word and by act it is repeated to a certain extent, every day. There are not many words in it, but much is comprised in the ideas and tastes and sentiments so expressed. We hope it will not be considered that we are opposed to operas and dramas because we terminate the conversation with the last remarks of the friend No. 2. Such is not the object we have in view. The opera and the drama are, not only good, (when moral and high) but are even necessary to our society at large.

We merely desire to answer two great objections ever made, by those who are not fond of such entertainments as are afforded by lectures,—two objections expressed in the answers given by the person above referred to. Firstly the lecturer is objected to, because he has already been heard, and secondly the subject is objected to, because we are acquainted with it.

Few men are perfect as orators. To be a perfect orator it is not only necessary to be a deep thinker, a hard student, a fluent speaker and a good composer. There is a something else required—a something that is easier understood than described. It is a certain power, which merely a gifted few possess, of seizing (as it were) the listeners and drawing them along with him from idea to idea, from sentiment to sentiment. A species of mesmerism, by which the orator is enabled to awaken in the breasts of others, feelings of joy, of sorrow, of pleasure, of hope, of expectation, of enthusiasm. When we find a man possessed of this great gift, this mighty power, we can listen to him not only with satisfaction but with a kind of passion. We regret when he has concluded his address or lecture,—we acquire a thirst for that undefinable feeling which his presence and language and action produce,—we seize on every opportunity afforded us to return again and spend with him an hour of delight. Such was the eloquence of a Bossuet, of a Massillon, of a Lascroire, of a père Felix, of a père Monsabré, of a Father Tom Burke, such was the eloquence of a Pitt, an Edmund Burke, an O'Connell, a Whiteside, a Holmes, a Richard Lalor Shiel.

Unfortunately we have none—or at

least very few, such true orators in our day and in our country. But it is not necessary that a man be a perfect orator, in order that he may be an interesting, in structive and eloquent, lecturer. If we hear a man once and on a particular subject, we cannot well judge of his powers. And a man may be quite ordinary when treating a certain subject and be most powerful when touching on another one. So that, to say such and such a one is no speaker, is uninteresting, or unstructive, because on a certain occasion we heard him lecture or speak, would be unfair and unjust.

Lecturers are not sufficiently encouraged in Canada. The lecture room is the *rendez-vous* of the elite of society. By *elite* we do not mean the most wealthy or the most powerful members of society, but we mean the most intelligent, the most learned and most useful members. The lecture-room is a species of school or college of a very high order. There, we have always something to learn. There we may always hear something new to us. No two men can speak for an hour upon any one subject—and express the same ideas throughout, give vent to the self-same sentiments, unroll the very same pictures, or clothe their thoughts in the self-same language. Consequently on going to a lecture, we are sure, howsoever inferior the speaker may be when compared to others, that we will hear something that we have never before heard. We are positive to glean ideas and sentiments and expressions that would otherwise have been forever foreign to us. And we are, therefore, sure to learn something useful, something noble, something good.

Again a person will object to a lecture on the ground that he knows the subject, has studied it, and, perhaps has a greater knowledge of it than the lecturer himself. Even so, there may be a thousand little points in the subject which have escaped his eye and which may have fallen under the gaze of one less versed in the matter. And if the lecturer says nothing new, he is certain to say it in a *new manner*. And, even though that manner, be simple and inferior to others, yet there is something in it. Besides, we may rest assured that the man who has taken the trouble to pro-

pare a lecture, to study his subject and to present it, must, necessarily, have a knowledge of it to a certain extent. Therefore we consider that, it is no reason to shirk the lecture hall, because the lecturer is known to us, or because we may happen to be acquainted with the subject.

In a late essay we passed a few remarks on libraries and their utility; and, it is unnecessary to say, that the short time allotted to man in this life, is an unsurmountable obstacle to his being able to study every branch or read every volume in a library. Consequently, a man should not only study and read by himself and for himself, but should also strive to make use of other people's labors. And if there is a place where one can, certainly, profit by the study, the research, the work and the reading of another, it is in a lecture hall. There you get in one short hour, the result of, perhaps, weeks and months of application and study. There in a few moments you learn more than you might learn in a month's reading.

Now, that we have answered in a couple of words, these two great and sole objections to lectures and lecturers—we would, merely, say a few words about the utility of them. It is too bad, that in Canada, we have so few. In each city there should be a regular lecture hall—a hall that would not be leased to play-troops, to opera companies, or to any other persons—save lecturers. And, then, it should be the duty of those who have the hall to chose fit and proper persons to deliver lectures. They should be frequent, above all during the winter months—and the subjects should be instructive, and moral in the strictest meaning of the words. And whenever a good lecturer, from foreign parts, would chance to come to town, there would be a place ready for him. Such halls in Toronto, in Ottawa, in Montreal, and Quebec, would serve more than may be, at first, imagined to raise up the tone of our Canadian literature—to give an impulse to it and to afford encouragement to those desirous of going beyond the narrow circle whereby it is now circumscribed.

But, it will be objected, (eternal objections?) that we have no men to lecture. How do you know that? Have

you ever tried them or attempted this plan? Did Ireland know what glorious minds she possessed, before circumstances called forth her galaxy of orators? Did France know what power was hidden in her, before her great men were pushed forward by the exigencies of the times? Did the literature of England know what lights were burning in obscurity, until a Milton, a Byron, a Keats or an Otway, shone out. Did the world know what gems were hidden in the earth before the occasion and the *Spirit of the Nation* called forth a Duffy, a Mangan, a Callanan, a McCarthy, or a Davis? There is a doubt expressed in that objection and the cause and the object are worth the trial. Nothing can be lost by the attempt, while on the other hand much is to be gained.

Not to go outside the four walls of the city of Quebec, and not to speak of any other than French Canadian writers and lecturers we have some most powerful minds. We have men who want but the opportunity and the aid from their fellow-countrymen, to blaze forth in a new light. To mention but one, we have a judge of our Superior Court, who comparatively speaking, is a young man and whose talents and powers as a lecturer would do honor to many of those who weekly hold forth to vast audiences in the lecture-halls of Paris. Why not give such men the chance to instruct and to elevate the people and to tinge with a truly national color the disjointed literature of this now and glorious land?

What vast fields are yet unexplored by the most of us! There are millions of grand subjects that would deserve the attention of the public and that could be made more familiar, every day, by the means herein referred to. Every one has his hobby, his special study with which he is acquainted. Had we good lecture-halls and good lecturers many a pleasant hour might be whiled away in passing from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt and the lyrics of Burns. Then we could pause steadily, and look at these facts till they blaze before us; "look till the imagination summon up even the few acts and thoughts named in the last sentence; and when these visions—



from the Greek pirate to the fiery-eyed Scotchman—would have begun to dim, we could solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities, as one whose breast has been sobbing at the far sight of a mountain, resolves to climb it, and already strains and exults in his purposed toil.\*

We would have it understood that none of our remarks upon such subjects, as libraries, lectures, &c., are altogether original. They are the feeble expression of ideas entertained by master minds and undisputed authorities. Not only in our day do we find eminent personages holding up the lecture or the conference as one of the best and easiest means of higher education. In the seventeenth century,—not to speak of the foregoing ages—we find such men as Fénelon, himself an orator, as Bourdaloue, another great speaker, telling the people to hear as often as possible good and eloquent men. François de LaRocheffoucauld in his comments upon conversation—and a lecture is nothing other than a conversation in which only one person speaks—says, "Speak often, but not too long at a time, it will serve yourself while it will instruct and help others." The famous Madame de Sévigné in a letter dated from Paris, the 4th of May, 1676, over two hundred years ago, tells her friend that more can be acquired, in the way of knowledge, by listening for a half-hour to a good speaker than by reading for two hours in one's room. In the eighteenth century we find the celebrated Montesquieu saying, in other words almost the same thing. And the too famous Voltaire in his work entitled—"L'homme aux quarante ecus"—says, "Only speak in public to tell truths and new ones, and useful ones, do so with eloquence, with sentiment and with reason." And he adds, that by so doing you are placing your hearers under a deep obligation to you.

In our own age—this nineteenth century—we find amongst the advocates of lecturing and speaking such names as those of DeMaistre, Thiers, Villemain, Hugo, Montalembert, and others. Truly they did not all write especially on the

subject. But here and there scattered through their works we find the expression of their ideas upon this point. Even that famous orator and lecturer, the Rev. D. W. Cahill, D. D., fully understood how useful it was to thus collect together a number of people and to convey to them all, at the one time, the results of his studies and his labors of years.

It is scarcely necessary to say any more upon this question. We are certain that no person will for a moment doubt the truth of the fact, that the establishment of lecture-halls in our principal cities would be one of the best and surest and safest means to diffuse knowledge amongst all classes of people.

But one thing should be avoided, and that is to make of a lecture-hall an assembly-room for any juno or faction. Party-spirit should be chased far away from its door. It is nearly time that the country at large should cease to suffer from such causes. Upon the political hustings such divisions are in their place; but when there is question of the interests of every class and every nationality, no such spirit should exist. It were well for us, if it could be said of the people of Canada that they were like unto the ancients, when—

"None were for a party—

But all were for the State,

And the great man helped the poor man,

And the poor man loved the great.

When the spoils were fairly portioned,

And the souls were fairly sold:

The Romans were like brothers,

In the brave days of old!"

O'CONNELL.

To the Editor of THE HARP.

SIR,—Perhaps the following truthful portrait of the Liberator, may not, at this distance of time, prove unacceptable to the readers of THE HARP. At no period has it been more necessary to wake up recollections of those who lived and died for Ireland, than the present, when a venal press, as in the days of O'Connell, is endeavoring by the foulest vituperation, to tarnish the fair fame of a gentleman whose patriotic efforts, are now nobly directed towards the accomplishment of Ireland's redemption.

Faithfully yours,

M. D.

Montreal, April, 1880.

NEVER can we forget our first hearing of this mighty Irish chief, the last of the Milesian Monarchs, not merely an

\* In our last essay on libraries, we made use of this same citation; but it being so applicable to both questions, we have taken the liberty of quoting it once more.

orator, but a prince, ruling over a chivalrous light-hearted people—Daniel O'Connell.

It was on a bright September morning, in the year 1835, that we, at that time a newly-licensed preacher of the Word, left the little red-tiled village of Pitlessie, in Fife, where we had been discharging the duties of our calling, for Edinburgh, to be present at the O'Connell festival. Every incident and step in that little journey lie before us still, as if they were inscribed on canvas, or sculptured in marble: such as the walk of some miles to the spot where we were to meet the stage, through the rustling fields of ripe corn; the ride on the top of the coach along the merry lands of Fife; the queer feelings with which we passed through Kirkaldy, repeating to ourselves the words "the lang town, the lang town, the lang town o' Kirkaldy," and wondering if it were ever to come to an end; the emotion with which we saw again, after a long absence, the glories of that unrivalled Frith of Forth, which we had never seen before from the North side, with all its marvellous promontaries, hills, and buildings, bathed in the softest and richest of Autumn sunshine; our passage amid the afternoon hues of deepening splendor across the waters, and our entrance once more into that Modern Athens which, though *now* it seems to us greatly changed, looked then like a picture of the New Jerusalem, adorned as a bride prepared for her husband, and covered in all its streets, and squares, and back-grounds, with

"The light that never was on sea or shore,  
The consecration and the poet's dream."

Arrived, we lost no time in securing what was the main desire of our heart at the time, a ticket for the O'Connell dinner. A day or two had yet to elapse ere the period fixed for that entertainment, and this time we spent in intercourse with old friends, in revisiting all our favorite points of view about the city and neighbourhood: the Calton Hill where we had read Johnson's "Rasselas"; the half-moon battery on the castle, where we were once deep in the "Revolt of Islam," when a great thunder storm came up from the west, and shed some lurid drops on the more lurid  
page \* \* \* \* \*

We were up early and wandering with high expectations through the crowded streets; for, although it was Autumn, Edinburgh was in flood, and the centre of all its multitudes and of all its material grandeurs was for the day Daniel O'Connell. Every group was talking of him, every eye we saw told that the soul within was thinking of him, either for or against, and you heard the very poorest, as they passed you, breathing his name. It was a sublime and affecting spectacle, to see what Carlyle has called the loyalty of men to their sovereign man! For O'Connell *was*, for the time, the real king, not only of Ireland, but of Scotland, nay, of Britain. It was arranged that, ere the dinner in the evening, there should be a preliminary meeting on the Calton Hill, where the greatest of out-of-door orators should appear in his own element, and have the blue sky for his canopy. It was the most impressing spectacle we ever witnessed. We stood in common with some hundreds more, on a platform, separated from the general crowd, and surrounding, at no great distance, the still more elevated spot on which O'Connell and a few of his committee and friends were stationed. The day was clear and bright when he began his address. But a few among that mighty multitude had an eye or a thought to spare for the scenery around them, all were too eagerly gazing on that one point to the eastward, where the hero of the day was expected to appear.

By and by, first a hum among the multitude, then a sudden disparting of its wave, and then a cheer, loud, universal, and long-continued, announced that he was there. And quietly and suddenly as an apparition up stood the Czar of Ireland in the presence of 50,000 Scotchmen, and of the grandest scenery in Scotland, tall, massive, clad in green; his bonnet girdled with gold—with those eloquent lips, and indiscrutable eye of his—

"Will this immense multitude hear him?" was a question we overheard asked by a gentleman who was standing immediately before us. "They'll hear his arms, at least," was the reply. The cheers now subsided, and a death-like stillness obtained. After an address to

him had been hurriedly read, he commenced his speech with a serene dignity and depth of tone which no language of ours can represent. His first words were, "Men of Scotland, I have news for you, I have come to tell you the news. The Tories are beginning to repent that they have permitted the Reform Bill to be passed, and I believe their repentance is *very sincere*." What struck us first about the address, was the simplicity of style. It was just the after-dinner talk of a gifted man produced to the ear of thousands, and swelled by the echoes of the hills. But such talk, so easy, so rich, so starred with imagery, so radiant with wit, and varying, so freely and so quickly, from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the stern to the gay, from abuse to lofty poetry, from bitter sarcasm to mild insinuating pathos. What struck us next were the slowness and excessive richness of his tones and cadences. Such a voice was never heard before or since. It seemed to proceed from lips of ivory. The tones were deep, lingering, long-drawn out, with sweetness and strength strangely wedded together in every vibration of their sound. The words as he uttered them "Red Rathcormac" still ring in our ears. His arms as he kindled, seemed inspired. Now he waved them both aloft over his head, now he shook one of them in the air, now he folded them, as if they had been eagle's wings, over his breast, now he stretched them out imploringly to his audience; and it was all so thoroughly natural.

