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A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1880.

NO. 11.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

I stood on the hill-top and I gazed on the plain,
I had come back to see my old home once again.
But I knew not the mansion that stood by the rill,
And I knew not the cottage that clung to the hill,
And I knew not the stream that was dancing along,
And I knew not the peasant there singing his song.
But I knew the old tower that is mouldering away,
It would seem when I left it, 'twas but yesterday,
And I knew the brown mont that arose in the vale,—
And I knew the old pathway that led thro' the dale,
And I knew the old abbey, all ruined and hoar,
For it stands as it stood when I saw it before.
With a throb in my heart and a tear in my eye,
I called a good peasant who was passing me by,
"Say, friend," did I ask him, "could you tell me the one,
Who now lives in yon mansion so stately and lone?"
"Tis the lord"—was his answer, "what lord?" querried I,—
"Tis the lord of the poor man;" was his answering sigh.
"And, oh! who in yon cottage, perchance might abide—
I mean the white cot on the distant hill-side?"
"Tis the one," was his answer, "who owned every spot—
Of a land that's now destined to waste and to rot,
He was poor—and God help him!—this lord came the way,
And he chok'd in his answer—no more could he say!

"And what is yon tower that is crowning the hill—
'Tis strange how it stands thro' the centuries still?"
"Oh! yon tower where our father's defended the land—
E'er it fell 'neath the grasp of this lord and his band—
Ah! yon tower is a relic—God bless it I say!"
And he seemed to recall some more fortunate day.

"And tell me, I pray thee, yon abbey I see—
What relic is that of the glorious and free?"
"Yon abbey," he said was the home of the blest,
That now, 'neath its ruins in quiet may rest;
Yon abbey that stands on our green native sod—
The shrine where our fathers did pray to our God!"

I asked him no more and he went on his way
'Twas then nigh the close of a fair autumn day,
I strode towards the mansion and I knocked at the door—
And was answered, "No alms sir, for idlers and poor—
Go on sir! go on! we are sick of your kind—
For here's not a place where the people are blind!"

Then I turned from the door-way and entered the cot,
Oh! that night with the poor man can ne'er be forgot.
I had bed, I had food, I had blessings and prayers—
And I thought if there's virtue 'tis certainly theirs.
And I thought of the time e'er a mansion was seen—
How thrice blest was a home in the Island of Green!

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Green Park, Aylmer.

MCENEIRY THE COVETOUS.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Author of the "Collegians," &c.

—What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!
VOLPOXE.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN all were reconciled, John of the Wine took McEneiry apart and asked what he could do for him? McEneiry told him his business, and obtained the letter without difficulty.

"Here," said Seaghan an Fhiona, "although I wrote to him before about you, recommending him to send for you, as I understand there is not a man from here to himself, stands more in need of a cast of your office."

McEneiry thanked him, and set off for Ulster, playing his harp at the houses on the way-side, and staying no more than a night in any one place 'till he arrived within sight of the Castle of the great O'Neil. When he drew near the house he hid his old harp among some furze bushes on the side of a hill, for his success as musician on the journey was not such as to render him willing to make any display of the kind before the great chieftain of the north. On reaching the gate of the Castle, he demanded to see O'Neil, and was admitted by the chieftain's orders. He wondered much as he passed the court-yard, at the prodigious number of galloglass and kernes that crowded all parts of the building, besides poets, harpers, antiquarians, genealogists, petty chieftains, and officers of every rank. When he entered the presence of O'Neil, he could hardly avoid springing back at the sight of his countenance. However, he restrained his astonishment, and laid aside his bonnet and girdle with a respectful air, after which he delivered his letter.

"Are you the man," asked O'Neil, when he had read it, "that was with my friend O'Connor of Carrigfoile?"

"I am, please your lordship."

"Well," said O'Neil, "and when will you begin the operation?"

"In the morning airly, I think would be the best time if your honor was agreeable to it."

O'Neil ordered that he should be hospitably entertained that night. In the morning, about daybreak, McEneiry got up and asked whether the great O'Neil was risen yet?

"He is," replied the servant, "and waiting your directions."

"Very good," said Tom, "let one o' ye go now, and put down a big pot of wathor to bile, and when 'tis bilin' come an' let me know it, an' do ye take it into a big spare room, an' let there be a table put in the middle of it, an' a grain o' flour upon it, and a sharp carvin' knife, an' when all is ready let the great O'Neil come in, an' let us not be disturbed till the operation is over."

All was done according to his directions, and when both were in the room together, and the door made fast on the inside McEneiry addressed the chieftain as follows:

"Now, you great O'Neil, listen to me. Mind, when once we begin you must not offer to say a word, or make any objection to what I please to do with you if you have any taste for beauty."

"Certainly not," said O'Neil, "but will you tell me in the first place, what you are going to do with that carving knife?"

"You'll know that by and by," said McEneiry, so lie down an' do as I bid you."

O'Neil lay down. Tom whipped the carving knife across his throat, and after more cutting and mangling than could have been agreeable, he succeeded in severing the head from the body. He then took the head and washed it carefully, after which he shook a little flour upon the wound, and placed it on the body as it lay lifeless on the table.

"Rise up, Great O'Neil," said he, slapping the chieftain smartly on the shoulder, "and I wish you joy of your fine poll of hair."

It was in vain, however, that he exhorted the great O'Neil to arise and admire himself. The body still lay stiff upon the table, and the head rolled upon the floor as ugly as ever and not half as useful. Tom now began to suspect that he had got himself into a quandary, and did not very clearly see how he was to get out of it. Repeated experiments convinced him that the great O'Neil was come to the end of his career, he

was as dead as a herring, and he had little doubt if the family should lay hold of him, that his own was not much farther from its close. After much perplexity and several cold fits of terror during which the gallows danced many a hornpipe before his mind's eye, he luckily bethought him of the window! The height was considerable, but Tom wisely calculated that the chance of a broken leg was preferable to the certainty of a dislocated neck so he let himself drop on the ground. Finding his limbs whole, he ran across the country with all the speed of which he was master, towards a forest on which the window looked. After some hard running, he reached the hill where he had hid his harp, and judging that the hue and cry would be quickly raised after him through the country, he determined to lie concealed till night-fall, and then continue his journey homeward. Accordingly, he crept in amongst the furze bushes, and covered himself so completely, that he thought it was impossible for the sharpest eye to discover him.

In the mean time, the family of the chieftain were perplexed to think what could be the cause of the long delay made by their lord and the professor of beauty in the room which they had locked themselves in. Hearing no noise, they knocked at the door, but of course received no answer. At length, their suspicions being awakened, they broke in the door, and their sensations may be imagined on beholding the great O'Neil weltering in his blood, the window open, and no account of the stranger. Their astonishment giving place to grief, and their grief to rage, they dispersed in all directions, seizing whatever weapons they could lay hands on, and breathing vengeance against the murderer.

McEnairy heard, from his place of concealment the hue and cry that was raised after him, and was ready to die with fear, when unexpectedly, he felt his legs grasped hard, just above the ancles, by two powerful hands. He uttered a yell of despair, and kicked and plunged with all his might and main, but to no purpose. He was dragged forth from his hiding place, and thought all was over with him when suddenly a well-known voice addressed him in the following words:

"Well, tell me, what do you deserve from me now, after the manner in which you have acted?"

At this question Tom ventured to look up, when to his great relief and joy, he beheld his Man standing before him.

"What do you deserve, I ask you?" said the Man.

"I deserves to be pulled asunder between four wild horses," answered Tom, with a look of humility.

"Very well," said the Man, "since I see you have some sense of your merits, I will protect you this once, although it would be serving you right if I left you to fall into the hands of your pursuers. But rise up now, boldly, and come with me to the Castle."

"To the Castle!" cried Tom in terror, "is it to be torn in pieces you want me?"

"Do not fear that," replied the Man, "tell then when you meet them, that you could not finish the operation without my assistance, and leave the rest to me."

Tom allowed himself to be persuaded, and both went boldly forward towards the Castle. When the multitude beheld McEnairy they rushed towards him with horrible outcries, demanding his immediate death.

"Stop! stop! hear me!" cried Tom.

"We won't hear you," they exclaimed with one voice, "you murderer, what made you kill the great O'Neil? We'll make small bits o' you."

"Don't," said Tom, "if you do, the great O'Neil will never rise again."

"No wonder, when you cut the head off him."

"Be quiet," said Tom, "an' I tell ye he'll be as brisk as a kid in half an hour. The operation isn't half done yet, for I couldn't finish it rightly without my man, as he had something belonging to the profession that I couldn't do without."

"'Tis true for my master," said the Man, "let ye fall back, if ye want ever to see the great O'Neil again."

The people were appeased, and McEnairy, with his Man, entered the room in which the body lay. When all was made fast, a strong guard being now set on window and door, the Man took up the head, and shook a little powder on the wound, after which he placed it on

the shoulders, and slapping him smartly on the back, said:—

“Rise up, now, Great O’Neil, and I wish you joy of your fine features and your fine poll of hair.”

O’Neil jumped upon the floor, and they led him to the looking glass, but on seeing the beautiful countenance which he now possessed, his transports were so great that he had well nigh broken his bones leaping over tables and chairs, and cutting all kinds of capers in his ecstasy. When the vehemence of his glee had somewhat abated, he unlocked the door and summoned his lady and all the household to witness the change which had been effected. All congratulated him upon it, and all lavished praises and caresses on McEneiry and his Man as plentifully as they had done abuse and menaces before. A grand banquet was made, to which all the chieftains in the neighborhood were invited. The feasting lasted several days, during which McEneiry and his Man were treated with all the respect and attention due to noblemen of the highest rank. At length they signified to him their intention of departing, as the duties of their profession would not suffer them to continue longer at his Castle. O’Neil pressed them much to stay longer, but finding them determined, he commanded his herdsman to fetch forty of the fattest bullocks in his paddock, and while he was doing so, he ordered his groom to bring forward two noble horses, ready bridled and saddled, for the journey. When all was ready he went into one of his own secret apartments, and brought out two pair of boots, one pair full of gold, and the other of silver. Ten men were summoned to drive home the cattle.

“Allow me, Mr. McEneiry,” said the great O’Neil, “to present you with this trifling mark of my esteem. Those horses, and this gold and silver and the cattle which you behold, I request you to accept as a very inadequate compensation for the important service you have rendered me.”

They took leave of all in the Castle and departed. When they were passing the furze hill in which McEneiry had concealed his harp, he got down off his horse and went to look for it. Finding it safe where he laid it, he brought it out

and placed it on the saddle before him, when all resumed their journey. When they had had gone two or three miles on the road homeward, the Man called aloud to the cattle drivers and asked them who they were? They answered that they were labourers belonging to the great O’Neil.

“What time,” said he, “did he allow you to go and come?”

“He allowed us a fortnight, or a month if necessary,” replied one of the men.

“Ah!” said the Man, “go home, my poor fellows, and till your gardens during that time, and we will drive these cattle home ourselves.”

Saying this he put his hand into one of the boots and gave each of them a handful of gold, and another of silver, and sent them away filled with gratitude, and leaving abundance of praise and blessings behind them.

When they were out of sight, McEneiry said, after proceeding for some time in silence:

“How very liberal you made yourself in sharing my gold and silver!”

“Make yourself easy now,” said the Man, “I did not, I am sure, altogether, give one bootful out of the four, and we shall have more in the remainder than we can spend for the rest of our lives.”

“That won’t do,” said McEneiry, “you should have borne in mind that I was the master, and that the whole was given to me.”

“Remember,” said the Man, “that what we have was very easily acquired, and, therefore, we ought to share with the poor; for what we have ourselves does not belong to us altogether, especially when we have obtained it without much trouble. And as to your part, I am sure if I was to leave you where you were hid in the bush the other morning, you would be thinking of something else besides bootfuls of gold and silver before now.”

McEneiry said nothing, and they continued their journey in silence, until they reached the foot of Knoe Fierna.

“Now,” said the Man, “we are on the spot where we first met, and as I suppose we must part, let me see how you’ll behave yourself, and I hope not as you did on a former occasion.”

"Very well," replied Tom, "I am here now, at home and among my own neighbors, and those that know me, and will you let me have the sharing of what we got?"

"Let us hear what division you intend to make of it, first," said the Man.

"There are forty bullocks here," said McEneiry, "and if you are willing to take five of them I'll be content with the remainder. There are also four bootfuls of gold and silver, with the exception of what you made away with on the road, and I am satisfied you should take a proportionable share of them as of the cattle."

"And do you imagine," said the Man, "that any one would be satisfied with such division? I'll leave it to that woman behind you with the can in her hand, whether I ought to consent to it."

"What woman?" asked McEneiry looking around. He saw no woman, and turning again, neither cattle, nor man, nor boots nor horses were visible. At this second disappointment, McEneiry began to roar and bawl at such a rate, that it was a wonder he had not the whole neighborhood in commotion. His lamentations were interrupted by the approach of a horseman very genteely dressed, and with rather a simple expression of countenance, who accosted him civilly and inquired the occasion of his grief. Tom evaded the question, not feeling very proud of what had taken place, and the stranger, observing a harp in his hand, requested him to play a little, and that if he liked his music he would give him a piece of money. Tom complied, but did not produce altogether such ravishing strains as when at the Castle of Seaghan an Eithona.

"Indeed," said the stranger, "I can't flatter you on your proficiency in music; but, however, as I know something of the art myself, I will give you this horse, bridle and saddle, as he stands for your harp."

"Never say it again," said Tom, "it is a bargain," thinking in his own mind that he could make something of the horse by selling it.

The stranger alighted and Tom got up in his place, but he soon found cause

to repent of his bargain. He was no sooner fixed on the saddle, than the horse stretched himself at full length, and shot like an arrow along the hill side, and, taking the direction of the Cove of Cork, flew over hedges and ditches, walls, houses, churches, towns, and villages with such rapidity, that Tom felt as if his life had been left half a mile behind him. When he reached the Cove, the horse suddenly turned, and keeping his off shoulder to the sea, galloped or rather glided, all around Ireland, and never stopped until he returned to Knock Fierna, where the stranger was still standing with the harp.

"Well, how do you like your purchase?" he asked with a smile, as McEneiry gasping for breath sat clinging to the saddle bow, his features pale, his eyes almost starting from his head and his hair blown backwards in such a manner that he looked more like a maniac than a rational being.

"Oh, take me down, an' the heavens bless you," said Tom, with difficulty. "I'm stuck to the saddle myself, an' I can't stir. Make haste, or I'm in dhread he'll be for the road again."

The stranger complied, and Tom alighted from the horse.

"You may take your horse, now," said Tom, "and much good may it do you."

"No," said the stranger, "I can't do that, for what I once give I never take back again. But I'll buy him from you, if you are willing to sell him."

"What will you give me for him?" asked Tom.

"I have a razor here," said he, "and it is endowed with a property, so that let a man's clothes be ever so bad, if you give them the least scar with it, he will have a perfectly new suit in an instant."

"I declare then," said Tom, "a little touch of that razor would be very much wanting to myself at this moment, for my own are nothing the better for the wear."

The bargain was struck again, and Tom was so eager to be well dressed that he opened the razor on the instant, and cut a small piece off the tail of his coat. No sooner had he done so than he found himself attired from head to foot

in the pie-bald uniform of a professed fool, perfectly new, but boasting a greater number of colours than he cared for.

"Well," said the stranger, "are you satisfied with your new suit?"

"I'm made a real fool of at last," replied Tom, "but tell me what is your reason for playing these tricks on me?"

"You may well ask that," said the stranger. "All you have suffered is the fruit of your own covetousness. You were extravagant in your days of prosperity, and poverty did not teach you compassion."

"I own it," said Tom, with a sorrowful look, "I blame myself now very much that I didn't take the fair half I was offered both times, since I see you know all about it—or that I did not content myself with even a part of the same."

"Still," said the stranger, "it is your covetousness makes you express that regret, and not a due sense of your error. And now do you wish to know who I am?"

"I would, indeed, be glad to hear it," said Tom.

"I am Don Firine," replied the stranger, "of whom I dare say you have often heard, and I reside in this mountain."

At the sound of this famous name, McEnciry started back in astonishment.

"I heard of your distress," continued Don Firine "and came to relieve you when you first left home with your harp, thinking that one or two severe lessons might be sufficient to open your eyes and your heart, but you would not be taught. I would have made you rich and prosperous for the remainder of your life; but now, that fool's coat you wear shall be the only one you shall ever be able to purchase."

Saying these words, he disappeared, and McEnciry returned to his home poorer than when he left it. His wife and daughter received him kindly, until he told them how he fared since they parted, and the cause of his re-appearing amongst them in his present ridiculous dress. When they had heard his story, they all joined in blaming him, and

though they shared his disappointment, could not but acknowledge that he had brought it on himself.

THE END.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

SHALL do we seek the past. Having tried two different ways, both of which lead us back along the ages; having succeeded to a certain extent in showing how useful are documents, records, books, and other monuments when taken in connection with men and things and facts, that without their aid would be lost in oblivion; having connected these two branches or chains as closely as we could possibly do, in the space of two short essays, we now turn to a third and perhaps not less important means whereby the fields of antiquity may be explored. We now come to a third chain which binds us to the past. We refer to COINS.

In the days when Abraham lived, when Jacob and the numberless patriarchs of Israel reigned in the East, men lived not so much by the produce of the soil as by the produce and increase of their flocks. From reign to reign, from country to country, the great families wandered seeking over for food pasturages and fertile lands. And they had a species of trade—a kind of exchange. The one gave his sheep, and in return received oxen or corn or clothing. This was well enough in a time when men were few and all were united. But as years rolled on and the human family grew larger, other means had to be devised in order to establish some kind of equality between the traders and peoples of the divers countries. A medium had to be found whereby all could join in this commerce. And thus originated the idea of money.

Called by different names in different countries and at the different epochs, it was the same still—a medium or a means whereby all goods and all objects had their own special value, and whereby one man could place himself

in a position of equality with his neighbor, even though that neighbor were possessed of goods which he never had or made or cultivated.

Amongst some people this medium—or we will call it money, as that is the expression best known in our day—was formed of sea shells more or less adorned and carved according to the value each shell was supposed to represent. In other lands, as amongst the Indians in the primeval forests of the New World, the money consisted in pieces of wood cut into divers fantastic shapes or little stones of different colors. Each and all of these kinds of money may serve as illustrations and guides in the history of those people. But many years before the founding of the great Roman Empire, far off in the East a new method was discovered whereby the money and its value could be rendered more positive. And we then find *coins*. Metal of different species cut into a multitude of rude forms and, at times, bearing some letters of hieroglyphics, was the origin of our present almost perfect system of coinage.

