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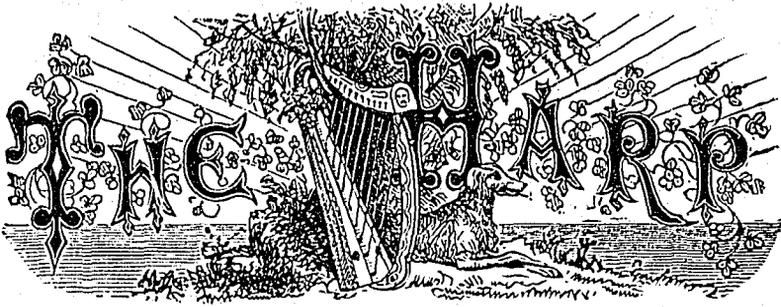
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No. 4.

A CRY FROM IRELAND.

BY N. J. O'CONNELL FRENCH.

What message is flashed through the ocean,
From 'neath its billows and foam—
Then over prairie and mountain
To our distant Western home?
A cry from our dear mother Erin,
Out of the depths of the main;
'Tis a cry of pleading and anguish—
"The Famine's coming again!"

Is this, then, O, just God of Nations!
Is this the work of Thy hand?
No!—Famine's a curse that the landlord
Brought to our beautiful land;
Wresting the soil from the people
By force or legalized lie,
He reaped all the fruits of our labor,
We learned to labor—and die!"

The harvest has failed, yet the landlord
Demands, like Shylock, his gold—
Pay the rent or your homesteads forfeit;
Go perish of hunger or cold;
The ox and the sheep must be fattened,
Or scant the Sassenach's board;
No room for both peasants and cattle—
Away with the famishing horde!

O, God! in a land fair and fertile,
Comfort and splendour so nigh,
On the soil once owned by our fathers
Must a nation perish and die;
Hear you not the cry of the people
Out from the depths of the wave?—
"The Famine is coming upon us,
Hasten to aid and to save!"

Why, strangers have come to the rescue—
Strangers in blood and in race,
Shall our hearts not feel for our mother
One touch of pitying grace?
Then hark to this cry, O, my brothers!
Harken, matron and maid!
Our people are calling: let's hasten,
Nor be too late with our aid!

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 IX.

JAMES THE PILGRIM.—MR. MELDON MAKES
ANOTHER VISIT TO THE CRAG.—FATHER
JOHN HAYES.

We promised in the last chapter to say something of the strange man who met Mr. D'Alton Barron on the road as he came from the great meeting. The same man had been moving about the localities for three or four and twenty years, from the time he was five and thirty until he had reached sixty—the age he was when we introduce him to our readers. James Feron was above the middle height even now, when reaching the heavy three score; and his strength at one time must have been herculean. But he had nearly lost his sight, and could merely see his way so as to avoid collision with coaches, horses and cars. James was a prodigious favorite with young and old; and, what was more wonderful, he was quite worthy of the regard which greeted him wherever he went. He entertained the young; he gave counsel to the mature, and he prayed with all.

James Feron was among the last, we believe, of the exponents of great ponance and illustrations of beautiful charity which cold realities and hard selfish-

ness have driven away. Staff in hand; a large silver ring on his finger, and his rosary beads hanging down from his left hand, as he journeyed along, every one rejoiced to meet him, and every house felt it an honor to entertain him. His entertainment cost little. He ate no flesh meat, and he drank no strong drink, and a little straw was his resting-place—on the boards if they happened to offer such a luxury; but oftener on bare, cold, and damp ground of the cottages, which James more frequented and preferred. More than this, he never stayed a second night in the same house, although he might make old friends a casual visit; but that night was to be remembered. James had stories of foreign travel, of night attacks on foes, and marches through the mountains and over rivers and glens and through woods, while every moment might prove the last through the hidden fire of ambush, or the enemies' discovery of your route. And then James drew forth his formidable rosary, sharp at nine o'clock, with fervor leading the prayers, and in the end giving the moral lesson. No wonder, we repeat, that every one prized him; and no wonder that the happiness of entertaining him often became an object for rivalry. Such a man was James, "the Pilgrim."

There certainly was an air of mystery about the man, and he had an intimate knowledge of things ordinarily hidden. And besides, although seemingly dependent upon alms, he never asked for any—nay, had been known to release old neighbors from embarrassment when they found themselves in the grasp of such landlordship as Mr. Giffard D'Alton's.

Here is James's story, as we ourselves have heard him tell it more than once.

He had been a very fast young man, entitled to a small property, and inheriting a good name. He soon "disestablished" the property and substituted "rake" for the "honest and prudent" character his father had bequeathed. Plenty of boon companions make limited means fly quickly, and James soon began to feel that want was not far off. But, even then he was devoted to the poor and would share with them his last penny.

"Never refuse any one who is sober;"

James would say; "but above all, never refuse a young lad; and help 'poor scholars.'"

"Poor scholars" were well known in those days; and, indeed, in days much more recent; but in James' early time you met them constantly. Nearly every farmer's house boarded one; and in town and city, where such refuge was not practicable, you met them, after school, going around with ink-horn hung on breast, and bundle of books under the arm, collecting rather than begging the means of meeting the expenses of lodging and board.

"I was saved soul and body," James said, "by a poor scholar."

"How?" asked Amy D'Alton, one day.

"A lot of my wild friends were around me one night in Clonmel. We had an old piper, whom we made play all kinds of Irish airs, and an old harper, and—oh, we had everything like good fellowship—when in walked a boy of fifteen years. He was a 'poor scholar,' and had travelled all the way from Monaghan to the classical school in Clonmel."

"Came to beg?"

"Came to get help to a quarter's schooling and his lodging."

"And they gave it?"

"Yes *agra*, we did—more by two times than he asked. The young fellow had something in his eyes, and handsome mouth—and he was as neat as a gentleman's son."

"Go on James."

"Well, everyone knows the rest. Everyone knows that I was transported to Van Dieman's Land for taking arms from the Fogartys—though I never entered the house. The voyage across the whole world was a thing I will remember, and I shake when I think of it. On shore, the prison and the gangs were worse. Ever so many killed themselves, not remembering there are worse chains than the convict-chains."

"Well, about the liberation."

"You heard me tell it before. A nice gentleman spoke to me one day about my crime and my health and my people, and I told him all. I told him I was wild enough and fought my way and spent my money; but I never set foot in Fogarty's house against his will; and that they had had blood in for me."

"Was he the Governor?"

"Oh well, my dear young lady have patience. He was not."—

"And then?"

"In a few weeks I was transferred to the house the young man lived in, and he gave me accounts to keep and letters to copy and messages to do; and he made me as happy as you please. Well, to make a long story short, he asked me one day, nearly a year and nine months after my arrival, would I like to settle in Van Dieman's Land if I was a freeman?"

"If I was a freeman, sir," says I, "I'd follow my heart that never travelled out of Ireland."

"You would return?"

"Oh, the Churchyards of Ireland would be more dear to me than a thousand places away from her!"

"Well, James Feron," he said, handing me a large letter, "you are free. I send you home with the King's broad seal in your pocket, and with means enough to pay your way until you can look about."

"I was struck dumb," continued James, "and I suppose I kept staring at the gentleman."

"Come my good friend! I owe you a good turn! I am only paying back."

"Oh, sir!"

"I am the 'poor scholar' for whom you made the collection in Clonmel fifteen years ago next Candlemas! The Governor has had your case examined, and the parish priest of Carrick, Father John O'Neill, has done the rest."

"Glory be to God!" was my first cry; and I went down on my knees, not able to speak a word more. So, my dear young lady, I have good reason to be fond of the 'poor scholars.'

Just at this point of the conversation, a carriage drove up to the hall door, and company were announced. James the Pilgrim arose. As he was moving out, he stood still for a moment, when he heard the names "Mr. Meldon," Miss Meldon, "Mr. Leyton Seymour," called out.

Going down stairs James was met by the three visitors, and whilst Mr. Meldon prayed James to await him in the parlor, Amy was quite in an excitement about "Miss Meldon." She had never heard of such a person, and was hardly

prepared to hear that her favorite was or had been married.

She had not long to prepare herself, and very likely she was the more natural when the persons announced entered the drawing-room. But poor Amy felt humiliated. The paper on the wall was falling off; the carpet was here and there revealing the worn boards; even the windows showed the neglect of servants or the eccentricity of the proprietor, for they were covered with dust that dimmed the blessed daylight.

Mr. Meldon, holding by the hand a young lady, who looked like "Morning," in one of Claude Lorraine's pictures, advanced towards Amy.

"I have brought you some one to be a friend, Miss D'Alton. Here is Clara, my daughter, Clara, child, here is the young lady of whom I have spoken so much. Allow me to introduce also Mr. Leyton Seymour—a most particular friend of mine."

Mr. Seymour advanced with a very collected air and deferential manner. He was not more than five-and-twenty, and was in the possession of all the bloom of manhood. Yet Mr. Leyton Seymour had a cast of melancholy in his dark eyes; and his marked long brow and dark eyelashes tended to make the sadness more impressive. He was "so happy to meet such a friend of Mr. Meldon," he said; and then seemed determined to be a listener only.

Of course every woman who has lived would commence at once to conjecture special relations between such a charming pair as Seymour and Clara; and Amy D'Alton was no exception. But we must add, for truth's sake, that the supposition of any particularly special relations between the young people did not produce a pleasant feeling. Amy became conscious of the matter, and she laughed at—well its absurdity.

"I have been hearing of you by letter; and papa has spoken so much to me of Miss D'Alton, that really I have known you for a year. Do you know I have been quite jealous of you?"

"Amy again felt "I am feeling jealous of you"—and again smiled interiorly at—the absurdity.

Mr. Meldon saw from the beginning that Amy D'Alton felt the woe-stricken

look of everything, and he tried to come to the rescue.

"You see, Seymour," he said, "what a man worth a hundred thousand pounds can afford to do. If my friend, Mr. Giffard D'Alton, had only a middling fortune he would not dare to defy public opinion in such a manner."

"That peculiarity is not very rare," remarked Mr. Leyton Seymour: "I have an uncle afflicted with the like mania, and I often think what a painful life his must be."

A life which bears the burthen of a great judgment. Pain and conflict all one's life, and a consciousness that every one around him looks across his grave to gain a glimpse of sunshine.

"Papa," remarked Amy, "is peculiar in matters of the description of furniture and taste; but he thinks nothing of hundreds, if a principle demands outlay."

Poor Amy never lost an opportunity of vindicating old Giffard D'Alton; and every one loved her the more for her daughterly affection. She must have suffered much. But, then, was he not her father?

"That I know," answered Mr. Meldon, "Well, Miss D'Alton, you must ask papa's leave, and come and spend some time with Clara. We have now Clara's harp and piano, and we have—better than all—Clara's voice; and we shall have music. You know I am aware of the old gentleman's desire to be alone; so you have no excuse."

"And shall we not have Ally Hayes, papa?" asked the beautiful girl, her eyes sparkling with the joy of youth. "Oh, Miss D'Alton, I do love Ally Hayes so much; don't you?"

"Every one loves the 'Queen of the May;' but particularly the poor, among whom she spends much of her leisure."

Mr. Meldon was silent this time.

"You are thinking of poor papa's hard dealings with the Hayeses. Well, that proceeding made us all so unhappy! But poor Patrick Hayes, Ally's father, was a strong politician, and papa's apprehension of politicians is something that upsets his reason."

Mr. Meldon changed the topic. "Did you know old Mr. Hayes's son?" he asked.

"Oh, quite well. He was called 'the young priest.'"

"And he is the young priest, really. I believe he has been only three years or so ordained."

"Any news of Father John?" Amy demanded.

"Most satisfactory news. He is doing a world of good, and like his sister, he is adored by the poor. There's Mr. Leyton Seymour, who has seen him and spoken to him."

"Yes—and enjoyed his hospitality. The 'Queen of the May,' as you designate Miss Hayes, has reason to be proud and happy; and if she joins her brother she will be both the one and the other."

"Does she think of it?" asked Amy.

"Well—only in the event of the widow, her mother, accompanying her. She would never leave her mother, I am sure."

Mr. Leyton Seymour spoke with warmth and feeling; and once again Amy began to make conjectures—and to laugh at her own absurdity for the same.

Father John Hayes, "the young priest," of whom we shall have to speak more by and by, was one of the *protéges* of James the Pilgrim; and from an early day in his young life gave eminent signs of his future. The little altar boy soon became the classical scholar—then the teacher in the Sunday school; and the student in Waterford College. Patrick Hayes loved to think of the consecrated priest standing by his pillow in his agony, and offering the Holy Mass for his soul; but the times were bad, and Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as we have seen, would "stand no nonsense." Every man should "pay his way, and people who wanted indulgence were only fit for the workhouse." "He was—if ever he should become a fool to gratify the pride of the Hayes's."

As we have before intimated, misfortunes came thick and fast upon the Hayes's. The clothes became shabby, and the stock vanished, and the farm looked the misery of the owner's heart and hopes. Poor Patrick Hayes would have borne all and more, if the final catastrophe could only be spared him—that was taking young John Hayes from school. Ah! it would dash the hopes of many a long day, and break the poor

mother's heart! And besides, although "it was little," Patrick Hayes said, "it would tell the world that poor Patrick Hayes had broken down entirely, and every one he 'owed a penny to' would crowd into his door-way, and cover his name with shame."

"Well, *acushla*" he said one day, "God is good! Little Johnny hasn't a tack of the shoes, and his little clothes are in rags. We might bear the hunger, *agra*—but we can't ask him to bear the shame—sure we can't."

"God support your heart, Paddy! You are wounded in your poor soul, even more than Johnny's mother or poor Ally. I never saw a frown upon your face, *asthore machree*, I will never complain to make your day darker than hard fortune—I won't."

"Mary, has 'Crichawn' come lately?"

"Tom?—poor Tom! If Tom found a half penny under a stone, the first he'd think of would be his sister-in-law and Ally. Do you know, Paddy—I believe it was wrong—I was obliged to promise Tom I would not tell you all his doings for us. He it was that kept us up I may say."

"Poor Tom!" sighed his brother.

Just then the Pilgrim entered the dwelling.

"God save all here!"—the dear salutation of our people; "God save all here!" said the Pilgrim.

"God save you kindly, James."

Many a time James the Pilgrim had sat by the hearth of Patrick Hayes, and held the little altar boy upon his knees, and amused little Ally with his fairy tales, before and after she got the "stroke." He found the young looking old—all drooping—probably he knew it all. He opened the pilgrim's wallet, and placing it by his side, sat down by the poor fire, and looked as worn as the inhabitants of the cottage.

"I brought a feast for Johnny and little Ally *bawn*," he said.

The children cried out, as children will cry, particularly in a sudden revulsion of joy.

"First, then," continued James, "there is a picture of Holy Mary for Ally;" and he brought it to her little chair.

Ally cried aloud, because the picture

was a fine plate—the "Assumption," by Raphael.

"And now, maybe, I haven't something for Johnny—something he will like; there is a brand new Demosthenes, with a Latin translation."

The hearts of the father and mother beat. They knew that poor Johnny could no longer pursue his studies.

"An' now," said the magician, "bring over the table. Arn't we to have a feast?"

Two great loaves of white bread half a cold leg of mutton, and a lot of things which children value.

The children were in extacies. Patrick Hayes only came over to the table and rung the Pilgrim's hand. The mother dropped a tear—because she saw that the Pilgrim had found out all, and with a delicate hand was striving to pluck away a few thorns from the path-way of poverty.

"God's greatest mercy to you, James, as you are God's best messenger to the poor to-day."

"God is very good to a sinner like me," answered James the Pilgrim. "We'll say the Rosary now," he continued.

And the beautiful devotion that makes our life for a moment the life of Christ was gone through in faith.

Once more seated by the fire to which a few sods had been added,

"I needn't tell you," said Patrick Hayes, "that poor Johnny has no use of the great Greek book now; but better days will come, James, a *dhearbhrathair*. We must keep him at home."

"Throth and no!" answered the Pilgrim.

"Ah, look at his little coat, *avic*, and see his little boots."

He handed them to the Pilgrim who saw they were falling asunder.

"Never mind," said the Pilgrim; and he placed the boots in his wallet; at the same time he measured the little jacket, from his knuckles to his elbow.

"God is good, old friend," James said very reverently; "the guardian angel of Johnny has been at work."

The father looked inquiringly and astonished.

"Father Aylmer missed Johnny from the chapel, and he guessed something."

The poor mother broke down! She was a distant relative of Father Aylmer.

"Johnny is to go to Waterford College next week; and you need never do anything, only thank God and the Blessed Virgin Mary!"

All fell upon their knees again except poor Ally, and fervently and reverently bowed down in such thankfulness as good hearts always feel in the presence of the benignity of Providence.

Thus have we Father John Hayes, now working away across the Atlantic, though unable to assist his family when the crisis arrived. Before that dark time there was varying fortune, so that the wolf was kept from the door until the day of fate which drove Paddy Hayes in despair from Giffard D'Alton's house.

But we have remained too long away from the Crag. The young girls formed an attachment which lasted long and happily for both. The arrangements for the visit were made with gladness of heart and many words of bright anticipation.

Leaving the hall-door, the Pilgrim called Mr. Meldon aside.

"That's the young gentleman," he said, pointing to Mr. Seymour; "that's the gentleman that won three hundred pounds from Mr. Charles Baring."

"Precisely—only the sum was five hundred."

"And has Mr. Baring paid?"

"Every shilling."

"I see," said the Pilgrim. "Cunneen!" said the Pilgrim. "Cunneen!" he repeated—"you are a biting dog, Cunneen."

"Oh!" Mr. Meldon replied, "you have experience of God's dealings, and you know that His turn always comes."

"But is not your friend in danger? Baring must be desperate."

"We shall 'watch and pray,' James; and employ the Pilgrim and 'Crichawn.'"

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING WHY MANY MYSTERIES ARE NOT SOLVED—THE RETURN OF MR. CHARLES BARING, AND THE VISIT OF AMY D'ALTON TO MELDON.

We frankly admit that there has been some undue mystery about the robbery at the Crag. What became of the immense treasure? Where are the robbers

to be found? Why has not Mr. Giffard D'Alton burned the Crag and invented a new vocabulary of blasphemies to build up a rampart between himself and the workhouse? And, we ought to add, where is Mr. Baring? Has he been put in jail?

