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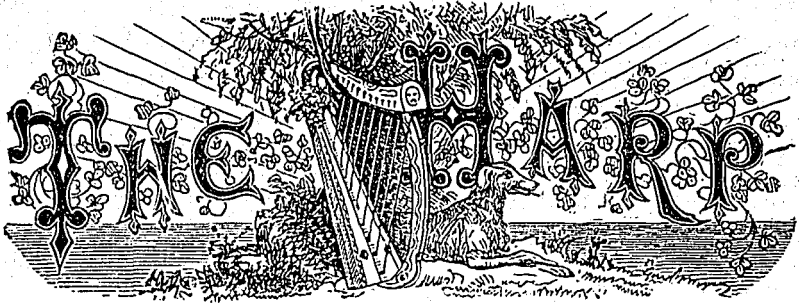
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GILLIES & CALLAHAN, }
Publishers.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1878.

{ Terms in Advance :
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

A LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.

(In the *Dirge of Ireland*, by Bishop O'Connell of Kerry, the fact on which this legend is written may be found.)

GLEAM'D the sunray, soft and yellow,
On the gentle plains of Meath,
Spring's low breezes, fresh and mellow,
Through the woods scarce seem'd to breathe.

And on Tara, proud and olden,
Circled round with radiance fair,
Deck'd in splendour, bright and golden,
Sat the court of Laoghair.

Chieftains with the fleasg* of glory,
And the coulin flowing free ;
Priest and Brehon, bent and hoary,
Soft-tongued bard and seanachie ;
Silence fill'd the sunny ether,
Eager light in ev'ry eye,
As in banded rank together
Stranger forms approacheth nigh.

Tall and stately—white beards flowing
In bright streaks adown the breast—
Cheeks with summer beauty glowing,
Eyes of thoughtful holy rest.

And in front their saintly leader,
Patrick, walk'd with cross in hand ;
Which, from Arran to Ben Edar,
Soon rose high above the land.

Silence fill'd the sunny ether,
Eager light in ev'ry eye,
As he told how he came thither
With a message from on high ;—
How he came to quench the fire
Of a dark faith overthrown ;
And to bow the sons of Eire
To the one true God alone.

And he spoke until the shadows
Shifted round from south to east,
Till the music on the meadows
Of the roving bees had ceased ;
Till the breezes of the even
Wander'd inland from the sea,
Still he told the laws of heaven,
And the glories yet to be.

* Anglice, collar ; coulin, Anglice, long hair.

On the Druids' brows was looming
Heavily a thick'ning cloud,
While a wild and thrilling humming
Rose up from the startled crowd ;
Rose up still the gather'd voices
Through the pasture-scented air,
And the heavenly court rejoices
As down kneeleth Dubtach there.

Then the king arose with malice
In his face from ear to ear,
"I am bearded at my palace
By this band of strangers here!
By the kingly soul of Niall,
Now I swear my blade will smite
Him who now declines the trial
Which will prove whose gods are right !

As for me my path's before me,
'Tis the way our fathers trod—
Of the noble sire that bore me,
His brave god shall be my god ;
He, the sun of war and glory,
Would he own a god of peace ?
But ye've heard the stranger's story,
And those battling doubts must cease.

Open wide yon low-roof'd dwelling—
One of each must enter in ;
Fire the roof—the blaze upswelling,
Let it scorch the heart of sin.
He who cometh forth unharm'd,
"To his god bend down the knee ;"
Then the crowd, with pulses warm'd,
Crieth forth, "So let it be !"

Like a maiden in her beauty
When her bridal dawn's awake,
"Father, let this be my duty,"
Thus the young Benignus spake ;
"I have seen a loving vision,
I have heard low voices thrill—
Oh, it was the bright elysian
Shadow of th' Almighty's will !"

"'Tis His call, my son," replieth
Patrick, with a holy smile ;
"Thou the demon host desisteth,
All their arts and fiendish guile.

Saviour," and he bent him lowly,
 "Give him strength and give him grace
 Now to prove Thy law is holy
 To the boasting tempter's face."

On the rough beach of Ceanmara
 Wildly rolls the Atlantic's swell,
 So the breasts on princely Tara
 Of the haughty priests of Bel—
 "Change the white robes of the stranger
 For the dress our priest has on;
 Let no spell avert his danger,"
 Thus they cried; and it was done.

Back fell the door, and they enter'd in,
 The child of God and the man of sin;
 Up ran the flames in a dreamy cloud
 Before the eyes of the shuddering crowd.

And higher and higher, brighter and higher
 Than the rosy blaze of that burning pyre,
 The prayers of His saints to God arose
 To blast the hopes of His daring foes.

Then the fire sank low in a gentle sleep,
 And full in the midst of the blacken'd heap,
 Benignus untouch'd was smiling fair,—
 But where was the Druid? where? oh, where?

A shout like thunder now swept the sky,
 "Our God is Patrick's—the God on high!"
 'Twas echoed in heaven,—a fiendish yell
 Sent a dark response from the caves of hell.

Thus Eriu was saved, and the faith of God,
 Like sunlight flow'd o'er her blushing sod;
 Since then she has pass'd through storms
 of ill,
 Yet that sunlit radiance is burning still!

LRO.

MARRIAGE.—There are persons incessantly declaiming against marriage as an intolerable evil, says a contemporary. They have tested it fully, they declare, and therefore they know. The fact of their testing it proves nothing against marriage, but only their unfitness for it, which a close observer would have granted without the experiment. And they will be sure to test it again. Marriage, as at present managed, may not be all that it should be, but it is so infinitely superior to anything yet proposed in its place, that it is well to remember that its traducers, instead of touching or hurting it, are merely abusing and hurting themselves.

When, upon rational and sober inquiry, we have established our principles, let us not suffer them to be shaken by the scoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the sceptical.

EVELEEN'S VICTORY;

OR,

Ireland in the Days of Cromwell.

A TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE"
 "IRISH HOMES AND IRISH HEARTS," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

More than six months have passed away since our little party separated, and the bitterest blasts of winter had taken the place of the sweet summer breeze.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Kilkenny the Confederate army was encamped. The sufferings of the last few months had been extreme, and the fever and frost-bite which follow so surely on a severe winter campaign, had thinned the ranks of Owen Roe's gallant army and of the men commanded by Colonel Preston.

It was one of those bitter days in January, when the wind seemed to penetrate every crevice and to chill the very blood of travellers with cruel ferocity. The sky was black and lowering, there was none of the cheery brightness which sometimes enlivens a winter day, and the thick dust swept in eddies before the blast.

Gerald Fitzgerald wrapped himself in his soldier's cloak, as he paced along the streets, and turning out of the most frequented ones, entered the courtyard of a large house. Though large, it bore no appearance of wealth about it; grass was springing up between the stones, and ivy clustered on the walls. A young girl peeped through a grating at Gerald's knock, and on seeing him, smiled brightly and admitted him.

"I will call my lady, sir," said she, when he entered; and she tripped away, and left him to find his way into a small room, almost bare of furniture, and looking into a somewhat neglected garden.

"Dear Gerald, come up stairs; it is so cold here," said a sweet voice; and Gerald clasped his sister Mary in his arms.

"How are you, my Mary?"

"Oh, cheerily," answered she. But her pale cheeks belied the words.

"Have you seen Henry to-day?"

"Not an hour ago, love. I dare say he will come to you to-night. It is too late to return to the camp; and besides, there is to be another conference

to-morrow. Out on them all, say I," continued Gerald, his brow flushing with indignation. "Where is my lady May? I have some news that will surprise you both."

"Come with me," replied his sister; and she led him up a flight of stairs.

The door of the first room was open, and displayed to view five or six beds, each containing a sufferer. It was a hospital; but one in which our modern ideas of comfort did not prevail. But, if loving care and a free outpouring of all their knowledge—all they had to give—could avail, the inmates of Lady Elizabeth's Hospital were well off. And very touching were the fervent expressions of gratitude which burst from the lips of the patients. Gerald passed from one bed to another to exchange a greeting with his men. In the middle of the room, standing by a table on which medicines and salves were placed, was Lady Elizabeth Nugent, the widowed Countess of Kildare. She was advanced in years, but her tall, slight form was still unbent, her dark eyes were full of light; it was only the lines that furrowed the noble brow, and the hair white as silver, but rich and luxuriant still, which told that the summer of her life was gone. She was speaking earnestly to a young woman, wife to one of the men, who shared in the nursing, and the expression of her sweet and earnest face was visible as Gerald and Mary advanced towards her, and stood waiting for a moment until her orders should be finished.

"Welcome, dear Gerald!" she said. "Are there more arrivals to-day?"

"Several, dear Lady," answered he, stopping to kiss her hand with a gesture of the deepest respect; "and if your good offices are ended, I would fain crave speech with you."

Lady Elizabeth left the ward, and ascending another flight of stairs, led the way into the only sitting-room she and Mary O'Neill possessed. It was poorly furnished enough, but a fire of turf was burning on the hearth, and a beautiful picture of the Mother of Sorrows was the chief ornament of the room.

The trio drew near the fire, and Lady Elizabeth gently insisted on Mary's lying down on a rude sort of couch saying, "If Henry is coming to-night I have no

mind for a chiding from him for not guarding his May blossom better."

"Now, Gerald, the news," cried Mary.

"Who dost ye think hath written to the O'Neill to-day, and for the third time also?" demanded Gerald.

"The Holy Father," cried Mary.

"Ormond," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Neither one nor 'tother. What think ye of Charles Stuart?"

"The King?" cried the ladies, in amazement. "Oh!" said Mary, starting to her feet and clasping her hands, "is he true at last? Is he wise at last? Have our prayers been heard? Will he at length make terms with the O'Neill, free Ireland, and save his crown?"

Before answering, Gerald looked at Lady Elizabeth. There was no expectant eagerness on her face.

"None of this, May," said her brother.

"He writes to demand the enlargement of my Lord Montgomery of Ards."

"Is it the rebel to his own rule?" asked Mary, in amazement.

Lady Elizabeth sighed deeply, "Alas! what hope for us with one so weak?"

"But I do not comprehend," persisted Mary; "Montgomery is his foe."

"Yes, May, but Charles is in the power of the Scots, and to please them and pander to them he stoops to this—stoops, too, to ask this favour at the hands of the man he has deeply wronged, whom he would if he could, befool."

"Whose step is that?" enquired Gerald, stopping suddenly in his narrative.

"Only Father Lee on his last visit to the sick, I think," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Oh, no," cried Mary; blushing and springing from the couch, she hastened from the room.

Her two companions smiled, and left the husband and wife to have their joyful meeting for a few moments unobserved.

Gerald leaned his arms on the table, and bowed his head on them with an air of deep despondency.

"Come, Gerald," said Lady Elizabeth, "soldiers must never despond. You are young. What if the struggle be long and protracted? victory will come at last."

"Never," replied Gerald.

"For shame on a Fitzgerald to doubt the valour of Irish arms!"

"I doubt them not my Lady. Had the O'Neill but the rule in this land, yea, even though we have lost opportunities and committed blunders, we might yet redeem the cause. But, when we see that man, born to command, whose great victory struck awe amidst our enemies, whose deeds were recounted even in great London town, where they cried about the streets, the 'bloodie fyghte by the Blackwater,' this man to whom Charles is compelled to stoop, because he has sense enough to see he is in reality our chief; when I see this man, I say, browbeaten, despised, pushed aside, I despair for Ireland."

Henry, with his wife clinging to him, now entered the room. He smiled; only it was a sad smile, at Gerald's glowing face. He kissed Lady Elizabeth's hand, and seated himself by the side of his wife's couch.

Gerald went on, "You know my words are sooth, Henry, though you keep silence."

"It is my father's will I should be silent," answered Henry, "and that suffices."

"Oh! that the O'Neill would listen to reason—would tell the Lord Nuncio we can manage our own affairs without him."

"Gerald, hush!" said Lady Elizabeth.

"I pray you speak not thus of him whom we are all bound to honour."

"The Nuncio is keen-sighted withal," observed Henry. "I mistake much if the truth be not dawning on him. It hath been his duty to try and reconcile those feuds that ought never to have arisen; and I believe he is becoming convinced that while my father will yield in all things to his advice, Preston gives not in an inch."

"Of course not," cried Gerald; "he palavers to gain time—throws dust into my Lord Nuncio's eyes—and schemes to compass his end. Oh, May! who think you is his first aide-de-camp? an old companion of yours and mine?"

"I cannot imagine whom you mean, Gerald."

"What think you of Roger Mac-Donald?"

"Roger! is it possible?"

"Very possible; but imagine his having left the O'Neill's army and joined that of his bitterest enemy in whose

veins Saxon blood runs thick. 'Tis for some grudge, without doubt."

"He was disappointed, you know, about Eveleen," said Mary; "but I could hardly credit he would have so revenged himself."

"God forefend that Eva should ever be his wife. He scowled at me one day with a brow black as night, and yet I have never harmed him."

And said Lady Elizabeth's gentle tones, "If a man can stoop to revenge himself because a woman rejects him, and, as in Eveleen's case, for the holiest of causes, black would be her fate if she had become his wife."

"He is a clever man," remarked Henry, "with a bold assurance. I saw him in deep and long secret conference with the Nuncio not many days ago. But enough of him to-night. Time presses, and I thought you would desire to hear the O'Neill's answer to the king, so I prayed him to let me bring with me the draft of what he hath written."

"Thanks, Henry," said Lady Elizabeth, cordially. "Read; we listen with eagerness."

Henry drew a paper from his vest and read—

"May it please your Majesty—

"I received your Highness' letters of the eighth and twentieth of October, and the tenth of January last ensuing thereof, to set at liberty, the Lord Viscount Montgomery of Ards, who was taken prisoner by my forces in June last. I most humbly beseech your Majesty to accept of these my reasons as my apology, and excuse me for not complying with your Majesty's pleasure herein for the present; for I do and will ever profess to be one of your Majesty's most loyal and obedient subjects, and will, in testimony thereof, be ready upon all occasions to observe your commands.

"But, dread sovereign, be pleased to understand that the Lord Viscount Montgomery of Ards hath sided these two years past and more with the parliament rebels of England, in open hostility against your Majesty, and especially against this nation of Ireland; and therein hath been more eager and active than any of his party, he being commander-in-chief of all the horse of his party in the province of Ulster; here

and for this, and for that the party of the Scots adhering to the parliament against your Majesty, hath lately, and contrary to the capitulation made between the Lord Marquis Montrose, on your Majesty's part, and the state of Scotland, most traitorously executed and put to death Lieutenant-Colonel Anguish, MacAllister, Duffe, MacDonnell, and used the like cruel execution after quarter given, upon Lieutenant-Colonel O'Cruike, Major—Laughlin Major—and several other commanders, with many hundred others of inferior sort. And I cannot but represent unto your highness' memory how the Marquis of Antrim, falling twice in the hands of the Scots as their prisoner, was refused by them to be enlarged though your Majesty, by several gracious letters and messages earnestly sought the same; likewise the Queen of France, who employed a special messenger of her own purpose only about this, to the Scots; all which be motives to me not to afford them so great a favor. And I am confident, were your Majesty informed of these particulars, and of the proceedings of the Scots, whose language your Majesty seems now to utter, and you were in the free condition you ought to be, your Majesty never would have been drawn to press me into the enlargement of so notorious a rebel, and to forfeit an enemy unto all this nation.

"So most humbly begging your Majesty's pardon for this my freedom of boldness, and forbearing at present of executing this, your royal commands, expressed in these, your letters, I, in all humbleness, take leave.

"Your Majesty's most humble and obedient servant and subject,

OWEN O'NEILL.

"What a wonderful letter!" said Mary, after a short silence.

Lady Elizabeth brushed away the tears. "He is truly a great man. I could almost catch Gerald's impatience as I hear these words—courtly, and yet bold; submissive, and yet determined. How sagely, and yet how delicately, does he show it is not the king he refuses, but those base Scots, who hold him in durance!"

"What a ruler over men Owen O'Neill would make!"

"I knew you agreed with me in your heart, my lady," said Gerald, as he rose

to go. "I must away. Henry, I suppose you tarry here for the night, and we shall meet to-morrow."

So saying, Gerald embraced his sister, and, followed by Lady Elizabeth, left the room.

"Cheer up, Gerald," said the latter, as they descended the stairs together.

"Ah! my lady, my heart sinks within me. Know you not, too, that my prize recedes from my grasp with every new failure?"

"What! will the fair Bride not have pity on a defeated knight?"

"Not so; her father and mother will not let her from them until all tumult shall be over, and Ireland safe. They guard her as the apple of their eye, and no wonder."

