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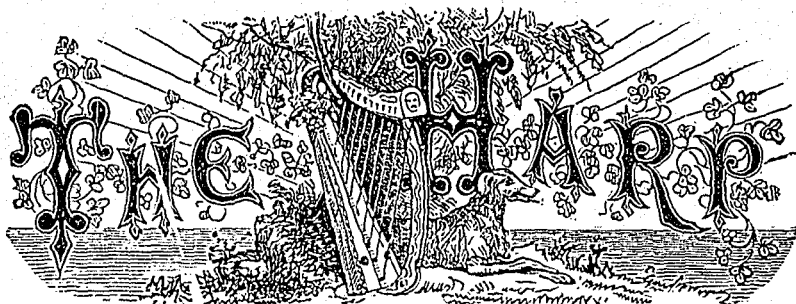
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{ Terms in Advance:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Hush, I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud and thankful, too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.

Sleep my darling, thou art weary,
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day,
Soon, I know, will want and fever
Take thy little life away.

Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.

Better thou shouldst perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than in hopeless sin and sorrow
Vainly live as I have done.

Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, and peace were flown,
Than thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all oppress;
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to His heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.

Such the plaint that, late and early,
Did we listen we might hear
Close beside us — but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, as God's bright angel
Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when His children
Bring His poor ones joy and peace.

EVELEEN'S VICTORY;

OR,

Ireland in the Days of Cromwell.

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

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

It is not our intention to describe the siege of Wexford. There was a horrible similarity in its circumstances with those of Drogheda. Cromwell's thirst for blood and cruelty had not been sated by the banks of the Boyne, and he repeated his atrocities within the walls of the hapless town of Wexford.

Roger was necessarily detained with the army while the siege was going on, and it was not for some days after Wexford had fallen that he could obtain that leave of absence which was necessary for his purpose.

At last, however, he was free, and he set forth for the old castle where Eveleen lay imprisoned, accompanied by the Bishop, closely guarded. Before they set out, however, Roger unfolded to the Bishop his object in sparing him so far, the office he intended him to perform, and the reward he would receive, in life and safety; for Roger, after his marriage, intended, he said, to forsake Cromwell, like Eveleen to Spain, and would give the Bishop a passage thither also.

The Bishop did not hear his tale without emotion, and Roger augured, therefore, that he would yield to his request. The thought of Eveleen's position sent

a pang through the tender heart of the old man; and when Roger at the end imperiously demanded, "Wilt thou do my bidding, priest, and free my adored one from slavery?" the Bishop checked the indignant refusal which rose to his lips, and only said, "Take me to her."

He longed to see her, and to comfort her—to be as much of a protector as his feeble arm and grey hairs would suffer him to be, and if they could not win mercy from their oppressors, to die with her.

So Roger, full of glee at having, as he thought, gained his point, set out with his retinue. Before, however, he reaches his journey's end we must cast a glance at Eveleen, and see how it has fared with her during her imprisonment.

When she had recovered from the shock of her abduction, and found that Roger was really gone, her mind began to entertain the idea of an escape.

She found her jailors consisted of the old woman we have mentioned, and two soldiers. She at first tried to prevail upon the woman, but she met with a stern refusal. If she had possessed gold or costly jewels it would have been different, but the penniless nun was only an object of scorn to the sordid mind of her keeper. Indeed, for some cause or other, whether it were the natural antagonism of what is vile and earthly against heavenly purity, or for some other cause, Elspeth Jackson conceived an intense hatred against the fair girl left at her mercy.

Undaunted at her failure, Eveleen attempted her escape, and one morning in the early grey dawn, found herself once more with the green turf under her feet, and God's sky above her head. It may seem wonderful that she should ever try to escape, in the midst of a wild, desolate, unknown country. But Eveleen could speak Irish, and had such trust in the peasantry, that she hoped, by reaching one of their huts, to be in safety. Alas, poor child! the faithful Irish had long since been driven from the neighborhood of her prison: her steps were soon traced, and she was brought back to the Castle.

The fury and rage of Elspeth burst out against her.

"So you left me here to be hung like

a dog when my master should come back to find you flown," cried she, striking her a cruel blow. "I'll see that thou dost not play me this trick again."

So saying, she led, or rather dragged, her up a long winding stone staircase, till they reached the top of the house. Here Elspeth unlocked a door, and a damp fetid smell came forth. Then she pushed Eveleen in before her.

The room was small and low, built in fact in the roof. It was divided in two by a grating. A door in the middle of the grating was locked, so that the person placed behind the grating was doubly imprisoned.

In this inner chamber, or rather cell, Eveleen was placed.

A wooden pallet and straw bed, and a wooden stool, composed her furniture. A small hole in the roof admitted a little light and air, but no sunbeams ever came to gladden the inmate of this drear abode, and no fire had ever warmed the stone walls, green with damp.

"Let us see if you'll get out of here in a hurry," cried Elspeth savagely, thrusting her victim in.

Eveleen greatly preferred her abode to the room below, with its attempted luxury. It was only a little harder than her convent cell, and she welcomed the cold and suffering with all the fervor of her ardent soul.

But the heart was stronger than the body. Eveleen was delicately formed, and her strength had already been overstrained. The foul atmosphere of her prison, and the diet of black, mouldy bread and dirty water, accompanied by curses and imprecations, told rapidly on the delicate frame and finely-tuned nature.

At last, when October was drawing to its close, Roger and his train drew up at the door of the castle.

Elspeth hurried to receive her master with much servility, and eagerly detailed her reasons for having imprisoned Eveleen in the stone room.

At first Roger cursed her for an obstinate fool; but on second thoughts he rejoiced, and was obliged to listen to the vehement and furious reply of his servant, that he had *told* her to do it, and to keep her on bread and water too, in case of resistance.

"Yes, yes—so I did. Hold thy peace,

woman," cried he, flinging some gold pieces at her head. Then he muttered to himself, "Tis as well; it will have broken her proud spirit. She shall see what I can do, and I will make up for it speedily—every wish of hers shall be gratified now. Follow me," said he sternly, turning to the old Bishop. And you," with a wave of his hand to his retainers, "can go."

All disappeared, and Roger, followed by the Bishop, ascended the winding stair. Roger's spurs clanked against the steps, and must have reached the ear of any listening eaptive.

His heart beat high with hope, his face was flushed with triumph. His long cherished plan was ripe at last; he was successful.

He began to unlock the door, but the rusty key stuck, and there was much noise and many efforts ere it yielded, and he entered, the bishop close at his heels.

A gasp of horror burst from the latter at the appearance and smell of the place, but his whole attention was speedily absorbed in the sight before him.

Eveleen was totally unconscious of their entrance. She had been lying down on the bed, but had half risen to a reclining posture, and stretched out her arms. Her eyes were fixed on the wall opposite to her. The Bishop could see nothing on that wall but dirt and mildew; but Eveleen's eyes clearly beheld something exceeding fair. Her veil had fallen back; and her hair, which had grown to some length, was falling on her neck. But the Bishop gazed in astonishment on her face, and Roger stood rooted to the spot.

The Bishop had held her in his arms at the font, had fondled her on his knee in her lovely childhood, had seen her in the bloom of her maidenhood, had gazed on her beautiful spiritualised face beneath the nun's veil, but never had he seen her look as she did now.

The soft roseate glow of her childhood had returned to cheek and lip. Her wide open eyes were full of lustrous light: while joy he had never seen before on mortal face lit up her's with celestial radiance.

"No need for me to believe in heaven now," he said afterwards. "I have seen it."

The two men stood silent for some moments, and then Eveleen spoke, and her voice, clearer and sweeter than any human voice, rang through the room.

"My first! my last! my only love, I come, I come to Thee!"

The light flitted from her eyes, the colour died away from her cheeks, her arms fell by her side, her body sank back on the bed—the smile lingered on her lips, but Sister Clare of Jesus was following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

The Bishop raised his eyes to heaven and murmured "Victorious in death."

Roger gave a sudden rush forward, and falling against the grating, groped like a man gone suddenly blind and mad, for the door which admitted to the cell. The Bishop was obliged to unlock it. Then Roger slung himself at the side of the corpse, and with cries of anguish besought his victim to speak to him; promising her liberty and joy, if only she would but live—but the pale lips gave back no answer.

Never again could he trouble the peace of Eveleen Fitzgerald. This was the end of his so-called love; he was her murderer!

"What can I do," cried he at last, springing to his feet. "Old man, speak, tell me, what can I do?"

"Repent, my son," said the Bishop, "and crown her death-bed with glory."

"You know not what you say," he answered sullenly; "long ago I threw faith and virtue to the winds. She was my god; for her I lived, for her I bartered heaven and chose hell; I must now, keep to my bargain. But you may go free; I am tired of blood. The cries of those poor wretches in the cave trouble my sleep—I want no more. I've played my game and lost it, and sold my soul for nought."

"Are any of her wishes dear to you?" said the Bishop, pointing to the corpse. "I see they are. Well, then, grant what would have been her last wish: take that lifeless body to Spain, and let it rest amidst the friends she loved so well in life. Let her whom she so oft called "Mother," once more kiss that marble brow. Carry a letter from me to Spain; and spend your life beside that virgin grave."

He silently assented. The Bishop

felt that some strange power had been given him over this extraordinary man, and felt convinced in his own mind that the prayer of her who might indeed be called a virgin-martyr, would win that soul to God.

"Come with me," said Roger, when the Bishop had finished his letter, "come, and gain your freedom."

"No," said the old man, smiling, "my place is here. My work is not yet done; my Master needs these old limbs and white hairs a little longer in His service."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

The Bishop knelt for some time beside the corpse of Eveleen; tears rolled down his cheeks, but they were not tears of sorrow. He had long since learned the lesson of "weeping as though ye wept not." Life to him was nothing; but, even to the very last, nature will have her way, and though he had almost seen her entry into heaven, with the inconsistency of our weak human hearts his thoughts flew back to the happy days of Louvain, when she and Mary, in their childish beauty and innocence, had been the delight of his eyes, the joy of his heart. No hands but his laid her in her coffin, which consisted of a few planks roughly knocked together; it was purposely made so as not to resemble a coffin in order to avoid the suspicions of the sailors belonging to the ship in which it was to be conveyed to Spain. Some strong aromatic spices were thrown into the coffin by Roger in order to preserve the body from corruption. The Bishop had, however, a strong conviction that angel hands would watch over the form of her who had lived on earth an angel's life, and that her half broken-hearted Mother Abbess would once more look upon the features of her beloved child. And then the Bishop went forth with the intention of returning into his dioceses, and trying to ascertain the present abode of Mary O'Neill, that he might break to her the news of her sister's death.

So he wandered about for many a day, generally going upon foot, sometimes borrowing a horse from some trusty friend.

For days together he saw none but peasants; then occasionally he came across some of his friends, all greatly discouraged by the fall of Wexford, and the success of Cromwell's arms.

The bishop had thought no sorrow of earth could again touch him very deeply; but he was completely overcast when the news of the death of Owen Roe reached him. He cast himself upon the ground, and groaned in anguish of spirit, "How long, O Lord! how long wilt Thou be angry with Thy people! Arise, O Lord! have mercy upon us, for the time is come."

It was believed then and long afterwards that Owen Roe had died by poison; historians now say it was from bodily disease. Perhaps the interpretation of the poet is the truest:

See 'tis over! Lift the dead,
Bear him to his place of rest;
Broken heart and blighted head;
Lay the cross upon his breast *

The Bishop now learned that Mary O'Neill had been with her husband at the death-bed of his father, and that she was likely to remain in the north of Ireland. Thither he determined to bend his steps. The friend from whom he had heard this last news, made him a present of a horse, and he now proceeded on his way with more rapidity, but using great caution, for though ready to sacrifice his life, he was not unmindful of Our Lord's counsel, to fly from those who persecute us. He knew well his duty was, as a priest and bishop, to preserve his life as long as he could for the sake of the faithful.

It was the Feast of All Saints; a clear, still autumn day: one of those dying gleams of summer that sometimes flash upon us, even when winter is at our doors. The Bishop had said Mass in the open air, surrounded by a handful of peasants. He always tried to say his Mass as though it should be his last, and on this feast in particular he had yearned to be among the white-robed throng. After Mass he set forth on his journey, bearing on his breast a small bag containing one consecrated Host. He had not advanced far when the sound of horses' feet fell upon his ears.

*Aubrey De Vere.

He instantly dismounted, and tried to conceal himself and his horse in a neighbouring wood; but there was no longer the thick summer foliage to conceal a fugitive. He was perceived by the advance guard, for the horsemen were indeed a troop of Cromwellian soldiery, under the command of Lord Broghill. The prisoner was seized and brought before the commander, who recognised him as the Bishop of Ross.

"Ha!" cried the officer, "wilt thou have life or death?"

attired the garrison will no doubt yield to the words of this old man, for these Irish fools will kiss the sod if their priests bid them."

The Bishop raised his head and answered almost in the same words with which a few weeks before he replied to Roger MacDonald's strange request—

"Take me thither."

"Chain his hands and feet," said Lord Broghill, to his men, "And bring him along with us." And placing him



FOR GOD AND COUNTRY.

"Whichever will serve my Master best," answered the Bishop.

"Hearken," said Lord Broghill; "I offer thee life on easy conditions. Thou canst save thy own and the lives of many more of thy infatuated countrymen. Persuade the garrison of the Castle of Carrigadrohid to surrender, and you shalt save yourself and them."

The Bishop was silent, and an aid-de-camp which stood by exclaimed, "And by good luck we have along with us amidst our spoils all the senseless garments of a Popish Bishop, and thus

thus fettered on horseback, and cursing him as they went along, the soldiers proceeded for some miles on their journey. At last they reached the spot, and ranged themselves before the walls of Carrigadrohid.

Preparations were hastily made for placing the Bishop on an eminence, so that he might command the walls. The ramparts were crowded with the garrison, who perceived that something unusual was in hand.

During his forced journey the Bishop had made his preparation for death, for

now he knew indeed his last hour was come. No priest was at hand to hear his confession, but the cry of his soul went up to the great High Priest, and joy filled his heart. When the fetters were struck from his hands he easily contrived to take from his breast the small linen bag and receive his Viaticum. A smile of triumph was on his lips, a light shone in his eyes: he had eaten the "Bread of the strong," and what cared he for death. But worthier words than ours shall describe the closing scene. A poet of whom Ireland is justly proud,* has embodied in immortal verse this most touching episode of Ireland's wonderful history.

"They led him to the peopled wall;
'Thy sons, they said, 'are those within;
If, at thy word, their standards fall,
Thy life and freedom thou shalt win."

"Then spake that warrior Bishop old:
'Remove these chains, that I may bear
My crosier, staff, and stole of gold;
My judgment, then, will I declare."

"They robbed him in his robes of state;
They set the mitre on his head;
On tower and gate was silence great;
The hearts that loved him froze with dread."

"He spake: 'Right holy is your strife;
Fight for your country, king, and faith.
I taught you to be true in life;
I teach you to be true in death."

"A priest apart by God is set
To offer prayer and sacrifice;
And he is sacrificial yet,
The pontiff for his flock who dies."

"Ere yet he fell, his hand on high
He raised, and benediction gave,
Then sank in death, content to die;
Thy great heart, Erin, was his grave."

It only remains for us to tell the manner of the Bishop's death. He was given up by the enraged Lord Broghill to the soldier's fury. They severed his arms from his body, then dragging him along the ground to a neighbouring tree, hung him to its branches, in the sight of the garrison. It was close on All Saints Day, and in all Catholic lands the *Requiem aeternam* was rising up for the souls of the faithful departed, but the Bishop needed it not: for him was reserved the palm branch and the quick entrance as "a good and faithful servant into the joy of his Lord."

*Aubrey De Vere.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

A bell was softly tolling from the Convent of S. Clare, in Madrid, and groups of people were wending their way to assist at a sermon that was to be preached in the convent chapel. It was understood the preacher would ask for the alms of the faithful for the many poor Irish exiles who had sought refuge on the hospitable shores of Spain. A group of ladies who had nearly reached the convent door had paused, and were deeply engaged in conversation.

"Is it possible, Donna Beatrice?" exclaimed one, her dark eyes flashing with eagerness. "Do you say you have seen it?"

"Even so," returned the lady addressed, "and though Monseigneur will not permit any public veneration to be paid to the body, the nuns always believed her to be a saint, and occasionally, as a great favour, the vault is opened and persons allowed to gaze on the corpse, and the last time this was done I was one of the party."

"And what did you see?" demanded her three auditors in a breath.

"There lay in her coffin," said Donna Beatrice, "a young nun. She was arrayed in the full habit of her order. A parchment, on which her vows were written, lay between her clasped hands. She was like one asleep, a glow in her cheeks and lips, a smile lighting up her whole face. The eyes were closed, but every moment I expected to see her open them, it was so life-like."