Now, however reasonable it may be that readers feel curious, and are even tempted to become critical, in the presence of such inconsistencies, we assure them all and several that, at the time of Mr. Meldon's visit to the Crag, not a single breath of rumor existed regarding the very bold and unjustifiable attack upon the Crag and the robbery thereof. Even the police were spared the pangs of mind and weariness of travel which a knowledge of such a nefarious violation of "law and order" should necessarily entail.

We will communicate this much—that "the Captain," as Mr. Charles Baring was called, did not present himself at the Crag for four or five days. His uncle became solicitous; because, he fairly argued, "Where could Charles be without money; and if Charles had money where was the money got?" But Mr. Charles did come home within a week, at all events, and had even ascertained that he ran no risk. That information came from a sure source—the police,—all whose experience for a week or more had turned inside out, and learned with industry.

It is quite certain that Mr. Charles Baring recognised the dog, and therefore was aware that his complicity in the robbery was known to one person, at least; but many more things than that were known to "Crichawn," and the last bad deed made no great difference. There is no question of Mr. Charles Baring's hatred both of Mr. Meldon and "Crichawn;" and with a fair chance of getting rid of both, it would be well if they had their prayers said. But "the Captain" was wise enough to conclude that, great enemies as Meldon and "Crichawn" were, the law and the hangman were greater.

Mr. Charles Baring accidentally performed a good work the day of his arrival. Mr. Giffard D'Alton had the house in an uproar, and the servants flying from before his face. Too much turf had been found in the kitchen grate

and he had seen with his own eyes (he swore a hundred oaths),—he had seen a beggar leaving the courtyard with a well-filled bag. Of course, that was the plunder of Mr. Giffard's "honest means," by the robbers around him, who would "send him to the workhouse at last," and then Mr. Giffard raised his eyes and hands to the sky, and invoked all the maledictions that injured justice without a conscience could invoke upon his foes "unto the thirtieth generation."

Mr. Giffard D'Alton's passion, however, had not reached its climax until he discovered that the hunter was not in the stable. Where was the hunter? Mr. Charles had "taken the animal with him one morning." The man who gave the information was to go and be—. The same man was in league with the "scapegrace nephew." The horse had "been by this time sold," and James the groom had a large share of the booty. "By—the whole—set should be sent to Botany Bay." Thus the courtyard was ringing when, bright as a mirror, in came the animal regarding which he had made so many announcements; and peace was shortly proclaimed, to the consolation of the servants. Thus Mr. Charles Baring did great good without intending it.

Nelly Nurse, on being summoned by Mr. Baring, gave him all the knowledge she thought right to be communicated, and told him how Miss Amy had gone in Mr. Meldon's carriage on a visit to Mr. Meldon and his daughter. Now, this being so, we will follow our friend Amy, and leave Mr. Charles to the enjoyment of his uncle and the Crag.

Mr. Meldon's house, though not new to Amy, is new to our readers. Let us sketch it. Lying against Slieve-na-mon, but not upon it, the shadow of the great mountain seems to rest patronisingly upon the dwelling. It is two stories high, and has verandahs and Venetian blinds, and from the outside you can behold the rich hangings. The drawing-room curtains are of rich purple damask, and the parlor ones are the richest of rich merino. The furniture comports with the hangings, and the whole house glows with the rich tastes of a man of culture who wishes to surround his beautiful child with images of her own beautiful soul.

In the carriage which brought away Amy are Mr. Leyton Seymour and Clara Meldon; the box-seat is occupied by Mr. Meldon, and his devoted servant, "Crichawn."

Three gentlemen pass by, and "Crichawn" raises his whip to the leaf of his *sombrero* in salute.

"Who are those gentlemen?" asked Mr. Meldon.

"One is Mr. M——" answered "Crichawn"; "the other is Mr. O'G——, and the third gentleman is wan I never saw before."

"He looks a man of courage and daring. His head is raised as if to defy a storm."

At this moment Father Ned Power came along.

"Just the man I wanted. Who is that noble-looking gentleman in the middle? Look yonder."

"Alas!" answered Father Ned, "that is O'B——the bravest, truest soul in the world, but the most deceived by his followers."

"Why by his followers?"

"Well by the enthusiasm which exaggerates everything in a moment of excitement, and moves souls like his to action that must be ruinous."

"I hardly understand."

"Well, you are well acquainted with some movements and hopes openly advised and inspired by our press. These arise very much from local reports which spring from meetings and conjectures; and when the time of action comes, such noble fellows as he will pay the forfeit, and accomplish nothing."

"Which side are you on, Father Ned asked Mr. Meldon, laughing.

"I belong to the great 'waiting' party," answered Father Ned. "I will not irritate where I cannot give a blow; and I will not give a blow which may be returned by a thousand, and give my enemy a thousand times more power than he ever had before."

"Come, Father Ned, we will finish this discussion, or your volume of information, after dinner. I have kept you too long from Miss D'Alton. You knew Mr. Seymour before."

Father Ned stepped into the carriage like a man who was at home and who knew he was.

The time until dinner was spent in

lounging around a richly blooming garden, although the flowers gave notice that their life was not to be very long; and Amy and Clara discussed poetry and "work" and, of course, music, while the gentlemen entertained themselves in the various modes and manners which people of their education enjoy.

We will not trouble the reader with a description of the dinner—a thing which is very tantalising to a man who is hungry, and who cannot transform the viands of thought into something more palpable if not more poetical. It passed off admirably; and Father Ned declared that Mr. Seymour was one of the finest men in the world.

The ladies had not long to wait in the drawing-room, where both were delighted to find their friend the "Queen of the May." She wore her favorite white and blue—the dress she wore at the school examinations the Summer before.

It was quite evident that the sympathy of Mr. Meldon was strongly Hibernian; and he dwelt on landlord tyranny and class ascendancy in Ireland as if he was a native of Munster. Mr. Seymour was very much the same—only he had a great tendency to "venture all" sooner than continue in the vassalage of a prostrate nationality. Amy looked at him with astonishment, and in spite of all her parental training she caught a spark of the fire of his thought.

After some vehement condemnations of the misgovernment of the past, Clara ventured to remark that poor Poland had suffered more even than Ireland; "the chains were heavy and sharp, and degradation was constantly the companion of the whip and the sabre!" almost cried Clara.

"There is my daughter! Clara, you are a little rogue! You want Mr. Seymour's song, 'The Minstrel!'"

Clara smiled and rose. She approached Mr. Seymour like a petitioner.

Mr. Seymour, on his part, rose and bowed. He raised the harp from its position near the southern window, and placed it beside the piano. He then gave his arm to Clara, who, sitting behind it, looked like a vision of beauty, through thinly veiling clouds. She swept the strings with a power astonishing in one so young. The prelude was grandly full; yet you heard the

wail of melancholy running through rushing harmonies that swelled up in magnificent chorus! Mr. Leyton Seymour stood near her, and began. With a fine tenor he gave—

POLAND'S LAST MINSTREL.

And he called for his sword and his lyre;
And a tinge o'er his brown visage stole,
For his dark eye was flashing the fire
That raged in the depths of his soul!

And he sang: "Poland, on to the fight!
On! on! with the sword of the free!
Oh, the sword of the freeman is bright!
And heaven and hope are with thee!"

And he called for his sword and his lyre;
And his visage was worn and wan,
And his dark eye no longer flashed fire,
For his spirit was broken and gone.

And he sang,—'twas of Poland again;
It was peace to the great and the brave;
And I thought more melodiously then
Tho' his song was the song of the grave!

Peace! peace! to the minstrel who sang
All the glories of freedom,—and died
With the sounds of her fame on his tongue,
And the lyre of his love by his side!

It was vain to depict the effect of this song upon Amy D'Alton. The blood of the barrons was hot, and in poor Amy's case constant repression of home made the reaction terrible. She grew pale with downright excitement; and, had she not been ashamed, she would have besought Mr. Leyton Seymour to sing it again.

"Poor Poland!" sighed the fair young woman.

"There's a singular illustration of accepting enemies' gifts," observed Mr. Meldon.

"Enemies' gifts? I do not understand," observed Mr. Seymour.

"The Russian power bribed the occupiers and cultivators of the land by what it styled liberating them from feudal slavery; and when Poland had lost cohesion by the division between owners and cultivators, the enemy made slaves of both—slaves, as far as the Tartars could, in mind, body, and religion."

Mr. Meldon spoke with great bitterness.

"Ah, well," cried Father Ned, "the ladies are not going to stop their sweet music for our dry history. Miss D'Alton will sing one of our own melodies."

"I think Ally Hayes and myself have

sometimes ventured a duet, having Nelly Nurse and my cousin for an appreciative audience," answered Amy. "What says the 'Queen of the May?'"

The "Queen of the May" only blushed and rose. She was taken to the piano by Mr. Meldon, her kind and devoted patron. Amy stood by, and Mr. Leyton Seymour turned the music. "Flow on, thou shining river!" was charmingly rendered.

After the applause and thanks had ceased, Mr. Seymour said the "shining river reminded him of the Glen leading up to Mr. D'Alton's, and the singular apparition stated to have occurred there some time ago."

"Father Ned Power," Mr. Seymour said, "do you believe in apparitions?"

"Well, it would be difficult to deny apparitions and admit the Holy Scriptures."

"Father Ned, what of the Pookah's hole?" said Father John.

"I am not going to involve myself in conflicts with the fairies," said Father Ned; but there was a wicked light in his eyes—which might mean that Father Ned knew a great deal more.

Amy had for some time been looking over a portfolio. She started with a slight exclamation. Clara was by her side.

"I see you like that sketch," remarked Miss Meldon.

"Oh, 'tis most beautiful. Is it fancy, or has such a sketch an original?" Her eyes dilated at the view.

What was it? It was a mansion by a lake, that spread itself out like an inland sea. There was a narrow at the head—far, far away; and this narrow was spanned by a bridge so light and beautiful that it seemed made for spirits to pass over. The mansion was regal in its looks and luxuriant in every surrounding.

Clara evidently enjoyed Amy's wonder; and Amy, raising her eyes, saw the quizzical look of her young friend.

"Oh, you have seen that place, Clara? I see you have."

"I know who made the sketch at any rate," answered Clara, laughing; and she turned her eyes towards Mr. Leyton Seymour.

"Oh, Mr. Seymour! The sketch is yours! Is it taken from nature?"

"It is, Miss D'Alton. That sketch is of a beautiful home, beyond the Atlantic; and the tints are those of the Indian Summer, which corresponds with your harvest. Indeed the perfection of the sketch would demand a few of the aborigines and a canoe or two along the shining water. I think of adding them to-morrow."

Amy waited for more information. She waited in vain.

"The proprietor of such an establishment must be rich, and might be happy," Father Power put in; but Mr. Seymour made no remark, and the company were too polite to force a confidence to which no one had any claim.

Amy was full of thought, and built many castles in the air. This was evident—that Mr. Seymour was an artist, had been in America, and had known the country and people; and who knows, after all, but the beautiful mansion belonged to himself. "But what is that to me," she inquired of her busy set of feelings, and, as usual, she laughed at herself—laughed at her own absurdity.

A loud ring at the door announced a visitor.

"Crichawn" came in and handed a card to Mr. Leyton Seymour. Mr. Seymour looked astonished, but said nothing. Amy felt alarmed—she knew not why.

Mr. Seymour rose from his chair and moved towards the door; but Mr. Meldon at once said, "Any friend of yours is welcome here."

Begging pardon, however, Mr. Seymour adhered to his original design and approached the door. "Crichawn" held the bolt in his hand tightly. He stooped over to Mr. Seymour and whispered very distinctly.

"He ought to come in only he'd frighten the ladies—and Miss Amy. But no matter," said "Crichawn"; "no matter; you don't care a pin for him;" and he slipped into Mr. Seymour's hand a revolver.

The visitor was Mr. Charles Baring, who had lost the five hundred pounds on the race day in Tramore, where, for reasons more Mr. Meldon's than his own, Mr. Leyton Seymour was present and betted on the various matches.

Mr. Seymour had overheard James

the Pilgrim's words, and he felt the time of action might be coming.

He kept the pistol very plainly exposed in his right hand.

"You come out armed, sir," were the first words spoken by Baring.

"I nearly always carry arms about me, sir. I have been living in wild, undisciplined regions. But you want *me*?"

"Yes, I want to warn you."

"What means that language to a stranger, sir?"

"I tell you, sir, you are well known; and I tell you to keep clear of my house and of Miss D'Alton."

"Miss D'Alton!"

"Yes, sir, Miss D'Alton is affianced to me; and——"

"Stop, pray; has Miss D'Alton affianced herself to you?"

"A more proper person has affianced her to me—her own father."

"Oh," Mr. Seymour replied; "fathers very vainly do things of that kind in a free country. Miss D'Alton is her own mistress."

"Oh, her money! You know it! You rascal! You cheat! You blackleg! Have you courage to meet an injured man—her own flesh and blood? Are you a man of honor?"

"Mr. Baring, I will meet you anywhere, by night or by day, alone or in company," answered Mr. Seymour calmly.

"Well then, well then,"—and he choked though he made himself intelligible,—"*bring—one—one man—to the centre of Cool-na-muck, after to-morrow at seven in the morning,—one man to witness your last breath—seven in the morning mind! Will you come, sir?*"

"Certainly," and he added very quietly, "I shall bring two dozen leaden bullets."

They parted.

"*Mo gradh thu!*" (My love you are), said "Crichawn," who had heard every word.

CHAPTER XI.

SHOWING HOW THERE WAS NO DUEL, AFTER ALL—THE SHADOW OF THE "FEVER TIME" AND THE CHARITY BEGOTTEN OF SORROW—AN IRISH HURLING MATCH THIRTY YEARS AGO.

WE will make no mystery about the

duel, which never came off at all. The next day but one, Mr. Charles Baring found himself in a raging fever, and fighting a duel, in which the chances for the time were pretty evenly balanced between death and life. The danger of losing all mental coherency was imminent; for already Mr. Baring had commenced to rave; and therefore Amy D'Alton dispatched a messenger in all haste for Father Ned Power. But the young man would see no priest; he was "in no danger," he said; he would still be able to "avenge himself on his enemies;" and he over and over cursed some name between his ground teeth which the nurse thought was like "Cunneen."

Amy was in deep affliction, of course, particularly as he had refused the consolations of faith, and, unhappily, reasoning with Mr. Baring was now out of the question. She could only pray and suffer, poor child. Sympathy, at all events, within the Crag, had died the day of her birth.

But Mr. Meldon was now doubly attentive, and Mr. Clayton Seymour was evidently deeply moved. It need not be said that Amy was not allowed into the sick room, and indeed the medical men wished her away from the house, if it were possible. But Amy would not leave her father, and the old man could not be induced to stir. A great change, however, was visible in him. The shadow of a coming doom seemed to have spoken an effective warning; and Mr. Giffard D'Alton swore seldom and complained little during a month.

The fever became dreadfully epidemic during July, so that the hospitals in towns and cities became so crowded that numbers of beds were laid in open sheds in the yards; and in rural districts people tossed themselves in fiery delirium on straw laid along the roads.

Father Ned was in great requisition; and, finally, became simply a wonder to the world. His "rounds" averaged twelve hours a day, and the people prepared for death twenty and even two score in four-and-twenty-hours. He was sometimes obliged, in the cabins, to remove one or two from the bed, and, having heard their confessions in a corner, to bring them back in his arms, and place them beside the sufferer who had

been heard last. And then the dead heat of the fevered atmosphere, the raging thirst and the raging agony—ah! all these were things which those who witnessed them can never forget.

And yet there were consolations in the heroism which one met from time to time. Girls who had been school-fellows or companions to Mass or to the "pattern," on their knees begged for leave to go and nurse their young associates, and often got the same, as parents and others saw that their hearts would break if refused the consolation of being by the sick bed. They shared the agony as the flushed cheek and reeking head and body showed the furnace burning within, and when they heard the shriek of misery they could not alay. Nay, in many cases, they imbibed the contagion, and brought it to their homes and died; but no examples of danger could appal the soul of blessed friendship in woman.

And we must be just to the young men. We have seen a dozen young fellows who took turns in watching and nursing the friend of their own age, whom fate had left without a mother or sister, or other female relative. After their day's labor they prepared to sit out the lonely hours of darkness and dire distress; and came to club their earnings at the end of the week to help the sufferer through his trial.

Clara Meldon often—very often—came to see Amy D'Alton, notwithstanding fever was in the house; because the ladies loved one another, and hearts like Mr. Meldon's associate a great power of preservation in sincere love. But, what was extremely odd, Clara became a favorite with old Mr. D'Alton. After two or three visits, during which he had seen her and heard her, he absolutely called her "Clara;" and said that when things improved he would like to "see her for a long visit at the Crag." The servants were astounded to see old Mr. D'Alton accompanying her and Amy to the carriage; but when they heard that he had presented her with a little oil-painting of the Madonna that had hung in his chamber for forty years, they said "the old master will soon die!"

Well, the "old master" did not soon die; and Charles Baring in about a month, was able to rise from his bed.

His anger had been appeased by his sickness, and he even expressed a sense of the absurdity of his proceeding with Mr. Leyton Seymour.

It will be readily surmised that Clara Meldon shared Amy's visits among the poor, and accompanied her to the church and Sunday-school. Father Aylmer and Father Ned had at all events a pair of "Sisters of Mercy" in their way; and their example had an influence a thousand times greater than even their benevolence.

When Mr. Charles Baring had become convalescent, he was permitted to accompany the ladies and sometimes become their whip; but "Crichawn" was always one of the company, wherever Clara happened to be; and, although a very changed man, at least apparently, the grudge or fear regarding "Crichawn" outlived his indisposition.

One sunny Sunday morning, they all drove to Mass, and mingled with the crowd whose faith was drawing them up the hill. There was the fair white edifice, "the chapel," formed like a cross, and there was the old clustering trees around, and, above, was the majestic mountain stretching its arms right and left, as if embracing the house of God. Young maidens in twos and threes, or two or three of them accompanying one young man; and the old woman with their becoming blue and grey hoods and white borders; and the groups of robust manhood whose elastic step bespoke the spirit and energy of gallant Tipperary, all proceeding in long line to "the chapel" in which their fathers and grandfathers prayed long ago formed a sight which a right-hearted Irishman would enjoy even amid "the fever" and "the distress" and "the disturbances."