His abuse and sarcasm were, as usual, exceedingly fierce, but accented by the music of his tones into a kind of wild harmony. He called Peel, we remember, "the greatest humbugger of the age, and as full of cant as any canter who ever canted in this canting world." He alluded to the glories of the scene around him in terms of enthusiastic admiration, and quoted—giving thereby a thrill to our hearts which we feel at this moment again there—the words of Scott in "Marmion."

"Where is the Coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land?"

About the middle of his speech the sky became overcast; a black cloud, with rain, hailstones, and a muttering of thunder, came over the assembly and

the thought occurred to us "what a catastrophe it were, and how the Tories would exult, did an arrow of lightning leap from that darkness and slay O'Connell, in this the very culmination of his triumph?" But it passed away, and the September sun shone out again gloriously on the stalwart form of the Titan, who closed his speech by depicting the coming of a day when Ireland and Scotland should be reconciled, and when the "Irish mother would soothe her babe with

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

The effect of this touch at the time was indescribable, although on reflection we thought a war-song, tho' the finest in the world would be a strange lullaby for a child. The multitude as he ended, seemed to heave out their feelings at one loosened heart, and although these were tumultuous cheers, they seemed but a faint echo of the deep emotion.

The hour for dinner came. It took place in the Cannon-mills Hall. Good speeches were delivered by Dr. Bowring, James Aytoun, Dr. James Brown, and others. But compared to O'Connell they seemed all school boys learning to speak in a juvenile debating society. His speech was not of course, equal to that of the morning. It wanted the accessories. Instead of mountains, he was surrounded by decanters, and had wine-glasses before him, in place of seas? Yet it showed quite as much mastery. What struck you again about his style and manner, was its exquisite combination of ease and energy, of passion and self-command. Again the basis was conversation, and yet, on that basis, how did he contrive to build energetic, force in-vective, sarcasm which scorched like grape-shot, and touches of genuine imagination. His questions seemed hooks, which seized and detained his audience whether they would or no. Altogether it was Titanic talk. And then his voice! Again that wondrous instrument, which Disraeli admits to have been the finest ever heard in parliament, rolled its rich thunder, its swelling and sinking waves of sound, its quiet and soft cadences of beauty alternated with bass notes of grandeur, its divinely managed brogue, over the awed and thrilled multitude who gave him their applause at times,

but far more frequently that "silence which is the best applause."

We left with this impression—we have often heard more splendid spouters, more fluent and rapid declaimers, men who coin more cheers, men too, who have thrilled us with deeper thought and loftier imagery; but here for the first time, is an orator in the full meaning and amplest verge of that term—*totus, teres, et rotundus*.

This indeed was the grand peculiarity of O'Connell. As an orator, he was artistically *one*. He had all those qualities which go to form a great speaker, united into harmony, strengthened and softened into an essence *subdued* into a whole. He had a presence which, from its breadth, height, and command, might be called majestic. He had a head of ample compass, and an eye of subtlest meaning, with caution, acuteness, and cajolery mingling in its ray. He had the richest and best managed of voices. He had wit, humor, sarcasm, invective, at will. He had a *fine* Irish fancy, flushing up at times into imagination. He had a lawyer-like acuteness of understanding. He had a sincere love for his country. He had great readiness, and had also, that quality which Demosthenes deemed so essential to an orator—action: not the leaping, and vermicular twistings, and contortions, and ventriloquisms, and ape-like gibberings, by which some men delight the groundlings and grieve the judicious, but manly, natural, and powerful action. And over all these faculties he cast a conversational calm; and this rounds off the unity, and made his varied powers not only complete in number, but harmonious in play. Hence he moved altogether when he moved at all. Hence while others were running, or leaping or dancing, or flying with broken wing and convulsive effort, O'Connell was content majestically to *walk*. Hence while others were screaming, or shouting, or lashing themselves into noisy fury, O'Connell was simply anxious to *speak*, and to speak with authority. Nothing discovers to us more the energy of O'Connell's genius than his vituperation. Witness his onset on Disraeli: unjust though that in some points, yet it was so powerful, so refreshing, and so original, that you fancied the spirit

of the author of the "Legion Club" or of him who wrote the "Irish Avator," to have entered O'Connell for the nonce. It was a touch of genius worthy of Swift or of Byron, to call Disraeli the "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." All men great and small can call names. But there is the widest difference between the vituperation of a porter and that of a poet—between a kick given by an ass from below, and the stroke dealt by an angel from above. The one recoils from the object of assault, and impinges upon the stupid assailant; the other rests on the brow, the scar of an irresistible and supernal blow. The one strikes, the other strikes *down*. The one, to use the words of Christopher North is "like mud thrown by a brutal boor on the gateway of some glorious edifice;" the other is a flash of lightning from on high, which can neither be repelled nor replied to, but leaves a Cain-mark on the devoted brow, which may be its only passport to future ages.

But it may be asked what *did* this man whose powers you rate so highly?

Daniel O'Connell has taught us some very important lessons, altogether apart from that special line of political conduct to which he latterly devoted his powers. First of all, he was one of the most determined, and disinterested, and unwearied denouncers of slavery in all its forms and shapes, in all countries and climes, that our land has ever witnessed. And thus, while his name is at present rather at a discount in England, it is beloved and revered in America, and the inhabitants of "vast burning zones" in Africa mingle it with those of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Garrison and Mrs. Stowe, in the prayers they offer and the blessings they breathe. Whatever errors of policy O'Connell may have committed, he covered them with a wide mantle of universal charity, and entitled himself, above *all* his contemporaries, to the name, the "Friend of the Black Man," the patron and defender of those "images of God carved in ebony." And not Brougham himself ever threw out more blasting torrents of invective against the cowardly oppressors of the negro, and the still more miserable sophisters who have attempted to justify, to soften, to explain away,

and eternize the outrage. O'Connell's invective excels Lord Brougham's in directness, in heartiness, in raciness, and in imagination. The attacks of the noble lord, powerful as they were, resembled the abuse of Apermantus, clever, caustic, and keen; those of O'Connell, the sublime and fire-tipped utterances of Timon: the one never exceeded lofty passion—the other rose into absolute poetry; showing thus the intense distinction between a mind of great talent, and a mind of a very high order of poetic genius.

O'Connell, secondly, for ever demolished old Toryism. The energy of his assaults, the pertinacity with which he returned to the charge, the bitter sarcasms by which he scorched and withered his opponents, and the mighty force derived from the "seven millions" whom fancy saw peopling the horizon behind him—all tended to abash the front of the then Tory idea, and to precipitate its long projected transmigration into the form of Conservatism. Whatever else O'Connell failed to do, he did this—he impaled the old shape of political exclusiveness; he opened the doors of Parliament to the children of his people; he annihilated tithes, in their worst form; and he showed, that the Milesian race, after centuries of degradation, could yet bear a Man, before whom the proudest of their Saxon superiors were fain to quail, and who arrested the progress of a party to irresponsible and absolute power in Britain.

Thirdly, he gave wholesome proof of the effect of perseverance. In 1828 the name of O'Connell was a name of reproach. His talents were underrated; he was spoken of as a mere "mob orator;" his own kind of vituperation, only destitute of its vital force and burning genius, was applied to him without mercy; every small prophet was predicting, that, as soon as he entered Parliament, he was sure to "find his level." In 1830 he became a senator; in 1831 he was listened to as the first orator in the House of Commons; and in 1835, as he stood on his proud pinnacle on the Calton Hill, he had become (Wellington not even at that time excepted) the most noticeable and powerful man in the British empire—the most loved by his friends, and the most dreaded by

his foes. He has left behind him a reputation so wide and wondrous, that we may truly call it fame. He has proved what a single man may, and may not do. He has driven the notion of the capacities of individual power to its extreme point—Never, since the days of Cromwell, was there in Britain a man who exerted more power, nor one who on the whole deserved more to be a *Monarch*.

#### THE MONTH OF MARY.

THE following little poem in praise of the Blessed Virgin, is a complete answer to the Protestant objections made against the Catholic devotion to Mary. The clear, bright reason of Longfellow which has grasped so thoroughly one Catholic truth, cannot long remain in exile from the rest. True poetry is always Catholic.

The picture the poet draws of Mary is superb. One can read and re-read those lines without tiring, and find fresh beauties with each reading. We will take a liberty, however; in the heading we will substitute May for "Italy," and in the first line month for "land."

#### MAY.

##### LONGFELLOW'S TRIBUTE TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

"This is indeed the blessed Mary's month,  
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!  
All hearts are touched and softened at her  
name;

Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,  
The priest, the prince, the scholar and the  
peasant,

The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,  
Pay homage to her as one ever present!  
And even as children who have much  
offended

A too indulgent father, in great shame,  
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended  
To go into his presence, at the gate  
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait  
Till she goes in before and intercedes;  
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,  
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near  
With their requests, an angry father's ear,  
Offer to her their prayers and their confes-  
sions,

And she for them in heaven makes interces-  
sions.

And if our Faith had given us nothing more  
Than this example of all womanhood—  
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,  
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,  
This were enough to prove it higher and  
truer,  
Than all the creeds the world had known  
before."

The highest type of mother is a sister to her children; and the idea of Mary's intercession could not have been more beautifully expressed than above. Especially is it applicable to the present month when, the world over, Catholic hearts are outpouring in devotion and supplication to the Blessed Mother. We can almost imagine that in this particular season of grace, the Blessed Virgin is accompanied in her constant visits to the Throne, to seek favors for her clients, by the entire heavenly cortege appointed to her honor and her service—and by myriad of volunteers who come to add their merits to their suppliant Queen's.

Around every altar where pure, loving hands have placed fresh Spring flowers, and where the lights burn in honor of our Lady in this her month, there must be a dazzling array of Angels, swift bearing messengers to their Mistress of every poor human hope and pleading from her tried and trusting children. Here, we should especially come to combat the particular temptations which a corrupt society produces in this present time and in our land—repining against our lot—an unchristian indifference to impure things. No sorrows can equal the agony of the afflicted Mother at the foot of the Cross—she will teach us resignation; she can beautify the humblest home and make it happy—she who cheerfully tended with her own fair hands to the household duties of Nazareth, to the wants of the Infant and Man-God, and of her spouse the holy St. Joseph;—and where can we receive a safer shelter from the thousand and one lures of a sensuous, sensual age, than in the Sacred Heart of the stainless Virgin and Mother, Mary Immaculate?

The truer the woman—though her creed may reject the prophecy of the Angel Gabriel and may refuse the title "Blessed" to the Mother of God—the truer the woman, the keener the perception she has of the graces and glories of Mary. Chaste maidens will turn to her as the model and mirror of purity; and matrons will revere in her, the loyalty of the spouse and the devotion of the mother. Great blessings flow from these month of May devotions. The light of faith is powerful in this bright

month—and we have been a thankful, happy witness to the same.

Bring then your non-Catholic friends—matrons and maidens, to these sweet May devotions. Somewhere, the full beauty of the Mother of God may strike the instinctive womanly mind—somewhere, a sisterly responsive chord may awaken in the generous womanly heart, when contemplating that

"example of all womanhood—  
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,  
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,"  
Mary!—*Catholic Universe.*

"THE HAND OF GOD WAS  
THERE!"

A BIOGRAPHY.

A. M. D. G.

The death of Miss Anne Abigail Barber, in religion Rev. Mother St. Francis Xavier, a venerable member of the Ursuline Monastery of Quebec, which occurred on the 2nd March last, has suggested to the writer to lay before the readers of *THE HARP* the following sketch of three generations of a most remarkable family who, in the wonderful ways of God's Providence, were brought into the fold of His Church, and, all of whom, following the Evangelical counsels, devoted the remainder of their lives to His service. The particulars are taken from a most reliable source.

The Reverend Virgil Horace Barber, descendant of an English family who settled in the Colonies long before their struggle for independence, was a native of the State of New Hampshire, and the son of an Episcopalian clergyman of which church he was himself also a minister. Being an excellent classical scholar, his first care after his ordination was to make a careful study of the best authors who had written in the learned languages, so as to perfect himself in pulpit eloquence, and amongst these were the early fathers of the Church, including St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and particularly St. Cyprian. Having married a lady of remarkable talents and intelligence—a Miss Booth—she became the partner of his studies, they spending

together in those pursuits all their leisure time, and so they were insensibly, as it were, drawn to a knowledge of the Truth as it is in the Catholic Church. Each returning day brought them from Heaven some ray of that immortal light destined to shine forever upon them. Unknown to each other they had yielded to the action of grace! Mr. Barber who was a Professor in the University of New York, soon began to feel, by anticipation, the sacrifice he should be forced to make if he acted conformably to these convictions. His faithful companion discerned the cause of his anguish, however carefully concealed, and with that courage so natural to every virtuous woman, she resolved to brave the trial so as to afford him relief. Having one day observed that he sighed more deeply than usual, she thus accosted him in one of her most agreeable tones: "Virgil, it was you who made the demand for our union, is it not now my turn to beg of you a favor of a very different nature?" Then, without a moment's pause, she acknowledged to him her own desire of becoming a catholic and of embracing the religious life, so as to follow with more perfection, the example of our Lord Jesus, His Apostles and the greatest Saints. Vanquished by the courage of his wife, Mr. Barber owned to her the secret causes of his anguish, adding that their domestic felicity and his prosperous position in life, should be sacrificed without delay, as no one knoweth how long the Almighty may be disposed to await their answer to His "call of grace." This eventful occurrence took place in 1817. One son and four daughters—of whom more anon—then blessed their union and no trial had ever thrown the slightest shade over their happiness. God had favored them with the gift of mutual support and sympathy, and these with His grace completely triumphed over the instincts of nature. Without further resistance these virtuous souls, yielding to the inspirations of Heaven, sought advice and instruction from the pastors of the Church. Delighted to find converts so faithful to grace, the catholic clergymen did not, however, at once approve of their ardent aspirations after religious perfection; the practice of the Evangelical counsels being un-

congenial to the married state, and Holy Church then as ever, most unwilling to "dissolve the bond" formed by God Himself. Meanwhile, the illustrious Bishop de Cheverous took their cause in hand, received their abjuration, baptised them with their children and then introduced them to the Bishop and clergy of Baltimore, where they were received with the greatest kindness. Being fully determined to embrace the religious state, Mr. Barber obtained his entrance among the Jesuits and his worthy partner was admitted into the Visitation Convent founded in Georgetown, D. C. by Miss Lawlor, a short time previous, being allowed also to take with her her three eldest daughters whose education she there continued. The son, little Samuel was placed at board with a friend, whilst Josephine the parents' fond pet was adopted by the mother of the good Bishop Fenwick.

