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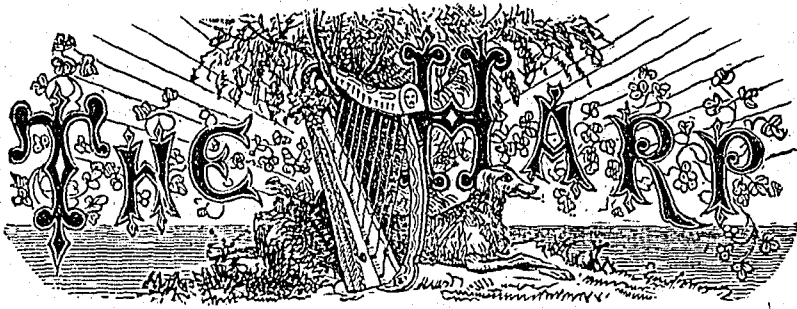
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A Magazine of General Literature.

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NO. 10.

HYMN TO LIBERTY.

BY UNA.

Oh! thou great and mighty angel,
Whom the nations seldom see,
View the lands in fetters pining,
Lifting up their hands to thee;
'Neath the burden of oppression
See them struggle, hear them groan,
While their tyrants shout exulting:
"Liberty from earth has flown!"

Sweep the world with wings of power,
In thy passage hurling down
From above the trampled millions,
King and purple, throne and crown;
Dash to earth the world's destroyers,
Glorious angel, strong and just;
Worms may crawl, but bid the people
Look aloft and spurn the dust.

Let the rushing of thy pinions
Rouse the dreaming lands to life;
Break their hopeless, death-like stupor,
Even with the sounds of strife;
If their manacles can only
By the sword be cut in twain—
Better hear the clash of sabres
Than the clanking of a chain.

Why must bloated pomp and power
Fatten when they scorn to toil?
He who digs from earth her treasures
Should be monarch of the soil.
Kings are not of God, though blinded
Israel's wish of foolish pride—
Patrician for regal ruler
To exchange—was not denied.

At her prayer, the great Jehovah,
Let her bow to kingly sway;
Now the world, grown wiser, fancies
Royal heads have had their day.
God of right! behold thy children
Bowed in bondage, loathed, abhorred,
'Neath those monsters of injustice.
Called, "Anointed of the Lord."

Sternly, bravely, yet how weakly,
Do they war with force and wrong;
Smile upon their stormy present,
Let them with thy strength be strong;
From the dust their faces lifting,
Lo! they deem thy coming nigh;
Hasten, hasten, mighty angel,
Lest the nations shriek and die.

McENEIRY THE COVETOUS.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Author of the "Collegians," &c.

—What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!

VOLPONE.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR the spirited little town of Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick, arises, as the whole universe is aware, the famous mountain of Knoe Pierna. Its double peak forms one of the most striking objects, on the horizon, for many miles around, and awful and wonderful and worthy of eternal memory are the numerous events connected with its history, as veraciously detailed in the adjacent cottages. But I have not now undertaken to give you a history of the mountain, nor even a description of it, or of its neighbourhood. My sole business at present is with a certain Tom McEneiry, who formerly took up his abode near the foot of that majestic eminence. Were I writing a novel in three volumes, instead of relating a plain story, it might be prudent on my part, having the prospect of

some nine hundred weary blank pages before my eyes, to fill as large a portion as possible, with a minute description of Tom, or as I should in such cases feel it my duty to call him, Mr. Thomas McEnciry, beginning with the soles of his feet, and ending upon the crown of his head, recording the colour of his eyes and hair, not failing to state whether his nose ran faithfully in the painter's line, or capriciously deviated in any degree to either side, if the mouth were straight or otherwise together with an accurate sketch of his costume, a full description of his house and furniture, and a copious history of his ancestors. I shall beg leave without further preamble, to leave all these elaborate details to the fertile imagination of the reader.

Tom McEnciry, then, was Tom McEnciry; once a comfortable farmer, as any in Knoe Fierna, but reduced by extravagance at first, and then by long continued reverses to a condition far from prosperous. In vain did he and his wife endeavour by a thorough economical reform, to retard their downward course in worldly fortune. At one time cattle died, at another, the potatoe crops failed, or the wheat was half smut; misfortune after misfortune fell upon him, until at length the change began to eat its way even into appearances themselves. Thomas McEnciry became Tom McEnciry, and at last, "poor Tom McEnciry," and his helpmate might have applied to herself, the well known stanza in which a lady in similar circumstances laments the changes of manner produced in her old friends, by a like alteration in her affairs

When I had bacon,
They called me Mrs. Akon,

But now that I have none, 'tis "How goes it Molly?" They grew thinner and thinner, and shabbier and shabbier until both in fortune and appearance they presented little more than the skeletons of what they had been. At length, they actually came to their last meal, and Tom sighed deeply, as he took his seat on the side of the table opposite his helpmate.

"Here, Mrs. McEnciry," he said, politely handing her a laughing *white-eye* across the table, "take it—'tis a fine maly one, an' make much of it—for I'm

sorely afeared, 'tis the last time I am ever to have the honour of presenting you with anything in the shape of aibles."

"'Tis your own fau't if you don't," said his wife.

"How so?" said Tom, "how do you make that out?"

"Why," replied his wife, "I'll tell you what I was thinking of this morning. I was turning over some of the old lumber in the next room, looking for a little firing, when I found an old harp that I remember you used to play upon, a long time ago."

"Oh, 'tis time for me to forget that now," said the husband.

"You're not so ould as that," replied Mrs. McEnciry, "you could play very well if you like it, and, you know yourself the great pay harpers and poets, and historians, and antiquarians, and *genologists*, an' people of that sort gets from the great lords and gentry in Ireland. 'Tis known to the world, the repute music is in, and the taste they have for it in this country."

"The more taste they has for it," says Tom, "The less chance I has of pleasing 'em when they hears me."

"Can't you put good words to it," says she, "an' 'twill pass."

"Why, that's harder than the music itself, woman," replied her husband, for the words must have some sense in them, whatever the music has—and where am I to get *idays*, a poor fellow o' my kind that never had any recourse to history, or other great authors, nor knows nothing of joggeraphy, nor the juice of the globes, nor mensuration, nor more branches of that kind."

"Many's the songs and pothery I hard myself," said Mrs. McEnciry, "and there wasn't much sense nor *idays* in 'em, an' they be well liked for all. Begin praising their ancesthors, an' they'll be well satisfied, I'll go bail, whatever way the varse runs."

"But when I do'n' know one o' the ancesthors, woman?"

What hurt? Can't you praise 'em so itself?"

"But sure I should have their names any way."

"You need'nt, I tell you, call 'em any name, an' praise 'em enough, an' I'll go bail they won't disown 'em. Do my

biddin' an' I'll engage you'll soon have a pocket full of money."

Tom McEnciry was prevailed upon, he searched for his old harp, set it in order, so as to produce sounds as nearly resembling music, as could be nearly expected from such a musician, and such an instrument. Now, in order to comprehend the full extent of Tom's presumption, and of the nature of the competition, which the eloquence of his helpmate urged him to set at defiance it is necessary to bear in mind that the race of wandering bards in Ireland, was not yet extinct. The printing press, and the newspaper had not yet rendered man independent of the talents of those locomotive geniuses, whose business it was to travel from castle to castle, entertaining the lordly host or hostess, with the song, the tale, or the genealogical narrative, according to the mode in which they happened to find their hearers. The privileges and emoluments of those bards were considerable, and consequently, the candidates for the profession were numerous, and the course of education protracted and elaborate. They generally went in companies of twelve to the houses of the chieftains, and petty princes, about the isle, comprising in their number a poet, or filea, a erolarie or harper, a seanachie or antiquarian, together with a jester, and persons skilled in various field sports all of whom, when the time allotted had expired, having received their several fees shifted their quarters, and gave place to a new batch of rambling literati of the same description. The amount of their fees, and the degree of honor shown them in the number of their attendants, or persons who were appointed to wait on them, and in the length of time allowed to them to remain as guests, were regulated by the number or quality of their compositions. The many privileges and emoluments attached to the profession, gave rise to a degree of competition, which appears almost incredible. In the seventh century they are said to have comprised no less than a third of the male population of the kingdom; insomuch, that the monarch of that day, was obliged to restrict their number by law. Nor is it to be supposed that all which is related of their laws and customs, is a more

by-gone legend. The practise continued to a period long subsequent to the English invasion, and even at the present day, some individuals of the class are to be found at rural wakes and weddings and their compositions, though now limited to the entertainment of a humbler class of auditors, are not less popular than when told by the bedside of the monarch, desirous to forget the toils of state, or the provincial chief returning weary from the pleasures of the chase. But to return, Tom McEnciry set off early on a winter morning, like the Minstrel Boy, with

"his wild harp slung behind him,"

after bidding Mrs. McEnciry an affectionate farewell. The morning was fine though frosty, and Tom felt something of the spirit of adventure buoy up his heart, as his footsteps rung upon the hard and lone high-road. He remembered the outset of the renowned Jack and his eleven brothers, and found himself with a conscious elevation of mind, in much the same circumstances under which that favorite of fortune and many other great historical personages had set out on their career. He had not gone far, indulging these thoughts, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of a strange voice at a distance.

"Good morning, Mr. McEnciry," said the voice.

Tom looked up and beheld a man coming down the hill, dressed in homely attire, but with something in his countenance and demeanour which revited Tom's attention in spite of himself.

"Good morning, kindly," replied Tom, "although I don't know how you come to know my name, for I never saw you before in my life as I can call to my mind."

"Oh, I know you very well," said the stranger, "but pray tell me what is the reason of your leaving home so early in the morning, and at such a season of the year?"

"Hard times, then—the hard times," replied Tom with a mournful look.

"But is it hard times that makes you carry that old harp on your back?"

"The very same raison. I have nothin' to get at home an' I'm goin' about to see what would I make by playin' a

dhrras of an evenin' at the quollity's houses."

"Oh, you know how to play, then?" enquired the stranger.

"Wisha, middlin'," said Tom, "indifferent enough, dear knows."

"And what business have you going out as a harper if you don't know how to play?"

"Wisha, I do'n' know—what else am I to do?"

"Let me hear you play a little."

Tom took down his harp, but he had scarcely struck a few notes when the stranger put his hands to his ears and begged of him as a favor to play no more.

"Oh," said he, "you're no good. What in the world put it into your head to set up for a musician. Why, man, you'd scandalize yourself the first place you'd come to. I never heard such bad music in all my life, unless it might be at Christmas when the pigs do be killing. Who in the world was it persuaded you to take up the profession of music?"

"Why, then, who else only my wife?" replied Tom, "sure'tis aisly known that no one but a woman could ever think of anything so foolish."

"Well, we must only see what can be done," said the stranger. "Show me your hands."

He took Tom's hands between both his, and rubbing them a little, after which he said:

"Now try what hand you can make of it."

Tom took up the harp, but such was the exquisite harmony which his touch no drew from the instrument that he had well nigh lost his wits in ecstasy.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "where am I? or is it a phœnix I hear? or one of the children of Lir singing upon the Sruih na Moile? I never heard sich music in all my days! I'm a made man—you're a jewel of a taicher to me this morning."

"I could taich you more than that," said the stranger.

"Could you now?" asked Tom with a curious grin.

"I could so."

"What is it av you plaze?"

"I could taich you how to make ugly men handsome."

"In airnest?"

"Not a word of a lie. Take me into

your service and I'll show you how'tis done."

"Me take you!" cried Tom, "sure it would be much better for you to take me. What business would I have of a boy, that isn't able to keep myself, let alone a servant?"

"Don't mind that," said the stranger, "I have a fancy to serve you beyond others, and I'll ask only what wages may be reasonable according to the gains we make."

"If that be the case," said Tom, "I'll take you and welcome, an' where are we to face now?"

"To some ugly man's house, to be sure," replied the stranger.

"Where are we to find 'em?" asked Tom, "if it be our thrade to make ugly people handsome, we'd starve in the county of Limerick, for there's nobody in want of us."

"That's not the case with other parts said the stranger—"I now I think of it, I'll tell you where we'll go. There's a gentleman named Shaun an Phiona, *i. e.* John of the Wine, who, lives at Carrigfoile down by the river's side; and there's not an uglier man from this to himself, nor a good piece a past him. Let us go there, and do you begin playing a little upon the harp, and if they find fault with your music you can offer to alter his lineaments, and leave the rest to me. He'll pay you well, I'll engage."

"With all my heart," said Tom, "you are a surprising man, and I depend my life upon you."

They travelled along together, the stranger instructing Tom, as they proceeded, in all that it behoved him to say and do, when they should arrive at Carrigfoyle. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was late in the evening when they reached the gate of Carrigfoile Castle.

"There's some great givin'-out here to-day, surely," said Tom McIneiry, "there's sich a fine smell o' griskins."

"There always is, mostly," replied the stranger, "there isn't a better warrant in the country to keep an open house, than John of the Wine, though he bein' so ugly."

They blew the horn at the gate and were admitted without question, that being a gala day, on which all persons were allowed to partake of the festivities

of the castle without distinction or invitation. When they entered the castle hall, Tom had no difficulty in recognizing the lord of the castle amongst all his guests, and could not help acknowledging in his own mind that report had not wronged him in the least, when it spoke of him as an ugly man. However, he kept such reflections to himself, and took his place amongst the musicians, who all looked upon him with supercilious eyes as an intruder of whose pretensions none of their number had any knowledge. After a little time, John of the Wine (who was so named in consequence of his hospitality,) observed a strange face amongst the harpers, and addressed himself to Tom McEneiry.

"Well, my good friend," said he, "what place do you come from?"

"From a place convenient to Knoe Fierna, please your honour."

"Well, you are welcome. And tell me now, can you do anything to contribute to the entertainment of all these gentlemen and ladies?"

"I'll do my endeavour to play a dhrass for 'em upon the harp, if they wishes it," said Tom.

"I'm sure they'll be all very happy to hear you," said John of the Wine, "music is always pleasing, more especially when people are disposed to spend a pleasant evening."

Tom took his harp, not without some feeling of timidity, when he observed the eyes of all the ladies and gentlemen fixed upon him, and above all, the eyes of the great harpers and poets, and the place as bright as noonday, with the blaze of the huge rushlights, some of which were twisted to the thickness of a man's arm and more. When he had played for a while, John of the Wine asked him from whence he was? McEneiry replied that he was from Knoe Fierna in the county of Limerick.

"And who is the best harper in your country?" asked Shaun.

"They say I am, when I'm at home?" said McEneiry, "but I don't believe 'em."

"Upon my word, then, I believe you," replied his host. "You might as well stop," he added, and not be spoiling whatever good music we have in the place without you."

"Please your lordship," said Tom, "I

hardly got well into the tune before you began to cross-hackle me. If you let me try another dhrass, may be, I'd knock something out of it that 'ud be more plaisin'."

Tom took his harp again, but so far from improving on the former experiment, he had hardly struck a few notes, when his music created such a tumult in the hall of the castle, that it was with great difficulty any degree of order could be restored. Some roared with laughter,—others stopped their ears, and ran to the farthest end of the room while a few manifested a strong inclination to eject the manufacturer of such abominable discord, from the banquet hall. This movement was highly applauded by the remainder of the company, and amidst general shouts of "turn him out!" one or two of the most determined were about to rough handle him when the stranger hustled through the crowd, and rescued him from their grasp.

"Stop! stop!" cried he, "let him alone—have patigence—I often told you, mather, not to offer ever to touch the harp, while your fingers were so stiff from the frost. Let me rub them a little and then see what you can do. 'Tis a very sharp evening gentlemen," he continued, rubbing his master's hands between his own, "and ye oughtn't to be too hard upon travellers. Try now master, and see whether you can satisfy them better."