All along the road to the church, conversation is always active, and many a plan laid down for the day, and the week, and maybe for the lifetime. The events of the past week had been of a stirring nature, and gave occasion for many comments and many hopes and fears in that large congregation; for, very probably, many of them had deep engagements, and certainly all had sympathies strained to all their tension by holy interests and attachments at that time.

We have said that there was a large sum of miscalculations. People in this

place, though few imagined that those in another place were a multitude, while those in the "other place" equally exaggerated the number of their neighbors: and hence enthusiasm was deceived by enthusiasm, with as honest a soul as ever animated honest men.

Many welcomed young Baring, and every one had prayers to send after the ladies, and kind expressions of gratitude. They neared the place where the blessed mansion stood: and now a little incident brings us to the knowledge of a new acquaintance. On this Sunday, nearly opposite the church, and on the opposite side of the way, a poor man was suddenly struck down with epilepsy. The scene was awful—the foaming of the mouth—wide open eyes that looked as if they saw the demon—and lips bleeding in the hold of the wretched sufferer's own teeth as they moved from the upper lip to the lower! The heaving was so great that three persons could not hold the poor fellow. A pony phaeton came up the road, in which sat a lady in mourning and by her side a gentleman in mourning also, who looked like her son, they were so like one another. They were in that relationship; and as they approached the spot where the sick man lay, the lady sharply cried out "Leonard! Leonard!" and she pointed to the direction of the crowd, just parted, to give the poor patient air to breathe. "Oh! Mr. Saint Laurence!" cried several voices. "Mr. Leonard!" they repeated.

The gentleman, so named, flung the reins to his man, and instantly ran to the door of the church. He returned in a moment with a large key from the church gate. Hastening to the epileptic, he gently opened a passage over and down along the spine of the poor man, slipped in the door key, and then paused. The recovery of the man was instantaneous, and the crowd seemed stricken with awe. Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, however, explained to them, in a few words, that for the present the disease was arrested; but that the specific was only for temporary relief.

"What a fine young fellow!" Mr. Meldon exclaimed. "By Jove, that is a man in a hundred!"

Another moment, and Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, hat in hand, was by the side of the carriage, paying his respects to

Amy D'Alton. Of course, a little conversation took place before he joined his mother, who, on her part, had been paying her respects as best she could to the people of the Crag. She did not know Mr. Meldon or Clara.

Mr. Meldon had evidently been much struck by the manners and address of the young man, and immediately asked Amy for information.

"Well," Amy said, "Mrs. St. Lawrence has been bereaved of a husband, who deeply loved her; and generally lives in Dublin. She has a small property in her own right here; and occasionally her youngest son, Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, accompanies her here to look after it."

"She has another son, then?"

"Oh, yes; her eldest son's name is William. He lives in the county Kilkenny, where the chief property lies.

"He is the heir?"

"Well, the property is not entailed, and, what is curious enough, he enjoys it as a gift of the young gentleman you have just seen."

"A gift of his brother?"

"Yes; for some reason or another, the father disinherited the eldest son—"

"Oh, he drank," interrupted Mr. Baring.

"However it was, his father left all the property to the younger son; and, after the reformation, Leonard made the whole thing over by deed upon William."

"By Jove!" said Mr. Meldon, "and how does he live?"

Amy smiled, for she saw Clara's eyes filled with tears of admiration for the stranger.

"Gave up all?"

"Every farthing; but, sir," she continued, turning to Mr. Meldon, "Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence is a rising barrister, and likely to take an exalted place in his profession."

"He will," said Mr. Meldon, emphatically.

Mr. Baring was greatly bored, and he was not strong.

Coming home from Mass, there was more opportunity of knowing the St. Lawrences; but we will suspend all communication regarding them until we have disposed of some incidents necessary for our progress.

Seeing a large number of persons turning up the Clonmel road, and also that a number of them had "hurlies," Mr. Meldou expressed a strong wish to be present at a "hurling match." All were of a like disposition, and the carriages followed the people now on their way. The surmise proved correct, because two fields from the road, some hundred men divested of their coats stood in groups of various sizes, leaning upon their hurlies and talking of the chances of the match.

The people on the hedge at once cleared the whole space before the two vehicles, so as to leave a perfect view. Simple individuals made a line outside the hedge and leaned their heads upon their hands, having got elbow room on in the group.

The hurlers now formed. They had their left wing and their right wing, and the centre massed with men facing one another. The symmetry was beautiful, and the plan of action a military study. Wings, skirmishers, and centre were understood all to keep as near the places which they occupied as was possible, and the game was carried on by every man doing his utmost to send on the ball to his companion in arms; while the opposing side was to intercept and resist. It was exciting even to look at it! Alas that Ireland's noble games should have passed away! and that the things lifeless and without science that invade us under the patronage of English fashion should be so acceptable as they appear to be!

"The ball is up! Hurra!"

Who can describe the game—the intense watchfulness of the crowded hedges!—the cheer on cheer as this side or that seems to prevail, and the marvellous strength exhibited by some of the combatants! Such scraping, and twisting, and sudden stoopings, and rising of scores together; and then some fine fellow having won his way sends the ball spinning into high air over the heads of all. The other side seems beaten, but not at all. With a bound like an elastic ball, a man is seen in the air, stops the ball with his hurly, and drops it into his hand! Another lift and another "vacancy" and the ball goes back in the opposite direction; until it is again recovered and again ascending the air.

But there is a by-play of a wonderful character. Two, from time to time, find that they are too equally matched to gain the advantage of sending the ball to the hurly, and they deliberately lay the hurlies by and try who is the better man in a wrestling match. The exhibitions were sometimes most beautiful—beautiful in the forbearance with one another in presence of so many spectators, and beautiful in the symmetrical developments which manifested themselves in the course of the friendly strife. The wrestlings, in fact, created more of a *furor* from time to time than the main match itself.

It was remarked that one man changed his place rather frequently, and whispered his antagonist or his partner. This hurler continued to get up and down and across, which was rather against the laws of the game.

"Crichawn" stooped down to Mr. Meldou and whispered him. The words were: "That man is calling a meeting."

Mr. Meldou seemed to understand.

One of the hurlers—one who had upset every oponent—leant upon his hurly, waiting for the ball. "Crichawn" saw his face for the first time; and instantly obtained leave to go near the hedge and have a clear view. He placed himself near two men, who were dressed extremely like one another, and who, as he had seen, were in occasional communication of a confidential kind with a third. "Crichawn" listened.

"That is Hartnett, the man wanted," "Crichawn" heard the third man say. "Crichawn" knew who the hurler was. In fact, he was in "the proclamation;" and it seemed a daring thing to come in to such close proximity with a police station.

"Crichawn" fell against the third man by accident of course, and the man suddenly turned round. He was a member of what was called a "Felon's Club." The hurler's fate seemed settled. He had been sold, and for money; because within a brief time this same man got office in the police force, and became "a half sir." It is some consolation to know that he betrayed his villainy and lost his character by being proved afterwards to have shot his own finger off one night, and called his rascality an outrage upon him by "the rebels."

The game finished, the victors embraced the vanquished, and all cheered for the next merry meeting. The two detectives simply watched the break-up and kept their eyes upon their victim. "Crichawn" kept his eye upon them.

Amid the plaudits of the assemblage, in small gatherings, having donned their clothes, they go towards the gates or spring lightly over the hedges. The man who was "wanted," poor Hartnett, with two others, at length left the field. No stir was apparent among the officials. They took the matter very easy. They had only to see where the young man would put up for the night; and would not even interfere with his dinner appetite.

"Bad look to ye!" said "Crichawn" to himself; "and to the thraithor" he added.

He beckoned to an old friend, and they talked a while together.

"Jim you will come down about ten, to the house; an' I'll meet you there."

"Sartin!"

"Come," Mr. Meldon cried, "time to move off my friends." Then turning to Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, he added "I am extremely glad to know your good mother and yourself, and I shall be glad to know more of you."

"We shall do ourselves the honor of calling on you to-morrow, Mr. Meldon," the lady said.

"I am so glad!" whispered Clara; and then reddened at her imprudence. However, she was *not* overheard.

The family or families were really happy, and Mr. Charles Baring quite tolerable. He and his cousin were left at the Crag, and Clara and her father turned towards their home. In due time, "Crichawn" was able to go to his sister-in-law's, and he pretended to scold his niece for "being sich a Quaker." She would not go to the hurling match.

Jim enters.

"Well?" "Crichawn" asks.

"I served M——, body and bones, for a half sovorn; an' I made 'em take their book oaths they niver would tell my name; an' I sent 'em directly to the house, only four miles astray from where he is; an' I tuk him six mile an' a half the other way; an' he's near Turles now!"

"*Beanacht do Mhuire Mhahair orth sa!*" (The blessing of Mother Mary! on you) said "Crichawn."

CHAPTER XII.

SHOWING MR. CHARLES BARING'S CROSSES.—WHO "THE YOUNG PRIEST" WAS; AND THE VALUABLE INFORMATION THE "FELON CLUB" MAN GAVE THE POLICE.

MR. CHARLES BARING found his difficulties rapidly increasing and the means of relieving himself lessening just as fast. He had exhausted not only the liberality of Mr. Cunneen, but he had made engagements of an extravagant kind with many people beside. So that in fact either his uncle's death or his marriage with his cousin became a matter of dire necessity. One result of these complications was that Mr. Charles Baring became importunate with poor Amy. She never for one moment gave Baring a hope—though she never offended or wounded him. Latterly, however, she was obliged to become emphatic enough; and finally she endeavored to avoid him. It was quite clear that she suffered; still only Nelly was fully aware of the cause of the pain. There was one more who knew it well and who shared the confidence, entirely for Amy's good; and that one was "Crichawn." He told Mr. Meldon, from whom he concealed nothing; and he knew that Mr. Meldon would prove "a friend in need."

As we have stated, Mr. Charles Baring hated "Crichawn," and hated him principally because he feared him; and although Baring was surrounded by a gang, half-robbers and half-day-laborers, they could not be induced to risk an encounter with the determined athlete, of whom the most wonderful exploits were related.

What was Mr. Giffard D'Alton's position in this affair so intimately connected with his affections? Well, the father of Amy D'Alton absolutely would never think of parting with her, even if a prince desired her hand. As has been stated, Amy's fortune was in her own right, and in whosoever's right it was, as long as she was unmarried, old Giffard had a *chance* of becoming its owner; and, for that chance he would sacrifice

her over and over again. The curse of Judas Iscariot was on him.

One or two causes intensified the hidden hatred of Mr. Baring for "Crichawn." The first was that one day, by a mere accident, he met Mr. Baring coming away from a house in Great Patrick street, Waterford, which house was anything but popular at the time: and Mr. Baring was in one more important item of knowledge in "Crichawn's" power. The second was one in which Mr. Baring's self-respect and self-love were sorely wounded—wounded so as hardly to be cured. He had one day become aware of his cousin's intention to walk to some distance in order to see an old woman—aunt in fact to poor M——, the disguised "hurler." By a circuitous route Baring was enabled to meet her and to join her on the way. She showed an evident reluctance to proceed, and was apparently turning away, when, bursting into a frightful passion, Baring forgot himself so much as to seize her rudely by the arm. An involuntary cry was the consequence; and with the cry "Crichawn" stood upon the spot.

"You infernal d—l, you are always where you are not wanted! Be off out of this or I'll knock you down."

"Faith, I think," answered "Crichawn," "I'm wanting enough; an' for the knocking down, there isn't a man of your name able to do the same."

"I'll let you see, you vagabond," shouted Baring, and he rushed wildly at his antagonist. He might as well have rushed against a stone wall. In a moment Baring lay upon the ground, absolutely foaming with rage and disappointment. But the unfortunate fellow's disgrace became complete when "Crichawn," having taken from his pocket a piece of whipcord, while he held Baring's two fists in his left hand coiled the cord round and round the unfortunate man's limbs until he had perfectly handcuffed him.

Amy had escaped, and Baring swore an oath of dire import. If his opportunity ever became equal to his determination, woe to "Crichawn."

We have said poor M——had an aunt in the neighborhood. He had; and as she had no son and he no mother, they were like mother and son. The love he bore the old lady was chivalrous and

romantic, and that love had never been tried or alienated, but grew and grew on till it was quite absorbing. When M——had been awhile "upon the run," he remembered all the kind words and kind deeds of her who had nursed and cared for him; he risked all, once more to see the aunt, and to have a talk with the young men of the country round. Perhaps going to the hurling was a wise course enough, as no one thought of his coming into the field, and the hurling-match where he was known was the very last thing he would be supposed to take share in; but M——was in real danger shortly afterwards.

When "Crichawn" came home, he met Mr. Meldon and made no secret of the encounter.

"Miss D'Alton must have a large amount of patience and courage," he said. "Patience and courage!" repeated "Crichawn;" isn't Miss Amy an angel out an' out; an' she's a Barron, you know—a Barron of the owldest stock—an' then—oh, sir, she has God on her side, you know!"

"Crichawn" went to bring out the drag, when, of all people in the world, whom should he meet but the member of the "Felon Club!"

"You arn't going to join?" said the "patriot."

"Faith, I hav'nt time, *avic*. But are you determined to fight?"

"Fight!" he answered; "fight! I will slay and kill a hundred men; and if I had a hundred lives I'd give them up for Ireland."

The patriot drew forth a brilliant dagger, and he raised it just as Macready used to raise the dagger in "Virginus." I am now in search of M——, as fine a fellow as steps in shoe leather.

"Isn't he gone to London?"

"Oh, no. Though you arn't one of us, I can trust you. Here," he said, "come I'll show you the club can value an honest man. I make you a present of the dagger."

"Oh, thank ye; but Mr. Meldon is awful about the law, an' he'd give me the door if he found that beautiful thing in my hand or my box. (Bad luck to you! You want to sell me too, you vagabond thought "Crichawn)."

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

STEP by step we ascend the hill of life; now toiling along a rugged slope, now clinging to a shattered branch, panting, and breathless with the gaze ever fixed upon the distant and cloud-capped summit, we step from rock to rock, from height to height. The young persons in Canada "walking out of life's mystical ways," pass from the influence of the home circle into that little world where begins the mimic battle of life—the College. To-day we step into the pretty parlor of some one of these institutions; we say good-bye to our parents and turn our eyes towards the director or superior of the house; the door closes behind us and we find our retreat at once cut off and our new life, of eight or ten years spreading out before us. We come, let us suppose clad in that armor of home influence of which in the last essay we spoke. A mighty work now commences. As the sculptor for a moment stands before the white block of marble and traces in his mind every line, and calculates every stroke of the chisel and perceives every touch necessary to transform that polished surface into an angel, a giant or a babe; so does the director who has from experience a knowledge of youth, its changes and mouldings, study before hand every word, every idea, every means to be employed in order to shape that fresh and pliable mind and form, and, to impart vigor and solidity and power to that union of mental and physical faculties now placed under his care.

Let us ever keep before our minds that distinction first made between *Instruction* and *Education*. That is the great point around which revolved all those splendid ideas and grand writings of France's first authority upon that all important subject—the much lamented author and prelate, Monseigneur Dupanloup. And although he wrote volumes upon the question of education, we can from one end to the other perceive that idea developed and continued. Then with this distinction before us, we will

venture a step more and touch lightly upon College life and upon the manner of instructing and educating in Canada and above all in Lower Canada.

There are two grand branches, each of equal importance. Neither of those branches can be neglected without thereby causing great injury to the other. They are—firstly mental and secondly physical education. They should from the beginning, from the first hour that a child (for in our age a person is then only a child) enters the walls of a College be taken equally into consideration. To neglect the physical education, the physical development would be as wrong and as sinful as to permit the choice faculties of the mind to rest and decay. For, every man, howsoever small his quota of knowledge may be, is bound by his duties towards society, and his obligations towards his fellow men to place at their disposal the gifts which the good God gave him. And how can a man fulfil such obligations when he possesses not that physical strength and energy necessary for their accomplishment? In proportion, then, as the faculties of the mind are cultivated and exercised so should those of the body be developed and strengthened.

For the present we will confine our few remarks to the first and perhaps most important of these two branches—the mental education. As in our last essay we will again cite from that author of universal knowledge and undying energy, Thomas Davis. In an essay upon "self-education" he tells us that: "upon schools much has been written. Yet almost all private schools in this country are bad. They merely cram the memories of pupils with facts or words, without developing their judgment, taste, or invention, or teaching them the *application* of any knowledge. Besides the things taught are commonly those least worth learning. This is especially true of the middle and richer classes. Instead of being taught the nature, products and history, first of their own, and then of other countries, they are buried in classical frivolities, languages, which they cannot appreciate. Instead of being disciplined to think exactly, to speak and write accurately, they are crammed with rules, and taught to repeat forms by rote."

The above we think, would be a grand text for development. It is true those lines of Davis were written about Ireland and Irish schools; but they certainly in all their force, apply to the Colleges in Canada and above all in Lower Canada. It is indeed a grand thing to begin with a young lad, by exercising his memory. For like everything else the memory that is worked becomes by degrees more powerful and more retentive. But that is not by any means the only important faculty of the mind. There yet stands before us that indispensable one of judgment. First then the memory is used in order to draw into the mind the matter requisite. Then the other faculties are put into motion, in their turn to make use of that matter which has been presented to them by the memory. Once the knowledge is obtained it is necessary to learn how to apply it. How to use it in every day life. This is what we perceive wanting to a certain extent in the general courses given in the institutions in this province. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. There is an exception in Montreal in the Jesuit's College, where we understand the system of instruction is not based on the exercise of memory alone, but upon the exercising of each and all the faculties.

We find another exception to this rule in the College of Ottawa, where the grand object of each professor seems to be, to make his student not only learn, but well and thoroughly understand and then apply whatsoever he studies. But in general the word *application* is ignored. The student learns the history of every nation in the world, he knows every date, every name, every small event by heart. But ask him to apply that knowledge, to use it in every day life, and he cannot do so. Speak with him for half an hour upon any subject and you will at once perceive how confined and circumscribed that knowledge is. This is truly regrettable,—for with half those efforts of memory and a slight degree of attention that knowledge would find at every turn in life a ready *application*. Then again you take any subject which comes within the range of a classical course and you find the same lamentable result. It would, therefore, be a grand thing if

in Lower Canada these words of Davis could be well impressed upon the minds, not only of the students but above all of the professors and directors in Colleges.