No sooner was this novel means devised than it was adopted by each of the nations of antiquity. Some of their coins being more rude than others—some of them being formed of more precious metals or of more beautiful ore than others, soon led to distinctions between the coins of the divers nations or tribes, and even to the distinctions in the values of the many species of coins in each particular country.

Later on we find the names of the kings and rulers of the people stamped upon the money. And still later we see the heads of monarchs, of emperors, of generals, adorned with helmets or crowns or laurels, carved or stamped upon the coinage of the countries. Soon after we meet with dates and emblems, and a few words in the language of the people to whom the money belonged. Thus as years rolled past and as times changed this mode of unity and this powerful support of commerce became more and more indispensable. And in our day it has reached such a degree of universality that "without money man is of little consequence in the world."

This being a subject that can scarcely be properly treated in the space of one

short essay, we will merely confine ourselves to a few remarks upon the utility of coins as an auxiliary of history, and leave for another essay the consideration of the union between the monuments and coins of different nations of antiquity and of modern times.

The study of coins might be considered a life study, yet it is much more easy to place one's self in a position to study coins than it is to study monuments. So much travelling, so much labor, so much exertion, is not required. But to study coins with a real profit they must be connected with the history—the true history—of the people to whom they belonged.

You find on the face of an old silver or copper coin the head of an emperor with figures or letters or other marks surrounding it—take up the history of the nation and you will therein find by whom and when and how such a token was struck. You learn under what circumstances it came into existence, what battle it commemorates, what city it was made for. To illustrate more clearly our idea of the union between coins and history in general—not yet to speak of the history of any nation in particular—we will cite the following extract from the *Episcopal Recorder*:—

"In citing the historical information derivable from coins, the geographical facts we acquire from them are of equal importance. A case was stated some time ago how an island of the Ægean, which had been lost, was discovered by means of a *coin* (the piece not bigger than a half-dime), and how recent soundings proved the existence of this isle. There was a lost city which owes its place to a coin. For over a thousand years no one knew where Pandosia was. History told us that at Pandosia King Pyrrhus collected those forces with which he over-ran Italy, and that he established a mint there; but no one could put their finger upon Pandosia. Eight years ago a coin came under the sharp eyes of a numismatist. There were the letters, Pandosia, inscribed on it, but what was better, there was an emblem, indicative of a well-known river, the Crathis. Then everything was revealed with the same certainty as if the piece of money had been an atlas, and Pandosia, the mythical city, was at once given its proper position in Bruttium. Now, a coin may be valuable for artistic merit, but when it elucidates a doubtful point in history or geography, its worth is very much enhanced. This silver coin, which did not weigh more than a quarter of a dollar, because it cleared up the mystery of Pandosia,

was worth to the British Museum \$1,000, the price they paid for it."

This paragraph, taken from the pages of a species of universal journal, should suffice to show how great a connection there really exists between history and coins. But not only have ancient and forgotten places been recovered from oblivion through the medium of coins, not only have doubtful points of history been made clear through the same means, but even the well-known events of ages and well-known characters of each particular epoch have been brought forward, more faithfully and more positively, by means of these relics.

Take up a series of coins in a good collection and place them in the order of their respective dates, and then follow them back with the history of the country in one hand and the history of the coins in the other, and you will find no difficulty in tracing the advance and progress of civilization amongst the peoples. Their first coins you will find to be rude pieces of metal—by degrees they become more perfect and to contain more information. Dates, names, figures, words, phrases, &c., all serve to indicate the changes which the nation underwent.

We are told in history that when the Roman Empire was divided and when an Empire was formed in the East and another in the West, that an emperor arose in the West and threw off the mantle of paganism and declared himself a Christian. We are told that this emperor was called Constantine the Great, and that on the morning before he became a Christian he was marching to battle at the head of his immense army, and that a golden cross appeared to him in the heavens, and upon that cross were written the words "*in hoc signo vinces*," (in this sign shalt thou conquer), and that Constantine vowed that, if victory would be his, that the Christian's God would be his God. And again we are told that he caused a banner to be made and placed upon it the picture of the cross he had seen, and caused that standard to be carried before the army.

Now history tells us all this, but many might be led to believe that the story was an over-draw upon the imagination of the historian. But when

we find that money of that day, the very coin made use of by the Romans in the latter part of the reign of Constantine, bearing the emblem of the self-same cross and inscription and the name of Constantine and his head, we cannot but say that the coinage of the day is a powerful exponent of the truths of history.

And not only mere questions of profane history are to be found proven and illustrated by this means, but even many and many events in sacred history, many and many facts set forth by the "book of books," are placed beyond the contradiction of even the most infidel, and most incredulous by the mere fact of a simple piece of silver or copper or other metal explaining them.

There is a story told of a man who came to call upon a French mechanic in the city of Paris. It seems the mechanic was at work in his back shop when the stranger arrived at the house. While the stranger was speaking to the mechanic's wife they heard the report of a gun. Surprised at hearing the sound coming in the direction of the shop the stranger asked what it might be. The woman very quietly made answer: "It is only my husband, who has been making a Gothic cabinet, and is firing small shot into it in order to give it the appearance of being worm-eaten and consequently very ancient."

This story may be true or not, but we know that such things take place. That on fields where famous battles were once fought the traveller generally can dig up remains of coins and other such things, and that these objects have merely been placed there by the country people, in order to attract the public towards the place. It is also true that coins are often open to the same objection. But if here and there a few coins may be found, which are not the "real thing," yet the number of coins ancient and modern which are true, *bona fide* relics of the past, is something wonderful. Collection after collection has been made, by states, by cities, by private persons. These coins may be counted by the million, and if they could be all gathered into one grand collection, it would seem to us that the history of the world and of each particular country, from our day back to the days long

lost in the mist of antiquity, could be read or studied.

Generally the person who collects these objects is laughed at by the people and considered as one who has little to do. But the person who, like a famous character in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, can enjoy and profit by such a pastime, is doing good both to himself and to the public at large. Every institution wherein education and instruction are given to the young, should be provided with a collection, more or less extensive, of coins and medals. And this collection should not be locked up in a room and guarded from the eyes of man as though it were a heap of gold; but it should be made use of to instruct the students in history and in several other branches. It would be an interesting as well as a highly useful mode of instruction.

In another essay we will continue the consideration of this subject, and this rapid glance, we hope, will suffice to shew how strong the bond is that unites history with coins and coins with history. History explains to coins, while the coin proves the truth of history.

FAMINE SCENES IN IRELAND.

DESCRIBED BY MR. JAMES REDPATH.

(Continued.)

THE PROVINCE OF ULSTER.

English writers and their American echoers have so persistently asserted that Ulster is always prosperous—and they have so unanimously attributed this prosperity to the superior fertilizing qualities of the Presbyterian faith that some of you will be surprised, perhaps, when I assert, as my belief, that there are probably 200,000 persons in distress at the present moment in this "prosperous" province.

Thrusting aside for a moment the Presbyterian political pretences, it is of vital importance, on entering this province, to emphasize the fact that the system of land tenure in Ulster, or rather in the more prosperous parts of Ulster, was and still is as different from the system of Land Tenure in the

Catholic provinces as the American freedom of to-day is different from the Southern slave of the past. I weigh my words. And it should be stated, with an equal emphasis, that the tenant-at-will system that blights the Catholic counties of Ireland to-day is one of the sad legacies of that long reign of terror known in Irish history as the era of "Protestant Ascendancy."

Ever since the days when the old Irish were driven by English conquest—to use a famous phrase—into "Hell or Connaught," the tillers of the soil in the Ulster Plantation have been protected—by an unwritten law called the "Ulster Custom"—in the rights that they earned by their labor on their farms.

The English and Scotch emigrants brought over with them their English and Scotch theories and usages. It was not usual for the landlords to give formal leases, but the Ulster Custom gave the tenant not only a legal right to the value of his improvements, not only substantial perpetuity of tenure, but also the good will of his farm—that is to say, a prior right to his tenancy from which he could not be arbitrarily evicted without compensation. This tenant right was justly regarded as a valuable property. It was marketable. The good-will of a farm was often more valuable than the tenant's improvements on it.

In the Catholic provinces of Connaught and Munster there was no such custom as the Ulster custom. There was no such stability of tenure. There was no such right to the good-will of the farm. There was no such recognition of the tenant's rights of property in improvements that had been made by his own labor and capital. The tenants in the Catholic provinces have always been tenants-at-will—and a tenant-at-will is merely a serf of the soil.

But it is not everywhere in Ulster that Tenants' Rights are respected. It is only in the strictly Protestant parts of Ulster, and even there the small farmers are beginning to see and to feel that they have no adequate protection against the pitiless exactions of the landlords as exhibited in an excessive increase of rent.

And now allow me to expose the

hypocritical pretext that it is owing to Protestantism that Ulster is prosperous. The face of oppression is so hideous even to its own eyes that it always wears the mask of some power that the human race respects. Legree posed as Moses. The auction block of the slave trader was built behind the altar of the Christian church. In Ireland the pitiless persecutions of the Catholics have been palliated by the pretext that they were needed to maintain Protestant ascendancy, which was identified with Christian civilization.

One reason why the Protestant Province of Ulster is more prosperous in parts than the Catholic Provinces of Ireland is because Protestant estates were never confiscated there, for Protestants were the receivers of the stolen estates of Catholics; because their clergymen (unlike the Catholic priests) were never hunted and hanged or banished; because it was never a capital offence to teach their children to read—as it was a death penalty to teach the Catholic youth; because the Protestants of the North were protected by the English Government, while the Catholics of the South were persecuted by it.

It is true that these crimes belong to the past, but it is also true that the results of these crimes remain.

It is not a question of spiritual thesis, but of temporal leases; it is not what faith we hold about our home in the next world, but what hold we have on our home in this world.

In the Province of Ulster, on the first day of March last, the local committees of the Mansion House, 131 in number, reported that there were in distress, in eight counties, 160,880 persons; in Antrim, 220; in Down, 800; in Armagh, 10,455; in Monaghan, 7,477; in Cavan, 34,709; in Fermanagh, 12,768; in Tyrone, 7,447; in Donegal, 87,034. Fourteen of the Ulster committees report that the distress is likely or certain to increase. The most moderate estimate, therefore, of the army of hunger in the Province of Ulster—including the County of Londonderry—would put the figures at 180,000. It is more probably 200,000.

Yet this vast aggregation of human misery exists in a Province in which the Belfast manufactories employ large

numbers of boys and girls, and so to a considerable extent relieve the agricultural classes, both by sending back wages to the cabins in the country and by affording a home market for their produce. And, in justice to the Catholic Provinces let it be remembered that the reason why there are no manufactories in Connaught and Munster is because the English Parliament for several generations by positive legislation prevented their establishment, and because since these infamous laws were repealed their disastrous results have been conserved by combinations among the English manufacturers.

In Antrim, in Down, in Armagh, in Monaghan, in Cavan, in Tyrone, and in Donegal, the committees report that the distress is increasing or certain to increase.

The Catholic Bishop of Clogher wrote to me about the distress in his great diocese. Nearly all of his diocese is in Ulster. It comprises the county of Monaghan, most of the county Fermanagh, a large tract of Tyrone, with portions of Donegal and Louth. It has a population of 235,000 souls. The diocese is divided into 40 parishes. He writes that in 10 of these parishes there is considerable distress going much beyond the state of things in ordinary years, but nothing to excite grave alarm. But in the remaining 30 parishes there exists *grievous distress*, varying in amount and extending over 100 to 200 families in some parishes, 300 to 500 in others. Ten per cent of these families have no food at all—not a mouthful—except what they receive from charity, and all the rest are suffering more or less severely from want of food and clothing and seeds. The laborers everywhere who have no farms were suffering more than in ordinary times, because the farmers can no longer afford to pay them. His Lordship added that it is hard to see why our destitution in food and clothing must not continue, and even go on increasing, until the arrival of the next harvest.

Let us now, in spirit, take the shoes from off our feet as we draw nigh the holy ground of Connaught and Munster. There is nothing on this earth so sacred as human sorrow. Christianity itself has been called the Worship of Sorrow.

If this definition is a true one, the Holy Land of our day is the West of Ireland. Every sod there has been wet with human tears. The murmurs of every rippling brook there have been accompanied, from time out of mind, by an invisible chorus of sighs from breaking human hearts. Every breeze that has swept across its barren moors has carried with it to their bleak mountains' tops (and I trust far beyond them) the groans and the prayers of a brave but a despairing people. The sun has never set on its sorrows excepting to give place to the pitying stars that look down on human woes that exceed in number their own constellated hosts.

I have heard so much and I have seen so much of the sorrows of the West that when the memory of them rises up before me I stand appalled at the vision. Again and again, since I came back from Ireland, I have tried to paint a picture of Western misery; but again and again, and as often as I have tried, even in the solitude of my own chamber where no human eye could see me,—I have broken down and I have wept like a woman. If I could put the picture into words I could not utter the words. For I cannot look on human sorrow with the cold and aesthetic eye of an artist. To me a once stalwart peasant—shivering in rags, and gaunt, and hollow-voiced, and staggering with hunger—to me he is not a mere *genre* picture of Irish life. To me he is a brother to be helped; to me he is a Christian prisoner, to be rescued from the pitiless power of those infidel saracens of the nineteenth century—the Irish landlords and the British Government.

I know not where to begin nor what county to select in either of these unhappy provinces.

Let us first glance at

THE PROVINCE OF MUNSTER.

There are six counties in the Province of Munster. The Mansion House has two hundred and fifty local committees there. Their reports show that there are in distress 232,759 persons in this province—

In Waterford (in round numbers).... 8,100
 In Tipperary..... 17,000
 In Limerick..... 17,000

In Clare..... 43,000
 In Cork..... 70,000
 In Kerry..... 75,000
 Total..... 230,100

In Waterford, in Limerick, and in Tipperary—with their aggregate of 42,000 persons on the relief lists—the distress is quite severe in some districts, but it is neither so general nor so extensive as on the coast. The miners, the mechanics, the laborers, the turf-makers, the fishermen, the cottiers, and the small farmers with long families are the chief sufferers in these counties.

In the County Cork there are less than one-eighth of the population in distress. Eastern Cork is a fertile country. It contains the great city and port of the South of Ireland. There is no unusual poverty in the east of it. But in Southwestern Cork and in Kerry the same scenes that I called local eye-witnesses to describe in Donegal, and that I shall summon other eye-witnesses to describe in Connaught are common in every barony and in every parish. I met several Catholic priests from Southwestern Cork, in Dublin, and I received more than a dozen letters from as many different districts of it. Their stories were all alike—only the scene differed—always the same cries of distress. I could talk an hour about the sufferings in these counties alone.

County Clare is not so destitute as Kerry or Southwestern Cork; for the Famine broods everywhere along the coast, and in some places it has called on Fever to assist her and the landlords to crush the spirit or to exterminate the Irish race; but even from Clare we hear of "little children and infants crying in vain for food;" of whole districts—I quote the words of the committee, "actually starving or threatened in the near future with starvation;" and at one parish, "Coolmeen, of "a crowd of a hundred people ready to fall from hunger." More than one-fourth of the people of the County Clare depend for their daily food on foreign benevolence. What need of words in presence of this one fact?

Out of every 100 persons in County Kerry 38 depend on charity to keep them from death by starvation. From every part of the county comes the

same sad message: "No work," "no food," "no fuel," "no clothing." In Valentia island, last winter, there were families of children literally naked—with not a rag to shield their little bodies from the cold Atlantic winds. Father Lawler wrote that out of 120 families he visited, 100 were without a blanket of any shape or description.

It is as bad on the coast. Father Maurice O'Flaherty wrote—

"No amount of word-painting at my command will be able to convey to you the impoverished and wretched state in which these poor creatures living along the sea coast are steeped. I know as a fact that many—very many—among them have been living on turnips once, and sometimes twice a day, for three weeks. I am aware that several especial heads of families have gone to bed fasting, in order to spare something for their starving children, who are crying for food. Some of these poor creatures have to do with one meal of strabont for 24 hours. (Strabont is Indian meal boiled with water and a little salt). In all or nearly all the cases we visited, 200, nor cow, nor pig, nor sheep, nor seed potatoes, nor credit, nor anything else they had, except the few stones of meal they have got from our Relief Committee."

I will just give one short extract from one report out of fifty reports to the Mansion House. It occurs in a letter from Ferriter Dingle:—

"The word distress very inadequately describes the situation and suffering of many and many a family here. They are suffering from that most brutalizing of feelings to which humanity is subject—the gnawing of hunger. Fancy fathers and mothers going to bed supperless that their children may have something left to stay the pangs of hunger, and after all this self-sacrifice these children without any food for twenty-four hours."

I said that in the three inland counties of Munster—Waterford, Limerick, and Tipperary,—the distress is not so extreme as in the coast counties, yet you will err if you think that the poverty there is of the same type as we find in our American cities. What we call distress in America, the Irish peasants would thank God for as comfort.

Dean Quirke, of Tipperary, for example, wrote to me that although in his vicinity nobody had actually died from hunger yet, he personally knew men in his own parish whose lives had been shortened by the Famine. And the committee at Clogher write to the Man-

sion House that "farmers holding 20 to 30 acres of mountain land, come down to the chairman under cover of night to get a little Indian meal to keep their families from starvation."

But now I must do my duty to the landlords and tell you what *they* are doing in this year of distress in Munster.

When I wrote to Dean Quirke, of Tipperary, and asked him the cause of the distress he promptly answered: "Rack rents, bad land laws, insecurity of tenure." After he described the poverty in his own neighborhood, he added:

"The farmers throughout the whole county of Tipperary, seeing they had no means of paying their rents and their debts, held public meetings—generally attended by the clergy—at which they showed the impossibility of paying the amount of rent that they had paid in prosperous years. I presided at one of these meetings. Not one disrespectful word was said of any landlord."

I hope you understand that it is Dean Quirke who is speaking and who was chairman. If I had been chairman I think there would have been disrespectful remarks made of the landlords.

"The farmers," continues Dean Quirke, "requested an abatement of rent for the present year of distress, on account of the failure of the crops and the low price of produce. * * * Only some six or seven paid any attention to this reasonable appeal. * * * While the bulk of the landlords treated the whole proceeding as—*Communism!*"

They seem to have the same breed of landlords in County Clare. Father Kenny, the parish priest of Scarif, wrote to me:—

"There are 210 families now in want in my parish. When I have appealed to the landlords to take into account the depression of the times their answer has been that political agitators has raised the cry for their own political purposes."