"Did you touch the body?" inquired Donna Caterina.

"Yes; and the icy coldness told me this indeed was *death*; but the death of a saint. But that is not all, dear ladies; a heavenly perfume filled the vault, 'twas more like a fragrant garden than a charnel house, and by my side knelt a little blind girl to whom the nuns have been very kind. She is niece also to Sister Agnes. Have you not seen her sometimes?"

"Yes," replied the ladies; "well, what of her?"

"The child knelt and prayed with a wonderful faith. We could see it by her attitude. Then the stranger man who is always praying by the tomb raised her up and laid her face upon the face

of the corpse, the child's blind eyes up on those closed lids."

"There was such a silence you might have heard one's heart beat.

"When she was once more on her feet she looked round on us all—the child was cured."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Donna Caterina, while one of the other ladies crossed herself and said, "Wonderful is God in His Saints."

"But tell us, dear Donna Beatrice," continued Donna Caterina, "for as Mother Abbess's sister you know all the secrets—tell us who is that strange wild man who is praying ever by the vault? Is it true he is an Irish chieftain fulfilling a vow or expiating a crime?"

"I know nothing," said Donna Beatrice, "except that he is of Irish birth, and leads a life of extraordinary penance. Vigil, and fasting, and prayers, and austerities fill up his days and nights, so Mother Abbess told me, and if she knows his history or why he takes Heaven by storm she would say nought to me. But methinks I can read on his face the history of one who has had a hard struggle for salvation, who may perchance have sinned deeply, but who, like him who was once a malefactor, will one day be with his Lord in Paradise, the trophy of a Saint's prayer and of redeeming love. Hark, ladies, the bell has ceased, we must hasten in."

Our story leads us now to Brussels; not then, as now, the miniature Paris, gay, bright, and showy, but a quaint old Belgian city. Then as now, rose in its midst, its glorious church of S. Gudule, and on one beautiful day in the month of September two noble ladies, each wrapped in the *capuce* then universally worn by Belgian women might be seen kneeling absorbed in prayer in the Chapel of the "Miraculous Blessed Sacrament."

After a long and earnest supplication, they rose and passed out, the elder of the two taking the arm of the younger, drawing it beneath and making the light form lean its weight on her. Their humble lodging was hard by, and when they entered and threw aside their cloaks, the elder lady said:

"Rest now, my Mary, my poor white lily, perhaps 'twas foolish of me to let

you go, you have hardly strength even for that short journey."

"Oh, Mother," said Mary O'Neill, looking up to the face of her mother-in-law, "it has comforted me so! There and there only do I seem to meet with our beloved ones again. At other times there is that aching void—that terrible hunger of the heart which is so hard to bear; but oh! dear mother, it is I who ought to comfort you and wait on you and not be a helpless burden."

Rose O'Neill gathered the desolate girl into her arms, and laid the little head on her breast.

"My child," she softly whispered, "I am used to suffer; you are new to that sharp, yet Divine lesson, and many as have been my sorrows, they have not fallen on me so fast and thick as yours have rained down on your young head. Father, brother, sister, husband, child, and he who was a second father to you—all taken from you in one short year; and so, in the flower of your youth, my Mary, your locks are silvering and your cheeks furrowed. Patience, dear one, and let us look up with hope. Better, oh, how far better! their holy and glorious deaths than a life of shame and dishonour."

"Yes! oh, yes!" murmured Mary; "all is best. I know it, I feel it."

"Hark! is not that a knock?" Lady O'Neill went to the door, and soon returned, followed by a thoughtful looking priest, her youngest son. He greeted his sister-in-law tenderly; while, with a joyful cry from an adjoining room the little Rosa dashed forth and climbed his knee.

Before we conclude our story we must cast a rapid glance at the course of events which had thus brought Mary to seek refuge with her mother-in-law.

In the last chapter we alluded to the death of Owen Roc. It took place at Cloughoughter, in County Cavan. A few days before his death he wrote as follows to the Marquis of Ormond—

"May it please your Excellency,

"Being now on my death-bed without any great hopes of recovery, I call my Saviour to witness that, as I hope for salvation, my resolution, ways, and intentions, from first to last in these unhappy wars, tended to no particular ambition or private interest of mine own; notwithstanding what was or may be thought of to the contrary, but truly and

sincerely to the preservation of my religion, the advancement of his Majesty's service and just liberties of this nation, whereof, and of my particular reality and willingness to serve your Excellency above any other in the kingdom, I hope, if God will permit me, to give ample and sufficient testimony in the view of the world ere it be long.

However, if in the interim God pleaseth to call me away, I do most tenderly recommend to your Excellency's care my son and heir, Colonel Henry O'Neill, praying and desiring that your Excellency may be favourably pleased, not only to prosecute a present course that we may participate of the late peace, but also of the benefit of such condition, concessions, and creations as his master intended for me, and has assured to me by your Excellency in his master's name by an instrument bearing date at Kilkenny the 29th of September last, and that in case of my death, your Excellency will not only assure him thereof under hand and seal, but likewise by aiding and assisting him in the timely procurement thereof. And in so doing your Excellency will highly oblige me, my said son, and the posterity of your Excellency's humble servant,

Owen O'Neill.*

His faint hopes of recovery soon vanished, and he died "in our Lord." As an eye witness relates, "a true child of the Catholic religion in full sense and memory; many of both secular and regular clergy assisting him in such a doleful transit."

Eight months after his death Henry O'Neill was made prisoner by Sir Charles Coote, tried by court martial, and executed. A terrible scene followed; the soldiers trying to snatch the little Owen from his mother's arms, with the intention, as she well knew, of bringing him up a Protestant. The child struggled hard to keep with his mother, and in the scuffle he fell upon an unsheathed sword, hanging by a soldier's side, and soon bled to death.

"Better so, a thousand times," said Mary, as she laid him in his coffin, "than the death of his soul."

Then with her brothers-in-law, and her little girl, Mary managed to escape to Flanders, where we find her.

"I have brought you something to give pleasure," said Father O'Neill. O'Daly, our Irish bard, hath composed a keene on our noble father, and to-day I have received it by a trusty hand from Ireland. Will you that I read it to you?"

Their faces spoke assent, and he began this dirge or keene, which has since been rendered from the Irish by James Clarence Mangan:—

"Oh, mourn, Erin, mourn,
He is lost, he is dead,
By whom thy proudest flag was borne,
Thy bravest heroes led.
The night winds are uttering
Their orisons of woe,
The raven flaps his darkening wing
O'er the grave of Owen Roe—
Of him who should have been thy king,
The noble Owen Roe!

"Alas hapless land,
It is ever thus with thee,
The eternal destinies withstand
Thy struggle to be free.
One after one thy champions fall,
Thy valiant men lie low,
And now sleeps under shroud and pall
The gallant Owen Roe—
The worthiest warrior of them all,
The princely Owen Roe!

"Where was sword, where was soul
Like to his below the skies?
Oh, many a century must roll
Ere such a chief shall rise.
I saw him in the battle's shock,
Tremendous was the blow,
As smites the sledge, the anvils block,
His sword did smite the foe;
His was a true, a human rock
Was mighty Owen Roe!

"Woe to us! guilt and wrong
Triumph; while to our grief
We raise the keene—the funeral song—
Above our fallen chief.
The proud usurper sways with power,
He rules in state and show,
While we lament our fallen tower,
Our leader Owen Roe—
While we, like slaves, lie down and cower,
And weep for Owen Roe!

"But the high will of Heaven
Be done for evermore,
And though it leaveth us bereaved
And stricken to the core,
Amid our groans, amid our tears.
We still can feel and know
That we shall meet in after years
The sainted Owen Roe—
In after years, in brighter spheres,
The glorious Owen Roe!"

As Father John O'Neill concluded these lines, more touching in the original Irish than any translation can give an idea of, the tears of the two widows were flowing fast, and their hands were clasped together. Little now remains to be said of the actors in our tale. It would have been utterly untrue to life to have brought the fates of any of

*"Flight of the Earls." By the Rev. C. P. Meehan. Dublin: Duffy.

them to the "happy ending" which is generally considered the duty of a writer of fiction. The woes and sorrows of Irish Catholics were at this period so heavy, that no sunbeam seemed ever to lighten the heavy clouds of gloom.

Mary O'Neill spent the rest of her life with her mother-in-law, either in Brussels or Louvain; and there the little Rosa grew up to womanhood. The two widows passed their time in many acts of charity; their home was open to Irish refugees, and their slender means were stretched to the utmost to afford relief. When Rosa grew to womanhood, she followed in the footsteps of her aunt, and became a Poor Clare in the convent of that order at Louvain.

Lady O'Neill, whose life had been marked by so many sorrows, survived even the daughter-in-law she loved so tenderly.

When her own time came to leave the earth, which had indeed been a valley of tears to her, she was interred in the Franciscan convent at Louvain. There, the traveller may still read her epitaph, which tells in a few brief words the touching story of her life.

THE END.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

ABOUT SLAVES.

No. III.

Let us now look at the treatment which this "machine of the genus vocal" received at the hands of his master.

If ever the idea of absolute power—power without limit—power without control either physical, moral or religious, was ever realised on earth, it was realised in the person of the Roman slave owner. One single man surrounded by thousands of slaves, who had to live solely and only to supply *his* wants or minister to his enjoyments; his every caprice *their* law; cruel and avengeful as only a Pagan Roman could be cruel and avengeful, he could torture, or maim, or kill a thousand slaves at a nod; debauched as only Pagan slaveholders could be debauched, the slave's honor was in his power.

It is true the Emperors strove, by repeated edicts, to restrain this power and to protect the slave; but the very number and constant repetition of these edicts show how powerless they were for good and how small their results.

1st. Nero, not yet become debauched by the Imperial power, charged magistrates to receive the complaints of the slaves, "*these victims of the cruelty and luxury and avarice of their masters,*" as he styles them; and he forbids masters to condemn their slaves to be devoured by the wild beasts *untried*.

2nd. Domitian, and after him Adrian, forbade masters to practice immoral and cruel mutilations upon their slaves.

3rd. Adrian took away from the masters the power of life and death, and ordained that no slave, even though guilty of crime, should be put to death without judicial sentence.

4th. Antoninus Pius condemned a master, who, without just cause, should slay his slave, to the same punishment as he would have to undergo if he had slain another man's slave, and ordered all those slaves to be sold to fresh masters, who, on account of harsh treatment, should take refuge under the statue of the Emperor.

5th. Marcus Aurelius made it illegal, *without judicial sentence*, to sell a slave, if a condition of the sale should be that the slave was to fight against the wild beasts of the arena.

A prohibitory law presupposes a previously existing criminal custom. Now what do these laws teach us? 1st. That slaves were condemned by their masters *untried*. 2nd. That that condemnation was often death or horrid mutilations. 3rd. That though guiltless of any crime, and at the mere will of his master, the slave was often mutilated. 4th. That a barter in slaves existed in order to supply victims to fight against the wild beasts in the arena to make a Roman holiday. That these laws were *sometimes* put in effect must be admitted. Adrian ordered a Roman matron to be herself made slave, because she had been cruel to her slaves. Antoninus Pius escheated the slaves of a brutal master.

But the very frequency of the re-enactment of these laws proves of how little avail they were found as against the close borough of the Roman aristocracy.

cracy. Adrian took away the right of life and death, Antoninus was obliged to re-enact the same law. A law made by Antoninus was an evident reproduction of one enacted by Nero. A law made by Marcus Aurelius was even a re-enactment of a law already made by himself!

Nor were the Emperors themselves much better than the masters, against whom they legislated. Augustus is a notable example of severity in his servile household. Macrin was surnamed the butcher.

We cannot, now-a-days, in these Christian days, realise the revengeful spirit of the Pagan slaveholder. Anger with us is an individual vice, hurtful only to the individual. In Pagan Rome it was a *social scourge*, a *public danger*. When Molière's inimitable Bourgeois Gentilhomme is being taught "morals," and is told he must restrain his anger, he replies: "Oh! we'll let that pass. I am bilious as the mischief; and I want to be angry with all my soul when I am angry." This is all very good as far as Mr. Jordan was concerned, because, besides being a good kind of a man whom nobody feared, there was not a man in his household who could not and would not have given him back a Roland for his Oliver. But if in place of Mr. Jordan, we had one of those rich men of Rome, who had under his roof a thousand slaves, with right over them of life or death *whenever he happened to be bilious*—right of torture and of outrage, one can see that the anger of such a man must have been a thing to be dreaded. Of what kind that anger was, we may form some idea from Seneca, who living amongst it cannot but have often seen its effects. Not to quote him at too great a length, a few words will suffice:

"And what anger! a rage without bounds which frightens even *themselves*, (the rich slaveholders.) Which has for weapons racks, cords, dungeons, the cross, faggots, the hook, chains, the red hot iron, which engraves on the forehead the mark of infamy, the dens of wild beasts. And does this anger follow any law? does it fulfill any of the dictates of justice? No! it is mere *impulse*. It is founded on no solid principle. It begins violently like those whirlwinds

which arise from the earth, then wears itself out and abates. . . . It satiates itself with the death of one or two culprits; but often the one that perishes is the one who deserves it the least, but whom chance cast in the way at the *first movements of anger*."

Seneca cites examples of these "*first movements of anger*." They are simply revolting. He cites the well known example of Vedius Pollio, who threw his slaves into his fish ponds to feed his fishes; he speaks of examples of cruelty become a *habit of mind*: the very sight of blood arousing it, and the smell of blood rising to the head as a species of *intoxication*. He instances the frightful history of Valerius Messala, Pro-Consul of Asia, under Augustus, who, after he had caused three hundred men to be slain, walked amongst the dead bodies exclaiming "what a right royal act!" He might have added that other fact mentioned by Asinius Pollio in a letter to Cicero of a certain Balbas, Questor in Spain, who threw a certain citizen to the wild beasts because he was deformed.

That these examples are too revolting to have been of frequent occurrence we admit. All the Roman slave-owners were not certainly Pollios, or Messalas, or Balbas. But Seneca gives us examples of anger in *honorable men*! "Honorable men," he tells us, "get angry if hot water is not hot enough—if a glass is broken—if a shoe has mud upon it—if a slave is too slow. . . . And he gives us an insight into the mode of punishment in vogue amongst these angry "honorable men," when he says. If a slave answers too high, or looks sour, or mutters words which do not reach us, is that any reason why we should have him scourged or put in chains? He lies before us tied, exposed without defence to our blows; we strike too hard and break a limb or a tooth. Behold here a man lies speechless, because we have struck him down at the first motion of anger. . . . Is it right to blame a new slave because, *free yesterday*, and accustomed to a life of ease, he is not able to keep up running with his master's chariot or horse? or because during his long continued vigils he drops asleep?

So far, Seneca, on "honorable men." Let us look at Plutarch, another "hon-

orable man." "They are all honorable men." Plutarch, as Aulus Gallius tells us, had caused one of his slaves to be stripped and beaten with rods. The slave, evidently of a literary turn, remonstrated against the punishment and quoted to Plutarch certain words from Plutarch's own works against anger. Plutarch, with a brutal calmness, worthy of a Pagan slave-owner, turned to the slave who was applying the lash, "Scourge on, slave! whilst your companion and I discuss philosophy."

The words were calm, perhaps philosophical, but the anger was diabolical.

These things will prepare us for what Petronius, another honorable man, depicts of Trimalcion—that he scourged a slave for dropping a gold platter on the ground—that he scourged another slave for having dressed his wounded arm with white linen instead of purple—and that he commended his superintendent for having crucified a slave who had spoken slightly of him.

Nor were the ladies any better than the gentlemen. Ovid, who paints with the pencil of a Flemish master the manners and customs of his own age, but who never rises to the dignity of a satirist, describes the same rages amongst the women, producing the same terrible cruelties. Juvenal describes a Roman matron performing her toilet to the sound of lashes. "The scourger strikes, meanwhile my lady puts on her paint, chats with her friends, and causes her gold embroidered robes to be displayed before them—still the stripes and blows go on, until at length when the scourger's arm fails from fatigue 'Go out,' she cries in a voice of thunder, 'to the bleeding slave.'"

This "morning call," with its gossips and conversation, enlivened by the sound of lashes, is sufficiently indicative of the terrible relation which evidently existed between the high born Roman matron and her unfortunate slaves.

Again describing a female slave dressing her mistress' hair, Juvenal writes: "The unfortunate Psacas, her hair in disorder, her shoulders and her chest uncovered, dresses her mistress' hair. Why will this bundle be rebellious? blows and stripes (on poor Psacas' back) will punish the crime of these curls which will not keep their place. In

what has poor Psacas offended? Is it her fault that your looks don't please you to night?"