There is a useful operation of the mind when studying, one which tends to impress facts upon the memory, the process of analysis. To examine from beginning to end, to divide and to understand each separate portion and to explain its connection with the whole. Analyse as well as enjoy. The student should, "consider the elements as well as the argument of a book just as, long dwelling on a landscape, he will begin to know the trees and rocks, the sun-flooded hollow, and the cloud-crowned top, which go to make the scene—or, to use a more illustrative thought—as one, long listening to the noise on a summer day, comes to separate and mark the bleat of the lamb, the hoarse caw of the crow, the song of the thrush, the buzz of the bee, and the tinkle of the brook."

If this was followed up more closely from one end to the other of a classical course, we would find more really learned and well educated members of society. But there is another operation of the mind, even grander and more useful, but much more difficult than that of Analysis, it is the process of *combination*. It is the operation by which the student catches the disjointed portion or parts of a book, or work or science and unites them, placing them in a novel form, so as to strike the attention and to impress them on the minds of others.

It is again to be regretted that in our colleges, with few exceptions, the subject-matter of study is culled more from the literature and arts and sciences of other nations, than of our own. They teach more about the products and history and geography of stranger lands, than about their native country. But in thus speaking of the system in general of our college courses, we would not for a moment dare to hold up the study of dead languages and study of ancient customs and manners as useless. Not at all. We morely desire to show that first of all a person should know his own before he should study the land of the stranger. For the study of classics, of Greek, of Latin of Antiquities, form

in all a vast gymnasium wherein the mind is exercised and each particular faculty developed; just as the body and the physical faculties are rendered strong, vigorous and healthy by constant and reasonable exercise. But as in the physical order so in the case of the mind exercise must be taken in a certain proportion and with method.

Yet we repeat, that in the colleges of our country the knowledge of our own land and our own times is too narrow. Too often do we meet with a young man, whose course is over and who is even about to enter on the study or practise of a profession and still knows as little about the neighboring republic or even the other provinces of our Dominion, as about the people of Japan or the Mountains of the Moon. This is not an exaggeration. It would be better by far if the greatest knowledge of Homer, of Virgil, of Salust, or of Cicero, could be exchanged for a knowledge of more modern days and of more modern men, manners and countries.

But if both could be united. If with the study of the past a study more extensive, of the present were blended, nothing could surpass the method and system of education in our Dominion.

Therefore we believe that nothing could be of more advantage in the courses in colleges, than to do away with so much learning *by heart*; and to mix with the study of classics the study of modern times and modern men. Then when a young man comes forth from college he will not have to commence a species of apprenticeship before entering on the wide world. It is true that in nearly all seminaries young men are supposed to be candidates for the priesthood—but if such is the case, many are those who are destined to fill places in the world. And each one should be so educated and so instructed that when he goes out of college he may be able to either don the robe of the soldier of Christ or to gird his sword for the fierce battle of existence. Then, if the home influence was good, if the education is lofty and the instruction useful and appropriate the youth will be a treasure in society. Wheresoever he goes there is an influence which he brings to bear upon all those with whom he comes in contact, there is a certain power which

he exercises over his companions and friends, and he is a welcome guest in society. To know such a one, it may be said as was said of Lady Montague—"that to know her was a liberal education." He is never too forward, yet he is ever willing to impart to another the knowledge which he gained by his own labor, and thus is an apostle of science and of learning, a choice and worthy member of his community, and of society in general, an example for the young, a monitor, a friend.

Too few, indeed, are the men of such a stamp. And it is not altogether their own fault. We can and must go back to their early guardians and directors and from them learn whether the education of the youth was well or ill attended to.

We will refer in a further essay to the usefulness, and even necessity of physical education as well as mental culture. For the present we have limited our remarks; they are few, but we hope exact. They are taken from sources whence have flown some of the grandest ideas upon the subject of Education.

We would desire to see many changes and improvements in our colleges. We have a grand opening in this country and room for brilliant and gigantic efforts. We have a land worth laboring for and worth studying. Each one has a particular role to play—and altho' humble be his sphere yet rich in his own private circle he can be the origin of much good and the source of a multitude of pleasures and happinesses to those by whom he is surrounded. For, in truth this is one of the freest and most liberal countries in the world to-day—and each of us can say with affectionate truthfulness when thinking and speaking of her:—

"She is a rich and rare land;
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine."

When we go to prayer, we must imagine that we enter into the court of Heaven where the King of glory sits upon His throne shining with bright stars, and surrounded by an infinite number of angels and saints who all cast their eyes upon us.—*St. Chrysostom.*

IRISH INTELLECT, CULTURE
AND SCHOOLS.

AMONGST the many signs of social advancement and educational progress perceptible in the present day, not the least cheering and important is the establishment of institutions designed to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge by the bulk of the people, and at the same time to serve as a means of bringing them together and promoting healthful discussion and friendly converse. It would be difficult, if not impossible to over-estimate the extent to which civilization has benefited by the Literary Associations, the free Libraries, the Mechanics' Institutes, the Young Men's Societies, that overspread the land. They have lightened the burden of toil by cultivating the taste of the bronzed and labor-stained son of industry, and opening up new sources of pleasure, new fountains of pure enjoyment before him. They have smoothed the path of the student by bringing the stores of knowledge within his reach; they have softened individual asperities and worn off the rough edges of prejudice and intolerance by the friction of mental contact and the interchange of conflicting ideas; they have raised the standard of popular education; they have carried light and knowledge into the fastnesses of error and ignorance; and they have stimulated laudable ambition and given the man of mind an object and a hope; and they have elevated and purified the whole tone of modern society. Let those who marvel at the dazzling positions in every department of life won by the sons of toil, and who contemplate with surprise the number of men whom the working classes have supplied to the aristocracy of genius, and to the guild of intellectual eminence be prepared for increased cause of wonder and astonishment. That which they have done is but the earnest of the things which they shall do. The difficulties in their path are disappearing. No more shall the sons of toil live mute and inglorious; no more shall the pages of knowledge be sealed to the eyes of the humble and the obscure; and as the chief instrument in this glorious revolution, we look to such societies as those before mentioned, for the realization of those hopes.

In writing or speaking of education and the blessings it has conferred upon mankind, I feel that one of the highest and worthiest objects we could commemorate would be the *Reception of Ireland into the Realm of Christendom*: an event which has since resulted, especially as regards education and enlightenment, in conferring such untold blessings on many less favored nations. One or two ideas, naturally suggest themselves to our minds in connection with this. I refer to the singularly glorious part which Ireland from the moment of her submission to the doctrines of the Cross has unceasingly borne in the great work of education and diffusion of human knowledge. No more appropriate theme could engage the attention of Catholic Irishmen. Our ancestral island, immediately that the Gospel light beamed upon her, became a nation of sages and scholars, with a rapidity unprecedented in the annals of Christianity. Schools and Academies, noble centres of learning, sprang up as if by magic throughout the entire nation, irradiating the darkness of Pagan intellect—the light of education was every where diffused, and in the glowing language of our finest poet, “like the sudden brightness of a Northern summer at once covered the whole land.” Nor a part from the wonder working power of the Gospel should this occasion any surprise. For our ancestors, even while practising their Druidic superstitions, beneath the shadow of their ancient oaks, were not a people devoid of learning. While the Romans warred along the Thames, and hordes of roving painted savages crawled among their dens in the neighboring nations, enlightened minds were occupied in digesting that admirable Code of Brehon Law, so redolent of justice and freedom; and her minstrels and bards, aloud with true Irish inspiration, were celebrating the exploits of her chieftains and heroes, in magic strains of music, rivalling ancient Greece in the hey-day of her glory. No wonder, then, that this people, having attained so high a degree of ancient civilization—a fact acquiesced in by the most unfriendly historians—and endowed by Providence with so fertile an intellect, should, under the beneficent influence of St. Patrick's teaching, attain within so brief a

space, such eminence in the sphere of education and science. No sooner was the conversion of our Motherland accomplished—and as if by miracle it was performed almost instantaneously—than our glorious Saint, directed all his energies to the development of education. He founded in an almost incredibly brief space of time a system of schools that grew at once into dazzling splendor, and were crowned with astonishing success. And to the eternal honor of our people, the fundamental principle of this early Irish school-system, was that of gratuitous education. Within the precincts of those famous seats of learning, were assembled the representatives of all the then nations—the Cymbrian and the Scot, the Angle and the Frank, the polished Druid and the boorish Briton, King Alfred of England and Dagobert of Austria; all united in harmonious companionship drinking deeply at these founts of knowledge, kindling the torches of science destined to light the path that was to guide the surrounding nations to the blessings of a Christian civilization. The degree of eminence attained by the Irish schools established by St. Patrick, and the almost inconceivable benefits that accrued therefrom, were it not a fact already evidenced by history, would doubtless tax the most exaggerated credulity. They flourished in almost every part of the Island, and in their splendor and magnificence, as they were surpassed by no nations of antiquity, so they have been unequalled in modern times. The famous schools of Armagh alone, afforded accommodation to seven thousand students; in the almost equally celebrated schools of Louth, more than a hundred prelates belonging to the various European nations received their education; and the renowned schools of Bangor, gave to the world probably more learned teachers and missionaries than any other recorded in history; among whom was the famous Columbanus who may be said to have educated and civilized France and Lombardy. Around these luminous centres, thousands of others, like so many satellites, revolved, diffusing their radiant beams on every nation of the continent. In this, as indeed in almost every portion of Ireland's history, we can discern the designs of Providence.

For it was at this precise epoch that the dense shadow of ignorance had descended upon the nations; the great schools of Alexandria, Antioch, Nisibus, and many others founded by the successors of the Apostles had long since, in the pride of intellect, renounced the truth and forgotten their mission; the saving doctrines of Christianity had become vitiated and corrupted therein; the sophistic teachings of Plato had supplanted those of the Gospel, and had already exercised their deleterious influence: and the Gnostic heresy held undivided sway in the lands where a Clement and an Origen had a few centuries before, expounded the doctrines of a pure Christianity. It was then at this critical period, after these ancient seats of knowledge had degenerated into focuses of heresy and superstition, and in the perverted name of science had expelled truth from her throne, that the schools established by St. Patrick attained the acme of their splendor, and like so many suns in the firmament of truth, shed their rays of saving light to the farthest confines of civilization, lighting up the increasing gloom and dispelling the clouds of darkness that were enveloping the human mind.

Scholars, in countless numbers, educated and supplied gratuitously with all the appliances of learning annually left the shores of Ireland, and bearing with them the seeds of science and civilization, dispersed themselves over all lands, from the forests of Germany to the Iberian Peninsula, and from Northumbria, to the Isles of the North. The phrase "educated in Ireland," in those halcyon days of her freedom was of itself a title of distinction. Irish scholars by the purity of their doctrinal teaching, and the splendor of their scientific attainments, were certain of everywhere acquiring the first rank; and Erin enlightened not only those nations where the rays of science had not hitherto penetrated, but even, to use the felicitous expression of her finest historian, "She soon reflected back on Rome herself the light derived from Rome." But it was at the period of the terrific crisis that accompanied the overthrow of the Roman Empire that Irish intellect, inspired by Christian charity, attained its proudest pre-eminence, achieved its no-

blest mission, and exercised its most beneficent influence. At that epoch the barbarians of the North, surging in countless numbers out of their forests precipitated themselves on the prostrate colossus of the Roman Empire, and in their rapacious career, in quest of booty and plunder, swept away every vestige of civilization and refinement. Society in a few short years was reduced to a state akin to barbarism. Everything beautiful in art, valuable in literature, and venerated in religion, was buried in a common grave. For nearly a century these barbarians continued their work of uninterrupted devastation. While this terrible chaos reigned throughout the continent, our Motherland became at once the retreat of literature and learning, the repository of the arts and sciences forced to seek refuge from the exterminating sword of the barbarian: this refuge alone Erin afforded, for as the historian aptly observes where the Roman soldier could not set his foot the Hun and Vandal did not dare to follow. Herself, rich in all the blessings that religion and science can bestow, wrought unceasingly during those troubled ages, to communicate them to the continental nations, gradually emerging from barbarism. How she accomplished this noble work, mediæval history exists to tell, and it is no exaggeration to assert accordingly, that Europe owes to the Irish nation—to the children of St. Patrick—lay and clerical—at least two or three centuries of her civilization, and all the treasures of enlightened antiquity.

As this to some skeptical minds may appear somewhat incredible, or at least, only the natural exaggeration of native patriotism, we shall adduce two or three evidences which, on this important point must satisfy even the most fastidious. Bishop Milner, the renowned English divine and savant of the latter part of the last and the early part of the present century, asserts that during the four centuries immediately succeeding the dissolution of the Roman Empire, there was not a single diocese in France, Germany, Italy or Britain in which Irish Missionaries were not to be found. He calls them the luminaries of the western world when the sun of science had set upon it.

"To them," he writes in his incomparable letters to the Lords and Nobles of England, "to them you are indebted for the preservation of the Bible, the writings of the Fathers, and the ancient classics; in short of the very means by which you yourselves have acquired all the literature you possess." St. Bernard of Clairvaux, speaking of the number of Irishmen laboring at this period throughout Europe, compares them to an "inundation," and states that he knew a certain Irish Monk who founded on the Continent more than a hundred educational institutions. Venerable Bede observes, that Ireland in those ages supplied all Europe with swarms of learned men. Fleury in his history of France proves the same fact: and Mezeray another French historian goes so far as to assert that the preservation of all the history and literature of those days is owing exclusively to Irishmen. Various Italian historians, bear a similar testimony and it is worthy of remark, that Irish professors were sought and placed in the chairs of the Universities of France and Italy by order of Charlemagne. And Dupanloup, the "magnificent"—the lately deceased Bishop of Orleans: hear him! "Only" says this distinguished prelate—"Only in the Thebais has been seen any parallel to those wondrous foundations, those monastic cities, as they have been well named, of Bangor, Clonfert, Clonard, where more than three thousand religious fervently devoted themselves to cultivate literature, clear the forest lands, chant the divine praises, and train up the young. It was even thence, even from those deep cloistral retreats, and that austere life, which so strongly imbues the soul for the apostolic, that, at the voice of St. Columban and his dauntless followers, men might be seen hastening from every side to propogate the Gospel afar, to encounter paganism, and gain a hundred tribes to faith and civilization. They had already braved the tempests of the ocean, and evangelized the Hebrides, the Highlands of Scotland, and Northumberland. Soon after they are seen in Neustria, Flanders, and Austria; among the Helvetians, the Rhetians, and in either Burgundy. They pass the Rhine; they en-

camp in Alemennia, Bavaria, all Germany south of the Danube. They penetrate into Spain, and are met with in the interior of Italy and Magna Græcia." "Where indeed are they not?" he exclaims! "The Gospel they were called to bear to those extensive regions was in their utmost hearts as a consuming fire: they could not contain it; it impelled them to evangelize the unbeliever; to animate the Christian trodden down by barbarian invasion; to raise the degenerate; to foster sturdy races; fearless hearts, whom the passions of princes and the fury of the populace could not subdue; to rekindle the quenched lamp of arts and learning; and to carry in every direction the light of science and of faith." "We may say with a historian of our own time," continues the illustrious prelate—"a historian whom none can deem partial, that they (the Irish) have almost appropriated the seventh century of the Church's history and of European Civilization." Brave but true words are those of Bishop Dupanloup. More than this, it is a fact abundantly proven and universally admitted, that the great system of scholastic philosophy and theology of the Middle ages, owes its origin and rise to Irishmen; and it may be observed in this connection, that the tutor of St. Thomas Aquinas, the most marvellous genius in the annals of Christianity was a son of the Isle of Destiny. There in the quiet of her sanctuaries and schools, was first wrought and elaborated that noble system which has since furnished the philosopher and apologist with every species of weapon to encounter and destroy error in what form soever it may appear. Writing on this subject Goeres, the most renowned of German philosophers, has the following passage: "All not engaged in the combat in those days took refuge in the ark of the Church, which amid the mighty swell of waters floating hither and thither guarded the treasures concealed within it; and while amid the general tumult of the times it seemed a peaceful asylum to religious meditation—it continually promoted the contemplative as well as the heroic martyrdom.

Such an asylum was found in the middle of the fifth century in the Green Emerald Isle—the ancient Erin—whose

secluded situation and watery boundaries as they had once served to protect her against the disorders of the Roman Empire, now sheltered her from the storm of the migration of nations. Thither seeking protection with St. Patrick, the Church had migrated to take her winter quarters and had lavished all her blessings on the people that had given her so hospitable a reception. Under her influence the manners of the nations were rapidly refined; monasteries and schools flourished on all sides; and as the former were distinguished for their severe discipline and ascetic piety so the latter were conspicuous for the cultivation of science. And he continues, "when we look into the ecclesiastical life of the people we are almost tempted to believe that some potent spirits had transported over the sea the 'Cells of the valley of the Nile,' with all their hermits, its monasteries with all its inmates and had settled them down in the Western Isle—an Isle which in the lapse of three centuries gave eight hundred and fifty saints to the Church, won over to Christianity the North of Britain; and soon after a large portion of the yet pagan Germany; and while it devoted the utmost attention to the cultivation of the sciences, cultivated with an especial care the mystical contemplation in her religious Communities as well as in the saints whom they produced." And yet in the presence of such plain, palpable, incontrovertible historical facts as these, is it not a melancholy truth that men are to-day found sufficiently ignorant or malicious to parrot unceasingly the wretched calumnies of these mercenary Bohemians who sedulously strive to propagate the falsehood that the Irish are indifferent or inimical to education, and deny to our motherland her well-won meed of glory in the diffusion of knowledge and science. History says the great De Maistre, "for the past three centuries is nought else than a conspiracy against the truth." Equally certain is it that history or a very active department of it at least, is for the past seven centuries a conspiracy against the truth as regards our ancestral Island. And if there are those to-day who are unwilling to admit our just merits in this regard it will not, perhaps appear so strange,

in view of the perverse industry which a certain class of writers have, for centuries wrought to obscure the most brilliant pages of our country's history.

Ireland, writes D'Arcy McGee, "has been wasted for the weal of Christendom and as yet Christendom has not learned to appreciate the sacrifice endured for its sake." But, humanly speaking, this is not so much to be wondered at; for it is a truism if you give a lie but an hour's start, it will make the round of the world a score of times at least, before truth or justice can succeed in overtaking it. What other people may we not ask, in the annals of Christendom, ever clung with such unwearied tenacity to the founts of Knowledge as ours? Who but must stand aghast and melt into tears, on reading the melancholy and plaintive lines of our greatest bard on the accursed Penal Laws:

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep;
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep."