Shortly after the completion of these pleasing arrangements, the new Jesuit novice had to prepare for a journey to the Eternal City, where, during a sojourn of several years he was ordered to "sound his vocation" and dispose himself by hard study to enter Holy Orders, if such should appear to be the will of Heaven. After his "trial of three years," Father Barber received the unanimous consent of his superiors to receive Holy orders and he soon joyfully returned to Georgetown where Mrs. Barber was also prepared to pronounce her vows. By a special privilege, these two favored souls were allowed to offer up together their inestimable sacrifice in the chapel of the Visitation, so that Rev. Father Barber was ordained a Priest at the same Mass during which his former wife became a consecrated Nun.

Having received leave after his ordination, to go exercise the sacred ministry in his native state, Rev. Father Barber immediately repaired to Claremont, where he had the consolation of imparting to his own venerable father a knowledge of the truth. Being a widower, the latter also manifested the desire of embracing Evangelical perfection, so with the help of his admirable son, he too "sounded his vocation" and entered Holy Orders, but did not proceed further than the grade of deacon as he had

been twice married. Father Barber had also the consolation of building the first Catholic Church in his native place and it was during its construction that he came to Canada for the first time; arriving at Quebec towards the end of December, 1824, the "immortal Plessis" and his clergy gave him a most cordial reception. The annals of the Ursulines record the fact that he accompanied the Bishop on his visit through the interior of the Monastery on the 2nd January, 1825.

His daughter, Anne Abigail, whose demise has been mentioned above, was born at Claremont on the 5th February, 1811. She took the white veil of an Ursuline with the name of St. Francis Xavier, on the 12th September, 1868, and pronounced her vows on the 11th September, 1828, from which time she was constantly employed as a teacher, rendering most important services, a fact which is gratefully remembered by many still living. As teacher of the fine arts, ornamental writing and fancy works of all kinds, none could surpass her. Shortly after her entry as a novice her father paid a second visit to Quebec, and the affecting character of the meeting of the father and child under such very remarkable circumstances is a tradition carefully handed down by the *religieuses* of that time and its remembrance is piously treasured by their successors.

Two other daughters also became Ursulines. The eldest, Mary, joined the order in Boston as Mother Mary Benedict and made her profession there in 828. After the destruction of their beautiful convent of Mount Benedict by the infatuated and bigoted "Native American" or "Know Nothing" party of Charlestown in 1834, kind Providence guided the much-injured sisters to the Quebec Monastery where they were received with open arms and kindly entertained during four years. At the end of that period, they were induced to return to Boston in the hope of the restoration of their convent home, but as no indemnity could be obtained, they were forced to separate and seek a more permanent refuge among their sisters in Canada and Louisiana; Mother Mary Benedict coming to Quebec. Gifted with talents of a superior order which

had been improved by a highly finished education, she not only taught Literature to the English-speaking pupils, but also imparted her graceful accomplishments to the young sisters of that day. She died in 1848.

Another daughter, Susan, entered the Ursuline novitiate at Quebec in 1828, and shortly after received the white veil, under the invocation of St. Louis Gonzaga; her health, however, requiring change of air, she was sent to the Ursulines at Three Rivers, where she made her profession and died there in 1837.

The son, Samuel, following in the footsteps of his father, also became a Jesuit, and died a member of that distinguished Order, while yet a young man.

The youngest daughter became a member of the sisters of the Visitation and is still living in a convent of that order in St. Louis, Missouri.

Mrs. Barber, who took the name in religion of Mother Mary Augustine, was long one of the most edifying, devoted and able teachers of her celebrated convent, where she sweetly ended her meritorious career in 1860, at the age of 71 years. Rev. Father Barber did not attain the same length of years. After an admirable course of zealous labors for the salvation of his countrymen, he returned to the college of Georgetown where he died the death of the just in 1847. To him may be applied the words of the Psalmist: *In thy strength, O Lord, the just shall rejoice: and in thy salvation he shall rejoice exceedingly: thou hast given him his heart's desire.*

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#### ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD PERIODICAL.

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It is found from experience, that new and varied productions have had a considerable effect upon the People. When their object has been the diffusion of error or immorality, they have, as it were, imperceptibly produced the most lamentable consequences upon the rising generation; and when youth are corrupted, vice obtains a double sway! Thus, the impious philosophers of France and of a neighboring country—Germany, scattered the poison of their infidelity through the medium of small



flying pages; and what they could not do by reason or argument, they effected by ridicule, or fanciful stories, by works of laughter or of wit! The rigid moralist may say "it is bad to promote a love of diversified publications, and it is better to form the mind to solid and serious works." It is very true, if we could get all men at once, to think seriously, and like A Kempis, to be satisfied with a few books of solid piety, the world might dispense with the adventitious aid of light or lively productions. But we must take men as they are, and not as they ought to be! The mind of man is naturally fond of novelty, and he generally considers "variety as charming." Hence, a rage for Albums, Annuals and Magazines under every shape and form, because they are more lively and entertaining than elaborate dissertations or labored volumes! When those productions lead the fancy, captivate the imagination and seduce the heart to the empire of vice, how dreadful are the consequences? To think that at once, such persons will be led to the path of virtue, by dry details, or by works of a very serious nature, is to think very erroneously. Whilst religion despises all novelty in doctrine and every species of fiction and falsehood, she may, as St. Vincent of Lerins said fourteen hundred years ago, and over, vary her mode of advancing the truth. "Method, beauty and clearness, and such kind of embellishments may be added to the Word of God, whilst every kind must continue distinct and entire in its own nature." If then numerous Societies are disseminating works against faith and morals; if unfortunate Apostates who have become "Shipwrecked in the Faith," are scattering their impious sheets of slander "against the Mother that bore them;" if tracts, pamphlets and journals in thousands, are monthly, weekly and daily issuing from the press, to corrupt the faith of the poor, the simple, and the uneducated, shall we be told that "it is better to let things pass; better to let the poison go forth without antidote; better to let falsehood flourish; better to let the sacred cause of truth be left without any means of vindicating it against the combined efforts of art, wit and malice." No, it is the true genius

of Religion, to avail itself of all the lights of the Age, and all the improvements of Arts and Science. If the mighty engine the *Press* be used to corrupt mankind, it is the duty of the virtuous and the good to use it to sustain the cause of "the faith once delivered to the Saints." If "intellect," disordered in its wondrous march, threaten to level all morality and devotion, it is the office of those who love both, to stop the flood of its impiety, and to point out the road in which true intellect, true philosophy, and true genius can march to the "Science of Salvation." In fine, if zeal, perseverance, and combined co-operation be used to destroy all sound principles and sacred practice, why should not every Catholic use zeal, perseverance and combined co-operation in their support?

To the poor who have neither means to purchase, nor time to read ponderous works, a good Periodical is an agreeable treasure. It gives short, but practical essays on morality—it suits the diversified tastes of the many, by adapting its style and language, to the grave and cheerful—to the humorous and serious. The variety of its subjects is suitable to the manners and dispositions of different classes. It brings, almost imperceptibly, literature, taste and religion into combined co-operation. It introduces the rustic and the scholar—the peasant and the peer into the same society. It gives free and easy lessons to the *people* without much labor, and often makes impressions where labored works produce no effect. To the rich a good Periodical brings that taste, tact and talent which they desire to see known and respected. It shows, as it were, Society in miniature before them, whilst it takes every means within its reach to improve or reform it. To the high-minded it opens the magazine of practical ethics, and gives them a love of that kindness and humanity which add so much glory to their character. Here it points out the misery of sordid selfishness, of degrading avarice, or of hard-hearted indifference. There it shows "the luxury of doing good," of exploring the recesses of suffering humanity, and like the benevolent Samaritan, pouring the oil of comfort into the bosom of distress; and speaking the

language of compassion to the ear of wretchedness.

But there is another reason why a religious and moral Periodical should command support. We live in an age of boasted wonders, when everything in nature and art is explored not to make men virtuous, but learned; not to improve their morals, but to increase their pride and insolence. Under the pretext of "philosophy" and "reason;" both are repudiated, and superficial. Knowledge is made subsidiary to the propagation of falsehoods and calumnies against religion. In this case, the lovers of virtue and sound principles, should not stand still whilst the flood of impiety, like a mighty torrent, destroys thousands in its desolating march. It is their province, to direct their course accordingly—to avail themselves of the same activity—earnestness and perseverance, which the enemies of everything sacred ovince. Whilst the mighty engine of the Press is worked in the cause of vice and falsehood, they should use it for opposite purposes—while slander and misstatements are circulated with such avidity—by those who have no principle but dishonor—no art but deceit—no interest but mammon or passion—the children of truth should combine, unite and exert themselves in circulating right and maintaining sound principles. If Catholicity be reviled—if its tenets be misrepresented—and its ministers be caluminated—if lies the most gross and statements the most unfounded, are sent forth to corrupt society—are we, who glory in professing the religion of nearly 1900 years, to satisfy ourselves in the indulgence of a careless or indolent habit? Does not the Lord denounce, in his severest vengeance, those watchmen who sleep upon their post,—or the shepherd who remains quiescent whilst the wolf is devouring the sheep? Does not the Almighty reprobate the ministers of the Church who sit quiet whilst the advocates of error are spreading the poison of their impiety on every side? Does not the Lord, in the Apocalypse ii., applaud the Bishop of Ephesus, for his zeal against those who say (like our modern uncommissioned gentlemen) "they are Apostles, and are not—and hast found them liars?" Does He not rebuke the

Bishop of Pergamus, because he had not opposed (or did not sufficiently oppose them who held the doctrines of Balaam and Nicholas? Does He not condemn the Bishop of Thyatera, because with all his faith—charity—patience and good works—he permitted the woman Jezabel who calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce his servants?" Does He not reproach the Bishop of Laodicia, (ibid. iii. c.) for being "neither hot nor cold," and threaten him for such inactivity to "vomit him out of his mouth?" When, then, we consider the combined machinations of fanatics and bigots—who, under the hypocritical pretext of "piety and religion"—attempt to support monopoly and injustice—are we, under the mistaken idea of "Moderation," to allow truth to be outraged and falsehood to triumph? When thousands of dollars are expended (in the fair City of Montreal alone,) to blacken the religion of nearly 1900 years, is it not our duty, to dispel unfounded prejudices in the language of dignity and truth? Whilst clubs and societies are circulating the reports of packed meetings—of slanderous speeches—and letters from self-condemned Apostates,—are no efforts to be made by Catholics in circulating authentic documents and authorised statements in vindication of our creed and character.

Let us not be told "such efforts are unworthy of notice—such men are below contempt." Even the meanest and worst lies left unrefuted, are believed by thousands of thoughtless individuals—and no falsehood is too gross to be received by some deluded men against "Popery!"

The fact that the answers given in THE HARP, have already produced a powerful effect—affords the best reason why the *banc* should at least be followed by the antidote.

If the traducers have commenced the attack—is not self-defence justifiable? If lies are everywhere circulated—is it unfair to let Truth show herself in "her own native costume?"

But we must resume, in another number, our arguments for combined general co-operation among the Catholic Laity of Canada, in defence of their faith—in supporting good Periodicals—and by

becoming subscribers to THE HARP, established for the purpose of promoting religion at home and abroad, and extending the blessings of a Christian and secular education amongst its readers and patrons throughout the land.

### HOW LONG?

BY T. O'HAGAN.

O Lord! it is hard to have Ireland so long  
 Begging bread from both strangers and foes,  
 O Lord! it is hard to have Ireland so long  
 Toss'd about by a tempest of woes;  
 When, when, shall the sceptre of justice and  
 right

Wave in peace o'er her long widow'd throne;  
 When, when, shall the sun of her happiness  
 dawn  
 To roll back each century-clad moan.

Out, out of the darkness of sorrow I look,  
 As the plumes of bright hope wave me on,  
 And I scarcely have gazed in the sky of my  
 thoughts

When the rays that were bright'ning are  
 gone;  
 And hope and despair breathe a song in my  
 soul—

A song, oh! how strange its weird tune—  
 'Tis an anthem of hope for a much brighter  
 day,  
 'Tis a psalm over pitiless ruin.

And ah! my sad heart weeping tears—bitter  
 tears

O'er the cypress-crown'd years of the past,  
 In sorrow and gloom I kneel at their tomb,  
 And pray God for faith till the last;  
 And pray that each grave on that sea-girdled  
 isle

Be an altar for liberty's throne,  
 And the dove of true peace, from the ark of  
 God's love,  
 Bring a balm for each tear laden moan.