Of course; it is always the lamb that dirties the water away down the stream when the wolf is drinking at its source! When I was in Dublin I had a long talk with Lord Randolph Churchill, the son of the Duchess of Marlboro.

Well I am going to tell you what Lord Churchill said in illustration of the folly of the reforms that are advocated by the Land League. I am violating no confidence in repeating his

conversation, because he knew that I would report them. I wrote down his remarks in stenographic notes, and submitted the manuscript for his correction before I printed it.

In talking about Cork, Lord Churchill said that there were 6,000 cases of "absolute want"—those were his own words—out of a population of 31,000 persons at Skibbereen, The Committee of the Mansion House at Skibbereen, at a later date, report that:—

"The poor people are coming to us, starvation depicted in their looks, with the bitterest tales of woe. We are hearing hourly enough to melt the hardest hearts."

Father Davis, the parish priest of Skibbereen, wrote to me:—

"Four-fifths of the entire population are at this moment destitute and begging for aid."

"This is a very much larger estimate, you see, than Lord Churchill's. The lord said one-fifth—the priest said four-fifths."

"In Castletown," said Lord Churchill, "out of a population of 14,000, there are 1,000 cases of distress."

The Mansion House reports show that there are now 2,232 persons in distress in Castletown "in the most abject state of destitution," they say, "without food, without clothing, without seed."

"In Castletown" (continued Lord Churchill) "there are 600 occupiers of land rated under £4, and there are 700 more who rate at under £10. Here we have a union with 1,300 persons, the annual value of whose holdings does not exceed £10. This raises an interesting question of peasant proprietorship. There are politicians who want to convert these tenants into owners. These unfortunate people have not got—at the present moment—any available means of subsistence, any capital with which to cultivate the land, any stock, or any credit, and yet it is proposed to make them owners of the soil when they are in such distress."

"Even when they have landlords to rely on in some degree to alleviate it, for, of course, it is for the interest of the landlord to stand by his tenants."

"What would be their condition if they had no one to fall back on?"

Well, let us see how the landlords stand by their tenants in this very district that Lord Churchill selected when he made this challenge for them.

At Drumlogue, where there are 1,300 persons in distress, there is "not a single resident landlord in the district, and only one of them is giving work."

At Goleen, the Mansion House Committee say that exorbitant rents is the cause of the distress there.

At Kileaskin the distress is attributed to bad land laws.

At King William's Town high rents are linked with bad crops as the causes of the poverty of the farmers.

At Cloyne "excessive rents" are named as the cause of the distress, and it is added, "the landlords of the farmers in distress are absentees."

Bear in mind that the Mansion House has no sympathy with the Land League, and that this is the evidence of their local committees.

Now, let me quote from my own correspondents.

Good old Canon Brosnan, in writing from his parish in Kerry, near by, after describing the homes of his people, adds:—

"These miserable holdings are let at double and treble the Government valuation—frequent instances not being wanted in which such crushing amounts are exceeded."

Father Davis, the parish priest of Skibbereen, writes to me:—

"This entire district is held under two landlords—Sir Henry Beecher, baronet, and the trustees of Lord Cranberry. These two proprietors have exacted the rents without the reduction of one cent—and they have not contributed one penny to the meagre funds of our committee."

This is the way, Lord Randolph Churchill, in which the tenants can rely on their landlords.

(To be continued.)

DIALOGUE.

PROTESTANT.—I must confess that we Protestants cannot understand your Catholic services.

CATHOLIC.—Perhaps not; and yet to us Catholics our services, and especially the holy Mass, is full of meaning. But pray, what is it you do not understand?

PROTESTANT.—In the first place the dress of your minister. To me it is outlandish and unmeaning.

CATHOLIC.—Exactly; if our priest were a minister as you call it, such a dress would be outlandish and unmeaning; nay more, it would be ridiculous. But he is more than a minister; he is a Priest and as such his dress ceases to be either outlandish or unmeaning or ridi-

culous. You have evidently not seized the central idea of our system; and therefore to you everything is unmeaning and in fact must appear ridiculous. Once seize the central idea and everything—dress, priest ceremonial,—all fall into place to make a great and harmonious whole. You would not pretend to say that the dress of the High Priest of the Jewish Temple was outlandish or ridiculous. And why? Because he was a Priest, that is, he had to sacrifice; and if to sacrifice he ought to be adorned for the sacrifice. Without the sacrifice of the Temple the dress of the High Priest of the Temple would be outlandish and ridiculous. Your minister is only a minister, and it would be as foolish to give him a distinctive dress, as it would be to put a cocked hat on a monkey. What is there that your minister does which could not as easily be done by any layman of his flock? Why then give him a distinctive dress? But with us the case is altogether different. Our minister is a Priest because he offers sacrifice. He is set aside out of numbers to sacrifice; hence he must be set aside by his dress also, so that all may know by his dress that he has been set aside to sacrifice. And even to himself that distinctive dress is necessary. He has to keep in mind the great duty of his office, to sacrifice, and hence when he goes to sacrifice he wears the dress of the sacrifice in order to keep his mind intent upon the sacrifice. And it is out of respect for the sacrifice that he is dressed for the sacrifice. To dress the sacrificer in any other dress than that of the sacrifice would be to dishonor the sacrifice.

PROTESTANT.—But why that particular dress?

CATHOLIC.—Why not that particular dress, I pray you? Granted a distinctive dress that particular dress is as appropriate as any other. You call it outlandish. Its very outlandishness makes it appropriate. You would not have expected the High Priest of the Jewish Temple to have offered sacrifice in the dress of a butcher or of a stone mason or even in the ordinary Jewish dress. He had a perfectly distinctive dress. The sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated all over the world; if then the dress of the Priest whilst celebrating was not out-

landish to the whole world; if in any section of the world it were the ordinary dress of the people, it would not be appropriate, because not distinctive.

And there is another reason why this particular dress is appropriate. It speaks to us trumpet-tongued of the days of the Apostles. It can easily be shown that the dress of the Priest when sacrificing is but slightly modified from the ordinary dress of the Apostles. If then the vestments of the Mass as a distinctive dress are derived from the Apostles, when on account of the persecutions they dare not use a distinctive dress, are they not doubly appropriate; appropriate as a distinctive dress and appropriate as coming from the Apostles. Look at that great fact—"coming from the Apostles;" and consider what it implies. 1850 years ago these same vestments were used; during every year of those 1850 years they have been used in the Mass. Is not that a great fact? Where is the church can point to such a fact? May we not well then be proud of them? May we not well cherish them as the apple of our eye? Every time the Priest appears in them whether in Cathedral city or obscure village, they cry out with an authority of 1850 years, and they cry out with the voice of all the Apostles, nay; of Christ Himself. Yes; our vestments of the Mass are very old, and very venerable, and very trumpet-tongued, and therefore we love and venerate them.

H. B.

FATHER FABER'S HYMNS.

It is an accusation as trite as it is illogical that we Catholics have nothing attractive to read. That our newspapers are as dry as an Arabian desert, as insipid as over-kept milk and as un-wide-awake as a farmer of the twelfth century.

If the ordinary accuser means that our papers and magazines contain none of the sensational trash that deluges the daily press, we agree that our Catholic Editors have not a keen sense of the day's doings. If by insipidity our young people mean the absence of prurient effusions that are the disgrace of our weeklies, a la "Puck," and others of that ilk, these young folk have the better of the argument. But, if they mean that Catholic publishers are behind the age

because they are not so fast as their less scrupulous neighbors, then we hold that so far from deserving blame, our editors and publishers deserve the lasting gratitude of every lover of his kind, every well-wisher of humanity.

But, is it true, after all, that Catholics must go outside the zone of their own publications to find family reading? We think not. The Catholic press is better, abler, to-day, than at any other previous period in this country's history. Catholic publishers show an enterprise that is but half stimulated by proper encouragement. The *American Catholic Review*, the *Catholic World*, *THE HARP*, *Ave Maria*, *Donahoe's Monthly*, and similar publications furnish more than sufficient reading matter for the keenest of pure literary appetites—while the *Illustrated Catholic American* will furnish material with which to regale the eyes of the young and to appease the curiosity of the old.

In the ordinary run of publications, Catholics are also well provided. Among the latest of those issues from the press we notice with pleasure, and hail with delight, the republication in this country of that gem among the many gems contributed by the pearl of the Oratorians, the late Rev. F. Faber,—nature's poet, Christianity's pride, and Catholics prize,—we mean his Hymns.

We propose simply to glance at a few lines snatched here and there at random. To prove that the work is worthy of attention were to insult Catholic intelligence, but to call attention to a possibly unknown treasure, for many, will certainly be doing a service. If he who contributes one good thought, in a new form, to the common stock of christianity's literary stores is a benefactor, then he who helps to spread abroad the good thoughts that more gifted writers have contributed, may safely hope to be classed at least among the lesser benefactors of humanity. In the latter section the contributor begs to find himself.

"All Father Faber's works are struck in the same key," says the gifted Brother Azarias, in his *critique* on these hymns. "A unity of thought and feeling pervades everything this gifted soul penned," continues the same author. Is it not proper then that *THE HARP* should attune its chords to the music of him who,

"has thus raised up the popular intelligence a degree nearer the theological manner of looking at things; who has placed the material and spiritual world under a new aspect," who, "sees sunshine everywhere, through whose soul the music of nature and the musings of love reverberate?"

We must cease quoting, however, for we are sure our readers wish *THE HARP* to strike up at once and we'll hear Brother Azarias and *THE HARP*'s scribe later.

Faber was perhaps one of the most skilled of his contemporaries in giving simple expression to the deepest truths. His pen seems to delight in those word paintings that let you peer through what seemed too abstruse for ordinary minds, and proves, "the beauty of God, the wonderful ways of His divine love." Hear how he speaks of The Divine Majesty:

"Mid Thine uncreated morning
Like a trembling star
I behold creation's dawning
Glimmering from afar;
Nothing giving, nothing taking,
Nothing changing, nothing breaking
Waiting at time's bar"—

Having thus taken a glance at the divine mind preparing its work, he gives in the last stanza the result of the pre-studied plan. Thus he addresses the Great Worker—

"Splendors upon splendors beaming
Change and intertwine
Glories over glories streaming
All translucent shine!
Blessings, praises, adorations
Greet Thee from the trembling nations
Majesty Divine.

How pithily Father Faber tells of God's ways previous to this creative manifestation of interest in forthcoming humanity:

"When heaven and earth were yet unmade
When time was yet unknown
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone!

And in the same stanzas, what a touching allusion to Mary, the theme of so many lines, the object of so child-like a love on the part of the author of "All for Jesus." But more of this later. Listen, he is speaking of admiring angels' bliss:

"In wonder lost, the highest heavens
Mary, their queen, may see.
If Mary is so beautiful,
What must her Maker be.

He continues :

“O Majesty most beautiful;
Most Holy Trinity!
On Mary's throne we climb to get
A far-off sight of Thee.”

To how many will not the words from the following poem on “The Eternity of God” apply? In our fast age it is especially to be learned that we must go slowly if we would go far :

“Self-wearied, Lord! I come;
For I have lived my life too fast;
Now that years bring me nearer home
Grace must be slowly used to make it last;
When my heart beats too quick I think of
Thine
And of the leisure of Thy long eternity.”

What a nice antithetic distinction we find in the lines from the first stanza in “God's Greatness,” between the Majesty we adore and the heart that pays the worship :

“O Majesty unspeakable and dread!
Wert Thou less mighty than Thou art,
Thou wert, O Lord! too great for our belief
Too little for our heart.”

And how sweetly he invites the hour that must unveil the beauty of that dread majesty :

“Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down;
Already life is heaven for me,
No cradled child more softly lies than I,—
Come soon, eternity!

But, to secure an eternity such as he invites, he takes special pains to inculcate that who so desires to enjoy God's welcome in the next life must do God's will in this. He says :

“I worship thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

Speaking in the same lines of Christ's examples he proceeds :

“And he had breathed into my soul
A special love of thee.
A love to lose my will in his
And by that loss be free.

“I love to see thee bring to naught
The plans of wily men;
When simple hearts outwit the wise
O thou art loveliest then!

“When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little that I can
And leave the rest to Thee.”

We have several other stanzas of this touching poem marked, but must be content with one other quotation :—

“He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest when to him
It triumphs at his cost.”

Those who have read Father Faber's works have remarked with us the constant urging of that beautiful idea that we are not as happy as well we may be, simply because we do not look upon God as our Father, rather than as our Judge. Here is how he expresses himself in lines taken from “The eternal Father” :

“Father! the sweetest, dearest name
That men or angels know;
Fountain of life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow!

Thou comest not; thou goest not,
Thou wert not, will not be;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

All fathers learn their craft from Thee;
All loves are shadows cast
From the beautiful eternal hills
Of thine unbeginning past.”

Equally well is the same feeling given expression to, when in “Our Heavenly Father,” Faber says :

“Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the
Name,
Earth has no higher bliss!”

Those who have read Eugenie de Guerin's sympathetic verses will remember what she says of “the Heart being like a tree hung round with dead leaves;” how much prettier Father Faber's view of “My Father” :

“O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for Thee,
A Father all thine own?”

Perhaps the poem that will most please the general reader, of whatever denomination, is the next in order, “The God of my Childhood” from which we shall largely quote, leaving our readers to compare it with others in the volume under contribution.

“O God, Who wert my childhood's love,
My boyhood's pure delight,
A Presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night,—

“They bade me call Thee Father, Lord;
Sweet was the freedom deemed,
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

“ At school Thou wert a kindly Face
Which I could almost see ;
But home and holiday appeared
Somehow more full of Thee.

“ I could not sleep unless Thy hand
Were underneath my head,
That I might kiss it, if I lay
Wakeful upon my bed.

“ And to home—Sundays long since past,
How fondly memory clings ;
For then my mother told of Thee
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

Notice the filial affection in the following :

“ I lived two lives which seemed distinct,
Yet which did intertwine ;
One was my mother's—it is gone—
The other, Lord I was Thine.

He concludes :

“ With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God ! to see Thy Face ;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
Oh make Thyself more space.

The author who had made so profound a study of the works of Sts. Theresa, Mary Magdalene de Pazzi and Blessed Margaret Mary, as is seen in his works, could not help in all his writings to show how he yearned to have, and to make others obtain, more love for our Divine Lord.

The ideas of these last gleanings are found repeated all through the hymns. Thus in “ Jesus my God my All ” he exclaims :

“ O Jesus ! Jesus ! sweetest Lord !
What art Thou not to me ?
Each hour brings joy before unknown,
Each day new liberty !

Again in “ The life of our Saviour till His Passion ” he tells us how to unite this love of God with affection for our kin. He is speaking of the marriage-feast of Cana :

“ Jesus ! who deignst to be a guest,
Where Mary's gently—urged behest
With thy kind power made free,
May I mine earthly kinsfolk love,
In such pure ways that I may prove
My greater love for Thee.”

Here, we have also a hint leading to the touching theme so dear to Faber, in which he so often tells us in his inimitable way what De Ligny shows in his “ Life of Christ,” that our dear Lord was the model citizen, the tender companion, the grateful Saviour for the least favor.

In “ Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual

Subjects,” the reader will find in the sketch of Judas, a resemblance most marked with the following lines :

“ Jesus, and do I now behold
My God, my Saviour bought and sold,
A traitor's merchandise?
O grant that I may never be
A Judas, dearest Lord, to Thee
For all that earth can prize.”

Those who have—and who has not—seen the well-known picture “ The dream of Jesus ”—will specially appreciate these lines :

“ How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love.”

And how cunning—we may be allowed the expression—when he continues :

“ Simplest of Babes ! with what a grace
Thou dost Thy Mother's will !
Thine infant fashions well betray
The Godhead's hidden skill.”

We all know how ardently devoted was Father Faber to all that concerned the welfare, the glory and the honour of his dear Rome. In the *Three Kings* he shows it pithily :

“ Who are these that ride so fast ? They are
eastern monarchs three,
Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their high degree ;
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize,
the well-known voices kind,
Their people's tents, their native plains,
they've left them all behind.

“ No Bible and no books of God were in that eastern land,
No Pope, no blessed Pope had they, to guide them with his hand ;
No Holy Roman Church was there, with its clear and strong sunshine,
With its voice of truth, its arm of power,
its sacraments divine.

The final of this stanza selection is worthy of him who wrote : “ I should not be obliged to lay down my life as evidence of my faith in mother's fidelity, but I should gladly give it up to defend Rome's fame ”—we quote from memory—

“ Let us ask these martyrs then, these monarchs of the East,
Who are sitting now in heaven at their Saviour's endless feast
To give us faith from Jesus, and hereafter
faith's bright home
And day and night to thank Him for the glorious Faith of Rome.

Can any of our readers remember Father Faber's beautiful allusion in one of his works to what we may term “ the

luxury of sorrow?" Those who can put their finger on the quotation are more fortunate than the writer, who can only gratify himself in the refreshing of the thought found in "Jesus Crucified:"

"A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied,
A broken heart, love's cradle is,
Jesus our love is crucified.

And of this Sacred Heart, he had written previously:

"What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried
And guilty found of too much love,
Jesus, our love is crucified."

All through these hymns we find that love and close study of nature still more clearly defined in "The Life and Letters." In "Blood is the Price of Heaven" we find

"Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The blood drops from his brows,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds;
Bleeds.

The same love of nature is found in "The Ascension"—

"His rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow east;
The branches of the hoary trees
Drooped as the Shadow passed.

The silver cloud hath sailed away
The skies are blue and free
The road that vision took is now
Sunshine and vacancy."

Again in "The Descent of Jesus into Limbus," we find the author's comparisons drawn from nature still further instanced. Thus—

As noiseless tides the ample depths
Of some capacious harbor fill,
So great the calm of that dread place
Each day with increase swift and still.

How touching the allusion in some lines to that woefully abused "Mother Eve!"

"And Eve like Joseph's shadow, hung
About him, wheresoe'er he went:
She lived on thoughts of Mary's child,
Trembled and was content.

Again:

'Twas Mary's child! Eve saw Him come;
She flew from Joseph's haunted side,
And worshipped, first of all that crowd,
The Soul of Jesus crucified.

We might prolong the quotations indefinitely. Already we have gone beyond the limits we had presumed upon. But, when we know that "The fear of

the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom" it must be taken as granted that Father Faber has not left the wholesome "Last Things" untouched in his hymns for the people. We will, however only make one selection, a consoling one from "The Pilgrims of the Night."