Who but must stand amazed in presence of an impoverished and proscribed people who, when education was pronounced felony and science a crime, went abroad in foreign lands and founded numberless establishments of learning; as, witness Louvain, St. Omers, Rome, and Salamanca—institutions, too, that sent forth such men as Dr. Doyle and O'Connell, to teach nations how to win their freedom, and use it properly when won: besides countless others whom I may not stay to enumerate; for their names are circumscribed by no national limits: they belong to the world and to fame. And at this very hour what other nation is struggling with such a bold persistency as Ireland, in the sacred cause of education—to frustrate the designs of those who, in their unspeakable malice, would fain despoil her of her most invaluable treasure, in fastening on her, in addition to the innumerable train of evils, a system of godless schools—a design which she has crushed out successfully—overthrowing, as we all remember, on that vital question, the most popular and powerful administration in Europe—the administra-

tion of Gladstone. She has triumphantly proven that she is to-day, what she was in the ages long past; she has vindicated the very old truth—unhappily too generally rejected in our time—that religion and science are not incompatible; that they must on the contrary go hand in hand and prove assistants and help-mates to each other, if the one would be crowned with success and the other preserved in its purity—this truth she has strikingly vindicated in the present renowned Christian schools, recently acknowledged by the Educational Commission of the English Government to be by far superior to anything of the kind in Great Britain. Nor is it a fact unworthy of remark—and I make the observation, not in any spirit of exclusiveness or with a desire to disparage others—that Ireland is at the present moment, doing a more noble service in the furtherance of education, and the diffusion of religious truth—which after all is the basis of all education, than any other nation on the earth's surface. Is not our land at this hour, as a recent American Author aptly observes "a vast seminary sending forth daily swarms of her children to assist in the work of educating and evangelizing?"

Let us cast our eyes over the immense regions in Asia, Africa, and Oceanica, over which the English Flag flies and the English tongue is spoken; and the truth of our assertion will be made manifest; or, to come nearer home, we know that in almost every town and city in the neighboring Republic, from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Catholics possess their College, Academy, or parochial School. And are all these institutions American? They are just in the same sense that Rome and Salamanca, St. Omers and Louvain, are Belgian, Spanish, Italian. You will find that nine-tenths of the professors and students in our American Catholic Colleges and Academies are Irish. And by whom have these countless institutions of learning been erected in the land of the Puritan? Is it not by the fruits of Irish toil, Irish energy, and Irish faith? Do not these triumphantly belie the impression so unfairly believed in, in certain quarters, that the Irish people in our day are chiefly confined to the

sphere of manual labor? True they are largely engaged in carving civilization out of the depth of the wilderness—a glorious avocation when morally considered, but not in that alone are we found; for we can proudly repeat the boast of the late McGee, "that in science, in authorship, and in oratory, we are represented as well as in digging and delving and in carrying the hod." In the words of the illustrious Cardinal Newman, "Green Erin is a land ancient and yet young: Ancient in her Christianity, young in her hopes of the future. A nation which received Grace before yet the Saxon had set his foot upon the soil of England, and which has never questioned it, or suffered the sacred flame to be extinguished in her heart: a Church which comprises within its historic period the birth and the fall of Canterbury and York; which Augustine and Paulinus found at their coming, and which Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes toward a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between the two hemispheres, and the centre of the world." Thus it will be seen that our nation has borne in the history of Christianity a great and noble part: we are the heirs of the glory she has won, and such being the case it only remains for us to prove true to our noble inheritance and then, "we can look as fearlessly to the future as proudly to the past."

When education is felt to be the birthright of every human being; and when religion becomes the great working power of human society; animating duty, and nerving to effort and self-denial, then may the poet's vision become a reality—

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be:
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight drooping down with costly bales,
Till the war drum trobb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furPd,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world—

There the common sense of most shall hold
a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in
universal law."

W. McK.

CHAT-CHAT.

—Herbert Spencer is a great name in English literature, and one of which Englishmen may justly be proud, but Herbert Spencer is an evolutionist "pure blood." He believes in the anthropoidal ape theory and the ascent of man from a polipod—all belly, no legs no hands. Because, forsooth, a dog barks and a cat mews and a man speaks, therefore man must once have been a dog or a cat, and have brought his voice up with him from dogdom and his cathood. The dog's bark and the cat's mew are only Latin and Greek and English in embryo. *Mde. Patti's quavers crescendos and falsettos* are only a refinement of some very Old Dog Tray's impromptus when an indefinite period of years ago he bayed the moon. Because men and dogs can alike be angry, jealous or frisky, men must once have been dogs and must have brought their human passions with them from the days of their brutedom. Human passions are only brute passions *gentilitified*. "Let dogs delight to bark and bite." Such is Darwinism popularised.

The trouble of this kind of logic is, that it will as easily prove one thing as the other; it will as easily prove dogs once to have been men, as men once to have been dogs, which we take it knocks both proofs into a cocked hat. Herbert Spencer carries this same school of logic into sociology. Ceremonies he tells us in his book on Ceremonial Institutions, *are prior to social and even human evolution*, which taken out of the jargon of the day and put into good plain English, means, that there were ceremonies in the world long before man began to live in society or even long before man began to *live at all*—which is certainly talking the thing back to rather remote antiquity; and surpasses that most admirable of discussions between the Gardeners and the Tailors as to the antiquity of their respective callings. Quoth the Gardeners in triumph, Adam was the first garden-

er, since he tilled the land after his expulsion from Paradise. Quoth the Tailors, Adam was a tailor before he was a gardener since he "made him a pants" before he was expelled. Why the gardeners did not claim Adam for a gardener when he was in the Garden, we could never for the life of us find out.

In support of his thesis that ceremonies existed before man, Mr. Spencer contends that "the little dog that falls on his back and holds up his paws when he meets a big dog is performing a propitiatory ceremony. He is as good as saying to the big dog: "Don't bite a dog when he is down; bite one of your own weight." This would be all very good but for two little considerations—1st, is it a fact? 2nd, and if a fact is it not begging the question? In the first place is the little dog performing a propitiatory ceremony when he falls on his back and holds up his paws on meeting a big dog? is he as good as saying to the big dog: "Don't bite a dog when he is down; bite one of your own weight?" We think *not*. Of course Mr. Spencer out of the depths of his inner consciousness derived through his dog nature may have superior means of interpreting dog-acts; but we, who cannot consent to having ever become man through his dogship, think we have a far simpler and more common-sense view of his dogship's conduct. When a big dog comes upon a little dog ten to one he seizes the dogling by the neck and gives him a shake. This the dogling, taught, we suspect by bitter experience knows full well, and therefore throws himself on his back, to save his neck, and to defend himself with his paws. Of course never having been a dog, nor we hope even a cur, as Mr. Spencer would claim to have been, we cannot speak dogmatically upon the subject. If Mr. Spencer on the contrary has any special dog yearnings in his nature derived from his sojourn in dogdom during his process of evolution, if he will let us know it, we will bow (wow) with becoming deference to his superior knowledge and means of ascertaining. Until then we shall in our egotism continue to think ours by far the simpler and more common sense view of the situation. In the second place, is not our

great sciolist quietly begging the question? For any argument to be founded on this act of the dogling in proof that "ceremonies are prior to human evolution" the dog must be first proved to have been prior to man. And even here a fresh difficulty will present itself. After proving that dogs *were* prior to man, our scientist will have to prove that *doglings* are not historical dogs; in other words, that small dogs were prior to man and have not been evolved from big ones within the memory of man.

—Mr. Spencer would almost appear to be writing a comic Natural History as others before him have written comic Histories of England. "The lady he tells us who kisses the Queen's hand when she is presented is carrying out the practice of the cow who licks her calf. The calf is licked because that process gives the cow a pleasant sense of possession in her offspring. From licking, kissing or sniffing as an agreeable and affectionate process came the custom of licking, kissing or sniffing as a sign of affection and so of propitiation of a superior, who naturally likes to be *liked* (we wonder he did not say *licked*) and of that propitiation the ceremony of kissing the Queen's hand is a survival. We like this argumentation exceedingly; it has a fresh childlike simplicity about it; besides it smells so sweetly of the cow byre, and connects so surprisingly the perfumes of "a drawing room" with the fumes of the farm-yard. Vive la science! Bravo knowledge! But is it true? Is the calf licked because that process gives the cow a pleasant sense of possession? Here again we must defer to Mr. Spencer, whose superior means of knowing derived from his evolution, put poor us out of court; still from our slight acquaintance acquired only during our minority, we cannot help thinking (with brutedom and the barnyard) that the cow's act is more *sanitary* than *acquisitive*; that she licks more for cleanliness-sake than as a taking possession. But then we are not a scientist and have never levelled up through brutedom.

—The election of Pope Paul V. gives us an insight into that retiring modesty

and humility which have in all ages been the glorious characteristic of all the great men of the Church. Paul V. long before his accession to the Papal throne, had filled the highest offices in the Church. Born at Rome on the 17th Sep., 1552, of the illustrious house of Borgese, named at baptism Camillus, he studied philosophy in his youth at Perugia, law at Padua and became afterwards consistorial advocate, prelate, abbreviator, referendary of the two signatures (of pardon and justice) and vicar of St. Mary Major. In 1596 Clement VIII. sent him into Spain with extraordinary powers and created him cardinal of St. Eusebius. Such were his qualifications for this high office, that he was surnamed the Excellent and was early spoken of as future Pope. On the death of Leo the cardinals assembled as usual to elect a successor. In that conclave were men of supereminent ability. Such names as Toschi, Pamfili Montalto and Aldobrandini would suffice to cast lustre on any assembly, whilst the names of Baronius and Bellarmine are never pronounced by men but with uncovered head and bated breath. At the beginning of the Conclave the Cardinals shewed a disposition to elect Cardinal Toschi of Modena Pope, but this choice was opposed by Cardinal Baronius as "not for the good of the Church." Toschi, it appears though in other respects an excellent man, an able juriconsult and author of several useful works, retained from his early education and associations certain low words and expressions which to the mind of Baronius would ill become a Vicar of Christ. The opposition of so learned a man lost Toschi the election, and 32 cardinals immediately declared for Baronius. To this choice Baronius objected; he wished indeed one chosen, who would govern the Church well, but his humility shrank from thinking that he was the one. The great cardinal therefore did not remain neutral, as he had done at the election of Leo XI., but set himself to prevent the designs of his kind supporters. For this end he proposed Bellarmine, one of the greatest theologians the Church has produced. Bellarmine in his turn used all his eloquence to prevent his own election, laying be-

fore the assembly his inaptitude for the duties of so exalted a station.

Cardinals Montalto and Aldobrandini, the heads of the two parties, who divided the power in the conclave, were next proposed, but as Montalto supported Camillus Borgese the French Cardinals, who as yet had not pronounced an opinion, threw their weight into the scales and Camillus Borgese (Paul V.) was elected Pope on the 16th of May, 1605.

What a splendid spectacle of Christian humility does this conclave present! Where outside of the Catholic Church could such a spectacle be seen?

—We are no admirer of "England's greatest Queen." If the modern idea of political greatness, as held by Elizabeth's "adorer" the renegade Neapolitan monk Jordano Bruno be the true,—if *success* is the test of greatness, then England's greatest Queen was great. And yet methinks we see a greater Queen though an unsuccessful withal, in that poor Queen of Scots, who laid down her head upon the block so calmly and so nobly and so forgivingly to receive the keen and glistening axe of a sister's hate. But England's Elizabeth, in spite of her many littlenesses and feminine weakness, could at times be strong. Lally Tollendal relates an act, which, if true, does her honor. Margaret Lambrun, a Scotch tire-woman who with her husband had been in the service of the Scot's Queen, and who had seen her royal mistress die her noble death under the English axe, and her own husband die of grief at that sad revenge determined to avenge by one and the same stroke her murdered Queen and husband. Entering the English court disguised as a man, she sought to assassinate the English Queen, and then to kill herself. Frustrated in her design she was arrested, and brought before the Queen. Elizabeth struck with the fearlessness of her answers—asked, "you thought then that you were doing your duty to your mistress, and your husband? What do you think is now my duty towards you? I will answer frankly to your majesty; but do you ask as a *queen* or *judge*? As queen. Then you ought to pardon me. But how shall I be assured that you will not abuse that

pardon? and will not again attempt my life? Madame; pardon granted with so much precaution is not pardon but barter; you can act as judge." The Queen turning to her courtiers said, "In all the thirty years I have been your queen, I have never received from you so just a lesson. Woman you are pardoned."

It is difficult to tell which herein to admire the more—the fearlessness and devotion of the Scottish tire-woman, or the right royal magnanimity of the English Queen. If Tudor hate was deep, Tudor courage was high.

—Mercy preserve us from panegyrics and panegyrists! May our bones rest *in peace* when once God has called us! If men from a pulpit tell the truth of us, it will not help our reputation; that they should tell lies of us, we do not ask. When we are dead, we would rather prayer than praise, penance done on our souls behalf than panegyrics. Incense at our tomb may do well to hide the stench of our carcass—incense from the pulpit will never cover half our failings and our faults. What a mockery before God and his angels to have our praises sounded in this world, at the very moment we are tremblingly giving an account of our shortcomings to the great Judge in the next. "He was a great logician" cries the Preacher. "Where was the logic of these acts?" asks the great Judge. "He commanded well" cries the Preacher. "Why didst thou not keep my commandments?" asks the Judge. Bah! mercy preserve us from panegyrics and panegyrists! May our bones rest *in peace* when once God has called us. Certes! 'tis a hollow world!

H. B.

WHAT a visionary thing is the independence of youth! How full of projects, which take the shape of certainties! How much rugged and stern experience it requires to convince the young and the eager that the efforts of an individual, unaided by connection or circumstances, are the true reading of the allegory of the Danaides! Industry and skill, alas! how often are they but water drawn with labor in a bucket full of holes.

A FEW LINES.

J. K. FORAN.

THE following lines were addressed to a young lady, who presented a bouquet to Mr. Wm. Smith O'Brien while standing in the dock at Clonmel Court House, under charge of high treason:

Sweet girl! who gave in danger's hour,
To lift my soul a beauteous flower,
And by thy bright yet modest eyes,
Cheered me with softest sympathies;
Oh! may thine eyes ne'er shed a tear!
Oh! may thine heart ne'er know a fear!
Thus from his dreary solitude—
Thus speaks a prisoner's gratitude.

W. S. O'BRIEN,

Clonmel Prison.

November 4th, 1848.

MEAGHER'S SPEECH ON BEING FOUND GUILTY OF HIGH TREASON.

AT the request of many of our readers we make room for, and publish this month, the magnificent, but, almost unknown speech of the gallant and patriotic T. F. Meagher, on the occasion of his receiving sentence, for treason, at Clonmel, 1848. This beautiful speech deserves to be placed side by side with the immortal utterance of the Patriot Emmet, and engraved as indelibly on the hearts of his countrymen as that unrivalled effort.

Nothing in ancient or modern oratory, can equal the pathos, the sincerity, and the dispassionate flow of language used by the youthful "Hero of the Sword," on that momentous occasion:—

"A Jury of my countrymen have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feelings of resentment towards them. Influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill besit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you my Lord,—you who preside on that bench,—when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge as it ought

to have been impartial and indifferent to the subject and the crown?

"My Lords you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it will seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave with no lying lip, the life I consecrated to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer have left their footprints in the dust; here on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil open to receive me,—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

"No; I do not despair of my poor old country,—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country, I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up; to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world; to restore her to her native powers and her ancient constitution,—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal,—I deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctioned as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice.

"With these sentiments, my Lord, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I felt to be my duty, having spoken what I felt to be the truth,—as I have done on every other occasion of my short career,—I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death; the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies; whose factions I have sought to still; whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim; whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom,

the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honored home. Pronounce, then, my Lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal, a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my Lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed."

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

TIME was when the forefathers of our race were a savage tribe, inhabiting a wild district beyond the limits of this quarter of the earth. Whatever brought them thither, they had no local attachments there or political settlement; they were a restless people, and whether urged forward by enemies or by desire of plunder, they left their place, and passing through the defiles of the mountains on the frontiers of Asia, they invaded Europe, setting out on a journey towards the farther West. Generation after generation passed away, and still this fierce and haughty race moved forward. On, on they went; but travel availed them not; the change of place could bring them no truth, or peace, or hope, or stability of heart; they could not flee from themselves. They carried with them their superstitions and their sins, their gods of iron and of clay, their savage sacrifices, their lawless witchcrafts, their hatred of their kind, and their ignorance of their destiny. At length they buried themselves in the deep forests of Germany, and gave themselves up to indolent repose; but they had not found their rest; they were still heathens, making the fair trees, the primeval work of God, and the innocent beasts of the chase, the objects and the instruments of their idolatrous worship. And, last of all, they crossed over the strait and made themselves masters of

this island, and gave their very name to it; so that, whereas it had hitherto been called Britain, the southern part, which was their main seat, obtained the name of England. And now they had proceeded forward nearly as far as they could go, unless they were prepared to look across the great ocean, and anticipate the discovery of the world which lies beyond it.

What, then, was to happen to this restless race, which had sought for happiness and peace across the globe, and had not found it? Was it to grow old in its place, and dwindle away and consume in the fever of its own heart, which admitted no remedy? Or was it to become great by being overcome, and to enjoy the only real life of man, and rise to his only true dignity, by being subjected to a Master's yoke? Did its Maker and Lord see any good thing in it, of which, under His divine nurture, profit might come to His elect and glory to His name? He looked upon it, and He saw nothing there to claim any visitation of His grace, or to merit any relaxation of the awful penalty which its lawlessness and impiety had incurred. It was a proud race, which feared neither God nor man—a race ambitious, self-willed, obstinate, and hard of belief, which would dare everything, even the eternal pit, if it was challenged to do so. I say, there was nothing there of a nature to reverse the destiny which His righteous decrees have assigned to those who sin wilfully and despise Him. But the Almighty Lover of souls looked once again; and he saw in that poor, forlorn, and ruined nature, which He had in the beginning filled with grace and light, He saw in it, not what merited His favor, not what would adequately respond to His influences, not what was a necessary instrument of His purposes, but what would illustrate and preach abroad His grace, if He took pity on it. He saw in it a natural nobleness, a simplicity, a frankness of character, a love of truth, a zeal for justice, an indignation at wrong, an admiration of purity, a reverence for law, a keen appreciation of the beautiful and majestic of order, nay, further, a tenderness and an affectionateness of heart, which He knew would become the glorious instruments of His high will, when illum-

inated and vivified by His supernatural gifts. And so He who, did it so please Him, could raise up children to Abraham out of the very stones of the earth, nevertheless determined in this instance in His free mercy to unite what was beautiful in nature with what was radiant in grace; and, as if those poor Anglo-Saxons had been too fair to be heathen, therefore did He rescue them from the devil's service and the devil's doom, and bring them into the house of His holiness and the mountain of His rest.