O Great God of Might! rend the shades of  
 cold Night,  
 Dispel the dark mantle of gloom,  
 That hangs o'er that land, o'er each threshold  
 once bright,

Life a grief laden cloud from the tomb.  
 Through a red sea of woe lashed wild by each  
 foe,

Has thy pillar of faith guided on,  
 In this cold night of care may it beam in  
 bright prayer

Till the hosts of dread famine is gone!

By the waters of Salamis crimson'd with  
 blood,

By the sword of the patriot Tell,  
 By the soul of each hero that quickens in  
 dust,

By the sword of each hero that fell,

I pledge thee dear land, with a heart and a  
 hand,  
 At the throne of thy altar to serve;  
 And wedded to thee dear isle o'er the sea,  
 From my duty how can I'er swerve.

Then up with thy flag! fling it wide to the  
 breeze,

Let it stream in its folds o'er the sea,  
 With *Resurgam!* *Resurgam!* emblazon'd in  
 gold

Bright emblem of true liberty;  
 Lift it up! lift it up! the old Banner so bright,  
 In the breath of our faith lift it high;  
 Lift it up! lift it up! let it flash in the sun  
 Till it kiss the blue dome of the sky!

### ENGLAND ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE NATIONS.

"THERE IS NO CRUELTY IN THE HISTORY  
 OF THE WORLD LIKE THE CRUELTY  
 OF ENGLISH GOVERNMENTS TO IRISH  
 CATHOLICS."

At a recent meeting of the Nottingham  
 (Eng.) Catholic Union, the following  
 telling speech, on the gross outrages per-  
 petrated for centuries by the English  
 Governments—Whig and Tory—on the  
 people of Ireland, was delivered by the  
 Right Rev. Dr. Bagshawe, Catholic  
 Bishop of Nottingham, to an audience  
 of over 1,000 persons:—

The Nottingham Catholic Union is  
 for the defense of Catholic interests and  
 the redress of Catholic grievances. The  
 Catholics of Ireland have for centuries  
 suffered, under terrible oppression, and  
 may fairly look to English Catholic  
 unions and associations to help make  
 known and redress their sufferings and  
 grievances. The Catholics of Ireland  
 cannot get the English public to listen  
 to their complaints. When they bring  
 them forward in parliament the mem-  
 bers troop out, and leave them to speak  
 to empty benches. The reporters leave  
 their speeches for the most part unre-  
 ported. The newspapers leave the na-  
 tion in total ignorance of the cruel and  
 unjust usage which it has inflicted, and  
 is still inflicting, on the Catholics of  
 Ireland. They even add calumny and  
 insult to their conspiracy of silence, for  
 they charge the misery of the Irish poor  
 on their own idleness and ignorance,

and on their supposed preference for potatoes and water over beef and bread; and comic papers add to the bitterness of oppression by their calumnious and mocking pictures. We desire to expose the grievances of our Irish brethren, and to demand from the English government and the English parliament that they be redressed. Many people think that there is no hope of redress in that quarter, and that the only remedy is to be found in home rule. But on that question no one will speak to-night. The meeting is not called to discuss it, but, as has been said, to claim from the English government the removal of unjust and oppressive laws. Nor is the meeting called in the interest of any political party. *Whigs and Tories, conservatives and liberals, have rivaled one another, and vied with each other, in oppressing and ruining the Irish Catholics.* The resolutions will first deal with the famine which is impending, or rather which has begun, in Ireland. Many have already died of starvation, thousands are slowly perishing from insufficient nourishment, and thousands would have died of want before this, but for private charity. The destitution is far more widespread, far more complete and hopeless, than the English government and the English people choose to believe. All those who know the country, and especially the Catholic bishops and clergy of Ireland, are unanimous in their testimony on this point. It will belong to the first resolution to enforce and illustrate this statement, and also to protest against the government contenting itself with a measure of relief which is not only pitifully inadequate and tardy, but also in many respects cruelly unjust. The relief by loans has scarcely come into operation at all, and it must be many weeks before it does so on an extensive scale. And the power of relief through boards of guardians has been left almost wholly unused, either through their own fault or that of the Irish local government board, or both. Yet for months past thousands on thousands have only been kept alive on private charity, and the government has had ample warning. The Relief bill appears to be unjust in several ways. First, it relieves a people who are always kept at starvation point by the operation of

the law, not by a gift, but by a loan, which they will shortly have to pay with crushing interest. Secondly, the benefit of the loan comes to the landlords, who, having used it to improve their estates at the public cost, will probably proceed to grind down their tenants, as usual, by a proportionate increase of rent. Thirdly, it takes the money from an Irish instead of an imperial fund. Ireland is reckoned a part of the empire when there is a question of taxing it to pay English debts as though they were its own, but it is not any longer a part of the empire, as Lancashire was, when there is a question of relieving it at the cost of the nation. The second resolution deals in the first place with the laws by which the famine is brought about. *The famine in Ireland is not from the visitation of God, but through the cruelty of man. It is an artificial famine, not a natural one.* In the year 1836 a select parliamentary committee reported that Ireland could easily sustain much more than its actual population, and export immensely besides; nevertheless that any failure of a potato crop would bring a famine. It has always been so in Ireland under English rule. In the middle of the last century the Protestant Bishop Berkeley, in the *Querist*, put the following questions: 1. Whether there be on earth any Christian or civilised people so beggarly, wretched and destitute as the common Irish? 2. Whether, nevertheless, there be any other people whose wants may be more easily supplied from home? 3. Whether a foreigner could imagine that one-half of the people were starving in a country which sent out such plenty of provisions? 4. Whether it is possible that the country should be well improved while our beef is exported and our laborers live on potatoes? 5. Whether the quantities of beef butter, wool and leather exported from this island can be reckoned the superfluities of a country where there are so many natives naked and famished? As we have seen that in the middle of the last century half the Irish people were starving in the midst of plenty, so has it been in the present century. Mr. O'Gorman's resolution was passed in 1847 by acclamation, by an assembly of the citizens of Dublin, when it was publicly declared:

"The truth is that Ireland starves and perishes simply because the English have eaten us, out of house and home. Moreover, that all the legislation of this parliament is, and will be, directed to this one end—to enable them to eat us out of house and home as heretofore." Let us see if it was so. In 1817 there was a famine. There was another in 1822, though in that and the previous year three million quarters of wheat were carried off to England. In 1836 we have seen how parliament was warned by its own committee that the Irish were at all times in danger of starvation while they were producing enough to maintain twice their number. But in 1845 they were no longer on the brink of starvation. The went over the brink and perished by hundreds of thousands in the famine which ensued. That horrible famine lasted from the winter of 1845 to the spring of 1851, five terrible years. In those years Ireland lost at least 2,000,000—that is, one-fourth of her people—between those who were starved and those who fled from starvation. She lost also 300,000 of her inhabited houses. Surely here was a visitation of God—surely this awful massacre could not be due to man's cruelty and injustice. It is incredible, but it is true, that those five famine years were years of splendid harvests and exceptional prosperity. In the year 1843 three million quarters of grain and one million head of live stock had been exported to England. In 1844 fifteen million pounds' worth of produce went there. In 1845 the harvest was specially good, and seventeen million pounds' worth of wheat alone was exported for English consumption. So it was in 1846. In 1847 the abundance was so great that the government commissioners reckoned the total value of Irish produce at forty-five million pounds. A special thanksgiving was held in England for the "abundant harvest." It must have been very acceptable to God, that thanksgiving, seeing that daily in that year twenty large steamships, besides sailing vessels, carried Irish wheat and cattle to England, while some 500,000 Irish, for it was the height of the famine, were starved to death! *It appears, then, that Irish famines are made by English laws and Irish landlords. The union of*

*England with Ireland so far has been too much like the union of the spider with the fly. The poor fly struggles, but its vitals are sucked dry in spite of all that it can do. In 1844 the great Devon commission recommended as a remedy against the famine the consolidation of farms, and the expatriation of about one million of the inhabitants. Crael and hypocritical rubbish! The land has always provided enough for twice its people, but, many or few, the tenantry will never be let to get any of the produce but potatoes. A French writer, Monsieur Beaumont, puts it clearly when he says; "If it be one of the settled principles of landed proprietors that the farmer should have no other profit out of his cultivation but just what is barely necessary for his subsistence; and if it be the general custom to apply this system vigorously, so that every improvement in the farmer's way of living brings with it of necessity a rise in his rent; on this hypothesis, which for those who know Ireland is a sad reality, what would be the use of a diminution of the population?" England has had many ways of sucking Ireland dry. For nearly a century she destroyed her wollen and other manufactures by prohibiting exportation, so that she might get them for herself, and she forbade all kinds of direct traffic between Ireland and America and other English settlements, so that Grattan cried out: "The constant drain of Irish cash to supply absentees, and the fetters on its commerce have always been sufficient to prevent this country from being opulent in its circumstances; and the only effectual remedy that can be applied to the sufferings of this kingdom is to open its ports for the exportation of all its manufactures." Another mode of depletion is by taxing Ireland to pay the English debt. In 1798 Ireland owed four millions: in 1801 three years after, she owed twenty-eight millions—having been made to pay the bill for crushing her people and bribing her parliament. But in 1817 she owed no less than one hundred and thirteen millions, the English having cleverly quadrupled her debt after the union, while they did not double their own. But it is for Irish Catholics, at one time nine-tenths of the people, and never less than five-sixths, that the English laws*

have reserved their tenderest mercies. In the last century Irish Catholics could not be members of parliament, nor members of corporation or of trade guilds, nor barristers, nor doctors, nor teachers, nor could they serve on juries, nor vote for parliament. They could not purchase estates, nor hold a lease for more than thirty-one years. They were obliged to divide their estates among their children unless the heir were an apostate. The apostate son could make his father only a life-tenant of his own estate. They could not keep a horse worth more than £5, nor make more than a very little profit from their business. And how have the English dealt with the struggles of their victims? We will not speak of the horrors of the suppression of the great rebellion, into which they goaded the unhappy Irish peasantry. Since the union they have given them a surfeit of coercion acts under different names—in 1800, '1, '4, '7, '8, '9, '10, '15, '16, '17, '22, '23, '24, '25, '33, '4, '5, '6, '7, '8, '9, '40, '41, '46, '47, and many years since, they have, by those coercion acts, taken away the liberties of Irishmen, transporting people who did not stay at home at night, or who could not prove they knew of no arms in their houses; quartering armies of police on the poor tenantry, and making them pay them their wages for helping their landlords to pull down their houses, eject them from their homes, carrying off their produce, and collect the rents and taxes poor rates and country assessments, and tithe-rent charges, which robbed them of their last penny. The English multiplied cheap ejection acts, and, not content with this, they turned the poor people out in the height of the famine by the cruel "quarter acre" clause, which obliged every man to give up his farm before he could get a mouthful of relief. When they had turned them out they duly punished them by vagrancy acts if they did not die, or go into the union, or quit the country, quick enough. The very money they lent they obliged them to spend on strictly useless work, such as destroying good roads, cutting down hills and piling them up again, and the like, and then made them pay this money back in rates and taxes. Since the Emancipation they had conceded to the Catholic

peasantry some political and social rights; but these rights are more nominal than real, as the ingenious system of exclusion which the second resolution explains, makes them almost nugatory. *There is no cruelty in the world like the cruelty of English governments to Irish Catholics.* I was going to say that that cruelty exists still in a mitigated form, but I doubt if it be much mitigated. The bad laws—the root of the evil—are in full operation, and reduce some 3,000,000 Irish Catholics to absolute and servile dependence for their lives and homes on the caprice of 10,000, who seldom allow them to rise above the brink of starvation. By these cruel laws the landlords are able to extort unjust rents, and increase them to any amount at pleasure, so as to rob their tenants of all the fruits of their industry; and the tenants, being at any time liable to eviction, as they only hold as tenants-at-will or on yearly tenancies, have no security for their homes, their property, or even their lives. The landlords are masters of the homes and liberties of their tenants. It often happens, that if a tenant dare to receive a guest, even his own parent, into his house, to get married himself, or to give his daughter in marriage, without the agent's leave, or dare to depart in the least from the attitude of a down-trodden, crouching slave, he is at once ejected and sentenced to ruin. It is time indeed that this horrible slavery should cease. It is time that all should unite to oblige the English people to attend to this hideous system, perpetuated by their laws and enforced by their armies. If they knew it as it is, there might be some reason to hope that there is enough sense of justice and humanity in our country to destroy it at once and forever.

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#### CHIT-CHAT.

—The Phases of "emotional religion" are many and curious. A stalwart buckwoodsman at Protracted Meeting, crying out in his most lusty tones, "Come down, Lord! come down! right away! right through the shingles, and I'll pay the damage!" is not an edifying sight. As an act of religion it shocks all preconceived ideas of religious propriety, and runs counter to those high

feelings of reverence for the Great Creator, which are at the bottom of all true religion. "The atonement of Christ" may teach us to look upon Christ as everything that is merciful and kind, but has hardly been read aright, if it makes him who is "atoned for" Master, and Him "who atones," Slave. When familiarity begets want of respect, it ceases to be a virtue. Thirty years ago a Boston friend assured Sir C. Lyell, the great geologist, that once when he attended a revival sermon "he heard a preacher describe the symptoms which they might expect to experience on the first, second and third day previous to their conversion, just as a medical lecturer might expatiate to his pupils on the progress of any well known disease; and the complaint," he added, "is indeed a serious one and very contagious, when the feelings have obtained an entire control over the judgment, and the new convert is in the power of the preacher; he himself is often worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to have lost all command over his own heated imagination."

Religious madness is a form of mania well known in our lunatic asylums as well as out of them; and this is religious madness of the worst kind. It may, it is true, retain its possession only a short time; in most cases a few hours, at most a day, then comes the reaction; but in some cases, and those not a few, the excitement is permanent, and reason never again (in this world at least) ascends her throne. How common these cases of religious insanity are, may be seen from the fact of which we have some personal knowledge, that during the Moody and Sankey revivals in England, it was usual for the nurses at the asylums on the arrival of a patient to ask: "What, another 'Moody and Sankey?'" The number of cases of religious mania daily arriving led these officials to suspect each case to be one of them.