"Far, far away like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly

stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to
Thee.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of Light,
Singing to welcome
The Pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length; though life be long
and dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night be
past;

All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come
at last.

Those already in possession of the "Hymns" as published by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, will feel vexed that we have made so unskillful a culling. For our part, if but one reader be induced to procure the work and do the selecting with less awkward hand, the object of the writer will be fully attained, his labor more than repaid. It is undertaken only to help the readers of THE HARP to *mint money*, after the manner of that great master, Frederick W. Faber.

F. C. N.

THE FATE OF THE NAPOLEONS!

IS IT A MIRACLE OF WRATH?

Poor Eugenie, the ex-Empress, now a mourning childless widow, having completed her sorrowing pilgrimage on her return from Africa called at St. Helena to visit the tomb of the first Napoleon. The *Central Catholic Advocate* thus moralizes on the career of the Napoleons: The Empress Eugenie is now near the shores of England on her return from the spot in Zululand where her only child, her son, fell by the hands of an enraged people. She gazed upon the hills he saw with his last look on this world from eyes so soon doomed to the darkness of death. The earth that her feet touched was the same that his hands clutched at in the dying

agony. The rank African vegetation that rose around her had been fertilized by his blood, and the sun that burned up the traces of her footsteps was the same whose beams had caused the chemical changes in which his body had rotted. It was a historical scene that future painters will clothe with imaginative coloring, in hundreds of years to come, it may be, and over which the historians of future ages will pause to paint the sorrows of a childless Empress. Born amid the thunders of the guns of the Invalides, the young Frenchman who fell there was the son of the wildest monarch that Europe saw for hundreds of years. He was proclaimed a king in his cradle. He was fondled in his boyhood as the heir to a great throne. His youth was passed in adolescence that grew for a crown. His mind was filled with episodes of historic military glory, the most magnificent of which were to be traced in the memory of the self-created Prince whose name was to him the passport to palaces. But he fell beneath the stroke of a savage, in a fameless skirmish on a barbarian's land. It was in no great battle of giants he fell, where the conflicting issues of mighty nations were to be decided by the heroes of a hundred battle fields. It was in no great struggle that statesmen planned and legions of warriors plotted to whip. It was on an unnoted spot claimed by British Conquest as its own from the dusky defenders of the human right of a race to the land of its birth and nurture. His memory was covered as he died, from historic glory, by the very insignificant, as well as the barbarian weakness of his slayers when measured by civilization. There was nothing glorious in the cause for which he died, nothing famous in the manner of his death. He fell, and is covered with a flood of forgetfulness dark as that of the fabled Lethe.

The unfortunate young man, if we look deeper into it, perished as if he were guilty of some great crime, perished as though he could not avoid his fate. His journey to Africa, his volunteering into the military service of England, appeared in its conception as if made in the spirit of daring frivolity in which we read of men going to a lion hunt, or a tiger hunt in that Algeria of

which in his babyhood this slain prince was King. He went to indulge in the play of mankilling, like a sportsman in human quarry. No generous human, or divine, motive encouraged his expedition. On the contrary, he went to aid the robbers of their country from the Kaffirs, and to kill them for resisting it. It was royal sport, but he paid for it mournfully—the Zulus killed him as he would kill a burglar or a murderer, and had the same right to do the deed. Instead of backing up British power and British injustice, he could have found a task with an impulse of moral grandeur in it, by backing the efforts of a rude but brave people to prevent their subjugation. If he wished to awake the world to a recognition of the virtue of a heroic soul, he could have signalized his career in war, by doing battle for human liberty, even if that battle were for the liberty of an uncivilized people. They had a cause and a just cause. He had no cause at all, but the desire for man-killing, to actuate him.

Where were his advisers not to point that out to him? Where was his mother's wisdom that used to guide the councils of Imperial France? Where was his own reason not to tell him loudly, that the first time he drew his sword or levelled a gun against the Zulus in Kaffirland, who were fighting for their own homes, he was guilty of an overt act of murder as much as if he aided a powerful burglar to rob a man's house and murder its owner? This was a supernatural blindness. We cannot account for it otherwise. Was it caused by the mist of unavenged blood of those that fell defending the Papacy, within the States of Perugia, under the walls of Spoleto and on the crimsoned fields of Castelfidardo? The father of Prince Eugene Louis Napoleon, who fell on the African desert, was the arch-conspirator against the independence of the Pope, and laid the plots that left him a prisoner and in poverty, and his progress is blotted out by the rough hand of a nameless savage. He himself died scorned and rejected by the people over whom he once so proudly ruled. Every one allied to him suffered in his doom for raising his hand against the Vicar of Christ. His Empress was not saved

by her virtues from the horrors of the curse that fell on the house of Louis Napoleon III., when he perished in ignominy and disgrace, by the most painful of natural deaths in his exile. Contemplate it! An Emperor, the most powerful at one period ten years back, in the world, reduced in one year to a position as a refugee, in which he appeared merely to be permitted the privileges to live; and then, close to follow, the utter blotting out of his dynasty, in the person of his son, by a fate that in all history never befell a prince born in civilization, and glory, and magnificence before. There is nothing like it in ancient or modern times, and it culminates in the fact that his Empress, the most beautiful, accomplished and gifted woman that ever adorned a towering throne, fades into insignificant and mournful commonplace, with not a shred of her departed majesty to cover her fall and sorrows with its tinsel. It is a verification of the promise of the terrible vengeance, the threat of God against those who singularly provoke His wrath. In that outburst of terror-compelling indignation, so well known in the Scripture, He threatened that vengeance would follow the children even of the wrong-doer to the fourth generation. But here His wrath was intensified. It annihilated all in one generation. As though the lightning flooded heaven to destroy the Imperial wrong-doer, it fell, and struck him and his with death, from which there is no earthly resurrection. Ruin has obliterated him and his dynasty at one fell stroke. It is a miracle of the anger of God, as significant as are the miracles of the mercy of God. Ten years ago, only ten years ago, who would have predicted to Louis Napoleon, the Emperor, that his glory could be counted by the hours, and his fall was ready, desperate, and deep, and irretrievable. One battle, nor a hundred battles with defeat in all of them, he could not regard as possible to produce such an overwhelming result. He had his policy, his allies, his soldiers with which to retrieve them. The man would be insane who would predict even an approach to such an event. Yet we see it all fulfilled. We saw him crownless, powerless, homeless. His

Empress fled from the capital of her Empire at night, and in the shelter of disguise, reserved for a doom of life-long widowhood, to close in childlessness and hopelessness; and we see his son despised by the nation for whom his life was wasted, refused in death by that same nation the barren honor of a monument.

There were two Napoleons who struck at Popes, and labored to found dynasties, and the fate of both was alike. Both were gifted with more brains than all the tribe of kings of their day, and both were dictators to Europe. Each had one son, and the vista and world saw in the lives of each was the perpetuation of the glory of a royal line, and magnificence and prosperity unequalled. No throne stood so much, to their idea, in the way of the perpetuity of their glory and majesty and that of their children and children's children (they counted on them), as the humble throne of the Pope at Rome. So amid the world's laughter they both trampled upon it. They both led Popes captive. They both scorned the prayers of Popes for justice. They both scorned their commands. When a Pius excommunicated Napoleon the First, he jeered at the Vicar of Christ with, "Does the old man think that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers!" When the successor of St. Patrick in the Primacy of Ireland, in a memorial declaration, thundered forth the outcry of his heart to Napoleon the Third, fifteen years ago, "Robber, take your gripe from the throat of the Vicar of Christ!" Napoleon the Third laughed at him, and depended on Marshal Leboeuf who fooled him at Woerth, and Marshal Bazaine, who surrendered him at Metz, and General Wimpfen, who gave him to prison at Sedan. Both of these Napoleons saw their kingdoms pass away from them; both knew themselves to be hated by their people; both knew all the agonies of downfall, and the bitterness of exile, and the dynasty of both was blotted out, and their names stop on the tombstones at their graves and run no further amid the races of men. Is there in history anywhere a like punishment parcelled out to two men of the same blood, two men of the same name, two princes of the same family and in the same

century? Can it be deduced in any two recorded cases before, as being caused by a similarly public crime? Were not the ultimate consequences of the policy of these two Napoleons alike to the Popes named Pius? Was not their power exercised in a similar fashion against these Popes? Is not their punishment the same—miraculously the same? Is there a degradation suffered by the one which was not suffered by the other? Were they not both conquered, degraded, imprisoned and exiled? Was not their dynasty cut off, uprooted, annihilated? Did not the son of Napoleon the First die almost a mental nonentity? Did not the son of Napoleon the Third perish by folly worthy of almost a mental nonentity? Do not both sleep in unhonored graves? The parity of the crime of both against the church is shocking, the parity of the punishment of both is awful. Look into it—read it by the light of history! Is this not the miracle of God's anger, written in characters more dread than those in the Palace at Babylon?

THE WARDEN OF GALWAY.

A FEW years before the battle of Knocktuadh, an extraordinary instance of civic justice occurred in this town, which in the eyes of its citizens elevated their chief magistrate to a rank with the inflexible Roman. James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, an opulent merchant, was Mayor of Galway in 1493. He had made several voyages to Spain, as a considerable intercourse was then kept up between that country and the western coast of Ireland. When returning from his last visit he brought with him the son of a respectable merchant named Gomez, whose hospitality he had largely experienced, and who was now received by his family with all that warmth of affection which from the earliest period has characterized the natives of Ireland. Young Gomez soon became the intimate associate of Walter Lynch, the only son of the mayor, a youth in his twenty-first year, and who possessed qualities of mind and body which rendered him an object of general admiration; but in those was unhappily united a disposition to libertinism, which was the source of the greatest affliction to his father. The

worthy magistrate, however, was now led to entertain hopes of a favorable change in his son's character, as he was engaged in paying honorable addresses to a beautiful young lady of good family and fortune. Preparatory to the nuptials, the mayor gave a splendid entertainment, at which young Lynch fancied his intended bride viewed his Spanish friend with too much regard. The fire of jealousy was instantly lighted up in his distempered brain, and at their next interview he accused his beloved Agnes of unfaithfulness to him. Irritated at his injustice, the offended fair one disdained to deny the charge, and the lovers parted in anger.

On the following night, while Walter Lynch slowly passed the residence of his Agnes, he observed young Gomez to leave the house, as he had been invited by her father to spend that evening with him. All his suspicions now received the most dreadful confirmation, and in a maddened fury he rushed on his unsuspecting friend, who, alarmed by a voice which the frantic rage of his pursuer prevented him from recognizing, fled towards a solitary quarter of the town near the shore. Lynch maintained the fell pursuit till his victim had nearly reached the water's edge, when he overtook him, darted a poniard into his heart, and plunged his body, bleeding, into the sea, which, during the night, threw it back again upon the shore, where it was found and recognized on the following morning.

The wretched murderer, after contemplating for a moment the deed of horror which he had perpetrated, sought to hide himself in the recesses of an adjoining wood, where he passed the night, a prey to all those conflicting feelings which the loss of that happiness he had so ardently expected, and a sense of guilt of the deepest dye, could inflict. He at length found some degree of consolation in the firm resolution of surrendering himself to the law, as the only means now left to him of expiating the dreadful crime which he had committed against society. With this determination he bent his steps towards the town at the earliest dawn of the following morning; but he had scarcely reached its precincts when he met a crowd approaching, amongst whom,

with shame and terror, he observed his father on horseback, attended by several officers of justice. At present, the venerable magistrate had no suspicion that his only son was the assassin of his friend and guest; but when young Lynch proclaimed himself the murderer, a conflict of feeling seized the wretched father beyond the power of language to describe. To him, the chief magistrate of the town, was entrusted the power of life and death. For a moment the strong affection of a parent pleaded in his breast in behalf of his wretched son; but this quickly gave place to a sense of his duty in his magisterial capacity as an impartial dispenser of the laws. The latter feeling at length predominated, and though he now perceived the cup of earthly bliss was about to be forever dashed from his lips, he resolved to sacrifice all personal considerations to his love of justice, and ordered the guard to secure their prisoner.

The sad procession moved slowly towards the prison, amidst a concourse of spectators, some of whom expressed the strongest admiration at the upright conduct of the magistrate, while others were equally loud in their lamentations for the unhappy fate of a highly accomplished youth who had long been a universal favorite. But the firmness of the mayor had to withstand a still greater shock, when the mother, sisters, and intended bride of the wretched Walter beheld him who had been their hope and pride, approach pale, bound, and surrounded by spears. Their frantic outcries affected every heart except that of the inflexible magistrate, who had now resolved to sacrifice life, with all that makes life valuable, rather than swerve from the path of duty.

In a few days the trial of Walter Lynch took place, and in a provincial town of Ireland, containing at that period not more than three thousand inhabitants, a father was beheld sitting in judgment, like another Brutus, on his only son; and, like him, too, condemning that son to die, as a sacrifice to public justice. Yet the trial of the firmness of the upright and inflexible magistrate did not end here. His was a virtue too refined for vulgar minds; the populace loudly demanded the prisoner's release, and were only prevent-

ed by the guards from demolishing the prison, and the mayor's house, which adjoined it; and their fury was increased on learning that the unhappy prisoner had now become anxious for life. To these ebullitions of popular rage were added the intercessions of persons of the first rank and influence in Galway, and the entreaties of his dearest relatives and friends; but while Lynch evinced all the feelings of a father and a man placed in his singularly distressing circumstances, he undauntingly declared that the law should take its course.

On the night preceding the fatal day appointed for the execution of Walter Lynch, this extraordinary man entered the dungeon of his son, holding in his hand a lamp, and accompanied by a priest. He locked the gate after him, kept the keys fast in his hand, and then seated himself in a recess of the wall. The wretched culprit drew near, and, with a faltering tongue, asked if he had any thing to hope? The mayor answered, "No, my son—your life is forfeited to the laws, and at sunrise you must die! I have prayed for your prosperity: but this is at an end—with this world you have done for ever. Were any other but your wretched father your judge, I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortune, and solicited for his life, even though stained with murder. But you must die. These are the last drops which shall quench the sparks of nature: and, if you dare hope, implore that heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow-creature. I am now come to join with this good man in petitioning God to give you such composure as will enable you to meet your punishment with becoming resignation." After this affecting address, he called on the clergyman to offer up their united prayers for God's forgiveness to his unhappy son, and that he might be fully fortified to meet the approaching catastrophe. In the ensuing supplications at the throne of mercy, the youthful culprit joined with fervor, and spoke of life and its concerns no more.

Day had scarcely broken when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate

son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner he ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been unprepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honor of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, whose outcries for mercy to the culprit would have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled with the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope which had been previously fixed around the neck of his son, to an iron staple, which projected from the wall, and, after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity.

The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace, but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died soon after of grief, and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself during the remainder of his life from all society, except that of his mourning family. His house still exists in Lombard-street, Galway, which is yet known by the name of "Dead Man's Lane," and over the front doorway are to be seen a skull and cross bones executed in black marble, with the motto,

"Remember Death, vaniti of vaniti, and all is but vaniti."

PASSING SCENES IN IRELAND.

MORE OF MR. REDPATH'S TESTIMONY AS TO WHAT IS GOING ON THERE.

REPORTS FROM EVERY DISTRESSED DISTRICT.

MR. REDPATH has been writing to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, besides other papers and that journal, introducing his letters, says:—

"The letter of our special correspondent in Ireland, Mr. James Redpath will be read with especial interest. Mr. Redpath is well known as one of the most careful and accomplished correspondents connected with the American press. His mission to Ireland is to personally investigate the condition of the country, and to present the facts fully to our readers. The letters from Dublin will give the results of his investigations and observations. This one presents a succinct, comprehensive view of the situation in that unhappy isle. It is a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, which bear their commentary upon their face. These show that while there is no immediate call for further contributions from America, there is still much suffering, and it is far from being certain that the distress may not be aggravated by a partial failure of the potato crop, which is already in some localities threatened with blight. The bare wretchedness of the people, as exposed by the statements given in Mr. Redpath's letter, shows what urgent necessity there is for reform measures. The condition of the Irish people is such that the payment of rent is impossible, and that eviction for non-payment signifies little else than being turned out to starve."

After detailing the different sources of his information, Mr. Redpath goes on:—

If you could give me ten columns, I should try, within that space, to tell you all I know about the present state of Ireland, but as you cannot afford to be so generous during a Presidential campaign, I shall try and give you a general review within the space that you can loan me.

Credit—Crops looking splendid all over Ireland; early potatoes ripe in the eastern counties and in the limestone districts of the south and middle counties; the famine region now confined within a few western counties; a large exodus of laborers to England, who are beginning to send back their wages to the West; a grant of a million of dollars, secured by Mr. Parnell's importunate widow policy, from an Irish fund held in trust by the British Parliament; every reasonable prospect that there will be no more deaths from famine this season—that the charitable funds in the hands of the Dublin committees and of the bishops will bridge the people over the existing distress until the potato crop is ripe in the northwestern and east counties—four or five weeks from date.

Per contra—Parliament refuses to aid the Irish fisheries; the Lords will throw out (as they have done) the bill prohibiting evictions for two years; the potato blight has made its appearance in three counties, and, if the present wet weather continues, will destroy the promising crops; the dreadful famine fever, which swept thousands upon thousands into the grave in 1847, has broken out in the County Mayo; and, sadder still, the landlords are procuring writs of ejectment with an eager cruelty unparalleled since the famine of thirty three years ago.

So, while now no more American contributions are needed, and while there is a prospect of a prosperous harvest, it is still quite possible that another total failure of the potato crop in the counties where the need is greatest may compel the Irish leaders once more to appeal to foreign generosity before three months are passed.

A week of sunshine will save the crop; a week of rain will ruin it. If the fever spreads the emaciated people will perish by scores in every hamlet.

But it is idle to speculate; no human being can foretell the future.

Let us run over some of the distressed counties, and quote from unpublished letters to the Land League—not one of them written longer ago than from five hours to five days:—

The Clare Island (County Mayo) Committee write that "the distress here

is gradually increasing, and will continue to increase till Aug. 1. Our funds are quite exhausted."

The parish priest of Moygowna writes:—"To the middle of August is the very severest and most trying season. When a little employment has been given by the landlord, the wages have been, in some cases, stopped for rent."