The Corinna of Ovid is not quite so cruel, though it lifts the curtain a little higher. Corinna's curls happen to be obedient, and therefore saves her tire-woman, Cypassis, from my lady's bodkin. The Poet, in a fit of enthusiasm, celebrates my lady's clemency as an *unusual thing*. "Often times has her hair been dressed in my presence, and never yet have I seen her tear her tire-woman's arm with her hair-pin." How very kind!

The Poet evidently thinks this leniency is exceptional even in Corinna, since he again enters this protest against cruelty. "Do not be ill-tempered at your toilet, so that your tire-woman stands at the mercy of your blows; I hate women who tear the faces of their unfortunate slaves with their nails, or who tear their arms with their hair-pin."

But the Poet's tenderness is suspicious, and doubtless was as exceptional as Corinna's, since he had taken a fancy to this poor slave Cypassis; so much so, indeed, as to have aroused the jealousy of Corinna, who charges him with his passion. His defence discloses, at one and the same time, both the actual state of poor Cypassis' body, and the usual treatment of Roman slave received from a Roman matron. "I?" exclaims the would be innocent Poet, "I love a slave whose body is all disfigured with your blows and stripes?"

This Corinna, celebrated by Ovid for her clemency, was perhaps neither better nor worse than her neighbors in her treatment of her hall-door opener. This poor fellow, obliged to be up at all hours of the night, occasionally slept at his post. What wonder? "Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus." Corinna, with something less than maidenly modesty and tenderness, more than once had him led, heavily chained, to be stripped and flogged before her.

It was of these Roman dames, of whom the Poet's Corinna was only an etching, that Juvenal was able to say that they paid an annual salary to the hangman. Did we not speak truly when we affirmed that anger with the Pagan Roman (man and matron) was a social scourge?

Such is a slight sketch of that Pagan society which Christianity was by degrees to regenerate—such is a dim outline of the Roman slave who was about to be freed, body and soul, as we shall see through the teaching of that divine Galilean who, in order that he might free mankind, chose himself to become a slave and to die the death of a slave—the death of the Cross.

H. B.

IRISH LEARNING IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Ptolemy who wrote early in the second age of the Christian era, in his table of Europe, enumerates, in the Greek language, ten distinguished cities in the interior and on the coasts of Ireland, and his annotator adds that Ptolemy placed Ireland amongst the most celebrated islands in the world.

Spencer, in his treatise entitled, "*A view of the State of Ireland*," written upwards of 250 years ago, says, "All the customs of the Irish which I have often noted, and compared with what I have read, would minister occasion of a most ample discourse of the original of them, and the antiquity of that people, which, in the truth, I think to be more ancient than most I know of in this end of the world." In another part of the same work he describes the country so antique that "no monument of her beginning and first inhabiting remains."—and he adds again—"it is certain that Ireland hath had the use of letters very anciently and long before England."

Camden, in his "*Britannia*," written more than two centuries ago, says, "From hence (Ireland) our old Saxon ancestors seem to have had the form of their letters, as they plainly used the same characters which are at present in use among the Irish."

Lord Littleton, in his *History of the reign of Henry II.*, says, "A school was formed at Armagh, which soon became very famous, many Irish went from thence to convert and teach other nations. Many Saxons out of England resorted thither for instruction, and brought from thence the use of letters to their ignorant countrymen."

Dr. Johnson, in his *history of the English language*, prefixed to his dic-

tionary, makes this observation, "What was the form of the Saxon language when about the year 150 they first entered Britain, cannot now be known. They seem to have been a people without learning, and very probably without an alphabet."

Bede, in his *History of the Primitive Church of England*, written 1100 years ago, designates Ireland thus:—*Geniæ innoxiam et nationi Anglorum semper dulcissimum*. In the same manner the celebrated Aelinus, who wrote 70 years after Bede, bears similar testimony, and in his poem about the prelates, and holy men of the church of York, describes the people of Ireland *Anglis semper amicus*.

Bede, in the third book of the history already quoted, gives an account of the conversion to Christianity of Oswald, king of Northumberland, by Aidanus, a venerable Irish missionary, who had been sent to him in compliance with the king's request, "that those who had conferred the sacrament upon his son Alfred and his attendants while in Ireland, would send some zealous and learned prelate to instruct his English subjects in the faith of Christ, and administer the sacrament to them. After this many priests began to come daily from Ireland into England, to preach the Christian faith with great zeal and devotion, in every part of King Oswald's dominions, and to administer the sacrament of Baptism to all such as were converted. Churches were built in many places, the people, with joy, assembled to hear the word of God."

In the next chapter he gives a brief history of the mission of St. Columban:

"In the beginning of the reign of Justin the younger, who succeeded Justinian in the government of the Roman Empire, A. D. 565, Columban, a priest and abbot of great celebrity, whose life corresponded with the habit of a monk, which he had taken, came from Ireland into Britain to teach the word of God to the northern provinces of the Picts. He converted the whole nation in a very short time, by his eloquence and good example, as a tribute of gratitude for which he received the Isle of Icombill, to build and endow a monastery."

Asserius, a contemporary writer with King Alfred, in his *annals of the year*

651, informs his readers that Pursous, another Irish missionary, much extolled also by Bede, visited the territories of Sigibert, king of the East Angles, and converted to the Christian faith large numbers of his subjects.

Fordun, a writer of the 13th century, states that Aidanus, Finatus, and Colmanus, or St. Colman, the founder of the monastery of Mayo, converted to Christianity several kings of the northern and central inhabitants of England, so far as the banks of the Thames, and also the great body of their subjects. He enumerates the following kings converted by them:—Gandfridus, Oswaldus, Ostery, Oswin, Penda, and Sigibert. William of Malmesbury states that at the time of Anhelm (who was himself instructed by Medulphus, an Irishman, and founder of the college of Malmesbury), the Irishmen were then *maxime doctos*."

Camden, in his history before quoted, speaking of the foundation of Glastonbury, says, "In those early ages men of exemplary piety devoted themselves here to God, especially the Irish who were maintained at the king's expense, and instructed youth in religion and the liberal sciences."

Archbishop Usher, the Protestant Primate of Ireland, more than 200 years ago, concludes a long narration of the virtues, lives, and labors of those Irish missionaries, by saying that the bare enumeration of the names, not to talk of the acts of the distinguished holy men of Ireland, would require much study and labor.

Moreri in his celebrated dictionary, under the article "Ireland" gives an interesting description of the labors of Irishmen in the diffusion of Christianity, civilization and literature, over the world, and the foundation of monasteries, schools, and colleges by them. He adds, "Ireland has given the most distinguished professors to the most famous universities in Europe, as Claudius Clemens to Paris, Albinus to Pavia, in Italy, Johannes Scotus Erigena to Oxford, in England."

The English Saxons received from the Irish their letters, and with them the arts and sciences which have been distinguished among these people, as Sir James Ware proves in his treatise

on Irish writers, chapter thirteen of the first book, where may be seen an account of the celebrated academies and public schools which were maintained in Ireland, in the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th ages, which were resorted to particularly by the Anglo-Saxons, the French, and ancient writers, who were always received there with greater hospitality than any other country in the Christian world. And again he states, "They (the Irish) were inundated by the interruption of a frightful number of Danes, and other people of the north, who, like the Romans in France about the same time, destroyed, ruined their colleges and monasteries, put to death an infinite number of monks and priests, and reduced that country (which was then, as the historians of the time declare, the most civilized in Europe, the nursery of all sciences and virtues) to the last state of barbarism." Sir James Ware, after noticing Giraldus Cambrensis, observes, "Although the Norwegian plunderers, who in the 9th age, under Turgesius, occupied this land for 30 years, destroyed almost all the churches and books by fire; nevertheless, the study of literature revived, and even in the 11th age Ireland was esteemed as the repertory of the most learned men."

Lord Littleton says, We learn from Bede, an Anglo-Saxon, that about the 7th century, (being the period of the institution of the monastery of Mayo) numbers both of the noble and second rank of English, left their country and retired out of England into Ireland for the sake of studying Theology, or leading there a stricter life, and all these he affirms the Irish (whom he calls Scots) most willingly received and maintained at their own charge, supplying them with books, and being their teachers without fee or reward; (which is a most honorable testimony, not only to the learning but likewise to the hospitality of the nation.) While referring to the atrocities of the northern barbarians he adds, "The fierce spirit of their religion increasing the natural barbarity of their minds, they turned their rage more particularly against the clergy whom they massacred without mercy; and in their hatred to them burned their books, schools, and convents." Among the many learned men who were driven

by the terror of this persecution to take refuge abroad, none distinguished themselves more than Albin and Clement, whom the Emperor Charles the Great received at his court, and honored with his favor. Of the last of these it is said by a contemporary German writer, "That through his instructions the French might vie with the Romans and the Athenians. John Erigina, whose surname denoted his country (Eri or Erina being the proper name of Ireland) became soon after famous for his learning and good parts, both in England and France. Thus did most of the light which in those times of thick darkness cast their beams over Europe, proceed out of Ireland. The loss of the manuscripts is much bewailed by the Irish who treat of the history and the antiquities of their country, and which may well be deemed a misfortune not only to them but to the whole learned world."

Camden, already quoted, says,—“No men came up to the Irish monks, in Ireland, for sanctity and learning, and they sent forth swarms of holy men all over Europe, to whom the monasteries of Luxueil, in France, Pavia, in Italy, Wentzburge, in Franconia, St. Gall, in Switzerland, Malmsbury, Lindsfarne, and many others, owed their origin. He then recites a list of eminent Irishmen, and adds, “To these monks we are to understand Henricus Antisiodrensis, when he writes thus to Charles the Bold (middle 9th century) why should I mention almost all Ireland with its crowd of philosophers, despising the danger of the sea, and flocking to our shores.” And in another part he adds, the Saxons (English) also, at that time, flocked into Ireland, from all quarters, as to a mark of literature! Whence we meet frequently in our writers of the lives of saints, such a one was sent over to Ireland for education, and in the life of Sulgenus who lived 600 years ago—

“Exemplo patrum commotus, amore legendi,
Ivit ad Hibernos, sophiæ mirabili claros.”

Both these historians accord with their Anglo-Saxon predecessor Aldhelm, before referred to, and who is esteemed the most learned of his times; nay, we are told by William of Malmsbury, that he was the first Anglo-Saxon who wrote Latin. He writes thus to Eadfrida,

(A. D. 690,) “that the students resorted to Ireland from England in such crowds as to require fleets to carry them.” And again he says, “Ireland is a rich and blooming country of scholars, as I may say, you might as well reckon the stars of heaven as enumerate her students.”

Sir James Ware, in his treatise on Irish writers, distinctly states—“Johannus Erigina (that is the Irishman) in the year 884 or 883, being invited by King Alfred, came into England (from France) and the king used his labors in a few years after in the re-establishment of Oxford. In a small volume entitled the foundation of the University of Oxford, by Thomas Jenner, (A. D. 1651,) the writer, after stating various opinions as to the origin of that University, says, “But the chiefest agree that Elfred, of some called Alured, king of the West Saxons, about the year 872, was the chief and principal founder thereof, and that (besides the ancient hosties for scholars which it was evident was then remaining, after many overthrowes of wars) he caused to be erected therein three colleges, or public schools, for the teaching of grammar, philosophy and divinity, sending thither his own son Elhelward.”

It is stated by several writers, and sanctioned by Primate Usher, that three most learned Irishmen, namely Duflanus, Macbethus, and Magilmuminus, had preceded to Alfred, and it is not unreasonable to conjecture that the three learned men superintended the three colleges, which the king established.

It is stated in *Antiquitates Cantabrigiæ Academiæ*, by Johannes Caius, written 310 years ago, that “Johannes Erigina was, as writers assert, one of the founders of the Academy of Cambridge.”

Jenner, who wrote a similar treatise on the foundation of the University of Cambridge, states, “The chiefest conclude and agree that Sigobert, king of the East Anglis, was the principal founder thereof about the year 630 or 636. We have already seen this king was converted, together with many of his subjects to Christianity, by an Irish prelate, Finanus, and also that all the learned men, at that time in Britain, were Irishmen.

The foundation of Trinity College, Dublin, is considered by some to have originated with Queen Elizabeth, which is a great mistake; she did no more for it than allow it a participation in the general plunder of the ancient religious and literary institutions of the country, for the loss of which it is a very inadequate compensation. That University, which is the only one of many hundreds more once subsisting in our country, was founded by Alexander Bignor, archbishop of Dublin, (A. D. 1320) and confirmed by the Pope. Johannes Lechus, predecessor of Alexander, commenced it under the auspices of Pope Clement V., but did not finish it.

CHIT-CHAT.

Were we to say "The Sun in her glory" "The Moon in his wane" we should, we suppose, be laughed at by half of the community. And yet our German neighbours are as much surprised to hear us address the Sun as masculine and the Moon as feminine as we should be were we to hear honest Hans speaking of the Sun as "she" and of the Moon as "he." But the beauty of the matter is laugh as we like, Hans is right, and if any body is wrong it is we. In the Anglo-Saxon and old Saxon the Sun is feminine and the Moon is masculine. Why then do we not follow in this as in most other things the language and usage of our ancestors? But let us see—why honest Hans say *she* to the Sun?—whilst John Bull says *he*. The explanation though simple is curious. The fact is, honest Hans is following the custom of his Icelandic ancestors, whilst John Bull's classic pedantry has made him ignore his. In the prose Edda, an Icelandic mythological work of extreme antiquity we are told "Mundilfiori had two children; a son Mani (moon) and a daughter Sol" (Sun). Now here is the secret of the Dutchman's "*she*" to the Sun and "*he*" to the Moon, and shows his reverence for olden things. The Englishman, on the contrary, though his Anglo-Saxon ancestors always spoke of the Sun as feminine, changes all this, and because in Latin, *Phœbus* and *Sol* are masculine, and *Luna* and *Diana* feminine, our pedant, in order to air his classics at the

expense of his ancestors, speaks of "the Sun in his glory" "and the Moon in her wane."

It will, doubtless, be interesting to a very respectable class of our community (our widowers to wit) to know, that whereas, as a general thing, the feminine form of words as *baron baroness* is formed from the masculine, *they* in common with *gander* (from goose) and *drake* (from duck) form an exception; *widower* evidently being formed from *widow*. This should serve to teach them humility, in the first place, on finding that they are the weaker vessel; and in the second place, seeing the company (*gander and drake*) they are forced to keep in English grammar.

We have placed the word *drake* in the same category as *widower*. Perhaps we have done Mr. Drake an injustice. *Drake* is not derived from *duck*, nor has it any etymologic relation to it whatsoever. *Drake* is an independent word derived from the New High German words *enterich* and *antrechl*, which, in their turn, are derived from the Old High German *anetrekho*, which, in its turn, comes from the Latin word *anas* (a duck) through its genitive *anatis*. What strange ancestors some people have?

With the Prince of *Wales* so prominently before the public as he is now-a-days, it is just as well to post ourselves as to the meaning of the word which denotes the country which gives him his title. What does *Wales* mean? Is it singular? is it plural? If plural—what is its singular? All these are questions which would pose the average paterfamilias, if propounded by an inquisitive son over his wine and walnuts. Speaking of walnuts, has *Wales* (wal-es) any thing to do with wal-nuts? We shall see.

When the Saxons conquered England or rather Britain, the Britons, or original inhabitants, were driven into that part of England since called *Wales*. After a time the Saxons, with a delightful and refreshing egotism, not peculiar to Saxons alone, forgetting that they, indeed, were the invaders and the Britons the invaded, began to look upon

these Britons, shut up in the remote west, as *foreigners* that is *welthas* (anglo-saxon for foreigners) that is Welsh-*foreign*. The s then in Wales is the plural s, and the wal of Wales is the wal of walnut, which means nothing more or less than foreign-nut or nucus Gallia. What strange relations even the most exalted personages have! His Royal Highness, doubtless, scarcely recognises the nuts on his dessert table as his country-cousins.

What does "Ultramontane" mean? *Etymologically* it means "Beyond the mountains"; *historically* it means today precisely the opposite to what it meant yesterday. As it is an Italian word received into our language, and an Italian word from southern Italy, the mountains spoken of are the Alps, and hence it was the direct contrary of *cis-Alpine*, or "this (the Roman) side of the Alps." Originally it was applied by Italian writers to theologians, jurists, and polemists of all countries beyond the Alps, and as these writers were, from their geographical position, supposed to be inimical to Papal supremacy, it began to include the idea of *hostility to Papal power*. And herein is seen how thoroughly, as used by us, it has altered from the original idea since, at present it means one who is *favorable to an extension of that power*. As used by the enemies of the Church it is a term of reproach, meaning something *beyond*, or more than true Catholicity. As accepted by Catholics, it is a term of honor synonymous with "true Catholicity," implying, as he does, that he to whom it is applied, accepts in all its fullness the doctrine of Papal supremacy and Papal infallibility.

