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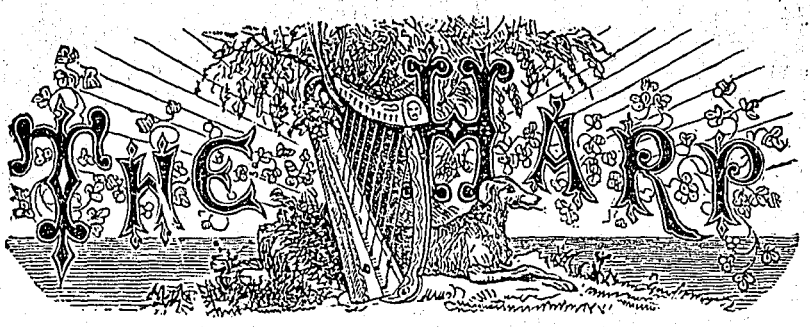

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"EXPEL THE JESUITS."

Whatever history and Webster's Dictionary tell us of these much abused gentlemen, the priests of the Society of Jesus, American experience of them has not been unsatisfactory. They have been seen conducting schools and missions; bringing to the one, great learning and traditions of the most eminent educational order in the world; and, to the other, frequently burning eloquence, and always a practical knowledge of humanity and its manifold weaknesses.—New York *World*.

"I love the Jesuits!"—This was the graceful and grateful pronouncement of the great O'Connell in his letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, defending the Order under whose teachings that massive intellect was developed which afterwards shook State-craft to its foundations and broke the "fetters from millions of Catholic limbs."—I love the Jesuits, is the cry from many a heart and home which the pious ministrations of the children of Loyola have blessed and brightened throughout the habitable globe. I love the Jesuits! represents even the ideas of unprejudiced Protestants, like the writer whose tribute we make our epigraph. But, it appears, we must change all that, in deference to the lowest promptings of the lowest bigotry. "Expel the Jesuits" shall henceforth be the substitute for the declaration of appreciative love. The manifesto of the Orange oracle of Bonaventure Street is to supersede the acknowledgments—sometimes tardy and unwilling—of Protestant Historians, Essayists and Encyclopedists; and because, forsooth, an inconsiderable portion of the community—ignorant and unreasoning, when not mischievous and malevolent—are prevented, under the provisions of an old Act of Parliament, a display of wanton wickedness in our streets, there must be disinterred an older Penal Statute to prohibit meek and cultured priests of God the exercise of His Worship in our churches! The begrimed and bigotted, aye, and brutal, Young Britons are disappointed in their designs of hatred and folly; and, forthwith, the Church of the Gesu must be suppressed, and the self-sacrificing Fathers who minister in love to His Holy Name at the Altar, be expelled as felons from this free land. Well, our comfort, as the consolation of the Jesuit Fathers, is to be found in that comprehensive motto which indicates the object of the Order:—*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!* Hate and opposition are often the agencies through which great triumphs are achieved; many a name would have remained in obscurity, and many a hope doomed to defeat, were it not for the indomitable spirit that prompts resistance to wrong-doing:—and, simply regarding the Jesuit Order in its secular aspects—so it has been with it: often assailed it has always triumphed in the end—going on, on, and over fighting the good battle—

'Till persecution dragged it into fame,
And cast it up to Heaven!

And this fight is still to continue. The Order of the Jesuits—as, indeed, all Catholic organizations, conventual or clerical—has had, and will have a violent struggle with the zealot, the bigot and the fanatic. All England resounds

through all her depths with furious anathemas or fanciful falsehoods. In every walk of English literature from the gravity of history to the laxity and levity of the novel or romance; from the pompous march of Macaulay to the tripping gait of the author of the "Jesuit at Cambridge," from the Bishop of London on the platform of Exeter Hall to Mr. Doudiet in the pulpit in Montreal; from works of the highest national importance to the lowest elementary compilation; from the *Edinburgh Review* to the *Orange Sentinel*; in every shape, size and form, on which the public mind of England, at all times, and now of Canada, is sought to be instructed or perverted, there we are sure to find the coagulated venom of a false and treacherous spirit against Jesuit doctrines, tenets and principles. No scandal is too coarse—no vituperation too vulgar or offensive for the diseased palates of the slanderers. Standing aloof from all State connection, and feeling little interest in rebutting the charges or retorting the acrimonious gall with which they had been unscrupulously assailed, the Jesuit Fathers relied on things too far removed from human assaults, to enter into the arena of violent disputation. Yet, occasionally, a great name vindicated the character and incorruptibility of the Order, and tore asunder the censorious malevolence with which English writers had questioned the motives and conduct of some of the greatest minds the world had ever produced. The layman, O'Connell, rose high and pure above the reeking atmosphere which invigorated falsehood and strangled truth, and, "I love the Jesuits" became the sentiment of every honest heart. But, the crew are again taking courage; they pour forth their calumnies and threats among a people too heated to reason, and too credulous not to swallow the veriest garbage of an intolerant pulpit, and a partizan press. No time like the present, therefore, to meet the combatants on their own ground; not with weapons from the armory of Catholic warfare—not with arguments from within the fold of the One Church—but taking the means of defence from their own citadel and combatting Protestant assertion by Protestant admission. In another part of this number of the HARP, we give, mainly from Protestant authorities, tributes to the achievements of the Jesuits in the world's work of progress. Here, it will be found, on evidence not to be disputed by the *Witness*, that no body of men have ever labored more zealously in the cause of liberty and civilization. Under the Equator and in the Arctic circle—in the halls of great cities—in solitary cloisters, and in the wigwam of the savage, they have toiled on and worked on "to the greater glory of God." And what has been their reward? Was it to amass wealth, and leave, like an Archbishop of Canterbury, £100,000, to their wives? Was it to eat and drink sumptuously and roll in gilded chariots with C springs and air filled cushions? Was it to rule in the hall of State, and control the councils of Kings, and gratify their own ambition, and promote the interests of their kindred, these men founded colleges and missions, and became the teachers and civilizers of humanity? Ah, read Hallam and Ranke, and Bacon and Macaulay for answer. Aye, even Macaulay—he, who in his History of England, has revived some of the old historical slanders and impressed them more deeply from the brilliant and fascinating rhetorical medium in which they have been conveyed—he, who under the outward form of toleration and liberty, was a deadly and bitter enemy to the Catholic Church—his testimony to the Papacy in the Essay on Ranke's Popes, notwithstanding—even he was compelled to make acknowledgment of the services of the Order in the interests of humanity and civilization.

But we need not pursue the subject. The extracts from Protestant authorities to which we again direct the earnest attention of our readers, obviate all necessity for defence of the Jesuits against the threatened reprisal of the Orange faction. The sober-minded of all religious denominations will easily see in the lives and labors of the local community of the Order of the Gesu, the best answers to the attacks of the liars and libellers who take under their protecting patronage the amiable citizens known as Orange Young Britons; and these, the unprejudiced Christian citizens, will, perhaps, see too with us,

that the Jesuits are the butt of malignity and the objects of persecution, simply, because of their superiority over the great mass of mankind, and, particularly, over that class which affects to rival, but cannot approach, them in their educational and civilizing successes in every quarter of the globe.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND WOMAN'S DUTIES.

"The Radicals of Southwark propose to nominate Miss Helen Turner for parliament at the next general election, and thus practically raise the question of woman's rights."

We live in an age of progress! The foregoing announcement, by recent cable dispatch from London, indicates that even the staid and settled people of England are not wholly free from the impulsive crazes of "go-ahead America." We had thought, up to this, that our neighbors of the United States held and enjoyed the exclusive possession and privilege of those enthusiasts who would degrade woman under the specious plea of her disenthralment; that no other soil but American could give growth and nourishment to the peculiar ideas in this direction, of Miss Susan B. Anthony, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and those other unfeminine females who seek to usurp man's prerogative and wear the——well, the toga of forensic disputation, or seize the honors of law-givers in the halls of legislation. This news from England dissipates the pleasant fiction.

In an old number of the *Golden Age*, now before us, we find an exhaustive letter written by the late Horace Greeley, in which that great man dealt trenchantly with the female follies and foibles—and worse—which mark the latter half of the nineteenth century. We do not propose to follow the writer through all his views of the Woman Question, in detail—marriage, infidelity, divorce, suffrage and so forth; but here is one passage which, to our mind, gives in little, and within easy grasp the whole gist of the principle involved. "I have" wrote Mr. Greeley, "but two left of seven children and these are both daughters. I would gladly fit them for lives of usefulness and honor, as beloved and loving wives of virtuous, upright, noble men; and mothers, if it shall please God, of good, healthy, happy children. If it be decreed that they are to be not such women as those I have most admired and reverenced, but men with a female physique—powerful in Ward Caucuses and Nominating Conventions—vehement in the Senate and on the Stump, and effective before juries in actions for crim-con; I pray that my career on this Globe shall close before theirs is fairly begun. When and where they shall thus shine it will not be pleasant for me to stay."

So wrote the father and the man! and such writing will find approval in every well-ordered household. It is as appropriate and opportune now as when published some eight years ago—for, now, as then, we find across the Border, women unsexing themselves in pursuit of what they call Woman's Rights, all the time ignorant or unmindful of the delicate obligations of Woman's Duties. And more than this—the poisonous seed seeking new soil across the Ocean, crops up in ranker luxuriance. Truly the desires of the advocates expand with their extension: for, whilst on this Continent Law and Medicine seem to be the goal of feminine ambition, Legislative functions are the requirements of the androgynous agitators of Britain. Now, we see no ground for believing that, even in "go-ahead America," the time will ever come in which the social positions of the sexes will be inverted, in which Man will cease to be master—(hard words, oh, ye strong-minded!)—or totally abdicate the authority which God and Nature bestowed upon him for the good of all, and suffer it to fall by necessity into the weaker hands of Woman. We cannot be deceived by the vain promise of perfect equality. There never existed a society, large or small, in which power was not vested somewhere by the very compulsion of circumstances. As in the State, so in the Household. There must be an acknowledged head; and, however infinitely varied may be the conditions of human government, the relations of the sexes must remain essentially the same. Wherever men and women abide together to constitute the nucleus of a family, the necessity of their daily

intercourse will involve both rights and duties; and though mutual courtesy and affection may, for the most part, supply the place of all positive law, there will yet arise cases in which the determination must rest with one of them—in which the right to command must be absolute, and the duty implicit.

And this brings us to a most erroneous opinion broadly proclaimed from Woman's Rights platforms. It is, that something of disgrace or degradation belongs to a subordinate social position. A false and fatal doctrine leading to a dissolution of all society. Our wives and daughters have yet to learn that there is anything mean or disgraceful in submission to their natural positions. The names of "master of a house," "father of a family," are still used as high and honorable titles which most women are the more willing to recognize, as in them they see a security for the maintenance of domestic peace, as well as their own claims to the respect and obedience of their children. It is the very essence of their character thus to think and feel; and all the fine theory-mongers of the world will never make them feel ashamed of such sentiments.

We believe that man has hitherto retained his authority, not so much by corporeal as by mental energy. We speak not of intellectual exertions, for in that respect, woman, from the circumstances of her education may never yet, perhaps, have had a fair trial; though it seems strange that, in no one branch of Art, Science or Literature, a female name should, by any accident, have attained the highest rank. But we speak of strength of will and power of dealing with the rough business of life—the *virtus* of old times—which, call it by what name you please, we still think so essential to the character of a man, that its absence, like the want of chastity in a woman, is a disgrace indelible. It is this which confers the right, because it gives the ability, to conduct public affairs and to rule over the national or domestic State—it is this that makes men, in the language of Mr. Greeley, "powerful in Ward Caucuses and Nominating Conventions, vehement in the Senate and on the Stump, and effective before juries, &c" —And when we see this quality bestowed in full measure upon man, whilst it is dealt out sparingly to woman, we conclude that Nature has drawn the line which separates the two sexes, and has placed both crown and sceptre in the hands that are most fitted to wield them. For this and for thousands of reasons besides, we desire to see Woman's Duties and Woman's Rights co-existent in the highest sense of the phrase; and in what better way can this be accomplished than by teaching women to recognize their own sphere, the noble sphere of domesticity, and fitting them—again quoting Mr. Greeley—"for lives of usefulness and honor as beloved and loving wives of virtuous, upright noble men, and mothers of good, healthy, happy children."

S. J. M.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

No. V.

Far from taking advantage of the hatred the slave bore his oppressor, the preachers of the Church set themselves to try to heal his ulcerated soul. "Slaves!" says St. Paul—and remember these "slaves" were the Roman slaves whose condition we have just been considering—"slaves! be obedient to them that are your lords according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in the simplicity of your hearts *as to Christ*. Not serving to the eye as it were pleasing, but *as the servants of Christ* doing *the will of God* from the heart with a good will *serving as to the Lord* and not to men. Knowing that whatsoever good things *any man* shall do, the same shall he receive from the Lord *whether he be bond or free*." And again he writes, "Slaves, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh, not serving to the eye as pleasing men, but in simplicity of heart fearing God. Whatsoever (work) you do, do it from the heart *as to the Lord*, and not to men. Knowing that you shall receive of the Lord the reward of inheritance—Serve ye the Lord!"

These were noble words—words making obedience *even* to such froward masters as the Roman slave-owner, at once noble and easy—nay divine. By them the Roman slave—poor degraded,

down-trodden, but highly intelligent wretch as he was, was at once lifted out of the deep, degraded pit of pagan slavery, and placed at the footstool of the Almighty—"serving *the Lord* not *men*." By them the badge of infamy was taken away and the livery of Christ was put on—"*servants of Christ*." By them, as at one bound, the oppressed slave took his stand amongst the freedmen with a freedom more free than the most free, because with the *freedom of Christ*. Which then, I ask you, was the nobler course—which the more divine—by thus ennobling obedience to raise the slave above the level of his pagan master? or by denouncing the oppressor to arous ethe worst passions of the oppressed, and to draw both down into the common ruin of an internecine war that would have swept master and slave alike from off the face of the earth? Let our enemies themselves give the answer.

But you will say you are claiming too much for Christianity. Plato, Aristotle, Menander, Cicero, and above all, Seneca had long ago declared the equality of the slave and his rights as man; why then give all the credit to Christianity? or as you call it "the Church?"

Yes; I *grant you*—they had *declared* it—these great pagan lights; they had declared it, and had left it exactly where they found it. That is exactly what these gentry always do. They are eternally preaching but never practising. So self-evident indeed has this been even to themselves, that one of them at least has had the moral courage to be honest and to acknowledge the hopeless inability of philosophy to do more than *declare it*. "The difficulty," says Seneca, "is not to announce these truths, but to cause them to be put in practice."

As a matter of fact neither Plato nor Seneca, nor Epictus nor Marcus Aurelius, any more than the Church, had ever declared the illegality of slavery. Of all pagan writers Dion Chrysostom was perhaps the only one who approached it. "How do you distinguish a slave from a freeman?" he asks. "A slave is the *son of a* slave mother But his father, who is he? and his mother, how do you prove her to be a slave? Because she has a master. But if the master had acquired her unjustly, is she not free by right? Yes; but he may have bought her. Bought her of whom? She may have been born on his property. Born of whom? Trace back to the first slave—he is *probably* a prisoner of war, or a man snatched by the brigands; in other words he is made slave by an act of violence, an act of iniquity, an act that can have no value in the eyes of justice. From this *injustice* can justice ever flow?"

Amongst the Christian writers of the first and second centuries, Clement of Alexandria, is undoubtedly the most outspoken. His works are full of allusions to slaves and slavery. On every page he enforces the necessity of kindness towards them; he recommends that their numbers should be diminished; he inveighs against the crowds of useless slaves that fill the houses; he admonishes the master and mistress to have a care of the *moral education of* their slaves; he charges them to teach them chastity; he forbids all that could make them blush, and condemns statuary, even the most innocent in appearance. He shows that the slaves have undergone the torments of their pagan persecutors as bravely and as unflinchingly as their masters, and he sums up all by that Christian doctrine of Christian equality—oneness in Christ—which was and is unheard of, and untaught outside the Christian world.

But in all this take notice there is nothing of invective, not one word of revolt.

In the writings of Origen and Tertullian, and in the Apostolic Constitutions we find the same prudence and circumspection.

Tertullian advises patience, "that adopted daughter of God," to both master and slave. The Apostolic Constitutions instruct bishops to cut off from their communion all those who illtreat their slaves, or who punish them with blows or deprivation of food, or with hard labor; but they do not forbid masters from asserting their rights of ownership. If Origen goes further, it is by a kind of flank movement; he dares not do it openly. Speaking of Judaism he says: "No one in that religion can remain a slave longer than six years. Is it necessary to point out how conformable this is to reason;

and how consonant with justice is this relation between master and slave."