Tom took the harp and played such ravishing strains that the company thought themselves happy to hear him.

"Well," exclaimed John of the Wine, "I give it up to you and to your instructor, whoever he was. You're the finest touch at the harp of any man that ever set foot across our threshold."

"Ah," said Tom, smiling round on the company, with all of whom he had now become an object of great admiration. "I could do more than play a tune upon the harp."

"And what else could you do?"

"I could make an ugly man handsome," said Tom, fixing his eyes upon the master of the castle.

"Could you really?"

"I could by being reasonably considered for it."

"Why, then," said John of the Wine,

"there isn't a man in Ireland stands more in need of your art at this moment, than I do myself, and if you can make me handsome, my word to you, you'll not be sorry for it."

"Poh," said Tom, "I could asily do it."

"And when will you begin?"

"We may as well try it to-morrow morning," said Tom, "for my boy and myself will want to be gone before night."

CHAPTER II.

It was agreed upon, and the remainder of the evening was spent in mirth and feasting, Tom McEnairy enchanting all who heard him with the music of his harp. In the morning John of the Wine rose early, after spending a sleepless night in anticipation of the important change which he was about to undergo. When all was ready, he went with Tom and his servant into a private room, where they proceeded to business after having locked the door. The Boy, as Tom chose to call him, placed a large basin full of water on the table in the middle of the room, and near it a small quantity of a whitish powder, exactly resembling wheat flour. He then desired John of the Wine to lie down on the floor, and took a large knife in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that?" said John of the Wine, looking somewhat surprised.

"To cut off your ugly head," replied the Boy, "and to give you a handsome one in place of it."

"Nonsense, man," said Seaghan an Fhiona, "do you think I'd allow you to out off my head?"

"Oh, well, surely you can keep it if you wish," said the Boy, "I didn't know you had such a value for it."

"And could'nt you perform the cure without cutting off my head?"

"No—nor the most skilful man that walks Ireland. Sure it stands to reason you must root up the weed before you plant the flower."

"Well, cut away," said O'Connor, "I'd risk a deal to get rid of such a face as I have at present."

He lay down, and the Boy cut off his head, washed it carefully, shook upon the wound a little of the white powder already spoken of, and placed it once

more upon the body. He then slapped O'Connor on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Get up now, John of the Wine, look at yourself in the glass, and I wish you joy of your fine face and fine poll of hair."

Shaun started up from the table, and Mr. McEnairy handed him over to the looking glass.

"Now, sir," said he, "do you rejoice at your change of features?"

"Upon my honour," replied John of the Wine, "I never saw a finer face upon any man, though 'tis so like my own in all but its ugliness that any would know me again. You are welcome now to stop at my house so long as you like."

McEnairy looked at his man.

"We can't stop long master," said the Man, "for you know we must go down to Ulster to the great O'Neil, who stands very much in want of your skill."

"That's true," said McEnairy, "I would never do for us to make any delay here."

"Well, I am sorry for it," said Shaun, "but let me know when you are going in the morning, an' I'll be prepared for ye."

Early next day McEnairy and his man got up and told Shaun they were about to go. Finding it useless to attempt prevailing on them to remain, he called his herdsman, ordered him to bring out a score of the fittest cattle, and desired a pair of his best horses to be got ready for the use of the travellers. When they had mounted and all was ready for their departure, he brought out two boots, one full of gold and the other full of silver.

"Here," said he, "Mr. McEnairy is a small token of my gratitude for the favour I have received at your hands. There a score of fat cattle, of which I request your acceptance, and a small sum of ready money, which may be of some use to you on the way home."

So saying he handed the two boots to McEnairy, who desired his man to carry them, with as much composure as he could use, although it was hard, for him to avoid springing off his horse with surprise and joy. O'Connor next summoned four of his working men, and commanded them to drive the cattle home for the two gentlemen, and to be sure to show them all due respect upon the way. When all was arranged they

took leave of John of the Wine and his family, and departed.

They had not proceeded a great way on their journey homeward, when the Man turned-around to the persons who were driving the cattle, and said :

"Well, what are ye my good men?"

The four men all took off their hats before they answered, according to the instructions given them by their master.

"Plaze your honour's reverence and glory," said they, we are labourin' men of the Seaghan an' Fhiona."

"I dare say now," said the Man, "you may have some work to do at home for yourselves."

"Plaze your majesty," said the four men "it is true for you; we have so."

"What time," asked the Man, "did your master allow you to go and come with us?"

"He gave us one week, my lord?"

When the Man heard this he put his hand into the boot that was full of gold.

"Come here, my good men," said he.

They approached in the most respectful manner, with their hats off, and he gave each of them a handful of gold and another of silver.

"There," said he, "poor men, take that and go home and till your gardens until the week is out, and take the horses back with ye, likewise, and we'll drive the cattle home ourselves."

The four men broke out into a torrent of gratitude, showering down praises and blessings of all kinds upon the travellers, after which they all set off on their way home.

For some time after their departure, McEnciery remained silent, following the cattle without turning his eyes on either side. At length, he said to his man:

"Why then, you had very little to do that time, so you had."

"Why so?" asked the Man.

"To be giving our money away to those fellows that had their days hire to get when they'd go back."

"Don't speak so uncharitable," said the Man, "we earned all that in the course of a few hours, without much labour or trouble, and we have plenty remaining after what we gave them."

"What do you call plenty?" said McEnciery.

"If you had the one tenth of it when

I first met you," replied the Man, "you needn't go about with your harp upon your back as you did, and a bad hand you were at it too. There's gold and silver enough for us yet, besides all the fat cattle we have on the road before us."

McEnciery said no more, but resumed his journey in silence, looking as if he were rather defeated than convinced by the reasoning of his companion. At length they reached the foot of Knock Pierna, and he beheld the smoke rising from the chimney of his own house.

"Well, I suppose we must be parting now," said the Man, "so we might as well stop here and divide what we got."

"What do you mean by dividing it?" said McEnciery.

"I'll tell you," replied the Man, "do you take ten of those fat cattle for your part, and I'll keep the remaining half score, and we'll make two fair halves of the gold and silver, and you must get one of them also."

At this proposal McEnciery looked as if treated in a very unreasonable manner.

"Well," said the Man, observing how he stared at him, "have I three heads on me?"

"No," said McEnciery, "but the one you have hasn't much sense in it. Will you bear in mind, if you plaze, that in all this business I was the Masther an' you were only the man. It is I that should have the sharing of it an' not you; and I think," he continued, "the one twentieth part of what we got ought to be enough for you, more especially considering all you wasted on them fellows that had their hire growing for 'em while they were with us."

"Ah," said the Man, "that is an ingenious speech. We have both plenty by dividing all fairly in two, and I'll engage your family will have a joyful welcome for you when you go home with the half of it."

"Well," said McEnciery, "all I can say to you is, that I will insist upon getting the most part of it, as I was master, and if you offer any objection, I am here in my own neighbourhood, and I can get more people with a whistle than will be sufficient to make you agree to it."

"There is no one living would allow

you so much," replied the Man, and as it happens, let us leave it all to that man on the white horse behind your back, coming along the road. I am satisfied to abide by his decision."

"Let us hear what he'll say first," replied McEneiry.

Saying this, he looked about in the direction pointed out by his man, but could see nothing.

"What white horse do you speak of?" he said, "I can see no———Eh? what's this?" He looked round again—above, below, behind, on all sides, but neither man, nor boots, nor cattle were to be seen. All had vanished, and there he stood, at the foot of the hill, as poor as he had left it two days back, the wind lifting his threadbare garment, and sighing a melancholy cadence through the strings of his old harp.

Tom only recovered from his astonishment to vent his feelings in a burst of lamentation. The inutility of wasting his time in the mere indulgence of grief was however apparent, and he accordingly desisted. Sitting down on the road side, he endeavoured to collect his scattered thoughts, and entered into the following dialogue with himself:

"Well, Tom McEneiry, what are you to do now?" If you go home you know you must be under the painful necessity of leaving it again and parting with your family in the same manner as you did before, and where would be the use o' that. I'll tell you what you'll do, Tom, as I'm your best friend, and indeed I may say, almost your only friend, these times. Go to the next farmer's house, and begin to play your harp for them, and you'll get a welcome there for this night, and stop there; and if you want to know what you are to do in the morning, don't be in a hurry, but take things aisy, and I'll tell you. Start off with yourself, at the peep of the day for Carrigfoile, and come before John of the Wine, and tell him you want a letter of recommendation from him to the great O'Neil, in Ulster, statin' what an ugly face he had, an' what a purty one you gave him in the place of it. When you get the letter which he will be most happy to give you, start away with yourself again for Ulster, an' when you get there you have only to put a purty face on the great O'Neil, the

same way as you seen your man done upon O'Connor, an' you'll get twice as great a reward from him as from Seaghan an' Phiona, an' you can keep it all to yourself, without having an ungrateful, unmaythur'l, baste of a man, to squander the half of it away upon the road home, and rob you of the rest when you get there. That's my advice to you and if you're a wise man you'll take it."

CHAPTER III.

McENEIRY like a great many people in the world had a great respect for his own advice, so he followed it without delay. He slept that night at the house of a neighbouring farmer, who was not so nice in music as John of the Wine, and in the morning early set off for Carrigfoile. It was near sunset when he beheld the majestic castle lifting its head between him and the west, and proudly towering above the waves that lashed the base of the lofty cliff on which it stood. When he arrived at the gate, he was surprised to find all in confusion before him. The court-yard was full of men and women running to and fro, and a large body of kerns and galloglass were under arms before the door. While he looked on all sides, perplexed to think what could be the cause of all this tumult, he saw a man approach, whom he recognized as one of those who had been sent to drive the cows home with him and his man. The poor man saluted him with great respect and seemed overjoyed to see him. In answer to his enquiry respecting the cause of the confusion which he beheld, the countryman told him that there was confined in the castle, a young boy, a servant of John of the Wine, whose name was Cluas o' Failbhe or Falvey of the Ear, (so-called because he had one ear of unusual size).

"Every body is sure," said he, "that he will be hanged this evening or tomorrow morning airy, an' that's the raison they're gatherin' to see the execution."

"An' what is it he done out o' the way?" asked McEneiry.

"I don't know that, indeed," replied the man, "but they say there's no doubt but he'll be hanged. If the master

plazes to hang him, sure that's no business of ours to ax the *raison*."

"Surely, surely," assented McEncairy. "The quollity an' us is different."

At this moment, casting his eyes towards the door of the Castle, he beheld O'Connor coming forth with his handsome new countenance looking very mournful. He went towards him, and John of the Wine brightened up a little on seeing him, and received him very cordially.

"I am very glad to see you," said O'Connor, "whatever brought you hore but I have not time to say much to you, now, for I am in great trouble of mind. There is a servant of my own, for whom I have a great regard, in prison in my castle for some offence he gave my brother, O'Connor of Connaught, who is come to demand satisfaction for the affront he gave him, and I am very much afraid he must be hanged in the morning. I can't tell you how sorry I am for it; for he was one of the wittiest men I ever had in my service, besides being an excellent poet, and you know yourself what respect I have for poets and bards, and all branches of science and learning. However, I'll tell you what you'll do. Go into the castle and stop there to-night. I'll give orders to have you well taken care of, and in the morning I'll hear whatever you have to say to me."

McEncairy did as he was desired, and was entertained for the night in princely style. In the morning, hearing a bustle in the court yard, he arose, and looking through a window, saw the people gathering to behold the execution. He dressed himself as quickly as he could and coming down to the court yard found the two brothers, John of the Wine, and O'Connor of Connaught, standing before the castle, surrounded by knights and gentlemen, kerns and galloglass, waiting to have the prisoner brought forward.

"Well, brother," said John of the Wine, "this is too bad. I hope you won't go any further with the business now. He got punishment enough for what he did, in the fright you gave him without carrying it any further."

"You may defend him, and have him hanged or no, just as you like," said O'Connor of Connaught, "but if you

refuse me satisfaction for the affront I have received you must be content to incur my displeasure."

"Oh, well, sooner than that," said John of the Wine, "if you insist upon it, he must of course be hanged and welcome, without further delay."

He turned to some of his attendants, and was just about to give directions that the prisoner should be brought forward, when Mr. McEncairy having heard what passed, stepped boldly forward and made his bow and scrape in the presence of the two brothers.

"Pray, my lords," said he, "might I make so free as to ask what the fellow did, that he is going to be hanged for?"

O'Connor of Connaught started at him for some moments, as if in astonishment at his impudence and then said, turning to his brother:

"What kind of a fellow is this, that has the assurance to speak to us in that manner?"

"He is a man of a very singular profession," replied John of the Wine.

"And what profession is it?"

"Why," answered Scaghan an Fhiona, "he has that degree of skill, that if a man had the ugliest features Nature ever carved out upon a human head, he could change them into the fairest and most becoming you ever looked upon. I have reason to know it," he added, "for he tried the same experiment upon myself, and executed it very much to my liking."

"Indeed," said O'Connor of Connaught, "you may well say it is a singular profession, and since you speak of yourself, sure enough, I remarked the great change for the better in your countenance, although I did not like to speak of it before, for fear you might think me impertinent; and what most surprises me is, that he should have preserved the resemblance so completely, notwithstanding the great alteration."

"Yes," said John, "everybody says I am a handsome likeness of what I was."

"Please your lordship," McEncairy said, addressing O'Connor of Connaught, "might I make so bold as to ax again, what is it he done amiss, an' if it be left to my decision," he added with a tone half jesting, and half serious; "I'll do my endayvours to get at the rights of it."

O'Connor of Connaught commanded

one of his attendants to tell McEneiry what Falvey of the Ear had done.

"Some time since," said the attendant coming forward, "my master came down here on a visit to his brother, and was so much diverted by the wit and sprightliness of the prisoner, that he asked John of the Wine to let him go with him to Connaught for a while. When they were about going, John of the Wine called the prisoner aside and addressed him in these words. 'Now, you Falvey of the Ear, listen to me and remember what I am going to tell you, for if you don't, it will be worse for yourself. My brother is a man of a hasty turbulent temper, and I strongly recommend to you, to keep your wit under check, and take care never to play on his words, or to make him a smart answer, or take him short in what he may say, for that is what nobody relishes, and what he cannot bear. A satirical tongue, or a mouthful of repartees, Claus,' said he, 'are more dangerous to the owner of them, than to anybody else. You may remember what the Latin poet says :

—Mitte jocos; non est jocus esse malignum,
Nun quam sunt grati qui noctuere safas.

and moreover :

Omnibus minatur qui facit uni injuriam.

meaning, that the honey of wit cannot sweeten the sting of satire, and that the jester is a common enemy, for he who cracks a joke upon one, threatens all. But enough said—remember what I tell you. Falvey promised him to be careful, and came with us to Connaught. He went on very well for some time, and my master liked him ever day more and more. One morning, however, my master and some gentlemen went out fowling in the wood of Landers, belonging to his wife's father, and they took Falvey with them. One of them shot a bird which fell into the top of a very straight and lofty tree. When my master saw that, he said, he would be very glad to have the bird down by some means or another. 'I'll go up for it, O'Connor,' said Falvey of the Ear, and accordingly he did so. When he was coming down again with the bird in his hand, my master looked up, and said: '*Ni rian suas an gearan ar mo*

capul.'* On hearing this, Claus looked at him, and said: '*Bo dheachair domhsa dil suas gancuran capul do bleith oram.*'† At this there was a laugh amongst those who stood by. When my master heard his words played upon in that manner, he got furious. 'Take him some of ye,' said he, 'until I hang him this instant out of the tree.' They made a run at him, but Claus hopped away from them, and run homewards. My master and his people followed him a long way, but he had an advantage of them, for he could go all the short cuts across the country, while they being mounted were obliged to take the road round. They pursued him to Limerick and beyond, and got sight of him just as he drew nigh the river Maig, where it flows between Adare and Court. There being no bridge, he had no other way of escape than to leap across the river, and he did so, cleverly; and I'll leave it to anybody that ever saw the Maig whether it wasn't a noble leap. Well, when my master saw that, he forget all his anger in admiring such a spring. 'Claus,' said he, 'that was a good leap.'—'It wasn't better than the run I had to it,' replied Claus, taking him short again. At that, my master got twice as furious as ever, though he was on the point of forgiving him the moment before. The whole party dashed into the river on horseback and swam across, but with all the haste they could make, Claus was at Carrigoile before them and told John of the Wine all that happened, begging of him to save him from his brother. 'Well,' says Seaghan an Fhiona, 'I told you how it would be, and I don't see any chance of protecting you, for I'm sure I have no notion of getting into a dispute with my brother on account of a trifle, such as the hanging of a fellow of your kind. Claus hearing my master at the gate, went up into a turret of the Castle where he is now confined, and waiting the order for his execution.'"