H. B.

In judging of others, let us always think the best, and employ the spirit of charity and candour. But in judging of ourselves, we ought to be exact and severe.

When our sky seems most settled and serene, in some unobserved quarter, gathers the little black cloud, in which the tempest ferments, and prepares to discharge itself on our head.

THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

CARDINAL MANNING.

"Go ye and teach all Nations."

These words were a plain and emphatic revelation of the charter of the Church of God and its commission to teach the nations of the world. He could understand that a man might deny Christianity as a whole, and might reject this charter and this commission, and might deny this authority; but he could not understand that any man could deny this charter and this commission if he believed Christianity to be true, and, therefore, what they had to consider was whether indeed they believed Christianity to be a revelation of God? He could understand that some men might say, "I admit altogether that these words establish an authority in the Church to teach Christianity, but what if it teaches error in the place of truth?" He answered, "Then there is no Divine teacher upon earth—then there is no Divine certainty of Christianity among men." If the Church of Jesus Christ could teach error in His name, there was no Divine teacher among men. Further, if there should be a Divine teacher among men, that Divine teacher could not err, and if a Divine teacher could not err, then those who could err were not Divine teachers. All who could not err in their teaching were infallible, and all who disclaimed infallibility—who openly declared and acknowledged that they were not infallible—thereby, and in the same syllables, declared that they were not the Church of God. There were communions and churches who disclaimed altogether that they were infallible. Then such churches and such communions might err; and if they might err they were not the Church of God. He would go further, and say they could have no commission to teach, for a Divine commission to teach coupled with the liability of erring was of the greatest peril to the human soul. He knew but one thing which justified the claim of the Catholic Church to teach the nations of the world, and that was because it was Divinely sent to do so, with a Divine promise that it

would never err. The Catholic Church, as they all knew, claimed to be infallible—not in virtue of its antiquity, nor in virtue of its universality in the world, nor in virtue of its intellectual culture, but in virtue simply and alone of the promise of the perpetual presence and perpetual assistance of their Divine Lord it stood alone claiming infallibility. The Church of England disclaimed infallibility; the Kirk of Scotland told them it was not infallible; all those who in England and Scotland had separated themselves from the Catholic Church—all alike declared that there was no infallibility on earth. He took their acknowledgment, and therefore he could not listen to their teaching; they might lead him into error, and “if the blind lead the blind shall they not fall into the ditch.” Therefore, what he had to do was to justify the claim of the Catholic Church that it was preserved from error in executing its commission as a teacher of Christianity to the world. He should have thought that the words of the text would have been sufficient without an argument. He who said, “Go and teach all nations,” said also “all power in Heaven and in earth is given unto Me;” and could they as reasonable and as coherent intellects believe that those whom their Divine Saviour sent to teach the nations of the world with the authority derived from the plenitude of His own power in heaven and earth were left by Him without assistance and without guidance so that they must teach falsehood in His name? He did not know how their minds might be constituted, but to him it was incredible; it was irreconcilable with the Divine attributes, and with the way in which God, as a just and loving Father in heaven, dealt with His children. But their Divine Lord, who gave the commission, said also, “Behold I am with you always, even to the consummation of the world.” He, therefore, made an explicit promise of a perpetual presence with those whom he sent to teach the world. He could understand that some one might object, and say, “I quite admit our Lord is in the world now, because wherever Christianity is preached He may be said to be, but I do not see that this constitutes an infallibility in those who teach in His name.”

Let them examine the meaning of His words. When He was Himself upon earth there was a Divine Person in the midst of the Apostles, and the teaching of a Divine Person is infallible. Perhaps, while they admitted this, they might think that His presence was limited, that His assistance was confined to His Apostles. Listen again to His words.—“It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not the Paraclete (or the Comforter) will not come unto you. But if I go I will send Him unto you, even the Spirit of Truth, and He shall teach you all things; He shall lead you into all truth.” Again he said, “I will pray the Father, and he shall send you another Paraclete, and he shall abide with you for ever.” Did they believe in the words of the Lord Jesus Christ? If they did they believed upon His own assertion that there was a Divine person, a Divine teacher, an infallible teacher, in the world even now. But perhaps they would say, “this does not establish the connection between the presence and the assistance of that Divine teacher and those who go to teach the nations of the earth—make out that such a link exists, and I will admit that those who now, in the place of the Apostles, teach the nations of the world partake of that same assistance by which they cannot teach error.” That talk was not hard. Did the Apostles teach all nations? They were all well aware that from the rising to the setting of the sun the Apostles penetrated into all the nations that were then traversible—the whole of the Roman Empire, and even beyond its limits—and they founded one Church, made up of a multitude of nations speaking various tongues. It bound all nations together in one faith by baptism into one family. Such was the church that the Apostles founded, and to that Church the promise of the perpetual presence and the perpetual assistance of the Holy Ghost was made. When the Spirit of God descended on the Apostles they were united to their Divine Master in heaven. He was the head of the body and they were the members. There could be no longer error in the Church, because the spirit of truth dwelt in it. The body could not be separated from its Divine Head in heaven; the

Spirit of God could not be separated from the body upon earth. It was, after all the analogy of the incarnation of the Son of God—one moral person, one mystical person, head and members. St. Augustine said—"Christ and the Church are one moral; and if they are one, how is not their voices one? That which the body speaks on earth is what the Head speaks in heaven, and by the body the Head speaks, and the voice of the Church is the voice of Jesus Christ Himself." He asked if that were the Church founded by the Apostles, where was it now? Was there in the world any Church which had these two marks—that it was universal, and that it was one; that was to say, the same in every place—the same outwardly in one communion, and the same inwardly in one faith? Did there exist any such Church now? The whole world acknowledged that there was but one such; there was but one Church from the sunrise to the sunset that was made up of a multitude of nations with a great diversity of tongues, nevertheless all believing one faith, and all offering one worship, all kneeling before the holy altar where the holy Mass is offered to the glory of the ever-blessed Trinity. There were not two such. How, then, was not that one Church the heir of the promise of the presence and assistance of which the Divine Lord spoke when He said, "Behold I am with you always, even to the consummation of the world?" Coming to the matter a little more closely he would draw out the facts which were before their eyes. He would point to facts in the world which any man who had eyes to see could see for himself, and he would contrast those facts with certain other phenomena which were likewise before their eyes. He would affirm, first of all, that there was one, and one only, Church that was universal; there was one, and one only, Church that was made up of all nations, with a great multitude of languages, a great diversity of customs, and various degrees of civilisation, spreading from the sunrise to the sunset. There was but one such, and that Church was the Church of the Apostles, which began in the guest chamber in Jerusalem, which descended from the guest chamber to go out into all the world; which established

itself after a time in Antioch, where the Gentiles who spoke the Greek language had their capital city. Afterwards it passed to Rome, where the Gentiles of the whole world were congregated under one empire; and from Rome it then went on, until at last it created the Christian world, which was shut up in Europe and a part of Asia. And when the new world of America was discovered, it passed over the sea, and the Catholic Church spread from North to South America. It had since spread into Australia and into the islands of the Southern Sea, and beyond the bounds of civilisation, and it had penetrated China and Japan; so that he might say at this moment the Catholic Church had the universality which was tending to leave no part of the nations of the world where there were not such as were the Apostles fulfilling the great commission, teaching all nations and baptising them. He asked them was there any other Church that could bear the same test? Could the Church of England bear this test, or the Church of Greece, or the Kirk of Scotland? He would not say anything to their disparagement; he had no heart or will to do it. There were good, earnest men, who believed they were doing their duty, and rendering service to their Master among them, and he trusted God would bless them, and bring them for their reward into the knowledge of the perfect truth. But they knew that not one of those bodies had universality. They were the Churches of a single nation, or they had a mission here or a mission there, but a family of nations they were not, and never could be. If they ever were so to become, they could not become the Church of the Apostles, for this reason—they could not move a mountain from its base and build up another in its stead. The Catholic Church had filled the world for 1800 years, and if there were any other Church that could spread itself over the world it could not substitute itself in the place of that Catholic Church which the Apostles founded. This, then, was the Church that had the promise—"Behold I am with you always, even to the consummation of the world." Again, was there any Church that was perfectly one in its outward

communion, being universal, with one form of worship, without any divisions about what vestments were to be worn? Was there a Church which was so perfectly one in all its order, all its ritual, all its public worship, for year after year, century after century, the holy sacrifice was offered at the altar by the same line of priests, speaking the same words, believing the same things? They well knew that for 1800 years the Catholic Church had done all this, and they knew there never was a moment when the Catholic Church was so united as it was at this time. If they doubted it let them remember the early days when the heresies of the East tore from the unity of the Church sometimes 10, and 20, and sometimes 50 bishops at a time. After the great Council of Nice, he knew not how many bishops became Arian; after the Council of Chalcedon many bishops left the Church; after the Council of Constance there were many schisms; and after the Council of Trent the whole of the people went out from the unity of the faith, and the bishops were the first to go away. What did they see the other day when the Council of the Vatican met in Rome? There were 700 bishops, morally representing 300 more, who were not present. Not one man, he hardly believed, could be found in the 1,000 bishops of the Catholic Church who had not promptly and gladly accepted the authority of that Council. Never was there a timewhen the bishops of the Church were so united one to another. There were no divisions among them. There were no High Church, Low Church, or Broad Church bishops. They were Catholic bishops, united in fraternal charity one to another, because they were united with their head; because the holy episcopate had again and again come to the foot of the throne of St. Peter, and had declared its perfect unity and submission to the successors of the Apostles, the Bishop of Jesus Christ. The priests were everywhere united with their bishops; there was no paralysis of the episcopal authority. The bishops had no need to go to the civil power for Acts of Parliament to enforce their discipline, still less had they need to ask for an Act of Parliament to enforce unity of belief, of teaching, and of doc-

trine; and this was because the priests, like the bishops, were united together, and united to their pastors, and the people were, therefore, united to them. The Catholic people all over the world were united to their priests with a fidelity which all the power of this world could not destroy. Look at Ireland, America, England, and Germany, where two archbishops and four bishops were now in prison, and the people of Germany were aroused up to pray for their pastors, and to testify in the face of that mighty empire that they would endure all things rather than apostatise from the faith of Jesus Christ. Did there exist in the world such an example as this? The whole Catholic Church throughout the world was one undivisible, because it believed the same thing, and it believed the same thing because it believed the same teacher, and it believed that same teacher because that teacher was a Divine Teacher, who could not err. Throughout the 1800 years of its history the Church had been tried by heresy. There was not a doctrine of their baptismal creed that had not been denied: and there was not a particle of faith that had been assailed that had not been defended, because the Divine Teacher had guided the Church always in the defence of the faith and when error had arisen, it had been condemned by a definition, so that the authority of the Church had defined every successive doctrine of the faith, in the succession of its attacks. As the world had assailed it, the Church had defined it; and there was not at this moment an undefined point upon which the Catholics were divided. Every question which men called "open questions" had been closed. He would not go further into the matter. He mentioned it only for the purpose of showing that the whole tendency of the world, and of all religious bodies separate from the unity of the Catholic Church, had been, was now, would be, and must be, to throw open more and more every question that was in contest. When men were divided upon a point of doctrine, the judge said, "You may both hold what you wish." When there arose a question about faith, the judge answered, "The Church of England admits, liberty of judgment." And thus

they widened the path which led to error, which was the way of the world. To narrow the path in which truth alone could be found was the office of the Church; and as the world had become latitudinarian, which meant more indifferent, more doubtful, more hesitating, the Church had become more precise, more definite, and what the world called "more dogmatic." Dogmatism meant that two and two made four; God was one; the Church was one; God could not be divided; the Church could not be divided. It was numerically one, as there was but one God, and there could be no other Church, because there could be no other God. The Catholic Church never wavered. Not because they were positive and peremptory, but because they were conscious of the Divine commission to teach the revelation of God. He referred to the divisions which existed in the Greek Church, which, he said, had aimed at unity of faith universal and failed, and went on to argue that, except among the Catholics, there was no unity of faith in England or in her colonies. They could only be disciples of the Church of God or critics of the revelation which He had given. In Switzerland the Reformation had done its work by denying the Godhead of the Lord Jesus Christ; and in Germany, according to a Protestant who wrote from the northern part of the country, there was nothing left of the religion that Luther taught. In England were the people not divided, household against household, man from man, children from parents, husbands from wives, in the matter of religion? Why was this? Because they were not the disciples of one common Divine Master. With this freedom of criticism, men were beginning to question the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and many seemed disposed to reject the whole of the Bible, which, a little while ago, they heard so much of as the religion of Protestants. The other day they had a signal example of what this led to. He rejoiced to see two things in England—one was a return to the doctrines and ritual of the Catholic Church, and he rejoiced to see it, because it acknowledged that they were right, and that those who were returning had lost that which they ought

to have retained. He rejoiced also in seeing young men put one foot forward towards the truth. Might God help them onward, giving them light, sincerity, and courage to tread out the old path until they came into the unity of the fulness of truth! He rejoiced further to see the craving and constant intercession for the restoration of the unity of Christendom. In order to secure that unity all crooked ways must be forsaken; there could be no compromise; it was impossible to bring about unity by giving and taking. No, the unity of the Church of God must be brought about by fidelity to the Divine Father. Men could not come into unity by schemes such as that considered at a conference which recently took place at Bonn between representatives of the Old Catholics, the Greek Church, and the Anglican Church, where many important and essential points of doctrine were left as open questions. In the midst of all the confusion which we see on every side, the Holy Catholic Church is one in every land; luminous as the day, unmistakable as a city set on a hill, imperishable as the earth under our feet. All the power of the world has never been able to detach from it one particle of its authority or one doctrine of its creed. There she stands, combated on every side, assailed not only by counsel but by force, growing stronger in the midst of its persecution, becoming more visible, more self-evident, more convincing, more attractive, more persuasive to the reason, to the conscience, to the hearts of men. Oh! holy Church of God! True mother of the soul! Thou alone art the Divine teacher of the world; thou alone canst fulfill the promise, "All thy children shall be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of thy children!" All other religions rise and fall, but that Church and that religion, which is of God, as it is the first, must be the last, "for the gates of hell cannot prevail against it."

The man of true fortitude, may be compared to the castle built on a rock, which defies the attacks of the surrounding waters: the man of a feeble and timorous spirit, to a hut placed on the shore, which every wind shakes, and every wave overflows.

THE GRATEFUL PENITENT.

Oh, why should I remember them, the hated
sinful years,
When all my acts, oh Christ—my Lord!
were to thy side new spears,
When other souls were sorrowful for sins,
not so with me,
When others bent a suppliant prayer, Oh,
Lord! I bent no knee.
Can days like these bring pleasing thoughts?
Oh, Heaven kind, forbid!
Why then my soul recall those years? Oh?
why not leave them hid!
'Tis that with those unhappy days—days
ever to be rued,
Fond memory treasures up one thought—a
debt of gratitude.
Yes, Oh! my soul, ungrateful thou, if never
thou should'st dwell
With love and thanks on that High Hand
that wrested thee from hell,
That brought thee back to know thy God, to
bless Him and to live
In joy, unceasing, holy joy, which He alone
can give.
'Tis thus, I then recall those days, when sink-
ing 'neath my crime,
I would have fallen, Lord, hadst Thou not
rescued me in time,
And saved me from the crushing fall, and
misery of despair.
And watched me with a zealous eye and
with a parent care.
May mem'ry never fail me then, but may I
ever be
Thy faithful servant, Oh, my God, who art
so kind to me,
May I, Oh, Lord, when others scoff, and
mock and laugh at Thee,
Be ever zealous in Thy cause, and thus Thy
sweet face see.

THE LEGEND OF THE LOUGH.

Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bowler.

—Scott.

One hundred and fifty years ago there was a pleasant dell a little to the south-west of the old City of Cork upon the Lec. A pleasant sunny dell, clothed with sweet flowers, and studded with stately trees; full of the melody of singing birds. There was a well in its bosom—a pure, crystal, bubbling well—of the sweetest water. Long ages before the monks of St. Finn Barr were wont to come out of their monastic grounds and tell their beads, seated around that sparkling well. The gate

of the school-ground then opened on the northern part of the dell, and a shady path wound from it down to the fountain; but now the monastery was destroyed, and the monks were no longer to be seen around the well in prayer, and dark penal days frowned upon the city. Still was the dell as bright as when the vesper song was sung on the neighboring eminence, and the mass was celebrated in the holy monastery of St. Finn Barr's monks.

The peasant women came every day, with their brown jugs, to get water, and often talked over the oppressions, sitting together around the well; and often prayed there, too, for the spot was considered holy, and the spirits of the monks were supposed by the simple people to linger still around that place, where in the flesh they had so many times knelt in prayer.