I know that this circumspection—this unwillingness to speak out on the part of the Church—has been made a charge against her as a lack on her part of moral courage. But this is a superficial view of the situation. The Church knew her power, but she knew also that she was responsible to God and the world for the peace of the world. And indeed what would have been gained by this "speaking out?" "The assertion of a principle," you say. But surely it is not *the assertion* of principles that you want, but rather the *attainment* of them. The Church attained the principles without the assertion of them. What more then can you desire? And what would have been gained by this "assertion of principle?" Nothing would have been gained—everything would have been lost. "Slavery," says Mr. Channing, "had so penetrated society, was so intimately bound up with it, the incentives to servile war were so numerous, that a religion that should have preached liberty to the slave would have shaken the social order to its very foundations." And Mr. Wayland, an American writer, takes the same view. "If the Gospel had forbidden the evil instead of destroying the principle, if it had declared slavery unlawful and taught the slave to resist his oppressors, it would in an instant have divided the civilized world into two parties, mortal enemies to each other; such a preaching would have been the signal for a general servile war." Mr. Waylond might have extended the picture and might have said, such a preaching would have retarded instead of furthering the attainment of the principle, and might have resulted in the total destruction of Christianity itself. For what would have been the result of a general servile war? *One* of *three* things could alone have happened; if the *masters* had been victorious greater severity to the slaves would have been the result. If the *slave* had been victorious the masters would have been swept from the earth. If *neither* had been victorious a constant state of war would have obtained, and anarchy and confusion and bloodshed would have sat upon the land. And where would the principle of civil equality have been all this time? And where would the Church have been, whose mission it was to teach that higher equality—that oneness in Christ, which is the *ne plus ultra* of civil and religious liberty? We have no hesitation in saying that both Church and principle would have so ceased to exist, as to be unknown to the world at the present hour. Did not the Church then act prudently with a divinely directed prudence, when she sought more the attainment of the principle than the enunciation of it?

But if the Church hesitated to declare openly, *ipsissima verba*, the principle of *civil and religious equality*, she had already established it within her own pale; she had already taught it by the silent tongue of example, and the silent tongue of example is always more effective, we all know, than mere precept. From the first days of Christianity slaves had had accorded them the self-same rights and privileges as their masters; they received the same sacraments, in the same manner, in the same place, and at the same time as their masters; they took part on an equal footing in all religious assemblies; the ranks of the clergy were open to them as easily as to the freeman; they shared alike in that Christian burial in her cemeteries, which the Church gave alike to all, who had been regenerated by the waters of baptism. This is no mere assertion. The Pagan slave was supposed to have no religion. Minutius Felix says that slaves were forbidden to be present at certain religious ceremonies. Cicero accuses Claudius as of a crime, for having allowed slaves to be present at certain games in honor of Juno. In the time of Nero Cassius declared in full Senate that slaves have no religion, unless it be certain foreign superstitions. Seneca describes a slave about to be married to his master's daughter; whose life he had saved at the risk of his own. The whole city is in an uproar; they accuse the master of being *crazy*. One of the arguments used to deter the marriage is—that a husband ought to divide his hearth and his gods with his wife, but a slave *has neither hearth nor gods to divide.*

Not so the Christian Church. St. Paul

gives us the key-note of all Christian equity. "For in one spirit were we all baptised in one body whether *Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free;* and in one spirit we have all been made to drink." Baptism and the Eucharist, you see, made all men *one.*

St. Gregory Nazianzen, following in the same key, describes with an eloquence peculiarly his own, *the levelling up* and *the levelling down* effects of Baptism. "You, who are free receive this yoke; you who are in bondage receive this badge of honor; ye afflicted! receive this consolation; ye happy! receive salutary discipline; ye poor! receive this sure riches which nothing can take from you." And addressing himself directly to the rich, who might perhaps reject this idea of perfect equality, he says: "Think it not beneath your dignity to have been baptized, *the rich with the poor, masters with slaves.* You did not humble yourself more than Christ did, in whom you are to-day baptized, and who for your salvation took the form of a slave. From this day on which you are baptized, *all distinctions cease,—Christ has been imposed on all as one common form.*"

It would be impossible, and if possible tedious, to instance all the primitive documents that prove that the Roman slave, who, as a Pagan, was forbidden to be present at religious ceremonies, was, as a Christian, received at all Christian ceremonies, with a perfect equality. Whether the Mass, or as it was then called, the Sacred Mysteries, were celebrated in the heart of the city, or whether they were celebrated outside the walls, or in the cemeteries on the tomb of some martyr, a crowd of Christians, rich and poor, masters and slaves, commingled together—*no front pews.* St. John Chrysostom, in one of his homilies, describes the Christians of Antioch, going out in crowds to the fields when the Mass was to be offered on the tomb of a martyr. "Neither did the fear of his master's anger deter the slave; neither did the necessity of gaining a livelihood, deter the poor; neither did the weakness of age retard the old man, nor the pomp of wealth the rich man."

The Apostolic Constitutions give us an insight into the republican feelings of the Church, which is instructive. They introduce us into the workings of a Christian congregation of the third or fourth century, if not of a much earlier date. The congregation has assembled—the service has begun. They direct; "if a man occupying a high position, according to the world, shall enter *then,* the service must on no account be interrupted in order to give him place; * * * but if all the seats being occupied, a poor man should enter, a man of low condition, or a traveller, whether he be young or old, the deacon must set himself with all his heart to find him a place, in order that he may make of his ministry a work agreeable, not to man but to God. A deaconess in like manner should assist the women without distinction of rich or poor."

H. B.

BRING ME BACK TO MY ERIN.

BY JOHN LOCKE.

Bring me back, bring me back to my Erin—
To the fair Emerald Isle of the west;
Bring me back to *my own mother* Ireland,
Till I sink on her bosom to rest.
I know that my days are near numbered,
For my arms thro' the lapse of long years
Have lost all their proud strength and vigor;
My pale cheeks are furrowed with tears.
Mine eyes, once as bright as the osprey's,
Are dimmed and fast fading away;
Ah! *this* heart will soon cease its wild throbbing,
And sink to its home in the clay.

But not in the land of the stranger—
No! not 'neath the cold alien loam;
But the turf on my bones shall rest lightly,
When laid in my own Island home:
When laid in the green, well-known churchyard,
Beside the old Abbey's gray wall.
Where the sunbeams at eventide linger,
And the dew-drops so lovingly fall,
Where my own loving friends may kneel o'er me,
And breathe a fond pray'r for my rest;
And the land I had loved from my boyhood,
May clasp my cold form to her brest.

Oh! then bring me back to my Erin;
Away o'er the deep, seething sea;
The dark, sweeping tempests of ocean,
Can wake no wild terrors in me.
Oh! bear me away from this city—
Away from its bustle and glare;
I long for repose, calm and tranquil,
In Erin, green Erin the fair.
I long for the deep, peaceful quiet—
Sweet rest with the angels on high;
But oh! let me see my own Erin,
And bless her again ere I die!

WHO WAITS WINS.

BY D. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER I.

KEEN SPORT. A NOVEL RACE.

It was a day in August. But not such a day as one generally looks for in that pleasant time of the year. It was a dull, wet, "muggy" sort of a day. The sky, overcast with clouds, had a sullen, leaden aspect, and the rain came down with a dogged persistency which it would have distressed and made heavy the stoutest heart to contemplate.

Two young men were seated at table in the sanded parlor of a rustic inn. They had finished dinner, and were sipping their wine with an air of weariness and discontent. Both were silent; and the eyes of both were directed to the window outside of which they could see the rain falling with a steady downpour.

One of these young men was slender and fair, rather above the middle height. His features were regular and almost feminine in their aspect; and his wavy hair was of a light brown hue and glossy as silk. His companion was a taller man—fully six feet high—of vigorous, athletic build, strong of limb, and broad of chest. His face was handsome, with an indefinable high-bred air, but of a dark Spanish type; and his hair was as black as a raven's wing. Dull and discontented as he looked now, he could sometimes laugh a frank, merry, musical laugh, and then he would show a set of even teeth, glittering white, that a beauty might envy.

"What miserable weather!" said the fair complexioned man. "This is assuredly the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties. Confound this West of Ireland; it seems always to rain here."

"It did not rain yesterday afternoon, Ned," said his dark-featured companion, "when you brought home a well-filled creel from the trout stream, whilst I got scarce a nibble. But that's my luck."

"But see, Charley," said the other dolefully. "Look out there. Behold that leaden sky. See how that confounded rain comes down like one broad sheet of water, and listen to its heavy, steady splash. Why it is enough to tempt a man to go and commit suicide."

"Bad enough, but not so bad as that, I should hope," said the dark man. "it is certainly a very miserable prospect; but there's no help for it. So take your wine, my boy, and give care the go-by."

"Confound that fly!" said the young gentleman whom his companion called Ned—"he has popped right into my glass. Nothing but a wine bath would suit him.

He lifted the fly gently out of the glass on the point of his fruit-knife and deposited it on the table.

"And another beggar in mine, by Jove!" said the dark-visaged man, following his friend's example.

"The drunken brutes!" exclaimed the other, with a comical look of disgust. "Look how they crawl and leave a wine-track behind them. Now I'd wager that these two fellows are reeling drunk. I wonder, Charley, if they weather through this, will they be likely to have a headache in the morning?"

"I'm not sufficiently versed in the physiology of flies," said the other laughing, "to be able to offer an opinion. But I'll tell you what, Ned—a great thought strikes me; as we have no other way of killing the enemy, Time, suppose we get up a race and bet upon the winning horse."

"Get up a what?"

"A race."

"What on earth do you mean, and what are you talking about winning horses? There's not a four-legged beast fit to mount for miles around; and even if there were, I for one feel no inclination for a canter along these rugged roads this blessed evening through that drenching rain."

"Tut, man, you don't take me."

"No, I certainly do not. Had you not better explain?"

"Well, attend," said he who was called Charley. "That's your fly there, and this is mine. You see that, as they struggle to shake off the wet from their wings, they are moving as fast as their wine-weighed legs will carry them toward that far end of the table. Now, Ned, I'll bet you a sovereign even, that

my fly will reach the winning post—I mean the table's edge—before yours."

The other leaned back in his chair and laughed long and heartily at this very singular and very ludicrous proposition.

"Done!" he cried. "I'll bet on my own steed; and I must say that this is a very novel and original species of sport."

"Post your coals then," said Charley laughingly, in the slang of the betting ring.

He placed a sovereign on the table as he spoke, and his friend laid another beside it.

The flies crawled on, weighted for more than their age—for they had most judiciously handicapped themselves; and the two sportsmen watched this eccentric match with as lively an interest as as if they had bet their money on the Derby at Epsom or on a trotting match at Jerome Park. Their excited comments on this most original race were laughable in the extreme.

"By Jupiter! my animal made a regular spurt that time—he's a full length ahead."

"Ah, but see how my fellow creeps up. He's a sure and steady runner, that fly of mine—he knows his play."

Runner! the unfortunate flies were crawling at a pace that seemed to promise that they would not reach the edge of the table for an hour yet.

"Bet you," cried Charley, now quite forgetful of the pelting rain and the miserable weather without, at the same time dipping his finger in his wine-glass and drawing a wet line across the table —"bet you another sovereign that my brute reaches that line before yours, Ned."

"Done! Post."

"There you are,"

And two more sovereigns were laid beside the other two.

"Go it, my beauty!" cries Charley, whose black eyes sparkle with pleasure. "There's money bet on you, my darling."

"Go ahead, little 'un," cries his laughing friend. "Win this race for me, and you may come back to my glass and get as drunk as a piper if you like."

"How shamefully immoral, Ned." says Charley. "Im ashamed of you. But, by the piper that played before Moses in the bulrushes, my gallant steed is ahead again."

"Confound him! the fellow does make spurts."

Then both looked at one another and burst into a merry ringing duet of laughter. Ah! light-hearted youth! That joyous season that passes away so rapidly, never to return again. Alas! that once fled, none of us shall ever again taste of that precious "wild freshness of morning!"

The door was quietly opened, and a good-looking stalwart young fellow, in a sober livery with no gaud or show about it, entered and approached the table.

"Here's a letter for you, Mr. McManus," he said handing one to the fair-haired gentleman. "The Post has brought nothing for you this time, Sir Charles."

"I didn't expect anything, Pat," said the tall dark gentleman; "and therefore I am one of the blessed who are not disappointed. Confound you, Pat Casey," he suddenly cried, seizing the young fellow's arm. "What are you about, sir? Keep your sleeve off the table. Don't you see there's an exciting race on?"

"A what, sir?" asked Pat Casey, drawing quickly back and gazing at the speaker's rather excited face in surprise.

"A race," replied the dark gentleman whom he had addressed as Sir Charles, "Don't you see those two flies, who have been drinking too much claret, and have got their wings wet? Well, that one, Pat, is mine, and the other is the property of Mr. McManus. Now, I have bet that sovereign on my steed that he reaches that line first, and that other sovereign that he gains the edge of the table, or winning post, first."

Pat rubbed his hands and laughed a low, subdued, respectful laugh, till the tears came coursing down his cheeks.

"Oh, bedad!" he exclaimed, "that beats all—'tis great entirely. Well, the devil's in you, Sir Charles, for inventing queer fun—for I know this is your invention. By my troth, if I dared, I'd like to bet half-a-crown on your horse, Sir Charles, if Mr. McManus only would."

"So you shall, Pat. Will you accept my worthy henchman's challenge, Ned?"

"Certainly," said Mr. MaManus, who had merely looked at the superscription of the letter written in a rather bold yet feminine hand, and with a half-sigh thrust it into his breast pocket. "You bet on your master's thorough-bred, Pat—very good. There's my coin, down with your dust, Mr. Casey. And now, Pat, fill Charles's glass and mine, and take another for yourself."

Pat Casey did as he was ordered; and then all eyes were fastened upon the poor flies, who were utterly unconscious—if they were yet sober—what interest and excitement their movements were causing.

"There they go, sir!" cried Pat, who began to be so excited that he actually ceased to laugh. "Oh, bedad! nothing on the Curragh of Kildare ever beat it. They're neck and neck, gentlemen, and the pace is quickening. A beauty you are, my darling!—our brave boy is a head and neck forward, Sir Charles. By Jabers! he's crossed the line, and the first sovereign is won."

First blood is drawn, Pat," said Mr. Edward McManus laughingly, "and your master pockets my gold. But all is not over yet. Mine is a safe animal—*safe though a little slow. On the* time race he'll win. Ha! see how he creeps up."

"Nevertheles, we'll beat him again, Pat—eh! old boy?"

"The devil a doubt of it, sir, I'll bet on that animal of ours, Sir Charles, against all the fly-stables in Ireland."

This amusing absurdity, of course, caused a general shout of laughter. Wind and weather, clouds and rain were all forgotten. The Derby of the flies swallowed up all other thoughts. Ah! well-a-day! where youth, and health, and high spirits are united, it is wonderful in what trifles sources of amusement can be found.

"By Jove, we're going a-head, Pat."

"Never doubt you, sir. Oh, by my conscience, Mr. McManus, dear it's all up with you. Look, sir—you haven't a leg to stand on. See!—there now—distanced, by my sowl'."

"Sir Charles O'More, and my worthy friend, Mr. Patrick Casey," said Edward McManus with mock solemnity, "I am beaten, well beaten. The stakes are yours; and my fly may go to Hongkong if he likes: I shall never stable him again; and he shall never again taste a sip of my claret. And now, Pat, my boy, Heaven has blessed you with a genius for making coffee. Let Sir Charles and me have a couple of cups; and while you are preparing them in the kitchen, do not flirt too much with our host's pretty, dark-eyed daughter, lest the coffee should be spoiled. You are doing mischief there, you rogue."

"There you gentlemen are, sir," replied Pat, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "You won't acknowledge that we, poor fellows, have as good a right to have a harmless talk with a purty girl as ye have. When a certain gentleman that I know rides out with a gay, bright, laughing, handsome young lady (who knows how to keep her beautiful bay mare in hand, too), and whispers lots of delightful things into her ear, and when he takes her bodily in his arms to lift her off her horse—oh, dear!—and squeezes her little hand so tenderly—why may not a poor, simple fellow like me discourse a sweet girl like Katy Herlihy in his own humble way? I'll bring the coffee in a jiffey, sir." And so saying he vanished *from the room.*

"By Jupiter, Ned," cried Sir Charles O'More, laughing heartily, "that precious scamp of mine had you there."

"Do you know, Charley," replied McManus, "I envy you the possession and friendship of that foster-brother of yours. He's a fine fellow, and, I am sure, as true as steel."

"Pat Casey!" exclaimed O'More. "There's not a man in Ireland's ground like Pat. I would depend my life upon him, and I know he would sacrifice his own to save mine. Pat and I were suckled at the same breast (my mother did not live forty-eight hours after my birth—that's my luck!)—we slept in the same cradle and cot. He was my companion and playfellow (except while I was at Eton); and he followed me to Oxford. What could I do without Pat? And yet, poor fellow, he swears he will stick to me to the last. 'Tis very hard and cruel, too."

"Hard and cruel!" echoed McManus.

"What d'ye mean? If honest Pat would come over and serve me as he serves you, I should'nt consider him either hard or cruel."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Sir Charles, "I am not talking of cruelty on his part, but on my own. Ned, I am a beggar."

"A beggar! Come now, Charley, what new jest is this?"

"No jest, dear old fellow, but solemn, sober truth. That is to say, not a beggar quite; for no man can call himself a beggar who has youth and health and strength, and a stout heart and a fixed purpose—together with a couple thousand pounds in his pocket. But you remember that formidable packet in blue-tinted paper, with the great red wax seal on it, which I received last evening. Well, that was the usual form of notification from the Encumbered Estates Court, that my lands, the lands of my princely forefathers, are to be brought under the hammer. My good friend Mulligan, who has been our family solicitor for two generations, tells me that the most I shall realize for myself when all is sold, will be somewhere between two and three thousand pounds."