When the attendant had concluded

* I would not go up there for my horse.

† It was hard for me to go up without my horse!

The wit of Claus o' Failbhe's answer turns on the double meaning attached to the *ar* in Irish, which signifies either *for* or *upon*, according to its context. Claus affected to take it in the latter sense.

his narrative, O'Connor of Connaught turned to McEnciry, and said with a jesting air:

"And now that you have heard the case, my good fellow, what is your opinion of it?"

"My opinion is, plaze your lordship," replied McEnciry, "that I declare to my heart I'd give the poor crathur a chance for his life."

"Woll said, McEnciry," cried John of the Wine. "He is right, brother, and you ought to give the poor fellow a chance."

"And what chance do you ask for him," said O'Connor of Connaught a little softened.

John of the Wine was well aware of Claus's abilities in verse making, and had no objection to let the company witness a specimen of them.

"The conditions I propose," said he, "are these. You see that sea-gull swimming abroad upon the sea. Let him, before that sea-gull rises from the wave, compose, extempore, six stanzas, which must not contain a lie from beginning to end, and every stanza ending with the word 'West.'"

"That's a chance in airnest," exclaimed McEnciry.

"If he does that," said O'Connor of Connaught, "upon my honor as a gentleman, I'll give him his life and never say a word more of what is passed."

Accordingly, Claus came forward to the window of the turret in which he was confined, and without rolling his eyes this way or that, or starting or brushing up his hair, or indulging in any other of the customary tricks of improvisation, recited in a clear and loud tone the following:

VERSES,—made by Claus o' Failbhe in order to save himself from hanging.

I.
Full many a rose in Limerick spreads its bloom.

With root embedded deep in earth's soft breast;
So many miles from hence to lordly Rome,
And many a white sail seeks the watery West

II.
Full many a maid in ancient Cashel dwells;
In Carrigfoile feasts many a weary guest;

Full many a tree in Lander's shady dells,
Shook by each breeze that leaves the stormy West.

III.

Far east a field of barley meets my gaze
Farther the sun in Morning splendour drest,
When Lander's daughter's views his sinking rays,
Two gentle eyes behold the purple West.

IV.

Rock of the Candle! * it is well for thee—
Fresh blows the wind around thy lofty breast,
From thy bold height thy chieftain's eye may see,
Each freighted bark that seeks the billowy West.

V.

Rock of the Basin, † it is well for thee!
Bright shines the sun, against thy lordly crest;
While shivering Fear and Darkness wait on me,
Thy gallant brow looks proudly tow'rd the West.

VI.

Bird of the Ocean, it is well for thee!
High swells the wave beneath thy snowy breast,
Fast bound in chains, I view yon foaming sea,
While thou at freedom, seek'st the pathless West.

All present agreed that the poet had fulfilled the conditions agreed upon, after which O'Connor of Connaught gave orders that he should be brought down and set at liberty, and the chains were hardly struck from his limbs when the sea-gull rose from the wave, and flew away amidst the acclamations of the multitude.

* Carrigoguniel Castle, which overlooks the Shannon, near Limerick.

† Carrigfoile, so named from the deep pool which the sea forms close to the base.

(To be continued.)

WORK OF THE JESUITS IN FRANCE.

THE London *Times* has summarized some very important statistics concerning Catholic education in France, and its progress from 1865 to 1877. The figures are eloquent in favor of the devotion of Catholic France to Catholic education, and it will be found useful to preserve them.

At the present moment a short summary of the official returns concerning the establishment for middle-class edu-

cation, which have been laid before the French Chambers, will be interesting as defining the ground of the impending struggle. A comparison between the condition of things in 1865, when the Imperial system was in full vigor, and in 1877, when the Republic was definitely established, will be instructive.

On Jan. 1, 1875, there were in France 81 *lycees*, or colleges, which belonged to the State, and 252 which belonged to the municipalities. These 333 establishments had between them 79,231 scholars, of whom 40,905 belonged to the State institutions, and 38,236 to those of the municipalities. The scholars in the State colleges were made up 20,920 boarders and 20,075 externs or day pupils. In the year 1865 there were 77 State *lycees*, with 32,630 pupils, namely, 18,135 boarders and 14,495 day scholars. The loss of Alsace and Lorraine reduced the number of *lycees* to 74, and diminished the number of pupils by 1,389. But these 74 *lycees* which remained after the loss of territory could still show 31,231 scholars, of whom 17,514 were boarders and 13,711 externs. On Jan. 1, 1877, they reckoned 38,135 scholars, namely, 19,415 boarders and 18,720 externs, so that the 74 *lycees* can show for the time from 1865 to 1877 an increase of 6,604 scholars. During this time seven new establishments were founded, which add 2,850 scholars, thus bringing up the total number of pupils in the State *lycees* on Jan. 1, 1877, to 40,995.

The 252 Municipal colleges had on Jan. 1, 1877, as already stated, 38,236 scholars of whom 15,552 are boarders, and 22,684 day scholars. In 1865 these colleges had 33,038 scholars, viz.: 12,593 boarders, and 20,455 externs. Therefore, during the period from 1865 to 1877 these municipal establishments had gained 5,198 scholars.

Besides the State municipal institutions, there are also "free" (*libres*) colleges or *lycees*. These may be classified into secular and ecclesiastical. On Jan. 1, 1877, there were 494 such secular colleges, and 309 ecclesiastical colleges; whereas in 1865 there were 657 secular and 278 ecclesiastical colleges. Therefore, during the eleven years, 1865-77, 155 secular colleges have disappeared, while the clericals have increased by

31. The result will appear still more noteworthy if we carry our observations eleven years further back. During the period from 1854 to 1865, 168 secular colleges vanished and 22 new clerical ones came into existence.

The 494 secular institutions had in 1877 31,249 scholars, of whom 16,870 were boarders and 14,379 day scholars. The 309 ecclesiastical establishments had 33,092 boarders and 13,724 day scholars, or altogether 46,816 pupils. In 1865, the secular colleges could show 22,900 boarders and 20,109 externs, altogether 34,897. Thus, during the eleven years, the number of pupils in the secular colleges had fallen off to the extent of 11,760, while the number in the ecclesiastical establishments had increased by 11,919. In the year 1865 the number of ecclesiastical colleges was to the number of secular colleges in the proportion of two to five, while the number of pupils in the former was about four-fifths of those in the latter. But by Jan. 1, 1877, these proportions have been radically altered. The clerical establishments have risen to three-fifths the number of the secular colleges; while the number of their scholars exceeds by 15,567 the number of the scholars in these latter. This excess is chiefly among the boarders. While the secular colleges can show only 16,870 boarders, the clericals have 33,092, or nearly double.

The ecclesiastical middle schools are of various classes. There are, first, the *petits seminaires*, in which the future divinity students make their preparatory studies of classics, etc., and which are directly subject to the authority of the respective diocesan bishops. In 1865 there were 70 of them; there are now 91. At that time they had 9,107 pupils, viz.: 6,044 boarders and 2,063 day scholars. Now they have 12,200 pupils, of whom 8,600 are boarders and 2,600 day scholars. It will be observed that in this, as in other cases, the increase is chiefly in the number of boarders. The other clerical educational establishments are conducted by other members of the religious "congregations."

In 1865 the Jesuits had fourteen colleges, with 5,074 pupils, 3,991 of whom were boarders, and 1,083 day scholars.

On Jan. 1, 1877, they had 27 colleges, with 9,132 pupils, viz.: 3,022 boarders and 6,100 day scholars. Here, contrary to the usual course, the increase is altogether among the day scholars.

In 1865 the Marists had 15 educational establishments, with 2,255 pupils, viz.: 1,490 boarders and 765 day scholars. In 1877 the number of their houses had risen to 22, with 4,476 pupils, of whom 3,349 were boarders and 1,127 day scholars.

The other orders and congregations, as the Dominicans, Lazarists, etc., had in 1865, 14 teaching establishments, which in 1877 had increased to 40. In 1865 they had 3,931 boarders, and 545 day scholars; altogether 4,476.

The religious bodies had altogether 43 educational institutions in 1867, and 89 in 1877. The number of pupils had risen from 9,465 in the former year to 19,951 in the latter. Thus, in the interval between 1865 and 1877 both the number of institutions and the number of pupils had been more than doubled.

To complete this summary view, we may take note of some other figures which are closely connected with the foregoing. In 1865 there were 165 educational institutions conducted either by Catholic secular priests or by clergymen of other persuasions; 152 of them belonged to Catholic clergymen, and 13 to clergymen of other religious beliefs. In 1877 there were 129 such institutions, 122 of them belonging to Catholic clergymen, and 7 to those of other forms of worship. Thus, during the eleven years the schools in the hands of the secular priests have been diminished by 30, or one-fifth. The above figures tell us that this decrease happened in order to swell the numbers of the establishments in the hands of the religious "congregations."

MIRACLES AND NATURAL LAW.

Two men were talking once in England.

"Well you may say what you please," said one; "I, for my part, cannot believe that God would first impose laws on nature and then go on to violate His own laws. What would be the use of making them if they were so easily set aside?"

"I dinna ken, sir, what God may or what he winna do," said the Scot very reverently. "But I don't regard a miracle as a violation o' the laws o' nature; there is nae violation o' the laws o' nature, or rather the laws o' God that I ken, save the wicked actions o' wicked men."

"And what, then," said he, "do you make a miracle to be?"

"I regard it merely to be such an interference wi' the established order o' things as infallibly shows us the presence and action o' supernatural power. What o'clock is wi' you sir, if you please?"

"It is half-past twelve, exactly, Greenwich time," replied he.

"Weel, sir," said the Scot, pulling a huge old timepiece from his pocket, "It is one o'clock wi' me. I generally keep my watch a little forward, but I have a special reason this noon, for setting my watch by the railways, and so you see I'm turning the hands of it around. Noo, wad ye say that I had violated the laws o' the watch. True, I have done what watchdom wi' all its laws, could not hae done for itself, but I hae done violence to none o' its laws. My action is only the interference o' a superior intelligence for a suitable end. But I hae suspended nae law, violated nae law. Weel, then, instead o' the watch, say the universe; instead o' the moving o' the hands, say God acting worthily o' Himself, and ye hae all I contended for in a miracle—that is, the unquestionable presence o' a mighty hand working the Divine Will. And if He sees fit to work miracles, who can hinder Him? He has done it oftener than once or twice already, and who dares say that He'll not get leave to do it again?"

Is there a better illustration of a miracle than this of the old Scotchman? Looked at rightly there need be no more difference about this matter of miracles which so many rationalizing people so coolly assert is so beyond belief as to be unworthy of a thought.

What did the ancients write for? Fame—*mouumentum cere perennius*? What do the moderns write for? 'Tis hard to say.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

IN our last essay we spoke of History, as taught by documents, records, books—and we proposed to speak in our present essay of the same branch of education, illustrated by monuments.

Every nation has its relics, its antiquities, its monumental piles, which stand forth as evidences of its past power, success and glory. It is upon those stones, those slabs, those tombs or those towers that we find written the true history of the nation. They have withstood the crash and the tempest of ages, and appear to-day, before the children of our generation, as they were when carved or built by the sons of ages long lost in the misty past.

Whether those characters, cut into the cold stone, be in the form of Egyptian hieroglyphics, or in the more easily deciphered letters of the Arabic, still they are there,—telling us, in a language which we must admire, the story of those who have gone before us. Those monuments, whether in the form of Eastern pyramids or in that of the Gubere towers of the West, loom forth in their grandeur, encircled with a halo of glorious memories, clothed in a mantle that, mist-like, begirdles them. They have lived despite the workings of Time, and, as landmarks along the desert of antiquity, they guide the traveller along from age to age, from generation to generation. These are the

“Monuments and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.”

In Canada, few are the monuments of this species. But in this country there exists another kind of monument, not so ancient, not so imposing, not so powerful (so to speak), but which, when compared to the age of the nation, is equally as interesting and instructive;—many of the better kind exist in and around the old war-walls of Stadacona. Let us, however, speak of the history of the past, as told by the monuments of antiquity, and let our glance be as rapid as possible.

The story of the city of the hundred gates is found in her mighty ruins—formerly the home of the powerful and warlike, now the resort of the wild beast and the serpent. Troy is no more; scarce a stone is left to tell that such a city once existed. But not so for Athens, for Corinth, for Sparta. In Greece, where the arts were brought to the greatest degree of ancient perfection, in Greece, where a hundred thousand memories clung to the soil, and to every wall and tower, in Greece of the heroes and of the sages, we find the story of the nation told in a language more powerful than that of Demosthenes or Sophocles—in the great *monumental* language of the land. What more illustrative and positive than those indexes of the past!

And the history of Egypt would be little known were it not that by the banks of the Nile there stand those everlasting pyramids. Records are too few, and history too young, to tell of their origin and of their founders. “Proudly they rise over the ages,” like the last mountain of the deluge, majestic not less in their proportions than in their solitude—immutable amidst change, magnificent amidst ruin. When the hero of Austrelitz stood beneath their shadows and addressed his legions, he found—in the depths of his fertile and master mind—no grander expression for his feelings, no more powerful appeal to his men, than in pointing to the grey pillars of the past, and exclaiming: “Men, from the summit of yonder pyramid forty centuries look down upon you!”

The monuments of Rome! A life time could be spent in Rome, grand old Rome, studying its monuments, admiring its works of art, plunging into its catacombs, and standing in wonderment 'neath the domes of its temples. There the history of the Eternal City, from the days of the wolf-guarded twins on down through ages of sorrow, of cruelty and vice, succeeded by eras of advancing civilization, is brought home to the mind by the eloquent ruins of its former glory, and the now majestic proportions of its religious fanes, chiseled by Michael Angelo and adorned by Raphael. The Pantheon of the city of the seven hills, although now a Catholic

temple, is a glorious record of those former days when man bowed to a thousand gods and worshipped a hundred demons beneath its dome. It tells us of the time spoken of by Bossuet, when he said "everything was God except God Himself."

And the mighty Coliseum—which must be seen and studied in order to form an idea of its greatness, of its power, of its majesty—the

"Type of the antique Rome! rich reliquary
of lofty contemplation left to Time,
By buried centuries of pomp and power!"

It tells us of—

"Vastness! and age! and memories of old!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim
Night!"

It is described by Edgar Allan Poe in his own glowing language and poetic style—

"Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in
gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their
gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and
thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch
loll'd,
Glides spectre-like unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones."

But Rome's modern history is likewise found in her monuments. Towards the centre of the ages a light flashed upon Golgotha's top—its rays lit up the world; they penetrated into the deep winding corridors of the catacombs, and there remained pure and brilliant until the time came for those beams to gild the gorgeous dome of St. Peter's. They transformed everything, and under their fructifying influences we find the Vicar of Christ sending forth his mandates from the throne of the Cæsars.