It is an old story and a familiar, and I need not go through it. I need not tell you, how suddenly the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island and subdued them to its gentle rule; how the grace of God fell on them, and without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became Christian; how, when all was tempestuous, and hopeless, and dark, Christ like a vision of glory came walking to them on the waves of the sea. Then suddenly there was a great calm; a change came over the pagan people in that quarter of the country where the gospel was first preached to them; and from thence the blessed influence went forth; it was poured out over the whole land, till, one and all, the Anglo-Saxon people were converted by it. In a hundred years the work was done; the idols, the sacrifices, the mummeries of paginism flitted away and were not, and the pure doctrine and heavenly worship of the Cross were found in their stead. The fair form of Christianity rose up and grew and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south: it was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own; it had an hierarchical form. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with mitre and crosier and uplifted hand, walked forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the fragrant cloud arose, and Mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and

day after day, and in the still night, and over the woody hills and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march or blessed services on earth, high festival, and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge, and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer: till he who recollected the old pagan time, would think it all unreal that he behold and heard, and would conclude he did but see a vision, so marvellously was heaven let down upon earth, so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below.

Such was the change which came over our forefathers; such was the Religion bestowed upon them, bestowed on them as a second grant, after the grant of the territory itself; nay, it might almost have seemed as the divine guarantee or pledge of its occupation. And you know its name; there can be no mistake; you know what that Religion was called. It was called by no modern name—for modern religions then were not. You know *what* religion has priests and sacrifices, and mystical rites, and the monastic rule, and care for the souls of the dead, and the profession of an ancient faith, coming, through all ages, from the Apostles. There is one, and only one religion such: it is known every where; every poor boy in the street knows the name of it; there never was a time, since it first was, that its name was not known and known to the multitude. It is called *Catholicism*—a world-wide name, and incommunicable; attached to us from the first; accorded to us by our enemies in vain attempted, never stolen from us, by our rivals. Such was the worship which the English people gained when they emerged out of paganism into gospel light. In the history of their conversion, Christianity and Catholicism are one; they are in that history, as they are in their own nature, convertible terms. It was the Catholic faith which that vigorous young race heard and embraced—that faith which is still found, the further you trace back towards the age of the Apostles, which is still visible in the dim distance of the earliest antiquity, and to which the witness of the Church, when investi-

gated even her first startings and simplest rudiments, "saveth not to the contrary." Such was the religion of the noble English; they knew not heresy; and, as time went on, the work did but sink deeper and deeper into their nature, into their social structure and their political institutions; it grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, till a sight was seen—one of the most beautiful which ever has been given to man to see—what was great in the natural order made greater by its elevation into the supernatural. The two seemed as if made for each other; that natural temperament and that gift of grace; what was heroic, or generous, or magnanimous in nature, found its corresponding place or office in the divine kingdom. Angels in heaven rejoiced to see the divinely wrought piety and sanctity of penitent sinners: Apostles, Popes, and Bishops, long since taken to glory, threw their crowns in transport at the foot of the throne, as saints and confessors, and martyrs, came forth before their wondering eyes out of a horde of heathen robbers; guardian spirits no longer sighed over the disparity and contrast which had so fearfully intervened between themselves and the souls given to them in charge. It did indeed become a peculiar, special people, with a character and genius of its own; I will say a bold thing—in its staidness, sagacity, and simplicity, more like the mind that rules, through all time, the princely line of Roman Pontiffs, than perhaps any other Christian people whom the world has seen. And so things went on for many centuries. Generation followed generation; revolution came after revolution; great men rose and fell: there were bloody wars, and invasions, conquests, changes of dynasty, slavery, recoveries, civil dissensions, settlements; Dane and Norman overran the land; and yet all along Christ was upon the waters; and if they rose in fury, yet at His word they fell again and were in calm. The bark of Peter was still the refuge of the tempest-lost and ever soled and recruited those whom it rescued from the deep.

(To be continued.)

BLAME NOT THE SILENT DEAD.

BY T. O'HAGAN.

Blame not the silent dead,
The patriots that are gone,
Who sleep—with naught to mark,
The hallow'd grave of one;
Old Erin has enshrined them
Within her memories dear;
Sleep on, sleep on, a brighter hope
Embalms them with a tear.

Blame not the silent dead,
Their cause was liberty;
Bright is the sword that gleams on high
To set a people free;
Divine the call, the summons,
To break a tyrant's chain;
Sleep on, sleep on, bright Freedom's star
O'er Ireland cannot wane.

Blame not the silent dead,
Their cause was just—yes true;
A suffering people shriek'd in death,
In pain a people grew
The spirit of a noble race,
Rack'd, tortur'd unto strife;
Sleep on, sleep on, brave patriot souls,
Bright glory crowns each life.

Blame not the silent dead,
Though dim the hope did loom,
To light them on to victory,
And find them but a tomb;
The hallow'd cause, the sacred right,
Those armed martyrs led,
Speak far beyond all human thought;
Blame not the silent dead.

THE BATTLE OF ROSS.

THE TURNING POINT OF THE '08 INSURRECTION.

On the evening of the 4th of June the patriot army had assembled in force on Corbett Hill, preparatory to making an attack on the town of Ross. The garrison of the town had lately been strongly reinforced by the arrival of the Donegal, Clare and Meath regiments of militia, a detachment of English and Irish artillery, the 5th Dragoons, the Mid-Lothian Fencibles and the county of Dublin regiment of militia. The whole force amounted to twelve hundred men, exclusive of the yeomen, all under the command of Major-General Johnson, who expected an attack during the night, and consequently the troops remained under arms without being allowed to take any repose.

The patriots, led by their Commander-in-Chief, Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey, a little after their arrival on Corbett Hill, were saluted with a few cannon shot and shells from the town, "which produced no other effect than that of increasing their vigilance."

At daybreak on the 5th, Mr. Harvey being roused from his slumbers, despatched a Mr. Furlong with a flag of truce and the following summons to the commanding officer in Ross:

"SIR,—As a friend to humanity, I request you will surrender the town of Ross to the Wexford forces now assembled against that town. Your resistance will but provoke rapine and plunder to the ruin of the most innocent. Flushed with victory, the Wexford forces, now innumerable and irresistible, will not be controlled if they meet with any resistance; to prevent, therefore, the total ruin of all property in the town, I urge you to a speedy surrender, which you will be forced to do in a few hours, with loss and bloodshed, as you are surrounded on all sides. Your answer is required in four hours. Mr. Furlong carries this letter, and will bring the answer.—I am, sir, etc., etc.,

"B. B. HARVEY.

"Camp at Corbett Hill,
"Half-past three o'clock morning,
"June 5th, 1798."

Mr. Furlong did not bring the answer, for he was incontinently shot the moment himself and his flag of truce approached the outposts. The plan of attack, which had been agreed upon the evening previous, was also rendered nugatory by this after-thought of the commanding officer. By this plan the patriot columns of attack were to operate against three distinct portions of the town at the same time. Whether this arrangement was made known to the troops or not we have no means of ascertaining, but at all events it was not carried into execution, for the treacherous shooting of the bearer of the flag of truce so exasperated the division that lay nearest the Three Bullet Gate, that they rushed on to the assault without waiting till the other two had arrived at their several posts of action; the latter not only did not proceed, but were

seized with a panic, and went off in all directions to their several homes, learning as they went along the tidings of a total defeat. This strange conduct was chiefly owing to the example of one of the division commanders, "who without the least effort to answer the intent of his appointment, turned away from the action and rode hastily homeward." Comment is unnecessary. Not one-fourth of the men who encamped on Corbett Hill the evening before remained to participate in the action, so that even the division that commenced and afterwards continued the assault was by no means complete, numbers of those who constituted it having also abandoned their stations, which were far from being adequately supplied by such of the panic-struck divisions as had the courage and resolution to join in the battle then going on fiercely forward. From this it will be seen that whatever the patriots accomplished in the onset was entirely owing to individual courage and intrepidity. They first dislodged the enemy from behind the walls and ditches, where they were very advantageously posted in the outskirts of the town, and repulsed several charges of the Royalist cavalry with considerable loss. Cornet Dowell and twenty-seven men of the 5th Dragoons having fallen in the first onset by the hands of these brave pikemen. The military were driven back to the town through the Three Bullet Gate, hotly pursued by the victors, who scarcely took time to equip themselves with the arms and cartridge boxes of the slaughtered soldiery. From street to street the enemy were driven until they reached the market house, where the main guard were stationed with two pieces of artillery. After a short but desperate struggle the soldiers were driven clear out of the town and over the wooden bridge on the Barrow, into the county of Kilkenny. The main guard, however, still held possession of the market house, and a strong detachment of the Clare militia, under Major Vandeleur, also continued to maintain their post at Irishtown, the principal entrance to Ross. Lord Mountjoy, colonel of the county Dublin militia, fell in the first assault.

When the Wexford men had thus, by

their indomitable bravery, obtained possession of the town, in an evil hour, being without the control of competent officers, they gave themselves up to drink and plunder, on which they became so intent that they neglected to follow up their hard won advantage by pursuing the enemy over the bridge. The latter were in full retreat, intent only on reaching Waterford, when, perceiving they were not pursued, and probably guessing the reason why, they halted on the Kilkenny side of the bridge, and, powerfully instigated by the spirited exhortations of two brave yeomen, named McCormick and Deveraux, they returned to the attack, and soon compelled the disorganized revelers to fly out of the town, of which they had then held possession for some hours. Having been partially soberized by their hasty retreat, they again returned to the attack, this time led by a young hero of thirteen years of age and but little for his age. The undaunted courage and heroic devotion of this child shamed some and fired others with enthusiasm, so that with a thrilling cheer they again charged into the town and the contest that now ensued was maintained by both sides with ferocious obstinacy. Again were the enemy driven to their chief stronghold, the market house, and here the fighting became terrific. Notwithstanding the dreadful havoc made in their closed ranks by the artillery, the patriots rushed up to the very muzzles of the cannon, regardless of the numbers that were falling on all sides of them. Two instances of this reckless bravery have been specially recorded. In one an old man is represented as having thrust his wig into the mouth of the gun just as the artilleryman was applying the match, the poor fellow thinking the deprivation of air would prevent the piece going off. He was of course blown to atoms. In the other instance, a stalwart pikeman thrust the shaft of his weapon into the gun, and by main strength sought to pry it around from its line of direction and thus save the advancing column from the effects of its destructive fire, which its last discharge had made terribly apparent to him. The unknown hero had his leg blown off on the spot and probably died soon afterward. The

desperate bravery and impetuosity of the people again cleared the army out of the town and clean over the bridge. But unwarmed by the result of their previous debauch, and exhausted by hunger and fatigue, they again fell into the same misconduct as before, sullyng their bravery with drunkenness. Of this the discomfited enemy were not slow in taking the proper advantage. They again renewed the attack, and finally became masters of the town, a great part of which was now in flames. In one of the houses on the summit of the main street, near the church, seventy-five of the inhabitants, non-combatants, who had taken refuge there, were burned to ashes by the soldiery; only one man succeeded in escaping their savage fury.

The people being upbraided by their chief for sullyng their bravery by drunkenness, made a third attempt to regain the town, and in this their valor was as conspicuous as it had been in the early part of the day; but by this time the army had acquired a greater degree of confidence in their own strength while half the town blazed in tremendous conflagration, and to crown their misfortunes the people sustained an irreparable loss when their intrepid and dashing leader, John Kelley, of Killan, received a wound in the leg, which put an end to his career of victory. Paralyzed by the loss of such a man, at such a critical moment, and no longer able to withstand the havoc of the artillery, the patriots sounded a regular retreat, bringing away with them a piece of cannon taken in the course of the action. They encamped for the night at Carriekbyrne.

The loss of the British on this memorable day was officially stated to amount to two hundred and thirty; that of the people has been variously estimated by different eye-witnesses, some making it five hundred, while others make it as two thousand.

Indeed, it is impossible to ascertain their loss in the battle itself, as those who were killed, unarmed and unresisting after it was all over, amounted to more than double the number slain in open fight. Than these latter no braver men of the Irish race ever gave up their lives on the battle-field; not even the

men who, in their shirts, swept the troops of Eugene from the ramparts of Cremona; or those before whose charge Cumberland's column melted away on the slopes of Fontenoy. Nor have any exhibited more sublime heroism than did those undisciplined peasants in the streets of Ross, on that memorable 5th of June, 1798.

Oh! that these "boys of Wexford" had in their midst the gallant Lord Edward, who during that eventful week, was gasping away his young life in solitude and agony, in a dreary cell in Newgate. Had he such men to lead, the Wexford campaign of 1798 would have terminated very differently to what it did.

ANCIENT PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

(Translated from the Irish of the eighth century.)

O great Mary,
 Mary, greatest of Marys,
 Most great of women,
 Queen of the Angels,
 Mistress of the Heavens,
 Woman, full and replete with the
 grace of the Holy Spirit,
 Blessed and most blessed,
 Mother of Eternal Glory,
 Mother of the Heavenly and Earthly
 Church,
 Mother of Love and Indulgence,
 Mother of the Golden Light,
 Honor of the Sky,
 Sign of Tranquility,
 Gate of Heaven,
 Golden Casket,
 Couch of Love and Mercy,
 Temple of the Divinity,
 Beauty of the Virgins,
 Mistress of the Tribes,
 Fountain of the Parterres,
 Cleansing of the Sins,
 Washing of the Souls,
 Mother of the Orphans,
 Breast of the Infants,
 Solace of the Wretched,
 Star of the Sea,
 Handmaid of God,
 Mother of the Redeemer;
 Resort of the Lord,
 Graceful like the Dove,
 Serene like the Moon,
 Resplendent like the Sun,
 Destruction of Eve's disgrace,
 Regeneration of Life,
 Beauty of Lovely Women,
 Chief of the Virgins,
 Inclosed Garden,
 Closely-locked Fountain,

Mother of God,
 Perpetual Virgin,
 Holy Virgin,
 Prudent Virgin,
 Serene Virgin,
 Chaste Virgin,
 Temple of the Living God,
 Royal Throne of the Eternal King,
 Sanctuary of the Holy Spirit,
 Virgin of the Root of Jesse,
 Cedar of Mount Lebanon,
 Cypress of Mount Zion,
 Crimson Rose of the Land of Jacob,
 Blooming like the Olive Tree,
 Glorious Son-bearer,
 Light of Nazareth,
 Glory of Jerusalem,
 Beauty of the World,
 Noblest Boon of the Christian Flock,
 Queen of Life,
 Ladder of Heaven,

Hear the petition of the poor: spurn not the wounds and groans of the miserable. Let our devotions and our sighs be carried through thee to the presence of the Creator, for we are not ourselves worthy of being heard, because of our evil deserts. O powerful Mistress of Heaven and Earth, dissolve our trespasses and our sins; destroy our wickedness and corruptions; raise the fallen, the debilitated and the fettered; loosen the condemned; repair, through thyself, the transgressions of our immoralities and of our vices; bestow upon us, through thyself, the blossoms and ornaments of good actions and virtues; appease for us the Judge, by thy voice and thy supplications; allow us not to be carried off from these among the spoils of our enemies; allow not our souls to be condemned, but take us to thyself, forever, under thy protection; we beseech thee and pray thee further, O Holy Mary, through thy great supplication, from thy only Son, that is Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, that God may defend us from all straits and temptations, and obtain for us, from the God of Creation, that we may all receive from Him the forgiveness and remission of all our sins and trespasses, and that we may obtain from Him further, through thy supplication, the perpetual occupation of the Heavenly Kingdom, through the eternity of life, in the presence of the Saints and the Saintly Virgins of the world, which may we deserve and may we occupy, in *secula seculorum*.—Amen.

THE GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA ON IRISH WRONGS.

The following is the address delivered by Gov. Davis at the meeting recently held in St. Paul for the relief of Ireland:—

This meeting is held to solicit the sympathy of the community with the Irish people in the efforts they are

making by lawful and constitutional means to so change the land tenure of that country that they can at the same time till the soil and live upon the product of their labors. The appeal is made to the American people irrespective of race or creed, and I shall therefore best serve the purpose of my invitation by briefly placing before those persons who are alien to the blood and untaught in the sufferings of the Irish people a few of the reasons why that sympathy is due. Had half the commiseration been given to Ireland which England, censuring us, extended to the American slaves whose ancestors she planted here, or which has been wasted on the savage American Indians, the record of Irish suffering would have closed eighty years ago. Had any political party during or after our civil war attempted to inflict upon a single county in the South the murders, confiscation, penal laws, deportations, selling white people as slaves, that the English government has inflicted upon both Catholic and Protestant Irish time after time since the reign of Elizabeth began, the whole civilized world would have aided a people in insurrection and made this government the most shapeless wreck upon the shores of time.

There is a cause for the present discontent. It begins far back and lives to day in its evil consequences. The stern justice of history before whom no suit abates, but proceeds generation after generation to final judgment presides over this controversy, soon, we trust, about to end.

The facts which I shall state are not gathered from the vauntings of national vain-glory. They come from the researches of a sceptical historian whose books lie under the interdict of both churches and who disbelieves impartially in both of them. They are not the accusations or excuses of a bigoted sectary.

It is very certain that when the rest of Europe lay in the night of the dark ages, and was haunted by events which read like sanguinary dreams, civilization and religion—exiled brother and sister—took refuge in Ireland. Before Augustin evangelized the English people the Irish missionary had crossed the channel and commenced the work.

In the words of St. Bernard, "from Ireland as from an overflowing stream crowds of holy men descended upon foreign countries." They were the pioneer apostles from Iceland to the Danube.