"My poor, dear friend'"

"Not poor, Ned, dear old boy," said O'More, grasping his hand—"not poor whilst I am rich in friendship like yours; not poor whilst I have health and strength and youth and manhood; not poor whilst I have a faithful friend like my foster-brother Pat, who swears to stick by me through evil fortune and good. I feel, as it were, as if I were dragging him down, poor fellow!—but remonstrance of mine is useless. Wherever I go he swears he will go, too."

"Good fellow! good fellow!" said Mr. McManus. "But where are you going, Charley?"

"To the far West, my boy," replied O'More, with a gay, careless laugh. "Wherever Irish element grows strong, there go I, to help in making it stronger and more resolute for ends that are coming. Yet, in the meantime, I shall travel many a weary mile of country road before I settle down, whilst you will be sharing all the joys of your young married life with the beautiful woman you are about to make your own."

Edward McManus paused, drained his glass to the bottom slowly, and then as slowly laid it down, ere he spoke:

"Charley, you and I have been companions from childhood. I have never concealed a thought of my heart from you. Indeed, you have always been, as it were, my master and father confessor, combined. You know that this letter"—producing it—"is from Clara Calthorpe, from Berkshire. I know the contents of this letter almost by instinct. See, I break open the seal for the first time; and look! what do I find? A dozen lines! Was ever love-letter like this before?"

"Well, certainly, Ned, 'tis brief; but very probably to the point."

"Hear me out, Charley. Clara is a very beautiful girl, gay, brilliant, fond of society and amusements of all kinds, whilst I am quiet, sober, and occasionally inclined to melancholy—I know not why. I do not love this girl as I instinctively feel a man should love his wife. The intended marriage was not of my proposing. It was all arranged by Calthorpe and my father—nearly a year before my father died—and one thing or another delayed it. But now there is no longer cause of delay; the contract must be fulfilled. I marry Clara Calthorpe, and my fate is sealed."

"And a miserable fate it is," said O'More, with a mocking laugh. "To be chained for life, in fetters of roses, to one of the loveliest women in England—and one, too, with a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds—is very hard lines, indeed. My poor Ned! I pity you."

"Ah! Charley," replied his friend, "your jest may cut more keenly than you think. Listen, my friend. Clara Calthorpe's father and mine were companions in arms, and fought side by side in many a hard contested field. This marriage was arranged between them whilst Clara and I were yet children. I like her, and I have always liked her, and I know she likes me after her manner. And then I have never loved another woman in all my life. Yet I feel a strange misgiving at my heart, and, though (shame to me!)

I cannot tell or guess the reason why, I could wish this marriage were off."

"How full of contradictions is the animal man!" exclaimed O'More. "Here's this fellow, with a handsome patrimony, about to marry a beautiful woman with fifteen thousand pounds; and yet he is not happy—he is discontented. And here am I, the descendant of kings and princes, or whatever the deuce they were, deprived of the last acre of my patrimonial estates, and yet as jolly as a lark, defying dull care to break down my spirits, and defying all the powers of darkness and solitude to crush me. I warant, now, this lucky dog would actually change places with me."

"That would I, Charley," exclaimed the other with sudden vehemence. "That would I, with all my heart."

"I thought as much. Oh! treason to bright eyes! Oh! treason to as smooth and soft a cheek as lucky mortal ever leant his own against. Oh! treason to lips so sweet, I doubt not, that the bees might ravish honey from them. Shame on you, Edward McManus."

"Sir Charles OMore," replied his friend, with a momentary touch of mock gravity, "is welcome to chaff his old school-fellow, and to enjoy all his privileges of youth and heart-freedom. But, seriously, Charley," he added, with a more troubled look, "I want to consult you on this matter. With all pretended levity, you are the wisest, most sensible, most cautious, most self-contained fellow I know, where the interests of a friend is concerned."

"Yes, having now no interests of my own to look after," put in Sir Charles. with that merry laugh which showed his beautiful teeth. "My father and grandfather sweated away our ancestral estates, which it took, Heaven knows how many Protestant friends to preserve, including your own grandfather, Ned. And now the only thing I can offer to the son of our friend is—advice."

"And, confound it, old boy," replied McManus, "that is all I want. A fellow can raise a thousand or two any moment from old Solomons or Lazarus, in Marlborough Street, or from our clever friend (a thoroughly honest man in his line) who hangs out not far from the statue of King William, on the Green—I wonder when there was anything green there! They talk of the cannie Scots, Charley; but if you want the model of a thorough-paced scoundrel, or an out-and-out honest, faithful man, commend me to a North of Ireland man. Whatever he goes in for he goes in for vehemently; and let me once secure his friendship, it lasts for life. I am Southern bred myself—all Ireland is, as it were, at my finger's ends—but I love those men of the North—thorough celts, with a touch of the Scandinavian in them, and wherever I meet them, I I love to clasp their hand. They are rough diamonds, I grant, but rough and ready. And I would wager my life upon their spirit and manhood at any time."

Sir Charles O'More raised his glass between him and the wax-lights which were burning on the table. I had better explain that both the wax-candles —Frenchmen call them *bougies*—and the wines were brought from Dublin by the thoughtfulness of Mr. Patrick Casey; the mountain mutton was born on the spot, and mountain mutton is the only thing of the kind worth eating till your haunch of venison is "high," or "smells." The whisky, too, was native; but our two young friends did not touch or taste much of it.

"Why, Ned," said the baronet, "I did not think you were hard up. You must have been borrowing money not far from the Bank of Ireland, or you would not talk so enthusiastically of the Northern men."

"Not a *sous*, Charley. I am in better condition to lend than to borrow. But, coming back to what we were first talking about, *that* is no love-letter."

He flung the open letter across the table as he spoke. His friend took it up. It contained little more than a dozen lines; and these were devoted to a commission for the purchase of certain yards of Limerick lace, and a dress of tabinet, for the manufacture of which, the fair writer said, Dublin was famous.

"Well," said O'More, as he handed the letter back, "it is certainly more realistic than romantic."

"And there's my love match," said McManus with a sigh. "It was arranged by our fathers before we could think for ourselves; and I solemnly

promised my father on his death-bed that I would wed the daughter of his friend. As I have said, Charley, I love her very much; but if you wedded her to-morrow, I should love her all the same, and not be *in the least jealous*. But then, as I have said, I care not a jot for any other woman; and, doubtless, Clara and I will learn to love one another tenderly by and by.

"No doubt," said O'More, with the air of a sage—he was only twenty-two—"unless a man is a savage, or the woman something worse, husband and wife who have lived in friendship together must love one another dearly at last."

"Then the thing is settled, Charley," said Edward McManus. "We shall be married within a month, and you shall be my best man. Yet my heart strangely misgives me."

"And," replied Sir Charles, "when you are sauntering through France, Switzerland, and Italy, with your lovely bride, you lucky dog, I shall be sailing across the broad Atlantic 'Westward ho!'"

"What do you mean?"

"Why simply this, Ned. I shall be sold out, left without stick or stone of property. That honest Dublin attorney, who has always been our lawyer, assures me, as I have said, of more than two thousand pounds. With that money I propose, accompanied by my good foster-brother Pat and his wife (for it is arranged that he is to take our landlord's pretty niece with him), to emigrate to the Western States of America, and there build up, if Heaven will have it so, a new generation of the O'Mores. At all events, I know the Caseys will flourish."

"My poor Charley!"

"Rubbish! Don't talk that kind of thing, Ned. Just look at me. Six feet clean as I stand, by the Lord Harry, when my boots are off, sound in wind and limb—good for any change of fortune. Why, Ned I'm as strong as a horse, and as long-winded as a mountain pony. For a beggar like me, with my splendid physique—have you a word to say against it?"

"No," said McManus, laughing heartily now. "You know how often it stood me in good stead at Eton and Oxford."

"By Jupiter, yes," cried the other impetuously. "But look you here, Ned. Though you have got the physique almost of a woman, you have got the pluck of a hero. Oh! yes, I remember—you would have strangled that big Englishman at Eton, that day, if I had not released your fingers from his cravat and fought him decently afterward, you bloodthirsty little villian. And now you are going to marry his sister."

"Yes," McManus replied. "But did ever bride-groom in such fashion woo his bride before?"

"By my oath I can't tell," his friend replied. "All I can see is a gay party: a gentlemanly fellow, dressed to his best, as only a handsome beggar like you (worth six thousand pounds sterling a year) can look; a woman more lovely than anything I have ever seen since those exquisite things that confounded Scotchman, Elgin, carried away from Greece. What do you want you confounded puppy? When you are at Rome or Naples, I shall be higgling, with the help of Pat Casey, at New York or Washington for a section out in the far West."

"But will you go, dear Charley?"

"Ho! ho! shall I go? What under Heaven else can I do? Two thousand pounds and odd would melt in six months if I lived in the old style."

"Yet think what you might do."

"Per Jovem, yes, Ned, but what?"

"Charles O'More is the handsomest and most *distingue* man in Ireland or England. He is clever, accomplished. In spite of his great big brains, he has all the accomplishments that woman loves so much. He is the nominal proprietor of an estate that to a German Prince would be a kingdom. A magnificently beautiful woman is offered him as a wife, whose fortune alone will nearly relieve all the incumbrances on his fine estate. What more does he want to complete his happiness?"

"The woman Charles O'More marries," was the reply, "must be the woman he loves. No such woman do I know at present."

Ah! Charley, replied his friend, "happiness, after all, depends little on beauty, and I fear for mine. But you, with your handsome person and title, might pick up a rich wife. Why not

go to London and try chance? Some wealthy alderman's daughter might bestow her smiles upon you."

"No, i' faith," said O'More, laughing. "When I marry I marry for love. When I am sold out in the confounded Encumbered Estates Court, at whose mercy my precious ancestors have left me, I will pocket whatever trifle I may get out of the wreck, and pack up my traps for the New World. Sir Charles O'More will then cease to exist. I shall be plain citizen Charley."

And so the friends parted to meet again in other scenes and under far different circumstances.

CHAPTER II.

A SURPRISE.

A traveller was riding along the highway in one of the western states of the Union. A handsome man enough, but with a weary, care-worn look. Suddenly his horse stumbled and nearly threw his rider. The latter dismounting, found that the animal had cast a shoe.

"A pretty mess this," he muttered, "and in such a place, too. What on earth am I to do? There is no habitation in sight; and I suppose I must tramp it."

But looking round with a perplexed air he beheld a sight which surprised as much as it pleased him.

Standing beside a tree off the roadside was a lovely Spanish looking child staring at him out of her great dark eyes. Her hat was off, and she had woven a coronal of wild flowers round her glossy black hair.

"Well, this is a pleasant recontre," he said. "There must be a house within reach, or this beautiful child would not be here. But I wonder where have I seen a face like that?"

Going across he accosted her.

"Little lady, is there a house hereabout? You see my horse has lost a shoe and is lame."

"There is father's house," she answered.

"Is it far, my child?"

"No," the girl replied. "Round the bend of the road. This is part of father's farm. I will take you to the house. Father would be angry if you passed by without looking in."

"Then your father is a good Samaritan," said the stranger."

"No," the child answered, "he is a farmer,"

The stranger smiled at the simplicity of the answer.

"Well, will you take me to him?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, and put her hand into his.

"Little lady," said the gentleman, "you remind me of some face I have seen before."

"They say," she replied, "that I am like father. Do you know father?"

"No," he said, smiling, "it is not likely, as I have only lately come across three thousand miles of ocean."

"Father came across the ocean, too. But that was before I was born. I I never saw the ocean: I should like to see it. It must be very big."

"Very big, indeed, pretty one—thousands of miles big."

"What a long distance to come!" said the child. "Are you come to be a farmer, like father?"

The stranger gave a heavy sigh.

"No, my child," he answered. "I am a waif, a stray, wandering over the world."

"And have you no wife?"

The gentleman started as if he had been stung. His face grew pale, and he lifted his hand to his brow.

"No," he said, "I am homeless—wifeless."

The sad tone in which this was said, made the child look up in wonder and pity.

"Poor man!" she said. "Father has a wife, my mother; and oh! she is so nice, and good."

"I don't doubt it, my dear," the stranger rejoined. "The mother of such a child as you must be good."

In a few moments more they arrived at a large and roomy log-house. Cattle were lowing in the farm yard. A man was milking a cow; and a tall, handsome man, of dark complexion, was standing in the doorway looking on and smoking his meerschaum.

"Why, by all that's wonderful!" he exclaimed as the stranger drew near—rushing forward and hugging him in his embrace—"this is a surprise. Why, Ned, my dear old friend, what has

brought you all the way from the Old World to this western territory?"

"Sir Charles O'More!"

"No, my friend—plain Charley O'More. We have no aristocratic titles here. Plain citizen, Charley."

"I wondered," said his friend, "what there could be in this beautiful child's face to remind me of the past. She is, indeed, your own child, Charley."

"I should think so," said O'More—"her mother will swear it. But come in, and tell me why you are rambling about the world in this loose way, away from your beautiful wife. And you look quite cut up, too. Here, Pat, take charge of that horse. Ah! I see he has dropped a shoe."

"My wife is dead."

"My poor fellow! So young and so beautiful!"

"Better so than live a life of guilt and shame," the other answered.

O'More stared at him in astonishment.

"Yes, Charley," he said. "Ten years ago I told you of my forebodings. But by and by I will tell all my grief and shame. Now, happy friend, introduce me to the good mother of this sweet child."

"And I have kept you standing here," said O'More. "Come in—come in. Here, Susan, here is an old and valued friend suddenly turned up."

A comely young matron made her appearance, and greeted the stranger with a cordial welcome.

"And this is my sister-in-law," said O'More, presenting another lady.

A sweet creature with beautiful blue eyes, and shining auburn hair, and a smile that was innocence itself.

When the friends were seated together at lunch, O'More said:

"You see I did right, Ned, in leaving the old country behind me, and coming out here. I have fifteen hundred acres of land, and the nicest little wife in the Union; and I am as happy as the days are long."

"Oh! Charley, you flatterer," said his blushing wife.

The stranger sighed; but still his eyes were turned to that winsome face with the soft blue eyes, and the shining auburn hair.

And by and by his story came—a story of shame, sorrow, and guilt.

"There was no man living but yourself," he said, "whom I loved as I loved Thomas Harley; and after you went away he became my constant associate. I would have trusted my life and honor to him. But he was a false friend, a traitor, a villian. He had been my "best man," as the phrase is, at my wedding; and he was a constant visitor at my house. I treated him as a brother; but he repaid my friendship with the basest of crimes. I discovered a guilty intercourse between him and my wife. They fled. I tracked them, determined to take a desperate revenge. But the villian deserted the wretched woman, and I found her dying at a hotel in Boulogne. I forgave her. She died in my arms."

"And Harley?"

"Was removed from my vengeance. He met a miserable death in the Appenines. Captured by brigands, he could not produce the price they put upon his freedom, for the man was bankrupt; and, after cutting off his ears and nose, they slew him and flung his body to the birds of prey. That is my story."

"Shocking!"

"And ever since I have been a solitary, unhappy man, roaming from place to place and finding rest nowhere."

"Stay here, Ned," said O'More, "and you will find rest, I promise you. It will go hard if Susan and Ellen do not do their best to make you happy."

He staid, and happiness was restored him.

As the days passed away he found favor in the eyes of sweet Ellen O'Leary. And one day in the pleasant season of the Indian summer, he said to her—

"Ellen, I have been an unhappy man; but your sweet society has brought back happiness to my heart. Dare I ask you to complete your favor by sharing my lot in life? I never loved any woman but you. Will you be my wife?"

She did not say him nay: and he never went back to Ireland.

THE END.

Title and ancestry, render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one, more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince; and virtue, honorable, though in a peasant.

RIGHT REV. GEORGE CONROY, D. D.,

BORN AT DUNDALK, COUNTY LOUTH, IRELAND, JAN. 1ST, 1833; ORDAINED PRIEST BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL PATRIZZI, IN THE BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN, ROME, JUNE 6TH, 1857; CONSECRATED BISHOP OF ARDAGH AND CLONMACNOISE, BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL CULLEN, IN ST. MEL'S CATHEDRAL, LONGFORD, IRELAND, APRIL 11TH, 1871; AND APPOINTED DELEGATE APOSTOLIC TO CANADA ON THE 10TH APRIL, 1877; DIED AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, ON SUNDAY, THE 4TH AUGUST, 1878.

Requiescat in pace.

IN MEMORIAM.

HIS EXCELLENCY RIGHT REV. GEORGE CONROY, D. D.

Why rings the knell of the Funeral bell
O'er a hundred village shrines?
Through broad Fingal, whence hasten all
These long and ordered lines—?
With tear and sigh they're passing by,
The matron and the maid—
Has a hero died—is a nation's pride
In that cold coffin laid?

—DAVIS.

Sorrows come crowding thick and fast upon our land and us! Affliction upon affliction falls upon the already overburdened heart of Ireland. In quick succession our great men and our gifted—the "heroes" who have ennobled our name before the world and become the "nation's pride," under the banners of the Cross or on fields whereon patriotism contends with the Powers and Principalities of the Tyrant—who, in the pulpit, press or platform, have vindicated Ireland's claims to a pre-eminence in sanctity and scholarship—whose "wondrous eloquence all Erin's own" has won tributary applause even from the unsympathetic stranger, while assailing the citadels of wrong in the halls of Legislation, or doing battle for the right in the arena of polemics or politics—Yes, one by one, Statesman and Scholar, and Priest and Patriot—our most tried and trusted—are taken from us, until we can make up the saddening record that hardly has the tomb closed over one bright name—or the green grass begun to sprout over some newly-made grave on "an Irish green hill-side,"—when again a claim is made on spade and mattock, and the solemn words, "ashes to ashes" accompany the consignment to Mother Earth of the mortal remains of another representative Irishman. Look back through the last decade and count up one by one the men, great in their day and generation, who have been suddenly taken away from their sphere of usefulness to Creed and Country, and the conviction will force itself that in our disasters there is doom; but still the doom of that allwise Godhead that loves while it chasteneth.