It would be impossible for us to mention any more of the numberless piles which tell so powerfully of the past—likewise would it be impossible to touch on the different nations and their monuments. Space will permit of neither one nor the other. But we will merely speak of one particular country where in more ancient relics are to be found

than, perhaps, in any other land in the world. We refer to the "sea-girdled, stream-silvered, lake-jewelled Isle" known as Erin. The history of Ireland may be found in her songs, in her records, in her fairy tales, but above all, in the olden monuments of Erin can we read of her former days, her days of glory and of freedom.

To tell us of her early Paganism, of her sacred Druidism in every barony, in every county, in every grove, by the banks of nearly every stream, by the side of nearly every hill, in the depths of nearly every vale—there stands some Druid altar, perfect as when the last bloody sacrifice was offered upon it.

It tells of her ancient laws, and of how justice was dealt out to the tribes, we still meet with the Brehon's chairs, where sat the prophet-judges of whom blind Carolan, and still earlier, Ossian, sang. Then the Ogham stones and the mats and the fairy hills.

But above all, the historical monuments *par excellence* are the Gubero towers. Built by the fabled man known as the Gobhan Saor, they are supposed by some to have been sun-towers, and this supposition gives rise to the study of the fire-worship of the day. Others call them temples of Druid worship, and thus cause us to study the rites of the Druid faith. Again, they were styled bell-towers, and every title they got, every line found in them, every object about them, gives rise to the study of Ireland's past. What they were it is hard to say, but what they are we know. They are the mile-stones along the way of Irish history.

Denis Florence McCarthy thus speaks of them—

"The pillar towers of Ireland, how gloriously they stand,
By the lakes and rushing rivers, thro' the valleys of the land,
In mystic file throughout the Isle they lift their heads sublime,
These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of time.

Beside these gray old pillars how perishing and weak
Is the Roman's arch of triumph and the temple of the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium and the painted Gothic spires—
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires.

How many different rites have these gray
old temples known,
What wonders of the past in their chronicles
of stone,
What terror and what error, what gleams of
love and truth—
Have flashed from these walls since the
world was in its youth."

The poet goes on to tell, in this same beautiful style, how the land changed from paganism to Christianity, and how where sang the monk in after years the warm blood of the victim flowed in days long since.

It is almost useless to multiply the examples; the few we have given should suffice to show how very connected with history and its study is the study of the nations' monuments. In some cases the monument may be still more truthful and more trustworthy than even the record. For documents may be changed, may be lost, may be injured or effaced—while a good monument remains in spite of all changes and all dangers. The study of monuments is, however, far more difficult than that of books. Space, distance, time, and, above all, money, is wanting, and now-a-days nearly every person can complain of a lack of the last mentioned and most necessary of those requisites. But for those who have the chance, and who can afford it, they should not lose the occasion of studying the great and most famous monuments of whatever land they may chance to visit. Many people there are who can travel through a country, and although surrounded on all sides by relics, antiquities, monuments, yet, by some strange means, manage never to remember any of them, while they can tell you every vulgar jest or insignificant act that they may have performed.

In Canada, as we have said, our *monumental history* is very limited, yet we have some. We have been told that the city of Quebec, the Athens of this land, the gateway of Canada, has no really and truly grand monuments. Persons say, it is true Quebec has its little pillar raised to the memory of Wolfe, its other tower to the memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, and its *monument des braves*, but these tell us nothing. What, they ask, can we learn from these few pillars? We answer that the city of Quebec is itself a monu-

ment. It is a gigantic one. It is a monument that will forever stand upon its ancient rock, and nothing will ever destroy it. Every great event in Canadian history may be found recorded and preserved in some shape or other in the city of Quebec. In the walls, in the citadel, in the guns that line her ramparts, in the very antique gabled houses, in the convents, in the churches—in and on every inch of ground belonging to the ancient capital.

Yes, even in this country we can study our history by means of that second great chain—our monuments. The preservation, therefore, of everything olden, of everything grand, of everything sacred to the memories of men or deeds or great events, should be a self-imposed duty for every person, and above all, for our public men.

Let us conclude by hoping that the study of the past, as illustrated and helped by monuments, may not be confined alone to the old world, but may soon be found in this new and rising country. Canada, preserve thy monuments, they may serve thee yet!

MICHAEL PATRICK RYAN, M.P.

THE stranger who drops into the Speaker's gallery, in the House of Commons at Ottawa, and casts a sweeping glance around the deliberative chamber, having satisfied his natural curiosity in the study of the marked features of the prominent leaders of both political parties, will most certainly have his attention riveted for a moment, by the handsome manly open countenance, the bald unruffled brow, and prematurely venerable head of the present member for Montreal Centre, seated a few rows back on the right hand of the Speaker and evidently following up the proceedings of the House with the air of a man bent on attending to his business.

To represent Montreal Centre in the House of Commons of Canada is, perhaps, the crowning ambition of the career of an Irish Catholic in the Province of Quebec. Any higher he can scarcely expect to attain politically, whatever may be his aspirations. Three French Canadians and an English-speaking Protestant form the Lower



MICHAEL PATRICK RYAN, M. P.

Canadian representation in the Dominion Cabinet, and "No Irish need apply" is the rule with both political parties in the formation of cabinets from the Quebec section, not if the aspirant combined the genius and talent requisite to place Canada at the head of the nations. That east-iron rule crushed out D'Arcy McGee himself from official life, and the day that dawned on Canadian confederation, as effectively wiped out the

Irish Catholic and his descendants in the Province of Quebec, from the race for position in the Cabinet Councils of the Dominion, as they were debarred from all offices of honor and emolument under the penal laws of Ireland. Time that cures all evils or more likely political complications may remove this serious impediment, but for the time being there seems to be no help for this glaring ostracism, and the Irish Catholic

in the Province of Quebec stands in that respect in a position of inferiority to those of his own origin and creed in the sister provinces and to men of all other religious persuasions throughout the Dominion. In this fair city of Montreal, where in former times religious and political rancor were not unknown, things have gradually toned down amongst its inhabitants to the condition of a happy family. Amongst other things the question of parliamentary representation has by tacit understanding been definitely settled. A great cosmopolitan abode, embracing men of all origins and creeds, the three important sections of the community divide between them the honors of popular representation. Montreal East is represented by a French Canadian, Montreal West by an English-speaking Protestant, and Montreal Centre is recognized as the special preserve of an Irish Catholic. That the maintenance of this equitable arrangement has been due, in a great measure, to the self-sacrificing spirit of Mr. M. P. Ryan we shall demonstrate in the course of the following sketch, and is one of the claims he holds to the everlasting gratitude of his people in this city and Province. The career of Mr. Ryan is one calculated to awaken the energy and stimulate the ambition of every young Irish Catholic in the community. The proud position he occupies to-day he owes to no special smiles of Dame Fortune, but to his indefatigable perseverance, high sentiment of honor, and unswerving fidelity to the principles that have guided his career through life. Born at Pallis, Donohill, Mr. Ryan is no degenerate son of the bold, frank and fiery race that claims gallant Tipperary as its home. Having received, as he humorously says himself, the education that was furnished in the academy, where the youths marched proudly to their scholastic exercises, with slate and books beneath one arm and a sod of turf under the other; his father and family thinking that there were good times and broad fields beyond the deep blue sea, bid a fond adieu to the land of their forefathers, and settled in this Province, in the County of Chambly, in the year 1840. The dull routine of country life was not calculated to satisfy

the ambitious cravings of a buoyant heart, and the City of Montreal with its bustling activity soon attracted Mr. Ryan. Here he opened business in the well-known establishment, the "Franklin House," which he managed successfully from 1849 until 1858. Shortly after his arrival in the city he married Miss Margaret Brennan, eldest daughter of the late Patrick Brennan, one of the pioneer Irishmen of the City of Montreal, well known and respected throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. Mrs. Ryan is a lady of more than ordinary mental powers, and to her great tact, genial disposition, and manifold but unostentatious charities her husband is indebted for a considerable share of his prestige and popularity. In 1862, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, Mr. Ryan allowed himself to be placed in nomination for the representation of St. Ann's Ward in the City Council. He was elected by a considerable majority over Mr. William Rodden, one of the most popular manufacturers then in the city. Mr. Ryan now launched into commerce as a provision merchant with such marked success that he was several times elected president of the Corn Exchange; he became a member of the Council of the Board of Trade of Montreal and ranked amongst the merchant princes of the great Canadian metropolis. In 1868 Canada lost her noblest adopted child, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. The election that preceded that statesman's last return to Parliament, had been conducted with a bitterness unprecedented in the annals of electioneering warfare. The passion of the multitude had not subsided when the tragic event occurred that sent poor McGee to an untimely end. Many of the Protestant population, with whom he was a great favorite, had registered a vow that no Irish Catholic should be his successor. Political wire-pullers were not wanting who sought to profit by the popular excitement for promoting their own personal ends, and there is good reason to believe that the Government of the day favored the selection of a candidate outside the pale of the Irish Catholic community. The moment was a trying one, had the tacit understanding as to the representation of Montreal in the House of Parliament been then

broken through it is impossible to say what might have been the result politically, but in any case it must have proved disastrous to the interest of the Irish Catholics. Meeting after meeting was held to bring forward a candidate; the names of many prominent citizens were mentioned, amongst others the present Mr. Justice Doherty, but the Protestant section refused to hear of any unless Mr. M. P. Ryan, who had most emphatically refused to offer himself, should be the candidate. No doubt those who desired to see the Irish people deprived of their representation, never dreamt that Mr. Ryan would consent to sacrifice his business, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, for the profitless task to him of sitting in Parliament, and the late Mr. Morland, a gentleman of high standing, was ready in the background to step forward, with the whole support of the Government, to snatch the coveted prize. Mr. Ryan's patriotism had now to stand a severe test. His fellow-countrymen, those who had, with himself, followed the fortunes of the late lamented McGee, and those who had fought hardest on the other side, were clustered around him, and responsive to the solicitations of clergy and laity he consented to accept the candidature that he in no way desired, and which, whilst it preserved the seat to his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists, was destined to be one of the causes of the great commercial misfortunes that overtook him later on. Thus, however, was finally settled the question of Irish-Catholic representation in the city of Montreal, and so effectually that no political party, without courting inevitable defeat, can afford to trample upon that acknowledged right. It is only just here to observe that amongst the Protestant minority in the electoral division several gentlemen distinguished themselves by their efforts to maintain the *entente cordiale* by every means in their power. Mr. Peter Redpath, whose name had been mentioned as a prospective candidate, cast his powerful influence in favor of Mr. Ryan, and expressed himself delighted to withdraw in his favor, whilst too much praise cannot be given to Messrs. Alfred Perry,

Henry Bulmer, G. W. Weaver, Colonel A. A. Stevenson and others for the manly stand they adopted in the electoral committees for securing to their Irish Catholic fellow citizens their fair share of popular representation. Mr. Ryan was, therefore, elected by acclamation in 1868, and again in 1872. In the memorable campaign of 1874, the late Mr. Devlin opposed Mr. Ryan, in the interest of the Reform party, but was defeated by 383 votes. On a subsequent occasion, the seat having been declared vacant, Mr. Devlin succeeded in carrying the election by a majority of 73, but at the last general election, when the Liberal-Conservative party appealed to the people with the "National Policy" as their main plank, Mr. Ryan defeated his opponent by the sweeping majority of 802.

In Parliament, Mr. Ryan occupies positions on most of the important committees of the House. He seldom speaks, except on questions affecting the interest of the people he more especially represents, and on subjects affecting the fiscal policy of the country, when he commands universal attention and respect. His devotion to his party is well known, but it has never led him so far as to swerve for one moment from the strict path of duty. On the New Brunswick school question, in the exciting and bitter controversy on the Manitoban difficulty, in a word, on every occasion where manly independence was necessary, Mr. Ryan showed that by voice and vote he was prepared to stand by the good cause, let the consequence to governments or political parties be what they might. When the Northern Colonization Railway enterprise was first brought before the people for their consideration, Mr. Ryan was appointed one of the Directors, and took an active part in popularizing a scheme that was to do so much good to the Province and country at large. Unfortunately, amid his multitudinous occupations, the great financial crisis of 1875 burst upon the commercial community, and he, like many others, was forced to succumb to the inevitable. He had, nevertheless, the satisfaction of seeing his integrity vouched for by every pub-

lic journal in the community, and expression of the greatest regret were not wanting from all sides at the misfortune that had overtaken him. Subsequently, Mr. Ryan filled the position of Commissioner of Licenses and Stamp Commissioner, under the DeBoucherville Government, both of which offices were abolished by the Joly Administration. During his long and useful career, Mr. Ryan connected himself with many organizations for the moral and social improvement of his people, but with none more actively than the St. Patrick's Temperance Society, of which he was President for several years. Many is the weak and erring man his kind word has comforted, and his noble example strengthened, in his resolve to turn over a new leaf, and adhere to that total abstinence which has effected so much good everywhere, but in no instance more markedly than amongst the Irish people. On many occasions since his entry into public life Mr. Ryan's name has been mentioned in connection with a seat in the Cabinet and his claims urged by the great bulk of his fellow-countrymen and his many friends of other nationalities, but the barrier we have already alluded to has prevented his promotion and deprived the Government of the country of the advantages of his energy and administrative ability.

CHIT-CHAT.

THE tobacco crave is an expensive luxury. New York and Montreal pay more for tobacco than for bread. Would any one believe it? more money goes into smoke than into those thews and sinews which constitute the motive power of a nation. And yet this world calls itself a sane world! Well; so does the Lunatic Asylum.

—The Scotchmen are stealing our saints. A Scotch periodical claims St. Patrick as a good Presbyterian Protestant. This is too bad, but Scotch. Stealing even under the scientific name of Kleptomania is not a very reputable proceeding, but then it is canny and canny-ness is a Scotch virtue, and with Scotch virtue as with Scotch marriages,

there is very little in them. But it is hard to blame the Scotchman for his stealing. Having no saints of his own and no likelihood of ever having any, unless he take John Knox as a dummy substitute, he seeks to fill up the vacancy by stealing them. We have seen childless mothers do the same thing with children. Nor ought we to feel offended with these poor saintless people. Their thievery is a high compliment paid by error to Catholic truth. Scotland is surely returning fast towards the one fold of the One Shepherd, when she feels such a deep yearning for saints as to descend to stealing them. Time was when she would not so much as look at them.

—Our Scotch periodical thinks St. Patrick never preached anything else but the pure gospel. Well! who ever said he did anything else? It is precisely because he preached the pure gospel and practised it, that he is a canonised Popish Saint, and it was from the Pope of Rome that he got his mission to preach, and from a Popish Bishop, that he became Bishop; and it was very popish doctrines that he preached and it was a very popish nation, which he begat. If our Presbyterian friends will only pray to St. Patrick and pray long and strong enough, we will guarantee, that it will be to the bettering of their faith and morals. We do not begrudge a saint or two for a while, if they will only pray to them.