At last a bishop of the new religion selected the little valley for a meet spot to build a residence, and English workmen came and measured the ground; and the foundation-stone was laid. Soon the walls arose above the surface. Quickly grew they in size and beauty; and before many weeks a stately edifice ornamented the southern part of the dell. Then came painters and men to embellish the interior of the mansion, and gardeners to lay out and put in order the neglected beauty of the grounds, and a carriage walk was made; and finally, the bishop came to reside there.

The bishop had a daughter; a tall, queenly, young lady, very beautiful: dark haired and dark eyed; proud and haughty in her manner; highly talented, much admired; but not greatly loved, except by one.

To this one she was all that was mild and gentle; to all besides she was haughty and proud. She loved him as the light of the sun—as her own life—more than father—more than heaven itself.

As was their custom, the peasant women still came every day to procure water from the well. They were very poor people, badly dressed, and they had a habit of sitting together in little knots at the brink. Their appearance displeased the proud young lady; and at her desire, her father commanded that no more persons should come for

water to the well in the valley; and his servants drove the peasant women away; and so the fountain of which their ancestors had drunk, back to the days of St. Finn Barr himself, was shut out from them for evermore.

The summer passed by, and autumn days came and went too, and cold winter snows now lay thick upon the ground, and dismal winter winds howled along the roads and over the bleak fields. It was a weary and melancholy time for the poor peasant women: there was no other pure water nearer to them than a stream two miles off; and every day they were forced to journey on over a dreary road, amidst snows and biting winds. Many a longing glance they cast, in passing by the dell, upon the crystal fountain they dared no more approach.

One evening two laborers' wives set out together for the stream. They were not gone far upon the road when the snow began to fall heavily, accompanied by a bitter wind. The peasant women were well-nigh frozen when they reached the brook, and stooped to fill their jugs with the dark icy water. With weary limbs and desponding hearts they turned their backs again towards their homes, which they never reached alive; for they fell down exhausted on the road, and the snows soon shrouded them in cold white death robes.

There was great joy in the bishop's mansion that same night, for a letter was received from Eliza's lover, telling her that he would come to her in May, and make her his bride.

Next morning the bodies of the frozen women were found, and deep curses were muttered against the bishop and his proud daughter, for having shut out the well, and forced the poor men's wives and daughters to go so long a distance through wet and cold; but the curses were not heeded by the bishop, and when, some days afterwards, Eliza was entreated by some of the peasant women to give them leave to come again to the fountain of the dell, at least during the winter days, she said it was impossible to permit strangers to come at their will into the grounds of her father's residence, and coldly cautioned them to take warning

by the fate of the two who had been lost in the snow, and go to the stream for water before the evening was closing.

But the winter days passed without any further misfortunes, and spring time came, and the air grew warmer and milder, and the hedges by the road to the little river were covered with white blossoms, and the air was sweet with the odour of the hawthorn. Now the peasant girls sang merrily, as they went to the stream for water.

At last May arrived, and in the middle of that lovely month, Arthur came to the bishop's mansion. Great was the happiness of Eliza. Great was the joy of the bishop's friends. Great were the mirth and feasting among the servants. The day of the marriage was fixed; minutes were counted—time seemed tediously slow. Grand dresses were prepared for Eliza; robes of silk, and velvet, and pure white muslin. She was overwhelmed with gifts; rings of gold, ornaments of priceless value, rubies and pearls, and queenly diamonds.

Invitations were sent far and near. At last the day arrived. A fine warm day. Bright in the sunlight was the dell, fresh and beautiful were the flowers about the grounds; musically warbled the feathered minstrels amongst the newly clothed trees.

Arthur and Eliza were married in the church of St. Peter, in the city. The day passed in rejoicing amongst the bishop's friends, and servants; the peasantry rejoiced not, for the bride had never been kind to them or theirs. When evening came, the dance was gay, and the music sweet in the noble saloon of the bishop's magnificent mansion.

It was about midnight when the bridegroom, who was standing near a window, drew aside the curtain, and looked out; he immediately cried in startling tones, which were heard above the music and the mirth, "Good Heaven, what is that?"

The sound of his voice caused a sudden hush. The guests crowded to the windows, looked out, and grew pale. Over the well there hung a mist, in which was dimly seen a phantom snow-storm, and the indistinct figures of two women lying dead upon a road. Out-

side this vapour all was clear, and the scenery of the dell was as usual placid and calm.

Eliza looked and understood. She now knew well that from the fountain which, through her desire, had been shut out from the poor, and thus had caused the death of two humble women, would come a fearful punishment to her and those she loved. As she looked on, the phantoms returned after death to the spot which in life they dared not approach. She felt so paralysing a fear, that she had not power even to scream.

"I'll go down to the well," cried Arthur, rushing from the room.

All but Eliza followed him to the door; she, too terror-stricken even to call him back, or cling to him to prevent his going, stood alone at the window, as if turned into stone, alternately gazing at the spectral figures in the mist and at the form of her lover, as he rapidly approached the well. At last he reached it, and looked around him.

The mist and phantoms vanish, and Eliza recovers the power of motion. She throws the window open, and looks intently on Arthur, who is examining the well. Why does he spring so suddenly on the rock above it? Eliza screams! The waters of the well are rushing up the rock on which her lover stands. They are around—above him! they are spreading all over the valley with magic speed! Eliza rushes from the room; the water is rising up the broad staircase; there is no trace of father, servant, friend or acquaintance. She reaches the top room of the house, the water is upon her! out on the roof in the wild hope of safety! All around her are the waters spread now, and it seems as if the season had changed suddenly, and the winter had come before its time, for snow is falling thickly, and keen bitter winds blow through her dark hair, and chill the blood in her veins like death. She looks across the rising waters almost mad with fear, but sees no chance of safety. She sinks down on the roof of the house, with no shelter from the bitter winds and snows, but the light muslin wedding robe. She feels death rapidly approaching. Suddenly a mocking laugh startles her, and looking up again, she sees close at hand the phantom figures, with the

cold white death-robos quickly spreading over them. With a wild scream she started up, and plunged into the water.

Next morning the wondering peasantry gazed long and in amaze upon the wide pond that spread its dark waters where the dell had been the day before. No trace of the bishop's mansion, or the stately trees, or the sweet smelling flowers, which decked the pleasant little valley. People came in crowds from the city, and from places far away, for years afterwards, till the wonder grew old, and men thought no more about it. The pond is now called the Lough, and is to be seen in the south-western suburbs of the old city of Cork, as wild a piece of water as ever was beheld on the loneliest moor, surrounded by weeds, amongst which the coot and water-hens build their nests. Coot and water-hen, and wild duck swim fearlessly upon that dreary pond, although the houses of the citizens are built upon its brink, and people walk around it all hours of the day. Such is the legend of the Lough.

J. R.

OFTEN HONOURABLE TO BE AN OLD MAID.—A writer very properly rebukes those who laugh at old maids. In most cases, when a woman does not marry, it is her own decision. She has met no one whom she could love, or she has had orphaned sisters or brothers who require her care, or there has been some other worthy, and often heroic motive. "Yes! that same old maid you were just now making fun of is as much above you, both morally and mentally, as the lark that springs on eager wings to hail the morn is above the loathsome bat who shuns the light of day, and chooses rather the dark, damp cellar, and the unwholesome air of the dungeon, and there flutters his useless life away, without caring that there is light and beauty beyond. Marry for a home! Marry to escape the ridicule of being called an old maid! How dare you, then, pervert the most sacred institution of the Almighty by becoming the wife of a man for whom you can feel no emotions of love, or respect, even, and who cares no more for you than he does for his horse, or his ox, or his dog, or any other article of property that ministers to his comfort or his pleasures?"

DR. LANIGAN'S DEATH, DUST,
TOMB, AND ELEGY.

"Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,
Or under the shade of cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;

Not on an Irish green hillside,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze
To freshen the turf. Put no tomb-stone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
The matted grass roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind—
'He served his country, and loved his kind.'
DAVIS.

The day on which it pleased God to relieve this man of mark from his suffering, was the 7th July, 1828, the anniversary of the death of his countryman and contemporary, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Two days after, they interred his body in the old churchyard of Fin-
glas, where for thirty-three years not even a headstone marked the spot. His funeral cortege was short, and consisted only of his brother James (who died shortly after) and Dr. Hartly.

A successful effort has recently been made to rescue, by a suitable monument, the remains of Dr. Lanigan from the ignominious neglect in which they too long lay. A continuance of this neglect would, it was submitted, be most discredit-
able to the national spirit and patriotic feeling of Irishmen. "To perpetuate in popular recollection," observed the national appeal, which found a prompt and cordial response, "and to point out to the admiring pilgrim the grave of a most distinguished Irishman and ecclesiastic, it had been proposed by the late Rev. Matthew Kelly, D. D. of Maynooth, a short time before his lamented decease, that circulars should be issued, soliciting subscriptions for the erection of a suitable monument, at once commemorative of the amiable simplicity and integrity of character, solid learning, and enlightened patriotism of our most celebrated national Church Historian."

The appeal to national feeling regarding the neglected state of Dr. Lanigan's grave has been responded to not only by Ireland, but by America; and a fine Irish cross, near twelve feet high, including shaft, plinth, and base, designed

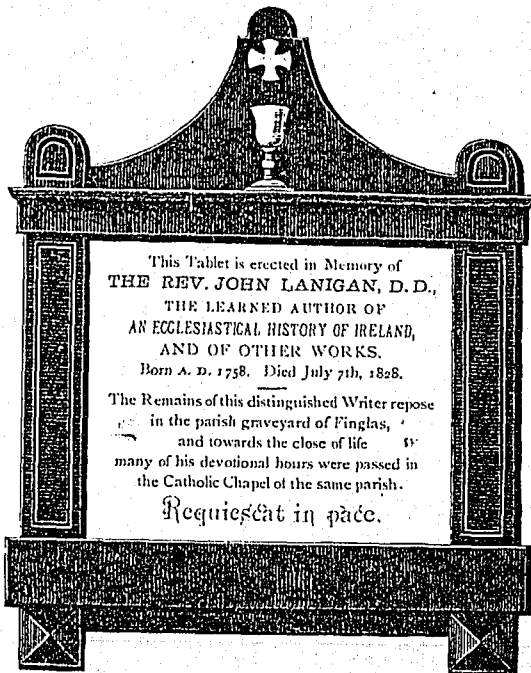
by Petric, now rises over the grave of Lanigan. The monument, which is of Tullamore limestone, contains two tablets, each displaying a suitable epitaph. One, in the Irish language and character. On the reverse tablet, a corresponding epitaph is carved in Roman capitals, as follows:

ORATE PRO ANIMA
REVDI. DNI. JOANNIS LANIGAN, D. D.,
QUI AUCTOR PERDOCTUS FUIT
LIBRI CUI TITULUS,
HISTORIA ECCLESIASTICA HIBERNIÆ,
NECNON ALIORUM OPERUM.
NATUS AN. DNI. MDCCCLVIII.
OBIIIT SEPTIMO DIE JULII AN. DNI.
MDCCCXXVIII.

The poet whose lines are prefixed to this chapter held some ideas consistent with the eccentricity of high genius, and, not inapplicable as the verses are in most of their details, we question, however, if Lanigan's aspirations as regards the disposal of his remains were not, if fully known, of a more Catholic character.

"The Celtic cross raise o'er me,
And the ivy around it twine;
It will tell to the land that bore me
That the ancient faith was mine.
And though fallen and low I found it,
All trampled, and poor, and lone,
Yet my heart grew the closer round it,
Like the ivy around that stone!"

A tablet of black Kilkenny marble, with a white slab bearing a suitable inscription, has also been erected in Fin-
glas Chapel, wherein Dr. Lanigan's devotional hours were so frequently passed. It is well that the good men to whom we shall refer took in hand, even thus tardily, the payment of a debt so long due to our Irish Muratori's memory, for in the course of a few years more the very recollection of the site of his interment must necessarily have passed away. James Kelly, however, who dug Dr. Lanigan's grave, was living in 1860, and pointed out in the most positive manner the spot where his ashes repose. "The poor priest," he said, "was greatly beloved by the people of Fin-
glas, and I never since passed the spot without saying, 'Ah! there you lie, and God be with you, poor Father Lanigan!'"



Among the subscribers, which included at least thirty in America, were:—The Right Hon. Thomas, now Baron O'Hagan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Lord Talbot de Malahide; Most Rev. Patrick Leahy, D.D., Archbishop of Cashel; Right Rev. David Moriarty, D.D., Bishop of Kerry; Right Rev. William Keane, D.D., Bishop of Cloyne; Very Rev. Monsignore Meagher, V.G., P.P.; Rev. James Henthorne Todd, D.D., S.F.T.C.D.; Very Rev. Charles W. Russell, D.D., President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth; Chief Baron Pigott; Sir William R. Wilde, M.R.I.A., M.D. (to whom Irish Archaeology is much indebted); John E. Pigott, Esq.; Laurence Waldron, Esq., M.P.; Daniel MacCarthy, (Glas), Esq.; J. Lanigan, M.P.; Dr. Mapother; Rev. William Reeves, D.D., Rector of Tynan; Archdeacon Hamilton, D.D.; Alexander M. Sullivan, Esq.; T. Henebry Green, Esq., Ohio, U.S.A.; Very Rev. Monsignore O'Connell, Dean of Dublin; Very Rev. Dean Meyler; Very Rev. Dean Cogan, Navan; Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, P.P., Dean of Limerick; Thomas Reany, Esq., Clonmel; Very Rev. Monsignore Yore,

V.G. P.P.; Very Rev. Archdeacon Laurence Dunne, P.P., Castledermot; R. R., Madden, Esq., M.R.I.A.; Martin Haverty, Esq., (the able historian of Ireland); Rev. Ulick J. Bourke; Eugene O'Curry, M.R.I.A.; and John O'Donovan, L.L.D., M.R.I.A. (whose premature death, soon after, shocked the country); Rev. J. F. Shearman, M.R.I.A.; Rev. John O'Hanlon, C.C., M.R.I.A.; and W. J. Fitzpatrick.

A worthy priest who took a deep interest in Dr. Lanigan's memory, anxious fully to identify the spot, brought with him Kelly, who had dug the grave, and hoping to find the coffin plate, excavated to a considerable depth, but without success. The investigator was so moved by enthusiasm, that he forgot to ask permission from the Protestant Rector, who, hastening to the spot, protested warmly against the intrusion, and asked what should be thought if he were to open a grave in Glasnevin without leave. The bones of Lanigan, however, as they lay exposed, warned the rival priests that life was too short to quarrel, and, instead of fighting, as too literal interpreters of the "church militant" might

have done, *jungamus dexteras*, in the spirit of our 112th page, was the result, and the altercation ended by the Rector bringing the Priest to his manse, and showing him some relics of his predecessor, Parnell.

We cannot, perhaps, more fully conclude than with the following original lines, placed at our disposal by a distinguished Irishman, an ardent appreciator of Lanigan's labors:

ELEGY ON THE GRAVE OF DR.
LANIGAN.

Toilworn, yet tireless, passed his well-spent
years,
And when his lamp of life was quenched
in gloom,
No friends, few kinsfolk, came to weep sad
tears,
As menials bore him to the silent
tomb.

Yet wherefore weep, or mourn his blest
release?
A spirit dimmed was his, a mind
inane;
Far better closed his thoughts and eyes in
peace,
Than range on objects shapeless, clouded,
vain.

With that declining form in honored age,
His genius unrequited passed away;
Researchful lore bestowed on storied page
Waned as the twilight of departing day.

From heritage of trials summoned forth,
Earth's gifted sons from men and memory
fade;
By learning, virtue, truthfulness and worth,
Thus oft, alas! the debt of nature's
paid.

Swift years have sped since sure and sad
decay
Consigned thy dust to that unsheltered
grave,
Commingling with its cold, neglected clay,
Rest thee, poor toiler, where the night
winds rave!

Still shall the patriot just emotion feel
For him who lived to serve his land, and
die;
Still shall the Christian pilgrim muse and
kneel,
Beside his lonely grave, with moistened
eye!—From *W. J. Fitz-Patrick's Life*
of *Dr. Lanigan*.

Among all our corrupt passions, there is a strong and intimate connexion. When any one of them is adopted into our family, it seldom quits until it has fathered upon us all its kindred.

A CURIOUS CHAPTER OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Immediately after the (so-called) Reformation, the increase of drunkenness was an evident and acknowledged evil. In the fifth year of Edward VI's reign (1552) a statute was passed:

"Forasmuch as intolerable hurts and troubles to the commonwealth do daily grow and increase through such abuses and disorders as are had and used in common ale-houses, and in other houses called tippling houses" it is enacted that justices can abolish ale-houses, and that none can be opened without license.

Two years later another statute was passed acknowledging the same thing.

"Whereas for the avoiding of many inconveniences, much evil rule and common resort of mis-ruled persons used and frequented in many taverns, of late newly set up in very great numbers, in back lanes, corners and suspicious places within the City of London and in divers other places within the realm," &c.