But Ireland, that land of sorrowing memories and many griefs—Ireland "childless and crownless in her voiceless woe"—never felt sorrow more keen or grief more poignant than when from this reputed uncongenial soil of Canada the bitter news was flashed across the waters, that the latest great exemplar of her ancient piety and learning sent from her shores to "teach the nations," was to be no more claimed by her in life; that the genius and the glory and the grandeur which from early manhood had marked out the career of the young Irish Ecclesiastic in the Eternal city, and conquered their way to recognition and command, until the supreme moment when a Sovereign Pontiff crowned the worth by the conference of the highest representative mission to a foreign land, shall henceforth be but a memory—but still the memory of a spirit zealous and faithful to the end—a spirit yielding itself up in the midst of loving labor; and leaving behind it abiding records of a good that shall live for ever. Was there not an ingredient of inexpressibly sorrowful significance—a prophetic undertone so to write—in the affectionate exclamation of the aged mother a few months ago—"Send me back my darling son safely from that Canada of yours!" Who will attempt to paint the grief that reached her with the knowledge that the "darling son" was no more to gladden the eyes of the loving mother? Where find words of condolence and sympathy to lighten the burden of the new-made agony or attune the soul to the religious philosophy of the promise to the "good and faithful servant." What the consolation in the days to come for the darkness that has suddenly come upon the happy and hopeful threshold, taking the sunlight from that mother heart for ever? But why limit the grief to the family circle. In every household in the land the loss will be felt acutely. Through broad Fingal—on the rich plains of Meath—along the course of the ill-fated Boyne to the banks of the lordly Shannon—from the collegiate institution of St. Mel at Longford to that unpretending establishment at Banagher, where the French Sisters of "La Sainte Union des Sacres Cœurs" had learned to forget their exile in the genial and hospitable welcome of the Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise—in a word, all over the island, not only where the influence and encouragement

of Episcopal authority prevailed, but where the reputation of profound learning, religious zeal, love of country deemed not inconsistent with devotion to sacred duties, had penetrated—the death of the Right Rev. George Conroy, D. D., Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, and Delegate Apostolic of the Holy See to the Dominion of Canada, will be felt as a national calamity and mourned with the intensity of a domestic bereavement.

Far from his own old home; from the sun and soil of Ireland—the Ireland of his love; from the green fields, and running streams and old storied rivers and purple mountains, upon which memory, relieved from official cares, would dwell with yearning affection; from that people whose faith and fealty he never tired of describing in words of praise—from the Cathedral domes of the cities and towns of the island—from the little hill side chapels beside the hawthorn in which in his humility he ever felt at home—from all the associations of his young days of hope and his mature days of triumph—from the mother who watched over his childhood's promise and rejoiced in the blessings which God had showered upon her old days—far, far from all—in a strange land and amongst strange people it was decreed that the "faithful and pious, the priest of the Lord" should render back his soul to the Giver! But no, not a strange people. The universality of the Church would redeem the term. There is nothing old or new within its fold—nothing old in its forgotten strangeness—nothing new in its unprecedented singularity. The strength and truth of the promise of the Saviour are tested by the experience of more than eighteen hundred years; and the Irish Bishop dying on that far away soil rested in the secure satisfaction that the loving eyes that watched by his death bed, were no stranger eyes to him, and that the Oneness of the Church in all nations, rendered to his latest surroundings on earth, all the affectionate attributes of home and country and kindred. But even if these were thought of in that solemn moment, there was not absent the element of Irish Catholic love. Everywhere our countrymen are to be found, and everywhere fidelity to faith is the redeeming characteristic amongst perhaps many impulsive indiscretions. Far removed from the great centres of national intercourse, the Irish in Newfoundland "cling to their country's ancient rites" with that pre-eminent devotion proverbial of such isolation; and we may feel assured that the kindly Irish look and word were not wanting in sympathy during the sufferings "unto death" of a beloved Irish prelate.

We do not propose to write a biography, the broad incidents of which all who feel interested already know; or to trace a career in the Church which has ere now stamped itself on history. Still less is it our object to affect knowledge or attempt detail of the particulars of the important mission confided to Dr. Conroy's judgment, and discretion by His Holiness, Pope Pius IX. Our newspaper contemporaries have exhausted speculation on these matters, and sometimes indeed, manufactured facts upon which to base argument or justify commentary. The simple duty devolving on us is to give voice to the general sorrow for so great a loss—

> Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
> Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.

And every Irish heart in the Dominion to-day—all over this Continent and at home as well—feels a grief for the death of Dr. Conroy, commensurate with the great joy with which his elevation by the Pontiff, and his advent to these shores, were hailed by the "sea divided Gael," little more than a year ago.

Who amongst us does not remember that bright Summer morning when radiant with health and hope and happiness, the Delegate Apostolic reached our city of Montreal; the benignity of saintship on his manly brow; the pride of race, on encountering such an Irish welcome as was accorded him, illuminating the expressive eye; the high enthusiasm of his lofty mission indicated in the dignity of carriage and the expression of every feature. That day all classes and all creeds joined in respectful salutation. There was sunshine in the heavens and sunshine in men's hearts. There was mingled in the ovation a declaration of attachment to the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, who had like the confessors

of old endured persecution for Conscience and Consistency's sake, with a manifestation of national affectionate respect for the Irish Bishop, the chosen representative of His Holiness. We of the Irish name and race felt a kindling pride of nationhood in the selection of such a man for such an office; and it seems but yesterday when the writer of this inadequate tribute to the great man's memory, penned, by commission of his fellow citizens, the words of welcoming gratulation to his Excellency. The time and the words come back to us with solemn significance. One day greeted in triumph—the next so to speak mourned with a grief that can find no adequate utterance! How sadly now sound these words of joy:—"For sympathy in the day of distress the Pontiff gives us honor in the day of jubilation. The selection of your Excellency as Delegate Apostolic, we regard as a graceful and grateful recognition of Ireland's fidelity; and in giving affectionate welcome to the Bishop of Ardagh, we accord reverential homage to the Ablegate of Rome. Will your Excellency therefore generously accept our Irish welcome and congratulations. We speak for the Irish race in this Canada of ours—for those whose best patrimony is their religion, whose history affords a bright era of which their countrymen may be proud, when Irishmen were the teachers of Europe, when our ancestors were reckoned among the Doctors and Masters of learning, giving literature and civilization to Christendom—We speak for the Irish people who, in the selection of an Irish prelate for the all important and delicate distinction of Papal Ablegate feel a pride in the revival of a traditional glory as in the existence of present fame. With full hearts, hopeful memories and glowing national pride, the Irish Catholics of Montreal give to your Excellency again a cordial *cead mile failta*, accompanied by prayer that the high duties entrusted to your guidance and discretion may in their progress and results subserve the best interests of the Church and tend to the greater glory of God."

And now all is over! The high mission—the solemn duties—the popular enthusiasm—the torch-light welcomes—all the manifestations of Irish pride and Irish gratulation—all the responsive eloquence of the Ablegate to the enthusiastic greetings of his countrymen—all passed away! save the memory of great deeds greatly performed, and the hopeful confidence inspired by the thought that while we mourn a national loss the good Bishop gone from us enjoys his eternal reward—

"*Mortalitate relicta, vivit immortalitate indutus.*"

S. J. M.

HOW TO READ PROTESTANT HISTORIES.

No. II.

In the early part of his priorate Prior Richard after the manner of his times granted leave to a certain Jew and his brother to settle in Dunstable, and to be there under his (Prior Richard's) protection. This act of toleration our author duly narrates with the usual allowance of slurs, inuendos, imputations of ulterior motives, with which Protestant histories so largely abound. The compact between the Prior and the Jew is curious. In it license is given to Fleming, the Jew of London, and Leo, his son, with their families and servants to go, come and dwell in the town of Dunstable at their ease and peace, untroubled and honorable, and there to pursue their lucre faithfully, according to the custom of the Jews; and the Prior promises to maintain them in the town according to reason, as though they were his own tenants. This license and this protection was to be paid for at the annual price of two silver spoons, each weighing twelve pennies. This is a specific bargain with duties and obligations on both sides. At first sight and viewed by the light of our modern institutions it may appear strange that Fleming, the Jew, should before being able to live in Dunstable, be obliged to enter into such a compact, and we know not whether our author has narrated the circumstance with a view to placing this effect of strangeness prominently before his readers. The strangeness however will disappear after a little consideration. In the first place Fleming, *the Jew*, was treated on precisely the same terms as his neighbors,

the Christian burghers of Dunstable. By the terms of the compact he was to be maintained according to reason, as though he were Prior Richard's tenant. Now the free burghers of Dunstable were nothing more. Dunstable be it remembered was a highly favored town, and sooth to say, it was favored because of its former *bad behavior*. The old pagan town of Magiovintum had long ago gone to ruin, its ruins had become overgrown with trees and brushwood, which in their turn had become the haunt of outlaws and robbers, who on due occasion sallied forth on any wealthy travellers, who might find it necessary to pass that way along the great northern road, long before built by the Romans, and called Watling street.

To obviate this Henry I., hit upon a plan which even in these days would be deemed "smart practice," and which is certainly a novel idea in police regulations. Henry determined to turn this den of thieves into *a town*. For this end he caused proclamation (advertising was not yet in vogue) to be made throughout the kingdom, that all men who would come to live in his new town should have their land at the rate of twelve pennies per acre, and should enjoy as freemen of the town all liberties and immunities throughout all parts of England, which the city of London or any other borough in the kingdom had enjoyed from old time. Eventually the King founded a priory of canons regular in the town, and then gave town and townsmen and all to the monastery; in other words the Prior became King as far as Dunstable was concerned. This explains the Jew's silver spoons; he was paying *rent* to the King; in the person of Prior Richard it is true; but still to *the King*. And what is more he was paying a very small rent for so many privileges.

Again, if Fleming, the Jew, and his son Leo, had to pay a silver spoon each to Prior Richard for all the privileges of Dunstable, *they were at least exempt from taxes*, so that instead of the hardship being on the Jew's side, the hardship, if any, was on the part of the burghers. This our Protestant historian in his hurry, forgot to point out. Protestant historians are often in a similiar *hurry* when writing Catholic history; especially if this hurry will allow a false impression detrimental to Catholicity to arise. We had hoped better things from a man who had traced Dunstable back to the Roman town of Magiovintum.

This immunity of the Jews *from taxation* is a matter, which requires to be remembered in our estimate of the treatment they received in the Middle Ages; and yet it is astonishing how little attention it receives from a certain class (the *hurried class*) of writers. In England, in fact, the Jew was a peculiarly privileged individual, and if at times the populace illtreated him, and rose up against him, his very immunities and his arrogant and impudent assertion of them, were often the cause of his trouble.

The Jew knew full well that royal policy had exempted him from the common taxation and the common obligations of Englishmen; and that he was exempt even from the jurisdictions of the common law. Usurer, extortioner as the realm held him to be, and as he undoubtedly was, the royal justice would secure him the repayment of his bond. He was a royal "chattel" and he knew that a royal commission would visit with heavy penalties any violence against "the King's chattels." The Red King actually forbade the conversion of a Jew to the Christian faith. That would immediately have made him a subject and the Red King who was not overburdened with either Christianity or liberality looked upon *that* as a poor exchange, which would take from him a *chattel* and give him *a subject*.

How insolent this consciousness of the royal protection made him, we learn from a case in Oxford in the reign of the Third Edward. At Oxford as elsewhere, "the Jewry" was a town within a town, with its own language, its own religion and its own laws its peculiar commerce, its peculiar dress. No civil bailiff could enter it; the church itself was powerless to prevent a synagogue from raising up in haughty rivalry over against her christian temples. Prior Philip of St. Frideswide complained bitterly of a certain Hebrew who stood at his door as the procession of the Saint passed by, mocking the ceremonies and beliefs of the church to which the

processionists belonged. At the usual procession of students and citizens on Ascension Day, 1268, a Jew suddenly burst from a group of his comrades in front of the synagogue and wrenching the crucifix from its bearer *trod it under foot.* But even in presence of such outrages as these, the terror of the crown sheltered the Oxford Jews from any burst of popular vengeance. The Jew was, as we have already said, "a royal chattel," and the astute burghers of Oxford knew full well the complete immunity from all law and order that fact implied.

All this is necessary to be taken into consideration in our estimate of Prior Richard, in his relations with Fleming, the Jew. Without it in fact we cannot properly weigh the "silver spoons." But then our Cornhill historian in his *hurry* did not wish us or any one else to weigh them *properly.*

H .B.

THE SIEGE OF CLONMEL.

HOW THE MUNSTERMEN THRASHED CROMWELL'S ARMY.

Clonmel, situated on the River Suir, County Tipperary, is one of the most important inland towns in Ireland. Like every town in this unfortunate island, it has a history to tell of English cruelty and barbarism. It bore the brunt of battle against Cromwell and his remorseless soldiers in the South, and gave the Protector the greatest drubbing he ever got in Ireland. After the reduction of Kilkenny, Cromwell, with a large army, sat down before Clonmel. Major-General O'Neill was in possession of the city, and garrisoned it with a regiment of the Ulster army, numbering about fifteen hundred men. The English, with their heavy siege guns, immediately commenced operations. O'Neill, however, nothing daunted, made frequent sallies, causing the enemy so much loss, that Cromwell grew tired of the business, deeming it a disgrace to leave the town untaken, the more so, as he knew that the army commanded for its relief by the Bishop of Ross had been defeated by Lord Broghill. Among O'Neill's troops, however, there was a traitor named Gerald Fennell (the name sounds English), who was a major of horse, and this false-hearted villian contrived to enter into a correspondence with Cromwell, who proposed to give him five hundred pounds sterling and a full pardon, provided that he would, on the night of the 8th or 9th of May, open one of the gates on the north side of the town to five hundred besiegers. Fennell accepted the proposal, and on the night agreed upon, drew off the detachment of Ulstermen who had charge of that particular gate, and replaced them with a party of his own.

Now, it so happened on that night, O'Neill could take no rest, for he knew that a crisis was at hand, and he accordingly resolved to make a personal inspection of the various posts. On reaching the gate from which the Ulster troops had been withdrawn, it occurred to him that there was some treason brewing, and he lost not a moment in summoning Fennell to his presence. "Why, sir," demanded the General, "have you not obeyed my orders? Come disclose the whole truth or you are likely to pay dear for it." Fennell then promised to reveal the whole conspiracy on condition that the General would pardon him. "Tell the truth freely," replied O'Neill, "and you may count upon my forgivenness." Fennell then confessed that he had agreed to open that particular gate to five hundred of the enemy, and no sooner was the General aware of this than he ordered strong reinforcements to the various posts, and an addition of five hundred men to the gate in question. All this was done noiselessly, and at the appointed hour the gate was opened, but no sooner had the last man entered than it was securely shut.

The Irish then fell upon them and every man of the five hundred was cut to pieces. The soldiers of O'Neill were the old veterans of Roe, his father, and had fought at Benburb and Letterkenny, and knowing well the treacherous and savage nature of the enemy, slaughtered them without mercy. Disconcerted and angry at this unexpected issue, Cromwell ordered up the battering guns, breached the wall and made it assail-

able for horse and foot. O'Neill, however, lost no time in causing a counterscarp and a ditch to be made right opposite the breach, and he also drew a strong body of musketeers into the houses lying near the walls, who opened a gallant fire on the assailants as they advanced. The assault now began in right earnest, the Cromwellians never thinking of the ditch and counterscarp which barred their progress, and so valiantly did the Irish behave on that awful night, that they three several times beat back their assailants with terrible damage. Resolved, however, to win or lose all, Cromwell poured his masses pell-mell into the ditch where they were slaughtered by the Irish without mercy for fully four hours. The war-cry of Tyrone was ably seconded by the ringing slogan of Tipperary, and together they cut into the English ranks, until at last, unable to withstand the charge of the Irish, the Cromwellians rushed back through the breach into their camp, leaving the Irish in possession of the town they so gallantly defended. Their general tried to rally them for one charge more, but they were afraid to enter the yawning breach, and Cromwell, unable to conceal his admiration for the Irish, declared they were "invincible." Minding that any further attempt might compromise his army, he withdrew to his camp, leaving O'Neill the breached and bloody wall. On that night the gallant general called a council of war, and, finding that the generals had exhausted their ammunition and provisions, he marched quietly out of the town by the old bridge, and, crossing the mountains, proceeded to Waterford: nor was it till the next morning when a deputation of townsmen waited on him in his camp, that Cromwell knew of the retirement of the gallant general, whom he recommended as a "bold soldier." With how much truth has Whitlock written on this siege, "that Cromwell at Clonmel met the stoutest enemy he had ever encountered in Ireland, and never was seen so hot a storm of so long a continuance, and so gallantly defended." On reaching Waterford, and being refused admittance by Preston, then commanding at that place, O'Neill, by forced marches turned his face to Limerick, which he valiantly defended against Ireton, until again betrayed on two several occasions by Fennell, he had to capitulate. Fennell, however, got the death he deserved, for Ireton excepted him from pardon, and caused him to be executed as a traitor to friend and foe. He died the death of a dog, and so perish all traitors say we.