—What a senseless thing that "cursing and swearing" is! How common is this horrid habit of using the holy name of God without the least respect, and without the slightest necessity! Is there one single moment of the day in which this grave crime is not committed? is there one single moment of the day, or far into the night, when some poor miserable worm of the earth does not presume to insult God by this deeply sinful habit? nay, is there a single moment of the day in which thousands (ought I not say millions?) of men are not guilty of it? Could you but stand for a few moments at the gates of heaven—could you there but school your ear to listen to all the prayers and all

the imprecations that pass (for both undoubtedly do pass) on towards the throne of God through that dread gate coming up from this world of ours, which think you would be the more numerous? which the more continuous? the prayers or the imprecations of the world? Is it not greatly to be feared, that the imprecations would far outnumber the prayers? "Why then does not God destroy the world?" you ask. Do you not remember that God promised Abraham he would spare Sodom, if only *ten* just men could be found therein? Ah! what a senseless habit is this! God made man, that man might praise and bless Him. Man uses all this life thus given him in insulting God. This world was made for prayer; man has made it a perpetual curse. Some few there are *who pray*; but how many more that curse? Nay; even of those who pray, how many whose curses outnumber their prayers? There was an ancient conceit of the old pagan world, that the sun and moon and this earth of ours, and all the stars as they revolved through space, produced a most heavenly sound. And doubtless this, "music of the spheres" as they called it, does exist. But whether this music does exist or not, there is undoubtedly a music which does fill the whole vault of heaven—the voice of man raised in prayer to God. 'Tis a mighty and a holy sound. But what shall we say of that *other sound*; which as a mighty whirlwind rushes against the gates of heaven striving with impious fury to enter in—the whirlwind of imprecation, the whirlwind of adjuration, the whirlwind of God's holy name taken in vain? Is it any wonder that the prayers of men are so often unheard? How can God hear them through this roar and whirlwind and thunder of imprecation which ascends together with them? Why should God hear them when they come to Him together with such a sound? Christian parents! perhaps your children taught by you are adding to this horrid din—perhaps their young voices are part of this whirlwind of imprecation which daily, hourly, every moment of the day beats against the gates of heaven! If so, how can you ever hope to enter there? Nay; how could you ever bear to enter there whilst

this whirlwind of your children's imprecations beats against its gates? Truly 'tis a senseless world.

H. B.

FAMINE SCENES IN IRELAND.

DESCRIBED BY MR. JAMES REDPATH.

WHEN Mr. Parnell came to America to make a personal appeal on behalf of the famine-stricken people of Ireland, his description of the state of the country appeared to some people to be highly exaggerated; so much so, that the *N. Y. Tribune* despatched a "Special Commissioner" to Ireland to give a *true* statement of affairs. We have it on the authority of Mr. Redpath—the gentleman sent by the *Tribune*—that before going to Ireland he had no sympathy with Mr. Parnell or his friends or his policy. "I have been forced," he says, "to change my opinion by the black facts that have stared me in the face at every step. There can be no improvement in the condition of the Irish peasantry until the present system of land tenure is abolished. The Irish landlord is an absolute despot. There is no check on his tyranny. The Irish landlords exercise a power of taxation and confiscation that no Plantagenet dared to exert." After reading the following lecture recently delivered in New York by Mr. Redpath—upon his return from Ireland—on "Famine and the Landlords," we leave it to our readers to judge whether Mr. Parnell was not justified in his arraignment of the landlords of Ireland, and the government that upholds them in their iniquitous dealings with the unfortunate people under them.

After receiving an interview with Father O'Malley, of Islandaddy, Co. Mayo, whose parish which had 1,800 families some years ago, but which through "famine and landlordism," as Father O'Malley said, now numbers but 600, Mr. Redpath went on to give the number of authorities he had, besides his own experience. He described the workings of machinery of the different relief bodies, and went on to say:

I shall not call witnesses from the committees of the Land League, because they might be suspected of exaggerat-

ing the distress in order to demonstrate the evils of a Government by Landlords. I shall show the imperative need of the Irish Land League by the evidence of its enemies and the friends of the Landlords.

SUMMARY OF THE FAMINE STATISTICS.

From 690 districts 690 reports made to the Mansion House demonstrate the appalling fact that there are

In the Province of Leinster.....	28,000
In the Province of Ulster.....	180,000
In the Province of Munster.....	233,000
In the Province of Connaught.....	422,000

In all Ireland 863,000 persons at this very hour whose strongest hope of seeing the next harvest moon rise as they stand at their old cabin doors, rests, and almost solely rests, on the bounty of the stranger and of the exiles of Erin. This number represents a larger population than dwells, I think, in the great city of New York to-day. I have not a shadow of a shade of doubt that there are to-day in the land one million of people hungry and in rags, and by-and-bye I may show you why—but I can point out province by province, county by county, and parish by parish, where 863,000 of them are praying and begging, and clamoring for a chance to live in the land of their birth. 863,000! Do you grasp this number? If you were to sit twelve hours a day to see this gaunt army of hunger pass in review before you, in single file, and one person was to pass every minute, do you know how long it would take before you saw the last man pass? Three years and four months.

Remember and note well that these statistics are not *estimates*. They are the *returns*, carefully verified, of the actual numbers on the relief rolls, or of the numbers reported by the local committees as in real distress.

But I ought to say that I was not satisfied with the vast volume of documentary and vicarious evidence that I had accumulated. I personally visited several of the districts blighted by the Famine, and saw with my own eyes the destitution of the peasantry, and with my own ears heard the sighs of their unhappy wives and children. They were the saddest days I ever

passed on earth, for never before had I seen human misery so hopeless and undeserved and so profound. I went to Ireland because a crowd of calamities had overtaken me that made my own life a burden too heavy to be borne. But in the ghastly cabins of the Irish peasantry, without fuel, without blankets and without food—among half-naked and blue-lipped children, shivering from cold and crying from hunger—among women who were weeping because their little ones were starving—among men of a race to whom a fight is better than a feast, but whose faces now bore the Famine's fearful stamp of terror—In the West of Ireland I soon forgot every trouble of my own life in the dread presence of the great tidal wave of sorrow that had overwhelmed an unhappy and unfortunate and innocent people.

I must call witnesses less sensitive than I am to Irish sorrow to describe it to you—no, not to describe it, but to give you a faint and far-away outline of it. Or, rather, I shall call witnesses who feel, as keenly as I feel, the misery they depict, but who write of it, as they wept over it, alone and unseen.

But before I summon them, let us make a rapid review of the immediate or physical causes of the famine. You will see when I come to describe the destitution by counties that the further we go West the denser becomes the misery. The Famine line follows neither the division lines of creeds nor the boundary lines of provinces. It runs from North to South—from a little East of the City of Cork in the South to Londonderry in the North—and it divides Ireland into two nearly equal parts. The nearer the coast the hungrier the people.

The Western half of Ireland—from Donegal to Cork—is mountainous and is beautiful. But its climate is inclement; it is scourged by the Atlantic storms; it is wet in summer and bleak in winter; and the larger part of the soil is either barren and spewy bogs or stony and sterile hills.

The best lands, in nearly every county, have been leased to Scotch and English graziers. For after the terrible Famine of '47, when the Irish people staggered and fainted with hunger

and fever into their graves—by tens of thousands—when the poor tenants, too far gone to have the strength to shout for food, faintly whispered for the dear Lord's sake for a little bread, the Landlords of the West answered these piteous moans by sending processes of ejectment to turn them out into the roadside or the poorhouse to die, and by hiring crow-bar brigades to pull down the roof that had sheltered the gasping people. As fast as the homeless peasants died or were driven into exile their little farms were rented out to British graziers. The people who could not escape were forced to take the wettest bogs and driest hill-slopes. These swamps and slopes were absolutely worthless. They could not receive enough to feed a snipe. By the patient toil of the people they were redeemed. Seaweed was brought on the backs of the farmers for miles to reclaim these lands. The landlord did not spend one shilling to help the tenant. He did not build the cabin; he did not fence the holding; he did not drain the bog. In the West of Ireland the Landlord does nothing but take rent. I beg the Landlord's pardon: I want to be perfectly just. The Landlord does two things beside taking the rent. He makes the tenant pay the larger part of the taxes, and as fast as the farmer improves the land the Landlord raises the rent. And whenever, from any cause, the tenant fails to pay the rent, the Landlord turns him out and confiscates his improvements.

The writers who combat Communism say that Communism means taking the property of other people without paying for it. From this point of view Ireland is a shocking example of the evils of Communism, for the Irish Landlords of the West are Communists and the lineal descendants of a tribe of Communists.

The Landlords charge so high a rent for these lands that even in the best of seasons the tenants can save nothing. To hide their own exactions from the execrations of the human race, the Landlords and their parasites have added insult to injury by charging the woes of Ireland to the improvidence of the people. Stretched on the rack of the Landlord's avarice, one bad season brings serious distress; a second bad

season takes away the helping hand of credit at the merchants; and the third bad season beckons famine and fever to the cabin door.

Now the summer of 1879 was the third successive bad season. When it opened, it found the people deeply in debt. Credit was stopped. But for the confidence of the shopkeepers in the honesty of the peasant, the distress would have come a year ago. It was stayed by the kind heart of the humble merchant. Therefore, the Landlords have charged the distress to the system of credit. There was a heavy fall of rain all last summer. The turf was ruined. Two-thirds of the potato crop was lost, on an average, of the crop of all Ireland; but, in many large districts of the West, not a single sound potato was dug. One-half of the turnip crop perished. The cereal crop suffered, although to not so great an extent. There was a rot in sheep, in some places, and in other places an epidemic among the pigs. The fisheries failed. The iron mines in the South were closed. Everything in Ireland seemed to have conspired to invite a famine.

But the British and American farmers were also the innocent causes of intensifying Irish distress.

In Donegal, Mayo, Galway, and the Western Islands the small holders for generations have never been able to raise enough from their little farms to pay their big rents. They go over every Spring, by tens of thousands, to England and Scotland, and hire out to the farmers for wages. They stay there till the crops are harvested. But the great American competition is lowering the price of farm produce in Great Britain and the price of farm stock; and, therefore, the English and Scotch farmers, for two or three years past, have not been able to pay the old wages to these Irish laborers. Last summer, instead of sending back wages to pay the rent, hosts of Irish farm hands had to send for money to get back again.

These complex combinations of misfortune resulted in universal distress. Everywhere, in the strictly agricultural regions of the West, the farmers, and especially—the small holders, suffered first, and then the distress spread out its ghoul-like wings until they over-

shadowed the shopkeepers, the artisans, the fishermen, the miners, and more than all, the laborers who had no land but who had worked for the more comfortable class of farmers.

These malignant influences blighted every county in the West of Ireland, and these mournful facts are true of almost every parish in all that region.

Looking at the physical cause of the distress every honest and intelligent spectator will say that they are cowards and libellers who assert that the victims of the Famine are in any way responsible for it.

Looking at the exactions of the Landlords, none but a blasphemer will pretend that the distress is an act of Providence.

I shall not attempt to point out the locality and density of distress in the different districts of the counties of Ireland. I could talk for two hours on each province and never repeat a single figure of fact. I must content myself by summoning to my aid the stern and passionless eloquence of statistics, and by showing you the numbers of the distressed in each county enable you to judge, each of you for yourself, how widespread is the misery and how deep.

Let us run rapidly over Ireland. We will begin with the least distressful province—the beautiful province of Leinster. Although Leinster contains one-fourth of the population of Ireland it does not contain more than one-thirtieth part of the present distress. Leinster is the garden of Ireland. There is no finer country in the temperate zone. There is no natural reason why poverty should ever throw its blighting shadows athwart the green and fertile fields of Leinster.

There are resident Landlords in the rural districts of Leinster; and wherever in Ireland the owners of the soil live on their own estates, the peasantry, as a rule, are more justly dealt with than when they are left to the tiger mercy of the agent of the absentee. But it is not the fertile soil only, nor the presence of resident proprietors only, nor the proximity of markets only—nor is it these three causes jointly—that accounts for the absence of such a long

procession of distress as the other provinces present.

In some of the fairest counties of Leinster, eviction has done its perfect work. Instead of toiling peasants you find fat bullocks; instead of bright-eyed girls you find bleating sheep. After the Famine of 1847, the men were turned out and the beasts were turned in. The British Government cheered this infamy for Irishmen are rebels—sometimes; but heifers are loyal—always. There is less distress in the rural districts of Leinster because there are fewer people there.

In the 12 counties of Leinster, there are 38,000 persons in distress—in Dublin, 250; in Wexford, 870; in King's county, 1,047; in Meath and in Westmeath, 1,550 each; in Kildare, 1,567; in Kilkenny, 1,979; in Carlow, 2,000; in Louth, 3,050; in Queen's county, 4,743; in Wicklow, 5,450; in Longford, 9,557.

In Carlow, in Westmeath, in Louth, and in one district of the Queen's county, the distress is expected to increase. In Kildare and in King's county, it is not expected to increase. Now you see by this list how moderate the returns are—how strictly they are confined to famine or exceptional distress, as distinguished from chronic or ordinary poverty; because there are thousands of very poor persons in the city of Dublin, and yet there are only 250 reported as in distress in the entire county. They belong to the rural district of Glencullen.

Longford leads the list of distressed counties in Leinster. There are no resident proprietors in Longford. Up to the 1st of March not one of them had given a single shilling for the relief of the destitute on their estates. The same report comes from Kilkenny.

The distress in Leinster is among the fishermen and small farmers and laborers. In Wicklow the fishers are kept poor because the Government refuses to build harbors for their protection. In Westmeath "the laboring class and the small farmers are in great distress." That is the report of the local committee, and I can confirm it by my personal observation.

The Province of Leinster contains one-fourth of the population of Ireland,

but it does not contain more than one-thirtieth part of the prevailing distress. So I shall take you to one parish only—to Stradbally in the Queen's county. It is not included in the reports of the Mansion House Committee. Mr. Redpath here read a letter from Dr. John Magee, P. P., Stradbally, and continued:

Father Magee is not only a good Irish priest but a profound student of Irish history. Will you let me read to you what he wrote to me about the causes of Irish famine?

"If I were asked," he wrote, "why is it that Ireland is so poor, with abundance of foreign grain and food in your ports, whence this Famine that alarms even the stranger, my answer would be"—

Now listen:

"Speak as we may of short and scanty harvests, the real cause is Landlords' exactions, which drain the land of money, and which leaves nothing to buy corn.

"Landlord absolutism and unrestrained rack rents have always been and are at present, the bane and the curse of Ireland. If the harvest be good, Landlordism luxuriates and abstracts all; if scanty or bad, Landlordism seizes on the rood and cattle for the rack rent."

This is the learned priest's accusation. Now let us listen to his speculations:

"I have in my own parish," he says "five or six Landlords—not the worst type of their class—two of them of Cromwellian descent, a third an Elizabethan, all enjoying the confiscated estates of the O'Moores, O'Lators, and O'Kelly's, whose sons are now the miserable tenants of these estates—tenants who are paying or trying to pay 40, 80, and in some cases 120 per cent. over the Government valuation of the land. Tenants who are treated as slaves and starved as beggars. If these tenants dare gainsay the will of the lord—"

Father Magee don't mean the will of Heaven but the caprice of the landlord.

"If they gainsay the will of the landlord, or even complain, they are victimized on the spot."

"This land system pays over, from the sweat and toil of our inhabitants, \$90,000,000 yearly to six or seven thousand landlords—who do nothing but hunt a fox or hunt the Tenantry."

These good Landlords, you know, have a "wicked partner;" and I want you to hear what Father Magee knows about the "wicked partner."

"The (British) Government that upholds this cruel system abstracts thirty-five millions more from the land in Imperial taxation, whilst there is left for the food, clothing and subsistence of five millions of people not more than \$50,000,000, or about \$10 per head yearly.

Isn't that just damnable?

"This is the system," says Father Magee, "that produces our periodical famines; which shames and degrades us before Europe; which presents us, periodically, before the world as mendicants, and beggars before the nations. And will anyone blame us, cost what it may, if we are resolved to get rid of a system that has so long enslaved our people?"

Blame you! Blame you! Faith no matter what you do to get rid of such a system, devil a bit will I blame you, Father Magee.

(To be Continued.)

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN SWITZERLAND.