Holinshead gives similar testimony as to the increase of drinking:

"As all estates do exceed herein—I mean for strangeness and the number of costly dishes, so these forget to use the like excess in wine, inasmuch as there is no kind to be had neither anywhere more store of all sorts than in England (although we have more growing with us, but yearly to the proportion of 20 or 30,000 tuns and upwards brought over to us) whereof at great meetings there is not some store to be had. Neither do I mean this of small wines only, as claret, white, red, French, &c., which amount to fifty-six sorts, but also of the 30 kinds of Italian, Grecian, Spanish, Canarian, whereof Bernage, Cate, Piment, Raspis, Muscadell, Romnic, Bastard, Tire, Osee, Capuke, Clareie and Malmesie are not least of all accounted of, because of their strength and value."

Cecil complained that "England spendeth more in wines in one year than it did in ancient times in four years."

In 1597 an act was passed "to restrain the excessive use of malt." In the preamble it is affirmed that "greater quantity of malt is daily made than either in times past or is now needful."

A writer in Knight's Pictorial History of England says:

"Excess in the use of wine and intoxicating liquors was now the charge against the English; and it seems to be borne out not only by the quantity consumed, but by the extent to which taverns had multiplied by the end of Elizabeth's reign."

Besides the 56 light wines and the 30 strong wines in use, distilled liquors were beginning to be much used in England. The chief of these were "rosa solis" and "aqua vite." This "aqua vite" of Elizabeth's time does not appear to have been the aqua vite (or brandy) of our day, but nothing more or less than Irish whiskey, manufactured by Irish settlers in Pembroke-shire, who were first established there in King Hal's time.

As to beer and ale, there was single beer or small ale and double beer; and double double beer and dagger-ale and bracket.

But the favorite drink, as well as the chief means of vulgar debauch, was a kind of ale called "huffcap," also called mad-dog, angel's food, dragon's milk, and other ridiculous names; "and never," says Harrison, "did Romulus and Remus suck their she-wolf with such eager and sharp devotion as these men hale at huffcap till they be as red as cocks and little wiser than their combs." (N. B.—Does this give us any insight into the true meaning of the word "cockscorb?")

The higher classes, who were able to afford such a luxury, brewed a generous liquor for their own consumption, which they did not bring to table till it was two years old. This was called March ale, from the month in which it was brewed. A cup of choice ale was often as rarely compounded with dainties as the finest wines. Sometimes it was warmed and qualified with sugar and spices; sometimes with a toast, often with a roasted crab or apple, making the beverage still known under the name of lamb's wool; whilst to stir the whole with a sprig of rosemary was supposed to give additional flavor.

Nor did the excess of Elizabeth's reign suffer any diminution in James'.

A statute of 1604 is a strong protest against the abuse of hotels and taverns:

"Whereas the ancient and true and principal use of inns, alehouses and victualling houses was for the receipt, relief and lodging of wayfaring people, travelling from place to place, and for the supply of the wants of such people as are not able by greater quantities to make their provision of victuals, and not meant for entertaining and harboring of lewd and idle people to spend and consume their money and their time in lewd and drunken manner;—it is enacted that only travellers and travellers' friends, and laborers, for one hour at dinner time, or lodgers can receive entertainment," &c.

This Act was abortive, for only two years later another Act was made "for the better repressing of ale houses, whereof the multitudes and abuses have been and are found intolerable, and still do and are likely to increase, &c."

In the same year an attempt was made to punish the buyers as well as the sellers:

"Whereas the loathsome and odious sin of drunkenness is of late grown into common use within this realm, being the root and foundation of many other enormous sins," a fine of five shillings for drunkenness and three shillings for *tippling* was imposed.

We must praise the perseverance of these legislators if we cannot chronicle their success, for three years later (1609) they pass another act, the preamble of which again acknowledges the increase of drunkenness:

"Whereas, notwithstanding all former laws and provisions already made, the inordinate and extreme vice of excessive drinking and drunkenness doth more and more abound," &c.

In 1623 this last statute was renewed just as if it had been never enacted.

In 1621 there were no less than 13,000 public houses in England.

That drunkenness should have increased under the Stuarts is not to be wondered at, since James was known to be an habitual drunkard. Ladies of high rank copied the royal morals, and so led intoxicated at the King's feet.

H. B.

What avails the show of external liberty, to one who has lost the government of himself.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A lady occupied a whole year in searching for and fitting the following thirty-eight lines from English and American poems. The whole reads almost as if it had been written at one time and by one author :

LIFE.

Why all this toil for the triumphs of an hour?
Young.

Life's short summer—man is but a flower ;
Dr. Johnson.

By turns we catch the fatal breath and die
Pope.

The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh.
Prior.

To be is better far than not to be.
Swell.

Though all man's life may seem a tragedy ;
Spencer.

But light cares speak when mighty grief is dumb—
Daniel.

The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

Your fate is but the common fate of all ;
Longfellow.

Unmingled joys here no man befall.
Southwell.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere.
Congreve.

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care :
Churchill.

Custom does often reason overrule.
Rochester.

And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
Armstrong.

Live well—how long or short permit to heaven
Milton.

Those who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
Bailey.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face
French.

Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
Somerville.

Then keep each passion however dear,
Thompson.

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear ;
Byron.

Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
Smollet.

With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
Crabbe.

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise :
Massinger.

We masters grow of all that we despise.
Crowley.

Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem ;
Beattie.

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
Cowper.

Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.
Sir Wm. Davenant.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Gray.

What is ambition ? 'Tis but a glorious cheat.
Willis.

Only destructive to the brave and great.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown ?
Addison.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
Dryden.

How long we live, not years but actions tell :
Francis Quarles.

That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
Walkins.

Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend.
Herrick.

Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
Wm. Mason.

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just ;
Hill.

For live how we may, yet die we must.
Dana.

Shakspeare.

THE TRUE LADY—ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

It is the duty of every woman to be a true lady. Brazen boldness is a thing which girls cannot afford to practice. Wildness of manner and an open defiance of all those wholesome laws which have made woman's name illustrious both in sacred and profane history from the beginning of time, are no more becoming in girls and young ladies, so-called, than in angels. Delicacy is an innate quality of the female heart, which when once lost, can never be regained. No art can restore to the grape its bloom or its sweetness to the taste, when the mil-dews of night have once settled down upon the vine. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard to the common rules of etiquette even, is destructive of all that makes woman exalting and ennobling.

"The world is wide, these things are small ;
They may be nothing, but they're all."

Nothing ! It is the first duty of woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in women is immorality. Awkwardness in some may never be entirely overcome by graceful action. Bashfulness with some is constitutional, and cannot be eradicated. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All these can be condoned, and do not banish the true gentleman or the true lady from the social amenities belonging to their respective social positions in life. But an assumption of self-haughtiness, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of deportment, may be reckoned as a semi-penal offence,

and certainly merits and should receive the mild form of restraint called imprisonment from the esoterics of social life. It is a shame for women to be twitted on their manners. It is a bitter shame that so many good need it. Women are the umpires of all good and refined society. It is to them that all disputative questions in ethics, etiquette, and fashion are referred. To be a lady is more than to be a princess. A lady is always in her right inalienably worthy of respect. To a lady, prince and peasant alike bow irresistibly.

A lady should not cultivate impulses that need restraint.

Young lady readers, do not presume nor desire to "dance with the prince unsought." Be such in society, and more especially at home, as will make you not only the dispenser of honor, but an altar where gifts of frankincense shall burn "both day and night" in honor of your own exalted personal worth. Carry yourself so womanly that men of high degree will look up to you for approval and reward, and not at you in rebuke.

The natural sentiment of man towards woman is respect and reverence—a large share of which he loses when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained or whipped into propriety. A man's ideal of respect is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but, if in grace, in sentiment, in delicacy, in tenderness, in modesty, she could be found wanting, then she from that moment becomes an object unworthy of the good man's respect and esteem.

The house of feasting, too often becomes an avenue to the house of mourning. Short, to the licentious, is the interval between them.

It is of great importance to us, to form a proper estimate of human life; without either loading it with imaginary evils, or expecting from it greater advantages than it is able to yield.

Mixed as the present state is, reason, and religion, pronounce, that, generally, if not always, there is more happiness than misery, more pleasure than pain, in the condition of man.

THE SENSATION OF STARVING.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his feeling are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages—he feels an inordinate unspeakable craving at the stomach, night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substantial, but still in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earliest stages. Should he by chance obtain a morsel or two of food he swallows it with a wolfish avidity; but five minutes after his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundations of his existence. On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color is ashy pale, and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibalish. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs from weakness refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy—the ghosts of well remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind. The seventh day comes, bringing increasing lassitude and further prostration of strength. The desire for food is still left, to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it, if it can be saved without a task upon bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with natural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, he dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.

RELIGIOUS RANCOUR.

"Why, this is very Midsummer Madness."

Shakspeare.

It is hard to say whether the public writers and speakers of England believe themselves when they assert that two races exist, distinct and diverse, in Ireland. What we all know is, there is no assertion respecting that country more perseveringly put forward. It would be too much to say that all who affect to distinguish between races do not believe their own assertion; but a very moderate exercise of penetration will convince the unprejudiced that it is not true. Whether publicists thus discriminate as a matter of theory, historic or political, they proclaim it as a matter of belief. It is certain, the more universal they render that persuasion the more secure is the domination which they exercise to the detriment and degradation of both races.

We have never, therefore, felt surprised that the existence in Ireland of two nations, antagonistic and infusible, should be inculcated by every power in England, because it is the interest of England that there should be two parties there, if not two races. But in our love for Ireland, we have ever lamented the eagerness with which speakers and writers in Ireland adopt these mischievous and most unnatural views. And yet there are few subjects on which both expatiate with such unusual warmth as the distinction, not social and circumstantial, but organic and fundamental, between the people of the North and those of the South of Ireland. It is not our purpose at present to demonstrate how untrue we hold those opinions, and how thoroughly persuaded that the distinction, which we also readily recognize, depends not on physical development or the instincts of blood and race, but on social and political organization. We shall probably take another occasion to show, by the similarity of means adopted, under somewhat similar circumstances, by the two races as they are called, the great probability that in all respects they are not antagonistic but identical—that like positions and like circumstances will induce like actions and like conduct whether in the

North or in the South. In the North, as well as in the South, "the flesh will quiver where the pincers tear." The Southern, when he sins against law and religion, can plead exasperation: and under similar circumstances his brother of the North will resort to unhappy but identical modes of revenge. Nature in both the Northern and Southern is thus manifestly the same, for she demonstrates the existence of the same wrongs and the same passions by the same means. There are no Celts pure, nor Anglo-Celts, nor Anglo-Saxons in Ireland! They are Irish—neither more nor less. And our conclusion from these premises would be—that the first remedy, and the most vital, for Irish grievance is a thorough union between North and South—a union of action as well as a union of sentiment. The Resolutions of Dugganoo and the Era of the Volunteers are not forgotten in Ulster; and the day may not be far distant when, heeding "not race nor creed nor clan," Irishmen in their new home on this continent, or in the old land beyond the waters, may feel themselves, in all charity, not less the children of a common country than the co-religionists of a common and comprehensive Christianity.

Hitherto it is sadly true that Irishmen, brothers of the same soil, have not fraternized in love, but exhibited to the world the disedifying spectacle of religious rancour and political antagonism. Professing to pursue a common good, they have thrown obstacles in each other's way and diverged into different paths. They have made distrust the associate of disunion—they have made a common hate the complement of their common humanity—they have surrendered the kindly impulses of Irishmen to the malignant or passionate teachings of the baser part of human nature. In a word, they have felt too much and learnt too little, and to-day this blot on the national character at home is presenting itself, to the national shame, in the land of their adoption. This estimate of "the war of creeds," by one who has made the policy and principle of the union of Irishmen a life study, is not inconsistent with our theory of a oneness of race; and to give effect to that oneness, so that it may become "kindly Irish of the Irish,"

and to wipe out the foul blot on the national character so outlined, should be the effort and aim of every patriot and philanthropist.

It is no part of our proscribed duty to enter into the history, rise, progress and principles of the Orange organization in Ireland. This has been done ere now *ad nauseam* by defenders and opponents of the system. It is enough for our purposes that such an organization exists; that its ramifications have extended to this continent: that the pernicious doctrines inculcated and promulgated at home have developed themselves here with intensified hate—that the old grudge of two hundred years ago is fostered and fomented with all the old virulence—that there is still handed down from sire to son in this land the insane and inane animosities that made the land of their birth or their descent a bye word to the nations. And what is the result? Why, that Catholic ire has been aroused into a reciprocation of the ill-feeling until this free land, more than once, has been made the battle ground of factions, and been drenched with the life-blood of those who repaid its protection by an outrage on its laws. Is it not more than discouraging—absolutely heart-rending—to witness these things. One party abhors the Pope, and the other execrates the “memory” of William “glorious, pious and immortal” though it is claimed to be—the Orangeman shudders at the “Man of Sin” and the “Scarlet Woman”—the Catholic laughs at, and denounces the apotheosis of the Dutch usurper—Young Britons are blatant in their declaration of a loyalty which few of them understand, and Young Catholic Unionists are ever ready for reprisal and combat. They are in constant antagonism in sentiment; and, as we have indicated, the effect is, here, on this free soil, as at home, we have two parties existing. It is sad that in these misunderstandings—these criminations and recriminations—these by-battles and faction fights—the great cause, the cause of Irish progress and prosperity is forgotten. Ulster is a slave to England, and her chains are rivetted by the hands of her own sons; and the Orangemen of Canada—the men of Ulster in our midst—seem to glory in their servitude

and wear their manacles with pride. All this they have a perfect right to do. There is no disputing about tastes—but there is no right—nothing by which the taste can be justified—to parade the old Irish hatreds in a Canadian city, and lay bare to a strange people the sores of two centuries ago. There is not a particle of Christian charity in the idea of flaunting flags, recording by-gone victories in the faces of the vanquished, and there is certainly no proof of loyalty in the midsummer madness that in the name of Queen and Constitution would alienate from fealty by gratuitous insult a large section of fellow citizens. Look to the absurdity. On the First of July all citizens will join—enthusiastically join—in celebrating the birth-day of our New Dominion. As one people with cheers, and music, and the roar of cannon, they will make the heavens ring and reverberate with hallelujahs to free government; and in twelve days afterwards, these same people will be prepared to slaughter each other in assertion of an idea effete and exploded—not sanctioned by patriotism or hallowed by Christianity, but execrated by both.

We write thus because of rumors—indeed more than rumors, indications—that preparations are in progress for an Orange celebration in this city on the 12th July. The old, old curse still—Religious animosity, political hate and party feuds, dividing the Irish people into hostile camps. The men who promote these periodical displays of bigotry have much to answer for. In Ireland the leaders have the poor excuse of sustaining their political influence by keeping up the strength of the organization and exhibiting it in their annual displays; and the government, acting on the Machiavellian policy *divide et impera*, have alternately encouraged and denounced—one day giving its sympathy to the Order, and the next using officially the not very complimentary epithet of “Orange Vagabonds.” But to transplant the foul weed to this free land; to bring to this country all the grudge and all the bitterness of the North of Ireland bigots, to wantonly insult their brothers of another faith by senseless parades and party cries, of which they, for the most part, know

neither the origin nor the significance— are matters for which these zealot leaders should find neither excuse nor approval. It is a question for the authorities whether they will give armed protection to one class of citizens in a designed and deliberate insult to another class of citizens equally interested and equally responsible in all that promotes the peace, progress and prosperity of the Dominion.

The Orangemen claim a "right" to parade; well, granted, for argument's sake in the abstract. But we would appeal to them in the name of Religion, and point out that between Right and Expediency there is a wide mark—a sort of paradoxical distinction—and someone has epigrammatically said that, that which is right may not be always expedient, and that which is expedient not right. And, surely, if ever there was a case in which the one principle should override the other, it is one where, by a senseless demonstration, such as that contemplated so many half-closed wounds will be opened up afresh. There have been, as results of past displays, widowhood and orphanage, and will not the surviving victims feel all the more acutely their sad bereavement, when Orange banners, as if in mockery of their woe, float in the air, and Orange party tunes proclaim the glorious victory achieved. Good taste, religious sentiment, patriotic pride—in a word, all the interests that cling to our common humanity and hallow it, suggest this abstinence from insult and provocation. But if it be, as some proclaim, a vain and profitless task to make suggestions to these men, perhaps our words may not be unheeded—hard as would be the compliance—should we appeal to those who are regarded as their opponents. With our hearts and souls in our words, we would implore the Irish Catholics to avoid any organization or any display for or on the Twelfth of July—or before or after that day—that could be construed into a counter demonstration or a preparedness therefor. For the sake of Fatherland we ask it—in the interests of our adopted country, we ask it—in obedience to the charitable teachings of that creed, which it is their pride to profess, we ask it. On every consideration—Christian

feeling, human sympathies, reverence for the exhortations of their clergy, and the decrees of their Church—aye, even for their own personal safety, and the well-being of those dependent on them; we beg that nothing to give excuse for deluging our streets with blood, may be attempted. If the Orangemen deem the assertion of a supposed Right of more moment than the needless inflictions of an insult upon their neighbors, let them gratify the impulse to their heart's content. If, regardless of past consequences, they will revive bitter memories, be theirs the fault. Let them "severely alone," and the approval of all good men will be yours. The triumph will be greater than a victory attained through bloodshed; it will be a victory over passion and prejudice—a moral conquest of higher moment to the cause of creed and country, than if martial agencies had been employed in the achievement.