The British Government authorized landlords to borrow money from it, at 1 per cent per annum, to enable them to give the work to their starving tenants. As a rule, whenever the work thus encouraged has been begun, the landlords have compelled the laborers to get their support from the charitable committees, and have "allowed" six or eight shillings a week for the labor in *payment of arrears of extortionate rents!* This policy of relief would have its parallel in America if President Hayes was to appoint the leading bulldozers of the Gulf States United States Marshals, to protect the negro vote. The bulldozer is the same sort of guardian to the negro that the absentee landlord is to the Irish tenant.

The Catholic curate of Swinford writes that the famine fever has broken out in his parish, and that it has been caused by the destitute condition of the people. This fact has been established by the testimony of newspaper men and of medical experts who have been sent down to examine the cases reported. This dreadful scourge swept tens of thousands into the grave from 1847 to 1852.

From Ballyeroy the parish priest writes that the distress has in no way diminished there, and that his people will perish unless helped through "hungry July."

From Ballina comes the cry, "The poverty of the people in this parish cannot be realized." Almost the same words are used by the committees from Bangor, Belmullet, and Achille Court House. All of them say, that from three to six weeks will see their people out of danger, unless the blight comes between again.

The Secretary of the Committee of Clashmore (County Waterford) writes:

"The condition of our destitute people is now more hopeless than ever. There were

182 families on our relief lists, but when we saw your and other relief funds nearly all gone our prospects of being able to continue relief to all were so discouraging that we were obliged to strike off eighty families, and have only kept on those whose destitution was extreme. We are particularly anxious about forty small farmers, who are absolutely depending on the meal supplied by our committee. In past years they were able to support themselves during these months, but credit is now entirely gone and they have no earthly means of keeping soul and body together until the beginning of August if the hands of others are not held out to save them. We hope with God's blessing that this is the last time we shall have to appeal to the world's charity for a starving people."

Appealing from Anckeltill Grove (County Monaghan) for aid to help the poor for five weeks, the Secretary says that the assertions made by the landlords that they have been sympathetic and lenient, certainly is not true of his neighborhood, where only about £30 has been subscribed by local landlords, whose aggregate rental amounts to about £30,000 a year!

The parish priest of Gortin (County Tyrone) writes that out of the 280 families in his parish, 115 are tenants of Thomas A. Hope, who, on being applied to for aid, replied that as he learned that the workhouse was not half full, he did not believe there could be much distress in the Union, and added:—

"The revolutionary doctrines preached to the people of Ireland and about to bear fruit by the introduction by the Government of an act of absolute confiscation, declaring in plain words, that the landlord is to be precluded from recovering his just debts, is infamous in principle, and if carried will be ruinous to the lawful owners of the soil."

This revolutionary measure is a bill sure to be defeated in the House of Lords, [Mr. Redpath was a true prophet when he said so, for the bill was defeated in the House of Lords by the overwhelming majority of 282 to 51. The question now is, shall the Representatives of the People or the Irresponsible Upper Chamber rule?—time will tell] to suspend evictions for two years in scheduled districts in which the people, through no fault of theirs, have been fed exclusively by foreign charity!

All the other absentee landlords in this district took no notice whatever of letters appealing for a little assistance to save their own tenants from starva-

tion. It isn't revolutionary for America to feed the famishing people, but it is "ruinous to the lawful owners of the soil" to prevent them from flinging out these poor people into the roadside if they cannot pay rents, that even in good seasons only leave them a diet hardly fit for pigs.

The curate of Strabane writes:—

"I am surrounded by a destitute people, our schools are closed, and utterly in debt myself I can do nothing but ask you for God's sake to send me a grant."

The Committee at Manor Hamilton (County Leitrim) write:—

"Never have we witnessed such distress as on this day. It is needless to give special cases of distress. You can read want in people's faces as if written by the finger of God."

The curate of Ballyfine (Queen's County) writes:—

"Never, since the destitute times began, have our poor, starving people been so badly off as at present. Most of them are of the small, decent, farming class, who would rather die of hunger than make public their distress."

From Ballacolla the Relief Committee write:—

"Mercifully hear our petition. We have, indeed, much destitution among us. Only the other day the doctor declared one poor man died of starvation, and many days' experience bring under our notice heart-rending cases of want and misery."

Enough for one day. Each writer I have quoted is a man of influence and standing in the community from which he writes. I shall complete the list of counties in my next.

JAMES REDPATH.

AFTER DARK.

THE difference between day and night is universally perceived and universally acknowledged, and the variety of its effects still affords a large field for intelligent observation. We shall not now go into this subject extensively, showing the reciprocal influence of the physical and psychical natures of man and the modification of this influence by broad daylight and by dark night. There is one point, however, to which we wish to call special attention, and that is the relation of night to children in cities.

We say in cities, because ordinarily

in the country there is but one thing for a child to do at night—namely, stay in the house. Another reason is that the writer, alas! knows very little of child life in the country. He knows something of it in the city. He was born in a city. Until he was ten years of age he knew nothing of country life. He has spent more than half his life in Europe and America. This has given him some experience and some opportunity for observation. He has watched also the growth of many children in many families and has taken pains to notice the effect of different kinds of culture.

Almost invariably boys who have been allowed to roam free at night have come to moral shipwreck and social destruction. The exceptions have been where there was a wholesome temperament, a strong intellect, and peculiar social influences. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever may have been their culture, feel that there is something in the streets at night different from that which is in the day—something that excites apprehension, or creates alarm, or gives license. Boys that are demure by day will say things at night they would blush to utter in the daylight.

The result of our observation is the clear conviction that it is absolutely necessary that parents know exactly where their children are from sundown to sunrise. No boy ought to be allowed to go alone off the pavement of his father's house after sundown. It ought not to be a hard restriction; to a boy thus trained from infancy it will not be. It is unnatural that a child should want to go off to play in the dark with other children. The desire never comes until the child has begun to be corrupt. Sometimes, for quiet, parents will allow their children to go "round the corner" to play with some other children. Sometimes this is allowed through mere carelessness. We never knew it to fail to end disastrously. We have in our mind one or two striking cases in which weak mothers have pleaded for this liberty for their children who are now reaping the bitter fruits.

Childhood should be trained with the gentleness of love and the firmness of sagacious authority. But whether

these are at the command of the parents or not, there is one rule absolutely indispensable for the safety of the child and the honor of the family; namely, that while the child is small he shall never go off the lot without his parents or some other proper guardian; and that when he grows older, until he becomes of age, his parents ought to know where he is every moment of his time, and ought to know that he is in bed before eleven o'clock. Where this can not be secured by the exercise of gentleness it must be obtained by authority. A refractory child may make the house hot if he is kept in it. But better endure eight or ten years of such heat than to have the child ruined and all the family suffer through the remainder of his career.

We have spoken of boys because we do not suppose any girls of decent families are allowed to be on the street after dark. We could enforce this lesson by statements of harrowing cases, if these were necessary. We do earnestly beseech parents who read this article to lay it to heart, to begin to make quiet observations upon the condition of their children at night, and find where they are, and prepare to answer to God for the painstaking care which they give to their children.—*Catholic Standard*.

LAST SCENE OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

THE day of extinguishing the liberties of Ireland had now arrived, and the sun took his last view of independent Ireland; he rose no more over a proud and prosperous nation. She was now condemned, by the British Minister, to renounce her rank amongst the states of Europe. She was sentenced to cancel her constitution, to disband her Commons, and disfranchise her nobility; to proclaim her incapacity, and register her corruption in the records of the empire.

The Houses of Parliament were closely invested by the military, no demonstration of popular feeling was permitted; A British regiment near the entrance, patrolled through the Ionic colonades; the chaste architecture of that classic structure seemed as a monument to the falling Irish, to remind

them of what they had been, and to tell what they were.

The situation of the Speaker, Rt. Hon. John Foster, on that night was of the most distressing nature. A sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents; he resisted it with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence, and his eloquence.

It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable; they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches, scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the members, nobody seemed at ease, no cheerfulness was apparent, and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner.

At length the expected moment arrived—the order of the day, for the third reading of the bill for a “Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland,” was moved by Lord Castlereagh; unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips; and, as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

At that moment he had no country, no God but his ambition; he made his motion, and resumed his seat, with the utmost composure and indifference.

Confused murmurs again ran through the house; it was visibly affected; every character, in a moment, seemed involuntarily rushing to its index, some pale, some flushed, some agitated; there were few countenances to which the heart did not dispatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful momentary silence succeeded their departure. The speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud

source of his honors and of his high character; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the bill for a moment in silence; he looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring Parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, “As many as are of opinion that this bill do pass, say aye.” The affirmative was languid but indisputable; another momentary pause ensued; again his lips seemed to decline their office; at length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, “*The AYES have it.*” The fatal sentence was now pronounced; for an instant he stood statue-like; then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the bill upon the table, and sunk into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province—Ireland, as a nation, was EXTINGUISHED.

FUNNY MEN.

The man who professes to be amusing is usually such a bore that we overlook his wit when he has any. Small jokers, like great talkers, are more plague than pleasure. They worry us when we want rest, and are so afraid of our missing their point that they extinguish any possible amusement by overstating, if not by explaining it. For company the sprightly man is better than the witty man, and the sprightly woman better than either; but who ever heard of a funny woman? Yet on the average, women greatly exceed men both in liveliness and wit. A good joker should have a short memory, both lest he should remember and repeat the jokes of others, and lest he should be troubled by remembering them when he repeats his own. If he has constantly to think whether he said this or that in the same company before, he will lose all the freshness which is an important element in his success. It is, no doubt, a mistake consciously to repeat; but when it is done unconsciously it is of very little consequence, so long as the reception is merely verbal. The best

fun does not bear repetition or description, but vanishes when written down. All Sydney Smith's recorded jokes would not account for the great reputation he had as a wit; but it was well said of him, as of many another funny man of slighter pretensions, that after you have been in his company you remember, not so much the witty things he said, as the amount of laughing you yourself had undergone. It is here that the distinction comes which must be drawn between good things and fun. A good thing is by no means always funny; when it is funny it is often ill-natured toward somebody present; and to have a laugh at it may disturb one's enjoyment of its flavor. The alderman complained to Coleridge that in consequence of the poet's making him laugh he had swallowed a magnificent piece of fat without ever tasting it. We confess to the deepest sympathy with that alderman. Could we but learn his name, it would be enshrined on the tablets of our memory. He was not stupid, he could see a point—only too well, indeed, for his own comfort. He had come to eat, not to laugh, and he wished to be allowed his own time for either pursuit.

To be funny without ill nature is not a common gift. It is but too easy to see and remark the weakness of other people. Many funny men have no friends, because every one is afraid of them. It is their misfortune to say biting things, to wound the susceptibilities of unoffending neighbors, and to give nicknames which stick. To be able to suppress a joke is, in some cases, much better than to be able to make one. If a man is able to hold his tongue rather than wound, the chances are he can command his wit and be as funny as he pleases when occasion demands. Such a person is invaluable at a dull party, or when others are melancholy or tired. He is able to relieve anxiety, to comfort sorrow, to brighten the wettest of wet days, and be cheerful under the most cheerless circumstances. If he only knows how to temper his wit, he may be a beneficent visitor anywhere. He must have sympathy for the sorrowful, and be able to enter into the views of people who differ widely from himself, not only in opinions and natural gifts, but in attainments and in

experience. He will often find comedy and tragedy as closely allied as they are in Shakspeare, who well knew, as indeed every true artist must know, how inseparable they are. Funny characters in novels are seldom consistent, because they are made funny and nothing more. Lover and Cockton are merely tiresome to some readers on this account. Charles Lever mingled pathos and fun with much success; but even he found the task too much in his later years. Frank Smedley succeeded in being very funny as did Captain Marryatt; but they were usually nothing more. It is only the greatest genius that can unite the two extremes. It is often supposed that a man only requires a good digestion and a hard conscience to be amusing, but the supposition is not well founded. High spirits are no doubt a good thing, if they be not too high, but they often correspond to a depression which nothing can mitigate. Consciously or not, a high-spirited man is always amusing, but there is a much higher walk in the mind which can command its wit. As a rule, the most cultivated people are the most agreeable. No man, it is true, can absolutely set himself to learn humor. But no man is naturally so witty that he can afford to dispense with art. Sheridan was funny by nature, yet even he worked up a joke before he dared to use it in the House of Commons, and Goldsmith's best things have been traced like Sterne's, through many authors before his day. It is the same with most other writers of comedy. Swift, perhaps being the only one in English literature who can bear the investigation of the critic. Some of the most famous hits in "Gulliver" have, however, been found in Rabelais, just as Shakspeare's plots are found in Boccaccio. The real natural wit is funny to the last. Raleigh and More joking on the scaffold are not examples in point. Both were playing a part in the end. But when Sydney Smith writes of Holland House in his last moments, that it had every convenience for sickness and death, we feel sure that his spirits had not flagged, and that the presence of his end did not destroy the readiness of his mind. There is not of necessity any want of reverence in true fun. It has

been well remarked that any fool can make a joke of sacred things, and that mere coarseness is often looked upon as a form of wit. The man who has to distort Scripture, or say what is nasty, or revile at his neighbor, in order to raise a laugh, may often succeed, but at best his wit is of a second-rate order. A close observation of things on the surface, a vivid appreciation of shades and character as they are presented to the eye, will alone constitute a fund of pure comedy, and it is in this particular that Dickens differs from the greatest humorist of his day. Thackeray was superior to Dickens because he saw below the surface, and though he never created a Weller, or even a Tapley, the outpourings of his own mind are always sufficient to secure for him the higher place. No doubt it is the fault of funny men that they wish to produce an immediate effect, but it is not given to every one of them to be so disinterested as to wish that they may be remembered after death by the amount of pleasure they may have been able to give to those who knew them in life.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

WHAT is the Society of Jesus? Who are the Jesuits? For the last three centuries no society or community have been so little known, or their principles so little understood by the great mass of the civilized world, as the Society of Jesus. Their most bitter enemies and unrelenting persecutors in the past have been Catholics, or rather the ministers of Catholic governments, and popular opinion has been, that having been repeatedly expelled from Catholic States they must necessarily be corrupt and dangerous. People join in the popular verdict, without really knowing who or what they are. They know no evil of them, they see daily the good results of their labors, but so strong is the latent prejudice, received in many cases as a heritage, their fear and dislike continues with no better reason than is given in the old stanza:

“I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.”

This feeling of prejudice and dislike is by no means confined to ignorant and unlettered persons. Very many men of education and culture, men who have had national and world wide reputations as historians and lexicographers, men of great erudition, well versed in ancient and modern historic lore, seem to be at sea on this subject, and if asked the question what are the objects and motives of the society, will confess their ignorance. As an example in point I will refer the reader to Dr. Noah Webster's definition of the word “Jesuit.” He says that “a Jesuit is, 1st, one of the Society of Jesus, so-called—a society remarkable for their *cunning* in propagating their principles; 2d, a *crafty person*, an *intriguer*.” And with all Webster's learning, this was his idea of a Jesuit, this, and this alone. These definitions have been changed by the publishers of later editions, but the fact remains that there was no association in Webster's mind with anything heroic, saintly or scientific, no beauties of literature, art or science, nothing glorious in art, but to him the term was merely a synonym of everything most hateful or dangerous—craft and cunning. That the maxim and watchword of their great founder, St. Ignatius, “Ad majorem Dei gloriam.” For the greater glory of God, was the mainspring of their actions was a fact evidently not known to Webster, with all his erudition.

The Society of Jesus, which for twelve years had been in contemplation by St. Ignatius, was organized August 15, 1534, in the subterranean chapel of the Holy Martyrs, at Montmartre. The founders were St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, Peter. Faber, Claudius Jaius, James Laynez, Paschasius Brætus, Alphonsus Salmeron, Simon Rodriguez, Nicholas Bobadilla and John Cordurius. St. Ignatius was born A.D. 1491, the year before the discovery of America by Columbus, and was of noble lineage. He adopted the profession of arms, and after being severely wounded at the defense of the citadel of Pampeluna, laid aside the sword, appeared before the altar of Our Lady of Montserrat, clad in the garments of a pilgrim, and devoted himself body and soul, to the service of God, making a solemn vow henceforth to acknowledge no other God and master than Jesus Christ, no other mistress

han Mary, the Mother of God and forever to serve and defend them before and against all, until the last day of his life. He repaired to the town of Manresa and sought seclusion in a cave or grotto, where he composed the "Spiritual exercises." It was there he formed the plan of the society. It was to bear no other name than that of Jesus; while its motto was to be, "To the greater glory of God." After the formation of the society St. Ignatius told his followers "To those who ask what we are, we will reply, we are soldiers of the Holy Church, enrolled beneath the banner of Jesus Christ, and we form the *Society of Jesus*."

The limits of this article will not allow entering into that detail which the subject demands. The bitter and unrelenting persecutions waged against the society for three centuries are matters of historical record; so also are the glorious and unremitting labors of this self-sacrificing band of men, in stemming the tide of heresy emanating from Luther in Germany and Calvin in Geneva, pouring into the fertile valley of France. All that can be given in this paper will be a brief synopsis of the various persecutions and the glorious labors of this grand company, who for every injury received, have returned to their enemies love and kindness.

The first General of the society was St. Ignatius of Loyola (1541—1556); the second, Fr. James Laynez (1556—1565); the third, St. Francis Borgia (1565—1572); the fourth, Fr. Everard Mercurian (1572—1580); the fifth, Fr. Claudio Aquayiva (1581—1615); the sixth, Fr. Mutius Vitelleschi (1615—1645); the seventh, Fr. Vincent Caraffa (1645—1649); the eighth, Fr. Francis Piccolomini; the ninth, Fr. Alexander Gottifredi (1649—1652); the 10th, Fr. G. Nickel (1652—1661); the 11th, Fr. Paul Oliva (1661—1681); the 12th, Fr. Charles de Noyelle (1681—1687); the 13th, Fr. Thyrsus Gonzales de Santalla (1687—1706); the 14, Fr. Michael Angelo Tamburini (1706—1730); the 15th, Fr. Francis Retz (1730—1750); the 16th, Fr. Ignatius Visconti (1750—1755); the 17th, Fr. Louis Centurioni (1755—1757); the 18th, Fr. Lorenzo Ricci (1758—1775); (the Society of Jesus was Providentially preserved from 1775 to 1802); the 19th,

Fr. Gabriel Gruber (1802—1805; the 20th, Fr. Thaddenus Brzozowski (1805—1820); the 21st, Fr. Louis Forti (1820—1829); the 22nd, Fr. John Roothaan (1829—1853); the 23rd, Fr. Peter Beckx (1853), who is still living at an advanced age, and said to be intellectually bright and vigorous for one so advanced in years.