IRELAND AS SEEN BY AN OUTSIDER.

The *Edinburgh Review*, a periodical far from partial to Ireland's rights, has the following sufficiently fair remarks on English law as felt by Ireland's people. It acknowledges a sad state of English misrule:

* * * In Ireland, on the contrary the poor are the debtors and the rich the creditors. The one million families who now (1844) occupy the soil of Leinster, Munster and Connaught, scarcely know the existence of the civil law courts except as the sources of processes, distresses, and ejectments. There are many parts of Ireland in which *a driver* and *a process-server*—(the former, a man whose profession it is to seize and drive off the cattle of the tenant whose rent is in arrear); the latter, (an agent for the purpose of ejecting him), form regular parts of the landlord's establishment. There are some in which the driver whether employed or not, *receives an annual payment from every tenant.* On many estates every tenant is served every year with a notice to quit, for the mere purpose of keeping him at the landlord's mercy; and on still more, the abatements for rent which every landlord must occasionally make, instead of being absolutely remitted, are kept in legal force to be used when any motive, pecuniary, or political, or personal, may induce the landlord to exact them.* We have now before us (3rd Report on the Poor Law Enquiry) a return of the ejectments actually tried in 13 out of the 23 counties constituting the South of Ireland, during the seven years ending in 1833; and they amount to 10,336. The mere

*Does this practice throw any light on the murder of the Earl of Leitrim?

names of the cases form a folio of 213 closely printed pages!

It is impossible that a law, of which these were the effects, could be popular, even *if its objects were just*, and its execution impartial. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader *how far these suppositions are from the truth*. During many generations (a period sufficient to form the character of a nation) the principal object of the civil law in Ireland, *not* to render justice between man and man, *but to seduce or force* the great majority of its inhabitants to change their religion. For this purpose the Catholics were excluded from the liberal professions, from the universities, from public offices, forbidden to educate their children, to purchase land, to engage in trade, by being excluded from the corporations which had a commercial monopoly—forbidden, in short, to be any thing but the serfs of a Protestant aristocracy. *The meekest, humblest people* would have hated a law which seemed to exist merely for the purpose of oppressing or converting the Catholics, and for securing to the Protestant landlord his rent, to the Protestant clergyman his tithe.

The criminal law is, if such a thing be possible, an object of still bitterer detestation. In the first place it is the support of the civil law. When the one orders a distress or an ejectment, the other compels obedience. In the second place, the criminal law has long been the punisher of acts, in themselves, *innocent* or *meritorious*. Within living memory, it punished the Catholic priest for performing the offices of religion; the Catholic teacher who ventured to give instruction; the Catholic parent who sent a child abroad to receive the education which was denied to him at home; and the Catholic pilgrim who visited the spot sacred to him by its associations. In blind imitation of the English model the ordinary jurisdiction —(of the courts) both civil and criminal, was given to the local aristocracy, and thus the Catholic tenant found in his judge a Protestant landlord.

What misery does the vicious man secretly endure!—Adversity! how blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver, in comparison with those of guilt!

GEORGE IV. AND CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

The following characteristic letter of King George, to Addington, the Speaker of the House of Commons, expresses in unmistakable, if not very grammatical, terms, that monarch's ideas of civil and religious liberty:

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, JAN. 29TH, 1801.

"The Speaker of the House of Commons, I trust, is so sensible of the high regard I have for the uprightness of his character, as well of his ability and temper in the fulfilment of his public trust, that he will not be surprised at my desire of communicating to him the very strong apprehensions I conceive, that *the most mischievious measure* is in contemplation to be brought forward in the first session of the parliament of the United Kingdoms, and this by one styling himself a friend to administration —I mean Lord Castlereagh; this is *no less than the placing of the Roman Catholics of the Kingdom in an equal state of right to sit in both houses of parliament, and hold offices of trust and emolument with those of the Established Church.* It is suggested by those best informed that Mr. Pitt favours this opinion. That Lord Grenville and Mr. Dundas, do, I have the fullest proof; they have intimated as much to me, who have certainly not disguised from them *my abhorrence of the idea* and my feeling it a duty, should it even be brought forward, *publicly to express my disapprobation of it*, and that no consideration could ever make me give consent to what I look upon as the destruction of the Established Church, which; by the wisdom of parliament, I, as well as my predecessors, have been obliged to take an oath, at our coronations, to support.

"This idea of giving equal rights to all Christian churches, is contrary to the law of every form of government in Europe; for, it is well known that no quiet could subsist where there is not a church established."

[This is very honest and very plain as to its real meaning on the part of England's King, but it is as intolerant as it is *ungrammatical*. His Majesty, in the last sentence but one, has in reality said exactly the opposite to what he

wished to say—"could ever make me give my consent to what I look upon as the destruction of the Established Church; which, (destruction of the Established Church!) by the wisdom of Parliament, I, as well as my predecessors have been obliged to take an oath at our coronations to support. Surely, he does not wish to affirm that, by the wisdom of parliament, he and his predecessors had been obliged to take an oath to support the destruction of the Estabished Church? King George was, evidently, as liberal in his political ideas as in his grammar.]

PERILS OF A YOUNG MAN.

FATHER BURKE.

The danger of procrastination in spiritual amendment, my dear brethren, is the subject of our thoughts to-day. First of all let us consider it from the standpoint of our own passions. Dearly beloved, you all of you know that we are all made up of two distinct natures or elements of being, namely, the soul, which is a spiritual element, spiritual in its sense, immortal from the moment of its creation by the very necessity of its being: and the body, which is a mere brute, for I shall speak of the body as a mere brute. Man would be a brute but that he happens to have in him a soul, a free will, and intelligence, which are the attributes of his soul; and we may, as far as the body is concerned, speak of it as a mere brute. Now, such being the component elements of man's existence, there are certain passions, inclinations, weaknesses, and propensities which belong to the soul, and which are of necessity spiritual, because the soul in which they dwell is a spirit; and the passions that belong to the body, which are of necessity brutal, because the thing in which they dwell is a brutal thing.

The passions of the soul are spiritual, its weaknesses are spiritual—doubt, inconstancy, envy, the craving for revenge, the sense of anger, that makes every power of the soul rise against an enemy—the craving of avarice or covetousness—these are the passions of the soul, and there are many more. Among the passions of the body are the lustful desire of impurity, common to man, and the pursuit of drunkenness, licentiousness, and sensuality in every form—these are the passions of the body. Now, every sin that man commits he commits through the passions of the soul or body, and, in fact when the Scripture enumerates our sins it only tells us our passions. Pride is a sin, but it is also a passion; lust is a sin, but it is also a passion of the body; anger is a sin, but it is also a passion of the soul. Sin means nothing else than passion indulged in, passion conquering, passion asserting itself over the law of God, against the grace of God, the dictates of human reason, against the very highest reason of conscience and soul in the enlightened man—it is sin and nothing more. What follows, my dearly beloved: It follows that any man who wishes to deal with his sins has only to turn to his passions and to deal with them. Any man who wishes to lay his hands on his sins has only to lay his hands on his passions. Any man who wishes to root out of his soul any one or any number of sins, must lay hold of his passions, and tear them out, and if he is not able to tear them out by the roots he must cut them down, so that though the poisoned root is there, no fruit of its sinful exuberance shall be allowed to spring from it. Therefore it was that Urban VIII., in philosophic words, cried out "grant me, O Lord, grace to expiate my offences"—that is to say wipe out my past sins, and to subdue my passions; that is to say, to avoid future sin. Now, dearly beloved, these passions—I speak of them whether of the mind or body—are innate with us, they are born with us, they don't develop themselves for a while, but they are there. A little child, for instance, in its earliest infancy, does not develop its passions, but if you watch it for only a few months you will instantly see the young passions growing up—anger begins to show itself, and the infantile perversity of the child even at its mother's breast is the infantile anger and passion. The strong bodily passions are undeveloped until the little child arrives at a more advanced age, and then, for the first time, the blood begins to boil with an impure heat, the passions and appetites of the flesh begin to develop themselves, and

the child that yesterday was unconscious of impurity will to-day form a meaning in the eye it throws at an impure object; the child that yesterday knew not the meaning of iniquity finds a thrill of pleasure in the touch of something gratifying to the senses. The passions are raised and grow with our growth, and whether they be good or evil they cannot be entirely eradicated. They cannot be entirely pulled out of us. Educate the child, no matter how carefully, in the way of humility, and there will still be in its soul the root of pride; guard the young child, no matter how carefully, fortify it in the way of purity, you make him pure as an angel of God, but until his dying day the poison will be there, and if only allowed to spring up, will yield the bitter fruit of lust, licentiousness, and shame. They are a portion of our nature, they are a part of us, and St. Augustine, one of the greatest of the Church's teachers, goes so far as to say to us that if any man wishes to be saved he must be saved through his passions; that is by the cutting down, burning and conquering of our bad passions and the development of the best passions of the soul and body. Now, the nature of these passions is this, that when taken in hand in early youth, when they are not allowed to grow and fix themselves deeply in our hearts, and to develop in our characters and set their stamp and seal on our bodies—if we only take them in time, before they do all this, they are easily dealt with. But if we allow them to fester and foster themselves in our lives, to shape our views, to animate our intentions, to guide our intelligence, to direct our corporal action—the more difficult and almost impossible it will be to eradicate or cut down these passions. It stands to reason. A prudent gardener in charge of a beautiful garden goes about and examines frequently the garden from end to end. If he finds a weed he plucks it out. He does not wait for it to grow and blossom and form its seed and multiply, and so deform his garden—no, he plucks it up in the spring-time and carts it away where it will die If he finds a little nettle growing he fearlessly takes it it in hand, because in its first sprouting it wont hurt him, all he has to do is to pluck it up fearlessly, it has not yet developed its horns and cannot hurt him. If a young sapling is growing where it should not grow, he takes it in his hand and roots it up. But if he leaves it for a while, if he waits for even a few months, the sapling has grown strong, he cannot move it; he must dig around it and put the ax to its root—that which was easy has become a serious difficulty by neglect. So with the passions. If we allow our pride, our dislike to our neighbor, our deep envy at the prosperity of another, our feeling of anger, our rankling feeling of dishonor to ourselves, our sensuality, our tendency to impurity or to any other brutal excess of the body—if we allow it to remain in us uncorrected, unreproved, every single day that passes over our heads adds to the difficulty of our ever rooting it up. How true this is!

The youg man who begins his career of dissipation goes out for the first time. After being brought up by a holy and pious mother—kept in restraint, firm but gentle, by a loving father—brought up in the best school—no pains spared, no money stinted—the young man goes out; he must go out sometime or another to earn his bread; he is put into his first situation either in a trade or in a profession, and is left completely his own master. He is now free, compared with what he was. By degrees he falls into ways of dissipation. He meets companions reckless like himself—young, thoughtless, careless. They bring him first to the theatre; from the theatre to some night-house where they have supper, which he is delighted with from its novelty; he is led into the streets, and there, under the flaring lamplight, sees his first vision of sin—sweeet to the eye in all the tinsel of its borrowed beauty, sweet to the senses of his body, for he is but clay—and he falls into his first sin. These passions are growing every day in strength, intensity, and in the difficulty of ever being subdued or cut down with us. With the growth of man grows his passions, and strange to say, when a man has come to the climax of his humanity, and begins to go down hill, while every other power and energy of body begins to decrease and to fail, there is only one thing that goes on increasing, and

that is the strength of his unholy passions; so that the man of seventy is more passionate, more enslaved than when he was only fifty—then he was in the prime of his life. Tell me, oh brothers, are you Christian men dowered with the glorious liberty of the children of God, are you going to lie down in the slothfulness and weakness of your sins, and to allow every sin to coil around you until you are unable to move hand or foot? Oh, my brethren, let us this night break those chains that cluster round us and cast these bonds away from us. Let us break these chains—it is God alone can do it. He who raised Lazarus from the grave fair and beautiful to the eye—He alone can do it, who said to the man who was paralyzed, I say to thee arise. He will say the same to you and to me, but he will only say it to-day. "Behold now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation." Oh, let us not allow Him to pass away—if the blind man in the Gospel had not cried out "Son of David save me," he would never have seen the light. So let us to-day put out our voices to Jesus, and His hand will, through the intercession of His Holy Virgin Mother, be extended to save us.

CHIT CHAT.

In spite of 19th century science and civilization, "The Colorado Beetle" alias the Potato Bug, holds its own. With a coolness and determination that would be highly commendable in a better cause, Mr. Decemlineatus with his *inestimable* family reigns supreme over our potato patches in face of chemistry, electricity, dynamics, hydrostatics, and the whole corpus of natural sciences, whilst logic and metaphysic, which can so conclusively prove to him that he has and can have no *locum standi* in the premises, have no more influence over him than the mathematical verity that any two angles of a triangle are together greater than a right angle. "Paris green," the only approach to a writ of ejectment, which science has yet dared to devise, appears to be about as effectual as the traditional pinch of salt for birds' tails, and reminds us strongly of Mrs. Glass's receipt for jugged hare—"*first catch him.*" The most melancholy part of the business is, that if science and civilization have alike failed in presence of The Colorado, so have "liberal institutions." None but a Tartar Khan or an Emperor of Russia will ever be equal to the occasion. Liberalism, limited monarchy and four years' parliaments have been weighed and found wanting. A ukase for the universal world not to plant potatoes for two years is the only institution before which his beetle-ship will ever succumb. It may be a melancholy consideration for the man of science and for the lover of liberal institutions, but it will be found unfortunately too true, that a return to absolute monarchy and panslavism is our only remedy against a degraded and degrading beetle.

Speaking of Roger Bacon and the recent scientists, it is worthy of note in the modern world's great note-book, that "scarcely any metaphysical controversy agitated amongst recent philosophers, was unknown to *the schoolmen*," (scholars of the middle ages.) This is not our own assertion, gentle reader; for to be plain with you, of metaphysics—like Candide under Dr. Pangloss' teaching—we know "fort peu de chose." It is Mackintosh, himself a great metaphysician, who asserts it, and he is supposed *to know*. Now, if this is true, and we see no reason to doubt it,—it proves *two* things:—1st, how advanced the ignorant schoolmen were; and, 2nd, how little progress "recent philosophers" have made. It is amusing to hear the wise ones of our generation discanting on the ignorance of *the past* and the progress of *the present*. "Education" and "Progress," said Mr. Claxton, are very good words to print on pats of butter *intended for the market*. But where, (except on these pats of butter *intended for the market*), is this progress, if the schoolmen hundreds of years ago, had weighed all our modern thought in the balance, and found it wanting? The farmer does not call his chaff progress; it is the clean grain alone that he puts down to the progress side of his ledger. When will our "recent philosophers," our "modern scientists," learn humility? Alas! what our modern world has most to learn is—not how much it knows—but *how little*.

When a certain monk of the eleventh century (no less a personage indeed than Theodoric Abbot of St. Evroul in Normandy,) would instruct his community as became a good and zealous abbot, that he was, he often cautioned them against idleness, and was wont to tell them this story:

There was a monk in a certain monastery, who was guilty of many transgressions against its rules. But he was a transcriber of books, and being devoted to writing, he, of his own accord, wrote out an enormous volume of the divine law. After his death his soul was brought before the tribunal of the just Judge for judgment; and when the evil spirits sharply accused him, and brought forward innumerable crimes, the holy angels, on the other hand, showed the book which the monk had written in the house of God, and counted up the letters of that enormous volume, as a set-off against a like number of sins. At length the letters had a majority of *one*, against which the demons in vain attempted to object any sin. The clemency of the Judge, therefore, spared the monk, and commanded his soul to return to his body, and *mercifully granted* him space for the reformation of his life.

The good old abbot spoke a parable, and a good one and an apt withal.

Men, that is *some* men say Ireland is free under British rule. And yet, she is not as free in this nineteenth century, as England was 650 years ago. Let us see. When King John was formally seated on the English throne, he found the rural population of England consisting of two classes, the ceorls or villeins, and the landless men. The ceorls were freemen who, for military protection, had "*commended*" themselves to some thegn or lord, paying for protection to themselves and land by certain labors or services at certain seasons; the landless men were the cotters and the laborers who worked on the farm throughout the year. Both were protected from the exactions of their landlord in a remarkable manner—a manner indeed unknown, alas, to Ireland. The number of teams, the fines, the reliefs, the services, that the lord could claim, were entered on the court-roll of the manor, a copy of which became the title-deed of the ceorl or villein, hence our legal term copy-hold. By this "copy" all disputes between villein and lord were settled. But this was not all. It was the duty of the lord's bailiff to see the engagements of the copy-hold fulfilled. But lord's bailiffs are notoriously exacting on the side of their lord. This was provided for. A second officer (the reeve or foreman of the manor) was chosen *by the tenants themselves* to look after *their interests and rights*. Has the Ireland of the 19th century any such free institution as this English institution of the *first half of the 13th century*? We fear not. Men, then, may say what they like about Ireland's freedom under British rule, but Ireland's sons of the soil are not as free to-day as England's villeins and cotters were in the year of Grace, 1214.