—How thoroughly *emotional* this revival religion is, may be understood from the fact, admitted on all sides, of the violent reaction, which sets in after the causes are removed, Sir C. Lyell, who writes in an apologetic spirit, says: "It is admitted, however, and deplored

by the advocates of revivals, that after the application of these violent stimulants there is invariably a reaction, and what they call a *flat or dead season*; and it is creditable to the New England clergy of all sects that they have in general of late years, almost discontinued such meetings." How far the "discontinuance of such meetings" has been carried out of late years, (that is to say in our time, writing 30 years later) may be seen from the Moody and Sankey movement; but we wonder whether it has ever struck Sir Charles as remarkable that the very sects most favorable to the *violent stimulants* of emotional religion are exactly those which are most violently opposed to *alcoholic stimulants*. It is perhaps well that it is so. Both drunkennesses would be too much for them.

—And here another question arises. Why have the Methodists (*i. e.* the Emotional) Churches fought so determined and so persistently against drunkenness, as to make it *the only sin* fought against by them in the concrete? It is, we think, a fact, which will be readily admitted by those best able to judge, that the Methodist never hears from his preacher any whole souled denunciation of any *particular* vice with this sole exception of drunkenness. When a Methodist preacher exhorts to a "change of life," it is a change of life in the abstract not a change of life from any particular sin. It may be answered in defence of this line of conduct, that he does not believe in breaking the bundle of faggots stick by stick, that in his zeal, he looks for a *total change*, a change of life from all sin. Without staying to discuss the practicability of such a course, we should be tempted to leave him to his own devices, if he did not invariably break through his own rule in the single case of drunkenness. How is this? As far as we can see there is one only explanation. As "emotional drunkenness" cannot exist side by side with alcoholic drunkenness, he hates alcoholic drunkenness not as a crime against God, but as a crime against his dearly loved and highly esteemed emotional drunkenness.

—Our scientists are making fools of themselves. Give them rope enough

and they will hang themselves. Dr. Calderwood, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, relates, with all due gravity, the following "dog story": A dog belonging to a United Presbyterian Minister, killed the fowls while the family were at church, and buried them in the garden. The bodies were in due time found. The dog was taken to the garden, and immediately *confessed his guilt*. His master took him to his library, and having shut the door began a reprimand after this fashion.—What a wicked thing you have done in murdering the hens! You are a minister's dog, and should have been an example to other dogs, instead of doing such a thing. Then, this is Sabbath day, and the deed is all the worse on account of the day on which it has been done. Thus admonished the dog was put out at the door, and the door shut. Next morning *he was found dead*." A veterinary surgeon was consulted, and declared, that the dog had died of a broken heart.

Well! after that undoubtedly the deluge! Darwinism tells us we have levelled up from the animals—it should be levelled down, for if Dr. Calderwood's dog story be true, and be not a *very tough yarn*, his dogship was a far better Christian than his dogship's master; for we will wager a new silk hat against a mushroom, that his Presbyterian Reverence, had he stolen the chickens and been thus admonished, would not for one moment have thought of dying so honorably of a broken heart!

—One finds it hard to believe such stories are told in earnest, and are not huge jokes on the credulity of children and nursery maids. But when one finds them in such books as "The relations of Mind and Brain," and written by such men as Professors of Moral Philosophy in prominent Universities, we are bound to accept them in all sober seriousness. In this view what does the worthy Professor suppose the Presbyterian Minister meant by the third point in his sermon—the Sabbath breaking? Did he really think that the dog was bound by revelation? that Christ came to save dogs (*absit blasphemia*) as well as men? and that the dog died, because it felt with the prodigal, that it had

"sinned against heaven and against its father?" Of course we feel with the minister that clerical dogs ought as much to be examples to lay dogs, as clerical men to laymen, but then we look upon this good behaviour on the part of the dogs as a matter of congruity not of duty, of convenience not of moral obligation. We know that Moses expected the ox and the ass to keep the Sabbath, but then we suspect this regulation was more for the sake of the master's soul's salvation than for that of the ox or the ass. Any way Moses nowhere requires the dog to keep the Sabbath; so that how our Presbyterian Minister could find it in his conscience to accuse the poor animal of a false crime, and how the poor foolish thing (we mean the dog not the minister) could for a moment go and die of a broken heart, we know not. It is evidently a case of misplaced morality; and though we should not like to tell him so, we are firmly of opinion that the United Presbyterian Minister was as much guilty of murdering the poor dog, as the poor dog had been of murdering the chickens. And this on a Sabbath Day, too!—and by a minister, too, not by a minister's dog. As we have not heard that after murdering the dog, the United Presbyterian Minister went and died of a broken heart, we conclude a second time and from fresh data that the minister's dog was a better Christian than the minister.

—But there is another disgraceful transaction in this most veracious history; this time on the part of logic and the scientists. What proof have we that the dog died of a broken heart? The word of the veterinary surgeon? How did he know? What are the marks of a broken heart? Does the heart really break like a string or a piece of crockery? Is there any lesion of arteries? or nerve centres? &c., &c.? And if any of these, was there any *post mortem* examination? And if all these, what proof have we that the broken heart resulted from the cogency of the sermon? and not at grief that a United Presbyterian Parson should make such a fool of himself. Verily! give our scientists rope enough and they will hang themselves.

H. B.



## RELIGION AND IRISH NATIONALITY.

"The Catholic Church has sanctified the Irish cause. It has made patriotism respected. It has given the peasantry the sympathy of Europe. Without their religion they would have yielded long ago."

These are the involuntary admissions coming from a hater of the Catholic Church and the Irish peasantry. They are the words of the English historian, Froude. When an enemy comes forth armed and equipped to attack us, we must gird ourselves for the conflict. We must gather our friends around us, and remain carefully near the encampment. The attack recently made on the Catholic Church and the Irish race by Froude was dictated by a spirit of double hostility. He wants to destroy the Church and the Irish. He sees they are joined by close interunion of claims and sympathy. In a common onslaught he endeavors to destroy us. He carries the war into the enemy's country. He tries to poison American feeling, and to arm political and religious prejudice against us.

In this he has signally failed. His diatribes have kindled no fires of animosity here, sharpened no swords of persecution. As Bishop Spaulding remarks, the proper spirit of reply is hilarity. It is natural to laugh at Mr. Froude. His spiteful intensity has spent itself without effect. Like the surging ocean, lashing itself into fury against the rocky cliffs on the shore, he produces only spray and surge. It may be amusing to behold, but if we keep our distance it is innocently harmless.

As gleaners pick up abandoned treasures on the scenes of conflict when the battle is ended, so may we gather interesting matter for reflection from Mr. Froude's involuntary admissions. In the words quoted, how admirably and beautifully he expresses a reality! How gladly we can agree with his admissions. We, standing in the light, with open hearts, see much more than he, with his distorted perception and all-consuming prejudice. He knows the Church has been the friend of the oppressed and persecuted. He knows it is her principle. He knows it from no Irish consciousness. There never

was a generation of Irishmen from the days of St. Patrick that did not receive our own early impressions of the Church's friendliness. Every Irish mother taught her children what our mothers taught us on the subject. We know it from the history of our country. Has not the Irish cause been always sanctified by the Catholic Church? Was not the Irish the nation of *saints*? Did they not remain faithful with superhuman energy? Did not Ireland keep the lamp of faith and learning burning when Christendom was in darkness? Was not the Irish cause the cause of the Church—the cause of God? Did not the Catholic Church sanctify the cause of Brian Boru, of St. Lawrence O'Toole, of Roderick O'Connor, of Hugh O'Neill and O'Donnell, of Patrick Sarsfield, of Owen Roe O'Neill, and Father Murphy, and '98, of O'Connell and of Archbishop McHale—and Parnell? The "Earls" were received and given a home by the Pope. The Confederation of Kilkenny was blessed and visited by a Papal nuncio. Leo XIII. says Ireland should have a separate Parliament. Yes, the Catholic Church is always on the side of justice and right. The Irish cause is just and holy, and is sanctified by the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Froude would seem to think it was a temporary or politic union which existed between the Church and Ireland. Not at all. Ireland is faithful to the Church, and has received for it an hundredfold, even here, and her children, will, please God, receive eternal life hereafter.

Ireland is not like the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Ireland will always be heard from. Ireland—poor and persecuted—has a friend and advocate the whole world over. When Ireland is afflicted the Catholic Church is disturbed with pitying sympathy. The Church appeals to the charitable, the generous, the merciful and the righteous. Yes, Mr. Englishman, the Catholic Church is your enemy when you would deal unjustly with Ireland. Your doings cannot be hidden away in congenial darkness. The Catholic Church has universal voice. She exposes you to all peoples. More than that. The Catholic Church concentrates the history of civilization and of nations in

herself. All scholars in all time will read the history of the Catholic Church. England is a province. English history is only of interest to Englishmen and their victims. The Church's history is the history of the world. Men who would never specially examine England's atrocities will see them in the history of the Church. Mr. Englishman, when present dynasties will have gone the way of the Chaldean, and the Grecian and Roman Empires; when London will be as Troy, Thebes and Memphis, of old, when men will dispute where London really stood, the record of your country's crimes and of her barbarous treatment of Ireland will be recited to astonished and indignant generations of posterity. You do well to try to destroy the Church and blot out the witness of your crimes. But the gates of hell shall never prevail against her. She shall endure to testify against you, even unto the consummation of the world.

The Church befriends the peasantry of Ireland. She is the guardian of the Maronites of Mount Lebanon. She is the civilizer of the barbarian and the abandoned. Where is justice trampled that she does not assert and vindicate the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed? Well does England hate the Church.

"She makes patriotism respectable." You dare not sneer at an Irish patriot faithful to his Church. You dare not breathe the breath of scorn against any patriot—Protestant or infidel—except the Church condemn him. We are and shall—please God Almighty—remain faithful to the Roman Catholic Church. We are working out the designs of the Holy Ghost. Whatever is best for ourselves and our country will inevitably result. We are poor, we are reconciled to the will of God when expressed by His Church. With the Church we shall struggle for freedom. We are your superior, Mr. English bigot. Here, and hereafter, our souls are free. There is blood on you. We are respectable before the world—you are despised. We are honored of all in the honor of the Roman Catholic Church. — *Western Watchman.*

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.

THE Rev. William J. Moser, of Peterboro', writes to the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, the following account of a strange occurrence. He says: "A young servant, religiously brought up, has adopted a pious practice of having a Mass said each month for the souls in purgatory, making the customary alms from her limited wages. Brought to Paris by her employers, she never failed to observe this work of charity, and she had always been accustomed to assist in person at the Divine sacrifice which she had caused to be offered. Her intercession had for its more especial object the deliverance of the soul whose expiation had been nearly achieved. Soon God tried her by a long illness, which not only caused her to endure much bodily suffering, but which resulted in the loss of her situation, and she was reduced to her last resources. The day when she was able to leave the hospital a single franc was all she possessed. She prayed to God with confidence for help, and went in quest of employment. She had been directed to a registry office at the other end of the town, and she proceeded there, but, passing a church on the way, she entered it.

"The sight of a priest at the altar reminded her that she had omitted this month her ordinary devotion, and that this was precisely the day on which she had been accustomed to have Mass said for the souls in purgatory. But what if she applied her last franc for the purpose! She would not have anything to provide herself with food. There was an inward struggle for the moment. 'After all,' she said to herself, 'God knows that it is for Him, and therefore he will not forsake me.' She entered the sacristy, made her offering and assisted at the Mass offered for her intention. Afterwards she proceeded on her journey, filled with an anxiety easy to imagine. Absolutely destitute, how was she to satisfy her wants for that day? She had nowhere to go. Just, however, as she was turning a corner into a street, a young man, pale, of slight build, and gentlemanly appearance, approached her, and said: 'Are you in search of a situation?' Yes, sir.' Very well; go

into such a street, and to such a number, to Madame——. I believe that you will suit her, and that you will be happy there.' He disappeared among the passengers without waiting to hear the thanks which the poor servant had commenced to address him. She found the street, recognized the number, and ascended to the apartment of Madame——. A servant was leaving the house carrying a bundle under her arm, and muttering words of anger. 'Can Madame receive me?' asked the newcomer. 'Perhaps she can, perhaps she can't,' replied the other; 'what matters it to me? Madame will tell you herself, I have nothing to do with her; good morning.' And she descended with her bundle.

"Our heroine remained trembling, where she was, when a sweet voice told her to advance, and she found herself in the presence of an aged lady of venerable appearance, who encouraged her to make known her errand. 'Madame' said the servant, 'I have learnt a few moments ago that you required a housemaid, and I have come to offer myself to you. I was assured that you would receive me with kindness.' 'My child what you tell me is very extraordinary. It is only half an hour ago that I dismissed an insolent servant, and there is not another soul in the world besides myself who knows it; who, then, has sent you?' 'He was a gentleman, quite young, whom I met in the street; he stopped me to tell me. I have thanked God for it, as it is necessary that I should find a situation to-day, for I am entirely without money.

"The old lady could not understand who the person could be, and she became lost in conjectures, when the servant raising her eyes to look about the room, perceived a portrait. 'There, Madame,' said she, 'it is no longer a difficulty; there is exactly the face of the young man who spoke to me. It is at his instigation I have come.' At these words the lady uttered a cry and nearly fainted away. She made the girl tell her all her history, of her devotion to the suffering souls, the Mass in the morning, and the meeting of the stranger. Then, throwing herself on the young girl's neck, she embraced her with tears and said: 'You shall not be my servant, but

from this moment you are my daughter. It was my son, my only son, that you saw; my son, dead these two years, who owes his deliverance to you, and who has been permitted by God to send you here. Remain here, then, and be happy, and henceforth we will pray together for the suffering souls in purgatory, that they may enter into a happy eternity.' Those who perform this charitable duty of assisting the holy souls in purgatory, are not forgotten; but they will be remembered in an especial manner, and will themselves receive the benefit of such charitable aid when they shall be in need of it; that is to say, that God will not permit a soul to be neglected in purgatory who in life assisted those souls.