The indefatigable and untiring zeal and labors of the Jesuits for the conversion of the world, from prince to serf, are too well known to need any tribute from me. The labors of St. Francis Xavier in India alone, if recorded would fill a volume. For a sinner returning to God, a Jesuit never admits obstacles or delay, and Fr. Lefebvre, being thus addressed by a friend after Easter labors in Paris: "You abuse your strength; nature cannot bear such an excess of work," smilingly replied, "*After me, another.*" The labors of St. Francis Xavier in India, of Canisius in Germany, of Lefebvre, Bobadilla, St. Francis Borgia, Laynez, Possevin and hosts of others have never been equaled.

From the foundation of the Society, a series of persecutions rapidly followed each other, and finally culminated in the suppression of the order by Clement XIV (Ganganelli). During their persecutions in France by the Jansenists in 1561, Calvin wrote to one of his co-religionists: "Use your best endeavors to rid the country of these zealous scoundrels, who not only induce the people, by their speeches, to rise against us, but blacken our characters, impugn our motives, and represent our creed as visionary. Such monsters should be dealt with as was done here in execution of Michael Servitus, the Spaniard." It was well known that Servetus was burned alive by the order of Calvin, and he ought to have known that if he burned one Jesuit, ten more would have come forward to seek the same fate. The persecution of the Order by the Marquis of Pombal and their expulsion from Portugal is too well known historically to dwell upon. The union of the Powers of France and Spain in connection with others finally produced the suppression of the Order by Pope Clement XIV. A brief recital of some of the most prominent incidents connected therewith may not be without interest to the reader.

A short time before the decease of Clement XIII., the Duke de Choiseul wrote to the Marquis d'Aubeterro (the Prime Minister of France to the *charge* at Rome), "We shall gain nothing from Rome under this Pontificate. The Minister is too obstinate, and the Pope too *imbecile*. It is necessary that we should rule in these times with a rod of iron, so, as to oppose a head of the same metal which governs the Holy See. After this Pope, we must see to having one *who will suit the emergency*." The cabal of the Bourbon Ministers wished to exclude from the election every Cardinal who had shown favor to the Jesuits. That of Spain had the effrontery to set a price upon the Holy See. This infamy was nobly repelled by the Cardinals. Cardinal Orsini thus wrote to Cardinal de Bernis: "You are an Archbishop I am a priest; we cannot take part in making a simoniacal Pope." Thus it was that Choiseul, d'Araseda, Pombal, and all the Ministers who had expelled and so cruelly treated the Jesuits, pretended to govern the Church. They would coerce the Holy Spirit to yield to Satan and make the Pope their tool and slave. Cardinal Ganganelli neither expressed himself for or against the Jesuits; he alone assumed to be neutral—the only one in the conclave. On May 19, 1769, Cardinal Ganganelli was elected Pope, under the title of Clement XIV. He was 64 years old, and had entered the Franciscan Order at an early age. A friend of the Jesuits, who appreciated his merits, it was at their recommendation that he was raised to the dignity of Cardinal. The Father General Ricci had proposed him to Pope Clement XIII.

On June 16, d'Alembert wrote to the King of Prussia, Frederick II.: "It is said the Jesuits have but little to hope for from the Franciscan, Ganganelli, and that St. Ignatius is likely to be sacrificed by St. Francis of Assisium. It appears to me that the Holy Father, Franciscan though he be, would be acting very foolishly thus to disband his regiment of guards, simply out of complaisance to Catholic princes. To me it appears that this treaty resembles that of the wolves with the sheep, of which the first condition was that the sheep should give up their dogs; it is well known in what position they afterwards found them-

selves. Be that as it may, it would be strange, Sire, that while their Most Christian, Most Catholic, Most Apostolical, and Very Faithful Majesties desecrated the body-guard of the Holy See, your most heretical Majesty should be the only one to retain them."

On August 7 d'Alembert again wrote to Frederick II.: "It is ascertained the Franciscan Pope requires to be much importuned regarding the suppression of the Jesuits. I am not at all surprised at it. Proposing to a Pope to abolish that brave militia, is like suggesting to your Majesty the disbanding of your favorite guards."

On July 7, 1770, the King of Prussia wrote to Voltaire: "That good Franciscan of the Vatican leaves me my dear Jesuits, who are persecuted everywhere else. I will preserve the precious reed, so as to be able, one day, to supply it to such as may desire again to cultivate this rare plant."

But the pressure on the Pope was steadily increased, and Cardinal de Bernis gave no peace to the unhappy Pontiff. The Pope wrote to Louis XV.: "I can neither censure nor abolish an Institute which has been commended by nineteen of my predecessors." The King of Spain, feeling convinced that Clement XIV. would no longer resist if the Empress Marie Therese abandoned the Jesuits, Joseph II. finally promised to obtain the consent of his mother, the Queen on condition that the possessions of the Jesuits should accrue to him. The four Powers agreed to this. Joseph II. gave no peace nor rest to his mother, until Marie Therese, wearied and worn out at last, weeping, placed her signature to the fatal decree.

On July 21, 1773, the bells of the Gesu were heard to toll at an unusual hour. "Why do they ring at the Gesu?" asked the Sovereign Pontiff. "They announce the novena in honor of St. Ignatius, Holy Father." "Not so," replied the Pope in sorrow; "the bells of the Gesu are not ringing for the saints; they are tolling for the dead!" On that very day Cardinal Marefoschi laid before Clement XIV. the brief Dominus ac Redemptor, by which the Society of Jesus was suppressed throughout the whole world. Cardinal Pacea says in his memoirs: "After signing it, he dashed the docu-

ment to one side, cast the pen to another, and, from that moment, was demented." This signature had cost the unhappy Pontiff his reason! From that day he possessed it only at intervals, and then only to deplore his misfortunes.

The letter sent to the Bishops, in forwarding the brief, did not command them to notify the same to the religious interested; it merely recommended them to do so. But the holy religious, whom this brief was about to affect, were not the ones to take advantage of such irregularities. Devoted to the defense of the Church and the authority of the Holy See, they did not hesitate to set an heroic example of the submission they had inculcated for more than two centuries. They belonged to the Society of Jesus, and like their Chief, they would be obedient, even unto death!

The Pope was racked by remorse, in spite of his aberration, constantly exclaiming, "Mercy! mercy! They forced me to this step. *Compulsus feci! Compulsus feci!*" Says St. Alphonsus di Liguori, "Poor Pope! What could he do, urged as he was by the crowned heads?"

The kings of Naples, Switzerland and Prussia refused the publication of the decree. Frederick wrote September 13, 1773, to his agent at Rome: "Abbe Columbini, you will inform all who desire to know the fact, but without ostentation or affection, and you will, moreover, seek an opportunity of signifying the same to the Pope and the Chief Minister, that, with regard to the Jesuits, I am resolved to retain them in my States. In the treaty of Breslau, I guaranteed the status quo of the Catholic religion, and I have never found better priests in every respect. You will further add that, as I belong to the class of heretics, the Pope cannot relieve me from the obligation of keeping my word, nor from the duty of a king and of an honest man." The conduct of this heretical prince was a home thrust to the Catholic sovereigns. The Dutch Calvinists and Jansenists had a medal struck in honor of the great Pope Ganganelli! The Holy Father's mental condition did not entirely prevent him from feeling the humiliation of such a mark of distinction.

The miraculous preservation of the Society in Russia and elsewhere until its

restoration, must be given, if at all, in a subsequent article. The present persecution in France is known to all. Their banishment, and the recall of their murderers under the Commune, is a sad commentary on the age.

On August 7, 1814, the Holy Father, Pope Pius VII., entered the Church of the Gesù, escorted by the members of the Sacred College. The Bull re-establishing the Order of St. Ignatius throughout the world was publicly read amid the deepest emotions and to the joy of all present.

Protestant England might put to shame many a Catholic Power, The penal laws are a dead letter on the statute book and the Jesuits are free to exercise the sacred ministry and to open schools and colleges in all parts of the British Empire. In the United States the Society is rapidly extending its field. The Company of Jesus work not for their own glory or fame, but in the language of their saintly founder,

"Ad majorem Dei gloriam."

—G. W. W., in the *Home Journal*.

CHOOSING THE RING.

I looked at an amethyst first, dear—

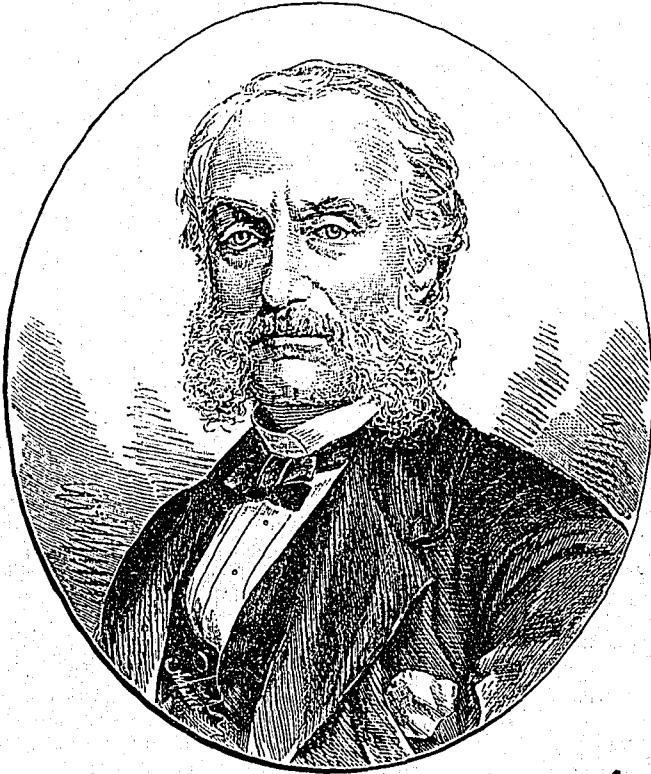
'Twas so like your violet eyes,
Dreamy and soft, yet deep and clear,
The very hue of the skies
When dark clouds part, and the steadfast blue
Looks down on the storm below;
For a faith that is tender and tried and true
The tints of the amethyst show.

And then the sunlight suddenly streamed

On a mammoth topaz there;
Liquid gold, it glistened and gleamed
Like the amber glint of your hair.
And hope, glad hope, was the word I read
As in whirl of a sunny curl:
But the ring was far too large, and I said,
Not this for my little girl.

'Twas a ruby stone I looked at next,
It glowed like my own heart, dear;
And I poised it a moment, half perplexed,
For I felt your red lips near!
Love, love, I read in its burning rim,
And yet—can you tell me why?
The colour grew suddenly cold and dim,
And I passed the ruby by.

It was only the diamond's flash revealed
Blue, gold, and crimson in one!
Ay! faith, hope, love, all lie concealed
In that magical, matchless stone.
When amethyst, topaz, and ruby fling
Into one the glory of three
And so it was that I chose the ring.
My darling must wear for me.



EDWARD MURPHY,
MERCHANT AND BANKER.

HERETOFORE we have dealt with the lives and times of Irish Canadians distinguished principally in political circles; we would not, for one moment, have our youthful readers, for whose benefit these sketches are written, imagine that those alone who have figured prominently in great historic events, or who have contributed to mould the opinions of their contemporaries, by the public policy they inaugurated, or assisted others in carrying out, are worthy of a place in the annals of eminence. No greater mistake could be commit-

ted; those who sacrifice their time and their labor to the public cause, albeit they follow the bent of their own ambition, are truly deserving of a fond remembrance from their fellow-countrymen; but other fields offer equal opportunities for the display of those qualities that constitute eminent citizenship, and the life and labors of the distinguished merchant, of whom we are now about to treat, will tend to show that in whatever sphere one's lot may be cast, there is ample room for the display of all the

cardinal virtues; that prosperity in the counting-house need not eliminate patriotism, that the strictest attention to business is not incompatible with scientific research and the culture of those arts that make life agreeable, and that the true philanthropist can always find time to devote to the happiness and progress of his fellow-men.

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has
 Mr. Edward Murphy, whose name is a household word in the city of Montreal, is descended from the good old stock of that name in the County Carlow, Ireland, whose ancestors were of the "Murroes" of the County Wexford, the ancient territory of the O'Murphys. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. Daniel Murphy, for many years a resident of the city of Montreal; his mother was descended from the Wicklow clan of the O'Byrnes. Born in 1818, at the early age of six years he emigrated to Canada with his parents and brothers, and settled in this city in 1824. Having received the commercial education then accessible, at the age of fourteen he was engaged as a clerk in the hardware trade. Well may the youth of the present day, with their superior advantages, for many of which they are indebted to Mr. Murphy, look up with unfeigned admiration to the merchant prince of today, who at so tender an age commenced to carve out for himself the career he has so successfully achieved. In 1846 he became principal salesman in the old established firm of Frothingham & Workman, wholesale hardware merchants, which position he occupied until 1859, when he became a partner in that institution, now, in no small measure through his activity and energy, the most extensive in the Dominion. As may readily be supposed Mr. Murphy, unaided as he was by outside influence, did not accomplish such magnificent results without the most assiduous labor. Yet business with all its cares and anxieties did not absorb his entire attention. His first step in the philanthropic efforts that have marked his whole life was in connection with the establishment of the earliest Irish Catholic temperance society organized in Canada. The late lamented Bishop Phelan, of Kingston, was at that time (1840) pastor of the Irish people of this city, and ministered to their spiritual wants in the

venerable old edifice, the Recollect Church, now amongst the things of the past, but around which clustered many fond remembrances for our older inhabitants. Into the temperance cause Mr. Murphy threw himself with his whole soul, seconding the efforts of the good Father Pholan. In 1841 he was elected secretary of the association, and so continued until 1862, when he was presented with a massive silver jug and a most flattering address by the society, in recognition of his invaluable services in the total abstinence cause. Long years of active work, did not cause him to abate his efforts in, what may be termed, the cherished object of his life, the propagation of temperance principles amongst his fellow-countrymen. He was several times elected president of the St. Patrick's Temperance Society, and again in 1872 its members feeling that something more ought to be done in recognition of such devotion, they presented him with a life-size portrait of himself in oil. He has now—been for over forty years one of the main pillars of total abstinence in his adopted home, and may without flattery be styled the standard bearer of the cause. It has often been said, and with a great deal of truth, that the Irishman who appears to forget the old land, makes a very indifferent citizen wherever his lot may be cast. Mr. Murphy is a striking example of the class that contribute so much to the progress and prosperity of their adopted home, and yet never cease to sympathise with the land of their forefathers. In the good old days of 1842, when the Irishmen of Montreal, Catholic and Protestant, formed one grand brotherhood, ere narrow-minded political tricksters had succeeded in dividing them into two hostile camps, Mr. Murphy became a member of the original St. Patrick's Society under the presidency of the late Benjamin Holmes. In those days and in later such men as the late William Workman, Sir Francis Hincks, and many other distinguished Irish Protestant gentlemen, were joined hand in hand with their Catholic brethren, and the Irish people of Montreal were respected and their influence felt throughout the land. Mr. Murphy was indefatigable in his exertions to promote the well-being of his fellow-

countrymen, through the medium of the national organization. In 1860 he was elected president of the St. Patrick's Society, a position he filled with credit to himself and benefit to that body. About this time he was gazetted captain in the Montreal Militia, 4th Battalion, he was also named to the commission of the peace, and in 1861 he occupied the responsible position of Commissioner of the Census for the City of Montreal under the Canadian Government. In 1862 Mr. Murphy revisited the scenes of his childhood, and cast once more a loving glance on the green hills and pleasant valleys of his native land. During his absence in Ireland he was elected a director of the City and District Savings Bank of Montreal. This position he filled until 1877, when he was elected to the presidency of that flourishing institution, an office to which he has been annually re-elected, and which he holds at the present time. How he finds time to perform the duties of his multifarious offices is really marvellous. He fills the important trust of *Marguiller* of the Parish Church of Notre Dame, a singular mark of the confidence reposed in him, and the kindly feelings evinced toward him by his French Canadian fellow-citizens. Again and again he has been solicited to accept municipal and parliamentary honors, which he has always declined. Nevertheless he has not abstained from participating in the political struggles of the country. A friend of liberty for his own people, he sympathised with the gallant band of patriots whose blood shed on the field of battle and trickling down the scaffold in 1837 and 1838, secured for Canada the priceless boon of constitutional government. In politics he *is* a Liberal Conservative, and, through good report and evil report, has always manfully stood by the party, that his experience has led him to believe has the true interests of Canada at heart. Experience of the blessings of constitutional freedom in Canada has made Mr. Murphy's sympathetic heart yearn for similar advantages to his native land. From the year 1841 to 1847 he was one of the most ardent repealers amongst the many good and true Irishmen in Canada who responded to the appeals of the great

O'Connell. In 1873, when the nation was again aroused to make one more grand struggle for constitutional freedom by the magic eloquence of the illustrious Isaac Butt and his colleagues, Mr. Murphy was the prime organizer of the Montreal Branch of the Home Rule League, an organization that flourished for several years, and assisted by its generous contributions, amounting to hundreds of pounds, towards the progress of the movement that has since accomplished such noble results; whilst the existence of such a body in this far-off British province evinced in an unmistakable manner the sympathy felt for struggling Ireland through the empire.

With such a record any man might well rest content to see his name go down to posterity; but Mr. Murphy has still other claims to public gratitude. For several years and until recently, he was one of the Catholic School Commissioners of the city of Montreal. In this position he felt more acutely than ever the great need of a good solid commercial education for our youth, and his energies were centered to effect that object. To give an impetus to the movement he generously founded the "Edward Murphy" prize of the annual value of \$100, in perpetuity, for the encouragement of commercial education in Montreal." This prize consists in a gold medal of the value of \$50 and a purse of a like amount, and is open to all competitors. During those long years of arduous labor, Mr. Murphy has found time to cultivate his taste for scientific pursuits, and his public lectures, always delivered for the benefit of charitable objects, on "The Microscope and its Revelations," and on Astronomy, have invariably met with a hearty reception by the public. He pursued these favorite studies in the few moments he could snatch from his pressing occupations, and the success that has attended his efforts is another proof of how much can be accomplished by well directed labor. The last post of honor, entailing arduous duties as well, conferred on Mr. Murphy, is that of Harbor Commissioner, which he now fills.