The feudal system which now survives in Ireland in its last ferocious type of an all powerful landlord and remediless tenant, uprooted there a very different system. Under the Brehon laws the chief was elective, he did not own the fee of the tenement lands. In them the clansman was joint proprietor with him. The former had the fullest rights of inheritance, and his property descended without burden to all of his children equally. It was a code made by and for a free people.

This system was overturned by conquest and chicane and was succeeded by four confiscations which took away nine-tenths of the land of Ireland from native lords and occupants without compensation and gave it to aliens.

In the reign of Elizabeth nearly 600,000 acres were confiscated in Munster and regranted to Englishmen upon condition that they should admit to tenancy no Irishman. This and other forcible separations of the people from the soil, beggared them and were the beginning of those agrarian outrages, which, though merely an effect of oppression, are persistently misrepresented as its cause and excuse.

In the reign of James I. two great Noblemen were accused of plots—not of acts, but simply of bad intentions, for there was no rebellion. They were never tried. Nothing was ever proved against them. They were driven from the country, and under pretext of their offences six counties were confiscated and planted with Scotch and English. The very scum and lees of those nations were placed in the homes from which thousands of happy and unoffending people had just been driven into the jaws of starvation.

In this reign the infamous vocation of the discoverers was first plied. Under the fiction that all titles are derived from the king, these persons undermined possessions which had been undisturbed for centuries; by slays in grants, by defects of enrollment, by records exhumed from the tower of

London, by dormant grants made by Henry II. three hundred years before. The judges were more terrible than an army with banners. They were merely the instruments by which the compendious ruin of a race was wrought.

The proprietors of Connaught, who held by a recent royal grant raised £120,000 and paid that sum to Charles I., upon agreement that undisturbed possession for sixty years should secure their titles from attack by the crown, and that their grants should be valid: Strafford afterward withdrew these conditions and let slip upon Connaught a pack of discoverers, bribed judges and pliant jurors. The juries were instructed to find for the king, and no wonder—for the chief justice received four shillings on the pound on the first year's rental of the estates which he adjudged forfeit. Upon this the Irish rebelled and the war with Parliament followed. It was a war for religious liberty and for food. Famine and fanaticism did bloody work. The result was conquest. All the land in three provinces was given to soldiers or usurers who had lent money to the parliamentary government.

This is hardly an outline of the process by which nine tenths of Ireland was taken from its people and given to an alien race. It is to be filled in by penal laws which executed the priest for consoling the dying; which made famine bid against the mother for her child to place it in a charity school, she never to see it again; which forbade a Catholic to acquire real estate, or to lend money upon it; which scattered estates by distributing among all his children, unless his eldest son became an apostate; by such appalling want as no civilized people has ever suffered, by which thousands died in the fields and by the roadside.

All the while rack rents were exacted. Statutes might blast the soil with sterility and make famine the immediate result of their enactment, but the rent must be produced. The result was that the Irish began to export themselves, and there is not a state in Christendom which has not been in a marked degree, under the influence of Irish genius, expatriated, yet influential in exile. The distress which has time

and again afflicted that country is almost incredible. It is the only Christian land into which for centuries famine has entered. It has repeatedly been such a scene as lured Death from hell into the waste wide anarchy of chaos when he tasted from the earth

“The savour
Of death from all things that there lived,
and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.”

Such have been the results of a code which has been anathematized by the great apostles of humanity the world over. It was denounced by Burke as the most refined contrivance which the ingenuity of man has ever devised for human degradation. It was held up for unending execration by Swift in the harrowing irony of his cannibal project for the disposition of Irish children. It was stigmatized by Montesquieu as “conceived by devils, written in human gore and registered in hell.” It was made shameful by the humor of Sidney Smith. One of its last monuments was overthrown by Gladstone—God speed him in his present work!

The system exists to-day in its last consequence. One by one the penal disability and church establishment laws have been abrogated. The world must sympathize in the effort to redress this last wrong and revest the soil, by peaceful means, in the men who till it. Not as it was taken away, by battle and murder; but by laws which will give the proprietor the fullest compensation. Nor is Ireland alone in making this demand. The same evil afflicts the English farmer. He, too, cannot pay his rent and drive his cattle to the nearest market town in competition with American beef. He also demands reform, and the question is pressing for solution upon the best minds in England.

England is wealthy and great, and controls the most efficient forces of civilization. Her troops descend like eagles from the mountains upon barbarian Cabul, and they carry the terror of her name into the desert heart of slave-land. She is strong to weak nations. But there has always been that in her policy which has finally made her weak against attacks by her

home people. It is the old story of consolidated wealth and apparent grandeur trembling over the struggle of the people underneath. She could once call from her islands a soldiery which no alien race has ever withstood, but now she is compelled to marshal the Sepoy into the ranks of European wars. She has reached that point in national life, where change must come, even if it has to be compelled.

The right of any people to be fed by the land on which they live is the very basis of the State. It is the ultimate constitution of all government. It is a condition of tenure which, when violated, avoids in the ultimate court of political revolution the broadest patent which any government can give. History delivers from her tribunal hoary precedent after precedent that this is so. The civilized world now presents but a single instance of a general denial of this primary social right. In Ireland the soil is becoming the graveyard of her people. A rental which snatches the bread from the hand which raises it to the mouth; evictions which make thousands homeless; misery from which there is no escape at present except to strange lands beyond the broad sea; and dilated over all, want impending with all its woes—these are the spectacles which have tortured the civilized world into condolence with a great and long suffering people. I believe that the present effort will end in success through peaceful means. The world will regret the reappearance of those phantoms which were evoked two hundred and fifty years ago when “it was said that a sword bathed in blood had been seen suspended in the air and that a spirit which had appeared before the great troubles of Tyrone, was again stalking abroad brandishing his mighty spear over the devoted land.”

There is this *paradox* in pride, it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

St. Gertrude once asked Our Lord what preparation He wished her to make for communion. In answer He said, “I only wish you to receive Me with a heart emptied of all self-love.—*St. Alphonsus.*”

THE PARTING FROM IRELAND.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

O! Dread Lord of Earth and Heaven! hard
and sad it is to go,
From the land I loved and cherished into out-
ward gloom and woe;
Was it for this, Guardian Angel, when to
manly years I came,
Homeward as a light you led me—light that
now is turned to flame!

I am as a shipwrecked sailor, by one wave
flung on the shore,
By the next torn struggling seaward, without
hope for evermore:
I am as a sinner toiling onward to Redemp-
tion Hill,
By the rising sands environed—by the Si-
moom ballied still.

How I loved this nation ye know, gentle
friends, who share my fate;
And you, too, heroic comrades, loaded with
the fetter's weight—
How I coveted all knowledge that might raise
her name with men—
How I sought her secret beauties with an all-
insatiate ken.

God! it is a maddening prospect thus to see
this storied land,
Like some wretched culprit writhing, in a
strong avenger's hand,
Kneeling, foaming, weeping, shrieking,
woman-weak and woman-loud;
Better, better, Mother Ireland, we had laid
you in your shroud!

If an end were made, and nobly, of this old
centennial feud—
If, in arms outnumbered, beaten, less, O!
Ireland, had I rued;
For the scattered sparks of valor might re-
light thy darkness yet,
And the long chain of Resistance to the
Future had been knit.

Now *their* Castle sits securely on its old ac-
cursed hill,
And their motely pirate standard taints the
air of Ireland still;
And their titled paupers clothe them with
the labor of our hands,
And their Saxon greed is glutted from our
plundered father's lands.

But our faith is all unshaken, though our
present hope is gone:
England's lease is *not* forever—Ireland's
warfare is *not* done.
God in Heaven, He is immortal—Justice is
his sword and sign—
If Earth will not be our ally, we have One
who is Divine.

Though my eyes no more may see thee,
Island of my early love!
Other eyes shall see the Green Flag flying
the tall hills above;
Though my ears no more may listen to thy
rivers as they flow,
Other ears shall hear a Paean closing thy
long keen of woe.

CALLACHAN OF CASHEL.

The history of independent Ireland
teems with romantic episodes illustra-
tive of the bravery and devotion of her
children. Prominent among these is
the story of the captivity and rescue of
Callachan, King of Munster.

The following are the facts of the sto-
ry, as recorded in the ancient chroni-
cles of Eire:

In the year 934, the seventeenth of
the reign of Donnadh II. Monarch of Ire-
land, Callachan, of Cashel, assumed the
sovereignty of Munster; from that time
until his death, in 952, he occupies a
prominent place in our annals. During
his reign the Lochlamraigh, or Danes,
had obtained a strong foothold, in
Ireland, and committed many depreda-
tions in Munster; but Callachan routed
them in many battles, and finally expel-
led them from his principality. Upon
this Sitric, the principal Danish chief-
tain, finding himself unable to cope
with him in the field, had recourse to
treachery to get his great enemy in his
power, and in furtherance of his design
he offered to give Callachan his own
sister, Bebinn, as his wife, promising,
at the same time, to free Munster
thenceforth from all attacks of his coun-
trymen. He did this in order that,
when Callachan went to wed his sister
and trusted himself to his protection,
he might slay both the king and as
many of his nobles as might accompany
him.

Having matured his plans, Sitric sent
ambassadors to Munster to treat of the
proposed alliance. When they explain-
ed their instructions to the king, his
first intention was to take a large army
with him when going to wed the lady,
for, like a true Irishman, he never
dreamt of backing out where a woman
was concerned; but Kenneidi (father of
Brian Boromhe), one of the most influ-
ential Munster chiefs, objected to his
leaving Munster unguarded, but advised

him to take a "strong guard with him when he went to wed that woman," and his counsel was followed.

After Callachan had set out on his expedition, and the night before he reached Dublin, where Sitric then resided, the wife of the latter asked him why he was about to contract this matrimonial connection with the man by whom so many of his chiefs and nobles had fallen? "It is not for his good, but to deal treacherously with him I do it," replied Sitric. Upon hearing this, his wife (who had long cherished a secret love for Callachan, whom she had seen at Waterford), resolved to denounce her husband's treachery to Callachan, and so, she arose early next morning, and went out privately on the road by which he was expected to be coming. Upon meeting him, she took him apart and told him of Sitric's plan for his assassination.

After Callachan had heard it, he thought to turn back; but found retreat impossible, as the enemy's soldiers were ambushed around him on all sides; and when he attempted to cut his way through he was overpowered by numbers, and several of his guards being slain, himself and Duncuan, son of Kenneidi, were captured and carried in chains to Dublin, whence they were sent off to Armagh, where nine earls of the Lochlannaigh, with their several commands, were set to guard them.

In the meantime the Munster nobles who had escaped the ambuscade, returned home and recounted their adventure to Kenneidi, whereupon he mustered two armies for the purpose of going in pursuit of Callachan; one of those armies being destined to act upon land, and the other to operate by sea.

Donncadh O'Cairnh (founder of the sept of the O'Keefes, and King of the two territories of the Fermoighe), commanded the land forces, and Falbi Finn, King of Corce Duibne, commanded the host which embarked upon the sea.

The land forces marched into Connaught on their way northward, and when encamped in Mayo were joined by another army of one thousand Munstermen, and thus reinforced they marched into Tirconaill, taking spoils as they advanced. The King of the territory came to demand a restoration of

these spoils, but Donncadh O'Cairnh replied he would return no spoils, except such as were left after his army were satisfied. Upon this the enraged king sent private word to the Danes at Armagh, informing them of the march of the Munster forces and their object, when the guards of Callachan and Donnucuan retreated, taking their prisoners with them.

The Munster forces arrived at Armagh soon after, and slew every foreigner they could lay hands on, and learning that Sitric and his forces had retreated to Dundalk, they marched thither in pursuit. But when Sitric perceived their approach, he retreated to his ships taking his prisoners with him. The Munster host then marched down and encamped on the beach, so close to the ships that they conversed with those on board.

They were not long in this position when the fleet under Falbi Finn sailed into the harbor. The chief led his ships against those of the enemy, attacking in person the vessel that carried Sitric, with his brothers Tor and Magnus, and he jumped on board into the midst of his enemies, holding a sword in each hand. With the sword in his right hand he cut the ropes with which Callachan was tied up to the mast, and thus loosed his captive king, set him standing on the deck, and placed in his grasp the sword he had till then borne in his left hand. Callachan cut his way to the side of his brave deliverer; but Falbi remained fighting in the midst of his enemies, until he was overpowered and slain. Upon this Frangalach, one of Falbi's captains, took his chieftain's place, and, seizing Sitric round the body, he flung himself overboard, with the foe in his grasp, and both of them were drowned. Segna and Conail, two other captains, next rushed forward and clasped their arms around Tor and Magnus, and each jumped overboard with his adversary, so that the four were drowned; and like bravery was displayed by every other portion of the host of the Gaels, so that but a small remnant of the enemy escaped by the fleetness of their ships.

The Munster warriors then landed, under command of their king, whom they had so gallantly rescued.

Having vanquished the foreigners,

they next determined to punish the King of Tir-Conail for giving information to the enemy; but he not appearing against them, they ravaged his territory, and then challenged the monarch of Ireland to battle for giving his consent to the capture of Callachan at Dublin; but Donnecadh refused to fight them, so they plundered his territories of Temhair. Thence they marched home to Munster, where Callachan resumed the sovereignty of his own country, and commenced a vigorous warfare against the Danes, defeating them with great slaughter in several engagements, until, after a glorious reign of eighteen years, he died in 952.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

SOMETHING ABOUT CROSSES.—The industrious writer, Britton, informs us, that our tasteful, pious ancestors had erected, as well for ornament as for edification, "ten descriptions of Crosses: " first, preaching crosses; second, market crosses; third, weeping crosses; fourth, street-crosses; fifth, memorial crosses; sixth, as land marks; seventh, sepulchral; eighth, highway; ninth, at entrance to churches; tenth, for attestations of peace." We are thus particular in summarizing all; as they attest the piety, depth and feeling of the man whom Shakspere represents as:

"Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise."

When we consider the object for which these were erected, the taste which they all more or less displayed, it must most assuredly be a proof of great depravity to destroy them, of want of judgment, and of want of feeling. "True piety shows itself in the love of divine things for their moral tendency;" the market crosses were originally built to put a greedy man in mind that in his various dealings he was still in the midst of the *divine presence*. We shall not refer to the Crosses of Holy Ireland as they are household words, but to a few of the elegant, but almost unknown of England. There are few of them now remaining. The one at Malmesbury is very beautiful and still standing, but the one at Coventry was the most beautiful of them all: it stood fifty-seven feet

high, very elegant, pyramidal, "fine by degrees, and beautifully less." This was suffered to go to decay by a corrupt electioneering corporation, and finally pulled down in 1771, to avoid the expense of repairing. There were fifteen crosses erected by King Edward I., in memory of his excellent wife, Queen Eleanor; only three of them are left; one is triangular, one hexagonal, and one octagonal. Those factious men who decreed the destruction of crosses, were men says Boileau who knew very little of the real devotional feelings of their countrymen. "The distance is twice as great between a devoted and a true Christian, in my opinion, as between the Southern Pole and Davis's Straits."

This blessed symbol has been respected with a becoming veneration for over fifteen centuries. There is a cross cut into the chalk on the side of Whiteleaf Hill, in Buckinghamshire, daily appealing to the feelings of thousands of people within the distance from which it can be seen. The green sod is cut away 100 feet long, 50 feet broad at the base, decreasing upward to 20 feet; the transverse part is about 70 feet long and 12 feet broad; the earth is cut into from two to three feet deep. Every few years there is a gathering of the people, who recut and clear these channels, accompanied with some old-time-honored devotions.

Dr. Blair, in his 5 Sermon, vol. I., states: "The cross was to shine on palaces and churches throughout the earth."

There can be but few people in any country who have really a disrelish to these things. Cobbett observes:—"That soul must be low and mean indeed which is insensible to all feelings of pride in the noble edifices of his country. Love of country, that variety of feeling which altogether constitute what we properly call *patriotism*, consists, in part, of the admiration of, and veneration for, ancient and magnificent proofs of skill and opulence."

IRELAND, OLD AND YOUNG.—Green Erin is a land old while young; old in Christianity, young in the hopes for the future. It is a nation which received grace ere the Saxon had set foot upon the soil of England, and which never has allowed the sacred flame to be ex-

singnished in its heart; it is a Church which takes within the period of its history, the birth and fall of Canterbury and York; which Augustine and Paulinus found at their coming, and Pole and Fisher left living after them.—DR. NEWMAN.

BRIN'S ANCIENT MUSIC.—It is a great error to suppose that all the valuable melodies in Ireland have been gathered. I am satisfied—and I speak from experience, having for very many years been a zealous laborer in this way—I am satisfied that not half the music of the country has yet been saved from the danger of extinction. What a loss would these be to the world! How many moments of the most delightful enjoyment would be lost to thousands upon thousands, by the want of those most deeply touching strains. Dear music of my country! I cannot speak of it without using the language of enthusiasm; I cannot think of it without feeling my heart glow with tenderness and pride! Well may Ireland exult in the possession of such strains; but she will exult more when freedom shall bid her indulge the proud feelings that of right belong to her!—DR. PETRIE.

WAS SHAKSPERE A CATHOLIC?—The above question has been frequently asked—and more frequently received a direct negative, than a convincing or even plausible reply. But may the writer premise a suspicion, which from internal evidence he has long entertained, that Shakspeare was a Catholic?

Here are a few among the many facts upon which this suspicion or internal evidence is based:—Not one of his works contains the slightest reflection on Popery, or any of its practices, or any eulogy on the Reformation. His panegyric on Queen Elizabeth is cautiously expressed, while Queen Katharine (the repudiated wife of her father) is placed in a state of veneration; and nothing can exceed the skill with which he draws the panegyric of Wolsey. The ecclesiastic is never presented by Shakspeare in a degrading point of view. The jolly monk, the irregular nun, never appear in his dramas. Is it not natural to suppose that the topics on which, at that time, those who criminated Popery loved so much to dwell, must have often

attracted his notice, and invited him to employ his muse upon them, as subjects likely to engage the favorable attention both of the Sovereign and the subject? Does not his abstinence from these justify, at least, a suspicion that a Catholic feeling withheld him from them? This conjecture acquires additional confirmation from the undisputed fact that the *father* of the poet lived and died in communion with the Church of Rome.

In his "Midsummer Night's Dream," we find the subjoined commendation of the life of virginal and religious celibacy:

"Thrice bless'd they, that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage."