#### CONNEMARA.

A PRIEST SHOWS HOW FUNDS ARE USED TO PROSELYTIZE.

WRITING of the Irish Church Missions, Lord Randolph Churchill, son of the Duke of Marlborough and a Protestant of the ultra type, said that it was "a society whose object is to pervert the Catholic peasants by all sorts of bribes and unworthy dodges. Connemara, the only district in Ireland where this mischievous society has had any success, has been for so long disturbed by their efforts that any effectual relief of distress is rendered very difficult."

The following letter, corroborative of Lord Churchill's damaging statement, has appeared in the *Dublin Freeman*:

SIR,—In order to substantiate, even in a small way, the statement of Lord Randolph Churchill, M. P., in reference to the "bribes and unworthy dodges" of the Irish Church Missions, allow me to append the following few facts. The comparatively small funds placed at our disposal for the relief of distress have debarred us giving many persons in great destitution regular supplies of Indian meal. Three Catholic heads of dissatisfactorily relieved families were induced to go to the Irish Church Missions' emporium. They struck a bargain with the holy firm, and sent their children to the forbidden schools; and one of them, in order to give good value for his keep, actually went to church.

Since this unholy barter was effected those conscience-tortured wretches are enabled to "live riotously" on superabundant supplies of tea, sugar, and flour, and, with a view to make the "new faith" look decent, clothes also have been given to them. But there is no doubt that when hunger loosens its fell grip conscience will assert its sway, and those degraded, demoralized creatures will return sorrowful and heartbroken to seek to be reconciled with their religion and with their God. These evident acts of bribery have happened since the Dublin Mansion House Committee gave a grant of £30 to the Irish Church Missions' clergyman. I protested against this enormous sum being given, as there was not a second Protestant family in the entire parish in need of relief; and I stated my belief that the money would be used as a supplement to the Church Missions' funds. My protest, however, was not entertained, and the temptations held out to the starving Catholic wretches to whom I have referred clearly show that my prospective views as to the uses to which the Mansion House grant would be put had been quite accurate. The irritatingly disproportionate grant, too, made by the Duchess of Marlborough's committee to the Protestant Bishop of Tuam for Protestant relief in Connemara has, I am sure, enabled the soul-traffickers to make liberal bids for the loan of the consciences of the hunger-wasted Catholic poor. I would ask the Rev. Mr. Smylie not to read this letter, for it might hereafter interpose between him and the "All-seeing Eye," and thus prevent him from again stating that he "never heard of any Church Missions' agent, either lay or clerical, to ask any Roman Catholic to become a Protestant, much less to offer him a bribe."

For the enlightenment of the Rev. Mr. Smylie, for the satisfaction of a distinguished young nobleman who has had the courage of his honest convictions, and for the dignity of our common humanity, I anxiously desire that this question of Irish Church Missions' bribery would be seriously looked after. I invite an impartial commission of inquiry into its doings in Connemara, and, if Lord Randolph Churehill would kindly have himself represented on this

inquiry I faithfully promise his lordship that his statement as to Church Missions' "bribes and unworthy dodges" will be more than verified. For I have good reason to know that such an inquiry would bring to light mean acts of bribery and unworthy dodges which would startle and put to shame not only the Lord High Chancellor of England, but even the sorriest Bible reader in Connemara in whose breast the faintest spark of decency and manliness may as yet have happened to escape extinction. If the dark, ugly pall of lies and deceit which shrouds the working of this society were lifted up its very contributors, who are supposed to entertain Christian feelings, would turn from it in disgust, and pronounce it "an unclean thing." There is not an unprejudiced man of honor and of truth in Connemara (no matter what his religious belief may be) under whose notice the working of this vile society has fallen who will not declare the system to be a hollow, hypocritical, mischievous humbug—a degradation to a Christian land—a disgrace to society—a hideous blur on natural and revealed religion, and an impudent outrage on Almighty God. I am, sir, &c.,

B. McANDREW, P.P., Ballinakill.

#### THE SWORD SONG OF THEODORE KOERNER.

BY LADY WILDE.

ON the last night of Theodore Koerner's fated young life, when an engagement on the morrow seemed imminent, as the French army, under Davoust, were hovering near, the excitement of his feelings denied him either sleep or rest. His soul, like a burning altar brand sheathed in the frailest clay, could not choose but reveal itself in flame; and as he paced up and down in the early dawn, he wrote down on a leaf torn from his pocket-book, that wild, wonderful song, destined to be so famous from the tragic circumstances of the composition, in which the fire of his nature has become, as it were, fixed and enduring for all ages, as the fiery spark prisoned within the opal gem. Some idea of the fierce power of this bridal

hymn of battle may be had from the following translation by Lady Wilde:—

Sword in my right hand gleaming  
Where Freedom's flag is streaming,  
I grasp thee in pride,  
My Love, my Bride,  
Hurrah!  
Fierce in thy glorious beauty,  
I'll guard thee with lover's duty,  
Unsheathed in the fight,  
For God and Right,  
Hurrah!

"Where the blood-red rain is falling,  
I'll answer my lover's calling,  
For the sword by thy side  
Is a Patriot's Bride,  
Hurrah!  
And, so thou art crowned victorious,  
With the Palm or the Laurel glorious,  
Let the battle's breath  
Bring life—bring death,  
Hurrah!"

Ha, sword in thy scabbard flashing,  
Dost thirst for the wild war flashing,  
Round the flag of the free,  
When thou'rt wed with me  
Hurrah!

Our vows be the swift balls bounding,  
Our hymns be the trumpets sounding,  
Let the earth flush red  
For our bridal bed,  
Hurrah!

"Where Freedom's flag is leading,  
Where tyrant foes lie bleeding,  
I pant and pine  
For the crimson wine,  
Hurrah!

"The sheath may no longer cover  
My lips from the lips of my lover.  
As the lightning bright,  
I leap to the fight!  
Hurrah!"

Then, forward! all dangers braving,  
As a flame in my right hand waving,  
Whether crowned or dead,  
Ere the day has fled,  
Hurrah!

Forward! where glory is calling—  
Forward! where tyrants are falling—  
Where the red ranks ride  
I shall bear my bride,  
Hurrah!

As a lover her bright form pressing  
To my heart in a mad caressing,  
With a wild delight,  
As a bridegroom might,  
Hurrah!  
Thunder with thunder meeting  
Be the chant of our Bridal greeting,  
At the Altar stand  
Freedom's sacred band,  
Hurrah!

Curse on the coward would falter  
By such a bride at the altar,  
Be her kiss rose red,  
On the dying or dead,  
Hurrah!

Now the bridal moru is breaking,  
The trumpets peal the awaking,  
With my Iron Bride  
Fate and Death are defied.  
Hurrah for the Bride!  
Hurrah!

As Theodore read aloud this song to his comrades, he struck his sword against the scabbard at the end of each verse. At the same instant every sword was unsheathed, and the clash and clang of the sabres of Lutzow's Wild Huntsmen responded in magnificent music to the poet's "Hurrah!" Ere the mighty echo had died away, the French were seen approaching through the gray mist in overwhelming numbers; but the Black Band of Vengeance never retreated before a foe, and in vain Lutzow sounded the *rappel*.

Theodore, foremost and bravest, the boldest of the bold, dashed forward amidst a shower of bullets, performing prodigies of valour as he cut his way through the enemy's ranks with his sword, his Iron Bride. At length his horse was shot under him, and he fell. In an instant he was surrounded, for the young poet of freedom was the most dangerous enemy which tyranny had evoked in Germany. For him, whose genius had inspired a nation to vengeance and victory, there was no quarter. A bullet passed through the young hero's body as he lay prostrate, shattering his spine, and Theodore lay dead with the music of his own wild death-song still vibrating on his lips.

## IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

### THE EARL OF FERRERS.

#### THE IRISH ARISTOCRACY OF THE PAST.

Who was the author of that remarkable work, "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," published in Dublin in 1847, and now so entirely out of print as to warrant the suspicion that it was bought up in order to suppress it? That book, in point of fact, was a historic revelation, was a veritable and unanswerable indictment against the wicked and cor-

rupt aristocracy of Ireland before the Union.

"Ireland Sixty Years Ago," was written by a very able man, no less a personage than the late Master of the Rolls in Ireland—namely, John Edward Walshe, Privy Councillor and LL. D. Born in November, 1816, educated—winning honors—at Trinity College, Dublin; Irish attorney-general in June, 1866; Member of Parliament for Dublin University in July; Master of the Rolls, with £4,000 a year, in October, 1866; holding that office until his death in October in 1869. Edward Sullivan sergeant-at-law, succeeded him in January, 1870, and still holds the office—well paid for going next to nothing.

Sergeant Walshe was only 31 years old when he wrote "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," and though its authorship was occasionally attributed to him, the fact was largely doubted, on the ground that the work showed a more intimate knowledge of Irish society in the last twenty years of the eighteenth century than a man born in 1816 possibly could have known. The fact was, however, that, like most of us, Mr. Walshe had a father. The Rev. Robert Walshe, vicar of Finglas, near Glasnevin, a well known suburb of Dublin, and one of the authors of a good "History of Dublin," was Mr. Walshe's father, and very capable, and no doubt willing, to keep his son "posted" on the subject of ante-union manners and morals in the latter years of the century which closed, sadly and disgracefully, with the betrayal of what had been left of Irish independence, once a bright reality, and now but a dream of memory.

When the younger Walshe was appointed second equity judge in Ireland by a Tory Government, he may have thought it prudent gradually to call in and destroy his little book; which told such startling stories of the former aristocracy of rank and wealth in Ireland.

It was claimed by the Irish as well as by the English, House of Lords that when a member of that assembly was indicted for felony, which included high treason and murder, he should be tried, not by what is called "a jury of his fellows," but by the whole body of the peerage. In all cases except this—that is, in the ordinary courts of law—a

plain and stinging oath has to be taken by each of the twelve jurymen impanelled to decide, before God and man, on the innocence or guilt of the accused. But, on the trial of a peer by "his fellows" (that is, by the House of Lords) no such oath is taken. When the trial is concluded, the peers, beginning with the junior baron, are called upon to pronounce on the evidence, and this is simply done by each peer saying, "Guilty, upon my honor," or "Not guilty," as the case may be.

During the last two centuries, the number of capital convictions of peers by the House of Lords has been very small indeed. I recollect only one instance in England. In the last year of the reign of George II., when Lawrence Shirley, fourth Earl of Ferrers, an English nobleman, charged with the brutal and unprovoked murder of his confidential land-steward, Wm. Johnson, whom he shot through the head, was placed at the bar of the House of Lords, in April, 1760, and, being convicted, was hanged at Tyburn, then one of the suburbs of London, on the 5th of May following. Many efforts were made to obtain the pardon of this noble assassin, but the king, in obstinate old Geaman, properly declined to exercise the prerogative of mercy. All the favor accorded to Lord Ferrers, was that, instead of being drawn in a cart, like any vulgar law-breaker, from Newgate prison to the gallows at Tyburn Green, he should be conveyed thither in his own coach and four, and that the rope, instead of being made of *hemp*, as usual, would be one of *silk*. At any rate, Earl Ferrers was executed, and his body delivered over for dissection, according to the custom of the time and place, was taken to Surgeon's Hall, where it came under the knife, after which it was removed by his family for interment.

There is one instance at least of justice done by the English House of Lords in a trial for a capital offence. I do not remember, I have not found, on close search, any parallel case in connection with the Irish House of Lords. A young Irish nobleman, called Lord Santry, in a drunken spree at Palmerstown, near Dublin, on the 9th of August, 1738, plunged his sword, wholly without provocation, into the body of a public-house

pot boy, named Loughlin Murphy, and so severely injured him that the victim died on the 25th of September following.

The "noble" and "right honorable" murderer was brought to trial—not before the Court of King's Bench, but at the bar of the House of Lords. The murder was proven. The defence was that Murphy died, not by the sword wound, but by a disease of long standing. Lord Santry was convicted. Various influences were used to obtain his pardon, but the sovereign, that same George II. who declined to spare the life of Lord Ferrers, did not see any justice in dealing mercy to a wilful murderer solely because he was a nobleman.

After all his lordship escaped. Sir Compton Domville, his uncle, owner of Tenenpleague, through which property the river Dodder runs, then yielding the principal supply of water to the city of Dublin, threatened to divert the stream from the city, and a bargain was made, by which, this threat being withdrawn, Lord Santry was allowed to escape from prison. He found an asylum in Italy, where he died.

A few days later the fifth Viscount Netterville was tried for murdering one Michael Walsh, but escaped owing to an informality in the evidence, and in 1798 Lord Kingsborough was acquitted by the House of Lords on the charge of having murdered Colonel Fitzgerald. For the most part, indeed, trials of British and Irish peers of "their fellows" have been mere mockeries of justice.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

#### LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE following sensible advice of Todd to students will be found worthy of reducing to practice. "As far as possible keep out of debt. Nothing, except loss of character, ever weighs down the spirits of a student, like a load of accumulating debts. To say nothing about independent feeling which he can no more enjoy than an 'empty bag can stand upright;' there is an agony about it of which the stirring, active, bargain-making man cannot conceive. It haunts the soul day and night; and the man who can prosper in his studies while sinking in debt, must have feelings peculiar to himself, and be made of 'sterner stuff'

than most men. All the efforts of denying yourself the luxuries, and even the comforts of life, are light in comparison with the burden of debt."

ST. PATRICK'S STAFF.—When St. Patrick was returning from Rome to France, on his way back to Ireland, to bring to its distant shores the knowledge of the faith of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, stopped for a night's rest at a venerable convent of monks which was situated on the Gulf of Genoa.