He was twice married, early in life to Miss McBride, of this city, and secondly

to Miss Power, daughter of the late Hon. Judge Power, of the Superior Court of Quebec. Mrs. Murphy, who inherits her father's talents and generosity, is the coadjutor of her husband in his works of benevolence, and his sympathetic fellow-worker in his many labors of love. What a noble example for the rising generation have we not in the career so hastily and imperfectly sketched in this paper? Mr. Murphy is identified with the progress and the prosperity of his adopted home. As a successful merchant and banker, his word is as good as his bond in the commercial community. He is the patron of education, the noiseless toiler in scientific pursuit, a sincere and devout Catholic whose name will ever be connected with St. Patrick's Church, its asylums and kindred institutions; he is respected and trusted by his fellow citizens of all origins and creeds as a loyal and devoted son of Canada, and one who has never been afraid or ashamed to struggle with might and main for even handed justice to his fellow-countrymen in the land of his birth.

THE LAST OF THE O'MORES.

A TALE OF THE IRISH "TROUBLES."

CHAPTER I.

IN the March of 1799, the British army had entered the territory of the Sultan; I had received despatches from the rear, which I had delivered, and was again returning to join my regiment in the main army. It was evening when I began to descend the great chain of eastern Ghauts, which separated the Carnatic territory from that of the Mysore. A gentle breeze from the mountains moderated the sun's heat, producing an elasticity of spirits, and satisfaction of situation, only felt in this respect through India in these delightful plains. My mule appeared to feel the pleasing effects of the cool atmosphere, as well as myself; and, as he trotted gaily over the summit of the hill, brought in view, extended before me in the plain beneath, the British army,

which I beheld them, far over the level prairie, till by the twilight now surrounding me, they seemed lost in the distance, appearing much like a migratory nation, with all the appurtenances for colonising some barren realm, than an invading army of modern days. I was so much occupied with the appearance of the army in the distance, that I did not for a time observe a small party about a quarter of a mile in advance: I at once discovered the troop before me to be a party of grain merchants, such as attend all moving armies in India, supplying the contending powers, without an interest in either, save for those from whom they can extort the highest prices for what they have got to dispose of. I was turning my observation again towards the plain, when my eye caught the uniform of a British officer among the group just mentioned. As this had more interest for me, I lost no time in making up to them, and was still further pleased to observe the uniform was that of my own regiment, although the person of the wearer was entirely unknown to me. There was something in the stranger's appearance, which, as I paused to observe him, prevented my accosting him with that familiar greeting, which, as a brother soldier, I had intended; and as he did not for a time take notice of my approach, I had leisure to scan his appearance, which, had already interested me in him. His seat in the saddle was easy, and rather that of a sportsman than a soldier; yet, it did not want dignity; his form was rather slight, yet admirably proportioned; his hair, which was of light auburn, had not been fastened in the military fashion, but fell in folds upon his shoulder; his Celtic eyes of deep blue, bore a melancholy expression; and on his regular formed features, a grave sadness rested, which appeared foreign to so youthful a countenance. A narrow part of the road now brought us close to each other, and for the first time he observed me; a bright smile illumined his face, as he recognized on me the uniform of his regiment, and gracefully returned my salute. On the first salutation, I at once recognized in his accent, the sound dearest of all others to one distant from his native land. Whether it be the softest notes touched on sweetest instru-

ment, or the still more delightful sounds of vocal melody; the sweet warbling of birds, or the soft murmurings of falling waters; none of these can produce a sensation of equal delight to that which stirs the breast of the wanderer from Erin, when the full, bold accents of his native land breaks upon his ear; the sound itself is melody, but home and all its associations are connected with it, and he yields to the speaker a portion of that love which he has awakened within him; and thus, from the moment Carthy O'More, first spoke to me, he was my friend—he was not only an Irishman, but like myself, a native of the County of Kerry. We spoke of the wondrous beauties of our dear Killarney's silvery lakes, of the wild and rugged cliffs of the west, which stand the bulwark of Europe, against the rage of the Atlantic; and places passed over an hundred times before unnoticed, now recurred to our minds abounding with beauties; for distant home was the charm which smiled on them. I made known to him my reason for being absent from my regiment, and asked him when he had joined the service, as I was surprised he had not been with the regiment when it left Madras. A cloud passed over his face, and the expression of melancholy which had in some measure fled, now returned; he was silent for a time, and appeared a little embarrassed; he told me, however, that the transports for India sailed from Cork before he had determined to join the army, and that afterwards having done so, he was obliged to embark in a trading vessel, and on his arrival in Madras, found that the regiment, for which he had been gazetted, had advanced some time previous to the interior; he had joined the party with whom he had been, and was now like myself, near the end of his journey. Returning to former topics the time flew quickly over, and night had completely overshadowed us before we entered the British lines. During the interval occupied by the siege, my intimacy with the young O'More had increased daily, and the friendship was mutual. Every hour that our duties permitted we spent together, and although rather reserved and retiring in his manners, yet he was a general favorite, not only with the

officers of his own regiment, but with all to whom he had become known. We had lain a month before the city, when on the night of the 3rd of May, the engineers declared the breach practicable, and the morrow at one o'clock was decided as the time of attack. Morning scarcely dawned when I hastened to the tent of O'More, to tell him the joyful intelligence which I had just learned, but found he was already up and out; following the direction his servant told me he had taken, I soon arrived at the spot where he stood, leaning against the intrenchment that faced the shattered breach; he appeared lost in thought as he gazed into the tranquil river, as it flowed smoothly on beneath. The artillery had ceased, and all nature seemed so still, it was difficult to imagine that so soft a calm would be shortly broken by so wild a storm—that the air, which now breathed no murmur, would soon be rent by the roar of red artillery, the shout of the combatants, the screams of wounded, and the groans of the dying; and that that placid river, now gliding noiselessly along its course, should be lashed by the passing ball, and red with the blood of its native sons. O'More was paler than usual; I approached him and laid my hand on his shoulder before he observed me; he started slightly and turning round, looked at me as one awaking from a dream.

"You have not heard the news, apparently," said I, "or you would not wear so grave an aspect. We are to attack the breach to-day, which will be merely a matter of form to our taking possession of it."

"I have heard of the proposed attack," said he, "and know it would take place before it was announced to me; it is a matter of form that will find many a British soldier, as well as me, a grave beneath the walls."

"By my faith, O'More, had I not seen your eye kindling with the fire of chivalry, when we advanced on the foe, at Malavilly, I would have said you feared to-day's engagement, but I would not believe it, if you yourself professed it."

"I think I fear death as little as most men, for to me the prospect affords rather a gratification than otherwise; but strong indeed must be the mind, as callous the heart, which can look into eter-

nity, with all its mysteries and uncertainties opening before him, without deep awe and Christian preparation. This is no time, my dear Fitzgerald," continued he, "to cherish secrets; your frank and open mind I fear must have considered one who has been so reserved about his affairs to you, as unworthy of the friendship I have received from you; but you will pardon me when you learn how painful the recurrence to them is; and, as a commission which I wish you to execute for me is connected with them, I must inform you of the events which make them so." As he said this, he drew from his breast a miniature portrait of a young and beautiful girl, in which I recognized a likeness, of the daughter of the imperious Major Williamson, the magistrate of my native district. I had seen her but once, several years previous, when a child, yet so perfectly beautiful was she at that period, her face once seen, could never be forgotten by the most unobserving mind. I told him I knew who it represented.

"Should you survive to-day's engagement," said he, "I wish you to convey this to her, and tell her I wore it through life here, where you will find it in death, next a heart on which her image is indelibly engraved." He replaced the picture in his breast and proceeded—"Almost my earliest recollections are associated with Louisa Williamson. In my boyish days, often have I left my companions in their sports, that I might pass the avenue which led to her house, with the hopes of seeing her; we met by times, which induced me the oftener to pass that way—and she, without any previous arrangement, anticipated the times of my coming, till it became a matter of disappointment, should I not see her at the seat beneath the huge oak tree, which threw its wide arms over the pathway, as its long branches hung near the earth, making with its deep shadows, a little solitude, when all around was sunny brightness. We were each the sole children of our parents; neither had sisters to share our love or brothers in whom we could confide; we, therefore, had subject enough for conversation; and there we sat or stood and told over events or ideas, to us so full of moment, or sometimes we walked

along the stream as it murmured beside the tall hedge-rows, and gathered field-flowers along its banks, or descending with it into the glen beneath, I plucked the filbert or the blackberry, and while passing through the rough channel of the river, it was my happy task to guard her against the projecting boughs, or carry her where the pent-up streams might else have wet her feet; and when we parted, it was to know we were to meet again, to feel thus happy on and on; nor dreamed a time would come when these sweet meetings all would cease, nor thought of change nor future but as that which now passed sweetly o'er us; and when each time bade good-bye, there was no pain in our adieu; so buoyant is the young heart which had not taught us yet there should be pain in parting, and we but looked to our next meeting and felt only a change of happiness.

"Alas! such unalloyed pleasure is but a transient visitor of our earth—a beam of heaven's pure and holy light, which resting for a time on some lone spot, turns all it touches into its own sweet beauty; but soon this nether world's dark clouds gather o'er a scene so fair, and mingle their gloomy shadows, or with the whirlwind storm of malice, sweep through its soft and fragile beauty destroying all traces of its calm resting-place.

"Time rolled on, and still we were the same, save that each thought, each hope and feeling, of the one, was more than ever the mutual wish of both, and that we observed a more guarded secrecy in our meetings, for which we knew not the cause, nor asked ourselves the reason. It might be that both our parents being proud, although from different feelings, wished not them to know of our frequent meetings, and neither did they.

"Major Williamson was a man of wealth and influence in the country, and as such he felt the dignity of his situation, and supported it to the height of his power. My father was a lineal descendant of a line of princes, a remnant of whose property he still possessed; he was a man of taste and acute feeling; and although the property of each joined the other, it is not to be wondered at that there had been but little intercourse between men of such opposite disposi-

tions, each being despised by the other. Louisa had lost her mother when a child; and her father being occupied by his magisterial and other duties through the greater part of the day, she was permitted, after hours of study, to walk where she pleased alone; and I enjoyed the usual privilege of boys of my age, after school hours, to wander where I pleased unquestioned. One evening, after a day's shooting, I approached the place of rendezvous. Louisa was at her accustomed spot; being later than usual we intended our walk should be limited; on advancing a short distance along the stream, a wood-cock sprang from its bed—my sportsman's habits could not be restrained—I fired, and it fell. I ran for my prize, and placed it as a trophy into Louisa's hands, life was not yet quite extinct, and as its breast heaved with painful spasms—its eyes became glassed—its wings convulsively trembled, and the golden brilliancy of its colors faded away with life—she turned on me a look of half reproach, and asked with a trembling voice, if this was what I called sport. I could not answer; at the same moment I received a rude push which drove me some distance from the spot, and a voice almost inarticulate with passion, asked how I dare thus insult the daughter of Major Williamson. I turned to resent the attack, but what was my consternation to see that it was her father.

“As to you, Miss, I know not how you have been induced to degrade yourself by associating with such a person, the son of a pauper;” turning again to me, he said, “Begone, sir, and tell your father he must find society for you suited to your rank; the daughter of Major Williamson shall not, in future, honor you with hers; and should I ever again find you trespassing on my demense, I shall prosecute you as the law permits;” and drawing his daughter's arm in his, he led her, pale, and almost fainting, towards his house. For a time I stood transfixed to the spot in a kind of stupor, till the words which he uttered again seemed to vibrate on my ear. The insult which I had received from a man whom I had always been accustomed to look on as my inferior, made the blood boil through every vein, and in a phrenzy of anger I rushed from the

place. On my way home I was obliged to pass our oak tree. I paused, and my feelings of anger gave way to one more painful, as I looked around on each familiar spot made dear to me by many pleasing recollections, now all clear to my mind, which had long before faded from it; but all now seemed still and lonely, and I felt as if I looked my last on them. I turned and left the spot, for the first time, truly unhappy; my life had been, until now, one of unchequered pleasure! this was the first taste of the cup of misery, and its draught was bitter indeed! and I learned, that at the age of sixteen, the heart can love as fondly as at any other period, and with more purity and truth.

“The following day my father called me into the library, and pointing to a note which lay on the table, asked me whether what it stated were true. I glanced over its contents, which were nearly as follows:—‘Sir, I find that your son has (of course without my knowledge) been in the habit of introducing his society on my daughter; I request that, if you are not already accessory to this or an abettor of it, you will use your influence to prevent its recurrence.’

“‘I hope and expect, my dear boy,’ said he, ‘that this is altogether unfounded, and that the letter is as false as it is impertinent; what this man's daughter may be I know not, but I would have thought that any relative of his would have been considered by you as unworthy of your acquaintance.’

“‘That I have intruded on Louisa Williamson's society is most false, but that we have often met, and that the happiest moments of my existence have been with her, is equally true; that it should have been a secret to you I am sorry; it would not have been so had I known that our meetings required secrecy; for I knew not till now what was the feelings which drew me towards her; and that I love her, I now confess I do; nor can any restrictions which her imperious father may put on our intercourse, or the strong love I bear for you, or the respect which I have at all times felt for your commands, subdue those feelings which now swell within my heart.’ My words appeared to make him unhappy, but he merely

said, 'I am sorry for this, my boy,' and left the study.

"The next day I learned that my father had challenged Major Williamson for the insulting language of his note; which, instead of accepting, he had entered law proceedings against him for doing so. The following day I found my father had made arrangements for my leaving home for Dublin, to enter college. The morning came which was to separate me for the first time from the happiest of homes; in an abstracted state I wandered from the house, nor scarcely knew whither my steps had carried me, till I had arrived at that place now proscribed from my visits. To each familiar spot I gave a farewell glance; on the primrose bank I looked, and on the sweet violet beds where so often I have gathered the choicest flowers, and on the murmuring stream as it plashed, in miniature cascades, down into the still glen; then sat me down beneath the familiar oak tree, and scarce could refrain from tears; I was aroused by the sound of a light footstep near, and arising I was surprised to see Louisa beside me.

"Dear Louisa, we may never meet here again; yet the moment has come that must part us for a time at least."

"Oh! yes," she said, "I know I am wrong in coming thus, in opposition to my father's wishes; but I did not expect to meet you here, and merely came to say a long farewell to all the sweet objects which were dear to us; for tomorrow I leave them all—my home, and even my dear country, which you have taught me so much to love—that it alone nigh breaks my heart to part with, and to live in England, where you say people like us not, and mock at our land because we're poor; but could all their wealth buy the warm heart, the disinterested friendship, or the pure love?—all these I leave behind—all that I care for on this earth—these are the treasures which I value, and which I've found in knowing thee, and if you knew how much I've suffered since we last parted, you would not be angry at me for thus disobeying my father, that I once more might see my only brother; for I confess I did in truth, hope, although I did not expect to meet you; but still hoping, I brought this, that

when far, far away, and when poor Lucy is fading from your memory, you may look on it, and be remembered that she has said that you will ne'er be forgotten by her.' She handed me this portrait, which was done by a friend who had been stopping with her for a time, and which I have ever since worn at my heart. I endeavored to speak, but my feelings choked my utterance, and without saying one farewell, we parted.

"I have said it was my first time to leave home, and here was another source of pain. My parents had always been most indulgent; my father had been my companion, my playfellow, as much as my tutor; my mother had loved me with more than a mother's strongest love, and I felt all a son's affections for the fondest and kindest of parents. As they both embraced me, their tears flowed fast; and as my mother, sobbing, leaned on my shoulder, my own which I had so long struggled to suppress, now burst forth, and gave some relief to my bursting heart.

(To be Continued.)

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE OLDEST BIBLE MANUSCRIPTS.—The two most ancient manuscripts of the Bible known, are the Codex Sinaiticus, of the Imperial Library, at St. Petersburg, and the Codex Vaticanus, of the Vatican Library at Rome, both of which are believed to have been written about the middle of the fourth century, A. D. The Sinaiticus, so called because it was obtained (in 1859) from the convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, is supposed by Tischendorf, its discoverer, to be one of the fifty copies of the Scriptures which the Emperor Constantine directed to be made for Byzantium, in the year 331, under the care of Eusebius of Cæsarea. It consists of 345½ leaves of very fine vellum, made either from the skins of antelopes or asses, each leaf being 14¾ inches high by 13½ inches wide. The history of the Vatican manuscript is not known, but it appears in the first catalogue of the Vatican Library in 1475. It is a quarto volume, containing 146 leaves of fine thin vellum each 10½ inches high, and 10 inches broad. Both manuscripts are written

in Greek uncials, or capital letters, are without spaces between the words, and have no marks of punctuation.—*Appletons' American Cyclopaedia.*

THE CELTIC RACE.—The highest American literary authority, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his essays on "Races," pays the following tribute to the ancient but ever-young and potential Celtic race:

"It is the oldest blood in the world,—the Celtic. Some people are deciduous or transitory. Where are the Greeks? Where are the Etrurians? Where are the Romans? But the Celts or Sidonides are an old family, of whose beginning there is no memory, and their end is still likely to be still more remote in the future; for they have endurance and productiveness. They planted Britain, and gave to the sea and mountains names which are poems, and imitate the pure voices of nature. They are favorably remembered in the oldest records of Europe. They had no violent feudal tenure; but the husbandman owned the land. They had an alphabet, astronomy, priestly culture, and a sublime creed. They have a hidden and precocious genius. They made the best popular literature of the Middle Ages in the songs of Merlin, and the tender and delicious mythology of Arthur."

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.—This phrase comes from the celebrated Catholic churchman, William of Wykeham, who was born of humble parents, but rose by his integrity and talents to be Bishop of Winchester, in 1367, and Lord High Chancellor of England. When the heralds were searching for suitable arms for the new prelate, he gave them as his motto, "Manners Makyth Man;" thereby meaning that a man's real worth is to be estimated, not from the accidents of birth and fortune, but from his mental attainments and moral qualifications.

THE SCHOOLMEN OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—Coleridge says: "It was the schoolmen who made the languages of Europe what they now are. We laugh at the quiddities of those writers, but in truth these quiddities are just the parts of their language which we have rejected: while we never think of the mass which we have adopted and have in daily use."

Longfellow says the schoolmen were "men of acute and masculine intellect. Their teachings exercised a powerful influence on the poetry of Dante and his age." They possessed

"Minds of a massive and gigantic mould,
Whom we must measure as the Cretan sage
Measured the pyramids of ages past:
By the far-reaching shadows that they
cast."

We give the names of those most familiar to the English-reading public.

Duns Scotus, called the subtle doctor. He was a fellow at Merton College and Professor of Divinity at Oxford. After becoming famous in his own country he went to Paris, and from thence to Cologne where he died in 1308, at the early age of thirty-four. He was the great champion of the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

William Ockham, the invincible doctor was also an Englishman. He was a disciple of Duns Scotus and the head of the Nominalists. He was distinguished for his trenchant logic. The famous fundamental principle of his philosophy was called "Ockham's razor." He died about 1347.