ONE of the most curious points of the social organization in the Diocese of Coire, Switzerland, is, says the correspondent of *La Civilisation*, the privilege accorded by the Holy See to the people of naming their own pastors, and in reality electing them, for it rarely happens that the Bishop refuses to ratify the popular choice. On the day of the election, the inhabitants of the commune, who have lived in the district for long years, and are attached to it by their interests, assemble in the church, under the presidency of the Administrator, who discharges the functions of mayor. The electors range themselves at each side of the church, and after a short debate form into groups. The election then takes place, and the president proclaims *Curé* him in whose favor the greatest number of hands are raised. The name of the elect is then communicated to the Bishop by the priest who was deputed to look after the election. There are grave objections to this mode of nomination, and the inconvenience which it formerly produced justified the wise decision of the Church in generally condemning it; but the Holy See has in this case rightly judged that such a privilege placed in the hands of a people so profoundly Catholic would not call forth any conflicts between the

episcopal authorities and the communes. For, nearly all the selections, freely made by the electors, are worthy of being ratified, and no manoeuvres or menaces are introduced into the elections.

The parishes are served by double the number of priests that they possess in France, but still the secular clergy, notwithstanding the devotion of which they give proof, are not numerous enough to satisfy the religious wants of these pious people; for, besides the churches which are to be found in each village, there are scattered over the country chapels erected by ancient families in expiation of their sins or as souvenirs of their deceased ancestors; whilst many chapels are also raised up by the zeal of the inhabitants. These chapels are to be found in the most elevated parts of the country, even at the height of fifteen hundred metres, in places whither the peasants send their flocks during the summer season. Here the religious orders find a field for their zeal, their spirit of sacrifice, and their practical intelligence. I have never better understood their zeal than when I met the Capuchins, with their poor costumes, braving the rigors of the season, and going to serve the most distant chapels, winning for themselves the utmost popularity and affection.

Each month, two Fathers preach a sermon in a village, and nearly all the population approach the holy table. Practical and able speakers, the Fathers preach sermons which are greatly liked, and which draw large crowds. Like the religious of the middle ages, if the church is too small to hold the mass of the faithful, they preach in the open air.

I know no finer spectacle than that of this people practicing their duties, and preserving the faith with the same fervor as their fathers centuries ago possessed; and when, accustomed to the French churches of certain regions, which are deserted by men, I saw a parish church filled with the male population, I could not prevent myself from feeling a lively emotion. Faithful to the prescriptions of the Church, the peasants of this country do not confine themselves to a weekly attendance at the religious ceremonies. They do

not fail each day to pray in the church, and they have preserved for several centuries the touching custom of repeating at their second meal a "Pater" and "Ave," and a prayer for friends and enemies, as well as for the souls in purgatory. On the walls of the houses are to be found pictures of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, together with that of the saints particularly venerated by the family or the village. Even the inns admit these religious prints, and I have not found one of these inns in which the principal room was not ornamented with a crucifix. Finally, at the door of the houses inhabited by the old peasant families there is usually a holy water font, and before the inmates retire, the priest, who visits them, gives them his blessing. The clergy are everywhere received with open arms, and no inhabitant, not even strangers, who perhaps nourish at the bottom of their hearts very little love for priests, will dare to utter a disrespectful word towards them. When a priest travels through the country, the little children run before him and catch his hand. This is the touching way in which they testify their respect.

Besides the Capuchins, are to be found in the canton of Schweitz the Benedictines, owners of the splendid Convent of Einsiedeln, the most frequent resort in Europe of pilgrims. Protector of the whole country, which it has filled with benefits, the convent is at once a house of instruction and a place where deep and learned studies are carried on. The college has a high renown for the ability with which the students are taught. It is necessary to inscribe one's name on the books several months in advance to obtain admission, so great is the number seeking for entrance.

The divine precept which ordains the sanctification of the Sunday is fully obeyed; on that day all work ceases. Never does a sick person die without the consolations of religion. And this people, who preserve the Catholic faith untarnished, possess a rich country. All the inhabitants know how to read and write, and the press counts many organs. Strangers arrive there who, to a certain extent, bring about the creation of a class generally disposed to become the instrument of social disorganization;

but still religion holds firmly her empire, in the midst of the general trouble caused in Europe by modern ideas. Protected by so solid a barrier, this race has had the happiness to remain firm.

INDIAN LYRICS.

VIII.

SHAWNEE ADDRESS TO THE OHIO.*

Flow wide and deep my native river
Between thy low, luxuriant banks,
Where arching forest trees for ever
Cast shadows from their ranks.
In mountains Blue thy source, where many
A pine-clad peak is capped with snow,
Monongahela—Alleghany—
And streams that to them flow,
My gentle Ohio.

As calm thy course—as moves the hunter
When chasing bison in his dreams,
Save when the storm—or rolling thunder
Rose o'er the eagle's screams,
Or bay of wolves or foxes prowling—
Till Whitemen's guns the silence broke
Upon the war-path or in fowling,
And when their hatchets stroke
The drowsy echoes woke.

In youth I've rambled near thy water—
Its surface dimpled into smiles,
To hunt the beaver and the otter,
Or paddle round the isles.
My carved and painted piroque glided
Where ruffled currents rippled slow,
Or else a practised oar would guide it
To fishing pools I know—
Across the Ohio.

When winds were high and days were sunny,
How long I mid those woods delayed
In quest of game or gum or honey—
Their shelter and their shade.
Within their leafy coverts wandered
To trap the marten and the mink,
Or through thy moss and meadows sauntered
To shoot upon thy brink
The deer that came to drink.

The summer heat alone can waste thee,
No cascades dash thee on with force,
Nor rocky ledge or rapids haste thee,
No ice impedes thy course.
The Redman's race thy region's leaving
Or melting like the April snow,
But while the Land-shark is deceiving,
In peace and freedom flow,
My charming Ohio.

The Shawnee's dusky sons and daughters
Would—bending o'er thy floods—adore
The Indian's Spirit of the waters,
In shadows of thy shore.
And with a fervour all the fonder—
The pipes and beads they valued most
Were offered on thy waves that wander
And goods from Trader's post,
Gifts for a father's ghost.

I've trodden oft—to meet the maiden
I wished my lodge and heart to share,
The winding trail, with presents laden,
Beside “*La belle rivière* ;” †
The finest furs and feathers give her,
The sweetest fruit and flowers that grow,
My arrows in a headed quiver
And in my hand a bow,
Along the Ohio.

Roll on thou dark majestic river,
And may thy bosom always be
As broad and beautiful as ever,
As undefiled and free.
The wily Pale-face will endeavour
Thy ceaseless currents to restrain,
Oh! may thy placid waters never
Be sullied for his gain,
But pure and sweet remain.

Flow onwards to the Mississippi
Through intervals where now are found
The Yankee's clearing and his city,
Though once our hunting ground.
I grieve to see thy borders burrowed
Beneath his spade and grubbing hoe,
Or e'en thy tranquil surface furrowed
By sail-boat and batteau,
My beauteous Ohio.

† “*La belle rivière*”—a name given by the French *Voyageurs* to the Ohio. It is so designated on an old Missionary map.

SELF-LOVE AND SELF-ESTEEM

It is an old saying, and a true one, that “of all mankind, each loves himself the best;” though no vice or virtue ever assumed so many different names. Most of our actions, either good or bad, may be resolved into this same love of self; in the statesman's anxiety for the welfare of his native country, the love of power usually goes at least hand in hand with patriotism. “I have learned,” says “Junius,” “that nothing will satisfy a patriot but place.” We laugh at our neighbours, and pity them from the same motive; their foibles and absurdities excite our amusement, because we consider ourselves superior to the like weaknesses. Their troubles cause us distress; but is not even divine compassion a form of self-love, or rather,

* Ohio means beautiful in the Indian language—the river is nearly 1200 miles long and about half a mile wide.

self-pity? Do we not grieve for others in proportion as we are able to put ourselves in their place, and picture what we should feel under the same circumstances? The reciprocal regard for one another's interests, the mutual esteem, the exchange of kind offices, which constitute friendship, find their chief source too in self-love. If we have been inclined to esteem anyone ever so highly, let it but be whispered in our ear that that same person does not think much of us, and we immediately find out that he is not nearly so charming as we had imagined, and that his good opinion is not after all worth having. On the other hand, among our acquaintances there may be an individual whom we consider both weak-minded and ignorant, and think in fact quite beneath our notice. Wait a little: it comes to our knowledge that this same creature whom we have been despising has an immense admiration for us. How all our ideas change! We discover at once hidden merit in our stupid friend; he has at least powers of discrimination, and is some judge of character. We all like our neighbours much more for the virtues they find in us than for any we discover in them, whether we choose to acknowledge it or not. But it is perhaps in the passion of love that the very alcohol of egotism is to be found; lovers never weary of each other's society so long as they can keep up the intensity of mutual admiration; their *tete-a-tetes* are always interesting, for they perpetually talk about themselves, and should their love be crossed, both would probably rather that the loved one should be miserable than indifferent. We recognise throughout the same leading principle:—

And by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all.

There is still so much *terra incognita* in the regions over which self rules, that it is impossible to follow it through all its different tricks and aliases; if it cannot obtain footing as a vice, it comes often in the form of virtue, and as such it is generally to be found in the finest natures. Realising this, well-meaning people sometimes go to the other extreme, and cultivate a system of wholesale self-disparagement. They persuade themselves that it is a duty to

undervalue everything they are and have, and the result is even more disastrous than that which arises from inordinate self-esteem. Believing himself unworthy of great things, the falsely-humble man will never try to rise; from repeatedly impressing upon himself that he is mean, or low, or degraded, he will end probably by becoming so. "Self-love is not so great a sin as self-neglecting." We have, in fact, no more right to be unjust to ourselves than to others. The polite Chinese, when he is asked "What is your honorable name?" replies, "My ignoble name is "So-and-so." On the further inquiry as to where his fine house is situated, he answers, "My miserable hovel is on the banks of a river." On being questioned respecting the number of his princely sons, he informs you that his "trifling puppies" are four in number; and when the health of his clever and beautiful wife becomes the object of solicitude, though he is really proud of her, he says, with an air of indifference, that his "stupid thorn-bush is as well as she deserves to be," or something to that effect. Now no one in his senses thinks all this a sign that our celestial friend is specially endowed with the virtue of humility; it is simply the idea that the vainest and most self-sufficient people in the world have, of high-breeding, to show their individual superiority, their freedom from conceit, by excessive self-depreciation, which is just self-love in a plausible disguise.

Though many practise, there are few who would advocate an incessant ringing of the changes on "I," "Me," "Mine," even in thought. The sarcasm is admirable in the story of a certain well known writer whose work was delayed in going through the press, the printers complaining that its capital I's were exhausted. Such egotism as this makes a man ridiculous, but it is only extremes that are bad; it is on the just combination of rational self-regard, with due consideration, sympathy, and deference for others, that wisdom and happiness depend. A moderate self-confidence is the foundation of true manliness of character, and the source from whence have issued most of the noblest enterprises in the world's history. Nothing great was ever done without a

proper self-esteem, a quality which becomes objectionable only so far as it is allowed to preponderate over better feelings. True merit, however great, is, when altogether unobtrusive, apt to be overlooked, for there is always a certain indifference in the world to the interests of individuals; but if a man keeps his best points to some extent in view, and does not pretend to ignore his claims to consideration, people will be forced to do him justice, and both the public and the individual will ultimately be the gainers. We each of us, says Oliver Wendell Holmes, have a sort of triune personality: what we think ourselves: what we appear to others; and what we are in reality. The truth in this matter is not always easy to discover; but whoever will honestly seek to follow the "*gnōthi seauton*" of the ancient oracle is not likely to be guilty of either egotism or mock-humility.—*Rock*.

THE EXILES OF ERIN.

BY M. A. C.

"Hopeless! hurrah for the Irish race, that holds in its conquering hands
The nations' strength and the nations' fate,
and the fatness of the lands!
O seas, you worship us well, I know, with
the wonder of all your waves;
O shores, you are safe and sacred now with
the glory of Irish graves!
And all the echoes have heard your name—
will hear it, mother dear,
Chaunted by poets through all the earth
with the strength of a charging cheer;
And the lands are bright with the fiery light
that shoots from your soldiers' scars.
Hopeless! hurrah for the Southern Cross,
hurrah for the Stripes and Stars."

—FRON BARRA.

The exiles of Erin! What a sad picture these four words call up before the mental vision—a picture of famine-stricken thousands flying from the Green Isle they loved so well, to find a home, or mayhap a grave, in the land of the stranger; of crowded railway stations and wild farewells—heartrending partings between parents and children, husbands and wives, maidens and their lovers; of the emigrant ship with its miserable freight of plague-stricken wretches; of fever-sheds on the far

distant shores of America; of Irish blood poured forth on the foreign fields; of prison cells and nameless graves.

But there is a bright side to the picture as well as a dark one. Though the story of Erin's exiles is a long and a sad it is not an inglorious one; for these outcasts from their own land have proved a blessing to the countries of their adoption. Many of them wrote their name on history's page, and their counsels or their swords changed the fate of other nations, though they could not save their own. To almost every land under Heaven have these exiles wandered, under many banners have they served, and their graves are scattered far and wide, "by mountain, stream, and sea."

In Spanish soil rests many a brave Celtic soldier, many a gallant scion of the chief houses of Ulster and Munster. In Rome sleeps Hugh O'Neil, the great earl himself—he who fought with Essex and Bagnal, conquering Elizabeth's armies on more than one bloody field; and who went nearer to freeing his country from the English yoke than any Irish leader that ever invoked the God of Battles. Like another famous Irishman, it was to Rome he turned in the decline of his days; and there, amid its churches and its ruins, this great chieftain of fair Tyrone closed his soldier's life—a life which reads more like a wild romance than the record of real events. The then Pope had him buried with royal honors. Near him rests Rory O'Donnell, another Northern chief; and few are the Irish travellers in Rome that do not visit the old church in which their tomb is to be seen. Father Meehan did so when he was a student of the Irish College in the Eternal City; and from that hour never lost the idea of tracing the history of the latter years of Tyrone and Tyrconnell. From his visit to their resting place sprang, after long years of patient research and inquiry, his great work "The Flight of the Earls."

Years later on, another and a greater flight of exiles took place, when, after the siege of Limerick, "the Wild Geese" left our shores. We read that from the arrival of the Irish troops in France in 1691 to 1745 (the year of Fontenoy) more than 450,000 Irishmen died in the

French service. Good service and true did these troops render to France during those years. She afforded them some opportunities of striking hard blows at England, and that alone was almost enough to bind them to her cause.

Not very long after the fall of Limerick, Sarsfield and William met again—first at the battle of Steinkirk, and afterwards at Landen, in the Netherlands. At both places the French were victorious over the allied forces. At Landen Sarsfield fell. Tradition says that his last words were, as the life blood gushed from his wound, "Would that it were for Ireland." Yet, in spite of his regret that his death-blow came on a foreign field and in a stranger's cause, his weakening heart must have throbbled with joy and pride at the sight of the English red flying before the fierce Irish shout of "Remember Limerick."

In the wars which took place in Queen Anne's time numbers of Irish served in each of the great French armies. There were four regiments of cavalry and at least seven of infantry constantly employed in these wars; and numerous were the engagements in which they distinguished themselves.

On one bleak day in February, 1702, was fought the celebrated battle of Cremona, at which they acted with such wondrous gallantry that after it they received the special thanks of King Louis. It was the same everywhere—under the blue skies of Italy, on the battle-fields by the Rhine—wherever these warrior exiles were, "they fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true," and whether on the side of victory or the reverse ever returned from the contest with honor. At Blenheim, at Almanza, their war-cry rang where the tide of battle was fiercest and blows were falling fastest.

But it was at Fontenoy that they best revenged "Limerick's violated treaty." The history of that famous battle is as well known in Ireland as the story of the siege of Derry or the battle of the Boyne. O'Brien commanded the Irish Brigade on that occasion, and, according to many historians,

"Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,

Were not those exiles ready there, fresh, vehement, and true."

They *were* ready, and won the battle for King Louis that day.