The work and labors of these pious monks were the spiritual and temporal care of the poor, benighted, shipwrecked sailors, who sought refuge there from the Turks. To the reverend father of the monastery St. Patrick revealed his name, mission, and his privileges just received from the Papal court, and after the evening's frugal collation was invited to the sacred precincts of their chapter-room. The distinctiveness of the personal appearance of the monks amazed and puzzled our saint. One half the number of the holy brethren seemed decrepit, infirm, and old, bent in form, their beards silvered with age; while on the other side an equal number looked young and fresh in years and manners. But St. Patrick's wonder increased when one of the most youthful of the pious monks, in course of conversation and in conference with our saint, informed him that the very old men were their children. "It is," (said the seeming young monk in years and voice) "over a century since I and my companions you observe near me came here to live in this sanctified monastic retreat giving praise to God and labouring for the poor sailors' souls redeemed by the precious blood of his only Son. A common bond united us in the world, as we were all widowers, and to the most of our number had the paternal and spiritual charge of a son been assigned by an almighty and wise providence. Those elderly, bent frames yonder, strange pilgrim, are, so you now know, really our children in the spirit and the flesh. The reason and cause of this strange reversal of nature I will unfold to you for your edification and future thanksgiving. One happy night in time long ago it was our blessed fortune to entertain at our humble board a pilgrim of gentle mien.

and heavenly sweetness of manner. When about to bid us adieu after the hour of prime next day, in return for our hospitality and good feeling towards him, he bade our father prior assemble us in his presence and presented him the staff he bore in his hand, saying: 'In thanksgiving for the generous hospitality you have extended to me I leave you this staff; for the time it remains in your possession the lapse of years will have no effect upon your strength or appearance. Keep it safe until my son Patrick, and the apostle of my word, rests here on his way northward to Erin to convert and bring souls under the banner of my everlasting truth. In the years to come, when he shall rest here, after prostration at the feet of my Vicar on earth, treat him with all the honor and respect his priestly rank commands; on his departure from your midst give into his hands this same staff as a memorial from me, carrying with it all blessings and graces on him and his apostolic labors.' Standing beneath the shade of yonder olive-tree, we listened in awe to the strange bequest and command of the Pilgrim, who, when he had finished speaking, vanished from our astonished sight, and was never again seen here or around this coast. As I informed you before, pilgrim priest, our children in time, one by one, entered our community; but the blessing of perennial youth for so long a succession of years had not been extended to them, and you see they are withered branches on a yet blooming stalk.

"When you depart from our unworthy midst, great apostle of Erin, for the sainted western isle of the future, we shall expect soon our release from the bonds of flesh, and then, chanting on high the eternal anthem of glory, will chant praises for your labors before the heavenly throne."

This is the legendary history of the famous staff which St. Patrick ever carried with him on his journey through the length and breadth of Erin. After his death it was preserved as a precious relic in St. Patrick's Cathedral of Armagh for over a hundred years. It is said now, by some annalists, to have been transferred to Christ Church in Dublin.

RUINED BY A SPIDER.—Spiders crawl-

ing more abundantly and conspicuously than usual upon the indoor walls of our houses foretell the near approach of rain; but the following anecdote intimates that some of their habits are the equally certain indication of frost being at hand. Quartermaster Disjonval, seeking to beguile the tedium of his prison hours at Utrecht, had studied attentively the habits of the spider; and eight years of imprisonment had given him leisure to be well versed in its ways. In December, of 1794, the French army, on whose success his restoration to liberty depended, was in Holland, and victory seemed certain if the frost, then of unprecedented severity, continued. The Dutch Envoy had failed to negotiate a peace, and Holland was despairing, when the frost suddenly broke. The Dutch were now exulting, and the French Generals prepared to retreat; but the spider warned Disjonval that the thaw would be of short duration, and he knew that his weather monitor never deceived. He contrived to communicate with the army of his countrymen and its Generals, who duly estimated his character, and relied upon his assurance that within a few days the water would again be passable by troops. They delayed their retreat. Within twelve days frost had returned—the French army triumphed. Disjonval was liberated; and a spider had brought down ruin on the Dutch nation.

FIRST OCCURRENCES.—Post offices were first established in 1464. Watches were first constructed in 1476. The first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493. Copernicus announced his discovery of the true system of the universe in 1517. Ignatius Loyola founded the Order of the Jesuits in 1535. Modern needles first came into use in 1545. The first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1589. Coaches were first used in England in 1569. The first newspaper was published in England in 1588. The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629. The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753. Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century. The first use of a locomotive in the United States was in 1820. Kerosene was first used for light-



ing purposes in 1826. The first lucifer match was made in 1829. The first iron steamship was built in 1830. Telescopes were invented in 1560.

**INTERESTING FACTS.**—The tomb of Edward I., who died in 1301, was opened Jan. 2, 1770, after 463 years had elapsed. His body was almost perfect. *Canute (the Dane)*, who crossed over to England in 1017, was found 1779, by workmen who repaired Winchester Cathedral, where his body had reposed nearly 750 years, perfectly fresh. In 1569, three Roman soldiers, fully equipped with warlike implements, were dug out of a bed of peat in Ireland, where they had probably lain 1,500 years. Their bodies were perfectly fresh and plump. In the reign of James II. of England, after the fall of the Church of Astley, in Warwickshire, there was taken up the corpse of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, who was buried the 10th of October, 1530, in the twenty-second year of Henry VIII.; and although it had lain there seventy-eight years, the eyes, hair, flesh, nails and joints remained as though it had been newly buried. Robert Braybrook, who was consecrated Bishop of London in 1331, and who died in 1404, and was buried in St. Paul's was taken out of his tomb, after the great fire in 1666, during the repairs of the cathedral, and although he had lain there no less than 262 years, his body was found firm as to skin, hair, joints and nails. The Convent de St. Domingo was lately demolished in search of treasure supposed to be concealed there, and the body of Prince Rodriguez taken out, who had been buried alive in 1565, exactly as when placed 250 years before. His daughter, 2 years and 6 months old, was lying at her father's feet, and as perfectly preserved as himself. The position of his hands shows that he was suspended by the body and neck till he died. Marks of the cord and of the burning iron are deeply recorded on various parts of the body. His hair and beard are firm, his skin natural in hue and texture, without the least trace of decomposition in any part.

**PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.**—About forty years ago I had a lad in my employ who had the habit when unexpectedly spoken to of pricking up his ears in so de-

cisive a manner as to remind one of the ears of Puss or of Tray when suddenly called. Marie Louise, the second wife of the great Napoleon, was in the habit of amusing the ladies of her court at their private soirées by turning her ears almost completely round, and in a manner closing them up. She did this by a peculiar motion of the jaw, and she is said to have prided herself on the exploit not a little. A man I know well wore an enormous shock of raven hair, and would allow himself to be lifted by the hair from the ground by any one who was strong enough to do it, and to be swung to and fro like a pendulum, or to be dragged along the floor. The faculty of sleeping at will was one of the endowments of the first Napoleon, who it is said could sleep any length of time, long or short, and awake at the time, almost to a minute, he had resolved upon. Among the muscular movements not common, I have noticed several instances of persons who could throw back the four fingers of either hand until they stood quite perpendicular with the wrist. Other instances I have seen though but a few, of persons who can project the lower joint of the thumb almost into the hollow of the palm. In neither of these cases is the use or the ordinary symmetry of the hand affected. Of left handed people we have all seen many, and they abound among the working class; but of the artibandist or both-handed, that is, with persons who could do everything with either hand, as well with one as the other, I have known but one in the whole course of my life. This was an orphan boy who had no parental care, but had been left almost to himself from infancy. Quick, active and sharp witted, he had taught himself many things tolerably well, could draw fairly; could play the fiddle and flute, and wrote admirably and with unrivalled rapidity with either hand. There are many persons who, from causes they can never explain, have a repugnance, almost amounting to horror in some cases for certain animals. The French General Junot, who was as cool as a cucumber amidst a storm of bullets, and would face the cannon's mouth unmoved, would take to his heels at the sight of a live frog, and would not recover his equanimity for

hours. I have known a man who could not touch mutton, however cooked, while he would eat heartily of any other meat. Some there are in whom the thought of eating hare or rabbit excites loathing; some who would starve rather than eat shell-fish of any kind; and there are not a few to whom butter and cheese are abominations. Others are equally prejudiced against certain vegetables, but why and wherefore they can never tell you.—*Leisure Hours.*

**BIBLE FACTS.**—The learned Prince of Grenada, heir to the Spanish throne, was imprisoned in the Place of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty three years in this living tomb he wrote in his Bible the following: In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times, the word Jehovah 5855 times and the word revered but once, and that in the 9th verse of the CXIth Psalm. The 8th verse of the CXVIIth Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The 9th verse of the VIIIth chapter of Esther is the longest verse; 35th verse, XIth chapter of St. John is the shortest. In the CVIth Psalm four verses are alike, the 8th, 15th 21st, and 31st. Each verse of the CXXXVth Psalm ends alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The XXXVIIth chapter of Isaiah and XIXth chapter of 2d Kings are alike, the word girl occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the 3d verse and IIIrd chapter of Joel. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The XXVth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read. The most beautiful chapter in the Bible is the XXIII Psalm. The four most inspiring promises are John XIVth chapter and 2d verse, John VIth chapter and 37th verse, St. Matthew XIth chapter and 28th verse, and XXXVIth Psalm, 4th verse. The first verse of the LXth chapter of Isaiah is the one for the new convert. All who flatter themselves with vain boastings of their perfectness should learn the VIIth chapter of Matthew.

**CURIOSITIES OF STATISTICS.**—As a fair example of curiosity of statistics, says Spofford, the Congressional Librarian, "take the army of Xerxes when it crossed the Hellespont to invade Greece.

Herodotus gives it as 1,700,000 foot, 100,000 horse and 517,000 naval forces; total, 2,317,000 and adds that this was swollen by the attendants to 5,200,000; and all this to invade a country which in no age known to history contained over 1,500,000 inhabitants. Another favorite myth of historians is the story of that famous Alexandrian Library of 700,000 volumes, burned by the Caliph Omar, A. D. 640, with a rhetorical dilemma in his mouth. Unfortunately for this highly-dramatic tale, no two writers are agreed as to the circumstances, except as to the single fact that there was a library at Alexandria. And that it ceased to exist in the seventh century. To ask a modern inquirer to believe that 700,000 books were gathered in one body 800 years before the invention of printing, while the largest library in the world, four centuries after the multiplication of books began, contained less than 200,000 volumes, is altogether too great a stretch of credulity. Even in reporting the size of modern libraries, exaggeration holds away. The library of George IV., inherited by that graceless ignoramus from a book-collecting father, and presented to the British nation with ostentatious liberality only after he had failed to sell it to Russia, was said, in the publications of the time to contain about 120,000 volumes. But an actual enumeration when the books were lodged in the King's Library at the British Museum, where they have ever since remained, showed that there were only 65,250 volumes, being little more than half the number reported. Many libraries, public and private, are equally over-estimated. It is so much easier to guess than to count, and the stern test of arithmetic is too seldom applied, notwithstanding the fact that 100,000 volumes can easily be counted in a day by two or three persons, and so on in the same proportion. Here, as in the statistics of population, the same proverb holds good, that the unknown is always the magnificent, and on the surface of the globe we inhabit the unexplored country is always the most marvelous since the world began.

**DIFFICULTIES.**—The greatest difficulties are always found where we are not looking for them.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Having finished the task we proposed to ourselves at the outset: "The Wonders of Astronomy," and as we hope with credit to ourselves, and satisfaction to our readers, we shall now turn our attention to a cognate subject,

## LIGHT AND DISTANCE.

## CHAPTER I.

## SOMETHING ABOUT ILLUMINATION.

From time to time we hear of plans to illuminate whole cities by a great light from a single point. The credulity of the newspaper public about affairs belonging to Physics is so great, that we are not surprised if such plans are spoken of as practicable; though, indeed one needs but to cast a glance of reflection on them, to be at once convinced of their impracticability.

The impracticability does not consist so much in this, that no such intense light can be made artificially as in the circumstance that the illuminating power of light decreases enormously as we recede from it.

In order to explain this to our readers, let us suppose that on some high point in Montreal City, say Notre Dame Church steeple, an intensely brilliant light be placed, as bright as can be produced by gases or electricity. We shall see, presently, how the remoter streets in Montreal would be illuminated.

For the sake of clearness, let us imagine for a moment, that at a square's distance from Notre Dame Church there is a street, intersecting Notre Dame at right angles. We will call it "A" street. At a square's distance from "A" street let us imagine another street running parallel to it, which we will call "B" street; and again, at a square's distance, a street parallel to "B" street, called "C" street; thus let us imagine seven streets in all—from "A" to "G"—running parallel, each at a square's distance from the other, and intersecting Notre Dame at right angles. Besides this, let us suppose there is a street called "X" street, running parallel with Notre Dame and at a square's distance from it; then we shall have

seven squares, which are to be illuminated by one great light.

It is well known that light decreases in intensity the further we recede from it; but this intensity decreases in a peculiar proportion. In order to understand this proportion we must pause a moment, for it is something not easily comprehended. We hope, however, to present it in such a shape, that the attentive reader will find no difficulty in grasping a great law of nature, which, moreover, is of the greatest moment for a multitude of cases.

Physics teach us, by calculation and experiments, the following:

If a light illuminates a certain space, its intensity at twice the distance is not twice as feeble, but two times two, equal four times, as feeble. At three times the distance it does not shine three times as feeble, but three times three, that is nine times. In scientific language this is expressed thus: "The intensity of light decreases in the ratio of the square of the distance from its source."

Let us now try to apply this to our example.

We will take it for granted that the great light on Notre Dame steeple shines so bright, that one is just able to read these pages at a square's distance, viz., on "A" street.

On "B" street it will be much darker than on "A" street; it will be precisely four times darker, because "B" street is twice the distance from Notre Dame Church, and  $2 \times 2 = 4$ . Hence, if we wish to read this on "B" street, our letters must cover four times the space they do now.