The idiosyncracies of the learned are *amusing*. Dr. Johnson—honest old soul!—had many. In the presence of veal pie with plums in it, he invariably made *a beast* of himself; whilst in the presence of ghosts he made *a fool* of himself. It is recorded of him that for a long time he refused to believe in the earthquake that destroyed Lisbon, whilst for a long time he refused to *disbelieve* in the Cock Lane Ghost. The old Greek proverb says, "Twice cabbage—Death." One would think that twice veal pie with plums in it, would incontinently have destroyed the good Doctor. If he survived, it must have been thanks to a good stomach. How much of the veal pie and plums went to make up the sesquipedalian English, which he so much affected, we know not; but if Roger Bacon, and after him, our modern scientists, are to be believed, there is more connection between "what we eat" and "what we say," than is dreamt of in most men's philosophy. Roger Bacon, six hundred and fifty years ago told the world that "barley is potential horse," "wheat is potentially man and man potentially wheat." Following this reasoning, the veal pie with plums must have become potentially Dr. Johnson, and as Dr. Johnson was nothing when he was not verbose, the veal pie with plums may have had no small share in his verbosity.

Dr. Johnson's estimate of Scotland and Scotchmen, was certainly non-complimentary, and shows how early Scotchmen had conceived a love for "South-of-the-Tweed." In answer to an enthusiastic North Briton, who was discanting on the "noble wild prospects" to be seen in the land, Johnson replied, "Yes, Sir; I believe you have a great many 'noble wild prospects.' Norway, too, has 'noble wild prospects,' and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious 'noble wild prospects.' But let me tell you, Sir, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road, that leads south of Tweed."

The good doctor hated *cant* in all its forms, and in whomsoever found, and was unsparing in his denunciation of it. His advice to a friend before beginning any subject, "First clear your mind of cant," was as clear sighted as honest. The Scotchman's "noble wild prospects" in Johnson's eye were *cant*, for Johnson certainly was no child of nature. So was it also when he was told of a certain dreamy Anglo-Saxon officer who, from the wilds of America, had written home thus *gushingly:* "Here am I free and unrestrained, amidst the rude magnificence of nature, with the Indian woman by my side, and this gun with which I can procure food when I want it. What more can be desired for human happiness?" This was too much for the good doctor; he took in at a glance all its *cant* and *gush;* and delivered himself accordingly. "Do not allow yourself, Sir, to be imposed upon by such gross absurdity. It is sad stuff. It is brutish. If a bull could speak, he might as well exclaim, 'Here I am with this cow and this grass; what being can enjoy greater felicity?'"

Lest any one should be inclined to believe (what many of our school-books would have us suppose,) that the English language was crushed out by the Norman French at the Conquest, let them consider this *fact:* About the time of the accession of John to the English throne, the English Priest, Layamon, wrote a poem of thirty thousand lines, in which not more than *fifty* Norman words are found. "There was a Priest in the land whose name was Layamon;" thus ran the quaint old narrative, "he was the son of Leovenath; may the Lord be gracious to him! He dwelt at Earnley, a noble church on the bank of Severn (good it seemed to him!) near Radstone, where he read books. It came to mind to him and in his chiefest thought, that he would tell the noble deeds of England, what the men were named and whence they came who first had English land." Journeying far and wide the Priest of Earnley found Bede and Wall, and the books of St. Alban and St. Austin. "Layamon laid down these books and turned the leaves; he beheld them lovingly; may the Lord be gracious to him! Pen he took with finger and wrote a book-skin, and the true words set together and compressed the three books into one."

This is noble English, and such as men might seek to imitate now-a-days to their advantage, nor is there more than one Norman word in it, and that a *doubtful* one withal.

How little reason Catholic Ireland has to love English rule, is shown in a few figures. The whole number of acres of land in Ireland is estimated at about 10,400,000, of which 3,000,000 were unproductive. This would leave 7,000,000 of arable and pasture land. Of this 7,000,000 5,000,000 during the reign of Charles I., were still in Catholic hands. But a few short years changed all this. At the time of the passage of the act of settlement, (thanks to Cromwell and his butchers) 800,000 acres only remained in Catholic hands, whilst of the remainder, 800,000 were in the hands of the Government, but leased to Protestants, and 3,300,000 had gone to reward the butcheries and brutalities of Cromwell's soldiers. At the final settlement under William of Orange only 233,106 acres of Catholic Ireland's lands were in the hands of Catholic Ireland's Catholic proprietors. And yet this is "progress." "Sooth, 'twas a glorious victory."

H. B.

When Aristotle was asked, "What a man could gain by telling a falsehood," he replied, "Not to be credited when he speaks the truth."

THE JESUITS AND THEIR WORKS.

The world owes to the renowned Company of Jesus a debt of gratitude which it can never repay, even if it would. Nothwithstanding all that is said and written just now about education, how little do we hear of the educational labors of the Jesuits—the men who were the pioneers in the revival of learning in Europe, who published more books, founded more colleges and schools and show a prouder roll of illustrious names than any society that ever existed.

The Order was established in 1540. Two years afterwards, Lainez, one of the five companions of St. Ignatus, founded a college at Venice. During the sixteen years upwards of one hundred colleges were opened in various parts of Europe. Referring to this subject, Hallam says: "They (the Jesuits) taught gratuitously, which threw, however, unreasonably, a sort of discredit on salaried professors: it was found that boys learned more from them in six months than in two years under masters, and probably for both of these reasons, even Protestants sometimes withdrew their children from the ordinary gymnasia and placed them in Jesuit colleges. No one will deny that in their classical knowledge, and in the elegance with which they wrote, the Order might stand in competition with any scholars in Europe."—*History of Literature in Europe.*

From this it would appear that "free education" was not such a novelty after all. Ranke writes in somewhat similar strain. "The education of that time being a purely learned one, rested exclusively on the study of the languages of antiquity. These the Jesuits cultivated with great ardor, and in a short time they had teachers among them who might claim to be ranked with the restorers of classic learning. They likewise addicted themselves to the strict sciences. The whole course of instruction was given in that enthusiastic, devout spirit, which had characterized them from their earliest institution. Above all, they labored at the improvement of the Universities."—*History of the Popes, I.*, 397.

Bacon pronounced their mode of instruction "the best yet known in the world, and warmly expressed his regret that so admirable a system of intellectual and moral discipline should be employed on the side of error."—*Macaulay's History of England, II.*, 355.

The libraries of Europe bear silent testimony to the learning of the Order. Not only have they published an enormous number of works in almost every department of literature, science, and art, but they have rescued from oblivion manuscript "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore."

Father Scheiner, Professor of Mathematics at Ingoldstadt, observed the "spots" on the sun in 1611, and proved in a work published in 1610, that the retina is the organ of sight, and that the humors only serve to retract on the optic nerve. He invented photography. Father Grimaldi discovered the inflection of light described in his "*Physico-mathesis de Lemuine Coloribus et Iride*," etc., published in 1655. Sir Isaac Newton acknowledges his indebtedness to Grimaldi's work for his notions on the subject. When it was found that the dome of St. Peter's owing to its immense weight, threatened to crush the piers supporting it, a Jesuit was employed, in an age famous for its architects, to devise plans for strengthening the supports. Another member of the Order drained the Pontine Marshes.

The name of the late Father Secchi, in his lifetime, probably the first astronomer in the world, is familiar not only to men of science, but also to the general reader. Two of his disciples, Fathers Perry and Sidgreaves, were employed by the British Government to observe the recent transit of Venus in Kerguelen's Land. From the above it will be clear, we think, that the Jesuits are no laggards in the march of science, but advance in the front rank.

The proverb, "As is the master, so is the scholar," applies with peculiar fitness to the Jesuits, for we find the keenest intellects of the seventeenth century among their pupils. Cassini was appointed Director of the Observatory of Paris. He discovered several of Jupiter's and Saturn's satellites, determined the rotation of Jupiter, Mars and Venus, measured the meridian line of Paris, and left behind him a great number of valuable astronomical observations.

Evangelista Torricelli, who invented the Barometer, and improved the construction of Telescopes and Microscopes, was also educated by the Jesuits, as were Descartes, Bossuet, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Cornèille, Montesquieu, D'Argenson, Molière, Fontonelle, Crebillon, and a host of others, including the famous Francis Mahoney, better known as "Father Prout."

In the interests of humanity and civilization, as well as of Christianity, "they were," as Macaulay says, "to be found in the depths of the Peruvian mines, at the mart of the African slave caravans, on the shores of the Spice Islands, in the observatories of China. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity tempted any of their countrymen to enter, and preached and disputed in languages of which no other native of the West understood a word."—*Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes.*

Macaulay again refers to them in the following terms: "Before the Order had existed a hundred years it had filled the whole world with memorials of great things done and suffered for the faith."—*History of England.*

No religious community could produce a list of men so variously distinguished; none had extended its operations over so vast a space; yet in none had there ever been such perfect unity of feeling and action. There was no region of the globe, no walk of speculative or of active life in which Jesuits were not to be found. They guided the counsels of kings; they deciphered Latin inscriptions; they observed the motion of Jupiter's satellites; they published whole libraries of controversy, causistry, history, treaties on optics, Alcaic odes, editions of the Fathers—madrigals, catechisms and lampoons. They were to be found in the garb of mandarins superintending the observations at Pekin. They were to be found, spade in hand, teaching the savages of Paraguay the rudiments of agriculture; yet whatever might be their employment, their spirit was always the same entire devotion to the common cause, the same absolute obedience to the central authority. None of them had chosen his dwelling place or his vocation for himself. Whether the Jesuit should live under the Arctic Circle, or under the Equator, whether he should pass his life in arranging gems, and collating manuscripts at the Vatican, or in persuading native barbarians under the Southern Cross not to eat each other, were matters which he left with profound submission to the decision of others. If he was wanted at Lima, he was on the Atlantic in the next fleet. If his ministry was needed in some country where his life was more insecure than that of a wolf, where it was a crime to harbor him, where the heads and quarters of his brethren fixed in the public places, showed him what he had to expect, he went without remonstrance or hesitation to his doom. Nor is the heroic spirit yet extinct. When, in our time, a terrible pestilence passed around the globe, when in some great cities, fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together, when the secular clergy had forsaken their flocks, when medical succor was not to be purchased with gold, when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life, even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet, which Bishop and curate, physician and nurse, father and mother, had deserted, bending over infected lips to catch the faint accents of confession, and holding to the last, before the expiring penitent, the image of the crucified Redeemer.

Almost immediately after the foundation of the Order, that illustrious Christian hero, Francis Xavier, the "Apostle of the Indies," started for the East. He traveled through India, Malacca, the Philippine Islands, Ceylon and Japan. To Father Ricci we are indebted for the first work published on China. He and his companion, Father Schall, gained a footing in that country by utilizing their scientific knowledge—astronomy, hydrography, mathematics, and clock-making. They began, as Ranke observes, with mathematics, and ended with religion. The accuracy with which they predicted three eclipses of the moon in 1610 and 1624 raised them immensely in the estimation of the Mandarins, as the native astronomers were about an hour at fault on each occasion.

Ricci sent the Emperor a striking clock, which he had made, and was

invited to Pekin in consequence. Schall conducted the public mathematical school in that city, compiled the calendar, and was created a Mandarin. Fourteen volumes of his writings in Chinese, of which language he acquired a perfect mastery, are preserved in the Vatican library.

In America conquests give place to missions, and missions give birth to civilization. The renowned "Reductions of Paraguay" were commenced in 1610 and flourished until the suppression of the Order in 1767. The difficulties they encountered from the Indians, the noble efforts they made to protect their wretched proteges from the horde of infamous Spanish and Portuguese adventurers, who overran the continent, and the triumphant success which attended their heroic devotion and self-sacrifice is unparalleled in the history of the world.

The following is from the *Encyclopædia Brittannica:*

"The Indians (of Paraguay) were collected into villages; each village had its church and its curate, who was assisted by one or more priests. The curate was nominated by the Father Superior, who exercised a vigilant superintendence over the whole. The curate gave his attention to religious offices, while the assistant priests managed secular matters, directing the labor of the Indians who cultivated the ground, and training others to the crafts of the weaver, mason, carpenter, goldsmith, painter and sculptor, for the fine arts were by no means neglected. The punishments were mild, and they were always accompanied by such admonition as a parent would address to a child whom he is chastising. Crimes were in truth rare. Private property did not exist. The produce of the community was stored in magazines from which each family was supplied according to its wants, special provision being made for widows and orphans."

From *Chambers' Encyclopedia* we extract the following passage on the same subject:

"The legislation, the administration and the social organization of the settlement was shaped according to the model of the primitive Christian community, or rather of many communities under one administration; and the accounts which have been preserved of its condition appear to present a realization of the idea of a Christian utopia. Above all, their establishments in the southern continent, in Brazil, Paraguay and Uraguay, and upon the Pacific coast, in California, and in the Philipine Islands, were missions of civilization as much as of religion." "Sir John Bowring recognizes in the condition of the native population of the Philipine Islands to the present day the results of the sound and judicious culture of which the early Jesuit Fathers laid the foundation." To the Order we are indebted for the discovery and introduction into Europe of Peruvian or "Jesuit's bark." The name of Cinchona was given to the plant because in 1638 the Countess of Cinchona, wife of the Viceroy of Peru, was cured of an intermittent fever by its use.

We have endeavored to show, however imperfectly, and confining ourselves solely to Protestant authorities, some of the benefits bestowed by the Society of Jesus on an ungrateful world—a world which rewards them, as it did their Divine Master, with calumny, *persecution*, and even death. "For the greater glory of God," as well as for the temporal and eternal happiness of others, "they shun delights and live laborious days; and by way of recompense there is hardly a country of Europe from which they have not at some time or another been ignominiously driven."

The following extract from another Protestant writer—W. H. Lecky—whom no one will suspect of being at all partial to the Jesuits, will show clearly why tyrants and despotic governments have such a horror of the members of that illustrious Order: "The marvellous flexibility of intellect and the profound knowledge of the world, that then, at least, characterized their Order, soon convinced them that the exigencies of the conflict were not to be met by following the old precedents of the Fathers, and that it was necessary in every way to restrict the overgrown power in the sovereigns. They saw, what no others in the Catholic Church seem to have perceived, that a great future was in store for the people, and they labored with zeal that

will secure them everlasting honor to hasten and direct the emancipation. By a system of the boldest casuistry, by the fearless use of their private judgment in all matters which the Church had not strictly defined, and above all, by a skillful employment and expansion of maxims of the schoolmen, they succeeded in disentangling themselves from the traditions of the past, and in giving an impulse to liberalism wherever their influence extended."—*History of Rationalism in Europe*, II., page 162.

IRISH REPRESENTATION IN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

We do not at present make "Answers to Correspondents" a departmental feature in THE HARP; but amongst other contemplated improvements is the restoration of this popular mode of "having a talk" with our patrons. The general interest attaching to the question of Irish Representation in the English Parliament induces us, however, to anticipate our intentions, and give answer to "Clan-na-Gael's" query:—Nominally, Ireland has 105 members of Parliament: practically, only 102. The Boroughs of Sligo and Cashel have been formally disfranchised for years, because of corrupt practices at Elections—members voting for disfranchisement in the House of Commons having been themselves, at their own contests and with their own constituencies—to our personal knowledge—amongst the most corrupt of corruptors. Clare—the great county of Catholic Emancipation—is shorn of half her privilege, and is virtually disfranchised. Last year Sir Colman O'Loghlen, Bart., one of the representatives, died suddenly, and Clare, in compliment to his services and in respect to his memory, elected his brother and the successor to the title, successor also to the honor of membership of the House of Commons. From that day to this Sir Bryan O'Loghlen, in his Australian home, has kept "never minding" the people of Clare: he accepted office as Attorney-General at Melbourne, and got elected to the Colonial Legislature, but took no step in duty or in common courtesy to set his Irish constituents free of their most anomalous position. Parliament could not deal with the case by a "call of the House," for Sir Bryan did not complete his membership by "taking the oaths and his seat." The people of Clare could not recall their decision, as the High Sheriff had made his return. Sir Bryan, himself not being a member, could not resign the seat by the fiction of accepting the Chiltern Hundreds; and thus until now, when Mr. O'Sullivan has had the subject referred to the Committee on Elections of the House of Commons, with hope of some way of cutting the Gordian knot, Clare has had for a whole Session to depend on one representative. But then the untiring zeal and earnest ability of that one representative made up for the nonchalant un-representative at the Antipodes. Lord Francis Conyngham has certainly not detracted from his patent of nobility by his devotion to Irish national interests. Ever at his post, and ever at some practical work, he, in his unaided membership of Clare, did more than double duty. His Tenant Protection measure, introduced at the opening of the Session, was one of comprehensive excellence, all the more remarkable as originating with one, the interests of whose Order lay all the other way; but its excellence did not save it from rejection by a Landlord House of Commons; any more than his calm and sensible counsels in Home Rule Conferences and Committees, could save that party from disunion and all but disruption. The riddle of Clare representation will probably soon be solved; and it is to be hoped Lord Francis Conyngham shall have a colleague, worthy of working side by side with him, and equal to the honor of representing such a county as the Clare of '28. At this distance, with an ocean intervening, it may appear impertinent to even suggest a name deserving of sharing the distinction. With a host of aspirants from abroad, Clare should have no difficulty in finding inside her own borders a "fit and proper person" to stand side by side with Lord Francis, in assertion and defence of popular right; and if the advisability of selecting a Catholic colleague could be overlooked, we know of no name which should find more favor than that of Marcus Keane, J. P., of Beechpark—author of "The

Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland,"—one who, commencing life as a Tory, has, with the progress of thought and time, come to be a *Nationalist of an* advanced type, and who, in his position as Landlord and Magistrate, never loses sight of popular interests. In this connection it may be stated as a remarkable fact that in this great Catholic county Protestantism is no barrier to promotion. The Clare that elected O'Connell on principle, can afford now to look simply to worth for its patronage. Lord Francis Conyngham, *the* member for Clare, and William Stacpoole, member for the Borough of Ennis, are Protestants—and yet, Catholic Irishmen are exclusive and intolerant in their bigotry, the revilers of our Creed and Country say!

THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

SEPTEMBER 8TH.

"Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?" —*Canticle*, chap. vi.

Two strong reasons ought to convince us that Mary was filled with grace from the beginning of her being: first, the dignity of Mother of God, for which she was destined; and next, the office of mediatrix, which she was to fulfil between God and men. Saint Thomas informs us that the Lord gives to every one a grace proportioned to the dignity for which he is intended. Now, since Mary was chosen by God to be the Mother of the Word, she must have received graces proportionate to the sublime rank to which she was to be elevated; and as that rank forms a separate order, and is superior to that of all other creatures, it follows that the graces with which Mary was enriched, even from her birth, incomparably surpassed all those which the Saints received during the whole course of their life. Mary herself declares that truth by the mouth of Wisdom, when she says: "My abode is in the full assembly of the Saints," (*Ecclus.* xxiv.) David said, and his words are applied to Mary, "He shall come down like rain upon the fleece" (*Psalm* lxxi.); which fleece abundantly received the dew of grace without losing a drop. And he elsewhere says: "The foundations of the City of God," which is Mary, "were to be laid upon the mountain tops;" that is to say, that the beginning of the life of the Blessed Virgin was to be loftier in holiness than the last years of Saints the most consummate in virtue. The prophet gives as a reason, that God was to become incarnate in her virginal womb; so it was fitting that God should give to that Virgin, from the moment he created her, a grace corresponding to the dignity of the Mother of God. That is what Isaiah, too, would have us understand, when he says, that "in the last days the mountain of the house of the Lord (that is, the Blessed Virgin) shall be preferred on the top of mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it." (*Isaiah*, ii.) Pope Saint Gregory applies that passage to Mary, who is the mountain that God has chosen for his dwelling-place; and for that reason she is called in the holy books, cypress of the mountain, but of the mountain of Sion; cedar, but cedar of Lebanon; olive-tree, but fair olive-tree; chosen or elect, but elect as the sun. "So," says Saint Bernard, "it was not fitting that God should have any other mother than Mary, and it was not fitting that Mary should have other son than God."

Hence the holy Father said that "the soul of Mary, after the Incarnation of the Word, was the greatest and noblest of God's works in this world, its sanctity surpassing that of all the saints and all the angels together; and that in view of her eminent dignity of Mother of God. In fact, at the very moment when the person of the eternal Word was, in the decrees of God, predestined to become man, the mother that was to give him human existence must also have been designated. So Mary, in that sublime quality, must have been loaded by the Lord with graces, gifts, and spiritual riches; she must have participated in all the celestial treasures.

Let us, then, adore the divine mercy in the choice of a Mother so holy, so august, who to that first title of Mother of God, already so elevated, so incomprehensible, joins that of "mediatrix

between God and men;" which proves that the Blessed Virgin, from the first moment of her life, was holier than all the Saints together: for the great office of mediatrix which she was to fill required that she should thenceforth possess more graces than all men together. The Fathers of the Church and the theologians agree in giving to Mary that title of mediatrix; for the reason that by her powerful intercession and by her merit of congruity, she obtained for all men the signal favor of redemption. Jesus Christ alone is our mediator by way of justice, by "condign merit," as it is called by the schoolmen; he offered his merit to the eternal Father, who accepted them for our salvation. But Mary is mediatrix of grace only by way of simple intercession and the merit of congruity, because she offered to God, say the theologians, with St. Bonaventure, her merits for the salvation of all men; God by his grace accepted therewith the merits of Jesus Christ, so that all the benefits, all the gifts of eternal life that each Saint has received from God, have been granted to them through the means of Mary.

Here is precisely what the Church will have us understand, when she applies to Mary that passage of Ecclesiasticus: "In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and virtue. I am the mother of fair love." (*Ecclus.* xxiv.) That is to say, that by Mary are all graces dispensed, by the means of Mary are acquired the theological virtues, which are the principal virtues of the Saints. Mary, by her intercession, obtains for her servants the gifts of pure love, fear of God, celestial light, and holy confidence.

Let us conclude that Mary, whether as Mediatrix of men, or as destined to be the Mother of the Redeemer, received a grace greater than that of all the Saints together. Even in her Mother's womb she was, in the sight of God, the loveliest of creatures: as being already filled with merits, she was more filled with love for God than any other creature, who, till then, had ever existed. So that if the Blessed Virgin were born immediately after her Immaculate Conception, she would even then have come into the world richer in merits than all the Saints together. To such great sanctity let us add that which she acquired during the nine months that she remained in her mother's womb, and we may judge what its degree was when she came into the world!

Let us now consider how great was the fidelity with which Mary immediately corresponded to divine grace. It is a generally received opinion, that Mary, in receiving the sanctifying grace in the womb of her mother, received at the same time the use of reason, with a divine light corresponding to the grace with which she was enriched; so from the first moment that that beautiful soul was united to her body, she was illuminated with all the lights of divine wisdom, so as fully to comprehend the eternal truths.

From that first moment, Mary, full of gratitude to her God, began to make available that treasure of grace which she had received. She applied herself wholly to loving and pleasing God. She loved him with all her strength, and never ceased for a moment to unite herself more and more with God by fervent acts of love. Exempt from original sin, she was also free from all earthly attachments, from all irregular motions, from all distraction, from all rebellion of the senses which could have prevented her from advancing more and more in divine love. Therefore it is that she is called in Scripture "a plane-tree raised above the waters," because she was that worthy plant which ever continued growing, watered by the current of divine grace.

Many esteemed theologians say, that the soul which possesses a habit of virtue, if it always corresponds faithfully with the actual graces it receives from God, incessantly produces an act equal in intensity to the habit it has; so that it adds each time a new and double merit equal to the sum of all the merits previously acquired. Mary, more faithful than all the angels in corresponding with it, sees continually increasing that prodigious grace which she received with her being, because, in corresponding perfectly to it, with all her strength, by every act she made she necessarily increased her merits. What treasures of grace, of merit, and

sanctity, did not Mary bring into the world the day of her birth! Let us, then, rejoice with her, that she was born so holy, so dear to God. Let us rejoice, since she came into the world full of grace, not only for her own glory but also for our advantage.—*Year of Mary.*

CLONMACNOISE.

Clonmacnoise, one of the shrines of some of the most valuable and interesting antiquarian remains in Ireland, is situated on a rising ground, on the east bank of the River Shannon, in the barony of Garrycastle and King's County about three miles from Shannon Bridge, and ten from Athlone. It is now but a poor village, though covered with ecclesiastical ruins, and hallowed by so many undistinguishad graves of kings, nobles, and bishops, as to be aptly designated the Iona of Ireland. Heroes that held perpetual feud in life are here, "their warfare o'er," content to sleep in peace beside each other.

The consecrated ground encloses about two Irish acres, on which are the remains of the cathedral or ancient abbey, (the doors of which are very richly carved, and its ancient monuments particularly numerous,) and nine other churches. 1, Melaghlin's church, built by O'Melaghlin, King of Meath, and to this day the burial place of that family. 2, O'Connor's church, erected in like manner, by and for the family of O'Connor Don. 3, O'Kelly's church. 4, The church of Macarthy More. 5, Mac Dermott's church. 6, Teampul-Hiorpan. 7, Teampul-Kieran. 8, Teampul-Gawney. And 9, Teampul-Doulin, which latter long continued to be used as the parish church. Here is, also, a round tower in a perfect state, measuring 60 feet in height, seven in diameter, and three in the thickness of its walls. Its windows form pointed arches, while the door of the chapel, which has been connected with it, exhibits a circular Saxon arch. This tower in the vagueness of popular apellations, is indifferently called St. Finian's and Mac Carthy's, though neither the saint nor the sovereign had any association with its original construction. There is another imitative round tower loftier and of greater dimensions, being 62 feet in height, 56 in circumference, and 3 feet, 8 inches in thickness, presenting, (if Archdall's measurement be correct,) more of the castellated appearance than of the genuine class of round towers, the more especially as it wants the usual conical top. This is the one which is popularly called O'Rourke's, and whose origin appears to be referable to an age much later than that of the true round tower achitecture. The quantity of ivy with which the latter is over-grown, gives it a most picturesque appearance.

Near Mac Dermott's church is a very beautifully sculptured cross, of one entire stone, fifteen feet high. Ledwich attempts to explain the figures and inscriptions on the cross, and attributes its date to the year 1280. There are other crosses of less celebrity in the church-yard.

On the western side of the cemetery are some ruins indifferently called "The Bishop's Palace," and "The Castle."

Of the MSS. relative to this place, there are extant, "A survey or plot of the church of Clonmacnoise;" also, "A legendary story of Cairbre Crom, Bishop of Clonmacnoise, and Melaghlin, son of the Monarch of Ireland."

The deep interest, however, of Clonmacnoise can only be felt amidst the moral sublimity of its own scenery.—The melancholy cold dewy tombstones,—the awful stillness, only broken by the murmur of one of the finest rivers in Europe,—the long shadows glooming over the homes of the dead,—and above all, the chastening reflections that hallow its human clay, must strike upon the flintiest heart, and like the wand of the prophet, melt it into tears. Here lies the youth—the laughing youth, that once looked confidently to a happy future; this world is closed above him. Here the ambition that, possibly in life, would have wept to be bounded even by the wildest speculations, is straitened in a narrow sodded pit,—the pride that dazzled in "its days of nature," is coldly wrapt in the mouldering winding-sheet—the worm is nurtured in the cheek whose smile was once so joyfully attractive—the infant, whose lisp was a parent's best-prized eloquence, lies cradled in the premature embrace of death.—The lovers—the friends—the relatives that worshipped each other through life, now haply slumber side by side, yet know no reciprocity of feeling—no touch of sympathy—no pulse of kindred. If to all these natural reflections the visitor superadds the holiness of solitude, and magic of moonlight, he will not leave St. Kieran's shrine without some resolutions for an amended life.

Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie—for example, the smallest mixture of vanity, the least attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect; but speak the truth, and all nature and all aids will help you with unexpected furtherance.

ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHWOMEN.

THE OLD COUNTESS OF DESMOND.

BORN, A.D. 1464. DIED, 1604.

Twice three score years and ten—the alloted space of human life—passed over the head of the Lady Katherine, popularly known as the "Old Countess of Desmond," before she yielded up her indomitable spirit. Not only did she see her own generation and that which followed it die out, but the next, and the next to this again, she saw arise, play out their parts in life and disappear. Yet she lived on. A wife for half a century, she became a widow at three score and ten; but, even at this latter period, only half of her pilgrimage was accomplished. The princely race from whom she sprang passed before her eyes through strange vicissitudes. For more than a century she beheld them in regal magnificence, and power, swaying the councils of their sovereigns, and acting as their representatives at home and abroad; and she lived to see the chief of her house an outcast and a wanderer, with a price on his head, finally hunted down like a wild beast, and his seigniories gone forever.

Lady Katherine Fitzgerald was born in the Castle of Dromana, in the third year of Edward IV., 1464. She was a Geraldine both on her father's and mother's side, being the daughter of Sir John Fitzgerald, Lord of Decies, and of Ellen his wife, daughter of the White Knight. In 1483 she married her kinsman, Thomas, third son of Thomas, the eighth Earl of Desmond, and brother of James, the ninth Earl. The Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., was at the Countess's wedding, and danced with the bride, who always described him as being straight and well-formed, instead of having the misshapen body which historians give him. Not long after her marriage, her husband's brother, James, the ninth Earl of Desmond, was basely murdered by his servant Shaun (John) Murtagh, at the institution of another brother, John. The taint of blood was henceforth upon the race, and it never passed away. The murdered Earl was succeeded by his brother Maurice, who enjoyed this honors for thirty-three years. Earl

Maurice died at Tralee in 1520, and was succeeded by his only son, who held the title for nine years. He died, leaving no male issue, and the honors, in consequence, devolved on the husband of the Lady Katherine, who became, in 1529, the twelfth Earl of Desmond.

At this time he was in his seventy-sixth year, and had acquired the sobriquet of *Maol*, or "The Bald." The Countess was ten years his junior. They had one daughter, and there was also living a son of the Earl's by a former wife. This son died of the plague just six months after his father succeeded to the earldom, and his remains were buried in the Franciscan Priory at Youghal. The Earl of Desmond was a loyal subject of the English crown. When his young kinsman—the Geraldine—"Silken Thomas"—in the Castle of Dublin, openly renounced his allegiance to the King, the Earl of Desmond was one of the first applied to "to catch the traitor." But shortly after the summons arrived he breathed his last in his castle at Youghal, and was buried with his father under a stately tomb in the Franciscan Priory.

The widowed Lady Katherine was now in her seventieth year. Her jointure was the manor of Inchiquin, about five miles distant from Youghal skirted by the sea on the eastern side. The river Finisk ran through the estate, and on its margin, about four miles up from the ocean, was the castle of Inchiquin, the ruins of which yet remain. It was circular, and must have been of prodigious strength, for the existing walls are no less than twelve feet in thickness. The portion now standing is about thirty-five feet high, and thirty feet in diameter inside the walls. In this castle lived the old Countess of Desmond and her only daughter.

Immediately after the death of her husband commenced the disastrous feuds which led to the ruin of the Geraldines. The rightful heir to the family honors was James Fitzmaurice, the son of the Countess of Desmond's stepson, who had died of the plague. When the earldom became vacant by the death of his grandfather, James Fitzmaurice was page to Edward the IV. Hurrying home to assume the family honors, he was murdered by his first cousin, John Fitz-John. Frightful scenes followed, but there is nothing recorded in the family history concerning the old Countess until we come to Garrett, the fifteenth Earl, in whom the power of the proud race of Desmond was extinguished. There is a deed preserved in the Exchequer, Dublin, in which the aged Countess assigns her castle to Garrett. What his motives in wishing to become possessed of it were we are left to conjecture. It is probable that, meditating an insurrection, he deemed it expedient to hold in his hands, or in the hands of his servants, every stronghold in the district.

Sir Walter Raleigh several times makes mention of "the Ladie Cattelyn," the name, doubtless, by which she was known amongst her Irish followers, in whose vernacular "Kauthleen" was the right rendering of Katherine. In his "Historie of the World" he says:

"I myself knew the old Countess of Desmond, of Inchiquin, of Munster, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, and held her joynture from all the Earls of Desmond since then; and that this is true all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munster can witness."

She is several times mentioned in the deeds concerning Sir Walter Raleigh's plantation of his estates in the South of Ireland. In a letter of his addressed to the Queen in 1591, he says that all the neighborhood of Youghal had been let out to English settlers with one solitary exception:—"There remaynes unto me but an old castle and demayne, which are yet in occupation of the old Countess of Desmond for her joynture."

But there were even darker days in store for the venerable and noble woman. Her lands were seized at length by the English settlers, her jointure was no longer paid, and she was reduced to the greatest poverty. All her remonstrances were set at nought. But, aged though she was she summoned all the spirit and fire of her race, and crossing the Channel in a sailing vessel which plied between Youghal and Bristol, she arrived one day in the latter city in company with her daughter, determined to plead her cause with the Queen in person. The following account of the journey is

taken from the Birch Collection in the Library of the British Museum. It is an extract from a "Table Book" of Robert Sydney, second Earl of Leicester (Add. MSS. 4161), and runs:—

"The olde countess of Desmond was a marryed woman in Edward IV.'s time, of England, and lived till towards the time of Queen Elizabeth, soe as she needs must be 140 years old; she had a new sett of teeth not long before her death, and might have lived much longer had she not met with a kind of violent death; for she must needs climb a nut-tree to gather nuts, soe falling down she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that fever brought death. This, my cosen Walter Fitzwilliam told me. This olde lady, Mr. Harnet told me, came to petition the Queen, and landing at Bristol, she came on foote to London; being then so olde that her daughter was decrepit, and not able to come with her, but was brought in a little cart, their poverty not allowing them better provision of means. As I remember, Sir Walter Rawleigh, in some part of the History, speaks of her, and says he saw her anno, 1589. Her death was as strange and remarkable as her long life was, having seene the deathes of soe many descended from her husband's house ruined in the rebellion and wars."

The foregoing account is slightly inaccurate, as it is well authenticated that it was to petition James I., and not Queen Elizabeth, the Countess of Desmond came to London. The king took pity upon her and relieved her necessities, but shortly after her return home she died, in the year 1604, and in the 140th year of her age. It is not certain where she was buried, but we may safely assume that it was in the Franciscan Priory at Youghal, where her husband had been interred seventy years previously.

In the life of Old Parr the following passage occurs:—

"Sir Walter Raleigh, a most learned knight.
Doth of an Irish Countess (*Desmond*) write,
Of seven score years of age, he with her spake,
The Lord St. Albans doth more mention make,
That she was married in Fourth Edward's reign,
Thrice shed her teeth, which three times came again."