:—There has been talk of Legislative action, prohibitory of party processions; but up to the time we write no formal step has been taken in that direction. The difficulty, it is said, lies in definition of the things to be prohibited. Some extremists of the Orange order assert that Catholic religious celebrations are hurtful to *their* feelings, and that if the Battle of the Boyne is not to have its processional memorial, the victory over Sin and Death, which the *Fete Dieu* more than symbolizes should be also discountenanced and discontinued—meaning, simply, that because the principle of Sectarian Hate is condemned, the doctrine of Christian Love should be undeclared—and that if sanctities and souls, or worse, are to be prevented the display of an unreasoning devotion to the memory of a dead King, pious Catholic Christians are to be interfered with in their "confession before men" of the glory and greatness of the Living God. We shall not invest the weak arguments of the other side, with even a shadow of importance, by any attempt at reply. The absurdity of the position is apparent to the most limited capacity among Catholics; and we are glad to know that Protestants of mind and rank perceive the distinction and acknowledge the impolicy of the claim.

Oh, no! We have no fear that Legislative interference will abridge or alter the right of religious observance; such an assumption would bring us back to the Penal Days of Ireland; and, surely, there can be no apprehension that our Bishops and Priests will compromise that consistency, which is the distinguishing feature of Catholicism, by abandoning the service of our Maker because it may be distasteful to the sensitiveness of Men. Protestant or Sectarian prejudice may be conciliated, in degree, in mundane matters; but there can be no surrender of fealty where God's worship is involved. On this subject the Voice of the Church is the only voice to be regarded with authority, and no external promptings are needed where a Divine impulse is from within. No, a thousand times no! The *Fete Dieu* will not be abandoned even in deference to Protestant—rather to Orange—objection. Suggestions to this end may be charitably conceived; but the sacrifice would be too great for even Authority to decree, and the interference is more than unwarranted when Outsiders presume to dictate.

We have already overstepped our assigned space. We had intended to refer to Patriotic and National demonstrations in this connection, this month; but the subject will keep. One observation on the general question of the 12th July procession may not be out of place or untimely. The Orange leaders declare willingness, on the part of their followers, to proceed, unarmed, to Church if they are accorded by Municipal Authority an armed escort! Very magnanimous. But Municipal Authority should remember, beforehand, that Montreal Catholics will be called upon to pay the cost of the guard of honor for the demonstrative insulters of their Creed. That is all!

What are the actions which afford in the remembrance a rational satisfaction? Are they the pursuits of sensual pleasure, the riots of jolity, or the displays of show and vanity? No: I appeal to your hearts, my friends, if what you recollect with most pleasure, are not the innocent, the virtuous, the honorable parts of your past life.

HARP AND SWORD OF ERIN.

The following beautiful song, composed by M. S. Blacklock, the gifted author of "Rosa Muldoon," "Lily of Kerry," &c., and dedicated to the *Glan-na-Gael* Association, entitled the "Harp and Sword of Erin," at least equals if it does not surpass his former efforts.

I.

In Erin's wide halls when festivity reigns,
Grief mingles with joy in her harp's gentle strains,
But loud and majestic their swell when each chord
Triumphantly throbs to the crash of the sword!

Her harp hath no rival—no foe can withstand
The glittering blade in her conquering hand!
Chorus—For mighty's the sword of brave

Erin,
And sweet is the harp of old Erin;
The harp and the sword,
The harp and the sword,
The keen sword and sweet harp of Erin.

II.

Thou soul-stirring harp, it is thine through
the years
To move Erin's children to rapture or tears;
Yet should war's rude summons awaken
thine ire,
Her heroes arise like a tempest of fire!
With blood-reeking sabres and loose flowing
rein,
They ride as their battle-peal rings o'er the
plain!

Chorus—For mighty's the sword of brave
Erin,
And sweet is the harp of old Erin;
The harp and the sword,
The harp and the sword,
The keen sword and sweet harp of Erin.

III.

Dear Erin, thou yet shalt in grandeur repose,
The pride of thy people, the dread of thy
foes!
And eyes that have wept by each time-honored
tower,
Behold thee restored to peace, splendor and
power!
Yet cherish the heart and bright sabre that
cast
A glamour of glory around thy dark past!
Chorus—For mighty's the sword of brave

Erin,
And sweet is the harp of old Erin;
The harp and the sword,
The harp and the sword,
The keen sword and sweet harp of Erin.

CUTTING OLD FRIENDS.

One of the most difficult things a person has to do, who is getting ahead of the friends of his earlier and less prosperous years in the race of fortune, is to rid himself of these friends—to get quit of persons whose want of success in the world renders them no longer fit associates. The thing is not easily done, for you have to maintain appearances. You have to repel them gradually and gently, and in such a manner as to be able to defy them to lay any particular act of rudeness, any positive act of repulsion, to your charge. To manage the thing adroitly, therefore, requires some genius and a good deal of tact.

The difficulty of accomplishing this great manœuvre in a prosperous career, is much increased by the circumstances that as you advance your ancient cronies through the thicker and closer around you. They in fact cling and cluster about you like so many bees, and with impertinent looks of glee seek to express their satisfaction with your prosperity.

Now, it is a most desirable thing to get quit of these gentry—to have them brushed off. But it would be rude to do this with the fly-flap and the strong hand. You must get rid of them by more tact and management. And after you have got rid of them, that is, driven them from personal contact as it were, you have to continue to keep them at a proper distance. No easy matter this, for somehow or other the obtuse creatures, your poor former acquaintance, will not see, what you see very distinctly, that you are now quite a superior sort of person to them, and that they are no longer fit to be ranked amongst your friends. This the perverse dull-witted fellows will not see. And, more provoking still, no degree of advancement in the world on your part, no acquisition of wealth, will induce one of them, whatever you yourself may think of to the contrary, to contemplate you with a whit more respect than they did when you were one of themselves. They insist on considering you merely as having been more fortunate than themselves—not a bit better or a bit cleverer.

Let us remark here, that the successful in the world are stout deniers of the doctrine of chances. They maintain that there is no such thing as luck; while the unsuccessful, again, are firm believers in the doctrine, and insist on it that not only is there such a thing as luck, but that luck is every thing. The successful man's vanity prompts him to attribute his prosperity solely to his talents and merit—the unsuccessful man's self-love to deny that the want of these qualities has been his hindrance. Hence the conflicting opinions of the two on this curious subject. Then, where lies the truth? We suspect between.

From a good deal of experience in the science of "cutting" under the circumstances alluded to in this paper—we shall not say whether as cutlers or cuttees—we have flattered ourselves that we could throw out a few hints that might be found useful to gentlemen who are getting on in the world, and who are desirous of ridding themselves of their earlier and poorer friends. Under this supposition we offer the few following remarks:—

For some time after you have started on the prosperous career on which you have luckily fallen, continue to smile and bow towards your old friends as formerly; and when you meet them accidentally (let this be, however, as seldom as you possibly can), shake hands with them as cordially as ever. You may even venture to remark, accompanying such remark with an expression of regret, that they are prodigious strangers now. But this is not quite safe ground, and we by no means advise its general adoption. Conducting yourself in this way, your old friends will never suspect that there is a change working at your heart—a secret operation as yet known only to yourself.

By and bye, throw the least, the very least thing of distance into your greeting: let your smile be *apparently* as cordial as formerly, but let there now be a slight expression of the slightest degree possible of coolness, of an indefinable something or other in your general manner of a repulsive character; take care, however, that it be indefinable—that it be of a description that cannot be named.

This new feature in your bearing will probably startle the more shrewd and observant of your former friends; but never mind that—it is precisely the impression you desire to make. It is even possible that some of them may express by *their* manner towards *you* a feeling of irritation at your new mode of treating them. Meet it by an expression of surprise at *their* conduct, and by increased coolness. There is now good ground for a quarrel—not open hostility, of course, but the warfare of distant looks and haughty salutations. Improve it to the utmost, and wonder what the fellows mean.

Observe that the whole of this nice process of dissolving former associations is carried on without one angry or offensive word being said on either side—without the slightest approach to an overt act of hostility; you, particularly, being as bland as ever. The whole is effected by look and manner alone.

To the gentleman who is rising in the world there are few things more offensive than the familiarity of old acquaintanceship when presented in the shape of notes and letters. Your old friends, still obstinately overlooking your advancement in the world, will in all probability continue to write to you when they have occasion to do so, in the free-and-easy way of former days. They will even sometimes so far forget themselves and you as to address you in a jocular strain. This must be instantly put down. Do it by brief and grave replies; take no notice of their jokes, and never attempt an approach to one in return. This in time will cure them; if not, you must have recourse to stronger measures. You must either not answer at all, or administer some decided dampers.

Should any of your former friends seek your patronage—a very probable case—take an early opportunity, while doing him some trifling service, of letting him feel sensibly your relative positions, all the while, however, exhibiting towards him the most friendly dispositions. But let him ever and anon feel the bit gently—let him feel that he has got somebody on his back. Begin as soon as possible to lecture him in a gentle way—all for his own good of course. Your character of patron gives you a right to

do this; and under this guise you can say the most cutting things to him without affording him the slightest ground for complaint. Under this guise you can address the most insulting language to him, and defy him to take it amiss. If he should, however, you can without any difficulty prove him to be one of the most ungrateful monsters that ever lived, You were doing all you could for him, and when you ventured to *advise* him—having nothing but his own good at heart—he chose to take offense at you, and to resent the friendly advice you gave him. Such an ungrateful dog!

As few men can stand such treatment as that above alluded to long, we can venture to promise you that by a steady course of proceeding in the way we have pointed out, you will soon clear your hands of your old friends. C.

RAPIDITY OF TIME.—Mankind passes away like the flowers which blossom in the morning, and which at night are already withered and trampled under foot. The generations of men glide along like the waves of a rapid stream; nothing can withstand time, which hurries along with it whatever seems most steadfast. Thyself, O my son—my dear son, thyself—who now enjoyest a youth so brisk and full of pleasure, remember that this fair age is but a flower, which will be dried up almost as soon as opened; thou wilt see thyself change imperceptibly; the sportive graces; the soft pleasures which attend thee, strength, health, and joy, will vanish like a bright dream; nothing of these will remain for thee but a sad remembrance; old age, which is faint and avorse to pleasure, will come and wrinkle thy face, bend thy body, debilitate thy limbs, dry up within thine heart the very springs of joy, make thee disgusted with the present, afraid of the future, and render thee insensible to aught else besides pain. To thee this time appears distant: alas! thou art mistaken, my son; it hurries on—lo! it is coming; that which advances so rapidly cannot be far off; and the present which rushes by is already gone, since it perishes while we are speaking; and can never come back.

—*Fenelon.*

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

NEW YORK: HICKEY & CO.; BARCLAY ST.

The title "Vatican Library" indicates the project and purpose of a new series of publications. Mr. P. V. Hickey, who had, as editor of the *Catholic Review*, already done so much for the cause of Religion on this Continent, in the newspaper press under his direction, saw fit lately to extend his sphere of usefulness, and in a new direction. The "use" of reading is illimitable—its "abuses" are manifold. A writer may poison the minds of the public just as a doctor may poison their bodies; and it needed no very prying eyes to discover—for every news-vender's counter, in every city all over the land, afforded palpable proof—the extent to which literature of a most unwholesome class and character was scattered, broad-cast, at prices easily accessible by the million. We will not stay to speculate on the amount of mischief produced by these agencies—morals undermined, virtue endangered, social and domestic obligations set at defiance, and ruin accomplished. Many a heart and home have felt the malign influences of the sensational and suggestive serials of the various "Libraries" competing for public patronage by the issue of the most prurient tales of imagination; and it was in recognition of this condition of things that the projectors of the "Vatican Library" undertook to supply an antidote to the poison, by the publication, in an attractive form, and at a marvelously low price, of a moral-toned and elevating Literature of Fact and Fiction. Commencing with Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," which combines all the charms of Romance with the realism of History, the enterprising publishers have produced, in succession, several standard works, until now the series published number over a dozen, ranging at prices from five to twenty-five cents. We need not add a word in commendation of these facts. A high class Catholic Literature will compete with demoralizing publications on their own ground, and the appreciation of the people of such a timely and essential boon will be best evidenced by a hearty and generous patronage of the spirit that prompted the "Vatican Library."

MCGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Cheap Literature is one of the distinguishing signs of the times; and the people of this age are singularly favored in the accessibility of high class works at low prices. There is a department of this Literature, however, which plays no inconsiderable part in the progress in this direction—the cheap illustrated weekly papers; and amongst the many claimants for patronage in this order, we know of none more entitled to support than McGee's Weekly. It is refreshing, after the many abortive attempts at Irish Illustrated Weeklies, to find one with the true ideal of a national publication. The letter-press matter is interesting and of instructive tone; and the pictures of Irish remarkable places and Ireland's illustrious men are executed in first-class style, and in many instances, within our knowledge, with rare fidelity to the scenes and persons represented. We can only wish for McGee's Weekly a success commensurate with its merits, and if this be accorded, the enterprising publishers shall have no cause to regret a failure.

TRUTH.

An ardent desire for truth, and an undeviating adherence to it, are absolute essentials for the acquisition of knowledge—for the development of science.

That men err; that they pursue false objects; that they obtain spurious knowledge, is the affliction of humanity, caused through the fall of our common progenitors. The primal earthly parents of mankind knew all things necessary for them to know. A divine enlightenment irradiated their understandings. At first, truth was all they desired, sought or thought of. God led them by the hand, and thus imparted the Word to them, and that word is Truth; but in an evil hour the woman listened to the tempter, and desired that knowledge which was not truth. They sought it as too many of their unhappy children have since sought it, not in truth, not in simplicity, not in obedience to the divine Father, but in egotism, restlessness, and arrogance. They obtained it:

its product has been a heritage of woe, error, and untruth to succeeding generations.

What is the prevailing character of the pursuits of humanity in the present day but the spirit of untruth? In morals, not sufficient stress is laid upon the necessity of an adherence to truth; in politics, it forms but little share, and diplomacy generally eschews it altogether. Expediency, they plead, precludes the employment of the latter. Language, they say, was not given us to express our ideas, but rather to conceal them. Surely this cannot be considered a holy, a good, or a necessary science. Hence the many scourges that attend those nations which practice it: rapine, war, sudden disruptions of society, are its consequences. In science it is not always followed, therefore the untimely conclusions of the efforts of many; and in religion, every day produces a fresh scheme in full-bloom hostility to it. Each and all of the latter profess to be of truth; yet how can that be, seeing that they all differ one from the other. There is but one truth, as there is but one God; were there many gods, we could conceive the existence of many and opposing truths; yet their several professors proclaim aloud that they have found the truth, though the *reductio ad absurdum* stares them in the face.

If men were to seek knowledge in a proper spirit; if they were to put away their prejudices and inertness; if they were really anxious for truth, and determined to embrace it at all hazards, and consider no sacrifice too great for the possession of it, they would most certainly realize it; but, unhappily, they allow passions, worldly interests, to so thwart, deceive, and influence them, that they shrink from the proper pursuit of it, and because not attainable agreeably to their wishes, they declare it unattainable, and sink into the easier, readier, and more accommodating condition of fallacy and ignorance.

It is greatly to be deplored that men do not duly consider their own well-being, and thereby avoid bitter consequences, for those so circumstanced feel acutely at times the unhappiness of their position; and the mortifications they endure on those occasions are as scorpions' stings to them: witness the

embarrassment, the mental agony, of him exposed in any of these positions.

In all sciences truth should ever be aimed at.

Whatever the idea, or however to be communicated, whether in prose, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, the eternal principles of truth must be observed. If they have been unheeded, the thing produced is not knowledge, is not art, is not science, but a repulsive counterfeit.

To insure success the subject must be truthfully rendered.

He that truly seeks knowledge, or he that aims to impart it, ever pays strict regard to these facts.

When the first elements of knowledge are communicated to the unformed youthful understanding, the true teacher observes the actual of the science he is engaged upon, and thereby satisfies the aspirations and the necessities of the soul placed as it were in his hands. Thus it should be throughout the entire curriculum of the sciences; thus it should be throughout all man's relations, throughout his entire existence.

Men too often apprehend that the certainty of truth lies not within reach. Now, this fear may be regarded as quite groundless. In most things the truth or falsehood of them becomes quickly apparent to him who coolly judges. Results prove causes as truly as causes produce results. Synthesis is nowise inferior in value to analysis.

The solution of this apparent problematical affair may be found, we imagine, in the following procedure:—Exactly ascertain the subject or idea: then severely investigate, closely examine the manner in which it has been treated: if the result designed or declared for it has been produced, then is the representation a truthful one; but if the end correspond not to the design, then is the representation a untruthful one and a failure. This criterion of truth, and it may be considered universally applicable—this judgment of things—cannot be deemed beyond the grasp of many intelligences; in fact, it may almost be termed an intuitive process.

There may arise questions which require some time to establish their claims to truthfulness. At the worst, these need but a delay of judgment; a little

patience, perseverance, and oftentimes the nature of such becomes clear at a moment least expected.

Indeed, truth would be very promptly seen at all times, were it not for the prejudices and ignorance which obscure the perceptive faculties of men. They take up with sophistry and delude themselves, and seek to delude others, with the notion that they possess the truth, whereas they have only got a thing dressed up in her outer garb.

It is ardently to be wished for, that all parties, however they may differ one from another on some questions, would unite to promote knowledge, art, and science, for until the friends of truth make common cause in the conflict against sophistry and untruth, complete enlightenment or civilization is not possible.

In the form of dialogue has ever been considered the best medium for communicating wisdom; but what dialogue, however reconditely or precisely prepared by mere human means, could ever prove fully adequate to enlighten or create the necessary and the abiding love of truth? Not any. The love of God, and the love of true and wholesome knowledge, are the only means.

True knowledge consists in this:—in viewing things as they are actually in themselves; as they have proceeded from God; as they have received their being from Him; and not as they appear to our outer or gross senses.

How often in science do we not see the marvellous realized, and the previously declared impossible become a patent—a commonplace fact. A few years since, was it not declared an absurdity that steam could be made available to maritime purposes? Surveying by the light of revelation, what has already been achieved in the way of science, must we not consider it as bordering on the supernatural, as, in fact, it really is supernatural, seeing that all truths are imparted by God. To him who believes in divine revelation this matter must be clear, and the sceptic fails signally to overthrow it. Certainly, the first great source of all science, of all truth, has not been in reason, nor in chances as—these are but negatives; which act not of themselves; exist not of themselves; but are affected and

swayed by something independent, certain, eternal, and therefore superior. This one thing positive, certain, self-acting, is the source of all intelligence—truth—and truth is God, and God is truth.
M. J. K.

PAY AS YOU GO.—At such a moment as the present every man who has the money, or can raise it any way, should promptly liquidate his obligations. To refuse or neglect to do so, at any time, would be wrong, but now such neglect or refusal is a double and an inexcusable wrong. One dollar set in motion may pay fifty times that amount of debt by people paying as they should. They have no conscience on the subject. They excuse themselves by saying they are "very busy." Suppose you are busy. You are not too busy to neglect such a moral obligation. "I will attend to it in a day or two." You don't know that, for you may die—your property may be burned, or some other providential circumstances may happen to prevent it. "Oh he doesn't want the money." How do you know that? Who gave you the piece of information? Nothing but the voice or message of your creditor can settle the matter. "He is rich, and doesn't want small sums." Indeed! is that your excuse? How do you know that your neglect to pay him hundreds may cost him thousands? "I can't stand such a high rate of exchange." You are bound to stand it, for while in business you must take all its risks. If you can't stand the exchange, how do you expect your creditors can stand your delinquency? "If he wants money he has only to go to the bank." Well, that will do. When a man lets himself down to such a level, he had better "snuff the candle," and desert the ranks of business men.

To be wise in our own eyes, to be wise in the opinion of the world, and to be wise in the sight of our Creator, are three things so very different, as rarely to coincide.

The external misfortunes of life, disappointments, poverty, and sickness, are light in comparison of those inward distresses of mind, occasioned by folly, by passion, and by guilt.

COUNSELS TO BUSINESS MEN.

DR. HALL.

To rescue the widow and the fatherless from want, is held to be highly commendable; but prevention is better than cure; and when means exist by which those whose industry is their only property can so invest a part of it that it shall live after them, it is culpable to neglect the precaution. If you can, by paying a hundred dollars, secure the payment of five thousand dollars within sixty days after your death, to your wife and family, who would otherwise not have money enough left on hand to pay the rent for six months, by all means do it, and you will feel all the better and happier for it, whenever you happen to think of it, and it would be a source of ineffable comfort to you on a sick and dying bed.

As to the doubt of the morality of life insurance, I say nothing. It has vanished with the ignorance of which it was the offspring. Surely every man must feel that the common sorrow of the bereaved family is heavy enough without having added to it the misery of destitution or of humbling dependence. Let all who have others depending on them make the timely provision of a life insurance, and we know no better mode than this for the separation which death effects. It is not merely human prudence, but Divine, which says: 'If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.'

It is another wise thing for every business man to do, to put his affairs in an intelligible and manageable form, so that should he be removed in an hour, those who come after him could gather up the threads in their hands and proceed without embarrassment.

There is a third thing for the true business man to do.

Make in due form such conscientious disposal of your affairs as will most serve those connected with you. It is greatly better to do this in calm and unclouded moments, at leisure and at peace, with friends at hand whom you may consult, than amid the agitation and alarm of illness, even if you should

be allowed an opportunity of such a preparation.

In the battle of life, you may have wronged or injured some with whom you have had business relations. To whomsoever reparation is possible, make that reparation. Why should you carry thorns to your dying pillow, or have to regret that as undone which you might have done, but can never now attempt?

It is not only in money matters that reparation is to be made. Bitter words are sometimes hastily spoken which "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

"Go and be reconciled to thy brother." Let your conscience at least be clear, and if in word or deed you have injured him, make what atonement is possible for you to make. An evil done and unrepented of, is the same as an evil persisted in. If I have injured another and have never owned it or repaired it as far as I could, I am continuing the injury from day to day. The last enemy is sufficiently formidable without being accompanied by the spectre of wrongs, the power to right which is departed forever.

If on the other hand there are any to whom you have kindly intentions, put them in force yourself. Do not delay until perhaps their realization is impossible. Be your own executor. It is sad to see gifts bestowed on worthy objects as men are stepping out of this world into the next, which only serve as a bone of contention among the survivors. It is a sad mockery when men grasp the means of which they are stewards with the tenacity of a passion, and surrender them to their lawful uses, only when they lose the power to hold them longer. David dedicated the materials for the temple and would have built it himself if he had been permitted.

On whom does time hang so heavily, as on the slothful and lazy? To whom are the hours so lingering? Who are so often devoured with spleen, and obliged to fly to every expedient, which can help them to get rid of themselves? Instead of producing tranquility, indolence produces a fretful restlessness of mind; gives rise to cravings which are never satisfied; nourishes a sickly, effeminate delicacy, which sours and corrupts every pleasure.

DIFFICULT LOVE MAKING.

The boy who sells fruit and confectionery on the train is usually a very vigorous boy, with an eye strictly to business, and with no romantic thoughts running through his active brain. One of them came very near ruining the happiness of two young souls for life the other day.

A young man sat in the seat with a pretty girl, and, though the passengers couldn't distinguish their conversation from the noise made by the cars, it was pretty evident that what was being said was of great interest to the young couple.

He was saying: "Jennie, darling, I have long been wishing an opportunity to tell you of my great regard for—"

"Peanuts?" inquired the fruit and confectionery boy, thrusting the basket in front of the pair.

"No!" exclaimed the young man, in an annoyed tone, and waving his hand to one side.

"As I was saying, Jennie," he continued, when the boy had passed on, "I have long wanted to tell you of my regard for you. You are everything to me; and always, in my absence, my thoughts are constantly dwelling upon—"

"Nice candy—prize in every box," interrupted the boy, totally ignorant of the interesting conversation he was injuring. The young man shook his head, while the girl looked mad enough to bite a hairpin in two. When the boy had left the young man resumed:

"I do not think that you are entirely insensible to my regard, and I feel certain that you in some degree reciprocate. Tell me, darling, if I have a right to think that you are fond of—"

"Nice fresh figs, ten cents a—". The boy saw by the countenance of the pair that he could make no sale, and moved ahead with the basket. The young man finished with his eyes the sentence he had commenced, and waited for an answer. It came, murmured in his ear, that no other person might learn its import:

"Oh, Charley, you've no idea how happy you make me by your avowal. You know that I care for you only, and

that my regard for you is as lasting as—"

"Maple candy—very nice," said the boy, displaying a tempting array of the delicacy.

"Clear out!" ejaculated the young man, between his teeth, in a savage tone, and as the boy cleared out, he turned to his sweetheart for the continuation of her answer.

"As lasting as eternity. I have always cared more for you than anybody else. All our folks think you are just splendid, and mother says you are as good as—"

"Pop-corn—fresh this morning."

The young man rose hastily and lifted the boy several seats down the aisle, and the girl fell to crying in her handkerchief. The young man resumed his seat, and sat in a moody silence until the train stopped at his station, when, in company with the young lady, he alighted, while the boy went on with his business, in utter ignorance of the fact that he had perhaps broken up a most interesting and happy courtship.

NONE ALIKE.—Is it not wonderful that no two things in all this world are alike. Not even two blades of grass or two leaves of a tree? Twin children often look much alike, and even the parents are sometimes puzzled to tell which is which, but each will have some mark to show that he is himself and no body else. And what a wise provision of nature this is! If everybody was like his neighbor, who could transact any kind of business? Nobody could be sure that he was delivering goods to the right man, or asking the proper person to pay a bill, or that any individual had committed a crime. It is easy to see that such an arrangement would entirely upset society, and each man would have to get along by himself as best he might. It is well that we each have a distinguishing mark.

The best preparation for all the uncertainties of futurity, consists in a well-ordered mind, a good conscience, and a cheerful submission to the will of Heaven.

How strangely are the opinions of men altered, by a change in their condition!

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

To preserve eggs, take lime, 1 bushel; salt, 2 lbs.; cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; add water enough to make a liquid in which an egg would float.

In peeling onions, put a large needle in the mouth, half in and half out. The needle attracts the oily juice of the bulb, and any number may be peeled without affecting the eyes.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE (SWEET).—Two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, one egg, two tea-spoonfuls of melted butter; bake in jelly pans in two or three cakes, as desired.

DUTCH POTATO PIE.—Butter a flat dish, and put a layer of bread crumbs in it. Then carefully break from four to six eggs in it; lay some very thin slices of gherkin upon them. Then put a layer of nearly an inch thick of very light mashed potato over the whole. Sprinkle with bread crumbs, and put into an oven till the eggs are cooked and the potato brown.

An excellent pomade for the hair may be made thus:—Marrow bone, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of oil, 4d. worth of citronella. Take the marrow out of the bone, place it in warm water, let it go to almost boiling point, then let it cool, and pour the water away. Repeat this three times until the marrow is thoroughly "fined." Beat the marrow to a cream with a silver fork, stir the oil in drop by drop, beating all the time. When quite cold, add the citronella, pour it into jars, and cover it down.

A TIMELY warning to those about to enjoy the summer luxury of sea bathing is given by Dr. Sexton, of the New York Ear Infirmary. He finds salt water to be peculiarly irritating to the delicate membrane of the inner ear, while cold fresh water may be equally injurious. Every year hundreds of people are sent to the infirmary for treatment whose trouble has arisen from getting water into their ears while bathing, or from catching cold in the ears at such times. He recommends, as a precaution, the plugging of the ears with cotton before entering the water, particularly in surf bathing.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE (PLAIN). A piece of butter the size of an egg chopped thoroughly through two cupfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of sweet milk; handle as little as possible and bake as above.

TO MAKE COFFEE BONAPARTE'S WAY.—Put the ground coffee into a vessel with strainer, and pour the water on it perfectly cold; plunge this vessel into another filled with boiling water, which must be kept at the boiling pitch till the process is completed. This method is thought to preserve the aroma of the berry.

SPECIFIC FOR BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.—Mr. G. A. Sala, in a recent *Illustrated London News*, states that an unfailing source of relief from the agonies of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma will be found in the following specific:—The juice of two lemons which have been warmed in the oven to dry the skins, four ounces of the best honey, two spoonfuls of the very finest Florence oil. Mix carefully, put it into an earthen jar, which must be kept covered, and swallow a spoonful when you feel the fit coming on.

To those who have worn down their teeth in masticating poor, old, tough cow-beef, we will say that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut the steaks to-day before using into slices about two inches thick, rub them over with a small quantity of the soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thicknesses, and cook according to notion. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

FRENCH BREAD.—Many sorts of bread made with milk, eggs and butter receive this name. To a half-peck of the finest flour add a quart of luke-warm milk, a little salt, a quarter-pound of melted butter and a half-pint of sweet yeast; whisk the fluids together, and add two or three beaten eggs; mix the flour with this; handling it as little as possible; let the dough rise, and mould the bread into rolls, cakes, &c. Bake on tins in a quick oven, and rasp the loaves.

F A C E T I A E.

A little fellow being told by a young man to get off his knee, that he was too heavy to hold him in that way, made quite a sensation among the persons present by yelling back: "Too heavy, hey? Sister Sal weighs a hundred pounds more than I, and you held her on your knee for hours last night."

The Londonderry *Journal* gives the following instance of a pulpit bull: "A clergyman preaching a sermon on death, concluded with the following observation: 'But even death, my brethren, so well deserved by mankind for their sins, the wisdom of Providence has, in its paternal kindness, put at the end of our existence; for only think what life would be worth if death were at the beginning!'"

A Country deacon went home one evening and complained to his wife that he had been abused down at the store shamefully. One of the neighbors, he said, called him a liar. Her eyes flashed with indignation. "Why didn't you tell him to prove it?" she exclaimed. "That's the very thing—that's the trouble," replied the husband; "I told him to prove it, and he did."

Phlirtation—"Phairest Phlora!" billed an amorous youth, "Phorever dismiss your phears and phly with one whose phervent phaney is phixed on you alone. Phriends—phamily—phather—phorget them, and think only of the phelicity of the phuture! Phew phellows are so phastidious as your Pherdinand, so pheign not phondness if you feel it not. Phorego phrolie and answer phinally Phlora." "Oh, Pherdinand, you phool," she cooed.

Come where my love lies dreaming
Dreaming the happy hours away.

Yes, you go peep into the room where your love's taking her afternoon nap, and ten to one you'll see an object on the sofa with a head as free from hair as the inside of a cannon ball, and no teeth to speak of; while there is a sound like water struggling out of a small rain spout on a stormy day pervading the room and making the dishes rattle in the cupboard. Better keep away from where your love is dreaming.

"Marriage? Pooh! don't men-shun-it!" exclaimed the maiden aunt. "Indeed they don't," replied her lovely niece.

Parent (whose daughter has a weakness for an artist): "I hear you take walks with that picture-making fellow. Have no more to say to him! A smart fellow, with no coat to his back." Smart grandson: "O, come, now, grandpa, he's not much worse than you in that respect—for yesterday I heard the doctor say you hadn't any coat to your stomach?"

A six-year-old child, who was in the habit of saying the Lord's prayer only in the morning, said the other evening: "Mamma I think I'll say the Lord's prayer, to night, too. I can just leave out 'Give us this day our daily bread;' and instead, I'll say what the ministers say, 'Keep us, O Lord, from the prevailing diseases.'"

"Charles, my dear," said his loving wife, "I thought you said that the dodo bird was extinct." "So it is, pet," he replied. "Well, but Charley, someone sent in a bill to you to-day, and it says: 'To one Julep, do. do. To three smashes, do. do. To twenty braces, do. do.' Charley, please do not buy any more dodos; they must be horrid things."

Sentences must be properly constructed if they are to be understood. A clergyman meant to say that, while he was preaching, a parishioner of his had died in a beastly state of intoxication, and, to draw therefrom a moral lesson; but he made himself unhappy by saying, "And my friends, that man died while I was preaching in a state of beastly intoxication." His congregation requested him to wear the blue ribbon, or else to look more carefully after his commas.

A Chicago clergyman was called out the other night, to minister at the dying bed of a prominent citizen. "Was he connected with a savings bank?" asked the divine. "He was a trustee," replied the messenger. "Well, there is no use of my going," said the minister, "still the mercy of God is infinite, and there is no saying—so I had better go through the motions, perhaps."

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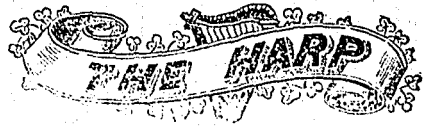
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