"C" street is three times as far from the light as "A" street; hence it will be nine times darker there, for  $3 \times 3 = 9$ . This page, in order to be readable there, would then have to cover nine times the space it occupies now.

The next street, being four times as remote from the light as "A" street, our letters, according to the rule given above, would have to cover sixteen times the present space, for it is sixteen times darker than on "A" street.

"E" street, which lies at five times the distance from the light, will be twenty-five times darker, for  $5 \times 5 = 25$ . "F" street, which is six times the distance, we shall find thirty-six times

darker; and lastly, "G" street, seven times the distance from the light, will be forty-nine times darker than "A" street, because  $7 \times 7 = 49$ . The letters of a piece of writing, in order to be legible there, must cover forty-nine times the surface that our letters cover now.

But the reader will exclaim: "This evil can be remedied. We need but place forty-nine lights on Notre Dame steeple; there will then be sufficient light on "G" street for any newspaper or this sheet to be read." Our young friends will easily perceive, however, that it is more judicious to distribute to forty-nine lights in different places on Notre Dame Street, than to put them all on one spot.

This is sufficient to convince any one and especially our young readers that we may be able to illuminate large public places with *one* light, but not the streets of a city, and still less whole cities.

In our next and succeeding chapters, we may have occasion to notice Edison and his Electric light.

#### PUBLIUS LENTULUS'S LETTER TO THE SENATE OF ROME CONCERNING CHRIST.

The following beautiful pen and ink picture of our Divine Saviour from a heathen Roman, will be a most acceptable treat to our young readers:—It being the usual custom of the Roman governors to advertise the Senate and the people of such material things as happened in their respective provinces, in the days of the Emperor Tiberius Caesar, Publius Lentulus, at that time being President of Judea, wrote the following epistle to the Senate concerning our Blessed Saviour:

"CONSCRIPT FATHERS,—Here appeared in these our days, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and by the Gentiles is accepted for a prophet of trust, but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear. His hair of the color of chesnuts full ripe, plain to his eyes, whence downward it is more orient of color, somewhat

waved and curling about his shoulders. In the middle of his head is a seam or partition of the hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead plain and very delicate. His face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red. His nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended. His beard somewhat thick, in color like his hair, and not of a great length, but forked. His look innocent and mature. His eyes, grey, clear, and quick. In his admonishing, courteous and fair-spoken, pleasant in speech mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any one hath seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body well shaped and straight, his hands and arms right and delectable to behold. In speaking, very modest and wise, a man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

#### THE EVILS RESULTING FROM ROMANCE READING.

ROMANCES are a dangerous recreation. A few, no doubt, of the best may be friendly to good taste and good morals; but far the greater part are unskillfully written, and tend to corrupt the heart, and stimulate the passions. A habit of reading them breeds a dislike to history, and all the substantial of knowledge, withdraws the attention from nature and truth, and fills the mind with extravagant thoughts, and too often with criminal propensities. I would therefore caution my young readers against them: or, if they must, for the sake of amusement, and that they may have something to say on the subject, indulge themselves in this way now and then, let it be sparingly and seldom.

#### PLAYING CARDS.

It is generally believed, that Cards were invented for the amusement of one of the early kings of the line of Bourbon; but this belief is erroneous. Who the man was that first invented these instruments of amusement and folly is not known, neither can we tell in what age they were invented. Our knowledge is limited to the country whence they came, viz., Egypt. The colors are two, red and black, which answer to the equinox. The suites are

four, answering to the four seasons. Their emblems formerly were, and still are in Spain: for the heart, a cup, the emblem of Winter—the spade, an acorn, the emblem of Autumn—a club, the trefoil, the emblem of Summer—the diamond, a rose, the emblem of Spring. The twelve court cards answer to the twelve months, and were formerly depicted as the signs of the Zodiac. The fifty-two cards answer to the fifty-two weeks of the year. The thirteen cards in each suite to the number of weeks in a lunar quarter. The aggregate of the pips calculated in the following manner, amount to the number of days in a year:—

55	Amount in each suite.
4	Suites.
<hr/>	
220	
120	Court cards multiplied by 10.
12	Number of court cards.
13	Number of each suite.

Total, 365

THE questions and problems proposed in the Young Folks Corner, must be answered monthly as they appear. All inquiries and answers for this Corner, must be addressed to the Editor of THE HARP, prepaid.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. In how many points does the Catholic Church differ from all the other so-called Churches?
2. Give in a diagram the derivation of the word News?
3. Who wrote the "Pursuits of Literature?"
4. Who was "Junius," the author of the celebrated letters under that name?
5. What do you understand by the "Second Estate?"
6. What by the "Fourth Estate?"
7. The sum of two lines is 26 inches, and the difference 8 inches, find the lines?
8. If the sides of a triangle be 6, 8 and 12 feet, calculate the segments into which the perpendicular divides the side, whose length is 12 feet?
9. What was the National debt of Ireland at the Union. Give the percentage of increase to 1880?

#### REVIEWS.

THE WESTERN HOME JOURNAL.—This well known Catholic paper published at Detroit, Mich., is, we are glad to notice, meeting with great success, so much so that the proprietor has found it necessary to enlarge it to make room for the increased advertising patronage bestowed upon him. We are very glad that the *Journal* is meeting with such well-merited success. It is now, with one exception, the largest Catholic paper published in the United States.

THE EVER FAITHFUL ISLAND.—By Rt. Rev. John Hennessy, D. D., Bishop of Dubuque, Iowa.

THE SORROWS OF THE OLD LAND.—By Rt. Rev. John J. Hogan, D. D., Bishop of St. Joseph, Mo.

ENGLAND'S CRIME.—By Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill.

Three lectures delivered in Chicago, St. Patrick's Day, 1880, by request of the Irish-American Council of Chicago in aid of the Irish Relief Fund.

Great praise is due to the enterprising publisher, Mr. P. T. Sherlock, 115 Randolph Street, Chicago, for being instrumental in rescuing these noble discourses from oblivion, and presenting them to the people in a shape that they can preserve and hand their children to study as grand lessons in Irish history.

#### F A C E T I Æ.

Every donkey thinks itself worthy to stand with the king's horses; every girl thinks she could keep house better than her mother; but thoughts are not facts, for the sprat thought himself a herring, when the fisherman knew he was not.

A Glasgow minister was recently called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house, he said to the man's wife, "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?" "Oh, yes, Sir; we gang to the Barony Kirk." "Then why in the world did you send for me? Why didn't you send for Doctor Macleod?" "Na, na, 'deed na; we wadna risk him. Do ye ken it's a dangerous case of typhus?"

How to acquire short hand—Fool around a buzz-saw.

The smallest boy is looking after the running gear of his last year's sled.

The man who borrows five dollars is still suffering from the panic of '73.

"A good workman is known by his chips"—and so is a good poker player.

Carpets, though bought by the yard, are worn by the foot.

"The new way to spell it is "mesulz," but if you have it in that way it is sure death.

Any small boy who has green apple experience knows the misery that is brought to a party by internal disputes.

A thorough man of the world is one who can shake hands cordially with a friend whom he has just blackballed at a club.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance.—"Why do you have a fresh one? Why don't you have it cured?"

The rage for decorations has not yet extended to buckwheat cakes. They are still made plain and are seldom mailed up on parlor walls.

Never marry a woman unless she is so rich that you would marry her if she were ugly and so handsome that you would marry her if she were poor.

There is something soft and tender in the fall of a bright snowflake, but when it comes to crawling out in the morning and shovelling away a big drift, its oratory, mean and disgusting.

Since silk, it has been discovered, causes spontaneous combustion, young men should never hug a girl even in a dark parlor without having a bucket of water within reach of the sofa.

Compared to women, how insignificant is man, especially in the matter of baggage. As a rule, you can stand his trunk up on top of hers and still have room enough there for a game of parlor croquet.

A Yankee woman recently married a Chinese laundryman and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pig-tail to be cut off, saying in explanation: "Foo muchee yank."

A belle, meeting her rival, said, with an air of much concern: "My dear, how old you look to-day. I never saw you look so old!" "Well," she quietly replied "that is not at all wonderful, for, you see, I never was so old before as I am to-day!"

A map of New York has been published on which all the churches are distinctly marked. This fills a long-felt want. For when a countryman visits the city the first place he wants to go to is a church. Nine times out of ten he gets into a theatre by mistake.

Little Franky's mother was very pious, but she was an invalid, and so his auntie, who was also pious, looked after his religious instruction, and let no occasion pass to enforce some precept. One day Franky suddenly said: "Oh, dear, I wish I had wings!" This angelic inspiration was regarded with great joy by the two sisters, and they eagerly asked why he wished for wings. "Oh," said Franky. "I'd fly up into the air and take Aunt Susan with me, and when I couldn't go any higher I'd let her drop."

A young man who was pleasantly engaged in dealing out taffy to his girl over the telephone wire the other day, was much disgusted at hearing a voice from the central office remark: "Please hurry up if you have anything to say; there is a business man waiting for the wire."

Once, in travelling, the Rev. Dr. Bledsoe was exceedingly annoyed by a pedantic bore who forced himself upon him, and made a great parade of his shallow learning. The doctor bore it as long as he could, and at length looking at him gravely, said: "You and I know all that is to be known." "How is that?" said the man, pleased with what he thought a very complimentary association. "Why," said the doctor, "You know everything except that you are a fool, and I know that."

Date	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in May.
1	Sat	The English fleet under Herbert, beaten by the French under Chateau Renaud in Bantry Bay, bringing supplies to James II., 1689. Archibald Hamilton Rowan escaped from prison, 1794.
2	Sun	ROGATION SUNDAY. Sir Cahir O'Dogherty's rising, 1608.
3	Mon	St. COLLAETH, Patron of Kildare. Edmund Sheehy hanged 1776.
4	Tues	Red Hugh O'Donnell inaugurated and proclaimed "The O'Donnell," 1592. Meeting of the United Irishmen in the Tailor's Hall, Dublin, dispersed, and their papers seized, 1794.
5	Wed	Napoleon died in St. Helena, 1821. Great Tenant-Right Meeting at Millstreet, Co. Cork, 1850.
6	Thurs	ASCENSION THURSDAY. An Irish Parliament summoned by James II., 1689.
7	Fri	Monster meeting at the Curragh of Kildare, 70,000 present, 1843.
8	Sat	Battle of Lough Swilly, 1567.
9	Sun	Cromwell repulsed at the battle of Clonmel, 1649.
10	Mon	St. COMGALL. Assembly of Irish Bishops at Kilkenny to deliberate on the state of the kingdom, 1641. From this assembly was issued an address to the Catholics of Ireland declaring the war to be just.
11	Tues	Battle of Fontenoy. British routed by the Irish Brigade, 1745.
12	Wed	First Meeting of the Protestant Repeal Association in the Music Hall, Dublin, 1848.
13	Thurs	Desmond, Earl of Kildare, founded Gray Friary, Adare, Limerick, 1464. Pope Pius IX born, 1790.
14	Fri	St. CARTHAGE, Patron of Lismore. Henry Grattan died, 1820. O'Connell's remains deposited under Round Tower, Glasnevin, 1869.
15	Sat	St. DYMPNA. O'Connell entered the House of Commons, and refused to take the Oaths, 1829. O'Connell died at Genoa, 1847.
16	Sun	St. BRENDAN, Patron of Kerry and Clonsfert. <i>Dies Infandum!</i> This is the anniversary of the first landing of the Anglo-Normans in Ireland, 1167.
17	Mon	Lord Camden's proclamation against the United Irishmen, 1797. Parliament rejects the Repeal Motion, 1844.
18	Tues	Repeal meeting at Charleville, Co. Cork, 300,000 present, 1843. Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout) died at Paris, 1866.
19	Wed	Lord Edward Fitzgerald arrested and mortally wounded, in a house, in Thomas Street, by Major Sirr, 1798.
20	Thurs	Wolfe Tone left Dublin for Belfast on his way to America, 1795.
21	Fri	Henry and John Sheares arrested, 1798. Repeal Meeting at Cork, 500,000 present, 1843.
22	Sat	Samuel Neilson arrested, 1798.
23	Sun	Battle of Ramilies, Irish Brigade protected the rear of the retreating French, and took several standards from the English, who had been victorious. Irish Insurrection bursts forth, 1798.
24	Mon	Fiann Sionna, Monarch of Ireland, died at Tailteinn, in Meath, 916. "United Irishmen," take the town of Prosperous, 1798.
25	Tues	Edward Bruce landed in Ireland at Oldfleet, in the Bay of Larne, on the Antrim coast, 1315. Carlow taken by the insurgents, 1798.
26	Wed	Turlough O'Brien executed, after having suffered a year's imprisonment, 1581. Richard Lalor Shiel died, 1851. Michael Barrett hanged in London, 1868.
27	Thurs	CONRUS CURISTRI. Battle of Oulart Hill, County Wexford, 1798.
28	Fri	Thomas Moore, poet, born 1780. "United Irishmen" capture Enniscorthy, 1798.
29	Sat	Cromwell left Ireland, 1656.
30	Sun	"United Irishmen" win the battle at Three Rocks, county Wexford, 1798. O'Connell and others imprisoned, 1844.
31	Mon	Massacre at the Curragh of Kildare of the Irish, after they had surrendered and laid down their arms, 1798. Third reading of the Irish Protestant Church Disestablishment Bill carried by a majority of 114, 1869.

FAITH.—A transcendent faith, a cheerful trust, turns the darkness of night into a pillar of fire, and the cloud by day into a perpetual glory. They who thus march on are refreshed even in the wilderness, and hear the streams of gladness trickling among the rocks.

EDUCATION AND PURE LOVE.—As education and culture lifts the mind above the coarse, low ignorance of the illiterate, so does the seeker after virtue, beauty and love, scorn all that is not a part of his desires, and does not contribute pleasure to his senses.