In Lord Bacon's *History of Life and Death*, which was originally published in 1623—but which was written many years previous to that date—allusion is made to the venerable Countess:—

"The Irish, especially the wild, even at this day live very long. Certainly they report that within these few years the Countess of Desmond lived to one hundred and forty years of age, and bred teeth three times."

When the Countess of Desmond came to London to petition King James her portrait was painted, and is now in the possession of Colonel Herbert of Muckross. It is done upon canvas, is oval and about three feet long. She is represented as wearing a kind of hood, a lace collar, and her person is enveloped in a fur mantle. If she actually wore a lace collar—and that it has not been introduced by the painter for the sake of effect—it is a very good guarantee that her worldly circumstances must have greatly improved—lace at that period being almost priceless. In one of the portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots, she is painted as wearing a pair of lace ruffles which she had brought with her from France, and upon which Queen Elizabeth looked with envious eyes; for the latter possessed no lace, save a narrow piece of edging which had belonged to Catherine of Arragon, and which that Queen had brought from Spain.

The Countess of Desmond lived during the reigns of Edward IV.—during whose reign she was married—of Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and she died in the second year of the reign of James I.—*From "Illustrious Irishwomen." by E. Owens Blackburne.*

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Full many a bowl with thee, alone,
I've emptied when at eve,
My work was done. Now thou art gone—
And I am left to grieve.

Whilst at the station's gloomy end
I waited for the train,
Unto my lips, my dear old friend,
I press'd thee once again.

Ah! let me turn my head away,
My moisten'd eyes to wipe!
I left thee in the train to-day—
My short black cutty-pipe!

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

Men consume too much food and too little pure air; they take too much medicine and too little exercise.

POTATO SOUP.—Pare six potatoes, cut in small squares, boil soft; beat four eggs, with one quart of milk; add to the potatoes a slice of butter, salt to taste, and boil ten minutes and serve.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—A small quantity of pulverized borax, about the size of a pea, dissolved in the mouth and let slowly run down the throat, will stop the tickling and cure hoarseness almost instantly.

To make a good puff paste, rub half a pound of fresh butter into a pound and a half of flour; add a little water, and make a moderately stiff paste; work it well together, roll it out thin, put some bits of butter on it, dredge with flour, and double up again; repeat this operation three times, using three quarters of a pound more butter. When done, put the paste by for half an hour.

THE VIRTUE OF HARTSHORN.—A writer has the following to say in favor of hartshorn. "It is not generally known that hartshorn is a valuable medicine. Many have always used it as smelling salts. From ten to twenty drops in a half glass of water, taken inwardly, will give relief in a few moments when one has dyspepsia, headache, or colic. In severe cases, repeat the doses every five minutes. A drunken man can be sobered with hartshorn, and all the ills attending a 'spree' can be banished. It possesses many virtues for the human family. A teaspoonful poured into three quarts of water makes a healthful bath for the skin and hair; and if persevered in, it will make the skin as soft, smooth and sweet as a little child's, and the hair dark, clean and glossy, and keeps it from turning gray. It is the washerwoman's comfort—for it makes clothes as white as snow without injuring their texture. If mixed with prepared chalk, it cleans all polished metals beautifully; and a common piece of brass can be made to shine like gold. It is remarkably cheap because so valuable. Get five cents' worth and try it; but don't get it into your eyes."

FACETIÆ.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

The thin, pious man, who is continually groaning over the wickedness of this world, is more troubled with dyspepsia than blessed by religion.

"No ma'am," said a grocer to an applicant for credit, "I wouldn't even trust my own feelings."

Knotted damasses are seen among the new goods.—[Fashion item. This probably refers to those clerks who part their hair in the middle.

A captious Chicago lover wrote letters to his sweetheart in ink that would speedily fade out, so that when she desired to use them in a breach of promise suit they were only blank paper.

If some men were measured by the size of their hearts and souls a gun-patch would make them a suit of clothes, including an ulster overcoat.

A tailor, in skating, fell through the ice; he was afterward heard to declare that he would never again leave his "hot goose" for a "cold duck."

"Yes," said Smith the other night, "Columbus was a great man. He discovered America. But I don't know as he did either," he added, after a pause; "America is such a size he could hardly have missed it."

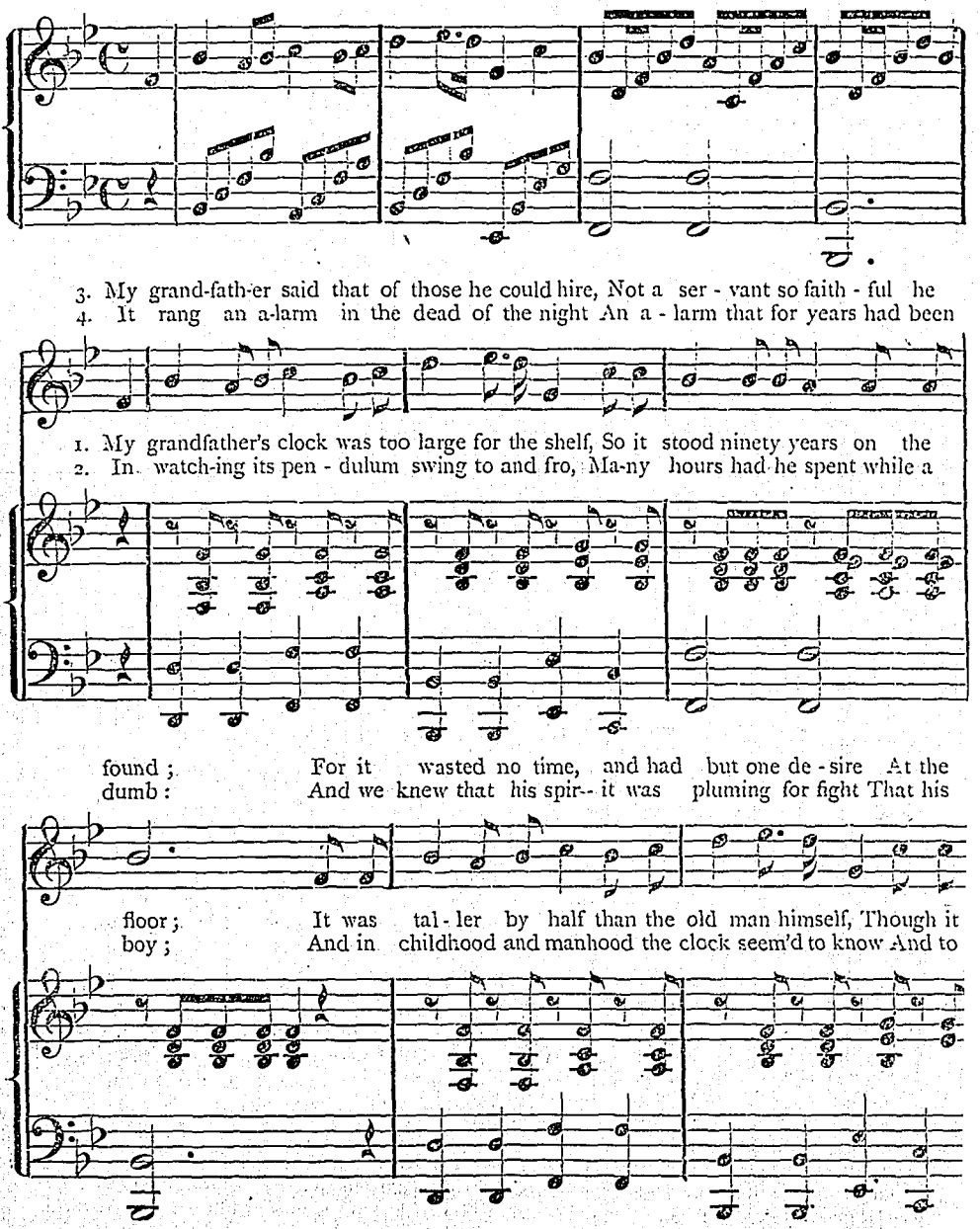
A London paper prints the following notice: "The attendance at the wedding of Mr. Smart and Miss Jones yesterday being so large, for the benefit of the many friends unable to gain admission, the ceremony will be repeated."

Another day has come and gone, leaving us all older and wiser, but as yet no communications have been received indicating that any one has discovered a man who can drink out of a spring without getting the end of his nose wet.

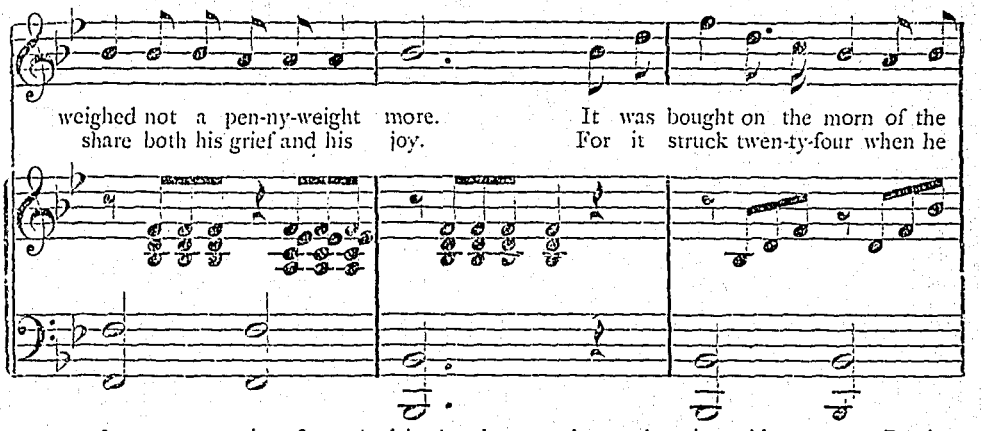
A fellow found guilty of burglary, before Justice Day, in Ireland, observed "that his fate was singular, as he lost by Day what he got by night."

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

Words and Music by C. WORK.

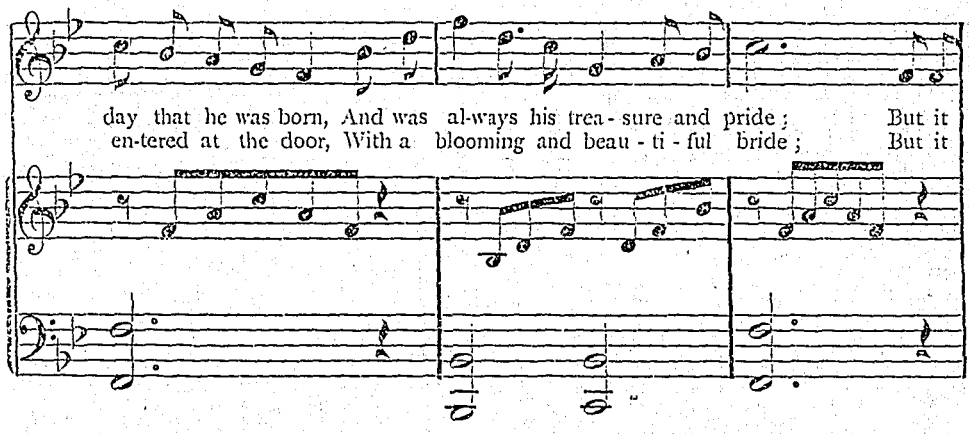


close of each week to be wound. And it kept in its place not a
hour of de - parture had come. Still the clock kept the time, with a

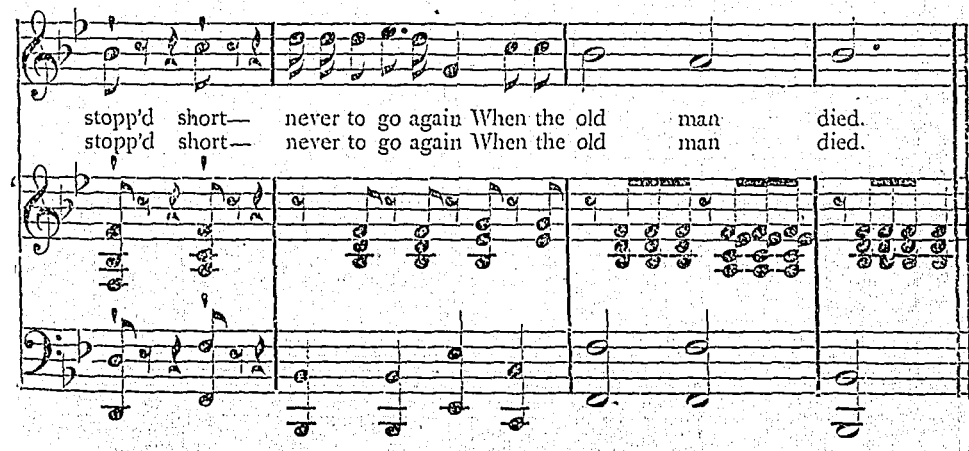


weighed not a pen-ny-weight more. It was bought on the morn of the
share both his grief and his joy. For it struck twen-ty-four when he

frown up - on its face, And its hands nev-er hung by its side; But it
soft and muf-fled chime, As we si - lent - ly stood by his side; But it

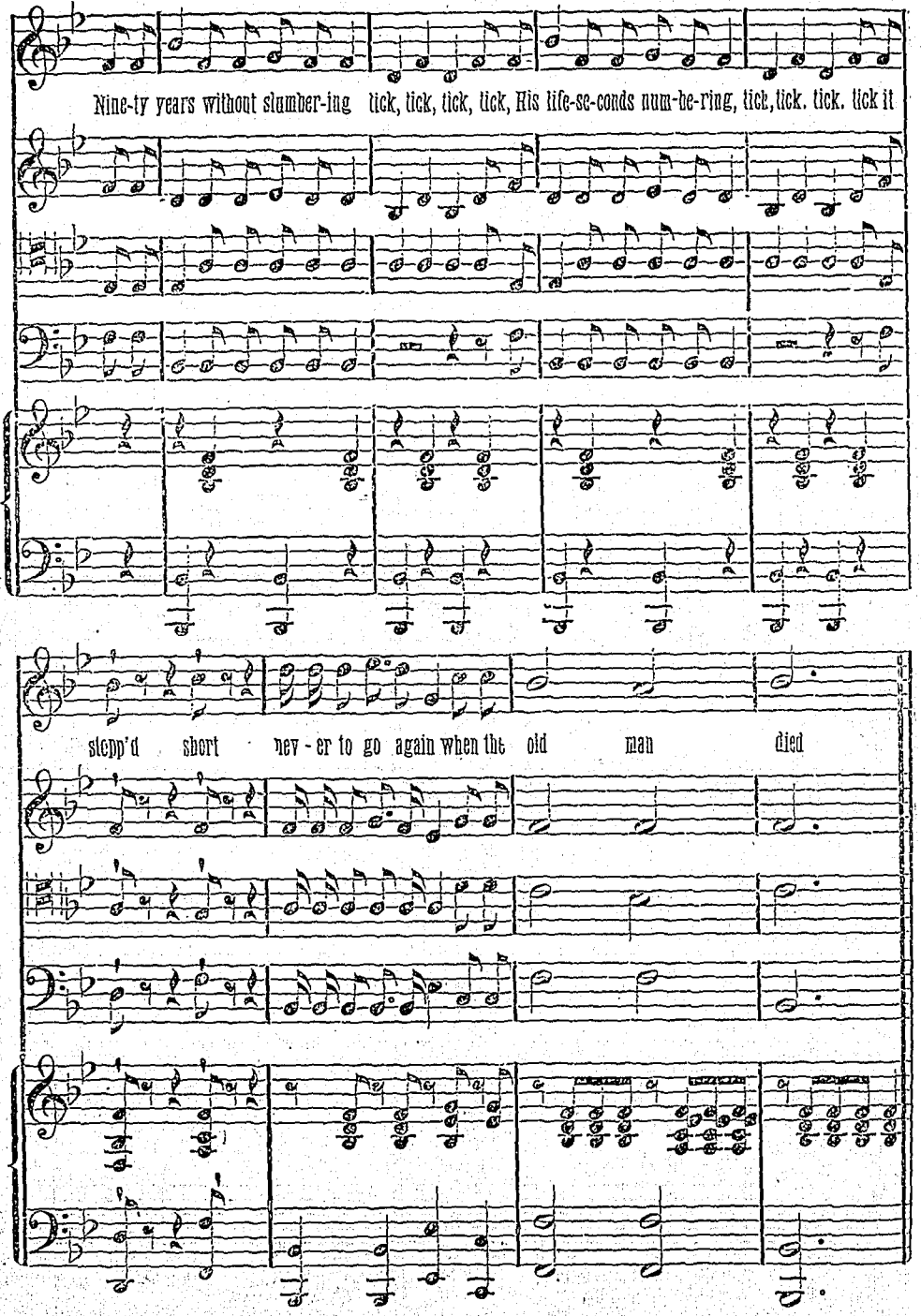


day that he was born, And was al-ways his trea - sure and pride; But it
en-tered at the door, With a blooming and beau - ti - ful bride; But it



stopp'd short— never to go again When the old man died.
stopp'd short— never to go again When the old man died.

CHORUS.


Nine-ty years without slumber-ing tick, tick, tick, tick, His life-se-conds num-be-ring, tick, tick. tick. tick it
stepp'd short nev-er to go again when the old man died

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

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