Alexander Hales, the irrepressible doctor, was a native of Gloucestershire. St. Bonaventure was one of his disciples. He died in 1245.

Roger Bacon, called the admirable doctor, was a monk of the thirteenth century, and wonderful for his genius, learning, and great scientific discoveries.

John Bassol, the most methodical doctor, was a Scotchman and a disciple of Duns Scotus. He was remarkable for the accuracy of his mind. He died in 1347.

Thomas Bradwardine, the profound doctor, one of the most learned of the schoolmen, was Archbishop of Canterbury. He died in 1349.

Richard Middleton, the solid doctor, was an English Cordelier and a great theologian. He died in 1304.

William Varro, the thorough doctor, was an English Minorite of the thirteenth century.

Walter Burleigh, the plain and perspicuous doctor, and an opponent of Duns Scotus; taught in the first half of the fourteenth century.

William Durandus, the most resolute doctor, was a Dominican monk, and

probably an Englishman. He was an energetic opponent of Duns Scotus. He died in 1332.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.—The names of the three wise men from the East who, guided by a star, visited the Infant Jesus in the stable at Bethlehem, were Caspar, Melchior, and Balthassar. They are said to have been buried at Cologne.

A POINT OF BLAZONRY.—Some writers on the "Noble Art" contend that abbots have no right to place over their arms, as other prelates are allowed, a hat with tassels; and an old treatise in Latin on heraldry dismisses their pretention to do so with the sarcastic decision:

Tot habent floccos abbates quot genitalia muli

WISDOM.—What a wonderful lesson is to be found in the single word "Wisdom:" Wisdom is what makes a poor man a king; a weak person powerful, a good generation of a bad one, a foolish man reasonable. Though wisdom be good in the beginning, it is better at the end.

THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

In a few days the September term of this flourishing institution will be opened. For sound, practical and advanced instructions this college stands in the very front rank of educational institutions in this country. For some time past a wordy war has been going on in the French Canadian press anent the prominence given to the training of the pupils in the English language which one or two of these journals claim, has the effect of counting out the French. Our valued contemporary the *True Witness* thus disposed of the most violent opponent of the college of Ottawa and in its remarks we heartily concur.

We have had our attention directed to a lively discussion just now going on between our French Canadian *confreres* on the subject of the teaching of the English language in our collegiate institutions. An evening contemporary, the *Courrier de Montreal*, is very much exercised over the fact that at the Ottawa University the course of study should be prosecuted in English, instead of in French, and that an undue prominence is thus given to the English training of the pupils. Our own impression is, and

it is not the first time we have had occasion to express it, that our friends of the *Courrier* are a little too anxious for French domination in everything, and that the course followed by that journal, if concurred in by its fellow-countrymen, must necessarily have the effect of placing them in antagonism with three-fourths of the population of the Dominion, and more especially to a very powerful minority in the Province of Quebec. However, we can afford to allow the *Courrier* to pursue its own course, satisfied that in the long run the eternal beating on the big drum of nationalism will cure itself. We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without referring to the institution that has incited the ire of the *Courrier*. The Ottawa College, where the French language is taught in all its elegance and purity, as witness their scholars in the various departments of life in the Dominion, fills more particularly a want long felt by the English-speaking and French Canadian Catholics of the country. In the greater number of our Lower Canadian colleges we regret to be obliged to say the English language is not only a secondary consideration, but is almost entirely neglected. There the old system of the *petit seminaire* that existed in France one hundred years ago, is still followed regardless of the changes in times and circumstances. In the new Catholic university of Ottawa both languages receive equal attention, but the course of study has been adapted to the requirements of the country, and is such as will enable our Catholic young men, after graduating, to battle successfully with their rivals of other creeds. And this is the secret of the wonderful success that has crowned the labor and sacrifices of the Reverend Fathers who have charge of the institution. If, instead of finding fault with the prominence given to English instruction at the Ottawa College, our *confrere* were to urge many of our institutions in this Province to adopt its *curriculum* a far greater benefit would be conferred on its fellow-countrymen. In the meantime, our Catholic population may congratulate themselves on having an institution where our young men are in a position to receive the education that is requisite for their advancement and success in after life.

IRELAND.

The following lines were written by Mr. Robert Graham, merchant of Lucknow. Though an Orangeman, we are glad to find his sentiments possess the true ring of Irish nationality, and we fondly hope that the time is not distant when all the children of the old land will join with Robert Graham in thus expressing their tokens of love for their country, though separated from it by thousands of miles. We also hope that the Orange and Green will yet vie with each other in the endeavor to make the Emerald Isle a land of peace, plenty and happiness, and free from the sorrowful sights of internal strife which is as senseless as it is criminal.—*Catholic Record, London, Ont.*

Dear land of my birth, when I think of the past,
To see your green valleys once more I do sigh;
Your heather-cap'd mountains that wave with the blast,
Still sacred and dear, and to my heart nigh.

Land of my forefathers, who for liberty's laws,
Shed nobly their life's blood, on mountain and plain;
Heroic deeds of the past our memory draws,
And heart-strings still rend for those of the slain.

Dear land of my birth, tho' scourged you have been
By famine and war, from door unto door;
Yet still through it all your island as green
As when "Brian the brave" Danes drove from your shore.

St. Patrick, too, let all honor be given;
Who spread the glad truth throughout your fair land;
Directed the way that leadeth to heaven,
The standard was planted first by his own hand.

The Shamrock that grows on our own native sod,
An Emblem of Erin; that is dear to us all;
Oh! may it still flourish, that emblem of God
Until the last trump with its blast do us call.

Though absent we've been for many a long year,
We cannot withdraw from the scene of our youth,
Our playmates in childhood we remember so dear,
That played with us then by the bridge and the forth.

Ah! meek little daisy, I remember quite well
Blue-stockings and primrose so gaily in bloom;

The blackthorn and bonterer that grew near the well,
And up the rough lane where grew the green broom.

Hazel nuts, haws and sloes I have pulled
On the face of the brea, away down in the scrub;
Grandmother's flowers from her garden I've culled,
And sailed in the slough in mother's big tub.

The hounds I have followed when hunting the hare,
Far over the mountain and through the wet bog;
Heather and whins my feet often would tear,
And bleeding and lame oft homeward I'd jog.

From mountain and Nough when herding the cows,
The cots on Lough Erne were plainly in view,
I can never forget the cuckoo and crows,
And the lark with her song, that heavenward flew.

Fairest Isle of the sea tho' in a far-away land,
My heart breathes a prayer for your welfare and peace;
Very near the day when united in hand,
Sons of fair Erin, and bigotry cease.

Adieu, now farewell, to the land of my birth,
May gladness and peace with you ever be seen,
Is your patriot's prayer fair Isle of the earth;
Ireland, sweet Ireland, bright land of the green.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THERE was once a young Russian Prince,
who was as cruel as Russian princes alone can be. He would ruthlessly lead the chase across the fields of young corn, which were the peasant's only hope of subsistence, and make nothing of trampling down women, feeble old men, or children, if they were in his way.

On one occasion, being more than half intoxicated, he saw a beautiful child playing in the road before the door of a poor peasant's hut, and rode deliberately over it; and when its mother, with frantic cries, rushed forth and lifted it from the ground, it was quite dead.

The poor woman's grief was so great; the dead child was so beautiful, and the wrath of those who witnessed the scene was so intense, that even the cruel prince could not be quite indifferent to what he had done. Having watched

the woman for awhile, he drew his purse from his pocket and rode towards her.

"Here," said he, dropping it into her lap; "here is money enough to make you rich among other peasants. Doubtless you have other children, or will have. There are always plenty; one more or less, what does it matter? See, now, you are rich; stop crying." But as he spoke, the woman lifted the purse in her hand and flung it in his face.

"Take back your money," she said. "My child was worth more to me than all the gold in Russia. But listen, insolent prince. A poor peasant woman can do no harm, but she can see the harm that is coming. The horse that has been the death of my darling, will be the cause of yours ere long. Ycs, he will rid the world of you!"

As the woman spoke the prince turned pale. He was very superstitious, and the belief in prophecy was strong in those days. His followers, at his bidding, scattered the contents of his purse among the crowd, who at once changed their curses to cheers, and the broken-hearted woman was left alone.

As for the prince, he rode home as fast as he could, and so great was the impression made by the words the poor peasant mother had uttered, that he at once ordered his horse, a great favorite, of which he had been fonder than he ever was of any living being, to be sent away to a distant part of the country. The animal was to be cared for as though he were a human being; a house was to be built for him, and he was to be closely confined therein, if he, the prince ever travelled that way.

Time passed on, a year went by—two—three—four. The fifth came. During all this time the prince had heard no tidings of his banished favorite. At last he inquired about him, and heard that he had been dead for a long while. Laziness and over-feeding had killed him. "So," cried the prince, "he will not be my death at least! A dead horse can kill nobody."

And then, as though the creature were an enemy who had been thwarted in some evil intent, the desire to see his dead body and triumph over it, seized upon his master. Attended by a great train, he set out for the place where the horse had lived and died. The remains

had been laid, with respect, in a sort of tomb built for the purpose.

"Let me see them," said the prince. His word was law. The tomb was opened. Only the skeleton of the poor beast remained, but beside this the prince stood with an absurd look of triumph upon his countenance. "So!" cried he. "You were to be my death, were you? Ah, ah! you cannot run away with me now, nor throw me. I defy you to bite me, or to kick me. See how quietly you allow me to kick you!"

As he spoke he bestowed upon the skull of the dead animal a kick, accompanied with a disdainful look, and an opprobrious epithet. But, on the instant, his laughter changed into a cry of anguish, and his courtiers saw him writhing on the ground in agony; close about his legs was twisted a black and hideous object with fierce eyes and darting head. It was a venomous serpent which had coiled itself within the hollow of the skull of the dead horse, and which the kick the prince had given him had aroused him to wrath.

The sting proved mortal. In a few hours the prince was dead. They bore him home to be buried in the tomb of his fathers. No one grieved for him; and at the door stood the peasant woman whose prophecy had been fulfilled. Other children now played at her door, but she had not forgotten her slaughtered little one.

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

QUESTIONS.

1. The difference between the Hypothenuse and the two sides of a right-angled triangle is 3 and 6 respectively. Find the three sides.
2. How many square yards of carpet 3 quarters wide will be sufficient for a square floor, the diagonal of which is 5 yards, 2 feet, 10 inches?
3. The interest of a sum of money for two years: discount of the same sum

payable at the end of two years : : 10 : 9. What is the rate per cent. simple interest ?

4. Required the breadth of a yard, whose length is 36 feet 6 inches, when the cost of paving it is £12=6=6 $\frac{1}{4}$, at 5s. 3d. per square yard.

5. Given a square of an inch, show how a rhombus may be constructed, whose area shall be equal to it, and each of its sides a mile long.

6. A clock loses 5 seconds per day ; how much must its pendulum be shortened in order that the error may be corrected : the length of the pendulum being 39.14 inches nearly ?

7. Victoria Square is,—say 300 feet long, and 200 feet broad, and is to be raised one foot higher by means of the earth to be dug out of a ditch which is to pass around it ; to what depth must the ditch be dug, supposing its breadth to be everywhere 8 feet ?

8. One of the sides of a regular Heptagon is 31 perches : I want to know the length of the perpendicular let fall from the centre to the middle one of its sides ; and also the rent of the same at \$2.25 per acre.

9. The difference between the legs of a right-angled triangle is 10, and the perpendicular from the right angle to the centre of the hypotenuse is 24, required the length of the legs and hypotenuse ?

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

PARTS 35 and 36 of the Life of Christ, by Rev. Father Brennan, have been issued. As far as regards the treatment of the subject matter, the name of the distinguished author is sufficient guarantee that it will be one of the best Catholic works before the public. Messrs. Benziger Bros., the publishers, are bringing it out in the very best style. The Engravings of the double number are, the Crowning of the B. Virgin in Heaven, and St. Rose of Lima. With parts 37 and 38 will be delivered *free of charge* to all subscribers the splendid presentation plate of "The Resurrection." Part 38 will bring to a close this elegant and successful work. The publishers are prepared to bind the work at prices varying from \$2.50 to \$9.00.

F A C T I Æ.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—"Sarah and Co"—quelin.

TO BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED.—That Jack Tars' "kits" never grow up into Navy "cats."

A FAVOURITE TEXT FOR CHURCH REFORMERS.—That taken from a Cathedral "Chapter."

"HENRY, have a cigar?" "No, thanks, I've left off smoking." "How long?" "Oh, about three minutes."

A FISHY CON.—When can a fishmonger be said to be decidedly unsuited to his business?—When he admits that he is quite out of *plaise*.

"Money makes the mare to go."—And the mare, particularly when she is the better horse, generally manages to make the money go.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.—Police-man: "Here! Where are you going with that diseased pork?" Speculator: "Sure an' I'm taking it to get *cured*, yer honour!"

CURIOUS.—Is it really a fact that a statue diminishes in size when exposed to a shower of rain?—Certainly, because it instantly becomes a statue-wet.

GRANDPA: "Now, Tommy, can you tell me where port comes from?" Tommy: "No, Sir, but I know where it goes to!" [The question is not pressed.]

INDUCTIVE RATIOCINATION.—Mamma: "When Grand papa was your age, Effie, you was ten shillings a pound, and bread a shilling a loaf!" Effie: "And is that why poor Grandpapa is so thin?"

"A STRAY SHOT." [Wimbledon].—Friend fracs the North: "What are ye firin' at, Tam?" Tam: "Ou, jist the windmill." Friend: "Eh, man! Gin ye wis tao sheet the muller?"

RAILWAY PRECEDENCE.—What is the difference between the engine-driver and the passenger who has lost the train?—Well, you know, one is right in front, while the other is left behind.

THAT IS THE QUESTION.—Irate Instructor of Volunteers: "Shure now, Mr. Jenkins, ye are late again. Now I ask you, sor, where should we be, sor, if everybody came half an hour behind the rest?"

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in September.
1	Wed	The first number of the revived <i>NATION</i> Newspaper published, 1849.
2	Thurs	ST. SEXANUS. The Irish Pontifical Brigade occupy Spoleto, 1860.
3	Fri	ST. MACNISCHE, Patron of Connor. Cromwell commenced the Siege of Drogheda, 1649. Oliver Cromwell died, 1658.
4	Sat	Sentence against Repeal State Prisoners reversed in the House of Lords, 1844.
5	Sun	Cardinal Wiseman preached in the Metropolitan Church, Dublin, 1858.
6	Mon	O'Connell and Repeal Prisoners liberated, 1844. Fergus O'Connor died, 1855.
7	Tues	Oliver Bond died in Newgate (foul play suspected), 1798.
8	Wed	NATIVITY OF THE B. V. M. Surrender of Humbert at Ballinamuck, 1798. John Martin born at Loughorne, county Down, 1815.
9	Thurs	ST. KIERAN of Clonmacnoise died, 459. Cromwell summoned Drogheda to surrender, 1649. Murrrough O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, " <i>Murrough an tothane</i> " died, 1674. Charles O'Brien, Lord Clare, Marshal of France died, aged 66, 1761. Thomas Russell arrested by Major Sirr, 1798.
10	Fri	Red Hugh O'Donnell died in Spain, 1602. Synod of Thurles concluded, 1850.
11	Sat	Massacre at Drogheda by the troops under Oliver Cromwell, 1649.
12	Sun	ST. MOLAISE, founder of the Monastery of Devinish Island, died 563.
13	Mon	Steam Packets first sailed from Dublin, 1816. Doctor Brinkley the Astronomer of Trinity College, died, 1835.
14	Tues	O'Neill and the O'Donnell, with their households and families, sailed from Lough Swilly, 1607.
15	Wed	Truce with Ormond by the Irish Confederates, 1643. Irish Bishops resolve against the Veto, 1808. Seizure of the office of the <i>Irish People</i> Newspaper, and arrests of Fenian leaders, 1865. Death of John B. Dillon, one of the founders of the <i>NATION</i> , 1866.
16	Thurs	Thomas Davis died, 1845.
17	Fri	Heroic defence of Spoleto by a detachment of the Irish Pontifical Brigade, only 312 strong, against Fanti's Sardinian Corps of 8,000 men, 1860.
18	Sat	Battle of Castle Fidaró. The Irish contingent gloriously distinguish themselves, 1860. Rescue of Kelly and Deasy at Manchester, 1867.
19	Sun	Massacre at Wexford by Cromwell, 1640. J. J. Callanan, poet, died, aged thirty-four years, 1829.
20	Mon	Robert Emmet hanged, 1803.
21	Tues	First Orange Lodge formed in the village of Loughnagall, in the year 1795.
22	Wed	The Duke of Grafton mortally wounded at Cork, 1690.
23	Thurs	ST. EUNAN, or ADAMNAN, Patron of Raphoe. Spaniards, landed at Kinsale, 1601. Bishop John England born in Cork, 1789.
24	Fri	Bartholomew Teeling, leader of the United Irishmen, executed, 1798.
25	Sat	ST. FINBAR, Patron of Cork. First election of reformed Municipal Council of Dublin. Daniel O'Connell, M. P., elected Lord Mayor, 1841.
26	Sun	Limerick surrendered to De Ginckle, general terms of treaty being agreed upon, 1691.
27	Mon	The "Rebellion" of 1641 declared at an end, 1653.
28	Tues	Cork surrendered to the Earl of Marlborough, 1690. Articles of Treaty of Limerick finally settled, 1691.
29	Wed	MICHAELMAS DAY. Donagh O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, perfidiously hung at Limerick, by the English, though previously "pardoned," 1581.
30	Thurs	English defeated at Wandewash in India by French under MacGeoghegan, of Irish Brigade, 1759. Matthew Tone (the brother of Wolfe Tone) executed, 1798.

Prosperity is the destruction of a fool.

EDUCATE YOURSELF.—Thoroughly well-educated people who keep sober seldom starve. A man of information must be needed somewhere. If you cannot do something for somebody with brain or limb, the world has no use for you. It is a selfish world, and the only people it can endure are the rich ones. And if you are rich one day in your life, you may be poor the next.

Do not talk from a desire of distinction, but either to please or to instruct.

LEAVE YOUR GRIEVANCES, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them by that time will require answering.

CONCENTRATION AND ISOLATION.—Professional success depends upon a man concentrating his whole mind upon a particular subject, but to study this *per se* is isolation, not concentration.