"Courage, Gerald. Life is short, but to the young it is also very long. The clouds will pass, and the sunlight will break again, dear boy. I must to my sick;" and Gerald departed.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

It was again summer—a rich and glorious August; golden corn filled the fields, and the gardens were radiant with flowers. Brightly streamed the sunlight upon the "nun-faced river" as a party of travellers paused on the wooden bridge which spanned the Boyne, and looked down on its broad waters and the picturesque town of Drogheda, built partly in a valley and partly on the two hills which enclosed the same.

The party consisted of four persons. Two were mounted on horseback—apparently a merchant and his servant; the two others were travelling pedlars, one of whom bore a heavy pack on his back, which doubtless he occasionally exchanged with his companion. On the bridge the little party determined to separate, as it was safer not to enter the town together.

The pedlars, under whose disguise we can discover the well-known features of Sir Luke and Gerald Fitzgerald, went first, and when they were seen to be half way down the hill which led into the heart of the town the two horsemen spurred leisurely forward. The one who passes for a servant is Father Egan; his master for the nonce is at present a stranger to us—a strongly-built man of

middle age, with dark complexion, and sunburnt, as one who had braved the weather both by sea and land. His hair was iron grey; his eye, dark and piercing, and the face bore the impress of a mortified life, and of an ardent and ever active charity.

The travellers rode on in silence—passed their late companions on foot without any sign of recognition; and on reaching the town, again crossed a bridge, and entered the hostelry of the "Golden Harp." Here the merchant received a warm welcome under the title of "Master Douglas," whom mine host supposed was come to Drogheda to take ship for the Orkney Isles. "For I have heard," added he, "that the captain of the "Good Hope" will set sail for those parts in a few days from this."

"You have divined aright, my friend," said Master Douglas, smiling.

"I intend to make another voyage with my good companion, Captain Murphy; and meanwhile I will tarry here, an' it pleases you."

"It pleases me marvellously well, good sir," replied the host. "I trust that with all these voyages your honour is growing rich. And thou knowest," continued he with a grin, "the company of rich merchants is always desired by us poor publicans, though it must be said with truth, Master Douglas, thou art too sparing of our good cheer."

"Perhaps I am not so rich as you deem," answered his guest.

"Nay, sir; it is surely nought but some great gain that can tempt you to peril your life on the stormy seas, and in that cockle shell of a craft of Captain Murphy's, for those far distant islands, where, men tell me, folks are well nigh savages."

The merchant smiled.

"Truly it is the hope of great gain that tempts me, mine host; but then, thou and I might differ in opinion as to what that great gain is."

"Gold of no light weight, sir," retorted the publican, grinning; "a bag of that too heavy for my best horse to carry is the lightest sum that would make me peril life and limb;—but why stand I chattering here?—sure and your honour will dine at once?"

"Not so," said the merchant; "I had refreshment on the road. I will dine

and sup together, and if you will care for our nags, my servant and I have business in the town."

So saying, the two sallied forth into the narrow and dirty streets of Drogheda, and, quickening their steps, began to mount a hill which led them in the direction of S. Lawrence's Gate. Conspicuous on their left as they approached the gate, rose the beautiful Magdalene steeple of the Dominican Priory.

The travellers bent their steps towards the gate, beneath which they rejoined their former companions, the pedlars. They stood for a moment under its shelter, and those of them who had seldom visited Drogheda, gazed with admiration at the beautiful specimen of architecture which overshadowed them. It consisted of two lofty circular towers of four stories, between which was a retiring wall pierced like the towers with loopholes; on the town side each story was divided by a platform of timber extending from tower to tower, and enabling the loopholes to be used for the defence of the city.

Drogheda had already sustained one severe siege, and had been so well defended by Sir Henry Tichborne and Lord Moore, that Sir Phelim O'Neill (who commanded the Ulster army before the arrival of Owen Roe,) had been compelled to raise the siege. But troublous times were not over, and the garrison of Drogheda were on the alert.

The four travellers now, formed into one party and proceeded along a narrow lane. Here and there was a mud cabin, but soon even these disappeared, and the party seemed to be advancing towards the open country, and to a thick wooded part which lay on their left. It was a fair scene: there were cornfields and green meadows, hedges and wild flowers; while far beneath their feet on the right lay the noble river, the shipping, and the irregularly grouped buildings of the town. In a few minutes they reached the wood, and as they drew near, they perceived that the trees were not so thickly planted together as they appeared in the distance. But there were spaces of pasture land between, on which a few cows were peacefully grazing. On one side, indeed, nature had formed one of her

"forest aisles," and the branches of the trees interlaved each other, sheltering those who passed beneath from the sun's rays or the pouring rain. In this natural cloister three or four religious were walking, not conversing together, but each pacing silently along by herself. One was telling her beads, another had an open book in her hands, a third was apparently lost in meditation. They wore a coarse woollen habit of ashen gray, the heads of some were covered

ing in the door, and then, with a smile of welcome, admitted the party, and led them into the low-roofed parlour of small dimensions.

No grille in those tumultuous days separated the religious from their visitors and in a few moments the Mother Abbess and her Vicarress entered the room, and a warm greeting was exchanged between them and the new comers.

A striking resemblance might be traced between Mother Magdalene, the Ab-



RECEIVING THE VEIL.

with black veils, the others with white. The travellers did not approach them or even draw near enough to attract their attention, but winding their way across the pasture land, and then amidst some trees, they reached a long, low building constructed chiefly of mud, with a thatched roof, which was the convent of our Lady of Angels.

Flowers were trained to climb over the walls, and the last roses of summer were shedding their perfume around.

A nun peeped through the little grat-

ing in the door, and then, with a smile of welcome, admitted the party, and led them into the low-roofed parlour of small dimensions.

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and that she would make her profession on the feast of our Holy Mother. So childlike was her faith, that, though Father Stafford, in the town, shook his head, and said he thought 'twas very improbable the permissions from our Most Reverend Father Provincial and our Lord Bishop would arrive in time, she prayed me to let her begin her retreat on the day after the Portiuncula; and I consented. And now, Reverend Father," said she, looking at Father Egan and the gentleman hitherto called 'Master Douglas,' "which of you bears the desired permission? To say sooth, Father Galwey,* in our recreations we had divined that the papers should come unto us in some of your merchandize."

Father Galwey gave a merry smile.

"I think my Lord has them," and he looked at Father Egan.

"My Lord!" cried Mother Abbess and the Vicarress. "Oh! Father, is it true?"

"Yes, Mother Abbess," said Sir Luke, coming forward; "let me present unto you my Lord Bishop of Ross."†

The nuns fell on their knees, and the Bishop, having drawn his episcopal ring from a safe place of concealment, placed it on his finger, and gave it them to kiss.

"I would not," said the Bishop, "that any hands but my own should bless the spousal ring of my well beloved child in Christ, and I craved permission of your Bishop and Provincial to give me the

office of receiving her to holy profession; and, as Father Galwey was about to set sail for the Orkneys, and is so well known in Drogheda as 'Master Douglas' 'twas a good opportunity to come hither as his servant, albeit I have proved but a sorry one to his reverence, I fear. To keep up the disguise, he had to chide me sharply in a hostelry on our way for my little skill in grooming the horses."

A merry laugh went round the party at this anecdote.

"And now," said Sir Luke, "I suppose, Mother Abbess, Gerald and I must not break on the bride's retreat to-day. We will lodge to-night with the O'Sullivans, and leave you to confer on those weighty spiritual affairs of yours, which poor soldiers know nothing of, with my Lord Bishop and the Reverend Father."

"I believe Bride O'Sullivan is even now in the Convent," said Mother Abbess, an announcement which made Gerald start from his seat. "She is busy indeed with preparations for the ceremony to-morrow, for she hath been certain all the permissions would arrive. She saith our sweet sister Clare of Jesus doth never pray in vain, and so she decks our chapel and prepares a wondrous banquet for our poor convent. Shall Mother Vicarress lead you to the chapel, where you can confer with her?"

The offer was accepted, and the party separated till the morrow.

* * * * *

It was barely light on the following morning, when in the soft gray dawn, ere yet Nature had aroused from her slumber, one little group after another might be seen wending its way towards the convent. The sentry at the gate was in the secret, and let them pass, and thus by four o'clock a somewhat numerous party filled the little chapel with its mud walls and thatched roof, where Evelyn was to consummate her sacrifice.

The loving skill of the nuns had long been exercised to make their humble chapel as worthy a dwelling place for their Divine Guest as they could; trunks of trees, which had been enclosed when the walls were built, had been made to represent pillars, while every pains that their narrow means would allow had been lavished on the altar.

To-day it looked specially gay and

*Father David Galwey, of the Society of Jesus: Father Holiwood, Superior of the order in Ireland, wrote thus:—"He is especially adapted for this Mission, because he is well acquainted with the Irish, as well as the English language. The life of a merchant which he followed before, makes him in the transaction of business, more cautious and expeditious." Father Galwey multiplied himself in the cause of the Missions. Ireland did not present a field sufficiently extensive for his zeal and charity. For thrice, in the disguise of a merchant, he visited Scotland, the Hebrides, and the Orkney Islands, and gained many souls to God. Severe to himself, and dead to the world, he laboured and lived but to promote the greater honour and glory of his Maker.—*Oliver's Collections*, illustrating the Biography of the Society of Jesus.

†Father Boëtius Egan, a holy Franciscan friar, appointed to the See of Ross by the Pope, in 1647, on the recommendation of the Nuncio.

bright in honor of the feast of their holy foundress, and in the happy bridal of their new sister. A galaxy of summers fairest flowers had been gathered to do honor to the heavenly triumph of the saint and her duteous child.

Bride and her mother (a fair and comely dame of some forty summers,) were there, and several other ladies of the town, two Franciscan Fathers attended on the Bishop, and two of their scholars were enchanted by being allowed to act as acolytes. And now commenced the beautiful and touching ceremony of Profession.

The company being in their places, the line of nuns advanced up the aisle, last of all, walking by the side of the Abbess, the fair young novice, her face shining with unearthly beauty and celestial radiance.

The nuns having taken their places, and the Abbess seated in her chair, Sister Clare of Jesus, with a lighted candle in her hand, knelt down before the Bishop, and asked him to receive her to Holy Profession, and her voice clear and sweet so that every word could be heard, declared that if the whole world was hers, she had chosen and was ready to abandon it all to become a child of S. Clare, though most unworthy. Firmly she replied to the various searching questions the Bishop continued to address to her, and then the deep low chant of the *Veni Creator* floated through the chapel, and every voice joined and every heart prayed that sevenfold gifts might descend on the head of the young novice. Then on went the petitions—the veil and ring were blessed, and the Litany of the Saints intoned, and the sublime prayer of the ritual followed. "And as thou has vouchsafed to attest, saying, 'I know my sheep and my sheep know me,' acknowledge her for Thine, and grant that she may so know and follow Thee, and only Thee, that she may never give ear to or obey another's voice; Who hast promised that whosoever obeys and serves Thee here shall follow Thee hereafter." So prayed Holy Church.

Then the Bride, rising to her feet, chanted three times in a loud and joyful tone, "Receive me according to thy promise, and I shall live, and do not disappoint me of my expectations," each time the Abbess answering, "My dear-

est daughter, let it be done unto thee according to thy words," and the choir chanting "Amen;" and then, even in the still chapel, and amidst that attentive audience, there was a hush, for the solemn moment had come. The Bride knelt down and placed her joined hands between those of her Abbess, and they were bound together with a stole representing the cords which Christ Jesus out of his great love for us didst suffer Himself to be bound, and then, in a clear and distinct voice, Sister Clare of Jesus made her vows. She ended; and eternal life was promised to her if she were faithful to her engagement, and again the soft tones of the choir, like the whispering of angels said "Amen." Then the Abbess kissed the Bride, and the white veil having been taken from her head, the black veil was placed thereon, and she was bid to wear it till she came before the tribunal of the Eternal Judge. And sweetly rose her triumphant reply in the words of Rome's Virgin Martyr, "He hath put a mark and veil over my face that I may admit no other lover but Himself." The crown of rejoicing was placed on her young head, and the spousal ring was given, the bride answering joyfully, as it was placed on her finger, "My Lord Jesus Christ has engaged me to Him with His ring, and adorned me as His spouse with a crown." Then the Abbess gave her a crucifix bidding her "receive and embrace her Spouse," another prayer, and then clear and joyously rose the *Te Deum*, while the bride went round to all her sisters to give and receive the kiss of peace.

Mass now commenced, and after the Gospel Father Galway preached the sermon which was described afterwards by his audience as a very moving discourse, but which for fear of wearying my readers I dare not enlarge upon. At the time of Holy Communion the bride first received the Adorable Sacrament, and then the religious, and afterwards nearly all the lady communicated. Mass of thanksgiving, said by Father Taffe, followed, and then the party adjourned to the greensward before the house, where Bride had prepared a wedding breakfast for Eveleen as she had the year before for Mary.

(To be Continued.)

GALILEO AND POPE URBAN.

I.

"Even so great a man as Bacon REJECTED the theory of Galileo with scorn. Bacon had not all the means of arriving at a sound conclusion which are within our reach; and which secure people, who would not have been worthy to mend his pens, from falling into his mistakes."—MACAULEY.

Such are the noble words in which the historian *of our days* vindicates the character of one of the greatest philosophers the world has produced, from the aspersions cast upon him, for his opposition to Galileo's theory. Bacon *rejected* the theory of Galileo *with scorn*. But Bacon had not the same means of arriving at a sound conclusion which are within our reach. This is very true and very just, but if true of Bacon why not of Urban? If Urban rejected the theory of Galileo with scorn, Urban had not all those means of arriving at a sound conclusion which are within *our reach*, and which secure people who would not be worthy to tie the latchet of his shoe, from falling into his mistakes.

It is not a little suggestive that a man of Bacon's undoubted grasp of mind, and keen powers of discrimination, should have refused to relinquish the old for the new philosophy. And if Bacon—why not much more Pope Urban? Urban was a theologian—Bacon a philosopher, and one of our greatest philosophers. The question at issue belonged to the realm of *philosophy*, not of *theology*. It was of *Bacon*, not of *Urban*. The preconceived ideas of the *theologian* all ran counter to the new system, the mind of the *philosopher* was trammelled with no such obstacles. If then Bacon the Philosopher with no very violent prejudices *for or against* the Sacred Scriptures *rejected* the theory of Galileo *with scorn*, how much more naturally must Urban the Theologian have rejected the new philosophy, when he saw or fancied he saw in it a blasphemy against his dear, his fondly cherished, his patiently studied, his deeply revered; his Sacred Scriptures.

But although we with our present lights may at first sight wonder at Bacon's and at Urban's refusal to admit the new theory, if we study the cir-

cumstances our astonishment will soon be considerably modified. They had the evidence of their senses to prove that *the sun moved and not the earth*. We see the sun move and must we call our sight a liar? And it was not the evidence of a thing *only once occurring*, a matter of extrinsic evidence; it was a matter of every day occurrence, and of every moment of the day. In fact everything in the world in those days went to prove that the sun revolved round the earth; and that if there was one thing in the universe that was stable and *immovable*, it was the *earth*. Nay, so great was the certainty in those days as to the Sun's motion that we even in this enlightened nineteenth century of ours have not *got over it yet*. We still say "the sun rises"—"the sun sets;" when in reality we know that it does no such thing. Are we not—we the wise men of this 19th century—are we not Bacons and Urbans still?

But the New Theory called on men to change all this. "It was all a mistake—the Sun which rose plainly and palpably in the East every morning, with unerring punctuality, and set in the West every evening with equal regularity—that Sun which had been recorded to have risen and set every day without one single disappointment from sore throat or the measles for no less than 5,600 years; this same Sun they were suddenly asked to believe on the slender authority of a few individuals "did no such thing." It was all a mistake; the eyes which everybody had hitherto trusted with implicit reliance were deceivers and had told *fib*s for upwards of 5,000 years. "It was the Earth that moved and *not* the Sun."

One would think that assertions such as these, running counter as they did to all preconceived ideas of solar propriety, and what is more, contradicting apparently those Sacred Scriptures which the men of those days so deeply revered, and so highly treasured, and so jealously watched, would need, in order to obtain credence to be sustained by arguments *the most profound and the most conclusive*. And yet, what were the arguments with which their advocates sought to sustain them? We have no hesitation in saying that they are the most frivolous and puerile which philosophy ever deigned

to use. Galileo, to whom is given all the credit of having first discovered, what only afterwards proved to be true, was absolutely only guessing the truth; he had arrived at a sound conclusion from false data, the very arguments on which he based his theory, true as that theory subsequently appeared to be, were false. What modern Philosopher does not laugh at his puerile theory of the tides on which he sought to found his theory.

In the disputes of the day we have a rich fund of comedy, and are forcibly reminded of those lines of the Ingoldsby Legends.

"The Ghent Herald fell foul of the Brussels Gazette,
The Brussels Gazette with much sneering ironical,
Scorned to remain in the Ghent Herald's debt,
And the Amsterdam Times quizzed the Nuremberg Chronicle."

In support of their theory the New School argued:

1st. Without motion the earth would corrupt and putrify, but the heavens (cælum they meant the atmosphere) is incorruptible, therefore the earth with its atmosphere must have motion.

To this sapient proof, the old School quietly answered doubtless "with much sneering ironical," the winds are sufficient for all that.

2nd. Arguing from analogy the New School said: "The most movable part of man is underneath since he walks with his feet. Therefore the most unworthy part of the universe—the Earth—ought to walk. Sapient Copernicans! This is certainly a new theory of the Earth's utility—that it is the walking part of our Solar System!"

3rd. A third argument used by the New School in support of their position ran thus: "Rest is nobler than motion; therefore the Sun, the nobler body ought to be at rest.

The answer of their opponents to this sapient argument is, *if possible*, more puerile than the argument itself. If rest, they answered, is nobler than motion, the moon and all the planets being nobler than the earth ought to be at rest.

Nothing daunted by the little progress they were making, and unabashed by the disgraceful weakness of their logic and their proofs, the New School

returned again to the charge.

4th. The Lamp of the world ought to be in the centre.

Answered. A lamp is frequently hung up from the roof to light the floor.

5th. Can we fancy asked the New School (waxing *sublime* when it could no longer be *practical*), that God has not acted on a scheme so impressive and so sublime as ours?

Can we fancy replied their opponents (remaining *practical* when they could not be *sublime*), that this earth of ours is constantly in motion which we feel to be the stablest of all things; that our senses were given to deceive us; that like gnats upon a wheel we cling to the earth, and are for the greater part of our lives with our heads downwards.

Finally the New School was utterly silenced by the *to them* unanswerable argument of throwing up a stone. Would they please explain why, if the earth moved, the stone being thrown directly upwards, should fall on the spot from which it was thrown.

The New School was silenced. Science in their day had not as yet arrived at a solution. It was reserved for a man who was born on the very day Galileo died, to furnish a reason.

With such shallow arguments as these then urged with all the solemnity of Philosophy, in support of the New System, what wonder if Pope Urban and Bacon alike rejected the theory of Galileo with scorn. In point of fact it is not quiet certain but that we, who are so much more enlightened than Urban and Bacon you know, would have done the same had it been presented to us in such beggarly clothing.

In very sooth, the advocates of the New Philosophy had very evidently the worse of the arguments. They were right it is true, but it was as the old proverb says "more by luck than skill." They were right for *our days* but wrong for *their own*.

Again, there is surely no great credit due to the man, who stumbles upon a great treasure in the dark, or who stupidly believes it is there because he in his day dreams has dreamed about it. And yet this was precisely the case with Galileo. He had no solid proof of his assertion, nor was any such proof to be found anywhere in his day. Nay more, wo

shall see, that with all our present knowledge with Newton's incomparable discoveries and boundless calculations, with all our present accuracy of scientific apparatus, the deductions on which this theory is founded are *not yet* satisfactorily verified nor will they be, (if even then,) until the results of the last transit of Venus in '74 are given to the world by our astronomers.

What wonder then, if Urban and Bacon refused to accept this to them as yet unproved proposition.

Nor were Urban and Bacon the only ones who refused to accept the New Philosophy. As illustrative of the accepted ideas of the great minds of the period, let us take Burton the celebrated author of the equally celebrated Anatomy of Melancholy. The name of Burton is one of which all Englishmen are justly proud. A distinguished English Protestant—vicar of St. Thomas and rector of Segrave—a great name in English literature—an exact mathematician and astronomer, he thus speaks of Galileo's condemnation at Rome, which had then taken place. He dismisses the matter in a few words. They are sufficiently contemptuous towards Galileo's theory. "*These paradoxes*" he calls them "of the earth's motion, which the Church of Rome hath lately condemned as heretical."

The truth is that in that day the course pursued by the Inquisitor of Rome was generally approved even by Protestants. In their eyes nothing but a *paradox*, i.e., a proposition contradictory of known principles or received opinions—was condemned.

Nor was Burton alone in his want of faith in the New Philosophy. The whole Protestant as well as Catholic world of the time, (with the single exception perhaps of Kepler,) was against Galileo. And yet whenever this subject is discussed it is the *ignorant and bigoted Court of Rome* that has alone to bear the blame.

Tycho Brahe in his day a profound astronomer, noble and wealthy, devoting his whole life to science, possessed of the most costly and complete apparatus in existence at the time, *even* Tycho Brahe held for the old regime. And if Tycho Brahe the professed and profound astronomer could discover no stability

in the arguments of the New System, what wonder if Urban the churchman feared to give credence to them. Was the churchman to rashly accept what the profound astronomer refused to receive? Was the churchman expected to pin his faith to the sleeve of an astronomer like Galileo, where errors and blunders about the tides, about the comets, and about the solar spots were so frequent and so serious, that he was as likely to give a *bad* as a *good* reason for his theory? Or as M. Boit admirably puts it: If the imperfections of science made him equally liable to give *bad* reasons as *good*, surely his adversaries should be pardoned for not always being able to distinguish the *good* from the *bad*.

In Germany the New System was universally rejected and Wolfgang Menzel in his history of Germany speaks of it as the even yet, (by German Protestants) contested truth of the Copernician system.

In the Astor Library in a copy of Riccioli's Almagestum Novum, (published 1651,) we have a curious illustration of the exceedingly low esteem in which the new doctrine was held at that date. In the frontispiece of the work is represented a figure of Justice holding a pair of scales, in which is being weighed the Tychonian (old,) against the Copernican (new) system, and in which the Old is very decidedly kicking the beam. Riccioli cites 14 authors, who up to that date had written in favor of the New School, and 37 *against* it. He adduces 70 arguments *against* it, and can find only 47 *for* it; so that if numbers according to the venerable proverb, are to gain the day, the Old School certainly had it.

In France, Remus the Huguenot, Royal Professor at Paris ten years after the date of Galileo's death, utterly refused the doctrine.

In England, Thos. Lydiat, a distinguished English astronomer, and who was so great a scholar as to have come off victorious in a controversy on chronology with Scaliger, openly opposed the New System in his Prolectio Astronomica, (1605.) The illustrious Gilbert also discredited it. Alexander Ross, a voluminous Scotch writer, alluded to in Hudibras, was its most active opponent

whilst Hume and Macaulay after him, tells us that Lord Bacon rejected the system of Copernicus with the most positive disdain.

Apologising for Tycho Brahe's refusal to accept the system of Copernicus and Galileo, John Quincy Adams in a memorable discourse delivered in Cincinnati, in 1843, uses these truly beautiful words:—

"The religion of Tycho in its encounter with his philosophy, obtained a triumph honorable to himself, if erroneous in fact."

As there is not surely one standard of right for one class of men, and another for others—one canon of criticism for Rome and another for Geneva, we must claim these memorable words of the American statesman for Pope Urban:

"The religion of Urban in its encounter with his philosophy obtained a triumph honorable to himself, if erroneous in fact." H. B.

THE PURE IN HEART.—Who are the pure in heart? Not those whose outward lives wear the semblance of extreme sanctity—not those whose voices are loudest in the songs of praise, and whose good deeds are blazoned forth to the world. The truly pure in heart are sensitive, shy, unobtrusive men and women, who traverse their appointed way as modestly as some hidden rivulet flows through a quiet vale. There is no fretting or foaming, or dashing impetuously onward. Their course is marked only by the fertility and beauty which attend it. The poet, if he be truly gifted with "vision and faculty divine," should, above all men, belong to that privileged order of beings who, if their exalted moments, stand face to face with Divinity itself. His studies, his solitary musings, his close observations of the changing aspects of earth and sky, all tend to elevate his thoughts and purify his heart. When, after long and intimate communion with the spirit of nature, he enters her solemn temples the veil that hid the mysteries of the universe is drawn aside, and he feels himself in the presence of the Infinite. Then, in every beautiful thing around him, he beholds the Creator of the beauty: Then, in winds and waves, he hears a melody which is, to his exalt-

ed sense, the voice of God. But those who, by their innocent purity of heart, most truly realize the meaning of the phrase, are little children. Watch a little child in some of those light troubles which pass, like a summer cloud, over the pure mirror of its thoughts. Is it not evident some seraph hand dries the tears ere they have time to leave one stain on the rosy cheek? Watch that child in its moments of happiness, mark its radiant eye, listen to its accents of joy, and you will be sure that some spirit voice is whispering, ecstatic promises to its soul. Talk to a little child of heaven, and straightway heaven is mirrored in its face. Watch an active healthy boy in his out-door pastimes; he is always daring, always reckless, always in peril of life or limb, yet always upheld and saved by some angel hand.

THE IMMACULATE GEM.

Up! up, from the vales of the nations ascending,

Anthem and hymn all Thy glories proclaim;

The songs of the angels forever are blending
The harmonic sweets of Thy glorious Name!

Mary! the Churches sing!

Mary! the glad choirs ring!

Brighter than stars is Thy pure diadem!

Keep us from ev'ry wile—

On us, dear Mother, smile—

Mary, the lustrous, the Immaculate Gem!

Oh, Queen of the worlds! in pure ecstasies
swelling—

Oh, Maiden spotless, conceived without stain,
The hearts of Thy children, Thy mercies are
telling;

The heavens exult in Thy beauteous reign!

Mary! The Father cries,

Beam brightly in the skies,

While Jesus crowns Thee with love's diadem!

Lowly the angel host

Wait as the Holy Ghost

Hails Thee, His lustrous, His Immaculate
Gem!

Triumphant—the Church Thy victory is
pealing,

Militant—the Church is wrapt in Thy fame,

Suffering—the Church all Thy bounty is feel-
ing,

Mary, dearest, Thy protection we claim.

Pius! our Pontiff king,

Unveils the Jewelling

Luminous, gleaming in Thy diadem!

Mary! Thy holy face

Mirrors our Saviour's grace.

Mary, our lustrous, our Immaculate Gem!

J. J. GAHAN.

PIUS IX.

Pius the Great, the Good, the Immortal, is no more in the flesh. His spirit has fled. The Vicar of Christ, having seen "the years of Peter," has at last met his Divine Master in Heaven.

There is mourning on earth in every land where the Cross of the Saviour is raised. Two hundred and fifty millions of Catholics are plunged in grief. It is silent grief, but deep and sacred. No tongue can express it, no pen can describe it. It cannot find relief in tears.

He died on Thursday, February 7th, about four o'clock in the afternoon of Roman time. There was no painful agony, and the great mind of the loved Pope retained its faculties until the last throeb of his noble heart. "Guard the Church I loved so well," were his parting words to the Cardinals at his bedside—his last will and testament, his bequest and legacy, to them in their sphere of teaching and government, and to us in our's of obedience. For, we are his heirs as well as they, to that holy example of pure and unchanging love for the Church from his early youth unto the end of his glorious Pontificate. Oh! yes, Pius taught us well to love our Mother Church. And we love thee, grand old Church, we love thee dearly! Thee will we guard, as Father Pius with his last breath willed, by our obedience to thee unreservedly in all things soever. This we swear over the corpse of the Pontiff-Confessor and Martyr. So help us God!

His precious remains were embalmed, according to custom, and lay in state for nine days exposed to the veneration of the faithful. After their interment, which is about to take place at this time of writing, the Cardinals in Rome, whither the first American Cardinal has been summoned with the rest, will assemble in Conclave, and, guided by the Holy Ghost, Who remaineth with the Church forever, proceed to the election of a successor. Long may he live, "*lumen in cælo!*"

Two and thirty years ago, the members of the Sacred College at that period were convened, for the same purpose, on the death of Gregory XVI. By their unanimous choice, as expressed on June

16th, 1846, a successor was elected in the person of Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferrotti, born in Sinigaglia, Italy, May 13th, 1792, of noble parentage; raised to the Priesthood in 1819, to the Archiepiscopal see of Spoleto in 1827, and to the Cardinalate in 1839. He had been tried in many ways and found a "good and faithful servant," as a director of poor children in the school of Tata Giovanni, as Secretary to the Apostolic Legato to Chili, as Superintendent of the Hospital of San Michele a Ripa, as well as in discharging the duties of higher and more responsible offices at Spoleto and Imola.

He began his reign as a Reformer, correcting all abuses ecclesiastical and political, amnestying all political offenders, remodelling the entire criminal and civil codes, founding schools for the masses, hospitals and refuges for the sick and indigent, encouraging manufactures, and opening public works to give employment to the working classes. But he could not satisfy the Revolution. He gave a constitutional form of government to the Pontifical States, and in return, the Count Pellegrino Rossi, "the noblest Roman of them all," was assassinated. Next, his Secretary, Monsignore Palma, was shot in his own presence. And then, a Radical Ministry was forced into office. All this in the name of Liberty! And from this point Protestant writers date the "retrogressive policy" of the Pope.

The Pope, in disguise, fled on November 24th, 1848, to Gaeta, whence he addressed a solemn appeal to the Catholic Powers of Europe, which soon had effect. France, Spain, Austria, and the Kingdom of Naples responded to the call of their Common Father. A French army landed at Civita Vecchia on April 25th of the year following; laid siege to Rome, and stormed and captured the city after a desperate resistance. The Holy Father returned to his Capital, and re-entered it in triumph, signaling his victory by a proclamation of amnesty. But henceforward there was to be no peace between the world of the Nineteenth Century and him. No peace, no rest for Pius, but "*cruz de cruz.*"

Again, in 1859, were the States of the Church attacked, when Naples was lost to them and annexed to Sardinia, then



POPE PIUS IX.

Born, May 13th, 1792; Died February 7th, 1878.

governed by the Secret Societies, Victor Emmanuel being king by their favor and to do their will. Province after province of the Pope's Civil Principedom were taken from him to form a "United Italy," of which Rome was made capit-

al in 1871, chiefly through the treachery of Napoleon III, who was righteously punished at Sedan, within a few hours after the French evacuation of Rome. The Empire is gone! Victor Emmanuel is no more! but the Church of which Pius

was Head, stands there, in the sight of all nations, as firm as ever upon the Rock.

Pius IX lived his last years and died in prison. He was prevented by revolutionaries from carrying out the grand reforms he had inaugurated, and completing the great public works he had begun. But he had his victories! In the face of Infidelity and Protestantism, he propounded the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, promulgated the Syllabus, and defined the Infallibility, three of the most important declarations ever issued from the Chair of Peter, and any one of them sufficient to immortalize his name. Besides, he restored the hierarchy in England, and was about to do the same in Scotland. And who of all the Popes was as lavish as he in dispensing the spiritual treasures of the Church? Who ever instituted so many popular devotions, accorded so many indulgences, established so many pious works, canonized so many saints, sent out so many missionaries, published so many bulls and encyclicals, and encouraged with such earnestness the Catholic press? "*Non est inventus similis illi in toto Israel.*" No, there is not to be found his equal in the long line of the Successors of St. Peter, for in him were combined and consolidated the grand characteristics and happy qualities of all the great Popes; and in his age the Church, in struggle and in triumph, has lived over again her eighteen centuries of existence.

O Pius! who didst light our way on earth, remember us in heaven!

W. J. M.

LENT.

The holy and penitential season of Lent sets in this month,—the salutary exercises to which it gives birth will be commenced by millions,—the trumpet will be blown, the Fast proclaimed, and the warning voice of the Church, exhorting all everywhere to do penance, will meet with a ready response from numberless souls in every walk and condition of life, in every country and clime, in every tribe and tongue, and people.

Amongst the holy and salutary duties of this "acceptable time," fasting holds

a prominent place, and comes recommended by its solemnity by its antiquity, by its universality.

Its continuance during forty days,—the great festival of Easter, to which it is preparatory, and which it ushers in,—the receiving the holy communion,—the sublime and life-giving duty which the faithful are then strictly bound to fulfil,—the fervour which it imparts to devotion, and the impulse which it gives to good works,—the consolation for the present, and the hope for the future which it nourishes,—all these combine to confer on the fast of Lent a solemnity peculiarly its own. Its antiquity none can controvert, as it dates back to the creation of the world, as appears clearly from the command of God to Adam, while still sojourning in the earthly paradise, from the practice of the patriarchs and the prophets, and the other holy and just ones who walked in the ways of the Lord before His adorable will was more clearly intimated amidst the "thunderings and lightnings," on Sinai's Mount, and who persevered in well doing, without fail, even unto the day when He came "who was to be sent." That the wholesome custom did not grow into desuetude on the occurrence of that blessed event is incontestably established by the language and writings of the Apostles, by the canons and decrees of the early councils, by the testimony of holy and learned men, who have left, as a precious legacy to their successors in the faith, written imperishable monuments, communicating to modern times the belief of other days, and the practises, the holy and the saving ones, to which that faith gave existence and value. Its universality is established by the fact that it obliges the monarch on his throne no less than the humblest of his subjects, the philosopher in his study equally with the mechanic in his workshop, the artist in his studio no less than the hind who follows the team, and carols as he goes. In the fourth century, the great St. Basil spoke thus of the universality of this fast of Lent. There is no island, no continent, no city, no nation, no corner of the earth ever so remote in which this fast is not proclaimed. Armies, travellers, sailors, merchants, though far from home, everywhere hear the

solemn promulgation, and receive it with joy. Let no one exclude himself from the number of those who fast, in which all men of every age, of whatever rank and dignity are comprised. Angels draw up the list of those who fast; take care that your angel puts down your name; desert not the standard of your religion.

To fast on other days is a remedy against sin, says St. Cosarius of Arles, or entitles to a reward; not to fast in Lent is a sin; he who fasts at another time shall obtain pardon; he who is able and does not fast on those days, shall suffer punishment.

During Adam's very brief sojourn in the garden of earthly delights the command to fast was imposed upon him in these words:—"But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat." The deluge has subsided, the ark in which Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives, have been saved from the angry waters, rests on the summit of an Armenian mountain, and amongst the first sounds falling on the ears of this remnant destined to re-people the earth is that of the voice of the Lord commanding them to fast:—"Flesh with blood you shall not eat." When iniquity multiplies once more upon the earth, when the crimes of Adam's guilty posterity cry aloud for vengeance to Him to whom sin is an abomination, the guilty ones fast, thus disarming the hand raised to strike, and securing a longer day wherein to repair past delinquencies. Moses, the great servant who found favour in the eyes of his Lord and Master, deems it fitting, yea necessary, to purify his soul by fasting before going into the presence of that Master to receive "the tables of stone, the tables of the covenant." "I continued on the mount," does he say to the people, "forty days and nights, neither eating bread nor drinking water." Elias the prophet, "the chariot of Israel and the driver thereof," who "went up by a whirlwind into heaven," fasts, when on the eve of communing with God, forty days and nights, thus fitting himself for the reception of those intimations of the Divine will which were to guide himself and others. Daniel, the "man of desires," fasts three weeks, and revelations of high and holy import reward his self-denial.

Achab sins deeply; Elias threatens on the part of God; the wicked king repents, rends his garments, fasts, the anger of the Almighty is stayed, because He sees Achab humbled before him. The day of vengeance is deferred until his ashes have commingled with those of his fathers; then, and not till then, the guilt of the parent is visited on the children.

The seventy long and dreary years of the Babylonish captivity have ended, the remnant of the returned captives are sore afflicted on seeing the "city of the place of the sepulchres of their fathers" desolate; Nehemias fasts and prays before the face of the Lord, inducing him thereby to think thoughts of peace, and not of affliction towards the people, whose bruised hearts are made once more to sing for joy on learning that permission has been granted to re-gather the scattered stones of the sanctuary, rebuild the walls of Jerusalem now broken down, and recast the gates of the beloved city burnt with fire.

Holofernes breathes vengeance against the people; coming against them with horses, and with chariots: Achior arms himself. With the helmet and shield, and buckler of fasting, the tyrant's sanguinary designs are defeated, and his overthrow completed by the heroine Judith, of whom it is written, that she "fasted all the days of her life, except the Sabbaths and new moons, and the feasts of the house of Israel."

Tobias fasts, and an angel assures him (that he is more profitably employed than he would be were he engaged in laying up treasures of gold. The last witness to the acceptableness of fasting on the part of those who lived under the old dispensation, whom I shall cite, is John the Baptist—the Redeemer's precursor—pronounced by Him whose judgments are right to be the greatest born of woman; yet He, though sanctified in His mother's womb, fasted so rigorously, that it was said of him by lips divine, that "He came neither eating nor drinking."

The new dispensation, though a more blessed one than the old, and though coming to us fraught with more abundant helps for its observance, does not exempt the children of the bridegroom

from fasting, as the following proofs tend to demonstrate.

The Author and Finisher of our faith, who came not only to save, but also to instruct, fasted forty days and as many nights, giving His followers an example, that as He had done, they also should do. He assured them that fasting would be absolutely necessary for them, when He, the bridegroom, would be removed from amongst them, and that the many evil suggestions to which they would be exposed, and the many spiritual assaults to which they were liable, would prove an over-match for them, unless clothed in the armour of fasting, and fortified by the graces which are its inseparable attendants.

St. Peter—the prince of the apostles—the visible head of Christ's Church on earth, for whom the founder of that un-failing church prayed that his faith may not fail, exhorts to sobriety, to a moderate use of meat and drink; in other words, to fasting, as a safeguard against the attacks of the devil, the murderer from the beginning, who is constantly going about seeking whom he may devour. St. Paul—the apostle of the Gentiles—the vessel of election, the favoured one, who saw heavenly sights, and heard heavenly secrets such as tongue of man could not describe, chastised his body, brought it into subjection to the dictates of the spirit, by fasting, and other penitential works. He exhorts Christians not to make provision for the flesh, by giving it those things which it craves, but rather to exhibit themselves in the exercise of labours, watchings, and fastings, as becometh those who contend in the battle of life for a crown that fadeth not. Those who contend in the Isthmian games abstain from the use of all such things as are calculated to please the palate, rather than strenghten the body, to weaken the limbs rather than render them supple and active, and willingly place themselves under restraint, overcoming themselves for the mere chance of being able to overcome their opponents. Much more willingly should Christians abstain from such meats and drinks, and other indulgences as are calculated to inflame the passions, enervate the mind, enfeeble the body, and retard the speed with which a Christian ought to run in the race of perfection; reduce

the strength with which he is to contend for an imperishable crown; and which he cannot fail to obtain provided he run with patience and perseverance, faithful unto the end to himself and to the helps to which he can lay claim.

The example of the patriarchs and the prophets, the saints, and the just of the old, of the apostles and doctors, and martyrs and confessors of the new law, and of Him who made them all holy and renowned, and the command of that church with which He abides, teaching her how to teach others, should induce all of every degree to enter cheerfully on the salutary exercises of this "acceptable time," and thus redeem their sins, and make provision for the great accounting day.

M. O. D.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST QUEEN.

II.

But if England's greatest Queen was "a *termagant*," she was also a most finished *hypocrite*.

It is a remarkable fact, that whilst "England's greatest Queen" was swearing like a trooper at Davison, because of the remissness of her officers in the execution of her warrant for the death of the Queen of Scots, the gentle Mary was at that very moment praying for her enemies, preparatory to laying her head upon the block. What a contrast! Elizabeth declaring with an oath "that it was a shame for them all (her ministers) that it (the putting to death of the Scots Queen) was not done;" Mary lead out to execution praying calmly at the side of the block, that God would "forgive all those who thirsted for her blood," and including Elizabeth in the dying prayer for her son.

Although news of Mary's execution was brought to Greenwich early on the morning of the 9th February, "no one of her council would venture to declare it to her." She learned it however in the evening, when the bells of London poured forth from their iron throats Protestant London's Protestant joy for a great crime committed against a Catholic Queen. When she heard the bells,

Elizabeth is said to have inquired "why the bells rang out so merrily?" and was answered, "because of the execution of the Scottish Queen." She received the news in silence, or as Davison expresses it, "her majesty would not at first seem to take any notice of it, but in the morning falling into some heat and passion, she sent for Mr. vice-chamberlain (Hatton) to whom she disavowed the said execution as a thing *she never commanded nor intended*, casting the burden generally on them all, but chiefly on my (Davison's) shoulders." This was too bad—to swear like a trooper one morning because the Scottish Queen *was not murdered*, and to swear the next morning because *she was!*

But "England's greatest Queen" had a part to act *in public*, and right royally did she act it. Camden tells us that "as soon as the report of the death of the Queen of Scots was brought to Queen Elizabeth, she heard it with great indignation." Her countenance altered, her speech faltered and failed her, and through excessive sorrow, she stood in a manner astonished, insomuch that she gave herself up to passionate grief, putting herself into a mourning habit and shedding a multitude of tears. Her council she sharply rebuked, and commanded them out of her sight." If but one half of this is true it was most royal acting. She who had signed the warrant—sworn at the receiver of the warrant because the deed had not been done *without a warrant*—sworn again because she thought the warrant had not been executed—had heard the bells of London declare the execution by day; and must have seen the bonfires of London declare the fact by night, this would-be innocent Queen, pretends innocence before the world, and storms and raves in a vain endeavor to make that world believe she knows nothing of it. If hypocrisy were not always the shallow jade she is, "England's greatest Queen" would have spared herself this part-acting, and would have calmly accepted the situation.

In one sense Elizabeth's anger may have been genuine. *After the act*, when the remorse of a guilty conscience stung her to the quick, it was natural, that she should feel resentment against those, who had *advised* her, nay! *goaded* her

with the help of her own bad passions to the terrible deed, but this was no reason, why to the passions of a tigress, she should add the vice of hypocrisy. She had signed the warrant—she had upbraided even unto oaths, those who had charge of her prisoner, because they had not put their prisoner to death *without provocation* (as she expressed)—she had chided again, even unto oaths, those who had the execution of her warrant for their supposed remissness—and when she heard the steeples of London proclaiming the execution of that warrant in stentorian tones, she pretends not to understand their meaning; but waits until next day to play her part of an innocent and much injured Queen. Could hypocrisy go further?

And there is another reason why Elizabeth's anger may in part have been genuine. It is evident that with her usual hypocrisy Elizabeth, though she signed the warrant, still clung to the hope that her obsequious ministers would be driven by dint of oaths and scoldings to rid her of her troublesome rival, *without provocation*, which being interpreted means, put to death *without warrant*. This is evident from an interview which she had with Davison a few mornings after the precious "without provocation" letter had been despatched to Paulet and Drury, Mary's *too* conscientious wardens. Let Davison describe the interview in his own quaint language. "The next morning her majesty being in some speech with Burleigh in the private chamber, seeing me come in called me to her, and as if she had understood nothing of these proceedings smiling told me 'she had been troubled that night upon a dream she had that the Scottish queen was executed,' pretending to have been so greatly moved against me by the news, as in that passion she would dare I know not what." But this being (said) in a pleasant and smiling manner, I answered her majesty, that it was good for me I was not near her so long as that humour lasted. But withal taking hold of her speech, (I) asked her in great earnest what she meant? whether having proceeded so far, she had not a full and resolute meaning to go through with the said execution according to the warrant? Her answer was yes! con-

firmed with a solemn oath, "only that she thought that it might have received a *better form*, because *this* throw *all the responsibility upon her*." Here again, in spite of her having already signed the warrant, is her old hankering after a *private murder*; what wonder then if Elizabeth's anger was in part genuine, when on learning of Mary's execution, she found that it had taken place openly and above board upon *her* warrant. That Burleigh and his colleagues were well aware of this hankering after a private murder is evident from the haste with which they executed the royal warrant. They had two evils to guard against, either of which would have been fatal to them. On the one hand, they feared lost Elizabeth should disgrace both herself and them, by having Mary privately murdered in her prison, and on the other hand they feared lost relenting she should cause the warrant to be postponed from day to day, and possibly die herself in the interim—a consummation by these masterly scoundrels most piously to be avoided.

But there is even yet another reason why Elizabeth's anger may have been in part genuine. Davison plainly shews that Burleigh and his colleagues after once getting the warrant, had allowed of no delay in its execution. Did then this jealous Queen, see in this indecent haste, a forecast of what might equally happen to herself if the tide of affairs should at any time go against her. These ministers of hers—zealous enough to execute her warrant the moment her sign-manual was attached, but not zealous enough "of themselves without other provocation to find some way of shortening the life of the Scots Queen"—had hurried the execution and kept the time secret from her—might not their zeal if occasion offered tempt them to a like indecent haste in her case?

But making every allowance for all these things, Elizabeth's anger as far as it was intended as a disclaimer of her complicity in the murder of the Scot's Queen was the grossest hypocrisy. She desired the murder, she urged it, she swore at the remissness of those who had it in hand, and if she was ignorant of the exact moment of its consummation *that* will never clear her from the crime.

Davison, shrewd and careful though he had been to keep his neck out of the halter, was yet made the scape-goat on which the whole blame of the death of the Scottish Queen was to be laid. Stripped of his offices, sent to the Tower and subjected to a Star Chamber process he learnt doubtless in the seclusion of his cell, to appreciate and realise to the full that hypocrisy of his royal mistress which he must have fully known whilst yet her approved minister. He was wont after his imprisonment to say: That if Elizabeth and himself ever stood together at the bar, as one day they must, *he would make her ashamed of herself*.

Elizabeth's hypocrisy however, in this matter of Davison, did not end here, if the Charter House warrants be not. This scape-goat who was publicly supposed to be expiating in durance vile, certain high crimes and misdemeanors against his Queen, was receiving out of this same Queen's exchequer various sums of no inconsiderable amount; at one time £500; in Oct. 28, £1,000; immediately after £500, and immediately after £1,000, besides his pension of £100.

But the crowning infamy of Elizabeth's hypocrisy is her letter to the murdered Mary's son, the reigning King of Scotland, where she calls this beastly murder "a miserable accident." "I would you knew (though not felt,) the extreme dolour that overwhelmed my mind for that 'miserable accident,' which far contrary to my meaning hath befallen, &c., &c."

Could hypocrisy even though in England's greatest Queen, go further? It received a fitting rebuke in the packet addressed to her from Scotland, containing a halter and four ribald lines, describing the present to be "a Scotch chain for the English Jezebel, as a reward for the murder of their Queen."

Nor was it in great things only that Elizabeth's hypocrisy was manifested. She showed it in the most trivial affairs of life. A termagant and a virago at home, chiding her household with a voice of thunder, boxing and cuffing her maids of honor on the slightest provocation; abroad before her beloved subjects she was all smiles and sunshine. And yet even these smiles and sunshine were only hypocritical. On one occasion

when visiting Greenwich fair to show herself to her beloved people and to gain popularity withal, she came riding on a pillion behind her favorite Master of the Horse, Leicester. As was usual on such occasions, the people pressed around her to get a nod or smile, or to snatch a button from her robe as a royal relic. Leicester seeing their importunity, and wishing to restrain it, struck out manfully with his riding whip, whereat this loving sovereign cried out aloud, "have a care my lord; take heed you hurt not my loving people—do not hurt my *loving* people!" but immediately added in an undertone "Cut them again my lord! cut them again!"

Certes! if Elizabeth Tudor was a *termagant* she was also a most *finished hypocrite* withal.

H.B.

ST. PATRICK.

HIS LIFE AND APOSTOLIC LABORS.

Saint Patrick, the great apostle and primate of Ireland, whose anniversary is solemnly and religiously celebrated by the Irish people and the Irish priesthood throughout the whole civilized world on the 17th March, was born, according to the generally received chronology, in the year A.D. 387. His father, Calphurnius, was a native of Armorica Gaul; and his mother, Conchessa, is said to have been sister, or niece to St. Martin of Tours. They dwelt in that part of France where Boulogne-sur-mer now stands. It was here the saint was born; and here he lived until in 403, in the sixteenth year of his age, he was captured by King Nial, in one of his marauding incursions on the coast of Gaul, and by him carried as a slave to Ireland. Patrick's master, a certain Mileho, who inhabited a district called Dalaradia, in the county Antrim, employed him in herding his flocks. If in his early youth the Saint was less careful about fulfilling the duties of the Christian religion, the hardships and cruelty which he experienced in his servitude constrained him to turn his thoughts heavenward; and inspired him with an ardent desire of loving, serving, and pleasing God. He made a practice to say "a hundred prayers by day, and

as many more with additional devotion by night."

Having served Mileho for six years, he was one night favored with a vision and he tells us in his "Confessions," that he heard a voice saying to him: "Patrick, thou fastest well and soon shalt go to thine own country. Behold, a ship is ready for thee."

Patrick obeyed. He proceeded to the coast, whence a ship was about to sail, in which, with some difficulty, he obtained a passage. He landed at a place called Treguier, in Brittany. This was in 410. The Saint, now in his twenty-second year, formed the resolution of embracing the ecclesiastical state, and, in order to acquire the knowledge requisite for this dignity, he retired to the celebrated monastery or college of St. Martin of Tours, where he spent four years in study and contemplation.

In 415, whilst on a visit to his parents he was again made captive; but this second captivity lasted only sixty days. Soon after his return, he was favored with another vision, in which his great mission, the conversion of Ireland, was clearly indicated.

"I saw in a nocturnal vision," says the Saint, "a man coming as if from Ireland, whose name was Victoricius, with innumerable letters, one of which he handed to me; on reading the beginning of it, I found it contained these words: 'The voice of the Irish.' And while reading, I thought I heard the voice of persons from near the wood Foelut,* which is near the western sea. And they cried out as if with one voice: 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come amongst us!' And I was greatly affected in my heart, and could read no longer; then I awoke."

When about the age of thirty, he placed himself under the direction of St. German of Auxerre, who sent him to finish his studies in one of his colleges in the island of Lerins. 'Twas here principally that St. Patrick acquired that vast amount of erudition and sacred knowledge which enabled him so successfully and so gloriously to vindicate and uphold the gospel of Jesus in his intellectual combats with the Irish

* In Tirawley, County Mayo; the ancient Tir Amalgaid—Fiacce's Scholiast.

Druids. It is generally believed that it was while he was at Lerins he received the celebrated staff called the *Baculus Iesu*, or Staff of Jesus. This staff was preserved for many years as a precious relic in the Cathedral Church of Armagh. It was buried by the English in 1536.

Having spent nine years at Lerins, he joined St. Gorman and St. Lupus of Troyes, who had been sent by Pope Celestine to eradicate the Pelagian heresy from Britain. Here the holy bishop became acquainted with the sad state of the Irish nation. Soon after their return to France, Patrick, in company with a priest, named Segetius, was sent to Rome, bearing from St. German letters of recommendation for the Irish mission.

Celestine received the Saint kindly, and readily appointed him to assist Palladius, whom he had just dispatched to convert the Irish.

Having obtained his appointment and the apostolic benediction, Patrick set out for the scenes of his labors. He had proceeded as far as Eboria (probably Evreux in Normandy,) when he was informed of the death of Palladius, and of the failure of his mission. On hearing the sad intelligence, Patrick had himself consecrated Bishop by the venerable Amator, a prelate of great sanctity, then residing in the neighborhood of Eboria. After his consecration he continued his journey, passed through England, and together with Auxilius and Iserinus, two zealous and pious priests, whom he afterwards raised to the episcopate; the glorious apostle of the Irish nation reached the shores of Ireland; A.D. 432.

It is generally supposed that the Saint first landed at the mouth of the Deo, in County Wicklow; as he experienced serious resistance from the natives of that locality, he re-embarked, and sailed northward, towards the scene of his former bondage.

Arriving off the coast of the County Down, he again cast anchor, and landed with all his companions at a place called Lecale. They had advanced but a short distance into the country, when they encountered the servants of Dicho, the lord of that territory, who, taking the Saint and his followers to be marauders, fled at their approach to inform

their master of his supposed danger. Dicho armed all his retainers and sallied forth to meet them. But on ascertaining that the war which Patrick was about to wage, was not a material but a spiritual warfare, that it was not a war of swords and bucklers, but of peace and charity, he relinquished his hostile intentions, and invited him to sup in his house. St. Patrick seized the opportunity of announcing the great truths of the gospel. Dicho and all his household believed and were baptized. The Saint celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in a barn, and the church which Dicho erected on its site was afterwards known as *Stabhal Phadrine* or Patrick's Barn. Dicho was the first convert to the faith of Christ made by St. Patrick in Ireland. The glorious work was commenced. The conversion of Ireland was begun.

Having remained "not many days" at the house of Dicho, he set out by land for Antrim, to visit and convert his former master. But Mileho, who was an obstinate pagan, hearing of his intention set fire to his house, and cast himself and his family into the flames. Patrick nothing daunted by his second repulse, preached among his acquaintances in the adjacent districts with great success. Among the converts were Russ, son of Trichem, and a youth named Mochoc, who was afterwards raised to the episcopal see of Antrim.

Just at this time the high king Laoghair (Jeary) was holding a convocation or parliament of all the Druids, Bards, Legislators, and Jurisconsults of the nation in his palace at Tara. St. Patrick resolved to be present at this great national assembly, and to celebrate in its midst the festival of Easter, which was now approaching. He resolved, with one bold stroke, to paralyze the efforts of the Druids, by sapping the centre of their power, and to plant the standard of the cross on the royal hill of Tara, the citadel of Ireland. And he succeeded. He appeared before the council. He announced the object of his mission. He expounded the sublime truths of the Gospel to his enraptured audience with such heavenly unction and angelic sweetness, and proved their veracity by such overwhelming and incontrovertible arguments, that not only the princes but many of the Druids

themselves, believed, and threw themselves at the feet of the apostle. Some writers assert that the monarch Laeghaire was also converted; but their statement has not been substantiated. 'Tis certain, however, that he gave the Saint permission to preach his doctrine to the people.

On the following day, Easter Monday, the great national games commenced at Tailten. They lasted a whole week, and were attended by crowds from all parts of the Island. St. Patrick took advantage of this opportunity, and the

Crom Cruach, the great idol of the nation, which was religiously worshipped at Magh Slecht, he entered Connaught in 435. 'Twas while he was in Connaught he converted Ethnea and Fethlimia, daughters of Laeghaire the Ard Righ. One morning as the Saint and his companions, clad in their white robes, were walking by Rath Cruaghan, chanting their matins, they met with the princesses, who were coming to bathe in a well in the vicinity. The royal ladies, struck by their extraordinary appearance and strange language,



result of his preaching on this occasion was the conversion of thousands to the true faith.

It is not our intention to narrate all the places visited, all the churches founded, all the priests and bishops ordained and consecrated, all the miracles performed by our saint in the course of his apostolical mission. We will merely mention some of the more important and remarkable.

Having preached for a considerable time in Meath, with his usual success,

and having miraculously destroyed took them for beings of another world, and timidly asked, "Who are ye? Are ye of the sea, the heavens, or the earth?"

St. Patrick explained to them such mysteries as he considered best suited for the occasion. He impressed on them particularly the existence of one only true God.

"But where," they asked, "does your God dwell? Is it in the sun, or on the earth? In mountains, or in valleys?"

In the sea, or in rivers? Is he rich? Is he young, or old? Has he sons and daughters, and are they handsome?"

These queries afforded the Apostle an opportunity of explaining to them the nature of God, his immensity, his goodness, his mercy, his incarnation, his death upon the cross for the redemption of lost man, etc. The princesses were astonished and delighted, and were immediately baptized at the well. It is related that they took the veil in a short time after, and consecrated their youthful souls to their heavenly spouse.

Passing through and evangelizing the counties Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo, he came to Tirawley, whence he had heard the voice of the Irish call him. Here his labors were crowned with extraordinary success. Princes and people received the faith, and demanded the grace of baptism.

From Connaught St. Patrick proceeded to Ulster, where, though his mission was of short duration, it was, nevertheless, very successful. The number of churches related by his biographers to have been erected by him is almost incredible.

The two northern provinces being thus evangelized, the Saint directed his steps towards the south. Passing through Stabhal Phadrine, or, as it is generally called, Saull, where he remained a short time to recruit his strength and consolidate the Church, he entered the Province of Leinster about the year 443. At Naas, the residence of the kings of the province, he baptized Mland and Alild, sons of King Daulung, both of whom became afterwards sovereigns of Leinster. He visited the arch-pope Dubtach at his residence in Hy-Kinsella

district now comprised in the County Carlow. Dubtach, who had been converted at Tara, was sincerely attached to the Saint, and entertained him hospitably. During his sojourn with Dubtach he baptized and conferred the ecclesiastical Order of Tonsure on Fiace, a young man of gentle blood, who was afterwards raised to the episcopacy of Slettag, where he has always been held in great veneration. He was the first Leinster man raised to the episcopal dignity.

In 445 St. Patrick passed to Munster, and proceeded at once to "Cashel of the

Kings." Aengus, who was King of Munster, went forth with all his court to meet the Saint, and having welcomed him with great respect and cordiality, conducted him to his palace. This prince had already been instructed in the principles of the Christian faith, and the day following the Saint's arrival was fixed for his baptism. During its administration there occurred a very remarkable incident, and one highly characteristic of the Christian patience and fortitude of our old convert kings. As the Saint was about celebrating the rite, he planted his crozier, the *Bacchall Iesu*, firmly in the ground by his side; but before reaching the ground it pierced the king's foot and pinned it to the earth. Aengus never winced, though the wound must have caused him intense pain. St. Patrick did not become aware of his mistake until the ceremony was over.

The Saint immediately expressed his deep regret that such a painful accident should have occurred; but the king meekly replied that he considered it part of the ceremony, and that he was ready and willing to endure far greater sufferings for the glory of Jesus Christ.

In Ormond the Apostle was very hospitably received by Lonan, prince of that territory, thousands of whose subjects embraced the true faith. When the Saint was in Hy-Figeinte, crowds crossed the Shannon in their *curaghs*, and were baptized in that majestic river. On leaving Munster, at the earnest entreaties of the inhabitants, St. Patrick ascended a hill, now called *Enoc Patrick*, which commanded a view of all Dalcassia, and from its summit imparted his Apostolic Benediction to the entire territory.

Thus was Ireland evangelized. Thus did St. Patrick unfolding the banner of the cross, donning the buckler of faith, and drawing the sword of eloquence, march triumphantly through the land, everywhere preaching, everywhere instructing, everywhere converting everywhere baptizing; ordaining priests, consecrating bishops, erecting churches, working miracles, etc. until he completely eradicated the pagan superstition, overthrew their altars, and laid their idols prostrate at the foot of the cross.

It is very peculiar that this great revolution, this conversion of an entire

nation from Paganism to Christianity, was accomplished without one drop of martyr's blood, except in the single incident above narrated, when

The royal foot transpierced, the gushing blood,

Enriched the pavement with a noble flood.

Of St. Patrick it may be truly said that his weakness constituted his strength. Had he come into the country with a powerful army to enforce his word, there is not one of these warriors who would not have spilled the last drop of his blood sooner than respect his authority. But the apparent helplessness of the Saint, and the ease and gentleness with which he enforced his precepts, were calculated to affect the minds of a people of lively and religious imagination. He came not surrounded with the pomp and circumstances of worldly grandeur, but in the spirit of poverty and humility, in the power of the Lord who directed him, by whom he was enabled to triumph over the powers of darkness, and to carry into effect the greatest moral revolution ever accomplished by a human being.

Returning from his Munster mission, St. Patrick passed through the territory of Ui-Failghe in the King's County. Here a Pagan chieftain called Berraidhe concocted a scheme of murdering him. But this nefarious design coming to the knowledge of Odran, the Saint's charioteer, he feigned sickness, and prevailed on the Apostle to change places, and even to give him his episcopal cloak and mitre. Thus they journeyed on until, passing the ambuscade of their enemy, the spear of the murderer was buried in the generous heart of Odran. He was the first of a long list of glorious martyrs who, centuries afterwards, sealed their adherence to the faith of their forefathers with their hearts best blood.

In 455 St. Patrick founded the primate See of Armagh, and erected its magnificent cathedral on a commanding eminence in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Palace of Emania. Religious houses for both sexes were established convenient to the church, and were soon filled with ardent and devoted subjects.

The remainder of the Saint's life was spent principally at his favorite retreat of Saul. Here he wrote his *Confessions*, and drew up rules for the regulation and

consolidation of the new ecclesiastical state.

When he felt that the time of his dissolution was near, he ordered himself to be conveyed to Armagh, that he might breathe his last sigh in the ecclesiastical metropolis of Ireland. But on his journey thither an angel appeared to him, and desired him to return to Saul. And here, in the scene of his early apostolical labors, and in the midst of his early converts, on Wednesday, the 17th of March, 465, the pure soul of the great Apostle winged its way from its terrestrial prison to the celestial mansions of eternal bliss.

The news of the Saint's death was everywhere received with intense sorrow. Prelates and clergy flocked from all quarters to be present at the funeral obsequies, which were celebrated with unusual magnificence and splendor. Masses almost without number were offered up in commemoration of the Apostle; and not only the day, but even the entire night, was spent by the assembled priests in psalmody and prayer. The funeral service lasted twelve days; and so great was the profusion of lights and torches, "that darkness was dispelled, and the whole night seemed to be one day." There arose a warm dispute between the inhabitants of Armagh and the Ulidians, or people of Down, as to where the Saint should be interred. It was, however, finally decided that he should be buried in Down, and a great part of his reliques conveyed to Armagh. Having thus paid the last tribute of love and veneration to the remains of their dearly beloved Apostle, and each taking as a sacred souvenir a small portion of clay from his hallowed grave, the priests and prelates of bereaved Erin sadly returned to their homes.

Thus was Ireland evangelized. Thus was Ireland converted. The soil in which St. Patrick planted the Gospel seed was not a barren soil, but indigent and fruitful. For the body of the Saint was scarcely deposited in the grave when the green bosom of Erin was studded with cathedrals, churches and monasteries, convents, schools, and colleges, with such rapidity and in such numbers as to be without parallel in the annals of the world. Students from all parts of Europe flocked in crowds to her semi-

naires to acquire that knowledge and that mental culture which could not be obtained elsewhere. Not only was Ireland learned and holy, she was also apostolic. In the isles of Scotland, or at the mouth of the Loire; in the fens of England, or at the feet of the Alps, zealous Irish missionaries were to be found preaching, exhorting, instructing, and laboring strenuously to spread the light of science and virtue throughout Europe. In short, so great became Ireland's reputation for sanctity and science that, in a few years after the death of her Apostle, she was known to the Continental countries only as *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*, "the island of Saints and of Doctors." May God, in His infinite mercy, grant that she may long continue to merit that glorious appellation.

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.,

Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"

"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"

"Sarsfield; or, The Last Great Struggle for Ireland," etc., etc.

(Continued).

The following evening the two Cormacks went over to Short's. They found Burkem waiting for them.

"Welcome, boys," said Burkem; "I see you've brought the gun?"

"Faith I have," said James Cormack "and deuce a much I shot with it either."

"I hope you'll bring in the losses to-night; it's a fine night for fowling."

"Ay, iv you have cats' eyes," said Ned Short.

"Let us go," whispered Burkem into James Cormack's ear. "I don't want to tell you anything before Short; he's looking for the herding himself."

"Very well," said the Cormacks.

"Is the gun loaded before we go?" said Burkem.

"No."

"Oh! I'll load it," and he pulled a paper of slugs out of his pocket and loaded it, tearing some of the paper off the slugs for wadding. "Here are these,"

and he handed the rest to one of the Cormacks.

Burkem promised a living to the Cormacks. He, by the most plausible arguments, reconciled them to Mr. Ellis's employment. He went into the house with them to smoke on his return; and he then asked them to accompany him home, as the night was dark. They, unsuspectingly, went with him, until they left him near Mr. Ellis's place, and then returned home.

The night was pitchy dark. As Mr. Ellis neared a narrow part of the road leading to his own place, the horse stopped suddenly and shied. The driver came down, and found a tree drawn across the road.

"Begor, there's a tree across the road, sir," said Splane.

"Pull it away—quick. Hold, who—"

But ere the sentence was finished, the report of a gun was heard, and Mr. Ellis fell dead from the car. The horse turned back and ran, and Splane had to go nearly half a mile to the next house, for assistance. He then went to Mr. Ellis's house, and when he returned with assistance, Mr. Ellis was found dead. Blood was flowing from a wound and a dog was actually lapping it up. His death must have been instantaneous, as several slugs passed through his heart.

The body was removed; an inquest was held, and the two Cormacks were empaneled upon the jury. Splane swore that he didn't know who fired the shot, for the night was dark, and he was engaged removing the tree. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. A few days passed over, the slavish journals rang out of the report of this cold-blooded murder, this diabolical crime, that disgraced civilization. A good, a great man, a kind, bereaved father, foully murdered. He was called an amiable victim, a kind landlord, and a good agent, and all those pet terms in requisition on such occasions—no matter how worthless a tyrant the victim may have been. A large government reward was offered for the perpetrators of the deed.

It was remarked that Burkem and Splane were seen very much together after the reward was offered. The result

was that the two Cormacks were arrested, charged with the murder. A package of slugs was found in a drawer, and the paper around them correspond with wadding found near the murdered man.

It is not our intention to follow them through the fearful ordeal of their trial. A special commission was called. Murder was rife in Tipperary, and victims were wanting.

Sir William Placeman* was one of the judges sent down; and the people hoped that justice would be done, for he had lately ascended the bench upon the shoulders of the people.

Public sympathy was strong in favor of the Cormacks. They were known to be quiet, industrious young men, who were never known to mix themselves up with any of the factions or parties that disturbed the country. Add to this the execration in which Mr. Ellis was held, and it is no wonder that the court-house was crowded to excess upon the morning of that day which was to restore the Cormacks to a loving mother or consign them to an ignominious death and an untimely grave in their early manhood.

At length the trial came on, and the prisoners were placed at the bar. There in that fatal dock, side by side, stood the two brothers. They were two noble looking specimens of the peasant class. They stood erect, equally free from indifference or braggadocio. Though they wore a somewhat dejected appearance, their fair symmetrical forms still retained their erect position: their eyes had lost nothing of their lustre, nor their cheeks the bloom of health.

The attorney-general opened the proceedings by a long and able statement and by a recapitulation of the evidence to be brought forth. He dwelt upon each point minutely—upon their sister's disgrace, and they being in Mr. Ellis's employment. The first witness called was Bill Burkom. He gave a minute account of how the Cormacks inveigled him to join in shooting his master, after the eviction of the O'Donnells; how he gave them his master's gun and the slugs; how he met them the night of the murder at Ned Short's house.

Though ably cross-examined, his tes-

timony could not be shaken. Then he took the rod to identify the prisoners.

He looked for a moment at his victims; his usual dark scowl passed over his brow, and a sneer of deadly vengeance distorted his guilty face. His victims stood erect, their eyes met his, and, even hardened as he was, his soul of crime and villainy could not withstand that innocent, fearless gaze. The next witness was Splane. He swore positively that he knew the Cormacks, and that it was James that fired the shot. When asked why he did not swear this upon the inquest, he said "he was afraid, and so alarmed that he did not know what he was doing." Ned Short corroborated Burkom's evidence about meeting the Cormacks at his house, about loading the gun, and the remarks about the fowling.

A constable swore to comparing the wadding and the paper around the slugs, and found them to agree with those found on the Cormacks; also to the slugs found in the body and those in the paper, which also agreed.

The doctor swore as to the cause of his death.

There was only one other witness, and a deep silence reigned in the court as the crier called—

"Mrs. Cormack!"

She had to be helped to the witness-box, and a seat given her; as she sat down, she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Oh! my boys! my darlin' boys! is it there ye are?" said she, looking earnestly towards the dock.

The prisoners' lips quivered, and they rubbed their eyes.

The question was put to her—"Do you recollect the night Mr. Ellis was murdered?"

"Oh! sure I do; and that's the sorrowful night to me."

"Did you see your sons, the prisoners at the bar, with Bill Burkom that night at your house?"

"Oh! the murtherer, the murtherer! Shure, my lord, he pretended to be our friend; and he came that night to get back the work for the boys. Oh the murtherer! it was to onthrap them."

"Had they a gun, ma'am?"

"Och, I'll say no more; may be it's to injure them I'd do."

* Help me God Keogh.

"You must answer the question."

"Oh, my lord, don't ask me; don't ask the mother that suckled these boys, that bore them in trial and trouble, to swear against them—the mother they never vexed nor crossed. Oh! if you knew them, my lord—they were like two children. No, my lord, I can't say anything against them; no, *acushla oge machree*," and she stretched her hands towards the prisoners. "No, avourneen, yer poor ould mother won't swear against you?"

There was scarcely a dry eye in court at this pathetic appeal, and the two young men in the dock wept like children. The judge appeared perplexed at her refusal, and threatened to commit her for contempt of court.

"Mother," said James, "it can't do us any harm. Speak the truth. We are innocent, and God will protect us."

"I will, alanna, if you ask me."

"Do, mother."

The question being put, if she saw a gun with them.

"I did, my lord. Shure that foul-hearted villain gave it to them to shoot rabbits."

"Did they go out with Burkem when leaving?"

"Yes, my lord. He asked them part of the way wid him, as the night was dark."

"And how long were they out, ma'am?"

"I dunna how long, my lord."

"No matter. That will do. Go down, ma'am."

"Stop. Had they the gun when they returned?" said the counsellor.

"No, sir. My lord, my lord!" she exclaimed, stretching her hands towards the judge, "have pity upon my boys. They are innocent, I know they are, God knows they are. I could'n't live without them! Have pity upon them and God will have pity upon you."

The counsellor for the defence dwelt upon the characters of the witnesses, one of whom was a perjurer, as he swore at the inquest that he did not see who fired the shot. The other, a man that, according to his own evidence, joined in a conspiracy to murder his own master, was not to be believed upon his oath. As to the evidence of Short. Was it likely that they would meet at his house to go and commit a murder? that

is, to get up a witness against them; besides the house was out of their way.

It is not possible that, with such intentions in their heart, they would go into their mother's house, knowing that she would be brought forth in evidence against them. Is it likely that they would retain the slugs in the house? Again, the mother swore that they had not the gun when they returned, and the gun was Burkem's. Now my lord, is it not evident that it was all a conspiracy of Burkem's, to weave a network of evidence against these men; perhaps to do the deed himself, and then reap the fruit by earning the blood-money? What was his motive in bringing them to Short's house, in giving them the slugs there, and loading the gun with some of the paper that covered the slugs, but to fix them in his meshes? I call upon you gentlemen of the jury, to recollect all these, to weigh them minutely, and to give the prisoners at the bar the benefit of any doubts that may occur to your minds.

This is but a mere outline of the long and able defence of their counsel. Indeed, so telling was it that many a heart began to throb with hope—a hope which the judge's charge shortly dissipated. He recapitulated the evidence, dwelling with fearful minuteness upon any point that could tell against the prisoners. As to their oversight in having the slugs and going into Short's, he said that murder will always come out somehow. Then he spoke of the agitated state of the country—the many agrarian murders that disgraced it—that, in fact, unless such murders were put down by the strong arm of the law, there would be no safety for life or property. His charge was so strong and pointed, that the jury, after leaving the box, shortly returned, and amidst the most breathless excitement of the vast crowd that thronged the court, handed in the fearful verdict of "Guilty."*

Then the judge assumed the black cap, and, after exhorting the prisoners to repentance for their sins—to look to God for that mercy which they refused

* The first jury that tried the Cormacks disagreed, and Judge Keogh immediately empaneled a jury that he felt sure would bring a verdict to order.

their fellow-creature—he pronounced the sentence, “That you be taken, on the 10th of next month, at the hour of ten o’clock, from the prison from whence you came to the front of the jail, and there be hanged by the neck until you be dead. May God have mercy upon your souls?”

A wail and cry of grief ran through the court as the fearful sentence was pronounced. The deadly word had gone forth and stricken many a heart with the fearful announcement. A wild and piercing shriek rose high above the sobs of the women and the strong grief of the men. The prisoners turned around, and recognized their mother’s insensible form borne by a crowd of women. Mary Cahill, pale and weeping, stood beside her. Her glance met her lover’s, and he bent his head and sobbed, and she wildly wept and wrung her hands.

“My lord,” said James Cormack, as they were leaving the dock, “before God, I solemnly declare that we are as innocent as the child unborn. Our lives are sworn away. But may God forgive our murderers.”

Another murmur ran through the court.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SEPARATION—THE EXECUTION.

Our tale is fast drawing to a close. It is melancholy, indeed, to dwell upon the fate of two strong young men consigned to an ignominious death for a crime of which they had not the slightest knowledge.

The Cormacks clung to life with a hope; but there was no hope for them.

Notwithstanding their conviction, still there was a general feeling abroad that they were innocent. A petition, numerous and respectfully signed by the leading gentry and clergy of the country—even by the archbishop—was got up in their favor; but offended law should take its course, and two innocent men should die to strike terror into the guilty. It was even said that this petition was submitted to the consideration of the judge that tried them, but he saw no reason why the law shouldn’t take its course. Afterwards, when one of the witnesses felt some remorse of conscience, and began to make some unpleasant disclosures,

it is thought that the same judge besought the viceroy to grant a reprieve, but the fiat had gone forth and could not be revoked. In fact, a special commission seems called to strike terror into the people, and this can never be effective without victims. But to return to the poor doomed Cormacks.

After the reply to the petition, all hope of life was shut out from them. They gave all their thoughts to God, and joined their spiritual guide in devotion and prayer. There was a melancholy kind of resignation about them, more saddening than the most callous indifference. Poor fellows, it was no wonder that they should fret. The bright world was about closing on them; they were sinking into a dishonored grave for the crime of others. But the dreadful day drew near, and the parting time had come. The day previous to that on which they were to give up their young lives upon the scaffold, the mother and discarded sister entered their cell. The old woman was supported by one of the turnkeys. So thin, so emaciated, and worn was she, that she seemed as if risen from the grave. She cast a vacant, unmeaning look about the cell, but as her sons approached to embrace her for the last time, she exclaimed—

“My darlin’, my darlin’ boys! shure they can’t murder you. Oh, no; shure ye never hurt or injured any one, ye that were so tender-hearted and kind to your poor old mother. O God! O God!” Silently she sat down between them upon the seat, and took their hands in hers and bathed them with kisses and tears.

Nelly Cormack stood aside weeping at this scene. At length she exclaimed—

“My God, won’t they forgive me? My own poor brothers won’t forgive me! Oh! miserable, miserable girl that I am!”

“They will forgive you, Nelly. Come here. Won’t ye forgive her, my darlin’ boys? You know she is the only one I have now.”

“Yis, mother, yis. And when we are gone we trust she’ll be kind and faithful to you,” and the brothers kissed and embraced their erring sister.

“Thank God! thank God!” she exclaimed. “I will devote my life to our poor mother, boys.”

As the old woman sat between them, she was again in her humble but happy cottage, with her darling sunny-haired children playing about or nestling their cherub little cheeks against her bosom. She was caroling to them a little soft song to lull them to rest, and angel voices and dreamy music seemed to float around their little cottage. She went back to the happy days, when, a fond young mother she dandled her first-born in her lap or covered him with kisses, whilst the doting father looked proudly on. But this was but a dream, and the fearful reality recurred to her mind, and she clung to them, exclaiming—

"My boys, my boys! shure ye won't lave your poor ould mother alone and helpless—alone in the world, no one to care for her? No matter, iv they kill ye, I'll shortly find ye in heaven. I feel it here, my heart is breaking," and she pressed her hand against her bosom.

The brothers pressed their hands against their faces, and the boiling tears gushed forth, and then they fixed their despairing gaze upon that stricken woman, and in a touching tone exclaimed—

"Ah! mother, mother, God pity you!"

At length the jailer came to separate them; she wildly clung to them, screaming "Spare them!" As she was torn away from their embrace, she stretched out her thin hands to them in an agony of despair, and then fell senseless upon the floor. She was borne into a house near the jail, but the crimson tide gushed from her pale lips; ere the following morning broke, that poor bruised, bleeding heart was at rest. The condemned men had scarcely recovered their composure after that sad interview when Kate O'Donnell and Mary Cahill were admitted into the cell.

We will not attempt to paint that last and awful meeting, when two fond young hearts, that were united by the sacred ties of love, were stricken forever. All their bright dreams and hopes of happiness had vanished with that wild phrenzied embrace. All were gone, and they were left to commune with the God before whose awful tribunal they were to appear on the morrow.

An execution in Ireland does not attract those large crowds of curious spectators that witness the like scenes

in England. No; here while the culprit's soul is passing into eternity, the chapels are open, the people join in offering up the Holy Sacrifice, supplicating the Almighty God to grant them mercy. Thus were they employed upon the morning of the execution. With the exception of the police and the military, there were few present.

At the appointed hour the prisoners were led to the fatal drop. They appeared calm and reconciled. They joined the priest in prayer and supplication. James Cormack looked down at the crowd for a moment, and in a firm voice, said—

"Good people, before God, who is shortly to judge us we declare that we are as innocent of the murder of Mr. Ellis as the child unborn. We had neither hand, act, nor part in it. May God forgive our prosecutors."

An exclamation of sympathy arose from the people, and at a sign from the priest they fell upon their knees in fervent prayer.

The executioner had now adjusted the rope, and as he settled the knot about James Cormack's neck, he hissed into his ear—

"Blood for blood! I have sworn it. You crossed my love for Mary Cahill, you spilt my blood, and now I have yours."

James Cormack turned upon him a withering look, but then his awful position recurred to him, and he bent his head in prayer, and muttered, "God forgive you." A few moments and they had passed into eternity.

They were laid to rest in the same grave with their poor mother. May they rest in peace! Their sister Nelly soon followed; for, unable to bear up against her heavy grief, she heart-broken, soon went to the happy land where the weary are at rest and sin no more.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WRECK—MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS TRUE LOVE REWARDED.

It is a fearful sight to see a noble ship, crowded with human beings, drifting helplessly upon an angry sea. The good ship *Mary Jane* sailed proudly with her freight of passengers.

Over three hundred emigrants were

upon her—some going to meet old friends—some going to try their fortune in foreign lands; but all full of hope and spirit.

For a few days the noble vessel sped merrily along, like a thing of life. A storm set in, and the angry seas hissed, and boiled, and foamed, tossing her about like a plaything, as if to mock the powers of man. Her sails and rigging were torn, and her masts were gone, leaving her absolutely helpless. The sea swept over her deck, and on she went before the relentless storm, until she fiercely dashed against some projecting rocks. She bumped and tossed about.

The shouts and screams and cries for mercy that rose from that fated ship were fearful; but there was no one near them but God and his angels, for the tossing waves and roaring elements had drowned them to the ears of men. In the stern of that ill-fated vessel two men clung to a rope; they clung for life—but in vain.

"O God! O God! we'll be lost; lost here and hereafter; damned, damned forever!" shrieked the perjured Splane. "The blood of the Cormacks is rising up in judgment against us now—to be damned, to be damned forever—over in hell's fire! Isn't it fearful? What use is our blood-money to us now, Burkem? Yes, it will help to drag us down deeper into the pits of hell. May my curse light upon you; but for you I'd never have their blood to answer for. No, you——"

A fierce sea swept over the vessel; the rope they clung to snapped asunder; and ere the recording angel had registered the oath, they were swept into eternity.

We must take our readers for a moment to a thriving town in the Western States of America. Look at that pretty shop beyond; the windows well filled with green and blue and yellow bottles, full of leeches and the like, tell us plainly as words that it is a doctor's establishment. What name is this over the door? "William Shea, M. D."

In a little snug parlor that bespoke comfort sat Willy Shea. We cannot bring ourselves to call him doctor there is something formal in it, and we like to be on the most intimate terms with old friends.

Willy sat near the fire reading a pa-

per. He looked much fleshier and manlier than when we last saw him.

The china cups and saucers, and the fresh rolls and the golden butter, all stood ready upon the tea-table, waiting for the kettle, which seemed to boil very leisurely.

Willy had on his slippers, and he looked so happy and contented in his easy-chair that one might envy him.

Near him sat his wife, a fine blooming-looking young woman. She had a prattling little baby of about a year old in her lap.

The little thing kicked and crowed lustily, to the great delight of the doting mother and fond father, for the latter occasionally raised his eyes from the paper he was reading to reward the little prattler with a smile.

"I declare, Willy, but she knows you. The little ducky tries to go to you." said the mother, as the baby stretched her hands to her father.

"She does, the darling. Come, little pet. I'll take her while you're getting the tea, Kate."

"Do, love;" and the mother, after kissing her, handed her to her father.

Sitting at the other side of the fire was a young man of about thirty. His face was covered with beard, and he looked sunburnt, as if he were after coming from some warm clime. He, too, played with a little boy of about two years, that he nursed upon his knee.

Tea being ready, they sat around the table, and began to converse upon various subjects.

"I declare, Frank," said Mrs. Shea, "you ought to remain with us. You could buy a nice property here, and have us all settle together."

"You know, Kate, there is a talisman in old Ireland for me yet; besides, despite all her wrongs and miseries, the love of native land has become strong with me while toiling for wealth in the golden fields of California. No, Kate, I long to meet old friends; to ramble through the old haunts, where you and I, and others that are now in heaven, chased the butterfly and pulled the wild flowers, or listlessly sat upon some mossy bank, listening to the rippling of the stream or the merry notes of the birds. No, Kate, somehow I could not

live from that old land where my fathers' and mothers' bones are laid to rest."

"But, Frank, so few of us have escaped the fatal ruin of our family, we ought to try and live near one another."

"I should like it very much. I'll tell you what you might do: I have more wealth than I can well want; now, come to Ireland with me; I'll set you up, and buy a small property for you. What do you say to that, sister mine?"

Mrs. Shea looked enquiringly at her husband.

"Really, Frank," said he, "I have seen so much misery and wretchedness and oppression in Ireland that my heart grows sick at the thought of encountering it again. Since I set up here I have a good lucrative practice, and would not like to change, if it's the same to my dear Kate. There is a field here, Frank, for an active man that cannot be found in Ireland."

"Willy, do as you think best," said Kate, like a dutiful wife.

"Did my father ever get his reason rightly?" said Frank, changing the conversation.

"Yes; he had a lucid interval before his death; and when he learned our sad history, and how we were scattered, he wept like a child, and then sunk again into his childish ways, until he died."

"And poor Uncle Corny?"

"Poor man! he was always raving about battles and sieges, and other things of the kind, until he died, exactly six months after you left."

"And our good, kind uncle, Father O'Donnell, how did he bear up?"

"Poorly, Frank. After our father's death he sunk rapidly; he was always speaking of you. You know I went to live with him after father's death. That noble girl, Alice Maher—you cannot esteem her too highly, Frank—spent many an evening with us. We often wept over old times, and breathed many a sigh to Heaven for your safe return. Father O'Donnell was like a child near Alice. At length we found that he was getting childish; for he used to ask Alice where you were, and when did she see you, and the like."

Frank held down his head and wept.

"He then sank rapidly," continued Kate; "and about a month before his

death Willy, here, returned; the old man was just able to perform the marriage ceremony, but it was his last, for he was soon after laid to rest in his own little chapel. We sold his effects; they were barely able to cover his debts; then, with what money Willy had, and the last check I got from you, we came and established ourselves here."

Frank held his sister's hand in his and wept, as the thoughts of home and old friends rose to his memory.

"Come, come, don't be childish," said Willy. You must come with me tomorrow, Frank, to see old friend."

"Who is it, Willy?" said Frank.

"You recollect Mary Cahill; she's now Sister Mary Joseph. She never raised her head, poor girl, after the execution—murder, I ought to call it—of the two young Cormacks; so she's now a sister of charity."

"The Cormacks, poor fellows, and faithful Mary, I will go, Willy; and her convent will not regret my visit. Do you know what became of Parson Sly and Hugh Pembert?"

"Really I couldn't say, Frank. After squandering the property between them, they went—nobody knew nor cared where—it is thought, to a foreign land."

We must now return to the old country. Though times went hard with many a wealthy man in Ireland, still Mr. Maher, owing to his good, kind landlord, thrived and increased in wealth. He is much changed since we saw him last; the gray hair is fast thinning over his brow. Alice, too, looks thin and pale. Instead of that old gay, sprightly appearance, she looks rather sad and more spiritual.

"Alice," said her father, as she poured out the tea at the breakfast-table, "I see that Mr. Ellis's place, including the O'Donnell's old farm, has been bought upon trust. I should like to know who is the purchaser. Tell me, Alice" and Mr. Maher put down his cup, after imbibing about half its contents—"tell me, Alice, isn't it strange that we have had no letter this long time from Frank. Why the five years will be up in a month. If he doesn't keep his word, I think you oughtn't refuse Mr. — any longer. You know he's a rich man."

Alice sighed, and the tears started to her eyes.

"Ah! I might as well let you alone. What strange beings you girls are!" and Mr. Maher drank off his tea, as if it were the aggressor, and then walked over to the window.

"Alice!" said he, looking out, "come here. Who the deuce is this strange-looking fellow? He might cut off some of his beard anyway."

The stranger drove up and jumped off the car. Mr. Maher, in answer to his knock, went to open the hall door.

"You don't know me, sir," said the visitor, as Mr. Maher looked at him in perfect bewilderment.

Alice was standing at the parlor door, her little heart beating violently, she couldn't tell why; but as soon as she heard the stranger's voice she ran out.

"Alice! Alice!" said the stranger, extending his hand towards her.

"Frank! Frank!" she replied, and sank swooning into his arms.

"I declare!" said Mr. Maher. Frank, my boy—bring here something to recover her—a cup of water; run, Mrs. Moran."

Alice quickly recovered, for joy seldom kills.

"Alice! my own fond, faithful Alice!" said Frank, pressing her to his bosom, "I have returned with means beyond your father's conception; I strove and toiled for wealth for you, love. In that rich land everything I touched seemed to turn into gold, for I became a regular Fortunatus, and seemed to have possessed the gift of Midas; but it was all the fruits of love."

"God bless you children!" said Mr. Maher, wiping his eyes with a big red handkerchief, and giving his nose a few great blows that made it resound like a horn.

"Didn't I always tell you," said Mrs. Moran, with her apron to her eyes, "that God never made two such loving hearts to be unhappy."

"I would wish," said Frank, next morning, to Mr. Maher, to take a drive to see where the old house stood, and to shed a tear over the grave of my parents."

Mr. Maher consented, and Alice and her Frank set out together. Frank, after visiting the graves of the household, expressed a wish to see Glen Cottage as it was uninhabited but by a keeper.

"As to that," said Mr. Maher, "it

has been bought in the Incumbered Estates' Court; it has gone to the hammer like all Lord Clearall's property. So, I'm sure who ever bought so sweet a place will shortly come to live in it."

Having reached the cottage, they walked from room to room. It was richly furnished with Turkey carpets, rich papers, costly furniture, and splendid drawings and paintings.

"How very civil the servants are," said Mr. Maher.

"It's a little paradise of a place," said Alice, looking out of a window that commanded a magnificent view, and then resting her eyes upon the costly furniture and works of art.

"Would you like to live here, Alice?" said Frank, with a smile.

"Oh? yes, Frank dear, how happy one could be here with those they loved."

"Alice," said Frank, pressing her to him "you have been true and faithful to me in all my trials and troubles. Sweet love, this is your home; I am the purchaser of it!"

Alice turned her tearful, loving eyes upon Frank's and Mr. Maher used the handkerchief, exclaiming—

"God bless you! God bless you! my darling children!"

A few years have passed over, and the place is different from what it was in Mr. Ellis's time. Peace and plenty, love and happiness, now reign around Glen Cottage.

THE END.

"ANCIENT IRELAND."

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

BY PROFESSOR W. K. SULLIVAN.

To form a just and adequate notion of the culture of a people we should include in our survey the social and intellectual one. Every one should desire to know something of the ancient history of his native country, for as the memory of individuals helped to distinguish a man from a beast, so national memory distinguished a cultured people from a barbaric one. If a nation forgets or disdains to inquire into its past history, it neglects an essential

source of national poetry, and refuses to guide its future by the lessons which its history imparts. Ireland being the only country of Celtic speech over which the Roman had not ruled, our early institutions, laws, and habits afford precious aid in determining those of Britain, Gaul, and Northern Italy before the Latin conquest. They also furnished materials towards the early history of European institutions, and gave the key to much that was obscure in origin of the feudal system—nay, they even threw an unexpected light on the early institutions out of which the British Constitution was evolved. Again, when the culture of the ancient world seemed about to entirely perish beneath the flood of Northern barbarism, a spark from it was caught up and carefully nourished in Ireland, and from it our countrymen rekindled many a fire of knowledge in Europe. Furthermore, the Celtic Mythology, the key of which would be found in our manuscripts, was directly or indirectly interwoven with much of the early poetry and romantic literature of Europe, and even one of the greatest of living English poets had taken the subjects of some of the most charming poems from that abundant source. The early history of every old people was a tissue of fables. That of Ireland could not be an exception. The stories of Formorians, Firbolgs, Tuatha De Danaans, and Milesians from Spain were demolished by modern science. All the great Kings and personages of our stories must go back to the Land of Promise whence they came and whether tradition had already sent the Tuatha De Danaan. Real history began for us in the end of the fourth century, in the time of Nial of the Nine Hostages, who however, only emerged from the mythic clouds. The period with which I am concerned is from the sixth to the ninth century. The story will perhaps, disappoint those who have been in the habit of transfiguring ancient Ireland, and then viewing every personage and event belonging to it through the halo which their imaginations had created. Nor will I satisfy those who, either through ignorance, or passion, believed the ancient Irish to be no better than savages. Thirteen hundred years ago

the aspect of Ireland was very different from what it is to-day. The country, now so bare of trees, was then covered with forests of considerable extent, encompassing broad expanses of upland pastures and marsh meadows, unbroken by ditch or dyke. There were no cities or large towns at the mouth of our rivers; no stone bridge spanned them. Stepping stones, or at best hurdle bridges at the fords or shallows offered the only mode of crossing the broadest of them, and connecting the unpaved tracks or bridle paths which formed the main roads. The heights were not crowned by stone castles; the very churches at this period, were of wood, or perhaps of wicker work or clay. The red deer and wild boar abounded in the forest, and wolves prowled about and ravaged the flocks, for the most part unprotected by fences. Scattered over the country were numerous small hamlets, composed mainly of small cabins, but having some more pretentious houses; while other hamlets were composed only of huts of the rudest kind. Here and there were large hamlets or villages that had grown up about groups of houses surrounded by an earthen mound or rampart. Sometimes the rampart was double, and had a deep ditch between them. The single rampart enclosed a *lis*, or cattle yard, and was sometimes called a *rath*; the occupier was a *flaith*, or landlord. The double rampart and ditch was a *dun*, and contained the residence of a *righ*, or king. The words *rath*, *lis* and *dun* are common in our topographical nomenclature. One name, *shean dun*, or the Old Dun, which commanded the ford of the Lee, where is now Northgate Bridge, has been wafted far and wide by the fame of the modern bells there. Here and there in the neighborhood of the hamlets were patches of corn grown upon the allotments that were annually exchangeable among the inhabitants. Around the *dun* and the *rath* the cultivation was better, for the corn land was the fixed property of the lord, and the symptoms of fencing the crops were visible. The tillage was rude, the spade and fork being made of wood, though the wealthier classes then, or at all events soon after, shod them with iron. We have no absolute

evidence that the plough was generally used in Ireland in the fifth century; but as the Irish language has native names for the different parts of that instrument, we may safely assume that some form of plough, worked by oxen, was in use. Wheeled carts were also employed; the wheels were, probably, usually solid discs, though wheels formed of a hub, spokes and felloes were undoubtedly known and used for chariots. The tilled land was manured though we have no reliable information which would warrant me in saying that the idea of the rotation of crops was understood. Doves of swine, under the charge of swine herds, wandered through the forests, feeding on acorns. Some of the droves were the king's, others belonged to *flaiths* or lords, and some to village communities indeed, fresh pork was one of the inducements held out to our ancestors to visit *Tir Tairngire*, or *Blysium*. Horned cattle constituted the chief wealth of the country, and were the standard for estimating the worth of any thing; for the Irish had no coined money, and carried on all their trade dealings by barter. Three *seas* that is three cows, was the price of a *cumal*, a word signifying a female slave—a circumstance which reveals an important feature in ancient Irish society. The old law drew a distinction between the working horse and the riding horse—which the artist of one of the monumental crosses at Kells has endeavoured to show in carving the legs of each. Around every hamlet were numerous beehives, the honey being used for confectionery and making mead for methaglin. Turning to the interior life of the country, I find described two kinds of houses; first, the *dun* or king's house. As our ancestors were essentially graziers, they were to some extent, nomadic. They had summer and winter habits. When they had sown their corn, they drove their cattle to the mountain pastures in other parts, where they existed, and returned in the autumn to reap their corn and reoccupy their winter houses. This will explain the existence of *duns*, and other forms of forts on the tops of mountains, which would have been very unsuitable places to live in all the year round. Circular *duns* were often

more than one hundred feet in diameter, and had ditches over twenty feet deep. The entrance was narrow, and capable of being closed by a strong door, which was opened and shut by a porter, who was usually provided with a seat in a recess, built in the thickness of the wall. The first thing that strikes us on entering the *dun* is that instead of a large house with several rooms, every room is a separate house. There is first the living house, sometimes called the *alc-house*, or banquet hall, next the sleeping house of the women, and where they carried on their special work of spinning, weaving and similar work, the back house or kitchen, the barn, the calf house, the pig sty, the sheep house. Each of these houses was formed by sinking a circle of upright posts in the ground, the spaces between being then filled up by wicker work, made of hazel wattles, so as to form a kind of cylindrical basket, which was crowned by a conical cap, thatched with rushes or like material. The interstices between the interwoven wattles were then filled with clay, and in the case of the living house the interior was lined with matting. In the centre of the living house was a fire of wood, the smoke of which made its exit through the door and roof, for the round houses had no chimneys. That improvement came from the Romans, and its introduction was accompanied by a change in the form of houses from circular to quadrilateral. Around the wall are arranged twelve beds made of skins stuffed with feathers. In a place from which to overlook the whole house is the seat of the *Rechtair* or steward of the household, having beside him his wand of office. The rest of the furniture of the room consists of cupboards for holding clothes, adornments, a dresser on which are arranged wooden platters, drinking vessels of yew, horn and bronze. Of pottery there is none. In a convenient place is the *alc* vat provided with a wooden tube for drawing the liquor. At the King's right, and somewhat behind him, sits the *Righan* or queen, or his chief judge—then follow the other judges, the hostages unarmed, that every king held for the fulfilment of covenants, and the fealty of the Septs, or of the sub-kings. Next

follow the heads of the Septs, and near the door the janitors or armed apparitors, each having his spear beside him. On the other side of the king is the place of other kings, should any be present, then the *Tanaiste* or successor, and other *Righdamnas* or "materials of kings," that is persons who by birth and wealth, are eligible to be elected king. At the extreme end, near the wall are hostages who have forfeited pledges, in fetters. On the opposite side in front of the king are the king's bodyguard of four men—freed men of the king whom he had delivered from slavery inherited from birth, or to which they had been condemned by debt or crime. In an age of perpetual warfare and violence the gratitude of the slave was esteemed a greater safeguard than even the ties of blood. Perhaps it might be well to remark that an insolvent debtor became the property of his creditor in Ireland, as in ancient Rome, and indeed, in most ancient societies. There were places for the poet, the harper, and the piper, the hornblower, the smith, the goldsmith, the fool, and the juggler, all of whom might be considered as gentlemen of the household. The attendants are a very miscellaneous body; among them are many Saxon slaves, and the descendants of former ones. It is only the higher ranks of the household who are provided with beds; the others lie on the benches; while the meaner members and the attendants sleep on the grounds, in the kitchen, or cabins outside the *dun*. The living room or hall I have been describing served also in part as a kitchen, for joint were roasted at the fire, and the soup boiler was suspended over it. The grinding of meal, and the domestic work of the king's house, and of the houses of the *flaiths*, or lords, was performed by slaves who were purchased or received as *turercu*, or wagers, from some higher king. In pagan times the number of persons carried off in plundering expeditions from Britain seems to have been considerable. In Christian times there was a regular trade in slaves, which continued throughout the whole period I am describing. Besides the slaves obtained by war, purchase or gift, there was also a numerous class who were in a state of ser-

vitudo not better than that of the foreign slaves. The use of the term *cumal*, as a measure of value, shows how numerous at one period must have been the female slaves. The children of kings and of the upper classes were not reared at home, but were sent to some one else to be fostered. The children of the greater kings were fostered generally by the minor kings of their own rank. This fosterage might be done for love, or some other advantage, but it was generally a matter of profit, and there are numerous laws extant fixing the cost, and regulating the food and dress of the foster child according to his rank. The ties created by fosterage were nearly as close and as binding on the children as those of blood. Fosterage was one of the most curious and important institutions of our ancestors. The dress of the king and the gentlemen of his household was similar to that of a Scottish Highlander, before it degenerated into the present conventional garb of a Highland regiment. There was first the *lem*, a kind of loose shirt generally, of woollen cloth, but sometimes mentioned as being of linen, reaching a little below the knees of men and forming what would now be called the kilt. This garment was of different colors—each tribe or clan having apparently special colors. The number of colors in the dress indicated the rank, slaves having only one. Over the *lem* came the *ionar*, a kind of closely fitting tunic reaching to the hips, and bound around the waist by a girdle or scarf, often of some rich color, especially purple, and frequently the gift of a lady. Over the left shoulder and fastened with a brooch hung the *brat*, a shawl or plaid exactly like the Scotch one. This garment replaced the skin or fur of a wild beast of earlier times, and the brooch the horn with which it was fastened by thongs. The feet either entirely naked or encased in shoes of raw hide fastened with thongs. The only difference between the dress of men and women was that the *lem* of the latter reached nearly to the ankles, and formed a petticoat instead of a kilt. The freemen wore their hair long, and prided themselves on its curling into ringlets. They sometimes confined it at the back of the head in a conical

spiral of bronze silver, or gold. The women also wore the hair long, and braided it into tresses which they confined with a pin. The beard was worn long, and was frequently plaited into tresses. The men as well as women like all ancient and semi-barbarous people, were fond of ornaments. They covered their fingers with rings, their arms, with bracelets; they wore torques, or twisted rings of gold about the neck, such as we may see on the celebrated antique sculpture of the Gaul, known as the Dying Gladiator. The richer and more powerful kings wore a similar torque, about the waist, and a golden *mind* or diadem on state occasions. Every woman of rank wore finger rings, bracelets, earrings, and a *land*, or crescent-shape blade of gold, on the front of the head, which hung over the head behind a veil. The queens also wore a golden *mind*, or diadem, on state occasions. This *mind* was so attached to a veil, or some kind of head dress, that it seems to have formed a complete covering for the head. The ladies had carved combs and ornamented work boxes; they used oil for the hair and dyed their eyelashes black with the juice of a berry, and their nails crimson with a dye like archil. The *lenn*, or kilt, seems to have been the garb of freemen only; the men of the servile classes wore *braccæ*, or tight fitting breeches, reaching to near the ancles, leaving the upper part of the body either altogether naked, or covering it with a short cloak without sleeves; out of doors they wore a long coat which could be buttoned down its front—the prototype of the modern Ulster coat—and to which could be attached a conical hood. The Gauls used a similar kind of hooded cloak, which became fashionable in Rome. Coats of the kind made of frieze were regarded in the seventh and eighth centuries as peculiarly Irish, owing to the number of Irish missionaries who used them. It is from them that the Benedictine monks borrowed the dress which has since become the characteristic habit of religious orders. The name cowl in English, and all the cognate forms in other languages, are no doubt, also, to be traced to the Irish *cochal*, or the corresponding word.

Even the two Irishmen who accompanied the Icclander, who discovered America in the ninth century, wore coats which are called by the same name which the Norsemen gave the monk's cowl. No man in these early times could be considered in full dress without his arms; indeed I might say no woman, for the latter took part in battles in the sixth century. The principal weapon was a lance or piko having a very long handle, a sword suspended by a belt across the shoulder, and a shield—some a circular wooden target covered with hide. In the ninth and succeeding centuries many were armed with an axe, the use of which they probably learned from the Norsemen, for it is always called in our documents a *lochlenm*, that is a Norse axo. War hats, cuirasses and other defensive armor do not seem to have been used in the early times by the Irish. The table service of our ancestors was undoubtedly simple. An artizan of the present time can provide himself with a dinner service that for convenience, cleanliness, and elegance of form was beyond the reach of even the renowned Frankish Emperor, Charlemagne. The fare was equally simple; cakes of oaten bread. Wheat and barley cakes were also to be had in the eighth century at least; the flesh of all the domestic animals, cheese, curds, milk, butter. The opsonia or dessert was very limited—onions and watercresses. One of the tributes due to the paramount King of Ireland were the crosses of the River Brosna. The occupations for every day in the week are laid down, and to Sunday is assigned ale drinking—"for he is not a lawful *flaith* who does not distribute ale every Sunday." The common Irish expression for openhandedness and generosity *flaitheamhail*, which referred to this qualification of a *flaith* or lord. The drinking was often deep, as it was everywhere in that age. The chief men of a tribe were called "props of the ale house" so that the business of the tribe was discussed by the king and his council at the ale feast. After this the *filé*, or poet, chaunted the poem and songs, accompanied by the music of the *cruid*, a kind of harp, and of the *timpan*, a bowed instrument, were sung, stories were told, but unlike our modern

novel readers they were satisfied to hear the same stories over and over again. Even the *Ollam Fild*, who only told his stories to kings, was expected to know more than seven times fifty of great and small stories. The amusements were further varied by the jokes of the fool, and the tricks of the juggler, as in the baronial hall of the Normans many

centuries later. This description applied also, though on a reduced scale, to the houses of the lords of tribes. The educational condition of the people, was at all times very good, Ireland being always in the van of literature, and the manuscripts written at that time being marvellously accurate.



LEO XIII.

Cardinal Peccio has been elected Pope. He takes the name of Leo XIII. He was born on the 2nd of March, 1810, at Carpinetto, of an old Patrician family.

The Pope, after his election, assumed the Pontifical robes, and received the homage of the Cardinals in the Sistine Chapel.

At the time of his election, he was Archbishop of Perouse, Cardinal Grand Penitencier, Cardinal Palatin, Cardinal Silvanus, a member of the Congregation of Rites, and of that body in the Sacred College which has surveillance of the Convents and Monasteries of Italy.

The general opinion is that for learning, tact, energy, dignity, amiability, real moral worth and sincere piety, the Sacred College could not make a better selection.

In person he is thin, tall and commanding, and possesses a remarkably fine head. In his private life he is said to be simple, amiable and full of spirit, but in conducting ceremonies becomes grave, austere and majestic.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Reign of Queen Victoria, continued.

Q. What was the next step in parliament?

A. The vigorous agitation throughout England was redoubled by the Voluntaries, whose active alliance with the Irish friends of Disestablishment brought the question to a point at which Mr. Gladstone, then leader of the opposition clearly saw that the State Church was doomed. He moved his anti-State Church resolutions early in 1868; on which occasion he was supported by 331 yeas against 270 noes. There were 12 pairs.

Q. Was Disestablishment then carried?

A. No; a bill, introduced by Mr. Gladstone, for suspending appointments to any church benefices that might become vacant prior to the final legislation of the following year, was sent up to the House of Lords, by whom it was rejected, on the 29th June, 1868, by a majority of 192 to 97.

Q. What followed?

A. Parliament was dissolved; a general election took place towards the end of the year; the leading test at every hustings was the State Church; a large majority for Disestablishment was returned to the House of Commons; and

Mr. Gladstone, who was now prime minister, carried the bill, which was then sent up to the Lords.

Q. How did the Lords treat the bill?

A. They introduced so many changes in its provisions, that if it had passed as they returned it to the Commons, it would have augmented, instead of mitigating the ecclesiastical grievance.

Q. What then happened?

A. The bill then took the shape of a compromise between its friends and its foes. As it finally passed, its chief provisions are as follows: it discloses the connection between the Protestant Church in Ireland, and the State; it protects the life-interests of the clergy of that church; it enables them to capitalise their incomes at a given rate of purchase, the Treasury advancing the money; it appropriates the ecclesiastical incomes at the expiry of clerical ownership to such public uses as parliament shall direct; and it provides for the total extinction of the tithes in fifty-two years from the first day of January, 1871.

Q. Does the Act affect the fiscal interests of Ireland?

A. Yes. By charging on the funds of the State Church, instead of on the Imperial treasury, the compensations for the suppressed parliamentary grants to the College of Maynooth, and the Presbyterian clergy, the Act withdraws from Ireland about £66,000 per annum of Irish taxes, which the Maynooth grant and the Presbyterian *Regium Donum* had previously retained in this kingdom; and for the annual sum thus withdrawn, the Act gives Ireland no equivalent.

Q. How does the Act dispose of the surplus millions that will remain after providing for the various compensations and the capitalisation of clerical incomes?

A. The disposition of the surplus is left open to parliament. We shall be exceedingly fortunate if the distribution of the money be not found to involve much jobbery and corruption.

Q. What are the benefits conferred by the Act?

A. The benefits of the Act are important. In the first place it is a solemn legislative recognition of the fragile nature of the Union. The 5th Article

of the Union guaranteed the perpetual preservation of the Irish State Church as an integral, indestructible part of the United Church of England and Ireland; and this provision is pronounced in the Article to be "an essential and fundamental part of the Union." Mr. Gladstone's Act repeals this 5th Article—the only Article of the Union of which the stability was protected by those emphatic words; and it is therefore a practical answer to all persons who pretend that the Union is in its nature irreversible.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Reign of Queen Victoria, continued.

Q. Why should Ireland be less taxed than Great Britain?

A. Because she is less indebted than Great Britain. In a previous chapter we have shown that the public debt of Great Britain at the time of the Union was about sixteen and a half times larger than the public debt of Ireland. The British debt was then £450,504,984; whereas ours was no more than £28,545,134. To impose equal taxes on both countries, when the amounts of their debts were so unequal, would have been too outrageous a proposition even for the unscrupulous ministry of that period to make directly.

Q. What was the ministerial promise as given by Lord Castlereagh?

A. That Ireland should never have any concern with the debt then due by Great Britain.

Q. Was this promise embodied in the act of Union?

A. Yes, in the seventh article.

Q. How did that act regulate Irish finance?

A. Firstly, as just now mentioned, Ireland was to be protected forever from any liability to the British debt incurred before the Union. Secondly, the separate debts of the two countries being provided for by separate charges on each, Ireland was then to pay two-seventenths towards the joint expenditure of the United Kingdom for 20 years; after which her contribution was to be made proportionate to her relative ability as ascertained at stated periods of revision by certain tests specified in the act.

Q. Was there a third provision?

A. Yes; the taxation of Ireland was never to be raised to the British level until the following conditions should occur: 1st—That the two debts should come to bear to each other the proportion of 15 parts for Great Britain to two parts for Ireland; and 2nd—That the respective circumstances of the two countries should admit of uniform taxation.

Q. By what contrivance did Lord Castlereagh neutralise the apparent protection afforded to Ireland by the above provisions?

A. By over-rating her relative taxable ability. She was unable to meet the two-seventenths of the joint expenditure imposed on her by the Union.

Q. What was the consequence?

A. An inordinate increase of her debt. For as her revenue fell short of the two-seventenths, the deficiency was made up by borrowing on her credit.

Q. Did her debt, by these means, increase faster than the British debt?

A. Yes. In 1816 it had quadrupled from the time of the Union; whilst, during the same period, the British debt had less than doubled.

Q. What then occurred?

A. The imperial parliament declared that one of the conditions laid down in the act of Union had arrived; that the two debts had come to bear to each other the required proportion of 15 parts for Great Britain to two parts for Ireland; the act (56 George III., chap. 98,) was passed for amalgamating the British and Irish Exchequers into one Imperial exchequer; separate quotas of contribution were abolished; and the inordinate excess of debt which had been fraudulently forced upon Ireland was transferred to the Imperial account.

Q. Was this act beneficial to Ireland?

A. It had the mischief of seeming to be beneficial; whilst, by abolishing the former unjust quota of Irish contribution without substituting a quota really proportioned to her relative ability, it left Ireland to be taxed, or overtaxed, at the absolute discretion of the English parliament.

Q. What is the practical result to Ireland of this system of indiscriminate taxation?

A. The result is this:—Ireland is taxed without reference to the vast dis-

proportion of the British and Irish debts; and is compelled, in the absence of a fair special quota, to contribute to the payment of the pre-Union British debt-charge, from which the contrivers of the Union promised that she should for ever be protected. On this point Lord Castlereagh was most emphatic: On the 5th February, 1800, his lordship, speaking of the interest on the British debt, said, "*For any proportion of this, she (England) could not call upon Ireland; nor could she offer, as in the case of Scotland, any equivalent. It was therefore absolutely necessary that the respective debts of the countries should remain distinct; and of course, that their taxation should continue separate.*"

Q. Why did Lord Castlereagh exclude from his plan the alternative of England's giving Ireland an equivalent?

A. Because the English government preferred the other alternative; namely the ultimate subjection of Ireland to British burdens, without giving her any equivalent for the new load thus imposed.

Q. What would the equivalent to Ireland have amounted to?

A. If calculated on the principle which was applied to Scotland at the Union of 1707, the Irish equivalent would have exceeded twenty millions sterling. England did not find it convenient to make so large a sum forthcoming. It was therefore deemed better to adopt a plan which, by dexterous management, might ultimately bring Ireland under the British debt, without giving her any compensation whatever.

Q. How was that contrived?

A. By the ingenious device already mentioned: namely, by imposing on Ireland a quota of contribution beyond her ability; or, in the words of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, making her "contract for an expenditure she could not meet." The inevitable result of this fraudulent overcharge was; that the debt thus dishonestly fixed upon Ireland, was increased, until from being to the British debt as 1 to 16½ in 1801, it reached the proportion of 1 to 7½ in 1816; this latter proportion being one of the conditions cleverly provided by Lord Castlereagh for the abolition of separate quotas; and the indiscriminate taxation of the two countries.

Q. So, then, the English parliament has never given Ireland an equivalent for being made liable, in the teeth of solemn promises, to British fiscal burdens?

A. Never.

Q. What then did that parliament give us?

A. It made use of the machinery of the Union to involve us in disproportioned debt; and then it used the fictitious debt thus created, to equalise our taxes with the British.

Q. How does the nominal equality of taxation operate on the comparative poundage of Great Britain and Ireland?

A. A parliamentary return moved by Sir Edward Grogan, year 1863, sessional number 452, shows that for every Irish pound assessed to income-tax, the imperial taxation of Ireland amounts to 6s. 3¼d.; whilst for every British pound so assessed, the imperial taxation of Great Britain is only 4s. 0¾d.

Q. What is the probable aggregate of the money withdrawn from Ireland since the Union, under the three heads of absentee rental, exported taxes, and the loss on the decay of our native manufactures?

A. If we average the absentee rents at three millions per annum for sixty-nine years, they will amount to £207,000,000 sterling. If our exported taxes be estimated at a million on the average, they will amount to £60,000,000. If a similar average be given for the loss on the decay of Irish manufacture, another sum of £60,000,000 will be the result. These three drains make an aggregate of £345,000,000.

Q. Are you correct in averaging the Irish taxes taken out of the country, at a million per annum?

A. That average is, no doubt, considerably under the mark. In various years the taxes taken out of Ireland have largely exceeded it. For instance a committee of the Dublin corporation ascertained by a careful inspection of the Finance accounts, that the Irish taxes expended out of Ireland in 1860, amounted to £4,095,453; and that in 1861, they amounted to £3,970,715. Running back at random to the year 1833, we learn from a Report of the Repeal Association, compiled by a most able fiscal statist, the late Michael

Stanton, that in that year, the Irish surplus, carried off to the English Treasury, was £1,403,515.

Q. Why then have you made the average so low as one million per annum?

A. To avoid even the slightest ground of cavil. It is also to be kept in mind, that no country can expend the whole of its revenues within its own limits; some external expenditure is unavoidable; but in our case, that expenditure is exorbitant and ruinous.

Q. What was the result of General Dunne's committee?

A. Two things were demonstrated; first, the gross and oppressive injustice to which the Union has subjected Ireland in fiscal matters; second, that the English government regard the political incorporation of the countries by the Union, as a sufficient reason for perpetuating that injustice.

Q. What are the general reflections suggested by Irish history?

A. The most prominent modern facts are these:—that Ireland prospered to an astonishing extent during the existence of her free domestic parliament; that the thirty-nine years of imperial legislation that have followed its suppression are marked by the decay of the nation, the impoverishment of its people, inordinate taxation, famines aggravated by artificial poverty, fever resulting from famine, an enormous and unprecedented flight of millions of the Irish people from their native country, which the Union has effectually stripped of the means of supporting them; constant popular discontent; repeated suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act; and inveterate hatred of the English government entertained by the Irish who have emigrated.

Q. To what do these facts all point?

A. To the utter incompetence of English legislation to secure prosperity or content in Ireland, and the consequent need of a home parliament to take charge of Irish interests. The past and the present alike demonstrate the necessity of our legislative independence, of a free constitution in connection with the crown of Great Britain; a constitution from which every scrap and trace of special privilege or special disability,

on account of religious belief, shall be utterly and for ever banished.

Q. You are then a loyal nationalist?

A. Yes; my principle is that of the Dungannon Volunteers—"We know our duty to our Sovereign, and are loyal; we also know our duty to ourselves, and are resolved to be free."

THE END.

F A C E T I A B .

A fop took arsenic for a cough, and the result was a coffin.

MATRIMONY.—"Joe, what in the world put matrimony into your head?"—"Well, the fact is, Tom, I was getting short of shirts."

Lawyer:—"How do you identify this handkerchief?" Witness:—"By its general appearance, and the fact that I have others like it." Lawyer:—"That's no proof, for I have one just like it in my pocket." Witness:—"I don't doubt it. I had more than one of the same sort stolen."

NOT TO BLAME.—A Scotch clergyman was seen by a neighbour trudging home on Monday morning with a stout cod he had just bought, and was accosted with—"Mr. Duncan, did you know that that fish was caught on Sunday?"—The minister, in his characteristic bluntness, replied—"Well, well, the fish is not to blame for that, my man."

A MAN recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. A cynical friend, commenting on the fact, says, "He should have married her and refused her a new bonnet, and then he would have discovered her conversational powers."

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.—She was ironing when her eister came in with the news that an uncle was dead.—"Dead!" she gasped, nearly dropping the iron from her hand. Her face was very pale, as was that of her sister, as they both stood there looking at each other with that awe-struck expression which a death leaves upon the faces of the living. "Dead!" she repeated, in a faltering voice. "It doesn't seem possible." It is so sudden, so unexpected, so dreadful, that I can scarcely realize it. What are you going to wear?"

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

Slowly.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *mp* is present in the first measure.

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "1. I can - not sing the old songs I sung long years a - go, For".

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow, For".

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bygone hours come o'er my heart, With each fa - mil - iar strain, I".

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.

Photo-Electro. Pat. 1876.

Eurland-Desbarats Co.
Montreal.

2 I cannot sing the old songs,
 Their charm is sad and deep,
 Their melodies would waken,
 Old sorrows from their sleep.
 And though all unforgotten still,
 And sadly sweet they be,
 I cannot sing the old songs,
 They are too dear to me;
 I cannot sing the old songs,
 They are too dear to me!

3 I cannot sing the old songs,
 For visions come again,
 Of golden dreams departed
 And years of weary pain.
 Perhaps when earthly fetters shall
 Have set my spirit free,
 My voice may know the old songs;
 For all eternity.
 My voice may know the old songs;
 For all eternity.