But it was not in Franco alone that Irish exiles sought renown. Spain had five Irish regiments in her service about that time, and Mitchel tells us in his History of Ireland that "for several generations a succession of Irish soldiers were always to be found under the Spanish standard; and in that kingdom those who were chiefs in their own land were always recognised as 'grandees,' the equals of the proudest nobles of Castile. Hence the many noble families of Irish race and name still to be found in Spain at this day. The Peninsular War, in the beginning of the present century, found a Blake generalissimo of the Spanish armies; while an O'Neill commanded the troops of Arragon, and O'Donnells and O'Reillys held high grades as general officers."

In the present century not many Irish exiles seek Spain or "sunny France." It is towards the "Southern Cross" or the land of "the Stripes and Stars" they turn. During the famine years, and since, the emigration from Ireland has been something to wonder at. Probably nothing like it can be met with in the history of the world. "Thom's Almanac" tells that from the year 1841 to 1851, 1,589,133 emigrants left our coasts; and in 1852 no less than 368,764 souls fled from the land of their birth.

"A million a decade—calmly and cold
The units are read by the statesmen sage;
Little they think of a nation old
Fading away from history's page;
Outcast weeds of a desolate sea—
Fallen leaves of humanity."

So wrote "Speranza," and, no doubt, the English statesmen *were* well pleased to see the Irish people flying from the old land to where (they then hoped) they would trouble them no more.

In '48 a gifted band, of which any country might be proud, were forced to become exiles from Erin. Soldiers, statesmen, poets, and orators were they. At home they were looked on as traitors, or visionary enthusiasts; abroad they proved themselves as practical as they were brilliant. Charles Gavan Duffy (he who wrote the "Mustering of the

North," one of the most powerful of Irish rebel poems, of which it was said that the author had "the heart of a demon, but the head of one too") was the ablest Prime Minister Australia ever had. In Canada D'Arcy McGee gave proof, if not of his consistency, at least of his ability as a statesman. Thomas Francis Meagher, at the head of his Irish Brigade, well earned his fame as a dashing soldier, and died Governor of Montana.

But the story of the Young Ireland leaders is too fresh in the minds of the present generation to be repeated here. They are now nearly all passed away. Not one threads his native soil; though some have found graves in Irish earth.

Of all the exiles of '48 the one whose end was most in keeping with his stormy life was poor Mitchel. It was such a one as he would probably have wished himself—to return from his long exile to breathe his last in a moment of triumph, with Tipperary's welcoming cheers ringing in his ears, and the proud satisfaction of knowing that with his dying breath he sped one parting shaft at the Power that during life he had hated with a deep and consistent hatred of which a less fiery nature would be incapable.

Perhaps the sight of our countrymen abroad is almost enough to keep alive bitter feelings in an exile's breast; for how can he doubt that there must be something very wrong with the land whose people he finds able to succeed everywhere but at home?

The Irish in the United States are now numerous and powerful. That they have proved themselves grateful for the hospitality with which they were received, America cannot deny; for during the long civil war they shed their blood as freely as if it were water in her cause. Well did the Irish Brigade at that time show that Irish soldiers still lacked nothing of the dash and "go" which distinguished their predecessors at Fontenoy. A race does not readily change or forget—at least the Irish do not forget; for wherever exiles of Erin are—in busy cities, or amid the dark forests or wild prairies of the New World—they remember the old friends, the old homes, and the old land. In some the love of mother-country burns

strong and bright, and leads (it may be) to deeds of wild enthusiasm; in others it is but an uncertain glimmer, which flashes out for a moment, and then disappears for a long while; in many the cares and strife of life have so dimmed it that it seems to have died out altogether; yet in almost every exile's heart, deep down under the ashes of other feelings, some spark of it still remains, and would blaze out if the opportunity occurred. A very practical proof of this is the readiness with which Irish emigrants, rich and poor, young and old, men and women, respond to any calls made upon them for money for Irish purposes. The money may have been hardly earned and badly wanted for other things, yet they will give it freely to the old land.

In Australia, as well as in America, Irish emigrants are to be found in posts of trust and honor; in Africa also they are well-to-do; even in England they are beginning to make their mark. Will they ever make it here, or restore their country to her rightful place among the nations? Like the Jews, our people are scattered over the face of the earth; but, unlike them, they never denied their God, and He will surely bless their future.

THE POPULAR PIETIST.

THE habits of the Popular Pietist are rather peculiar. He goes to church and with rare devotion joins in prayers. When he takes the collecting-box, or bag, round there is a sweetly, cherub-like, insinuating air about him which seems to say "now, you must give liberally or be for ever disgraced in my eyes, a thing which I am sure you would not like." As he stands up to sing he looks as if he found it the most difficult matter for him to keep his religious instincts within decent bounds. To cap all, he listens to the priestest of sermons with an air of ecstasy, and would be shocked if it could be supposed that he had missed a word of the precious discourse. As he leaves the sacred building he relates to his neighbours how greatly he has been edified. Then he goes home with his wife and rebukes her for her extravagance, or talks of the great scheme for the making

of his own fortune which he intends to put into operation on the morrow, or describes the fine furniture which he has decided to buy for his drawing-room, meanwhile regarding with something like horror the little urchins who are playing leap-frog in the street and have not been to church. With the remembrance of his devotions fresh in his mind, he sits down to dinner. After he has murmured a grace in an affecting way, and looked as if he were about to shed tears into his plate, he loses his temper because, when the cover is raised, the mutton is found to have been done a little bit too much or a little bit too little. He does not swear at his servants, of course, but he talks to them in such a way that they imagine it would be almost a relief if he would but indulge in strong language at their expense. He does not appear to perceive that it is an anomalous state of things for the individual whose heart is given up to Heaven, and who is accustomed to become angry because other people are not so religious as himself, to lose his temper over the cooking of a leg of mutton. While in vigorous terms he condemns the bestial excesses to which the lower orders are addicted, he knows "what is what" in the gastronomic way, and acts in such a manner as to inspire in one the belief that he would not be at home and happy in a paradise if it did not contain a thoroughly good cook.

The Popular Pietist is an excellent hand at driving a bargain. He gets the better of you as neatly and as completely as he could if he were unaware that there was such a thing as a text and had never heard a psalm sung in his life. His clerks and employes fear him and, alas, that it should have to be written, dislike him. The parents and friends of juniors are in the habit of believing that in him the unhappy juniors will find a true guide, philosopher, and friend, who will at one and the same time teach them the way to become rich and the way to reach the higher life. But the poor juniors themselves do not believe anything of the sort. They know that he is inexorable when holidays and increases of salary are asked for, and that he uses religion as if it had been a weapon specially designed for their humiliation.

When death carries off one of his friends the Popular Pietist mourns; but he comforts himself, and he comforts others, by unctuously remarking that there is another and a better world, and that, in point of fact, the departed one is to be envied, not pitied. The bereaved are often left practically penniless, but he, believing, we suppose, in the righteousness of a fair division of labor, rests content with applying balm to their wounded spirits, and leaves others to minister to their merely temporal wants.

The Popular Pietist sees in the success which he has himself achieved in life striking and gratifying proof of the beneficence of Providence. He holds it aloft as conclusive evidence that those who do their duty will not fail to reap their reward, and, reasoning from it, argues that people who have not done well have evidently not done their duty, and should not, therefore, be assisted by any conscientious person, lest they should be thereby encouraged to persevere in their malpractices. This belief not only conduces, in a marked degree, to the preservation of the serenity of his mind, but also to the protection of his pocket from gross inroads which might otherwise be made on it. So it is not, perhaps, astonishing that he tenderly cherishes it. He is accustomed to relate how he has achieved his many triumphs, and it would seem that these have been contributed to not merely by his cleverness, his perseverance, and his assiduity, but by his godliness, the latter quality having enabled him to stick to his work and perform great feats when other persons would weakly have deserted their posts. No doubt, by recording his own achievements—by trumpeting them forth on every occasion—he encourages people to follow his good example, and it is, therefore, gratifying that his worth is recognised by his compeers in a variety of ways, it being on record that monuments and statues have been erected to his honor.

Yet, in spite of his success, his goodness, and his religiousness, the Popular Pietist is not loved. It might not, indeed, be too much to say that he is not generally respected. The hardened children of darkness feel that he is cold, callous, selfish, and grasping;

while some audacious persons go so far as to say that he is hypocritical. They announce that he uses religion as a means to promote his own merely sordid ends. They declare that if his protestations were sincere he would become softened, refined, and pitying. Perhaps they are right to some extent. But it is a melancholy fact that even many undoubtedly sincerely religious persons are accustomed to display as much bad temper, unreasonableness, and selfishness as is displayed by those who do not pretend to love entering the temples of grace. We cannot pretend to be able to say why these sincerely religious persons have many of the small vices of irreligious persons with the addition of a spiritual priggishness peculiarly their own, which often renders their company scarcely bearable.—*Liberal Review.*

I R E L A N D I N '48.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, one of the most earnest and distinguished of that brilliant set of young Irishmen who constituted what was called "the Young Ireland Party," and many of whom died in exile, has been passing a few weeks in Paris on his way back from Australia. It will be remembered that he expatriated himself in despair of seeing his hopes of justice for his country realized. He went to Australia without any other idea than that of practising his profession of barrister, and had no purpose whatever of engaging again in public life. He had not been there more than a year, however, when he was persuaded to enter the Legislative Assembly. The experience acquired in the English House of Commons soon singled him out for grave responsibilities. After the habit of new countries, he held in succession, during twelve years, offices with the most varied duties. He was successively Minister of Public Works, Minister of Public Lands, Minister of Roads and Railways, and finally Prime Minister. His experience in the House of Commons, had made him thoroughly acquainted with Parliamentary precedents and practice, and at the commencement of a new colonial parliament (three or four years ago), he was elect-

ed speaker and held this office until the eve of his return to Europe, when he announced his intention not to hold it again. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald* had an interview with him in Paris from which we glean the following abstract of Sir Charles's views on Irish affairs:—

I enquired how it happened that, with his strong interest in Ireland, he had ever gone to Australia?

He replied that he had gone there because Ireland had laid down basely at the feet of Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston. In 1850 the people were flying to America and the colonies at the rate of a thousand a day from the famine and the exterminating landlords. In conjunction with Frederick Lucas, George Henry Moore, and others, he had founded a Parliamentary party to obtain such a change in the laws affecting land as would save the Irish race from the extinction with which they seemed to be threatened. More than fifty members were elected, pledged to a sweeping reform, and pledged also not to accept office with any administration which would not make this reform a cabinet question. Sadleir and Keogh broke their pledges, took office, and carried off more than half the Irish members to the support of the Aberdeen Government, which did not adopt the proposed reform. The honest members fought the deserters at the hustings, in the press, and at public meetings; but the superior clergy, especially Archbishop Cullen, supported those that had fallen away from them, and a large mass of the people did the same. The bulk of the priests remained faithful and the Irish party would have succeeded in the end but that the clergy were ordered by certain bishops to refrain from political meetings, and thus the most substantial prop was struck under the popular platform. The Irish party appealed to Rome against the policy of Archbishop Cullen. Lucas, who carried the appeal, was supported at the Propaganda by several bishops and by one archbishop, but he was unsuccessful and died of disappointed hopes. He was an Englishman, but he loved the Irish people and served them with perfect fidelity according to his conviction. He (Sir Charles) had declared at the outset that

if the priests were withdrawn from politics he would throw up his seat in Parliament and leave the country, and he did so. He did so under the belief that you could no more sway the peasantry against the exterminating landlords in 1855 without the aid of the priests than you could have raised the Highland clans a century earlier without the help of their chiefs. In his farewell address he (Sir Charles) remembered he had used a phrase which had been misquoted a hundred time since. He said, "You might as well appeal to a corpse in a dissecting room to rise and walk as appeal to the Irish peasantry to combine and act without their clergy." This had been distorted and constantly cited as if he had said that "Ireland was as dead as a corpse on a dissecting table." Now he hated controversy and did not think it worth while contradicting the misstatement. Before he left the House of Commons the party of fifty had been reduced to five by desertion inside and outside Parliament.

I enquired if he had gone into politics at once in Australia.

He replied in the negative and said his intention originally was to practise as a barrister and refrain from colonial politics, and he did so for a time. But the new constitution was coming into force, he was offered a seat in the first Parliament under it, became a member of the first government created by the will of the people, and thus became committed to a public career. The system of government in Australia Sir Charles described as the freest in the world. When a reform commended itself to the people it was immediately carried into effect. All public offices were filled at the discretion of ministers enjoying the confidence of the community. The Government of England or even the Queen could not appoint or remove even a policeman in Australia. She appointed the governor as her immediate agent or representative, but no one else. Australia was one of the most prosperous countries in the world, and he rejoiced to say that nowhere, not even in the United States, was there so large a proportion of Irishmen who were landed proprietors or in good professional and industrial positions.

I enquired if it was because Irishmen

were a majority of the population that Irish statesmen were so successful in Australia.

He said that the Irish, so far from being a majority, only amounted to a fourth or fifth of the population, and there was actually a smaller proportion of Irish in the parliament there than in the British House of Commons. But men who emigrated generally got their prejudices rubbed off, and a population chiefly English and Scotch allowed Catholics to attain to office in Australia which no wisdom or virtue apparently would enable them to reach in England, where there had not been a Catholic prime minister or speaker since the time of the Tudors.

I asked him his opinion in regard to the existing division among the Home Rulers, but he said he had refrained from mixing in personal controversies in Ireland for more than twenty years, even when his own name or conduct was in dispute, and he intended to persevere in the same course.

I enquired whether he thought the Gladstone administration then in course of formation would be useful to Ireland.

His reply was that if a man of genius and courage like Mr. Gladstone could not carry practical reforms it was vain to hope that any one else could. But for the individual will of Mr. Gladstone the Irish Church establishment would be still in full operation, and the Irish tenantry in three provinces bare of all defence against unjust landlords.

I suggested that the Irish had not shown themselves overgrateful for these services.

He said there was some truth in that charge, but perhaps only a half truth. It was hopeless to expect men to be enthusiastic over imperfect justice, and the English people would not suffer Irish questions to be settled fairly. The disestablishment would have formed a temporary theme for a satirist like the author of "Gulliver's Travels." Religious equality was proclaimed, and it was established by giving one party all the churches, all the glebes, and the bulk of the fund by way of compensation, and when the other party asked a single ruined church, dear to them from historic associations, the House of Lords threw out the bill which granted the

concession. The bases of a liberal land code were certainly laid by the Gladstone Government, and the new administration might perfect it, but they found the principles of it ready to their hand in the speeches and writings of the Irish Land Reformers in 1852. Sir Robert Peel, when he carried Catholic emancipation, and again when he carried free trade, recognized the services of those who had made his path easy, and it would not, he thought, have misbecome Mr. Gladstone to have remembered men without whom he would have never heard of the Irish land question. When he took up Irish claims again there was a very simple method by which he could secure the gratitude of the country and of the world; let him insist on Parliament settling them in the same spirit in which he settled the Alabama claims, and not always proffer a pitiful composition of so many shillings in the pound to Ireland. One of the few generous lord lieutenants sent to Ireland told a great English minister a truth still worth remembering when he said "that an imperfect settlement of a national grievance leaves a splinter in the wound."

THE GEM OF CADIZ.

CHAPTER I.

In the environs of that old Spanish city, "fair Cadiz, rising over the dark blue sea," sat Zoraida Hassan, the daughter of the Governor, who was famed far and near for the dowry of noble birth and magic beauty she inherited from her proud Moorish father, and lovely mother.

She now sat at the window of her chamber in the tower overlooking the blue waters of the bay. The smile that hovered around her brilliant, scarlet lips, lighted her soft, dark Moorish eyes, whose gaze was bent out on the distant water. In her *neglige* morning toilet, the lady looked more lovely than when riding on the Plaza, with the folds of her lace mantilla veiling half her beauty. She was clad in a loose-fitting morning robe of silk of a delicate pink hue, fastened at her slender throat by a diamond pin, and gathered around her slight waist by a silken girdle.