He makes Hamlet invoke the protection of the angels, brings his father's ghost from Purgatory, and perhaps it is difficult to conceive a Protestant dramatist of that period causing Isabella, the *conventual* novice in "Measure for Measure," to be, as such, addressed as she is by Lucio, or exhibiting her as a lovely example of female purity, without his having first divested her of the conventual character, should it, in any work upon which his scenes might have been founded, have been ascribed to her.

[Lucio to Isabella.]

"Hail Virgin, if you be; as those cheek-
roses
Proclaim you are no less!
I hold you as a thing *ensky'd* and *sainted*,
By your renouncement an immortal
spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint." Act I. 5.

What Protestant would probably have represented a disembodied soul, as Shakspeare does in Hamlet, lamenting that it had left the world "unanel'd," that is, without having received the Catholic sacrament of "Extreme Unction?"

"I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the seven crimes, done in my days of
native,
Are burn'd and purg'd away."

Cut off 'e'en in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head."

These and other, in his dramas, apparent manifestations of a Catholic sentiment in their author, are the more remarkable, as not only unnecessary, but, doubtless, much less likely to have pleased than offended the Protestant, and, perhaps, larger and certainly more influential part of his theatrical auditory.

THEOLOGY—THE UNIVERSAL SCIENCE.—Mr. Proudhon, in his *Confessions of a Revolutionist*, has these remarkable words: "it is surprising that we always find theology underlying our politics." There is nothing surprising, however, in this, except the wonderment of Mr. Proudhon. Theology being the knowledge of God, must comprehend all the sciences, since God in His immensity contains and embraces all things. They were all in the divine mind before their creation, and have been ever since, for, in calling them forth out of nothing, He formed them according to the type which has existed in Him from all eternity. They are in Him, as effects are in their causes, consequences in their principles, forms in their eternal models. In Him are the immensity of the ocean, the beauty of the fields, the harmony of the celestial bodies, the splendor of the stars, the magnificence of the heavens: in Him are the measure, the weight, and the number of things: in Him are the supreme and inviolable laws of all beings.

Every living thing finds in Him the law of life; whatever vegetates finds in Him the law of vegetation; whatever moves, the law of motion; whatever feels, the law of sensation; intelligence the law of mind; liberty, the law of will. Thus it may be said without falling into Pantheism, that all things are in God, and God in all things.

This reflection enables us to explain, how truth diminishes among men in proportion to the diminution of faith, and how society by turning away from God finds itself enveloped in darkness. Religion has been considered by all men and in every age, as the indestructible foundation of human society. "Omnis humane societatis fundamentum evelit," says Plato, "qui religionem convellit:" (De Legibus, I.X), he who banishes religion, roots up the very

basis of society. On this principle reposed all the legislation of ancient times. How happy! How prosperous! how consonant with the divine attributes and teachings! had those principles been observed and practised in these our days. Cæsar, while young, having expressed in the open senate some doubt about the existence of the gods, Cato and Cicero immediately rose from their seats, and accused him of having uttered language detrimental to the public.

The diminution of faith, which causes a corresponding disappearance of truth, does not bring about the destruction but the wandering of the human mind. Merciful and just at the same time, God denies truth to the guilty intelligence, while He grants it life: He condemns it to error, but not to death. Those ages that have rolled by, distinguished alike by their infidelity and refinement, have left behind them on the page of history a trace more burning than luminous; their splendor was that of the conflagration or the lightning; not the mild and peaceful light which is shed upon the world by the Father above. What we say of ages is applicable to men. In withholding or bestowing the gift of faith, God withholds or imparts truth: but He does not give or refuse understanding. The infidel may possess a powerful intellect, while the believer may be a man of very limited capacity: but the mental greatness of the former is like the abyss, the latter like the sanctity of the tabernacle.

The first is the dwelling place of error, the second the habitation of truth. In the abyss, death is the awful consequence of error; in the tabernacle, life is the appendage of truth. Hence, that society which abandons the austere worship of truth for the idolatry of the man mind, is in a hopeless condition. Sophistry leads to revolution, and the sophist is the precursor of the executioner.

Whoever is acquainted with the laws to which governments are subject, has the knowledge of political truth. Whoever is acquainted with the laws which bind human society, has the knowledge of social truth. Those laws are known to him who knows God, and God is known to him

who hears what God teaches in relation to Himself, and who believes this teaching. Now, theology is the science which has this teaching for its object; whence it follows, that all affirmations or questions relative to society or government, imply an affirmation relative to God; or, in other words, every political or social truth is necessarily resolved into a theological truth. Theology, in its widest acceptation, is the science of all things. Every word that falls from the lips of man, is an affirmation of divinity. He who blasphemes His sacred name as well as he who lifts his heart to Him in humble prayer, affirms His existence. They both pronounce His incommunicable name. In the manner of pronouncing this name we find the solution of the enigmatical questions, as the vocation of races the providential mission of peoples, the great vicissitudes of history, the rise and fall of empires, conquests and wars, the different characters of nations, and even their various fortunes.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.

CHAPTER I.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

MANY people are greatly surprised, that when a new planet is discovered—and within late years this has been frequently the case—astronomers should be able to determine a few days afterwards its distance from the sun, together with the number of years necessary for its orbit. "How is it possible," they ask, "to survey a new guest after such a short acquaintance so accurately, as to foretell his path, nay; even the time of his course?"

Nevertheless it is true that this can be done, and certainly no stage-coach nor locomotive can announce the hour and minute of its arrival with as much accuracy as the astronomer can foretell the arrival of a celestial body, though he may have observed it but a short time. Nor will their surprise be diminished, when we try to give them an idea of the starry firmament: But as this is impossible at the outstart, and outside the limits of our present chapter; we

shall content ourselves, with quoting a beautiful passage from an intensely interesting lecture, "On other Worlds and other Suns," delivered in this city, recently, by the celebrated Professor Proctor, the ablest lecturer on and first astronomer of the day.

The learned Professor said: "That on a calm, clear starlight night the idea suggested to the mind was that a solemn calm reigned in the tremendous depths spread out before one's gaze, nor did any different view present itself as the result of the first teachings of astronomy. It was true the astronomer recognized movements in the stellar system. There was the daily motion by which the stars were carried from east to west, and if they were watched day after day at the same hour, it would be seen that they were carried from east to west by an annual motion. Then there was also a third motion, by which the whole sphere of stars seems to gyrate in a period of 25,000 years, but the astronomer had learned that these movements were apparent only. The first was due to the earth's rotation once a day on her axis, the second to her annual motion around the sun, the third to that reeling motion by which she gyrates as she travels around the sun, completing each gyration daily. But while the astronomer thus recognized in these more obvious movements of the stars only apparent motions, he learned as the direct result of modern research that the heavens presented in reality *A scene of the most wonderful activity*, and that the very least of the stars poured out moment by moment supplies of heat and light! representing an energy and noise compared, with which all forms of force known upon the earth were absolutely as nothing." Now, could we only subserve the lecture of the learned Professor to the object aimed at in this chapter, we would have little difficulty in proving to our young readers the power which mind exercises over the invisible and infinite matter of the Universe; but as this is beyond our reach, and out of the grasp of youth, we shall detail in the simplest language, what is meant to be conveyed by our heading—*A Wonderful Discovery*. In 1846, a naturalist in Paris, Leverrier by name, found out, without looking in the

sky, without making observations with the telescope, simply by dint of calculation, that there must exist a planet at a distance from us of 2,862 millions of miles; that this planet takes 60,238 days and 11 hours to move round the sun; that it is $24\frac{1}{2}$ times heavier than our earth, and that it must be found at a given time at a given place in the sky; provided, of course, the quality of the telescope be such as to enable it to be seen.

Leverrier communicated all this to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. The Academy did not by any means say, "The man is insane; how can he know what is going on 2,862 millions of miles from us; he does not even know what kind of weather we shall have to-morrow." Neither did they say, "This man wishes to sport with us, for he maintains things that no one can prove to be false!" Nor, "the man is a swindler, for he very likely has seen the planet accidentally, and pretends now that he discovered it by his learning." No, nothing of the kind; on the contrary, his communication was received with the proper regard for its importance; Leverrier was well known as a great naturalist.

Having thus how learned he made the discovery, the members of the Academy felt convinced that there were good reasons to believe his assertion to be true. Complete success crowned his efforts. He made the announcement to the Academy in January, 1846; on the 31st of August he sent in further reports about the planet, which he had not seen as yet. The surprise and astonishment on the part of scientific men can scarcely be imagined, while on the part of the uneducated there were but smiles and incredulity. On the 23rd of September, Mr. Galle—now Director of the Breslau Observatory, at that time Assistant in that of Berlin, a gentleman who had distinguished himself before by successful observations and discoveries, received a letter from Mr. Leverrier, requesting him to watch for the new planet at a place designated in the heavens. Though other cities at that time possessed better telescopes than Berlin, this city was chosen because of its favorable situation for observations. That same evening Galle directed his tele-

scope to that spot in the sky indicated by Leverrier, and, at an exceedingly small distance from it, actually discovered the planet.

This discovery of Leverrier is very justly called the greatest triumph that ever crowned a scientific inquiry. Indeed nothing of the kind had ever transpired before; our century may well be proud of it. But, my young friends, you who live in this age without having any idea whatever, of the way in which such discoveries are made—you do not deserve to be called contemporaries of this age of discovery and invention. We will not try to make astronomers out of you; but will endeavor artfully, to insinuate into your young minds, the germs of that "Sublime Science, Astronomy," by merely explaining to you the miracle of this great discovery.

BAYES'S RULES FOR COMPOSITION.

Smith. How, sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, sir, that's my position: and I do here aver, that no man the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Smith. What are those rules I pray?

Bayes. Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse, alternately, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, sir?

Bayes. Why thus, sir; nothing so easy when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has some) I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time); and if it be verse put it into prose.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose, should be called transposing

Bayes. By my troth, sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis so changed that no man can know it—my next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Smith. I hear you, sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark?) but as soon as anyone speaks—pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be I wonder?

Bayes. Why, sir, when I have anything to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of Drama commonplaces, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the business is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house and you shall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, sir, may I ask you how do you when you write?

Smith. Faith, sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write!

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is—with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why I'll tell you now what I do.—If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design on hand, I

over take physic and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part.—In fine you must purge the bolly.

Smith. By my troth, sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my secret; and in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, sir! I'm sure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way—be sure you never take snuff when you write.

Smith. Why so, sir,?

Bayes. Why it spoiled me once one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham College, has promised to help me to some spirit of brains—and that shall do my business.

The readers of The Harp must often have observed the fine Cross of Knighthood conferred at the Vienna Exhibition, 1873, upon Mr. R. M. Wanzer, for his great success in being the manufacturer of the best family Sewing Machine in the world—

No other man living in Great Britain, or her colonies or dependences ever received similar honors. Mr. R. M. Wanzer is known among manufacturers, by the name of the "King" or father of Sewing Machines, having established the first Sewing Machine factory in Canada, in 1859.

Messrs Willis & Roy, of 404 Notre Dame Street, inform us that when they could only sell a few hundred, years ago, it is more easy to sell now by the thousand—why not. In Canada with the Wanzer beat the united world, at the Dublin Exhibition, of '66, and at the Centennial of '76, at Vienna in '73, and in Paris and Australia successively—why not everybody at least in Canada, patronize the Wanzer.—*Adv.*

We must serve God in His time and in His way.—*St. Catharine of Sienna.*

When the blood of man runs on earth, as an offering to God, the devils rush to drink it up, and enter into that of the murderers.

F A C E T I Æ.

—The following item occurred in a lawyer's bill lately:—"To waking up in the night and thinking of your case, six and eightpence."

The Nova Scotians, of Winnipeg, are forming themselves into a society. They meet at a hotel, and the grand object of the society is to transform the Blue Noses into red ones.

An awkward fellow planted his foot square upon a lady's train on Winter street the other day. "Oh you great train wrecker!" said the lady angrily. "Beg your pardon, street-sweeper!" was the arch reply.

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The young man reflected a moment and then replied, "Ah, I see; and you butted all your hair off."

If you presented anybody with a dollar locket on New Year's and hinted that it cost about fifteen dollars, there is no need of any quickened conscience about it. It was taken to some jeweller's to be valued on the 2nd of January, very early in the morning.

It may be said generally of husbands, as the woman said of her's who had abused her, to an old maid who reproached her for marrying him, "To be sure he is not so good a husband as he might be, but he is a powerful sight better than none."

Sweetly sings a nineteenth century poet, "What will heal my bleeding heart?" Lint, man, lint; put on plenty of lint. Or hold a cold door key to the back of your neck, press a small roll of paper under the end of your lip, and hold up your left arm. This last remedy is to be used only in case your heart bleeds at the nose.

At a juvenile party a young gentleman about seven years old, kept himself from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him, "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

Emulate the mule. It is always backward in deeds of violence.

In a boarding-house recently a young man on turning off his gas saw the words, "Confess thy sins" in phosphorescent characters on the wall. He was surprised but listening, thought he heard some young ladies outside the door waiting to observe the effect on him. So pretending to be frightened at the match scratch he felt on his knees and confessed out aloud that he had frequently kissed one of the young ladies in the dark—the one whom he had best reason to suspect of playing the trick. That young lady wont play any more such tricks immediately. She thinks he is a mean, horrid thing.

A story is told of a teacher who was talking to her schollars regarding the order of the higher beings. It was a very profitable subject, and one in which they took an uncommon interest. She told them the angels came first in perfection, and when she asked them who came next, and was readily answered by one boy, "Man," she felt encouraged to ask, "What came next to man?" And here a little shaver, who was evidently smarting under defeat in the preceeding question, immediately distanced all competitors by promptly shouting out, "His undershirt, ma'am!"

"ANY MAN WILL DO."—A maiden once of certain age, to catch a husband did engage; but, having passed the prime of life in striving to become a wife, without success, she thought it time to mend the follies of her prime. Departing from the usual course of paint, and such like, for resource, with all her might, this ancient maid beneath an oak tree knelt and prayed; unconscious that a grave old owl was perched above—the mousing fowl! "Oh, give—a husband give!" she cried, "while yet I may become a bride; soon will my day of grace be o'er, and then, like many maids before, I'll die without an early love, and none to meet me there above! "Oh! 'tis a fate too hard to bear; then answer this my humble prayer, and oh! a husband give to me!" just then the owl up in the tree, in deep base tones cried, "Who! whoo! whoo! who, Lord? And dost thou ask me who? Why, any man, good Lord, will do."

Date	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in February.
1	Sun	SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY. St. Brigid died at Kildare, in her 70th year, 525. Connor O'Duvany, Bishop of Down and Connor, beheaded and quartered in Dublin, by order of Sir Charles Chichester, 1611. Cremona saved by a portion of the Irish Brigade, 1702.
2	Mon	Purification of B. V. M. St. Colum. Special Commission for trial of Fenian prisoners closed, after conviction of 36 prisoners and acquittal of three, 1866.
3	Tues	Five uncles of Silken Thomas executed for High Treason in London, 1536.
4	Wed	Bill for the suppression of the Catholic Association received Royal Assent, 1829.
5	Thurs	Dr. Drennan, poet of the United Irishmen, author of "The Wake of William Orr," &c., died, 1820.
6	Fri	St. Mel. Patron of Ardlagh. The Act of Union carried by a purchased majority of 43 votes in the Commons, and 49 in the Lords, 1800.
7	Sat	Charles Gavan Duffy tried for High Treason, 1849.
8	Sun	A reward of £1,000 offered for the head of Sir Phelim O'Neill, 1642.
9	Mon	QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY. William Carleton the Irish Novelist, born, 1796.
10	Tues	James II. proclaimed in Dublin, 1685. Funeral service of Daniel O'Connell in Paris, 1848.
11	Wed	ASH WEDNESDAY. First meeting of the "United Irishmen," 1791. Tenant Right Meeting in Clare, at Ballybay, 1848.
12	Thurs	Tone arrived at Paris from America, 1796. Proclamation to put down Catholic Committee, 1811. State trials commenced, 1844. Fenian outbreak at Caherciveen, County Kerry, 1867.
13	Fri	The Irish burnt Edenderry, 1690.
14	Sat	St. Valentine's Day. Captain Mooney and Captain Maguire executed in Dublin, for enlisting men for foreign service, 1732.
15	Sun	FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT. The Earl of Desmond beheaded at Drogheda, 1647. Volunteers at Dungannon resolved unanimously, "That the claim of any body of men other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance," 1782.
16	Mon	Dr. Betagh died, 1811. Quarantot's rescript in favor of the "Veto," 1814. John Sadleir, the traitor to, and destroyer of, the Irish Independent Parliamentary Party, poisoned himself on Hampstead Heath, London, 1856.
17	Tues	Habeas Corpus suspended for Ireland by a rush in Parliament. Arrests wholesale in anticipation thereof in Ireland sixteen hours before Bill passed, 1866.
18	Wed	New writ ordered for Tipperary, in the room of James Sadleir, expelled the House of Commons, 1857.
19	Thurs	Colonel Despard executed, 1803.
20	Fri	William of Orange proclaimed king within the walls of Derry, 1691. Execution of Conor Lord Maguire at Tyburn.
21	Sat	Commodore Thurot took Carrickfergus Castle, 1760.
22	Sun	SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT. Barry, the painter, died, 1806.
23	Mon	Orders given by the Lords Justices to kill, wound, and destroy rebels and rebels' property, towns, houses, &c., 1641. Rinuccini left Ireland, 1648. French Revolution begun, 1848.
24	Tues	The Catholic Relief Bill passed in the Irish Parliament, 1792.
25	Wed	Mr. Grattan's motion in the House of Commons to take into consideration the laws affecting Catholics, 1813. Archbishop Murray of Dublin, died, 1852.
26	Thurs	Thomas Moore, the poet, died, 1852.
27	Fri	House of Commons destroyed by an accidental fire in the year 1792. Corn Laws abolished in England, 1849.
28	Sat	Sir Toby Butler, Sir S. Rice, and Counsellor Malone heard in the Irish House of Lords against the "Bill to prevent the further growth of Popery," 1703.
29	Sun	THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

Everything for God and nothing for myself.—*Blessed Margaret Mary.*

Virginal souls are the sisters of the angels.—*Ven. Clemeat Hofbauer.*

The image of God is reflected in a pure soul as the sun in water.—*Ven. Cure d' Ars.*

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends.