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No. 5.

THE FAMINE IN THE LAND.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

Death reapeth in the fields of Life, and we  
cannot count the corpses:  
Black and fast before our eyes march the  
biers and hearses;  
In loneways, and in highways, the stark  
skeletons are lying,  
And daily unto Heaven their living kin are  
crying—

“Must the slave die for the tyrant—the sufferer  
for the sin—  
And a wide inhuman desert be, where Ire-  
land has been?  
Must the billows of oblivion over all our hills  
be rolled,  
And our land be blotted out, like the accursed  
lands of old?”

Oh! hear it, friends of France! hear it, our  
cousin Spain!

Hear it, our kindly kith and kin across the  
western main—

Hear it, ye sons of Italy—let Turk and Rus-  
sian hear it—

Hear Ireland's sentence register'd, and see  
how ye can bear it!

Our speech must be unspoken, our rights must  
be forgot;

Our land must be forsaken, submission is  
our lot—

We are beggars, we are cravens, and venge-  
ful England feels

Us at her feet, and tramples us with both  
her iron heels.

These the brethren of Gonsalvo! these the  
cousins of the Cid!

They are Spaniards and not Spaniards, born  
but to be *bid*—

They of the Celtic war-race who made the  
storied rally

Against the Teuton lances in the lists of  
Roncesvalles!

They, kindred to the mariner, whose soul's  
sublime devotion

Led his caravel like a star to a new world  
through the Ocean.

No! no! they were begotten by fathers in  
their chains,  
Whose valiant blood refused to flow along  
the vassal veins.

Ho! ho! the devils are merry in the far-  
thest vaults of night,  
This England so out-Lucifers the prime arch-  
hyppocrite;

Friend of Peace, and friend of Freedom—yea,  
divine Religion's friend,  
She is feeding on our hearts like a sateless  
nether fiend!

Ho! ho! for the vultures are black on  
the four winds;

No purveyor like England that foul camp-  
follower finds;

Do you not mark them flitting between you  
and the sun?

They are come to reap the booty, for the  
battle has been won.

Lo! what other shape is this, self-poised in  
upper air,

With wings like trailing comets, and face  
darker than despair?

See! see! the bright sun sickens into saffron  
in its shade,

And the poles are shaken at their ends, in-  
fected and afraid—

'Tis the Spirit of the Plague, and round and  
round the shore

It circles on its course, shedding bane for  
evermore;

And the slave falls for the tyrant, and the  
sufferer for the sin,

And a wild inhuman desert is, where Ireland  
has been.

'Twas a vision—'tis a fable—I did but tell  
my dream—

Yet twice, yea thrice, I saw it, and still it  
seem'd the same;

Ah! my soul is with this darkness nightly,  
daily overcast,

And I fear me, God permitting, it may fall  
out true at last;

God permitting, man decreeing! What, and  
shall man so will,

And our unseal'd lips be silent and our unbound hands be still?  
 Shall we look upon our fathers, and our daughters, and our wives,  
 Slain, ravish'd, in our sight, and be paltering for our lives?

Oh! countrymen and kindred, make yet another stand—  
 Plant your flag upon the common soil—be your motto, Life and Land!  
 From the charnel shore of Cleena to the sea-bridge of the Giant,  
 Let the sleeping souls awake, the supine rise self-reliant;  
 And rouse thee up, oh! City, that sits furrow'd and in weeds,  
 Like the old Egyptian ruins amid the sad Nile's reeds.  
 Up, Mononia, land of heroes, and bounteous mother of song—  
 And Connaught, like thy rivers, come unto us swift and strong;  
 Oh! countrymen and kindred, make yet another stand—  
 Plant your flag upon the common soil—be your motto Life and Land.

## THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

### AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

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

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

#### CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

THE "clubman" followed "Crichawn" to the door and saw the master and man drive away.

The direction taken was to Father Aylmer's, where, of course, Mr. Meldon often went. Along the road Mr. Meldon spoke to "Crichawn" upon the danger of the times and proved to him that he was not at all ignorant of the "clubman's" character.

"He's going to meet Mr. M——," said "Crichawn."

"Where?"

"Oh, troth, I don't know that; an' more betoken I hope Mr. M—— will keep a side o' the country between him an' that vagabone."

Just then Mr. Seymour, who was riding by, drew up. After the usual greetings he informed his friend that he had been summoned to Dublin, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country. "The Abbeyfeale affair looks like being in earnest," he concluded.

"No robbery was committed?" Mr. Meldon asked.

"No—nothing but Government papers of some value to the State. That fact—that no robbery was committed—is most significant to the class and resolution of the men."

Mr. Meldon paused.

"Well, Mr. Seymour, I think the Government is simply trying to get an opportunity of seizing a fow. The daring and honorable would be dangerous, indeed; but do *you* believe in the multitude of followers?"

"No; and, moreover, I have a good reason to believe in the number of spies. You go to the priest's?"

"Yes."

"Then, I will turn back with you."

They found the priests both of them at home, and full of information regarding the country, and full of sad thoughts at the miseries of the poor. As for poor Father Aylmer, he had given everything away; and the charity of the Meldons would soon be required for himself. Father Power had grown very thin; yet his health continued vigorous. The surroundings of the place seemed in Mr. Meldon's eyes to have all caught a look of gloom, as if they all shared the feelings and condition of the occupants.

"I don't know, my son," Father John said—"I don't know what is to become of the poor. Labor is not to be had and food is dear, and the strength of the nation is flying away. Oh, sir, 'tis killing! killing! to see the food going out in ships, from the quays of Waterford, and to know that the men who wrought the earth, who sowed the seed and cut down the harvest, are weak with the hunger or dying of the red fever that springs from the famine."

"I saw a little girl, to-day," said Father Power, "eating salt."

"Salt!" cried both together.

"Yes; salt, to enable her to drink water that she might have something to fill her stomach."

The gentlemen took out their purses and made up their minds that a few families should be relieved at any rate.

"Crichawn" came in and handed Father Ned a note. Father Ned read the note and handed it to Father Aylmer, who demanded of "Crichawn" who brought it.

"He's wan of the Felon Club, your reverence, an' a great patriot."

The note ran:—

"Dear Father—I am quite aware that you know where my unhappy nephew is just now, and that you can tell me. I have important tidings to communicate to him, and the bearer will be a trusty messenger. Give the word to my messenger if you cannot write."

The "patriot" was called in.

"Who told Mrs. Considine that I knew where Mr. M———was to be found?" asked Father Ned.

"I do not know, sir; but she is very anxious to send a message to him, and she thought that you could help her in the matter."

"Oh! say to her I am surprised at her credulity. Good-day, sir."

The visitors stayed a considerable time, and had such lunch as the poor priests could afford. To this little meal two strangers were admitted. One of the two apparently was a young priest. The other, to Mr. Meldon's consternation, was poor M———.

"The Reverend Edmund Burke," Father Ned began. "Mr. Meldon, our neighbor, Father Burke. He's a young fellow going to the North American mission," he added.

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir; and leaving a widowed mother and lonely sister behind him."

Mr. Meldon and Mr. Seymour both looked bewildered. The fact was that the young man wore a very secular ring, and his face all around looked like a countenance that, a few days before, had worn a very bushy beard!

"I have apparently surprised you," said M———.

"Let us waive all mystery," answered Mr. Meldon. "I saw you some time since on the hurling field; and your prowess and appearance induced me to inquire all about you."

"'Crichawn,' I am aware, knows all about me."

"Yes. We are going, gentlemen," Mr. Meldon added. "We are thinking of a few days' relaxation at Dalkey or Kingstown, and I came to say 'Good-bye.' My friend here is half the attraction; and my daughter also wants to go. The ladies will come to-morrow."

The clergymen accompanied the visi-

tors outside the door, and saw the "Felon Clubman" only just walking away.

"Look sharp, Father Aylmer," said Mr. Meldon. "I fear that dog has been listening, and your guest is in danger."

"Say your *quests*," added Mr. Seymour.

Father Ned Power smiled.

"There's the man of travel," said Father Ned.

"No great merit," replied Mr. Seymour. "His stock is on crooked; he wears a diamond ring; and he has the wrong 'quarter' of the Breviary,—the Spring 'quarter' at the end of Summer! Dress him better, Father Ned."

Father Ned beckoned down the ears of both gentlemen—

"That's Harnett," that single-handed stopped the mail," said he.

Father Ned begged five minutes, at the end of which time he came forward and gave a note to "Crichawn." They soon overtook the "Felon Clubman." "Crichawn" called out to him, and he approached.

"Father Ned," whispered "Crichawn," knows all about what *you* want; but he would not trust any strange hand with the knowledge; so the master promised to send me to Mrs. Considine with the letter; an' I'll go right away as soon as I leave the gentlemen at the house."

And "Crichawn" was as good as his word.

Within a mile or so of Mr. Meldon's, they encountered a trio on the highway which would have amused them, had there been less danger and more tolerance. Two of the men were dragging the third by main force towards a field, where a great lough of dingy water spread itself out not very attractively. As soon as the drag came in sight, the man in the middle cried out most agonizingly, "Help! help!" The two assailants payed no heed to the man or the strangers, but kept dragging him along. When Mr. Meldon and party came near them, it was perceived that the unfortunate victim had a heavy book tied between his shoulders by a strap around his neck, and was obliged to employ his hands in holding it up to avoid strangulation.

The two gentlemen got down, and eagerly prayed the assailants to desist

and give up this dangerous breach of the peace; but both declared that the "Souper" should get his "duck."

"What on earth," cried Mr. Seymour, "do you mean by such violence, and in the open light of day?"

"Oh, save me! save me!" cried the unhappy "Souper!"

Looking at the young men they saw that they were thin and pale; and the dark lines around their eyes made a shocking contrast with their pallor. They had the appearance of hunger.

For awhile they were too much excited to give any explanation, and the "Souper" could say nothing but "Save me! save!" The elder of the men at length spoke, and said in a tone of suppressed passion that this man was a "Souper" and "as if the d——l told him when our food was runnin' out, he came one day to offer us tickets for soup and bread, and money for clothes for our little sister if she would go to his school."

"Well," Mr. Seymour asked, "what crime is there in that?"

"Crime," cried the young man, "crime! Is there a blacker crime than to ax us to sell Christ an' His Holy Mother for our stomachs, as the vagabone did himself?"

"Their own good! their own good!" cried the "Souper."

"Hould your tongue, you dirty d——l," cried the younger of his captors. "No one belongin' to you was ever honest? Your grandfather sould the whole country in '98."

And they gave him another shake.

"Look, sir," said the elder, turning to Mr. Meldon. "He came first and found us poor, an' he made us offers of money and Bibles. The ould man, our father, was sick and hungry the same time, and he came in with his bribe to us."

"The word of God!" cried the "Souper," but the younger man literally stopped his mouth.

"See, sir," continued the man who spoke first, "Our old father died, and more betoken Father Ned gave him a decent berrin'—God bless Father Ned! and Father Aylmer!" he cried emphatically.

"The clergy knew you were so badly off?" Mr. Meldon asked.

"Oh, don't talk of the clergy! They gev the people all they had, an' they left their own table poor enough, an' sometimes empty, to divide their share with the poor. Oh! God bless the clergy!"

"How they love one another!" murmured Mr. Seymour.

"As I was saying, sir, this 'arnation of Ould Nick came the day after the funeral an' we tould him to be off; and then in three days after he heard little Mary was sick and he came again. Well, we let him pass until to-day, an' our little sisher was far gone, on'y we had a few pence of Father Aylmer's money to pass the day. The little colleen was so frightened when she saw the "Souper," an' hard him say something about Holy Mary, something bad, that she fell down on the flure like one goin' to die. 'Tis the mercy of God we didn't kill the vagabone on the spot, but we made up our mind to duck the villain well an' to choke him with his false Scripture."

Mr. Meldon intimated that the "Souper" was certainly wrong in the time he chose, but they were too violent in the manner of vindicating themselves.

"See, sir," the young man said, "the valleys round Slieve-na-Mon are the churchyards of martyrs. Our fathers' blood was pow'r'd out like wather for the blessed faith; an' many a wan like my own father was working on the ground he might own, because he would't bring a blush to the faces of the dead. Our good father died sooner than listen to the devils' imps; an' maybe little Mary is dead now; an' knowin' all, an' thinkin' all this, wasn't we come to a purty pass when the gran'son of the spy would come to our cabin to offer us soup an' lies for the Church of St. Patrick! Oh by——"

The poor fellow had worked himself up to such a pitch of passion that no one can say what would have come of the sudden gush of memories and experiences, if the two gentlemen had not interposed, and begged them to leave the "Souper" on a promise that he would never again come to their dwelling. "Crichawn" ventured with great respect to add that the "Souper" ought to promise never to be seen in that part of the country.

Mr. Leyton Seymour kept musing while "Crichawn" was making his speech. He then addressed the 'Souper.' "Do you really think that you can purchase sincere conversions?"

"No, indeed; but anything is better than the Roman apostacy," the "Souper" answered.

"Now, my good man, if you be offensive, you will not deserve protection," Mr. Seymour said. "The expression is rude and false," he said emphatically.

"Oh, of course, you——"

"I, sir, am not a Roman Catholic; but I have had an education which you seem much to need. This purchasing of conversion is an abomination! It is transforming a number of people into liars against God and against man; and preparing for a state of things that will make life, property, and order unsafe. Kill the conscience, and what remains but mere force, and, in such a condition, society goes to pieces."

"Father Ned! Father Ned!" cried both the young men together; and sure enough there was Father Ned coming up.

Father Ned saw the situation at a glance and laughed, only 'twas as people laugh in famine and fever times. May the reader never live in such times we pray.

"You have fallen on the poor family to whom I am bringing your money, gentlemen."

"What! is little Mary the girl who was eating the salt?"

"Rock salt," replied the priest.

The "Souper" took his book-oath to leave that side of the country and to go Christianising where the consciences would not be so robust; and the priest addressing the young men said: "Good news for the old woman."

"Thank God, Father Ned!"

"I have four golden sovereigns those gentlemen gave me for her. She can now buy a little shop, and release her clothes and send Mary to the school."

"Oh, Mary," cried the younger boy. "Poor Mary!"

"What of her!" asked the priest.

"We left her for dead on the floor!"

"For dead!"

"Oh!" Mr. Meldon said, "perhaps it was a mere faint from fright and weakness."

"Let us all come up," Mr. Seymour proposed.

The proposal was accepted, and they made for the cabin where dwelt the Tobins—once the owners of the property. The two gentlemen had a new experience. It was that of a misery known only in poor Ireland, where wretchedness springs as directly from misgovernment and bad laws as riches and abundance, but the latter two are all on one side. The cabin was low; the thatch was here and there broken so as to show the coarse wattles forming the roof; the floor was blackish clay and a collection of ups and downs by holes. There were two apartments. The kitchen contained a dresser and three or four broken plates, a pot, an infirm can, and a straw bed in a corner covered with an old blue counterpane. There was no fire, only what the poor call "greesach," ashes yet read. The old lady was sitting on a "boss" knitting, and the joy of all was great when they found little Mary, weak enough to be sure, but in no danger. Little Mary, was thirteen, and had blue eyes and fair hair, which, when loose, fell to her feet.

When Father Ned announced her good fortune, the poor woman at once fell upon her knees and prayed as only those who know the Irish language could comprehend. Father Ned again introduced the project of the shop and she listened. She begged of him to let her speak Irish to him; she could speak English she said, but she never felt satisfied with English. Father Ned said he could tell the gentlemen, her benefactors, what she wished to convey. However, after some few sentences, he interrupted her; the woman rejoined; and Father Ned argued; but at length he raised his hands half in wonder and half deprecation.

"She says, gentlemen, that God sent her the money to share it!"

"Go dirach," answered Mrs. Tobin, when Father Ned had gone so far. That was a direct confirmation.

"I reminded her that the coming time would require all she had, and more; and then about the rent. She answered me that she was worse off yesterday and the day before, and as

God did this. He could help her by and by."

"*Shin e mar tha she,*" confirmed Mrs. Tobin.

"I told her," continued Father Ned, "that God loves the virtue of prudence so much that He would not accept charity without it; but Mrs. Tobin declared the neighbors gave their share to her, and that she believed nothing was more prudent than to be grateful and to trust in God!"

Mr. Meldon walked right up to Mrs. Tobin and took both her hands in his.

"I agree with you!" he cried; "you are a noble woman, and God has heard your words to-day."

In four or five days one of the young men was at Mr. Meldon's, having taken charge of the garden; and little Mary sat in the drawing room with Clara, who was teaching her a lesson.

The aunt of poor M——looked a little puzzled with Father Ned's note; but a wink from "Crichawn" was enough. The "Felon Clubman" heard the note read; and ran off to his high priests. The unfortunate police had a most out-of-the-way journey, and were laughed at. Father Ned, decidedly, was not "loyal" that time.

### CHAPTER XIII.

A RETROSPECT.—FATHER JOHN HAYES'S VOYAGE TO NEW YORK AND THE PERSONS HE ENCOUNTERED.

WHEN Father John Hayes knelt down, to get Father Aylmer's blessing, before proceeding on the foreign mission, where he labored at the time of Mr. Leyton Seymour's arrival in Ireland, that mission commenced in the ship "Eutau," where he had a congregation of one hundred and fifty emigrants to enjoy his ministrations. Of course, Father Hayes had a "cabin passage," and although the vessel was a sailing vessel, the cabin was a goodly *salon*, while the staterooms were as good as any traveller could fairly desire. The young missionary was a general favorite. The captain swore by him, and the mate was devoted to him—and even the sailors had always a kind word for "the Irish priest." But the poor passengers worshipped him. He saw them every day. He talked to the old

men and the old women about "home," and he regulated the relations and various little claims of the community, and saved a world of conflict about "the fire" and "the water" and this family's "hour" and that family's "hour;" because Father Hayes was reverently obeyed by every one. He had, however, one great foe on board; and we regret to record that the enemy was a lady. This lady was a "philosophical" Christian who had a lively feeling for every form of worship—except "Popery." That Mrs. Moone hated! The difficulties it placed in the supernatural path were "shocking;" it was "soul-killing;" and life with "the confessional" before it was a "never, never-ending torture." She was "tranquil." She knew that the "moment of death" was "the moment of glory." And Mrs. Moone took an opportunity almost every day of repeating her theological views for the priest's benefit, and the benefit of other standers-by.

It happened that no less a person than Mrs. Moone's step-daughter was edified by the consoling "confidence" of Mrs. Moone, and this lady was known to have more than once had a quarter of an-hour's talk with Father Hayes. Whether this fact led to a practical development of Mrs. Moone's "confidence" we dare not say; but the development did take place.

We do not know whether our readers have ever been overtaken by a storm at sea; and, of course, we cannot say whether the hurricane blew against their direct course partly or entirely. We know, however, that the "Eutau" was overtaken by a storm, and that the thundering wind came from right ahead. Great mercy! such a hauling down of sail!—such a rushing and roaring on deck!—such—alas! we should say it—such cursing and swearing! such tramping and rolling and tumbling of all things—*crockery*, glass, and water-vessels!

The Reverend John Hayes was dreadfully tranquil. He was tied to something ast, behind the wheel and under the hurricane deck. Whether he got tied there, in wickedness and malice *prepense*, because Mrs. Moone had her cabin on that same plane, we cannot say.

A supreme moment had arrived. The

ship's course had been changed right about. On she went, oh, so gallantly, and she flew! It was beautiful to see, not exactly to feel it! But, alas! something became wrong with the wheel! The "Butai" became restive! Hit by the seas, forced by the wind, she seemed reeling-drunk and devoted. Such cursing! such accusation! such maledictions!—only in such contingencies are such things possible. And just then, Mrs. Moone, clinging to a kind of half-door of her cabin, kept crying and shrieking and invoking help piteously.

"Captain! captain! Oh, mate! Can't you save me? Can't you save me? I'll give you—I'll!"

It was then the cruel, insensible, yet Reverend Mr. Hayes made his voice heard above the winds and waves; and said aloud, in his chained position:—

"Mrs. Moone! I congratulate thee that the hour of death has come. It is to thee the 'hour of glory'—and you are so near it."

"Oh, you brute!" cried Mrs. Moone. "You have no feeling for a poor woman, in my state! and I'm so broken down, and—ah, well, I beg your pardon, reverend sir; I beg your pardon! I am sure you would not deny even to me your help. You would not! You are the priest of the Most High."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Moone! I shall cut this rope, and rush across to you the moment you make a sign."

"God bless you, sir," was the reply. The storm subsided and Mrs. Moone did not call for the services of Rev. John Hayes. From the moment the wheel was got into order the working of the ship became easy, and the reaction of feeling made every heart beat joyously. In an hour or so Mrs. Moone became as sure of "glory" as ever, and became, if possible, a more "philosophical" Christian?

A gentleman who had kept in his stateroom a good deal, and had therefore escaped the knowledge of many of the passengers, approached Father Hayes.

"I come, reverend sir, to introduce myself."

The priest bowed.

"I am an officer in her Majesty's—Regiment, stationed at—and I have admired your temper and bearing in some of your communications with the

bellicose lady, so that I have made bold to seek your acquaintanceship."

"I am honored, sir; much honored."

"Well, our family," replied the officer, "have some Roman Catholic blood in them, and I have never known one of them a bigot. It is refreshing to find one like you able to suffer so much for what you esteem the truth, and to state your views so inoffensively."

"But pardon me, sir; I think you said your regiment is stationed at—?"

"I have said so."

"And you go all the way round by New York?"

"Well, yes; I am a traveller; in fact, I travelled over half the world to born!"

The priest looked a little mystified.

"Well, reverend sir, my parents are both English; and their condition in life took them to Van Dieman's Land, where I was born. My father devoted me to the military profession, and I took advantage of it to see France, England and Scotland."

"And not Ireland?"

"Well, sir, the leave expired, and"—

"Oh, sir, pray do not trouble yourself to explain. It is the common misfortune of your countrymen to be indifferent to things merely Irish, unless they be negotiable," the priest said laughingly.

"Many a true word said in jest; and reverend sir, what you have remarked I am not going to question. We shall grow better and wiser in time. You are Rev. Mr. Hayes?"

"Yes, sir,—a Tipperary priest."

"I am Loyton Seymour, and most happy to meet one with whom I have many sympathies, I am sure, in common."

"You said your regiment is stationed at—?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that is my destination."

Mr. Seymour gave an exclamation of pleasure.

"I am very glad indeed," he said; "the officers of the regiment will be delighted to know you; and I am confident that many social as well as moral and religious advantages will follow from your coming among us."

"I am led to think that the population are very free from prejudice?"

"On the surface of the globe there is not a people whom social charity



governs so perfectly. I like my own western birthplace—'tis beautiful and tolerant and united; but, for the city where the virtue of making every one around you happy seems indigenous, give me——

"You paint for me a pleasant future. If my own people share the grand charity which you, Mr. Seymour, depict, the city of——must be a paradise."

"Well, you shall see. I may say I shall be able to make you known to all 'ours'; and I know many of yours,—particularly one. I will not anticipate, but I am sure a friend awaits you, the most perfect among gentlemen, the most ripe among scholars, and adored by friendship; whilst all that refinement can gather and the finest heart of hospitality is always to be met in his beautiful home."

The clergyman was waiting for a name; but Mr. Leyton Seymour was silent. However, enough had been said to fill the mind of Father Hayes with visions of enjoyment mingled with visions of professional labor, which combined contribute to any happiness a young priest can expect in a far-off land.

We are not chronicling a voyage; but only enough to shed light upon our progress. Yet were there many pleasant things to be recorded during that two-and-thirty days to New York. The dreams of young men whose mind's balm was the "poor father and mother at home" whom they were going to "rise;" and the young maiden who went over with a guardian friend to work and to bring the orphan brothers and sisters over the sea and to take them "out of misery and rags;" and how many a daring hope of paying long "arrears," and even purchasing "the bit of land," filled the souls of those whose faith was boundless! ah! none know unless those who get an entrance into the hearts of the poor emigrants. And we must add that Father Hayes was just the man to secure the privilege.

During the voyage, as may be anticipated, Mr. Seymour was very much in the company of Father Hayes, and indeed they never separated until they arrived at their journey's end. The priests of New York were kind and hospitable; and the young officer was

quite as great a favorite as the young Irish priest. Mr. Seymour seemed to have become half Catholic, for he regularly attended the churches where Father Hayes officiated, and was more than glad when he heard him twice preach God's word. However, it was in Boston that Mr. Seymour and the supernatural came awfully face to face, and we will finish this chapter by relating how that came to pass.

At that time a great man, a great Bishop and scholar was the "Angel of the Church" of Massachusetts. What a benign, genial, loving soul was his!—the late Most Rev. Dr. Fenwick! The Bishop's hospitality was unbounded, and he brought a couple of dozen to his board to welcome the young Irish clergyman. It was on a Sunday. The Rev. John Hayes had preached in the Cathedral, and the Irish had a banquet, for Father Hayes

"fed  
On the best glories of the dead,"  
and constantly shared his enjoyment with his fellow-countrymen. The Bishop at the dinner table, gave the following experience:

"When a missionary priest in New York, I was called to attend a girl in one of the old streets. Her people had somewhat prepared me for a scene of great trial; but the reality exceeded my fears. The girl was not in bed; but she was tied with ropes to the bed's foot. She looked diabolical—the very shadow of Raphael's *Energumenos*! She swore most awful oaths; blasphemed Christ and the Saints, and cried that she should kill her father and mother. I said to the parents in a very low tone 'The child is insane.'"

"'Am I,' she at once cried out. 'Do you think I care for you! I'll kill you, too. I hate priests? I hate churches! I hate——'"

"Shocked beyond description at the blasphemies and the awful sagacity and preternatural power of the child's senses, I said to the parents I feared she was possessed. I added, 'Send her to the presbytery early in the morning—send her quietly and early.'

"I waited the child at half-past seven in the morning, and I had with me Father——. There was shroeking at the door and a struggle; but the

door opened at a knock, and the child fell into the hall. In a short time she was brought into the library. I said to Father—, 'I will give her a nice book,' and I took a volume off a shelf and presented it.

"Her eyes glared. She foamed; 'Take it away! away!' she shrieked; 'there's a cross in the beginning of that! I hate the cross!'

"I laid the book by, and I said, 'Come take this nice box for your father; see 'tis tortoise-shell.'

"She never looked or examined, but cried out there was a cross on that too—and again she swore!

"Well, sit down on the sofa, child, I said; 'sit down till I see if I can please you.'

"No! she shrieked, like a fiend; 'I see what you have done. You have placed a cross under the sofa cover. I hate the cross!' and she blasphemed.

"I addressed the clergymen in Latin, saying I was convinced she was possessed.

"She laughed a hellish laugh, and shrieked, 'So you think I am possessed—possessed—ha! ha! ha!'

"Come, I said to the clergymen, 'you hold, and I will exorcise; or I will hold and you exorcise.'

"He preferred to hold her; mine became the awful duty. There is no use in giving you more details of that awful scene. My surplice, before the end of the exorcism, she had torn to pieces, and I was saved from great personal violence only by the strong arms that partly kept her back. Strong arms they were, and a powerful man was my associate; yet he trembled—trembled like a leaf in October, and poor fellow! he prayed so hard."

"Well, Bishop?" some impatient clergyman said.

"Well, sir," Dr. Fenwick answered "at the end of the ceremony, we had before us a gentle, shrinking, weeping girl of twelve or thirteen years old. She was transformed—redeemed. We ask her if she remembered everything.

"Everything? Oh, yes, sir. I remember the cursing and swearing and trying to kill my mother! But something inside drove me—drove me! Oh! sir, can't I see my mother?"

"She did see her, and all were happy

—none more so than myself and my clerical friend."

And so ends chapter thirteenth, only adding that, for a *matter of fact*, which makes its own argument, the testimony of the Bishop is more to us than the lucubrations of "scientists;" and we must always remember that *one single fact* in the history of faith makes fools of all the race of pseudo philosophers.

## CHAPTER XIV.

MR. LEYTON SEYMOUR'S ASSOCIATES, AND THE WONDERFUL CASE OF DENNAN THE ARTILLERY-MAN.

MR. LEYTON SEYMOUR was no more than just when he described the amenities culture, and singular political progress of the city to which Father Hayes was journeying. Father Hayes found the social excellences in advance of anything he had encountered, and the active intellectual power of the place was marvellous. There were two universities, numerous intermediate and primary schools, and four or five literary institutions for popular reading, lecturing, and historical discussion. The clergymen found that his lot so far was "prosperously cast," and he saw a grand combination of mental resources and enjoyments.

We may not pass over the fact that nearly all of the friends of the priest were non-Catholic, but we question whether the fact ever crossed the minds of priest or companions in the pleasant days in many years that made for the clergyman a beautiful sunrise. It occasioned the remark that poor Ireland seemed the only country where the small assumption of superiority defied civilization and the repulsion of indignant manhood was destined never to die.

Father Hayes soon became the banker of countless servant-maids, and the centre of mental activity in a certain class. In fact, he had a hand in everything; and we cannot conscientiously recommend such a generalisation of a man's faculties.

"Father Hayes, I've saved ten pounds," said Mary Quinlan.

"Ten pounds! Mary,—that is a large sum."

"Father," said Mary, were you in Callan?"

"Callan? To be sure many a time."

"There's a farmer of the Kenneys there."

"No doubt."

"Well, I want you to send the ten pounds to ould Paddy Kenney."

"Is he your father, Mary?"

"Throth, no sir—or my uncle, or my cousin."

"Well?" the priest inquired, looking puzzled.

"Well, sir, Paddy Kenney was a farmer five or six years ago; an' mother an' I lived near him. Father was dead, an' we had very little; an' the things went hard with Paddy Kenney. He brought the loaf o' bread, an' the grain o' tea to the house, and the bottle o' milk in his pocket, when mother was sick an' I could do very little by spinning a bit o' wool for a weaver."

"And you are going to pay him now?"

"Oh, no!—nothing could pay Kenney. But I sent the first five pounds I earned to my poor mother. She has the cabin an' haggart still, an' the neighbors work it for her. Now, sir, this is all I earned you see;" and she let fall the fold of her cloak to show how poor her attire was. "I spared every penny; because I heard that Paddy Kenney was gone down; an' I want to send it to Paddy—poor Paddy!" the kind girl said.

"Very well," said Father John; and he coughed like some one who wanted to clear his throat.

"An' see, Father!"

"Well?"

"Don't hurt poor Paddy's feelings, you know," said the servant-maid. "Tell him that the Widow Quinlan's daughter had that much to spare, an' sent it to him to lend it to him. Mind Father, to lend to him, and then he won't feel so low!"

God bless Mary Quinlan! She had a heart of gratitude; and she believed in God.

These poor servants and workmen perform a wonderful mission for truth. People cannot help inquiring for the principle which gives strength to fidelity, and life devotion, and all-abounding faith. Father John used to tell of a Yorkshireman, who sent for him, one night very late, and whom the

priest found very ill, and in a great passion at the same time.

"What—what is the matter pray! say!"

"Say! I'll tell thee, sir," the Yorkshireman cried. "Here's my good woman, and yon," pointing to a burly man, "and yon see, they be sore about sendin' for the priest!"

"Oh, I see."

"Well I said to 'em that there wasn't no kind of use in all the talk—as I'm—but I shall die an Irishman!"

Well, he did die an "Irishman!" The Yorkshire man could not separate the ideas of Catholic and Irish; and such, as we said, are the workings of the workmen's faith in America and in India, too.

An orderly named Denny, an Englishman, came from time to time with Captain Seymour's horse, or with papers, or letters; and thus became known to the domestics. Mr. Seymour liked him. He had great honor and much common sense, and he believed he said the man was faithful.

Father John was one evening reading his Breviary in the garden just half-an-hour before tea, when Denny smartly came up to him, and made his salute. Father Hayes returned the salute by a bow.

"I want to become a Catholic, sir."

"You?"

"Yes. I've told Mr. Seymour."

"And——?"

"He says, 'Do as you like;' and I mean to."

"You must see me at my house."

"Certainly, sir."

Here was a new experience that made Mr. Leyton Seymour somewhat more interesting, and, of course, sent Father Hayes' mind a-dreaming.

Some two or three weeks after, Father Hayes was in the midst of a lot of Indians. The good father was a great favorite among the Indians, and one day a round dozen of them came into the city, and found themselves in due time at Father Hayes's house. A good long ring, a good loud knock, delights an Indian; and, as may be supposed, "they had their claim allowed," when they demanded admission. There was as many as eight Indian girls, four men, and they came solemnly trooping into

Father Hayes's sitting-room. There were a dozen chairs, and, as Indians make up their minds that chairs are made to be sat upon, each one of the dozen sat down upon the chair which he or she found most convenient.

Father Hayes looked around smilingly, and addressed one named Joseph.

"Well, Joseph?"

But Joseph had just got to the bottom of a tobacco pipe which he was scouring clean for a new smoke; and one of the girls came to Joseph's aid.

"Oh, den, Fader," she said, "we sing for you at cam."

"Yes; thank you, Marie; I am much thankful."

"Ah, yes. Well," Marie rejoined in the impassable tone and manner of the Indians, "we came to hear Fader sing to-day."

Father Hayes was fairly caught. In fact, his piano was open, and the music was upon the stand. We do not mean to say that the Indians knew the arcana of the notes and keys. In fact, they did not. But Father Hayes was mutely appealed to by the instrument and the music, and felt that he ought not to say "No." We would like to give the song; but we fear a 30 years' memory will scarcely serve us well. Perhaps we may call to mind a stanza or two, which will mark Father Hayes's ideas of contrasts.

"I love the calm stillness that hangs round the lake,

When the zephyrs of evening lie sleeping,  
And echo unmoved hath retired till they wake,

By the side of some sunny stream weeping!  
But, oh! for the rush of the bellowing sea,

When storms dance over the ocean,  
And thunders peal loud in their terrible glee,

And giant waves leap in commotion!

"For, oh! there's a spell in the Storm-Spirits' howl,

When the mountain-wave fearfully dashes  
Its spray to the clouds, as if—mocking their scowl—

'Twould defy e'en their angriest flashes!  
That spell binds my soul: I feel gladdened and free,

And tho' sweet by the sunshine and bowers,  
Oh, give me the Storm-King's shriek o'er the sea!

And I'll leave you fields, fountains, and flowers."

The Indians knew quite enough of English to follow the song; and the

song fell in with the tastes of the children of the forest. None of them had ever heard a musical instrument of the kind before; and it was very interesting to see the females stealing over and touching with their fingers the keys, which obediently gave back their notes, while the innocent creatures became exstated at the fact that the piano had answered to their call.

What a time for Dennan to have come! Yet that was exactly the time he did come; and however much the priest might have desired to retain the good Indians longer, he had many reasons to desire the progress of the case of Dennan of the artillery.

Dennan was well instructed; and the priest had little to complain of him, unless the undue importance he attached to being relieved from carrying a Bible and Book of Common Prayer in his valise (then carried by regulation order). Lord Clyde, at the instance of the clergyman, got this grievance removed, though his lordship (then Sir Colin Campbell) swore a fair share on the subject. Dennan was received into the Church, and he learned new lessons with docility, and promised immense improvement "in the good time coming." One day, however, he came to the priest, and announced that he had fought two of his comrades, and was just preparing to fight a third: but he thought he would first come to confession!

"To confession, and determined to strike your comrade! What do you mean?"

"Ah, Father Hayes, you do not know—you do not know; but, you see, I *must* fight."

Father Hayes looked aghast.

"Look here, sir! When I kneel down to pray, I must kneel in the barrack-room to say my prayers. Well, I gets struck with an old boot, or a rolled up stocking, or piece of old dish-clout! What am I to do? Well, I've beaten two, and I shall beat the third, and when I've beaten all the fellows around, I shall have peace. Can't I go to confession?"

"My good friend, you have your superiors; you have your colonel; you have Captain Seymour."

Dennan laughed outright.

"Complain! complain!" he said, why, "officers and men and all around, hoot me, morning, noon and night, in the barrack-room and barrack-yard! Complain!"

"Well, Dennan——"

"And, Mr. Seymour, you spoke of him?"

"Well, yes!"

"He bade me be sure never give in, but fight away."

Father Hayes lost his last plank with Dennan, but he kept his *principe*.

Poor Dennan came in a fortnight, his arm in a sling. He looked woe-begone, yet hopeful, and he was evidently in pain. He came into Father Hayes's room.

"Hah! you have met an accident, Dennan?"

"Well some'at, sir—some'at."

"What is the matter?"

"Well, sir, you see. I hain't been so patient as I should, and I did not wait to finish my prayers. A fellow did strike me with a dead cat,—him. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir! But instead of waiting to finish my prayers, as I always did, the cat vexed me, you see; I got off my knees and ran after the vagabond. He drew the door of the barrack-room after him, and the blow I made at the fellow brought my wrist down upon the key!—and my wrist is dislocated."

"Poor fellow! I pity you, indeed!"

"Well, then, I said to myself, as it would be a couple of months before I could fight any other fellow, that I would go to confession, and I came."

Father Hayes now laughed loudly.

"You are determined to fight, 'break people's jaws,' and so forth, and in that frame of mind you come to confession. Ah, Dennan, you want much of the moral spirit of the Christian law. Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you; pray for those who calumniate and persecute you."

"And be buried under old boots, stockings, and porringers in a barrack-room! Oh, Father Hayes!"

Father Hayes said that Dennan's blood was too hot; and he begged of the soldier to come on another day. He felt, he said, that, with so honest a mind as Dennan's, he would soon come to better dispositions.

In a month after, came Dennan. He was nearly well—indeed, quite well—

and he looked unpreoccupied and hopeful. Now, Father Hayes thought, "All is right."

"Well, Dennan, glad to see you restored."

"Thank, you, sir; I came for your reverence's blessing."

"Blessing! What! Going to get married?—going on furlough?"

Dennan looked around his left shoulder and bent his ear down to the lock of the door. He then came on tip-toe across the apartment and whispered low into the priest's ear.

"I am going to desert."

"Desert! desert! Did you say de——"

"I go to-night, sir, and I came for your blessing."

"My blessing! Stay. You do not mean to say that you are going to become a perjurer—a rock of scandal!"

"Perjurer? Oh, no, Father Hayes—not a perjurer."

"Did you not swear fidelity to your standard and loyalty to your sovereign?"

"But, Father Hayes, I did not swear to live under showers of old shoes and stockings and turnip peels, and day and night to be elbowed and jeered and scoffed at and tried in every dog-like way. I never swore that as a life—never!"

"You bound yourself to risk and even lay down your life."

"Agreed, sir, in battle; but not under old boots and shoes and muddy gaiters."

"I tell you, Dennan, these are merely accidental transitory, and, even if they were permanent, they would not justify you in breaking your oath and causing the enemies of the Church to blaspheme. 'There is the convert! all will cry aloud. 'There is what comes of joining the Roman Catholic Church!'"

Dennan paused.

"Will you let me fight my way? I shall beat two score of them."

"Oh! Dennan, you know already the mandate of religion on that subject."

"I am not to fight?"

"No."

"Then I go."

"If you go——," but Dennan had disappeared ere the sentence could be completed.

But Father Hayes had not finally parted with his convert yet. Dennan was brought back from a ship just about to set sail; and at midnight on the day of his desertion was lodged in prison, firmly handcuffed. Father Hayes had the first information from Dennan himself. Early next day he found on his table a note:—

"Dear Sir,—Going on board the 'Neptune,' last evening, to see a cousin of mine who was about to sail for the United States of America, I have been arrested as a deserter, and I am now in the military prison. 'Tis shameful, after fifteen years' service without a single blot. Do send Mr. O'Connor to defend me.—Yours obediently,"

"J. DENNAN."

Father Hayes could not help laughing heartily at the line of defence the prisoner had adopted.

Some people are very fortunate, and Dennan, in this case, was particularly so. Father Hayes's laugh had hardly subsided, when O'Connor was announced.

The lawyer read the note—understood all—made for the military prison, and came back in an hour.

"Father Hayes," said he, "you must come to the trial."

"The trial! When?"

"To-morrow, at noon."

"Well, really, Mr. O'Connor, I——"

"I understand Father Hayes. Have no fear. Dennan will be proved as innocent of deserting as you are."

"Innocent!"

"On my honor, I never studied a more triumphant refutation of a vile calumny. I assure you 'tis a fact. You must come. You know I would not compromise you or your cloth."

It was agreed that the priest should listen to Dennan's trial; and perhaps O'Connor believed that Father Hayes's presence would confer a certain prestige on the prisoner when he urged the clergyman so strongly to come.

The court met in due time. The colonel presided. The officers of the garrison took their places. Around the court crowded soldiers out of uniform and some few citizens.

Dennan is at the bar. He is quiet,

calm, radiant as a saint, and modest withal.

The case seemed clear as day. He was abroad after hours. He had been caught on board of ship. The ship was about to weigh anchor for the States. Dennan had lately been quarrelling with many of the men; and, in general, his condition in the regiment was uneasy and disagreeable. Much of his inconveniences were caused by his readiness to take offence, when, from time to time, he was assailed about having conformed to the "Roman Church."

"Roman Catholic," steadily observed O'Connor.

"Pardon me, I meant nothing offensive," said the Prosecutor.

"This is my case," the Prosecutor concludes.

O'Connor rose; and one could easily see the light of a coming triumph in the pleader's eye. He regretted "for the sake of the service, that a charge should be trumped up against an honest man. Such charges made what they pretended to prevent. Dennan was a victim to prejudice. He was stamped a deserter—because he had become a Roman Catholic."

The Prosecutor begged to interrupt counsel for a moment. "Had the counsel witnesses, or was he indulging in declamations?"

"When the prosecutor leaves his own profession to come into mine, he cannot be blamed for the ignorance betrayed in asking a counsel of twenty years standing a question like that," O'Connor replied. Then, turning to the president, he said:

"Mr. President, we *have* witnesses."

It was really a moment of supreme interest—a moment of life and death! How could Dennan prove his case?

The piquet who arrested Dennan was called.

"Well, Sergeant," O'Connor commenced, "you arrested the prisoner on board the 'Neptune?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon your oath, had he any luggage of any kind?"

"How could I know, sir?"

"You made no inquiry regarding her Majesty's chattels which the prisoner might be taking away?"

"Well, I did, sir."

"And you found nothing?"

"Can't say I did, sir. He was leaving without a change of linen."

"That will do, sir."

"May I ask you, Colonel, had you before Dennan's change of faith, any serious accusation to make against him?"

"No, sir."

"Thank you."

The Prosecutor rose; and Mr. O'Connor most politely gave way.

"I am most anxious—anxious for certain reasons—that this case should be investigated thoroughly." Everyone understood the meaning of that word "thoroughly," when Mr. O'Connor sat down.

"Sir," the Prosecutor said, addressing the president, "we have proof that a good share of the prisoner's kit was missing; and, wherever placed, a portion of the kit he carried with him."

The barrack-sergeant swore that a certain number of shirts, a certain number of collars, stockings, and so forth, were not to be found in the kit which Dennan had left behind him. Clearly Dennan had provided for himself, modestly but sufficiently, and "very ably," as the prosecutor averred.

"Mrs. Hinchy!" cried out O'Connor.

"Here, sir!" answered Mrs. Hinchy.

"Have you got any clothes belonging to Dennan? You are a washerwoman?"

"Well, indeed, I have, Mr. O'Connor; I have,—an' I promised him to bring them in to-day."

"The day after the supposed desertion!" said O'Connor with supreme contempt.

"Where are they, Mrs. Hinchy?" the Prosecutor interposed.

"Oh, Major here they are!" replied the washerwoman. "Here they are."

"Sergeant!" called out O'Connor.

"Here, sir!"

"Examine these articles."

The sergeant leisurely obeyed.

"Do they make up the kit, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you. You may retire."

The reader might think that the negative proof was really enough; and that Dennan was hardly treated for going to see "his own second cousin—maybe the last time, because he was leaving for the States.

But Dennan had four times as much proof as he needed. There was the man to whom he had lent two dollars, and who engaged on his oath to pay him just two days after the time Dennan was supposed to sail.

There was the shoemaker to whom he had given, the day before his disappearance, a pair of boots, as good as new, and which, "without fail," were to be in the day after his desertion.

And, above all, there was a *fiancée*, whom he had engaged to meet two days after his supposed defection from his colors. So, really, when the whole "weight of evidence" was placed in balance, people began to pity Dennan—Dennan after his fifteen years' service.

O'Connor looked round the court with a noble indignation! Dennan laid his head upon his hands. The Colonel looked very uncomfortable. The officers did not conceal their sympathy. A man fifteen years in the service treated in this way! The counsel for the prisoner was right! Such repressions made desertions.

Quite true, only the sympathising should have gone back a little.

Dennan was triumphantly acquitted; and even a kind of apology was made for the gross error of his comrades, and the inconvenience to which he had been subjected. The court broke up; and Dennan was free!

Where did Dennan proceed from the court which tried him? Why, to Father Hayes, to be sure.

There was a pause when he entered. Father Hayes had no congratulation, for he saw the amazing cleverness of the "convert's" plan. In fact, he was solemn.

"Dennan, you have escaped this time. I hope you are going to be a changed man."

"Father Hayes," Dennan said, in a whisper; "Father Hayes, I am going to-night."

"Going! Where?"

"To desert to——. I do not believe any man is bound to suffer what I suffer. Good-bye!"

Dennan was as good as his word; and he wrote a letter from Boston, all about "the land of liberty," and so on. We suppose by this time he has become a

"general" or an "ambassador;" and will laugh when he sees this history, for he will know the hand that writes it has not exaggerated, even one thought.

(To be continued.)

## EASTER MORNING.

BY PATRICK SAHFIELD CASSIDY.

[There is a popular belief in Ireland—begotten apparently by the intense piety of the people—that on Easter Sunday morning, should the weather be favorable, the sun ascends above the horizon dancing for joy at the resurrection of the Saviour; and that he alters his appearance, as if changing robes, to illustrate the principal events, gladness or grief, in the earthly life of Christ. The young folks, after their only night of unrestful anxiety in the year, are up that morning with the lark, and hasten to the highest hill in the neighborhood in order to get an advance view of the luminary of day. Sunrise is always beautiful in fine weather, and, of course, the bright and fertile imagination of youth, spurred by the pious legend, adds new beauties to it on Easter morning.]

I.

"Go, hasten thee, Nora, and waken up  
Flora;  
I'll stay but to bind up this tress;  
And, lest we'd be late, don't allow her to  
wait—  
We'll have time enough after to dress.  
And what need we care, though you know  
he'll be there—  
Never mind in the mirror now glancing,  
But hasten thee fast that we may not be  
last,  
And too late, love, to see the sun dancing!"

Ho, ho, for the sun,  
And the rollicking run,  
With the nimble feet pattering and  
prancing.  
Up, up the green hill,  
While with pleasure they thrill,  
To see the bright Easter sun dancing!

II.

"Oh, yonder comes Gerald! How he'll  
champion and herald  
Me up the green hill, if he can.  
See his roguish black eye and his counte-  
nance sly:  
How he struts down the street like a  
man!  
He is now at the gate, and just there let  
him wait—  
Pray, Nora, don't open the door,  
For you know those bold boys are sud-  
maker's of noise,  
And mamma is still sleeping, *astore.*"  
So lightly they bound  
That they scarce make a sound

On the stairs—through the hall they're  
advancing,  
And Gerald springs o'er,  
As they open the door;  
And they hasten to see the sun dancing!

III.

"Faith, Minnie, I'm choking—now don't be  
provoking—  
'Tis the dew of thy lips that I crave;  
They're so ripe and so ruby"—"Behave,  
you great booby!  
I'll dismiss you my service, you knave!"  
And Minnie laughed gay; and said Gerald,  
"Sweet fay,  
How provoking your pouting "Ah,  
don't!"  
But it always is so with you girls, we know,  
For 'I will, darling boy,' to say 'won't.'"  
Oh, great is the glee  
Of young spirits free,  
And sunny the joyance entrancing,  
To romp and to run  
In their frolic and fun,  
To see the bright Easter sun dancing!

IV.

Eager strained are bright eyes on the rubric  
horizon  
To see the sun rise from the sea;  
And then when he dances how grateful the  
glances  
That greet and gaze on him in glee!  
Blue, purple and gold are the robes of rich  
fold  
That mantle him gracefully round,  
Still varying in tincture; now bound by a  
cineture,  
Then flowing loose down to the ground.  
O, sun, many thanks  
For the pleasure your pranks  
Give young hearts with youth's radiance  
glancing.  
They were up with the morn,  
And all sleepy-heads scorn  
Who went not to see thy gay dancing!

WAKEFUL HOURS.—There is some-  
thing beautiful and sublime in the hush  
of midnight. The myriad quiet sleepers,  
laying down each their life-burden in-  
sensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless  
alike—the strong man as the infant—  
and over all the sleepless Eye, which  
since the world began has never lost  
sight of one pillowed head. Thoughts  
like these come to us in our wakeful  
hours with an almost-painful intensity.  
Then eternity only seems real, and  
everyday life a fable. But morning  
comes, and the stir and hum of life chase  
them away, as the warm sun dries up  
the dew-drops, which like these thoughts  
performed their reviving mission ere  
they departed.



## CANADIAN ESSAYS.

## EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

SOME time during the past year, a Dominican orator, the Rev. Father Mothon, while delivering a lecture at Laval University upon the subject of "The French race in America," told how the medieval ages made the bells for their churches. It would seem that each person in the village or parish took an interest in the labor and looked upon it as a sacred duty to contribute towards its accomplishment. While yet the metal was liquid in the red crucible each one came and dropped in a token:—the rich man gave his gold or silver, the lady her ornament of precious metal, the widow her mite, the poor man his brass or iron coin. Each contributed in proportion to his means and when the work was over and "the firm sandy moulders were broken" and "the dark shining bells were revealed" and when they were placed in the tower and when they rang out at morning, calling the faithful to mass, each one heard in the peal some voice addressed more especially to him, and each one hastened to the shrine of devotion. And at eve the workman and the lord, the beggar and the lady, all went forth at the call of their bell to offer up thanks for the day's graces. And at noon, as McCarthy tells us in his beautiful poem of the "Bell-founder":

"At noon as he lay in the sultriness, under  
the broad leafy limes,  
Far sweeter than murmuring waters came  
the toll of the Angelus chimes,  
Pious and tranquil he arose and uncovered  
his reverend head,  
And thrice was the *Ave Maria* and thrice was  
the *Angelus* said."

And so each one contributing, each one likewise enjoyed the grand result.

It is so with our country. Canada is not yet fully formed. As yet, it is in the great crucible being moulded into shape. Each one should therefore come like the good people of the "Ages of Faith," and cast in a token, lend a helping hand. The one with the silver floods of his eloquence, the next with the gold of his reason, another with the orna-

ments of his virtues, his neighbor with the gifts of his wealth, the poor man with the baser, but more substantial metal of his physical energies, should come and by degrees the whole would be united and the work accomplished. And when from the belfry-tower of our Canadian nationality that grand voice would ring forth to the listening nations, each one would hear in its peals a note for himself. Its softest as its strongest tones would find an echo in each breast. And, as with the makers of the Florentine bells, future generations would thank and praise, and honor the memories of both rich and poor, both strong and weak, both learned and uneducated. All nationalities blended in one, all factions submerged in union and peace, the time would be when Canada would have reached that point of happiness referred to by Moore when addressing Erin he sang:

"Erin thy silent tear never shall cease,  
Erin thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,  
'Till like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite—  
And form in Heaven's sight  
One arch of peace!"

It is a false idea, which has unhappily been encouraged to a great extent in this Province, that every person who can in any way gather up the means should make of his sons, men of profession. Too often those best fitted to occupy places in the ranks of the liberal profession are excluded therefrom by circumstances over which no power can be exercised; too often, many of those filling up the number of professional men would be better able to work the sledge or ply the spade. This is not said, by any means, in a spirit of disrespect for physical labor and those who thereby are bound to earn a livelihood. We mean, that if each one would follow his calling, if each one would be educated in the art or science, or profession or trade for which he is best suited, we would be happier and far more prosperous.

Were we all lawyers, doctors, surveyors, clergymen, etc., the world could not go on—society could not work. On the other hand were we all laborers, in the common acceptation of the term, things would as quickly come to a stand-still. There must be degrees and grades. And

it is as noble to be a first-class tradesman as it is to be a first-class man of profession. It is as grand and as useful to be a skillful blacksmith, as to be a famous advocate.

All classes must exist and each class must contribute a share, must offer its quota to the country at large.

Therefore we would say that in the education of our young persons care should be taken that each one is so instructed and so formed that he may be able to step into the sphere of labor, whether intellectual or physical, for which he is most competent. Some of the best and the grandest men in society are taken from, and are to be found in the ranks of the merchants; some of the most whole souled, high minded, virtuous characters are to be seen moving amongst those who gain their daily bread by the work of their hands. See what the famous Charles Gavan Duffy, that good and learned Irishman tells us, in speaking of Thomas Davis, (all of which can be applied to our leading men in society): "Students who will be eager to estimate him for themselves, must take in connexion with his works the fact, that over the grave of this man, living only to manhood, and occupying only a private station, there gathered a union of parties, and a combination of intellect that would have met round the tomb of no other man living, or who has lived in our time. No life—not that of Guttenberg, or Franklin, or Tone, illustrates more strikingly than his, how often it is necessary to turn aside from the *deus* in which stand the great and titled, for the real moving power of the time—the men who are stirring like a soul in the bosom of society."

Going farther than Duffy, we would say that very frequently the "soul of society" is not the offspring of the leaders of political factions, the men who stand forth as mighty figure-heads before the country, but rather of that class, which with less noise and less show, yet with more vigor and more truthfulness, is moulding and forming a national spirit, giving a national hue to the union of races on Canadian soil.

How little the daily laborer knows of the good he is doing, of the amount he is contributing to the formation and building up of a futuro nation! If he

is virtuous, industrious and faithful to his duties, howsoever unimportant they may appear, he gives an example to all around him; example which they will certainly follow, and which will by degrees extend into wider circles, and in fine, being united with the good example of some other noble laborer, will generate a series of models which necessarily must produce an influence upon the sphere of society in which these people move.

It is true that our statesmen plan and organize and take to themselves the credit of all those grand works and enterprises which are daily opening up new regions and constantly placing at our disposal the million hidden resources of those great tracts that touch the Atlantic and terminate at the Pacific. But on the other hand it is the physical energies, the hard labors of the other class which execute those designs and mature those plans. In vain would governments and representatives vote monies and order railways to be opened out; in vain would they seek to span our rivers and cut through our hills; in vain would they demand the exploration of those wealthy regions, the delving of those mines, if they had not the great mass of the people to perform that labor for them. Labor is noble and worthy of man. He that is ashamed of it deserves not to profit by the industries of others.

"Ah! little they know of true happiness,  
 they, whom satiety fills,  
 Who flung on the rich breast of luxury  
 eat of the rankness that kills,  
 Ah! little they know of the blessedness toil  
 purchased slumber enjoys,  
 Who stretched on the hard rock of indolence,  
 taste of the sleep that destroys,  
 Nothing to hope for, or labor for, nothing to  
 sigh for or gain—  
 Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-  
 like bosom and brain;—  
 Nothing to break life's monotony rippling  
 it o'er with its breath;  
 Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness,  
 sorrow and death.  
 But, blessed the child of humanity, happiest  
 man amongst men,  
 Who, with hammer, or chisel, or pencil,  
 with rudder or ploughshare or pen,  
 Laboreth ever and ever through the morning  
 of life  
 Winning home and its glorious divinities,  
 love worshipp'd children and wife,  
 Round swings the hammer of industry,  
 quickly the sharp chisel rings."

"And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosom of Kings."

Thus sings McCarthy of labor! Who then could be ashamed of it?

It is for reasons now obvious that we commenced this essay by the comparison of the bell-making. We would shew how each one contributes in his proportion to the good of the country at large and to the particular rank in society which he may occupy. We wished to shew that the worth of the laborer is, by many degrees, too much under-valued. We wished to express the opinion that all ranks of society should be equally, or more properly speaking, proportionately protected and encouraged, and we would like to see the minds of the people disabused of the strange idea that it is disgraceful to be a working man or a tradesman. We would wish to see the education, principle in Lower Canada changed upon that point. It is easy for a young person to know, when he has gone a short distance in his course, whether he would be better able to fulfil his duties towards society and towards himself and towards his friends by taking a stand amongst those who enter the learned professions or amongst those who join the commercial world and go into its workings and its business. Then when he has taken his decision, if it be to join the former band let him continue that classical course necessary to complete his education and instruction in order to fit him therefor. But if he finds it more in accordance with his abilities, tastes and desires to enter into the latter one, it is more a waste of time and of money than anything else, for him to bury himself six, seven and perhaps eight years in the depths of classical lore, to live that long period amongst Romans and Greeks, speaking their languages and learning their manners, which can in the end be of little or no use to him in his future life. It would be far better and far more profitable for him to take up the study of commerce which would afterwards serve his interests.

But to labor, whether it be work of the brain or of the arms one thing above all, is necessary and that is strength. To obtain strength exercise is required. Consequently a just proportion of

physical out-door exercise should be made as obligatory, in the institutions of education, as mental work. What use is it to a man to have a mind stored with Greek or Latin or mathematics, and not have the strength to employ that learning and to make it beneficial to himself and to others? In fact, how can a person acquire that knowledge without the physical vigor requisite? And certainly there is nothing which weakens the faculties to a greater extent and within a shorter space of time than a dull and easy or rather lazy life. Blend with the instruction and the education the development of the external faculties and a healthier and stronger race of people will grow up.

It is a good thing in Colleges to have a gymnasium but a better thing would be to have a rule forcing a certain amount of out-door exercise upon the students. Then when they come forth at the end of the course it will be as strong and healthy men and not as broken down, we might, say old men. Too many of those who spend eight or nine years locked up within four walls and pass all that time in brain labor and physical neglect, have the misfortune of being able to say with Martin Mc Dermot:

"I must be very old—  
I keep repeating o'er and o'er;  
Yet on the old Bible page—  
Where my good father wrote my age—  
My years are twenty four."

These few remarks, disjointed as they are, have merely for object to call to mind how many false ideas exist, above all in the Province of Quebec, with regard to education.

In the first place, study in learning by heart seems to have been so deeply implanted in the minds of both young and old, that it would be a gigantic task to undertake the uprooting of it. Then again the idea that every one is fit to be a professional man and is necessarily marked out for that career is equally engrafted in the minds of the people. And the still more dangerous idea exists, that only men of profession are men of any worth or rank. These are false and most dangerous. In consequence of them we see Quebec far behind the sister provinces when considered from a commercial and prosper-

ous point of view. And until these ideas are erased and wider views and grander and larger principles encouraged Quebec must remain behind. Lost in her olden customs and seventeenth century manners, buried in her petty quarrels and narrow faction feelings, circumscribed by the small circle of her connections, un-travelled and, as Goldsmith says, "remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow;"—Quebec will remain at a stand.

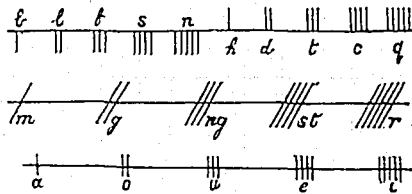
Let us look around and see how the other provinces and other countries advance! Let us examine how they labor and profit by circumstances! Let us fling off that dull mantle in the sombre folds of which we have so long enwrapped ourselves and gazing upon the outer world learn to follow along in the foot-steps of those whose success is our great wonder? Then we will, like the bell-founders of whom we spoke at the beginning, contribute our share to the grand work of construction going on and have a just claim upon our portion of the honor and the glory which must necessarily follow.

A FEW WORDS ON THE OGAM MONUMENTS OF IRELAND.

It may not be uninteresting to the numerous Irish readers of the HARP to hear something of those venerable Celtic monuments which most of them must from time to time have seen (probably without being able to decipher them) in different parts of Ireland, but especially in the South. These monuments are inscribed with certain cabalistic looking characters cut in the stone *along its edge*. They are in reality genuine letters and the whole constitute inscriptions such as are usually found on tombstones. We are not now speaking of runic crosses and runic characters, but of those which are written in the Ogam characters. Of these about 209 are known to at present exist on stone; a few others are extant in manuscripts and on brooches and bone pins. Of the 209 on stone some have become illegible. It would be expected, that these inscriptions, as far as legible, would give us considerable insight into the manners and customs of our Celtic fore-

fathers. But this unfortunately is not the case; though curious from their antiquity, they are remarkably meagre in details, seldom telling us more than the name of the person commemorated and that of his father. With a few exceptions the Ogam monuments are all sepulchral. As to their known geographical distribution Kerry contains 92; Cork 52, Waterford 38; Kilkenny 6; whilst the rest of the island has only 21. They are also found in Wales and on the S. W. coast of England.

We give below the Ogam alphabet with the modern Irish equivalents. It must be borne in mind in order to the proper understanding of this alphabet, that it is always written on the edge of the stone; that the two sides of the angle are used, and that the letters take their value from their position above or below the edge or angle of the stone.

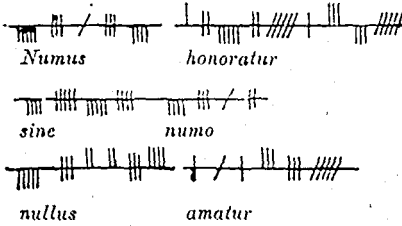


Here the long horizontal line (called in Irish the fleasg) represents the angle of the stone on which the letters are cut. The first thing that will strike the reader on examining this alphabet will be the extreme simplicity of its construction; straight lines (ranging from one to five) 1° perpendicular to and below the fleasg;—2° perpendicular to and above the fleasg;—3° diagonal (from right to left) to the fleasg—4° perpendicular to and across the fleasg. Such is the Ogam alphabet. It will further be remarked, that whereas in our modern alphabet the vowels run in order a, e, i, o, u; in the Ogam they run a, o, u, e, i. Another very remarkable thing, is, that the signs for the letters have evidently been invented on strict scientific principles; the five vowels having had their signs assigned them first; and so on. This is not so in our telegraphic alphabet of modern days.

The legend usually begins near the bottom of the left angle, and goes on towards the top of the stone; when that is reached, it is resumed on the

right angle, and carried towards the top in the same way; in some cases however, the letters commenced on the left angle, are continued round the top, and down the right angle when necessary.

In the ninth century and later the Irish practised Ogam writing on other materials than stone. In the Rawlinson Codex, in the Bodleian library, we have a latin inscription written in Ogam character



(Money is honoured; without money no one is loved.) Alas! it is the old old story of Mammon worship over again!

H. B.

### IRISH FAITH AND NATIONALITY.

BY JOHN O'CONNOR POWER, M. P. FOR MAYO.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M. P., delivered a lecture on Ireland at Deptford, England, recently. The building was filled to overflowing long before the hour appointed for the opening of the proceedings. The chair was filled by the Chevalier O'Clery, M. P., who was supported by Frs. Fannin, Alexander and Lloyd, and by Mr. J. C. O'Donnell and others.

The Chevalier O'Clery, M. P., in opening the proceedings, testified to the pleasure he felt at having been chosen by their dear pastor and his dear friend Fr. Fannin to preside over that magnificent meeting. There could be no greater work of charity than that involved in the support of schools in missions like Deptford—schools so largely attended by the children of his poor country people. Mr. O'Connor Power, whose name was a household word wherever Irish patriotism was prized, whose name awakened recollections of eloquence and of oratory that brought a glow of pride to their cheeks, had taken for this subject their native

country—"Ireland." Ireland! That word filled their hearts with love, and at the present moment with anxiety, for they knew that Ireland was even now passing through a terrible crisis, that since the fatal year of '47 she was not called upon to face a fiercer ordeal, that the Irish people were called upon to meet once more their dreaded foe—famine. Yes; famine was once more casting its gloomy shadow over the land, and the consciousness that this was so touched them deeply. Thankful were they to those kind-hearted and sympathetic friends, wherever found, who came forward to endeavour to stem the advancing tide of misery; but yet they could not but take into account the express declaration of the Irish Bishops that no effort of individual charity would be sufficient to grapple with the evil, and that it was now the duty of the Government to come forward and donate millions to the object of saving the lives of the Irish people.

Mr. O'Connor Power, M. P. who was received with enthusiastic applause, said there were two considerations on which he would like to fix their attention during the course of his remarks, and it seemed to him that if he was to speak not from the knowledge of the head, but from the fulness of the heart, he should speak to them about two great principles which were illustrated in the immortal past of Ireland and which to his mind seemed to represent the whole duty of Irishmen in the generation in which they were borne (applause). The two great sentiments to which he referred were illustrated in the motto—The Religion and the Nationality of Ireland. From the time when the Ancient Church made Ireland the university of the world, amidst all the strife of factions, amidst all the discord of hostile chiefs, Irish history always exhibited one living principle of unity, one grand idea which in itself contains the essence on universal harmony, and that idea was represented in the cross of Catholicity planted in many a highland valley and in many a lonely glen (applause). There were two events in the history of their race which, occurring at different periods in that history, had colored the destiny and character of the Irish people, and he could refer

to them as the fountains of two mighty streams which had descended upon the waves of time and colored and formed and influenced the whole course of Irish history. These events were the conversion of Ireland by St. Patrick and the invasion of Ireland by Henry II. There were no glided cabins, there were no silver-tongued courtiers, there were no armed retainers in the ship that bore the simple swineherd in the person of St. Patrick to the shores of Ireland. Yet, with the Apostle's staff for his sceptre, his only code of laws God's Sacred Word, founded the dominions of the Church on the ruins of pagan superstition. He accomplished in a few short months the conquest of the whole Irish race, and he is the only invader of Ireland whose dominion has never been questioned since the Cross of the indestructible Church was illuminated by the Irish sun rising over the Irish mountains. In a few short months he accomplished what missionaries like Henry II. had been vainly striving to achieve for 700 years, and which they were as far from achieving at the present hour as they were when Strongbow and his armed followers first landed on the Irish shores (applause). The conquest of St. Patrick, and the survival to our time of the spirit of Irish nationality, proves that the moral power of right is greater and stronger than the material power of persecution. One fact that particularly struck the student of Irish history was the vitality of the Irish race. Any of them who had read the history of the wars of Elizabeth must remember that terrible picture which her deputy, Mountjoy, presented to his royal mistress when he wrote that she had nothing to reign over in Ireland but "carcasses and ashes." If they could close their eyes to the history of later times they might conclude that Mountjoy had accomplished the final conquest of Ireland, and that the struggle of 1803 ended in the complete subjection of Ireland. But it was not so to be. Forty years had not elapsed when the resuscitated spirit of the Irish Protector of England, and the sword of Cromwell followed that of Elizabeth in the work of slaughter. Neither sex nor age were spared by the Puritan soldiery, thousands of young

boys and girls were handed over to the tender mercy of the West Indian slave holder; but long after Cromwell had done his worst and after the judgment of God had overtaken him, there still existed the unconquered Irish nation (applause). He believed that in this year of grace Ireland was as devoted to the spirit of nationality as at any former period of her history, and for proof of this he referred to the vitality of the national party of our time, the whole history of which is studded with the records of Irish nationalism and Irish patriotism. The United Irishmen of 100 years ago, representing the patriotism of a large section of the Irish people, dissolved the moment that the leaders fell into the hands of the British Government; the movement sanctified by the devotion of Robert Emmet perished with him on the scaffold in Thomas street; the nationalism of O'Connell was buried in the grave that closed over his remains, and the Confederation of '48 lived in the songs of its poets and the speeches of its orators when Meagher and Mitchel set sail in the convict ship for Bermuda. And in our time we have seen the leaders of Irish public opinion flung into the solitariness and degradation of the prison cell; we have seen others ascend the scaffold; we have seen others again driven into the madhouse as a sacrifice on the altar of English prejudice—but we have not seen the national spirit of Ireland droop one hair's breadth from that high position of manly resolve and stern determination which will yet win the independence of our people. And therefore he said that there were few periods of Irish history when there was greater cause for hope and rejoicing, although we know we live in trying times, and the efforts of Irish patriots must be directed to the redress of those practical grievances which have brought misery to many a peasant fireside. We behold in the present condition of Ireland the outcome of the Government of Ireland by a people who know nothing of Irish want, and who are, by their character and training, particularly unfit to sympathize with, to understand or to appreciate Irish aspirations (applause). There were two things which

he (Mr. O'Connor Power) intended and hoped to see realized in his day—the establishment of an Irish Parliament and the disestablishment of Irish landlordism; and it seemed to him that these two measures represented the two political necessities of Ireland without which her peace, her freedom and her prosperity could never be secured (cheers). They could not forget that in the days when Ireland was mistress of her own destinies she advanced in trade, in agriculture and in manufactures, and in everything that could enhance a nation's position in the world. They knew therefore by the experience of the past and by the knowledge of what Irishmen had accomplished in the free dependencies of the British Crown, and in that still freer and more glorious country, the American Republic, that Irishmen had all the qualities of high statesmanship, that they were not deficient in the qualities required by a free and independent nation, and therefore they had received in their day the demand for an Irish Parliament in College Green (loud cheers). At the present moment they were face to face with a crisis that occurred periodically in the history of Ireland, because she occupies the extraordinary position of being the only nation in the civilized world whose people did not possess their own resources. Agriculture was the mainspring of Ireland's wealth, yet the agricultural resources of Ireland were the property of individuals nominally of Irish population, but in reality, as Lord Lyndhurst had said, aliens in tongue, in blood and religion to the people of Ireland. They had on one side three millions of toilers, and on the other ten thousand individuals not toiling, but consuming the fruits of the labor of these millions. When they looked at the past they could not but believe that she is destined to survive her present misfortunes. One of the greatest of political philosophers, the Irishman Edmund Burke, had written these words for the instruction of humanity, "A nation is a spirit, and cannot die." We may in our day, as the Grattin in his, apply the words of Romeo to Ireland, and say:

Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign  
yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And Deaths pale flag is not advanced there.

England, by disestablishing the Protestant Church, confessed that the struggle against Irish Catholicity was a failure; and just as, 1400 years ago, the pagan Druids bowed beneath the sceptre of St. Patrick, the English Government bowed before the faith of the Irish people, and he promised them, his countrymen, that, just as the British Government had been obliged to surrender to the Cross of Catholicity, they would yet be obliged to surrender to the undying spirit of Irish nationality.

### CHIT-CHAT.

—In the eventful year 1587, whilst the Catholics of England were deploring the death of Mary Stuart; whilst England in general was exulting at the destruction by Drake of a hundred Spanish galleons in the noble port of Cadiz; whilst the Puritan party was running its bullet head at the stone wall of Elizabeth's half hearted Protestantism; whilst the Quaker John Fox was lying dead; whilst Walsingham was making things unpleasant for Philip of Spain by getting his bills protested at Genoa—a little man in the parish of St. Bidolph, London, was nibbling his goose quill pen and arranging his ideas (such as they were) for wordy onslaught against stage and stage actors. The name of this little man was Gosson. His hatred was strong as his logic was weak. He had written two or three plays in his day, which had incontinenter been consigned to the waste basket—hence these tears. As to his logic, where his premises were unexceptional his conclusions were false, and where his conclusions were passable his premises were unsound; often both premises and conclusions were equally destitute of a leg to stand on. "When the Britons ate acorns and drank water" quoth he, "they were giants and heroes; but since plays came in they had dwindled into a puny race, incapable of noble and patriotic action," and *this* was written the year Blake had cut out the Spanish galleons, and the year before the destruction of the Armada. The incumbent of St.

Bidolph may have been a zealous man, he was hardly a wise one.

—Later on whilst Englishmen were talking admiringly of the splendours of Charles 1st's coronation, but refusing him 11 pounds out of every 12, which were necessary to make that coronation any thing else but a *sham*, another writer, with equal confidence in his powers and equal weakness in his logic, was running tilt with his goose quill against the actors. "Plays were invented by heathens (so were glass and umbrellas) they must necessarily be prejudicial to Christians—they were invented in order to appear false Gods, the playing of them must therefore excite the wrath of a true Deity—they are no recreation, because people come away weary—the argument in tragedy is murder, in comedy, vice; hence both are bad instruction. He would like to know in what page of Holy writ authority is given for the vocation of an actor?"

The devil they say quotes Scripture in order to bring it into disrepute, our author's appeal to Scripture will have much the same effect.

—There are sermons and *sermons*. When St. John "of the golden mouth" had finished one of his orations, the people cried out "Thou art worthy of the priesthood! thou art the thirteenth apostle! Christ hath sent thee to save our souls!" When he of the foul mouth preached, he was banished the pulpit. The early church was very pronounced on this head. Even too much gesticulation was severely reprimanded; and if the preacher manifested any signs of levity in the pulpit, or indulged in any action which was not entirely in keeping with the dignity of the place and occasion, he was at once commanded to desist and silence was imposed upon him over afterwards. It is said of Paul of Samosata (he who eventually became a heretic) that he carried gesticulation so far as to stamp the pulpit with his feet, beat his thighs with his hands and act whilst preaching in a most unbecoming way, for which reason the Council of Antioch (A. D. 272) bitterly complained of him to Pope D'onysius the reigning pontiff. The Council of Antioch

would have made equally short work with the Talmages and Beechers and other Pulpit Buffoons of our day.

—When Calvin poor unfortunate man! made his blasphemous jest, that—"the Saints must have long ears to hear our prayers"—he was either treating his hearers to a little Pulpit Bouffe of a not very reputable character, or he felt, he was speaking to an audience of boors. Never was there a more *witless witicism* As a foul insult to the Blessed in heaven "who follow the lamb wheresoever He goeth," it is perfect (they are asses!) as a point against the Catholic doctrine of Saint worship, it is beneath the level of street preaching. To hold it good Calvin must have proved very much more than he was able to prove. To sustain it he must have shewn 1<sup>o</sup> that all creatures (spiritual as well as corporal) are restricted as to their *presence* within such limited bounds as would be incompatible with "hearing our prayers;" 2<sup>o</sup> that being so restricted, they are restricted also as to their *hearing* within such limited bounds as would be incompatible with hearing our prayers; 3<sup>o</sup> that hearing with ears is the only possible manner in which our prayers can be heard. Did Calvin think for a moment, that God hears our prayers *with ears*? Not that we wish for a moment to make any comparison between the way in which God hears and that in which the Saints hear. But if there is one way for man to hear, and another for God,—why may there not be a third way for the Saints to hear? Nor would his task have ended with our three points. All proved, he would still have St. Jerome's argument from Scripture (used against Vigilantius) staring him in the face; that as from XIV. 4. Rev. it is evident that the just fellow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and as the Lamb is undoubtedly ever present to our prayers; so the Just must also be present to our prayers.

Who has yet proved that hearing is the only possible manner in which the Saints can know our wants? It has never yet been proved, that spirits have ears, and yet as they have intelligence they must have some means of intercommunication. What those means are we know not; nor does it matter to



know ;—that they possess them, we have Scripture warrant for believing, since the Evangelist tells us “there is joy in heaven over one sinner doing penance rather than over ninety nine just.”

Calvin's jest was only fit for a nation of boors.

Quoth Tom—“Thou ancient Ulster with thy thread bare faded frieze  
Thy buttons gone—thy button-holes of every shape and size—  
Thy seams all most unseemly—thy sleeves all rent and torn—  
Thy empty pockets bottomless—thy collar greased and worn—  
I would I'd never known thee, nor thy lost gentilities!  
I would I'd never seen thy face—thou venerable frieze!”

Then from its inner consciousness outspake that injured frieze—  
Then from its inner folds went out these accents of surprise—  
“Ah me! how oft I've shielded thee from nights unhealthy chills,  
How often I have saved thee from the blast that shook the hills  
How often with my own soft breast, I've saved thy carcass from  
The icy darts,—thou dar'st not tell—thou most ungrateful Tom!

But now that I am old and done, worn thread-bare, greased and torn,  
Thou, with thy base ingratitude, thus giv'st me up to scorn,  
Alas! alack! tis ever thus. From childhood's morning hours  
To age's gentle sunset-tide we cull the fairest flowers;  
And when their beauty fades away, we cast them heedless from  
Us, even as thou casts this frieze—thou most ungrateful Tom!

H. B.

### THE BATTLE OF CREMONA.

In January, 1702, occurred the famous rescue of Cremona. Villeroy succeeded Catinat, in August, 1701, and having with his usual rashness attacked Eugene's camp at Chiari, he was defeated. Both parties retired early to winter quarters, Eugene encamping so as to block Mantua. While thus placed, he opened an intrigue with one Cassoli, of Cremona, where Villeroy had his headquarters. An old aqueduct passed under Cassoli's house, and

he had it cleared of mud and weeds by the authorities, under pretence that his house was injured for want of drainage. Having opened this way, he got several of Eugene's grenadiers into the town disguised, and now at the end of January all was ready.

Cremona lies on the left bank of the river Po. It was then five miles round, was guarded by a strong castle and by *enceinte*, or continued fortification all around it, pierced by five gates. One of these gates led almost directly to the bridge over the Po. This bridge was fortified by a redoubt.

Eugene's design was to surprise the town at night. He meant to penetrate on two sides, south and north. Prince Charles of Vaudemont crossed the Po at Firenzola, and marched up the right bank with 2,500 foot, and 500 horse, was to assault the bridge and gate of the Po, as soon as Eugene had entered on the north. As this northern attack was more complicated, and as it succeeded, it may be best described in the narrative of events.

On the 31st of January, Eugene crossed the Oglio at Ustiano, and approached the north of the town. Marshal Villeroy had that night returned from a war council at Milan.

At 3 o'clock in the morning of the 1st of February, the allies closed in on the town in the following order: 1,100 men under Count Kufstein entered by the aqueduct; 300 men were led to the gate of St. Margaret's, which had been walled up, and immediately commenced removing the wall from it; meantime, the other troops under Kufstein pushed on and secured the ramparts to some distance, and as soon as the gate was cleared, a vanguard of horse under Count Merci dashed through the town. Eugene, Staremberg, and Prince Commerci followed with 7,000 horse and foot. Patrols of cavalry rode the streets; Staremberg seized the great square; the barracks of four regiments were surrounded, and the men cut down as they appeared.

Marshal Villeroy, hearing the tumult, hastily burned his papers and rode out attended only by a page. He was quickly snapped up by a party of Eugene's cavalry commanded by an Irishman named MacDonnell. Villeroy seeing

himself in the hands of a soldier of fortune, hoped to escape by bribery. He made offer after offer. A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse were refused by this poor Irish captain, and Villeroy rode out of the town with his captor.

The Marquis of Mongon, General Crenant, and other officers, shared the same fate, and Eugene assembled the town council to take an oath of allegiance, and supply him with 14,000 rations. All seemed lost.

All was *not* lost. The Po gate was held by 35 Irishmen, and to Mercei's charge and shout they answered with a fire that forced their assailant to pass on to the rampart, where he seized a battery. This unexpected and almost rash resistance was the very turning-point of the attack. Had Mercei got this gate, he had only to ride on and open the bridge to Prince Vaudemont. The entry of 3,000 men more, and on that side, would soon have ended the contest.

Not far from this same gate of the Po were the quarters of two Irish regiments, Dillon (one of old Mountcashel's old brigade) and Burke (the Athlone regiment). Dillon's regiment was, in Colonel Lacy's absence, commanded by Major Mahony. He had ordered his regiment to assemble for exercise at day-break, and lay down. He was woken by the noise of the Imperial Cuirassiers passing his lodgings. He jumped up, and finding how things were, got off to the two corps, and found them turning out in their shirts to check the Imperialists, who swarmed round their quarters.

He had just got his men together when General D'Arenes came up, put himself at the head of these regiments, who had nothing but their muskets, shirts, and cartouches about them. He instantly led them against Mercei's force, and after a sharp struggle, drove them from the ramparts, killing large numbers, and taking many prisoners; amongst others MacDonnell, who returned to fight after securing Villeroy.

In the mean time Estrague's regiment had made a post of a few houses in the great square: Count Revel had given the word "French to the ram-

parts," and retook All-Saints' gate, while M. Praslin made head against the Imperial Cavalry patrols. But when Revel attempted to push further round the ramparts and regain St. Margaret's Gate, he was repulsed with heavy loss, and D'Arenes, who seems to have been everywhere, was wounded.

It was now ten o'clock in the day, and Mahony had received orders to fight his way from the Po to the Mantua Gate, leaving a detachment to guard the rampart from which he had driven Mercei. He pushed on, driving the enemy's infantry before him, but suffering much from their fire, when Baron Freiberg, at the head of a regiment of Imperial Cuirassiers, burst into Dillon's regiment. For a while their case seemed desperate; but, almost naked as they were, they grappled with their foes. The linen shirt and the steel cuirass—the naked footman and the harnessed cavalier met, and the conflict was desperate and doubtful. Just at this moment Mahony grasped the bridle of Freiberg's horse, and bid him ask quarter. "No quarter to-day," said Freiberg, dashing his spurs into his horse: he was instantly shot. The Cuirassiers saw and paused; the Irish shouted and slashed at them. The volley came better and the sabres wavered. Few of the Cuirassiers lived to fly; but all who survived did fly: and there stood these glorious fellows in the wintry streets, bloody, triumphant, half-naked. Burke lost seven officers and forty-two soldiers killed, and nine officers and fifty soldiers wounded. Dillon had one officer and forty-nine soldiers killed, and twelve officers and seventy-nine soldiers wounded.

But what matter for death or wounds! Cremona is saved. Eugene waited long for Vaudemont, but the French, guarded from Mercei's attack by the Irish picket of 35, had ample time to evacuate the redoubt and ruin the bridge of boats.

On hearing of Freiberg's death, Eugene made an effort to keep the town by frightening the council. On hearing of the destruction of the bridge, he despaired, and effected his retreat with consummate skill, retaining Villeroy and 100 other officers prisoners.

Europe rang with applause. King Louis sent his public and formal thanks to his Irish troops, and raised their pay

forthwith. We would not like to meet the Irishman who, knowing these facts, would pass the north of Italy, and not track the steps of the Irish regiments through the streets and gates and ramparts of Cremona.—*Thomas Davis' Notes to his Poems.*

## INDIAN LYRICS.

### VI.

#### THE FAR WEST.

Our heritage—the tribal land  
We leave with silent grief,  
As leads the Warriors of each band  
Its plumed and painted Chief.  
Far from the ashes of our sires  
We seek for peace and rest,  
And from our ancient Council-fires,  
Mid woodlands farther west.

Our homes are in the Whiteman's hands,  
Our hunting grounds are gone,  
We're strangers in our fathers lands,  
Why fondly linger on?  
We'll wander from that cherished place,  
And all we loved resign:  
Low are the fortunes of our race,  
Bleak as the blasted pine.

Beyond those prairies wild and wide  
The Pale-face set apart—  
Reserves where Sae and Fox abide,  
Whence soon they must depart;  
Beyond Dakotah's plains, where still  
The Sioux, brave and free,  
Beside Missouri roams at will,  
Or lives in light tepee.

Great Spirit! give our thoughts repose,  
To thy Red children prove  
That all their grievances may close,  
When from the Lakes they move.  
The silence of the western woods,  
The shadows of the balm,  
The music of their streams and floods  
Our troubled souls may calm.

Among the pathless forests green  
The Indian hopes for rest,  
And where the Yankee has not been  
He'll sooth his weary breast.  
Our Sachems taught us to sustain  
The frowns of Fate and ill,  
That sorrow in a man was vain  
And murmurs vainer still.

We'll get our furs with trap and gun,  
Our food with bows and hounds,  
And travel to the setting sun  
Where backwood game abounds:  
Where vales are rich and forests green  
And streams are deep and clear,  
For where the Yankee has not been  
The Indian has no fear.

H. J. K.

Montreal.

## CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

### THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—(Concluded.)

BUT at length a change came over the land: a thousand years had well-nigh rolled, and this great people grew tired of the heavenly stranger who sojourned among them. They had had enough of blessings and absolutions, enough of the intercession of saints, enough of the grace of the sacraments, enough of the prospect of the next life. They thought it best to secure this life in the first place, because they were in possession of it, and then to go on to the next, if time and means allowed. And they saw that to labor for the next world was possibly to loose this; whereas, to labor for this world might be, for what they knew, the way to labor for the next also. Any how, they would pursue a temporal end, and they would account any one their enemy who stood in the way of their pursuing it. It was a madness; but madmen are strong and madmen are clever; so with the sword and the halter, and by mutilation and fine and imprisonment, they cut off, or frightened away from the land, as Israel did in the time of old, the ministers of the Most High, and their ministrations: they "altogether broke the yoke, and burst the bonds." "They beat one, and killed another, and another they stoned," and at length they altogether cast out the Heir from His vineyard, and killed Him, "that the inheritance might be theirs." And as for the remnant of His servants whom they left they drove them into corners and holes of the earth, and there they bade them die out; and then they rejoiced and sent gifts either to other, and made merry, because they had rid themselves of those "who had tormented them that dwelt upon the earth." And so they turned to enjoy this world, and to gain for themselves a name among men, and it was given unto them according to their wish. They preferred the heathen virtues of their original nature to the robe of grace which God had given them: they fell back with closed affections, and naughty reserve, and dreari-

ness within, upon their worldly integrity, energy, prudence, and perseverance; they made the most of the natural man and they "received their reward." Forthwith they began to rise to a station higher than the heathen Roman, and have, in three centuries, attained a wider range of sovereignty; and now they look down in contempt on what they were, and upon the Religion which reclaimed them from paganism.

Yes, such was the temptation of the evil one, such the fall of his victim, such the disposition of the Most High. The tempter said: "All these will I give, if, falling down, thou wilt adore me;" and their rightful Lord and Sovereign permitted the boast to be fulfilled. He permitted it for His greater glory; He might have hindered it, as He might hinder all evil; but He saw good, He saw it best, to let things take their course. He did not interfere, He kept silence, He retired from the land which would be rid of Him. And there were those at the crisis who understood not His providence, and would have interfered in His behalf with a high hand. Holy men and true they were, zealous for God, and tender towards His sheep; but they divined not His will. It was His will to leave the issue to time, and to bring things round slowly and without violence and to conquer by means of His adversaries. He willed it that their pride should be its own correction; that they should be broken without hands, and dissolve under their own insufficiency. He who might have brought myraids of Angels to the rescue, He who might have armed and blessed the forces of Christendom against His persecutors, wrought more wonderously. He deigned not to use the carnal weapon: He bade the drawn sword return to its sheath: He refused the combinations and the armaments of earthly kings. He who sees the end from the beginning, who is "justified in His words, and overcomes when He is judged," did but wait. He waited patiently; He left the world to itself, nor avenged His Church, but stayed till the fourth watch of the night, when His faithful sons had given up hope, and thought His mercy towards them at an end. He let the

winds and the waves insult Him and His own; He suffered meekly the jeers and blasphemies which rose on every side, and pronounced the downfall of His work. "All things have an end," men said; "there is a time for all things; a time to be borne, and a time to die. All things have their course and their term; they may last a long time, but after all, a period they have, and not an immortality." So it is with man himself; even Mathusala and Noe exhausted the full fountain of their being, and a pitcher was at length crushed, and the wheel broken. So is it with nations; they rise, and they flourish, and they fall: there is an element in them, as in individuals, which wears out and perishes. However great they may be in their day, at length the moment comes, when they have attained their greatest elevation, and accomplished their full range, and fulfilled their scope. So it is with great ideas and their manifestations; they are realized, they prevail, and they perish. As the constituents of the animal frame at length refuse to hold together, so nations, philosophies, and religious one day lose their unity and undergo a common law of decomposition. Our nation, doubtless, will find its term at length, as well as others, though not yet; but that ancient faith of ours is to come to naught already. We have nothing, then, to fear from the past; the past is not, the past cannot revive; the dead tell no tales; the grave cannot open. New adversaries we may have, but with the Old Religion we have parted once for all.

Thus speaks the world, deeming Christ's patience to be feebleness, and His loving affection to be enmity. And the faithful, on the other hand, have had their own misgivings too, whether Catholicism could ever flourish in this country again. Has it yet happened anywhere in the history of the Church that a people which once lost its faith ever regained it? It is a gift of grace, a special mercy to receive it once, and not to be expected a second time. Many nations have never had it at all; from some it has been taken away, apparently without their fault, nay, in spite of their meritorious use of it. Sow as it with the old Persian Church which, after

enduring two frightful persecutions, had scarcely emerged from the second when it was irretrievably corrupted by heresy. So was it with the famous Church of Africa, whose great saint and doctor's dying moments were embittered by the ravages around him of those fierce barbarians who were destined to be its ruin. What are we better than they? It is then surely against the order of Providence hitherto, that the gift once given should be given again; the world and the Church bear a concordant testimony here.

And the just Judge of man made as though He would do what man anticipated. He retired, as I have said, from the field: He yielded the battle to the enemy:—but He did so that He might in the event more signally triumph. He interfered not for near three hundred years, that his enemies might try their powers of mind in forming a religion instead of His own. He gave them three hundred years' start, bidding them to do something better than He, or something at all, if so be they were able, and He put Himself to every disadvantage. He suffered the daily sacrifice to be suspended, the hierarchy to be driven out, education to be prohibited, religious houses to be plundered and suppressed, cathedrals to be desecrated, shrines to be rifled, religious rites and duties to be interdicted by the law of the land. He would owe the world nothing in that revival of the Church which was to follow. He wrought, as in the old time by His prophet Elias, who, when he was to light the sacrifice with fire from heaven drenched the burnt-offering with water the first time, the second time, and the third time; "and the water ran round about the altar, and the trench was filled up with water." He wrought as He himself had done in the raising of Lazarus; for when he heard that His friend was sick, "He remained in the same place two days:" on the third day He said plainly, "Lazarus is dead, and I am glad, for your sake, that I was not there, that you may believe;" and then, at length, He went and raised him from the grave. So too was it in His own resurrection; He did not rise from the cross; He did not rise from

His mother's arms; He rose from the grave, and on the third day.

So is it now; "He hath taken us, and He will heal us; He will strike, and He will cure us. He will revive us after two days; on the third day He will rise us up, and we shall live in His sight." Three ages have passed away; the bell has tolled once, and twice, and thrice; the intercession of the saints has had effect; the mystery of Providence is unravelled: the destined hour is come. And, as when Christ arose, men knew not of His rising, for He rose at midnight and in silence, so when His mercy would do His new work among us, He wrought secretly, and was risen ere men dreamed of it. He sent not His Apostles and preachers, as at the first from the city where He has fixed His throne. His few and scattered priests were about their own work, watching their flocks by night, with little time to attend to the souls of the wandering multitudes around them, and with no thoughts of the conversion of the country. But He came as a spirit upon the waters; He walked to and fro Himself over that dark and troubled deep, and, wonderful to behold, and inexplicable to man, hearts were stirred, and eyes were raised in hope, and feet began to move towards the Great Mother, who had almost given up the thought and the seeking of them. First one, and then another, sought the rest which she alone could give. A first, and a second, and a third, and a fourth, each in his turn, as grace inspired him,—not altogether, as by some party understanding or political call,—but drawn by divine power, and against his will, for he was happy where he was, yet with his will, for he was lovingly subdued by the sweet mysterious influence which called him on. One by one, little noticed at the moment, silently, swiftly, and abundantly, they drifted in, till all could see at length that surely the stone was rolled away, and that Christ was risen and abroad. And as He rose from the grave, strong and glorious, as if refreshed with His sleep, so, when the prison doors were opened, the Church came forth, not changed in aspect or in voice, as calm and keen, as vigorous and as well furnished, as

when they closed on her. It is told in legends of that great saint and instrument of God, St Athanasius, how that when the upstate Julian had come to his end, and persecution with him, the saintly confessor, who had been a wanderer over the earth, was found to the surprise of his people, in his cathedral at Alexandria, seated on his episcopal throne, and clad in the vestments of religion. So is it now; the Church is coming out of prison, as collected in her teaching, as praise in her action, as when she went into it. She comes out with pallium, and cope, and chasuble, and stole, and wonder-working relics, and holy images. Her bishops are again in their chairs, and her priests sit round, and the perfect vision of a majestic hierarchy rises before our eyes.

What an awful vitality is here! What a heavenly-sustained sovereignty! What a self-evident divinity! She claims, she seeks, she desires no temporal power, no secular station: she meddles not with Caesar of the things of Caesar; she obeys him in his place, but she is independent of him. Her strength is in her God; her rule is over the souls of men; her glory is in their willing subjection and loving loyalty. She hopes and fears nothing from the world; it made her not, nor can it destroy her. She can benefit it largely, but she does not force herself upon it. She may be persecuted by it, but she thrives under the persecution. She may be ignored, she may be silenced and thrown into a corner, but she is thought of the more. Calumniate her, and her influence grows; ridicule her—she does not smile upon you more awfully and persuasively. What will you do with her, ye sons of men, if you will not love her, if at least you will not suffer her? Let the last three hundred years reply. Let her alone, refrain from her; for if her council or her work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it, least perhaps you be found even to fight against God. ("Occasional Sermons," p. 124.)

Conformity to the will of God is the treasure of a Christian and the remedy for every evil.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

## IS A CHANGE NECESSARY IN THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LAND-TENURE IN IRELAND?

HENRY J. KAVANAGH.

THIS question, being an Irish one, its solution should be a matter of deep concern to every subject of the British Empire whose national *prestige* and material prosperity Ireland has so largely contributed to. There can be no doubt that this question and its developments seriously interest and in an especial manner every Irishman who has made his home in Canada and equally so every Canadian of Irish descent. But it is well, since it is being discussed among us, that we should consider this question rationally and dispassionately, and there is no reason, if we succeed in doing so, why our different nationalities of origin should infallibly indicate our differing answers. We shall therefore forget that we are treating an *Irish* question, and leaving aside, whichever we may suffer from, either our chilling English prejudice or ardent Irish partiality, we shall proceed in good faith to ascertain what are the facts of the case, borrowing a little light as we go along from the history and the laws of other countries.

Before entering into the immediate question before us, we should satisfy ourselves whether it is of the importance that some pretend, and whether Ireland's welfare or misfortune really depends in so great a measure on the goodness or badness of the land-laws. It may be safely stated that the immense majority of the population of Ireland follow agricultural pursuits, and the fact is that this state of things must continue for a considerable time to come, for at present the people are too poor to engage in manufactures or commerce, and the noble class, who may be said to possess all the capital in the country, will not condescend to invest their money in plebeian concerns. In order that the people of Ireland become anything else than exclusively agricultural it will be first necessary to make it possible for them to emerge from their present extreme poverty.

A foreign, and presumably therefore an impartial, authority, M. Troplong,

the distinguished French jurist and commentator of the Code Napoleon, writing on the state of the Irish tenantry, in the preface to his work on the contract of lease and hire, says: "Dans ce pays se trouvent réunis par la nature tous les éléments de la prospérité sociale; une race d'hommes belle et vigoureuse, une population féconde et douce des plus heureux instincts, une terre fertile et pittoresque, un climat favorable à la végétation, et pourtant l'infortune de ces cultivateurs est si grande qu'elle serre le cœur d'une douleur infinie, et l'on est tenté de désirer pour elle l'esclavage du paysan russe!"

The legal rights of the great majority of landlords in Ireland are derived from the old feudal system. Feudalism, wherever else it existed in Europe, was found long since to have lost its usefulness and has in consequence almost completely disappeared, and it is only in Great Britain and Ireland that the nobility have succeeded in preserving their feudal privileges. Now this relic of feudalism in Ireland results not only in no good to the people but does harm. The vassal or *villain* of long ago is the Irish tenant-at-will of to-day, and it has been established and it is well known that two-fifths of the Irish population hold the land they cultivate under a tenancy-at-will. Under this system of tenure the rights of the landlord, as the word implies, are most arbitrary.

1st. When the tenant has given increased value to the land by his labor, building and other improvements, the landlord may require a higher rent, which, if refused, can, as a consequence of these very improvements, be easily obtained from some one else.

2nd. The landlord has virtually the right arbitrarily and for no reason to evict his tenant.

3rd. Practically, he may do so without allowing compensation for any improvements made or paid for by the tenant.

Those persons who pretend that these rights are equitable and justifiable are fond of insisting upon the *contract* existing between the landlord and his tenant. All who pretend to know any thing about *lease* are aware that it is one of those contracts called reciprocal,

that is a contract which creates rights and obligations reciprocally between the parties. We should therefore ascertain what are these respective rights and obligations of the landlord and tenant in Ireland. We have seen what are some of the landlords' rights—what are his obligations? Strange to say in Ireland the proprietor, whose land is held under a tenancy-at-will, is under no obligations to his tenant. And yet, as long ago as when the Marquis of Normanby was lord-lieutenant, an Irish Chief-Secretary startled the world he lived in by asserting that "property has its *duties* as well as its rights." The idea was so perfectly new in Ireland at the time that many people were seriously shocked at a statement from "the castle" so subversive of established order. However, although the words of the Irish Secretary have grown familiar, still as far as Ireland is concerned, the law gives them the lie, and they remain, as they were at the time of their utterance, true only in theory. Comparing this Irish contract of lease with the contract of lease under the civil law, which is the law of Lower Canada and prevails throughout the whole of continental Europe, we find (article 1613 *et seq.* Civil Code) that the landlord is bound to make all necessary repairs excepting certain specified lesser repairs to be borne by the tenant; he is bound to give peaceable possession of the land leased to the tenant during the continuance of the lease, and he cannot break this lease at will, but only for certain specific causes, and even then he must institute an action at law, when the lease, for cause shewn, may be rescinded by judgment of the Court.

We have stated what are the rights of the Irish landlord, and that he is not bound to the fulfilment of any obligations. Now what are the rights of his tenant? Virtually the Irish tenant-at-will has no rights secured to him by law and of which he may avail himself. His part of this anomalous contract consists merely in his obligations. He is bound to pay the rent whether it has been raised year after year and has reached a sum much greater than the actual annual value of the land, and he is obliged to pay this rent whether he

can or not. And here incidentally may be explained the advice given by Mr. Parnell to the Irish peasantry and for which he has been so much abused. He has said to the tenant unable to pay the whole rent on account of a lost harvest: "go to your landlord and offer to pay what you can afford on his giving you written security against eviction; if this security is refused, then most decidedly pay nothing on account of rent, since the payment of all you have will not guarantee you from eviction, and if evicted you will need all the money you have to stave off starvation." Now this is Mr. Parnell's advice, and it leads us to consider whether the law is a just law which in times of lost crops compels the tenant to pay the whole rent as in years of plenty. Turning again to that accumulation of the wisdom of ages, the civil law, we find (article 1650 Civil Code of Lower Canada) that "If the harvest be wholly or in great part destroyed by fortuitous event the lessee is discharged from his obligation for rent in proportion to the loss." \* This is the law throughout the continent of Europe on this branch of the subject, and it is also the law here in Canada, where, on account of the small number of rural leases, the necessity for such protection to the tenant is not nearly so necessary. In Roman law, from which the law of France and our own are greatly derived, this principle is clearly laid down. It was also adopted by the Canon law in favor of the tenants of Church lands (*Decret. Gregor. propter sterilitatem*) And this rule was not adopted from equitable considerations alone, but it was regarded as a consequence of the principle of strict law according to which if the thing leased be destroyed in part only, the lessee may obtain a reduction of rent; for the harvest is looked upon as part of the thing leased until it has been separated from its roots, and till then both are at the risk of the owner.

This system then without giving him any secured rights, imposes upon the tenant obligations most onerous and

often impossible of fulfilment and places unlimited arbitrary power in the hands of the wealthy land-owners. This system results in poverty to the peasantry in good years and famine in bad ones, and the necessary tendency of such a state of things must be and is to lessen the industry and destroy the enterprise of the rural population by refusing them fixity of tenure. The Irish have proved the falsehood of the assertion that they are lazy, improvident or intemperate. They have shewn in other parts of the world that under just laws they are industrious, thrifty, enterprising and prosperous. Prosperity is the consequence of industry, thrift and sobriety, but industry, thrift and sobriety in a rural community are the consequences of security of ownership.

However, it may be said that in all the foregoing no account has been taken of the Irish Land Act of 1870. It has not been mentioned simply for the reason that it has left things in precisely the same condition as before its passing. No doubt if the first draft of the bill had become law some measure of relief would have been the consequence; but before the bill had passed through both Houses of Parliament it was so corrected as to be very useless indeed, except in the hands of those who are pleased to tell Irishmen that they have no reason to complain, that in fact the land-laws of England and Scotland have received by no means so much attention as theirs have. This bill, it is true, by one of its clauses gave to the tenant evicted without just cause a right to sue his landlord for damages; another clause allowed him when evicted a right of action to obtain payment of the value of improvements; but it will be easily seen that these rights of action against a wealthy defendant who could appeal *ad libitum* are perfectly useless in the hands of the impoverished peasantry of Ireland. Then the act goes on to make certain other humane provisions, but fearing that they had gone too far and conceded too much to the Irish, the legislators enacted a saving clause whereby none of the foregoing benefits could be taken advantage of by the tenant in any case where the landlord had stipulated that their contract was not to be affected by the Act.

\* Article 1770 Code Napoléon— " Si le bail n'est que d'une année, et que la perte soit de la totalité des fruits, ou au moins de la moitié, le preneur sera déchargé d'une partie proportionnelle du prix de la location."



The effect of such a clause has been to make the whole act a dead letter, for landlords are left masters of the situation still, being always able to contract themselves out of the operation of the Act, so that practically nothing remains of this munificent piece of legislation but the preamble by which in 1870 the Queen, Lords and Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled declared that, "Whereas it has been found necessary to change the present system of land tenure in Ireland"—we may very justly claim that this is strong authority in favor of the affirmative of our proposition, and equally so that the same authority might with the same truth make the same statement in the present session of the Imperial Parliament—for in 1870, while the necessity of change was admitted, no change for the better was made and there has been no legislation since on the subject.

However, let us go on further to consider what may have led the English Legislature to make such an admission. Are not the too frequently recurring famines, the constant poverty in a country admittedly fertile, are these not reasons for presuming that "there is something rotten in the State;" or if further proof were wanting are not the universal clamor and agitation against the present system, and the continued discontent of a people naturally loyal and contented not proof? It has been long an axiom that when a government is in a chronic state of conflict with its subjects, it must have some radical defect. The defect in the government of Ireland is that its legislation has been framed for the exclusive benefit of a small class, and to the prejudice of the masses of the people. This has again and again been admitted to be the case by the Rt. Hon. Mr. Gladstone, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Bright and other distinguished English statesmen who have taken the trouble to examine this Irish question fairly, Englishmen, who, without boasting of fair-play, practised it, and who have had the wisdom to see and the courage to admit that what was English was not therefore necessarily perfect.

"The Irish land question," said Mr. Disraeli before he was Lord Beaconsfield, "can only be satisfactorily settled

by a revolution peaceably achieved." There is no reason why this question should not be peaceably settled. A complete change, call it revolution if you prefer the word, is necessary, but it is for England to say whether it shall be peaceably effected or not.

At a remoter period the same sad state of affairs, that we find to-day in Ireland, existed to a greater or less extent in every European country. The evil that all foreigners find in Ireland's land-laws to-day, the same that Mr. Parnell and his colleagues are working to root out, and the remedy they suggest, are neither of them new. In France at one time the evil existed and a violent revolution was the awful means resorted to, but in Prussia, Bavaria, Austro-Hungary, Holland and other continental countries, and recently in Sweden, the remedy of peasant-proprietary was applied to remove from their land systems evils which never caused one tithe of the harm that results from the Irish land-tenure. And to assure us that the remedy worked well, we have the authority of Lord Brougham, who states that when these changes, after having received tremendous opposition from the nobility, were finally effected in Prussia, through the ministry of Baron Von Stein, the nobles admitted that they themselves had been affected beneficially and that they had been advanced a century in consequence. Of course, the promoter of the land-laws in Prussia was greatly abused by his noble brethren, just as Mr. Parnell is to-day, but the Emperor of Germany has vindicated Baron Von Stein and pronounced him to have been "the Regenerator of Prussia."

It should be remembered in considering this question of Irish land-tenure that there are circumstances affecting it which make it very different from the same question in England, circumstances which have the effect of making what is bearable in England and Scotland perfectly intolerable in Ireland.—And among these circumstances is the salient fact that as a rule, with comparatively few exceptions, the Irish landlord has nothing in common with and no sympathy for his tenantry—they are not of the same race or creed as he is—in fact, without any attachment or affec-

tion for the domesno given him by conquest, which a revolution may at any time take away, he has no interest in Ireland but to draw thence as largo a revenue as he can, carelss whether in doing so the soil be exhausted or those who work it ruined. To this of course there are generous exceptions, but what it is contended is that the present system encourages such a state of things, and if there are exceptions, it is because the individuals are good men in spite of laws which invite them to be the contrary. If all men were perfectly good we could then do without all law.

We have already quoted from M. Troplong, and shall conclude with another paragraph from the learned jurist, of which the following is a translation:—

“If a feeling of hostility exist between the proprietors and the tillers of the soil, if the rancour of creeds, differences of race, the memory of conquest and confiscation, &c., &c., cause antagonism between two classes which should progress unitedly together, then the contract of rural lease, far from being a secure refuge for labor, will have become the means of iniquitous deceptions \* \* \* \* Hope of profit and advancement being denied, the laborer will take counsel of despair, and individual wealth, hated by him and cursed, may be then a fatal gift; for society has approached a near dissolution when such last extremity is reached.”

#### MEAGHER'S "SWORD SPEECH."

The following extract is taken from the speech delivered by Thomas Francis Meagher, in Conciliation Hall, Dublin, July 28, 1846. It was part of an argument for the purpose of considering deliberately whether any gentleman could continue to be a member of the Repeal Association who entertained the opinion conscientiously that there were occasions which justified a nation in resorting to the sword for the vendication of its liberties. Mr. Meagher was interrupted by John O'Connell, who stated "that it was the strongest conviction of his soul that it would not be safe to let him (Mr. Meagher) proceed." Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon, and others,

left the meeting, and afterwards formed the Irish Confederation.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But, my Lord, I dissented from the peace resolutions before us, for other reasons. I stated the first. I now come to the second.

"I dissented from them, for I felt, that, by assenting to them, I should have pledged myself to the unqualified repudiation of physical force in all countries at all times, and under every circumstance. This I could not do. For, my Lord, I do not abhor the use of arms in the vindication of national rights. There are times when arms will alone suffice, and when political ameliorations call for a drop of blood, and many thousand drops of blood.

"Opinion, I admit, will operate against opinion. But, as the honorable member for Kilkenny (John O'Connell) has observed, force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument—but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason—let him be reasoned with. But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalioned despotism.

"Then, my Lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say, that the King of Heaven—the Lord of Hosts! the God of battles!—bestows his benediction upon those who unsheath the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

"From that evening, on which, in the valley of Bethulia, he nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this our day, in which he has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of Light, to consecrate the flag of freedom—to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if my Lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the

sword? No, my Lord, for in the passes of the Tyrol, it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and, through those cragged passes, struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist of Inspruck!

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled Colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium—scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps—and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

"My Lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself—not in this Hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated, and the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood.

"My Lord, I honor the Belgians, I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success, and I, for one, will not stigmatize, for I do not abhor the means by which they obtained a Citizen King, a Chamber of Deputies."

#### EXTRACTS FROM FATHER BURKE'S LECTURES.

EARLY ENGLISH LAWS IN IRELAND.—In the year 1367, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, a third Son of Edward III., came to Ireland, held a parliament in Kilkenny, and passed certain laws. You will scarcely believe what I am going to tell you. Some of these were as follows: If any man speaks the Irish language, or keeps company with the Irish, or adopts, Irish customs, his lands shall be taken from him and forfeited to the Crown of England. If an Englishman married an Irish woman; what do you think was

the penalty? He was sentenced to be half hanged; to have his heart cut out before he was dead, and to have his head struck off, and every right to his land passed to the Crown of England. Thus says Sir John Davies, it is evident that the constant design of English legislation in Ireland was to possess the Irish lands, and to extirpate and exterminate the Irish people.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE IRISH.—And in the midst of all this persecution there was still a reigning idea in the mind of the English Government; it was still the old idea of rooting out and extirpating the Irish from their own land, to which was added the element of religious discord and persecution. It is evident that this was still in the mind of the English people. Elizabeth, who Mr. Froude says, "never possessed an Irishman of an acre of his land," Elizabeth, during the terrible war which she had waged in the latter days of her reign against heroic Hugh O'Neil in Ulster, threw out such hints as these "The more slaughter there is the better it will be for my English subjects; the more land they will get." This woman who, Mr. Froude tells us, "Never confiscated, and would never listen to the idea of confiscation of property;" this woman, when the Geraldines were destroyed, took the whole of the vast estates of the Earl of Desmond, and gave them all quietly and calmly to certain Englishmen from Lancashire, Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Cheshire; and in the face of these truths, recorded and stamped on the world's history, I cannot understand how any man can come in and say of this atrocious woman, "Whatever she did, she intended for the good of Ireland." The annals of my own order record that there were six hundred Dominican Friars in Ireland in her time. "There are said to have been but four Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic left remaining at the time of Elizabeth's death," says Mr. McGee, in his history of Ireland. Five of our Bishops received at her hands the crown of martyrdom; yet, during the half century of blood that marks her reign, we do not read of one single apostate among the bishops, and but half-a-dozen at most from all the orders of the clergy.

We had determined to publish a series of brief sketches of the lives of distinguished Irish Canadians, and, in fact, had already prepared for this issue a biography of an eminent statesman. The sudden death of our esteemed fellow-countryman, Bernard Devlin, Esq., Q. C., has caused us to change our original plan and to commence the series with the following synopsis of the leading events of the life of the late eminent barrister, for which we are in a great measure indebted to the pen of the talented Editor of the *Evening Post*, J. C. Fleming, Esq.



**BERNARD DEVLIN, Q. C.**

BORN, 15th DECEMBER, 1824; DIED, 7th FEBRUARY, 1880.

*Requiescat in pace.*

The late Bernard Devlin was born in 1824, in the County of Roscommon, where his father was a large landed proprietor, but, on account of circumstances surrounding most of the Irish gentlemen of the period, had lost the bulk of his property. Previous to this the subject of our sketch commenced the

study of medicine under the tutelage of his uncle, Dr. Charles Devlin, of Ballina, in the county of Mayo, one of the leading practitioners of the West of Ireland, at that time. He afterwards went to Dublin, to complete his studies, but misfortune having overtaken his father, and the latter having determined to emi-

grate to Canada with a portion of his family, young Bernard resolved to share the paternal fortunes. On arriving at Quebec he applied to the Medical Board there for admission to practice, and was warmly supported by Dr. Marsden, a thorough friend of his, but the application was refused, in consequence of Mr. Devlin being under twenty-one years of age. Mr. Devlin then devoted himself to the press, and edited a newspaper called the *Freeman's Journal* in Quebec. Soon afterwards he came to Montreal, where he established another journal, the *Shield*; his last newspaper venture was the publication of the *Montreal Weekly Freeman* in 1853, a journal of considerable influence. Mr. Devlin studied law in the office of Mr. Edward Carter, Q. C. He was admitted to the bar in 1847, and entered upon a practice which at once became lucrative. Shortly after his admission to the Bar, he married Miss Ann Eliza Hickey, of Brooklyn, who bore him several children. This estimable lady died in 1875, leaving behind her a large family. For about seven years he was a member of the City Council, until 1871, when he was appointed one of the City Attorneys. Mr. Devlin, during his term as City Councillor, originated the Mountain Park scheme which he carried successfully through.

Early in 1856, Mr. Devlin organized an Independent Irish Company of Volunteers well known as "No. 4," a body which did the highest credit not only to its members and their commanding officer, but was something of which the Irish people of Montreal had every reason to be proud. In the same year he was appointed a delegate in conjunction with the late Mr. Clerk, then Editor of the *True Witness*, to attend the Catholic Convention which met in Buffalo.

In 1866, on the occasion of the first Fenian invasion, Mr. Devlin, then Lieut.-Colonel of the Prince of Wales Rifles, did service on the frontier and was highly complimented by Lord Monck the then Governor General.—Some time after this trouble was over Mr. Devlin resigned his command. On his resignation he received a very flattering address from the officers of the regiment, together with a number

of other mementoes, which he prized, perhaps, more than his honors gained at the Bar and in the Senate.

In 1867, when party feeling ran high and a bitter division existed among his countrymen, now happily healed, he opposed the Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee for the Western Division of Montreal, and after an exciting contest was beaten by a small majority. In 1874, he contested Montreal Centre with Mr. M. P. Ryan but was again defeated. Mr. Ryan having been unseated on petition Mr. Devlin was returned, who, in turn, was unseated, but finally elected by acclamation. At the General Elections in 1878 Mr. Devlin was opposed by Mr. Ryan, who was elected by one of the largest majorities then obtaining on account of the Protection wave which swept the great number of the constituencies.

Mr. Devlin was President of St Patrick's Society, off and on, for many years, and in connection with the office had to carry out duties of the most important nature, but always with the success and judiciousness for which he was so remarkable.

Mr. Devlin was confessedly one of the most agreeable public speakers in Canada. His voice possessed that pleasing silvery sound, and the flexibility of modulation, which, even when uttering platitudes, is listened to with such great pleasure. But platitudes Mr. Devlin seldom dealt in. From the time he rose to speak, no matter on what subject, he kept the attention of the audience riveted on his words. His pathos and humor, irony and sarcasm, though of the good natured character which scratch, but do not wound, gave piquancy and interest to even his purely political speeches. In Parliament he was listened to with very great attention, and could always bring the members in from the libraries and smoking-rooms. The fault with his Parliamentary speeches is that they were too few, if we may use such an expression. His speech on the representation of minorities was particularly admired as a master piece of eloquence and sound reasoning. It was remarked that Mr. Devlin remained silent for a long time after one of his happy efforts, and thus gained a reputation for indolence even

among his friends. Those, however, who were best acquainted with him know the secret of this indolence was a shattered constitution resting after a mental effort that exhausted it. There is no doubt he made his mark as a Canadian politician, but there is little doubt that had he entered the parliamentary era early in life, while his physical constitution was in a condition to sustain his intellectual powers, he would have obtained a far wider celebrity. As it was, the party to which he rendered such staunch service and yielded such loyal allegiance did not treat him with common gratitude. To that party he devoted his talents while in the possession of health and competence, and hence it was clearly their duty, when his constitution was wrecked and his wealth departed, to see that he was provided for, as were others with half his abilities and a tithe of his usefulness. But perhaps parties, like republics, are ungrateful. The deceased gentleman was extremely popular though through causes arising out of the many bitter political contests in which it was his good and bad fortune to be engaged, he necessarily made a good many enemies, enemies however who are generous enough to be disarmed by death, and who, forgetting politics, will remember the political speaker, the steadfast friend, the loyal Canadian and the ever faithful champion of Irish rights, no matter where or by whom assailed. As for his personal friends, and their name is legion, among all creeds, classes and nationalities, they almost worshipped him, through good and evil reports, under the gloom of defeat or the sunshine of victory. While generally neglectful of his own interests, Mr. Devlin never forgot those of his friends, and many of them are to-day enjoying the benefits of his friendship. Before throwing himself altogether into the whirlpool of politics his fame as a great criminal lawyer brought him such large fees as would, if he had not considered money as so much dross, made him a princely income; but, as everybody knows, money slipped through his fingers just as easily as it came, and he died a poor man. His sad death took place at Denver, Colorado, where he had gone in the vain hope of

recruiting his shattered health, far from the scenes of his busy life, far from home and kindred. The feeling in the city when the news of his death arrived was of grief mingled with surprise, for it had been expected for a number of years, by the personal friends who viewed with sorrow the ravages time was making in a frame never of the strongest. Now that he is gone a genuine feeling of grief takes possession of the hearts of the Irish people of this city, who considered him one of their foremost leaders, and we can sympathize with and exclaim with them in their sorrow, peace to his ashes, may his soul find a resting place in Heaven, far removed from the toils, the miseries and the struggles of this fleeting life.

#### VITIATED TASTE FOR READING.

“On Eagle’s wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born and die.”—DRYDEN.

We have been often astonished to see how desirous people are for slander. You will find twenty delighted at a tirade of calumny and abuse, for one who desires to have a work of charity and truth. Nay, a hundred will purchase a publication that attacks everybody, for the one who will buy a book or magazine that may edify all. Such is the rage for Billingsgate, that he who writes most against public decency and private morals, is sure to get the most customers; whilst the moral essayist, whose delight is to make virtue lovely and piety engaging, will have many to laugh at his lessons, or to despise his wisdom. With what velocity does the vehicle of slander run through society? This man must have it to squander away a few dull hours. That man must get it that he may learn the character of his neighbor, whilst he is utterly unmindful of his own.

“There is a lust in man, no charm can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbor’s shame.”

Here one must read it to see if he be attacked; and there another that he may know whom to assail with vile vituperation. The young must have it to keep their spirits up, and the old cannot be

without it lest their spirits should go down. No matter how foul the stab is, or how base the literary assassin is that gives it, innocence must fall before impudence, and virtue must be laughed out of society, by the outcasts of the world. Thus whilst works of merit, of talent, and of solid instruction are condemned as dry and uninteresting, the sheets of lies, columns of calumnies, and tomes of incredible and dangerous romance, are deemed "pleasing and delightful." Why reward those who prostitute their talents to the vilest purposes, whilst we give no encouragement to those who use all that heaven has given them to make us better Christians and better men? Why aid the chartered libertine, who makes the "liberty of the press" subservient to his base mind or disordered intellect, and give no assistance to the man who desires to extend the empire of morality and virtue? Why prefer violence, disorder, and brazen blackguardism to peace, order, and public decency? Why support the weekly advocate of drunken revelry and the monthly gazette of obscenity, and give no aid to the works which will make bad men good, and good men better? What more atrocious than to destroy the sanctity of private life, and to sever what, perhaps, can never be restored—connubial love and domestic harmony? What more demoniacal than to assail what should be dearest to man—female virtue, lovely chastity, and heaven born modesty? What more infamous, than to circulate the reservoir of filth and uncleanness—to make others drink the cup of literary poison, and to extend among the young and innocent, a knowledge of everything vile in nature and wicked in society? Why bring a tear to the eye of virtue, a blush on the cheek of modesty, a stain on youth or a disgrace on old age? Why shoot the impoisoned arrow at female purity, or glory in masculine delinquency? Let the guardians of morals, the pastors of souls, the heads of families, the friends of order, and the lovers of good taste, sound sense and solid virtue, banish such literary receptacles of infamy far from the people, and let them substitute what will improve their judgment, refine their taste, correct their morals and purify their heart.

## ANECDOTES OF SWIFT.

THE FIRST MEETING OF DEAN SWIFT AND HIS MAN.—Dr. Jonathan Swift was born in Hoey's Court, off the Castle Steps, A. D. 1667, and died in the Deanery House, Kevin street, 19th October, 1745, his latter years being spent in a state of imbecility. Whether from motives of patriotism or dislike to the Ministry, he sturdily contended for public measures conducive to the advancement of the trade and general well-being of the country. He even rendered himself obnoxious to legal punishment by his plain-speaking and fault-finding with things as they were. In consequence his memory is held in great veneration by the middle and lower classes in Ireland, who have long fathered on him sundry witty sayings and eccentric actions, the rightful property of wits and eccentrics both before and after his day. In popular tradition his servant manages greater credit for wit and cleverness than he himself. This was the way in which they first became acquainted.\*

As the Dean was one day riding along the road, he saw an intelligent but badly clad boy minding a brood of young pigs and their dam. "Who owns that fine family of young pigs?" said the Dean. "Their mother does," answered the youth. "Oh ho!" said the Dean to himself, "here's a smart fellow. And who is your own father, my lad?" "If your Reverence will only mind the *boneens*, here's the switch, I'll go in and ax my mother." Away went the Dean without exchanging another word.

DEAN SWIFT GIVES A LESSON IN POLITENESS AND GETS HIS REWARD.—Some days after, the Dean was in his study reading, when the door was suddenly opened, and the same young fellow came in, dragging a fine salmon by the gills, and without saying "by your leave," or "with your leave," he walks over, and flops it across the Dean's knees, and says, "There's a fine salmon my father sent you." "Oh, I'm very much obliged, I'm sure; but I'd be more obliged if you had just shown better manners." "Well, I wish I knew how." "Sit down

\* The four narratives next ensuing are given in the idiom in which the writer first heard them.

here, and I'll show you how to behave." He took the fish in his hand, and went outside, and shut the door. Then he tapped, and heard the young fellow cry out, with a loud voice, "Come in;" and what should he see but the young monkey with his own spectacles on his nose, and he pretending to read a book. "Oh, the young vagabond!" says the Dean, but he didn't let on. "Please your Reverence," says he, with a bow, "my father will be much obliged by your acceptance of this salmon, which he has just taken." "Your father is a respectable man," says the urehin, taking off the spectacles, "and I'm sure you're a good boy; here's half-a-crown for you. Take the fish down to the kitchen, and tell the cook she's to give you your dinner." He then sprung up, and took a pull at his hair, and relieved the Dean of the fish. You may be sure the master laughed on the wrong side of his mouth.

DEAN SWIFT AND HIS MAN AT THEIR DEVOTIONS.—As tricky as the young fellow was, the Dean found he was honest and dependable; so he took him into his service. Once, when they were setting out on a journey, the Dean saw that his boots were not polished, and he spoke of it. "Oh!" says the servant, "what 'ud be the use of polishing? They would be as spattered as ever before night." "Oh, very well. They were after riding seven or eight miles, and were passing a house of entertainment. "Master," says the boy, "don't you think it time to get breakfast?" "Ach, what use would it be? We'd be as hungry as ever before sunset." There the boy was circumvented any way. He said nothing; but kept riding after his master, dismal enough. The Dean, to vex him the more, took out a book, and began to read, jogging on easy. By and-by a gentleman met them. He touched his hat to the Dean, and when he came near the boy, asked him the name of the clergyman. "Musha, an' don't you know, sir, that is the great *Dane* Swift? Did you never see him before?" "No, indeed; but I often hear tell of him. And, pray, where are you going?" "To heaven straight." "Well, I think you're astray." "Not a bit astray or mistaken, sir. My master's praying, and I'm fasting." The boy

didn't speak so low but that the Dean might hear him. He did hear him; and the next inn they passed, he ordered a good breakfast for both.

TRUE TO THE DEATH.—The Dean, out of his love to Ireland, wrote some bitter things again' Government, so bitter, indeed, that he could be tried for his life for them. But no one was in the secret but his man, who used to carry the writing to the printer. The servant was pretty sober, but once he came home drunk in the evening, and next morning the Dean gave him the walking paper. "Ah, masher honey," says he, "dout send me away. I may fall into great misery, and the devil tempt me to inform on you." "I'll run that risk," said the Dean; "away with you." The Dean was as proud as Lucifer in some things. A couple of months after, the poor fellow crossed him as he was going out, and he all in rags, and famine in every line of his poor face. He asked for parden, or anyhow for something to keep body and soul together; but not a farthing would he give him. Well, what will you have of it? The poor creature held the secret, though he was ready to perish, and might get a big reward for informing. Still his master didn't lose sight of him and when the danger was all past, he took him back, and never parted with him again. When he died, his master got him buried next the wall in St. Patrick's church, giving directions for his own body to be laid just outside. (There is a germ of truth in this tradition.)

THE DEAN'S DEATH.—There was formerly a pretty general belief that the last years of Dean Swift's life were spent in the asylum founded by himself off Bow Lane, W. Such, however, was not the case. During these years he was tenderly cared for in the Deanery House, off Kevin street. Neither theory was comfortable enough for the audiences round country hearths on winter nights. These were the circumstances preceding his departure as known to them:

A minister visited him on his death-bed, to pray with him, and give him the rites of his Church, if Protestants have any. When the ceremony was over, he asked him if he was in peace with all mankind. He said he was, ex-



cept Father So AND So, of Dirty Lane (Bridge Foot street,) Chapel. "He *done* such things to me," said he, "that he cannot forgive him." "Oh be this and be that!" says the minister; "that won't do. You must forgive every one from the bottom of your heart, or the face of God you'll never see." "Well now, that's a hard case; but anything is better nor to be shut out of heaven. May be if he was sent for, and we were speaking face to face, I might make up my mind to pardon him." The priest was sent for, and the minister stayed outside to give himself and the Dean time enough to be reconciled. They took a long time to it, and at last the clergyman pushed in the door; and what did he find the priest at, but anointing the dying man. "Oh, you imposter!" says he, shaking his fist at the Dean, "if ever you rise out of that bed, I'll have your gown stripped off your back." "Indeed," says the poor Dean, "if ever I recover, I'll have you prosecuted for bringing in a popish priest to a patient not over strong in his mind."

This closes the mere traditional stock of anecdotes connected with the memory of Dr. Jonathan Swift.

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#### LITERARY MISCELLANY.

**JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.**—The question still remains unsolved, whether the mortal remains, which passed through such alternations of honor and dishonor, were or were not those of James IV. of Scotland who was supposed to have perished in the fatal field of Flodden. The absence of the iron penance chain, which the king invariably wore raised doubts as to the identity of the corpse. These were confirmed by the fact, that a strong likeness subsisted between the King and Lord Elphinstone, a nobleman who fought and fell near his royal master: added to which it became known that on the day of battle the king had attired many of his nobility in royal armor; in order to encourage his troops and confound the enemy by the semblance of his presence. On these grounds, the opinion prevailed that Lord Elphinstone's body had been mistaken for that of the king; and many of the common people consoled them-

selves with the hope that their beloved Monarch had left them only to perform his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, whence he would shortly return. But after circumstances led to a strong suspicion that the King fell a victim to private treachery. In the heat of the conflict, he had observed the troops of Lord Home keep aloof; and, riding up to that Nobleman, used both reproaches and threatenings in urging him to do his duty. It was darkly surmised that Lord Home took care to prevent his indignant sovereign from having the power to execute his threats; he is said to have conveyed the King to his own Castle, and ordered him to be put to death by several of his own servants, one of whom afterwards hinted that "he had assisted to teach a Scottish King that he was mortal;" and another offered to the Regent Albany, on condition of a free pardon, to show him the King's body, with its belt of Iron. The offer was unfortunately refused. The rumors are reported, with more or less credence, by the historians of the period; they received an unexpected and startling confirmation within the last half century. During the course of alterations in Home Castle, some excavations in the moat around its walls brought to light a skeleton, wrapped in an oxhide and bearing round the waist a chain. This important fact, which has not yet taken its place in Scottish history, while it seems to leave little doubt that James the IV. lost his throne as he had won it—by treachery, may induce some of the readers of the HARP, to search into, and offer a more trustworthy or at least a more plausible account of the disappearance of the Scottish Monarch, James IV.

Any reader of the HARP satisfying the inquirer on this point, will be presented with a good and useful volume for his researches.

Address Ed., Literary Miscellany,  
HARP Office.

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He that can only rule the storm, must yield to Him who can both raise and rule it.

God has made neither nobles, nor masters, nor slaves, nor kings, nor subjects; he has made all equal.

GEMS OF GENIUS; OR, WORDS OF  
THE WISE.

## CHRISTIANITY.

As Christianity is the most perfect kind of knowledge, it must essentially produce the most perfect kind of happiness. It is the golden, everlasting chain, let down from heaven to earth; the ladder that appeared to the patriarch in his dream, when he beheld Jehovah at its top, and the angels of God ascending and descending with messages of grace to mankind.

## THE PASSIONS.

In sailing over the sea of life, the passions are the gales that swell the canvass of the mental bark, they obstruct or accelerate its course; and render the voyage favorable or full of danger, in proportion as they blow steadily from a proper point, or adverse and tempestuous. Like the wind itself, they are an engine of high importance and mighty power. Without them we cannot proceed; but with them we may be shipwrecked and lost. Reined in, therefore, and attempted, they constitute our happiness; but let loose and at random, they distract and ruin us.

How few, beneath the auspicious planets  
born,

With swelling sails make good the promis-  
ised port,

With all their wishes freighted.

Perhaps the oldest, simplest, and most universal passion that stirs the mind of man, is—Desire. So universal is it, that I may confidently ask, where is the created being without it? And Dryden is fully within the mark in attesting, that desire's the vast extent of human mind.

All the passions have their use; they all contribute to the general good of mankind;—and it is the abuse of them, the allowing of them to run wild and unpruned in their career, and not the existence of any of them, that is to be lamented. While there are things that ought to be hated, and deeds that ought to be bewailed, aversion, and grief are as necessary to the mind as desire and joy. It is the duty of the judgment to direct and to moderate them; to discipline them into obedience, and attune

them to harmony. The great object of moral education is to call forth, instruct, and fortify the judgment upon this important science; to let it feel its own power, and accustom it to wield the sceptre intrusted to it with dexterity and steadiness. Where this is accomplished, the violent passions can never show themselves—they can have no real existence; for we have already produced evidence that they are nothing more than the simple affections, discordantly associated, or raised to an improper pitch. Where this is accomplished, the sea of life will, for the most part be tranquil and sober; not from indifference, or the want of active powers, but from their nice balance and concord; and if, in the prosecution of the voyage, the breeze should be fresh, it will be still friendly, and quicken our course to the desired haven. Finally, wherever this is accomplished, man appears in his true dignity—he has achieved the great point for which he was created, and visions of unfading glory swell before him, as the forthcoming reward of his present triumph,

All violent passions are evil, or in other words, produce, or tend to produce unhappiness: for evil and unhappiness are only commutable terms.

Happiness is a state of discipline; and is only to be found, in any considerable degree of purity and permanency (without which qualities it is unworthy of the name), in a regulated and harmonious mind; where reason is the charioteer, and reins, and guides, and moderates the mental coursers in the great journey of life, with a firm and masterly hand.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)

Virtue alone is happiness below.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALL.—In 1792 there was a meeting at Belfast of the last of the old class of Irish harpers, and out of this meeting grew the Irish Harp Society, which is still in existence. This society has a collection of about one hundred and fifty ancient and mediæval airs—dirges and solemn tunes in the style of Ossian's Lament, and livelier melodies, hornpipes and songs—all handed down orally from generation to generation.

Turlough O'Carolan, the last and greatest of the Irish harpers, blind from infancy, died so recently as 1738. It was his skill with the harp and his musical and poetical genius which did most to soften and subdue to sweetness the plaintive and exquisite Irish melodies, as we know them at the present day. Yet he was a true son of the Irish bard, and the harp which he played upon was a counterpart of the harp of King Brian Boru, which may still be seen in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. Brian's harp, black with age, worm-eaten, but richly ornamented with silver, is about four feet high and without pedals, made in fact to be slung on the back. When Brian was slain at Clontarf, in A. D. 1014, his son Teague took the harp to Rome and presented it to the Pope. One of his successors gave it to Henry VIII of England, "Defender of the Faith." Henry presented it to the first Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when, after passing through several hands, it finally became the property of the college in 1776.—*Kunkel's Musical Review St. Louis.*

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### MAIN SUPPORT OF LEVERRIER'S DISCOVERY.

WHEN Leverrier was working at his great discovery he did not strike out a new path in science, he was supported by a great law of nature, the base of all astronomical knowledge. It is the law of gravitation, discovered by Sir Isaac Newton.

Those of our readers who have a fair knowledge of the theory of light, will now easily comprehend, what we are going to say about the force of gravity.

Every heavenly body is endowed with the power of attraction; that is, it attracts every other body in the same manner that a magnet attracts iron. If the celestial bodies, or to speak only of one class, if all the planets were at rest

that is, without motion, they would, on account of the great attractive power of the sun, rapidly approach it, and finally unite with it in form and body.

That this does not take place, may be ascribed solely to the fact that all planets have their own motion. This motion combined with the attractive force of the sun, causes them to move in circles around it.

This may be illustrated by the following: Suppose a strong magnet to lie in the centre of a table. Now, suppose some one to place an iron ball on the table; then will this ball run straightway towards the magnet. But if some one were to roll the ball so that it would pass the magnet, it would at first run in a straight line, but the magnet attracting it at every moment of time, the ball would be compelled to deviate from its straight course and would begin to circulate round the magnet.

We see that this circular motion round the magnet springs from two forces: first from the hand that starts the ball in a straight line; and secondly, from the attraction of the magnet, which at every moment draws the ball towards itself.

Newton, the greatest Natural philosopher of all times, who lived in England two hundred years ago, proved, that all the orbits round the sun, as described by the planets, are caused by two such forces by the motion of the planets peculiar to themselves, which, if not interfered with, would make them fly through space in a straight line; and by the attractive force of the sun, which is continually disturbing that straight course, thus forcing the planets to move in circles around him.

But Newton has discovered more than this. He succeeded in proving that, knowing the time of a planet's revolution round the sun, we can determine precisely with what force the attractive power of the sun affects it. For if the sun's attractive power is strong, the planet will revolve very quickly; if weak, it will move more slowly.

Were the sun, for example, all of a sudden to lose a portion of his attractive force, the consequence would be that the earth would revolve around him more slowly. Our year, which now

has three hundred and sixty-five days, would then have a much greater number of days.

Newton has also shewn—and this is for us the main thing—that the attractive force of the sun is strong in his close proximity, but that it diminishes as the distance from him increases.

In other words, the remoter planets are attracted by the sun with less force than those nearer to him: the attractive force decreases with the distance in the same proportion as light, which, we saw a little while ago, decreases in intensity as the square of the distance increases. This means, that a planet at a distance from the sun as great as that of the earth, is attracted with only one-fourth the force; one that is three times the distance, with one-ninth of the force, etc.

This great law pervades all nature. It is the basis of the science of astronomy, and was the main support of Leverrier's discovery.

#### QUESTIONS FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

1. What took place at the diet of Worms?
2. What do you understand by the Holy League of Rome?
3. When was England reunited to the See of Rome, and by whom, and by what means was this effected?
4. In what year did the Council of Trent close its sittings? who were the Royal personages in Europe at the time? and how many prelates were present at the close? and what were the principal objects of the Council?
5. What are the several forms of government, and their characteristics?
6. Give the estimated income of the Law Established Church in England?
7. Explain the following chemical terms,—caloric, carburet, caustic, cauk;
8. What is alcohol?
9. What means the "Nags Head Consecration?"
10. When and where was printing invented?
11. When and where was the first Bible printed?
12. Did the Irish Catholics retaliate upon their former persecutors in the reign of Mary when restored to ascendency?

13. Give the history of newspaper printing?

14. State the advantages of the steam-press?

This series of questions will be continued from month to month during the year and the person solving the greatest number will at the end of the year receive a valuable book.

#### SCOWLING.

Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cow lick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and oh! how much older you look for it. Scowling is a habit that is stealing upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think.

There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle scowls when something fails to suit—"Constitution scowls," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross" we say about the children, and "worried to death" about the grown folks, and as for ourselves we can't help it. But we must. It's reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty what will it be at seventy?

There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel always erases them. Even the extremely aged, in death, often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake let us take a sad iron or a glad iron, or a smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten those creases out of our faces before they become indelibly graven upon our visage.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

YOUTH is strong, and age is weak; youth healthy, and age full of bodily infirmities. If the gross amount of health could be weighed and measured, yes, youth would undoubtedly have the best of it all round. But, taking patience and the power of bearing as modifying influences, there is something to be said of age even here. Age knows its lesson of suffering by heart, and bears cheerfully what it cannot avoid, and of which it foresees the end and extent; youth kicks against the pricks, and does itself increased damage by its impatience. To its inexperience every trivial ache is exaggerated into anguish—every passing indisposition, not lasting the twelve hours, into an illness of grave moment and never coming to an end. Age has a fit of the gout, and youth has a headache or a "growing pain;" but age suffers less, because it is patient and self-controlled, while youth becomes hysterical and frightened, and makes itself worse by its own self-pity and impatience. Stop grief. Age knows that man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward, and accepts its trials as it accepts wet days and gloomy seasons, but youth, strong in its instincts and with large vitality, believes in its own immunity from the general law, and, when it falls under the harrow of fate with the rest, gets additional scratches by its angry despair at being there at all. Age has learnt to take things quietly and in that quietness has robbed them of their sting; but youth, which accepts nothing patiently that it does not like, has to be chastized with scorpions till it has learnt to bear with resignation. Is it nothing to have learnt that lesson as well as the others? Life has none so difficult, and in proportion to the difficulty overcome is the relief of the achievement.

## LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Parts 23, 24, 25 and 26 have been received and we would again call the attention of our readers to this invaluable work and recommend them to subscribe for it. Only 25 cents per number.

THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE.—This is the name of a new Catholic Monthly, devoted to pure literature and useful family information. It is a handsome magazine of forty pages, filled with light and attractive reading of the right kind. As the mission of the Magazine is to instruct, edify and amuse the Catholic Family, we strongly recommend it to every Catholic household in the land. We are of opinion, that if the young people read but one number of *The Catholic Fireside*, the parents will have the gratification of learning that the dime novels and literature of that class, will quickly disappear from the home circle. We wish our contemporary a long and prosperous career. Terms: one dollar a year; single numbers 10 cents.

Address THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE Publishing Company, Post Office Box 3806, New York City.

A PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.—There has just been started in Baltimore, Md., a weekly paper for Catholic children. It is called THE CHIMES. It has four pages of stories, poems, puzzles, parlor magic, legends, anecdotes of distinguished persons, and interesting miscellany. Its price is only two cents a copy or one dollar a year. Send for a specimen number to THE CHIMES, P. O. Box 31, Baltimore, Maryland, or, better still, send on the price of a year's subscription and get good reading for the entertainment of your boys and girls.

PRIDE.—A proud man is a fool in fermentation, swelling and boiling like a porridge-pot. He sets his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with an inflammation of self-conceit, that renders him the man of pasteboard, and a true buck-knight. He has given himself sympathetic love-power, that works upon him to dotage, and transforms himself into his own mistress, making most passionate court to his own dear perfections, and worshiping his own image. All his upper stories are crammed with masses of spongy substances, occupying much space—as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more compact and solid proportion.

## F A C E T I A.

There are no sweets in family jars.

Nobody has yet challenged Orion for the belt.

An African proverb says the idle are dead, but cannot be buried.

In long tramp matches the race is not with the swift. It goes to the man who holds on.

What riles a country postmistress is to have a postal card come to the office written in French.

We presume the axletrees of railroad car wheels are called journals because of their rapid circulation.

It is estimated that in this country only one in five hundred own a horse. Are we a neigh-shun.

Some men are like postage-stamps, they will never stick to anything till they are thoroughly licked.

More of coal than any other kind of property is destroyed by fire, and yet but little of it is insured.

Why a door nail is any more dead than a door must be because it has been hit on the head.

When two men put their heads together it is for mutual advantage, but ain't so with goats.

The editor of the *Oil City Derrick* has tried it and finds that "A New Year's swear off does wear off."

A sufferer says that there is an advantage in having Indian parents—that the moccasins are softer than slippers.

Every living boy has an aching desire to touch his tongue to a frosty lamp-post, just to see if it will stick.

The man who unexpectedly sat down in some warm glue thinks there is more than one way of getting stuck.

They are getting kerosene so that it won't explode, and pretty soon there won't be any fun in being a coroner.

There's a man in Chicago so short that when he has a pain he can't tell whether it's a headache or corns.

"Is this the Adam's House?" asked a stranger of a Bostonian. "Yes, till you got to the roof then its caves."

If a man's horses should lose their tails, why should he sell them wholesale? Because he can't retail them.

The difference between a scale maker and a dentist is that one is always on the weigh; the other is always en route.

It is currently believed that a woman is a hard thing to see through. And so is her hat at the opera.

The great problem with rats and mice is how to get rid of human beings and have cheese making go ahead all the same.

Professor Proctor alludes to the earth as a mere mustard seed. The *Buffalo Express* says that this is because it is hot inside.

A bootmaker has this extraordinary announcement in the window: "Ladies will be sold as low as seventy-five cents a pair."

The New Orleans *Picayune* calls the gout a sort of brake which a wise Providence puts on a man's legs when he is living too fast.

Door bells are not favored in Leadville. If a man is too proud to kick the door and holler, he's too high-toned for the locality.

A man having fallen down in a fit in a tailor's shop, an envious rival said, "That's the only fit ever seen in that establishment."

It takes six years to teach a bear to dance, and even then he is apt to stop in the middle of a waltz and eat some small boy up.

Did you ever notice how carefully everything in nature is projected by some necessary covering? The river's bed is covered with a sheet of water.

Man with a wig jibes a bald-headed friend. "I admit" says the other, "that I have no hair, but the hair I hav'nt got is my own, anyway!"

A sportsman was boasting the other day of having shot a rabbit. "But it was not in season," said a friend. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "'twas seasoned after I peppered it."—*Oil City Derrick*.

Slipping down on the banana is to be still more common, for it has been discovered that a lively intoxicating liquor can be made from the fruit.

A barber who was chastising his son explained to a neighbour who was attracted by the cries of the boy that he was only trimming his hair.

## Notable Anniversaries in March.

Date.	day of Week.	
1	Mon	Resolution of 32 Orange Lodges against the Union, 1800. Mr. Gladstone introduced the <i>Church Disestablishment Bill</i> into the House of Commons, 1869.
2	Tues	Archbishop Murray read before the Catholic Committee a communication from the Irish prelates against the veto, 1810.
3	Wed	James Stephens escaped from England to France, 1866.
4	Thurs	"Bill to prevent the further growth of Popery" received the royal assent, 1703.
5	Fri	Act for the suppression of the Catholic Association passed both Houses, 1829.
6	Sat	Fenian rising in Dublin County, Tipperary, Limerick, Drogheda, &c., 1867.
7	Sun	Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, born at Tubernavine, in the parish of Adergoole, and diocese of Killala, county Mayo, 1788.
8	Mon	FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT. The Press, "United Irish" organ, seized, and office destroyed by Government, 1796.
9	Tues	King William III. died, 1701.
10	Wed	Mr. Grattan, in the English House of Commons, moved for a committee of the whole house on the Catholic question, 1819.
11	Thurs	Maynooth besieged, 1535. Emancipation Bill read first time in House of Commons, 1829.
12	Fri	The Irish Volunteers suppressed by proclamation, 1793.
13	Sat	King James landed at Kinsale, 1688. Oliver Bond and fourteen United Irish Delegates arrested in the house of Oliver Bond, 12 Bridge Street, Dublin, 1798.
14	Sun	Two sons of Feagh M'Hugh O'Byrne committed to Dublin Castle, 1653. Ulster Williamites beaten at "break of Dromore," 1689.
15	Mon	PASSION SUNDAY. Six thousand French, under Lauzane, entered Kinsale, 1689.
16	Tues	Redmond O'Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, butchered by English soldiers in his 80th year, 1601. Father Sheehy hanged, 1766.
17	Wed	Don Juan, Spanish commander, left Ireland, 1603.
18	Thurs	St. Patrick's Day. St. Patrick died, 464. Irish flag presented to the French Provisional Government by the Irish Patriots at Paris, 1848.
19	Fri	Battle of Ross, 1642. King John granted a charter to Dublin, in 1207.
20	Sat	Laurence Sterne died, 1768. Monster Repeal Meeting at Trim, 20,000 present, 1843.
21	Sun	James Ussher, Protestant Primate, died 1666. Miles Byrne born at Monaseed, County Wexford, 1780. John Mitchel died, 1875.
22	Mon	PALM SUNDAY. First newspaper published in Dublin in Skinner's Row, 1685.
23	Tues	Synod of Catholic Bishops at Kells declared the Irish war just and lawful, 1642.
24	Wed	O'Connell presented a petition against the Union in the House of Commons, 1844.
25	Thurs	James II. entered Dublin, 1689.
26	Fri	MAUNDAY THURSDAY. An export duty put upon Irish cloths, which destroyed that branch of Irish manufacture, 1699. An act obliging all registered priests to take the oath of abjuration (in which the Mass was declared idolatrous) took effect on this day, 1710. First Irish Volunteer Company enrolled, 1778.
27	Sat	Good Friday.
28	Sun	HOLY SATURDAY. John Hogan, sculptor, died, 1858.
29	Mon	EASTER SUNDAY. Meeting in Liverpool to honor O'Connell, 1844.
30	Tues	Arras surrendered after a brave defence, by Owen Roe, 1641.
31	Wed	Hugh O'Neill submitted finally to the Lord Deputy at Mellifont, 1603. Martial law for Ireland proclaimed, 1798. "Emancipation Bill" read a third time in the House of Commons, 1829. John Martin died, 1875.
		Peter O'Neill Crowley shot in Killeooney Wood, 1867. Prince John, son of King Henry, embarked for Waterford, in the year 1185.

Contentment is a thing that must be learnt, and which cannot be learnt without much attention, consideration, and practice.

It is easier to pretend to be what you are not, than to hide what you really are; but he that can accomplish both, has little to learn in hypocrisy.

No man is perfect, all have their defects; all men lean upon each other, and love alone renders the burden light.

If you would be known, and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know, and not be known live in a city.