From beneath the folds of her dress, which swept away to the marble floor, peeped out one tiny, slippered foot, encased in a golden embroidered sandal. The waves of her dark hair were drawn back from her low forehead, and wound in graceful coils at the back of her shapely head, and secured by a golden barb set with brilliants.

The apartment in which the Lady Zoraida sat was a fitting place for its brilliant occupant. Rich, velvety matting, glowing with gorgeous colours, covered the centre of the marble floor; soft, luxurious couches invited to a dreamy repose; and vases, filled with rare-hued exotics breathed out fragrance upon the air. The morning sun streamed in at the deep embrasured windows; its rays slanting upon the floor, like golden threads—upon the tapestry-covered walls—over the brilliant furniture—and shedding a brilliant halo around the head of the young girl.

Following the gaze of the dark eyes bent out upon the sparkling waters of the bay, we discern the tapering masts of a vessel, like the white wings of a bird in the clear morning air.

"It is the young Christian's vessel," murmured the lady. "I know it by its slender masts; and he will enter Cadiz. The Prophet protect it from the guns of our forts!" and, shading her dark eyes with her slender, jewelled hand, she watched its approach towards the town.

The ship sped onward over the water; its white sails filled by the morning breeze, and bearing it swiftly nearer; while the watcher up in the tower breathed forth her prayers for the safety of the foreign craft.

Suddenly a heavy boom sounded out on the morning air. The guns of the fort had commenced their deadly threatenings; and the vessel stopped its onward progress—a white flag in a few moments appearing at its mast-head.

The guns of the fort ceased their firing; and soon a boat put out from the vessel, and approached the shore.

Zoraida saw that it contained two naval officers besides the men who rowed it; and her heart gave a bound of pleasure, as she noted one was the

handsome young Christian, whom she had met on the Plaza a month previous, and whose voice, for a week after, had sung beneath the latticed window of her apartment.

Now, with mingled joy and alarm, she beheld the boat approach the city. For, Alphonso—the Christian King, whose message the young stranger bore—was at declared enmity with the Moors. He had conquered province after province: from the northern boundary till he had reached Cadiz—which, sitting upon the threshold of the great ocean, alone remained a successful resister of the ambitious sovereign's attacks.

The strong mountains of Jaen had, thus far, opposed a firm barrier to the attack of the enemy; but the coast defences were incapable of any long siege, and the Christian invaders held the approach of the harbour, so that no reinforcements from abroad were allowed to arrive. The city was thus in a constant state of anxiety and alarm, and it was greatly feared that the Christian King would be successful, and add its surrender to his already swollen list of triumphs.

As the officers came up the strand from the boat, one of them—the taller and more graceful of the two—halted a moment before entering the fort; and shading his eyes from the rays of the sun, looked towards the tower-window of the castle where Zoraida sat watching from the casement.

The lady smiled, and a half-blush stole up to her clear olive cheek.

"It is Raynard Gonsalvo, the young Christian officer!" she murmured, softly. "How daring to come hither into the very stronghold of the Moor! His life is in peril every moment. I wish he were safe upon the deck of his own vessel full many a league away," and, tremblingly, she watched, till, half an hour later, she saw the two strangers emerge from the fort, and, retracing their steps to the boat, row back to their waiting vessel. Then turning to Alfréda—her pretty waiting-maid, who had just entered—Zoraida said, pointing to the boat: "Alfréda, I have seen the Christian stranger. Yonder vessel in the harbour is his; and the boat, now bearing him thither again, must have

brought him here with messages from King Alphonso. Allah grant that my Sire may accept them!"

CHAPTER II.

SCARCELY half an hour had passed after the departure of the boat with its occupants, ere the loud clamour of the cathedral bells, calling the citizens to assemble in the Plaza, denoted that their errand was not one of peace or security to Cadiz.

Through the streets came heralds, crying:

"To arms!—to arms! The Governor summons all good citizens to make ready for the attack of King Alphonso, the Christian invader! Let the grand Plaza be their rendezvous an hour hence!"

The summons was obeyed; a surging multitude gathering at the appointed place, with eager, anxious faces, and restless movements, awaiting the approach of their ruler, Achmet Hassan, the Governor of Cadiz.

Towards the end of a quarter of an hour—when the swaying masses were becoming impatient, and their dark, swarthy faces were gathering a deeper glow—the sound of approaching riders came down the open street.

"Make way for Achmet Hassan, our good Governor!" cried the voice of the crowd; and the dense columns parted for his approach.

Preceded by his herald, Achmet Hassan, the proud Moorish ruler of fair Cadiz, now came onward. He was a man of noble mien, and in a loud, firm voice, he now addressed them:

"Good citizens of Cadiz! It is known to you for what purpose you have been summoned here to-day—it is to learn how to repel the enemy who are now almost at the very gates of our city. The mountains of Jaen, hitherto our greatest protection, have been scaled by the Christian invader. Our harbour we can protect for awhile; but the enemy have control of the outer coasts, and no reinforcements can arrive to our aid. We must depend upon the strong arms and stout hearts of our citizens for the defence of Cadiz. The good Allah give to us the victory over the Christian King! Every citizen will aid us in this defence."

"Ay, by the beard of the Prophet, it shall be our vow!" cried the crowd with one common accord, while loud acclamations went up from their midst.

"Then I leave you to the direction of the officers who have been selected to appoint the separate points of resistance," said the ruler; and, accompanied by his herald, he rode away.

Ere nightfall, the city was put in a complete state of defence against any advance of the enemy; and the citizens with one accord were firm in their decision of resistance to the end.

Leaving the crowd, Achmet Hassan rode homeward. Entering his castle, he sought his daughter's apartment. His pale, anxious face alarmed Zoraida.

"Dearest father, are you ill?" she cried, springing towards him, and twining her soft arms about his neck.

"Not in body, my child, but at heart; for there is great and imminent danger threatening our city. King Alphonso is rapidly advancing over the mountains, with his band of men; and his fleet now lies in our outer harbour. My heart tells me that Cadiz is doomed, that the Christian conqueror will force her to surrender; and Zoraida, my darling child, I cannot protect you from the scenes of war which it will be our lot to witness, even should our lives be spared to tell the tale of our degradation."

The girl drew her father to a seat; and kneeling down beside him, said, while her own heart sank in alarm:

"Let us not grow despondent, my sire! Our city is well protected, and we may repel the invader."

"The Prophet grant it, Zoraida!" said the Moor, tenderly placing his hand upon his daughter's head, and smoothing the black masses of hair away from her forehead. "Zoraida," he said, "Looking into your eyes, the face of your dead mother comes back to me at this moment, as she was at your age, the light of my eyes, and the star of my home. Know you, my daughter, that you are called the most beautiful of all the ladies in Cadiz, and your Siro's heart will, ere long, grow jealous at the approach of some noble suitor for your hand."

Zoraida's heart beat tumultuously at her father's words. What if he had read her secret? But, veiling her dark

eyes beneath their long lashes, she made answer:

"There is not much fear, my Sire, that you will part from me soon. None visit our castle who could find favour in my eyes. So you will have me to yourself this many a year," she added, smiling.

"My heart tells me otherwise, daughter!" said Achmet Hassan. "But I am gloomy to-night. I will not longer tolerate such saddening thoughts. In preparations for the defence of Cadiz, I will banish them; and now I must leave you. Did I tell thee, child, that two officers of the Christian vessel lying in our harbour bore thither to-day profers of amnesty if I would yield up the city? But that were impossible. The proud Moor can never lay his neck beneath the foot of his enemy; therefore we must prepare for the coming contest. Allah and the Prophet send us strength to drive the foe from Cadiz!"

CHAPTER III.

Upon the deck of his vessel, which had lain in sight of the city since morning, paced the young Christian officer, Raymond Gonsalvo. His step was quick and nervous; and upon his face rested a troubled, anxious look. It was no wonder that the heart of Zoraida, the Governor's daughter, was attracted towards the handsome young Christian, whom she had met while walking upon the Plaza one evening, scarce a month before. His figure was tall, well-proportioned, and firmly knit. His midnight hair, and the curling moustache of the same hue which curved the corners of his firmly-cut mouth, well became the deep, rich olive hue of his face. Within his deep, black eyes now slumbered an anxious look; and upon his face rested a troubled expression. Pausing in his rapid walk, he exclaimed:

"I must see her to-night, and warn her of the coming danger! I can, and must, rescue from all harm, this beautiful, brilliant Zoraida—Gem of Cadiz—to whose charms my heart has been madly bowed in worship since the eve we met!"

Approaching an officer who stood at the further end of the deck, he said:

"I am going ashore for a few hours. I have business of importance in the city, and I must attend to it to-night."

"You had best not go. It is a dangerous step, and should you be recognized, your life is the forfeit," was the reply.

"I must risk it, at any rate, Pedro! Attend thou to the ship in my absence; and should I not return by morning, know that your words have proved true; but I fear no danger," said Gonsalvo.

At nightfall, a boat put off from the vessel's side—Raynard Gonsalvo, the Christian captain, being its only occupant—and pulled rapidly towards the shore.

An hour later, as Zoraida Hassan was sitting in her apartment, her faithful tiring-woman came in, and gave a note into her hand.

The lady opened it, and a flush of pleasure shot athwart her cheek.

"Whence came this?" she asked, eagerly.

"A messenger brought it to the castle gate, and bade old Gomez, the porter, summon Lady Zoraida's maid," said the girl; "then, giving it into my hands, he bade me hasten with it to my mistress."

"'Tis strange!" said the lady; "but listen, good Alfreda. You are discreet, and I need your aid. The letter comes from Raynard Gonsalvo, the handsome young Christian officer whom I met on the Plaza a month ago, and who afterwards sang beneath my window. His vessel lies in yonder bay, and he comes hither with messages to my father from King Alphonso for the surrender of Cadiz. But this appeal has been rejected. The Moor will never yield to the Christian without a deadly struggle. My father has given orders for the city to be put in a state of defence, and we shall resist to the last. But the young Christian emissary is noble and generous; he would save me from the fate of war. In this letter, he bids me meet him, an hour hence, in the castle courtyard, that he may decide upon a place for our safety. Were I to tell this to my sire, his proud heart would rebel, and he would forbid the meeting; for he would never accept his life at the hands of the Christian. What think you,

Alfreda? Would it be so very wrong for me to meet this noble stranger, and, at least, thank him for his interest in me?"

Alfreda understood all at once. She herself had a lover, and she read the cause of the lady's interest in this stranger.

"Nay, my lady," she said, "I cannot see the harm of your meeting; and if you have aught of fear, I will accompany you, dressed in the attire of a page. You remember, my lady, how I masqueraded it at the last festival."

The evening shadows lengthened over Cadiz. Above the beautiful city the white moon shone in loveliness, and silvered with splendour the scenes below. It shone upon the broad Plaza, now filled with crowds of anxious, excited men, their hearts gloomy with forebodings for the fate of the town—over lowly cottage, stately palace, and far out upon the dark blue waters of the sea.

In the castle court-yard of Achmet Hassan's stately abode, Raynard Gonsalvo, the young Christian, awaited the Lady Zoraida; and hither the lady and her maid hastened at the appointed time, Alfreda, attired as a page, and Zoraida in her usual evening dress.

"He is not here, Alfreda!" said the lady, as, glancing around, she saw the court-yard was deserted save by herself and her page.

"Mayhap the Christian's heart has failed him," said the girl, "and so he comes not to keep his word."

"Nay, but he will come!" said her mistress. "Ah, I hear his step even now!"

Here the young officer advanced from an angle of the wall, where he had been hidden by the deep shadows, and came towards them. Alfreda drew back, and leaned against the wall; while her mistress observed with a sly glance the approach of the young Christian.

Advancing towards Zoraida, and removing his hat, Gonsalvo raised her extended hand to his lips.

"Beautiful Zoraida, I thank you for this interview!" he said.

"And I will not fill it wholly by telling of the love with which you have inspired me. I come now to proffer my aid for your safety in the coming

danger. To-morrow night there will be an attack upon Cadiz. The forces of the King Alphonso are large and well organized; and the town must surrender. I would proffer to you protection. Upon my vessel you would find the safety which your father's strong castle cannot give. Will you seek this safety, with me as your protector, till the attack is over? Then, if all is safe to return to the town, it shall be my greatest happiness to restore you to your home."

The lady listened, with drooping head and kindling cheeks. When the young officer ceased, she replied, in low, tremulous tones:

"Many thanks, brave stranger, for your kind interest; but I cannot accept the service! I cannot leave my sire, or Cadiz in her peril. In my own home must the news of our subjugation come to my ears. I honour you for the peril you have risked in coming hither to-night. Whatever the future brings, this will be remembered with gratitude. Now I must hasten within, or my absence will be discovered!" and she turned to leave him, motioning her page to follow.

"Most beautiful Zoraida!" exclaimed the young Christian, detaining her a moment by his words. "Your noble devotion and self-sacrifice have but deepened the feelings of adoration with which you have inspired me. I must save you and yours from coming harm, or my own life shall pay the forfeit. Now, farewell, till we meet again!" and, respectfully raising her hand to his lips, he turned away; and, while the lady and her page re-entered the castle, Raynard Gonsalvo sought his boat and quickly rowed back to the waiting vessel.

* * * * *

The ensuing day passed in quietness to the inhabitants of Cadiz, and night wrapped the city in her sable folds. In the silence and darkness—for the moon shielded herself behind the sombre clouds which had gathered in the west at nightfall, and overspread the sky—there came a sharp and fierce contest. Overpowering numbers from land and sea swept in upon the doomed city; and, after a short period, seeing that further resistance would be in vain, or-

ders were given by Achmet Hassan for the citizens to lay aside their arms, and surrender to the conqueror, King Alphonso, whose hordes were within their gates.

The proud Moorish ruler would freely have poured out his own life-blood if, thereby, he could have saved the fair city of his nativity from the foe; but he saw the utter futility of a further struggle, and, for the avoidance of further devastation, the order was given. To King Alphonso, who came at the head of his legions, in proud humiliation, Achmet Hassan rendered up his sword; and when the morning sun shone again upon fair Cadiz, its hitherto proud ruler looked forth from prison bars.

True to his word, the young Christian officer had protected the castle of the Governor from the hands of the rude soldiery. This had been a dangerous service; but it was no faint heart that undertook it, and the eagle eyes of Gonsalvo guarded securely the treasure its walls contained.

A week later, in his prison cell, Achmet Hassan was visited by the young Christian.

"I am come with an order from the King for your release," said Gonsalvo. "You are free to return to your castle, and to your daughter who awaits you there."

In astonishment, the Moor raised his head and gazed at the intruder who bore such strange tidings of pardon.

"What mean you, sir stranger? I am here because I am an enemy to your King. How, then, should he release me?"

"It is true, most excellent Achmet Hassan," said Gonsalvo. "By my entreaty your release is effected. I once rendered King Alphonso's son a signal service, even to the saving of his life; and the boon I have craved in recompense, is your and your daughter's safety."

"Ah, I see!" said the Moor, gazing at the young man with a piercing look. "You have seen my Zoraida. It is for her you would render this service to the Governor of Cadiz, an enemy to your king! I am powerless to repay you; yet, for the sake of my daughter, I accept the life and liberty now offered.

Lead on, I will follow you to my home!"

An hour later, Achmet Hassan sat beside Zoraida in his own castle; and, while relating the manner of his release, he added, with the impetuosity of his noble nature:

"By the beard of the Prophet, my child, I never before met so noble a deed a this! Be he Christian or Turk, this young Raynard Gonsalvo hath taught me that mercy is confined to no creed or race."

"Then let the most excellent Governor Achmet Hassan confirm his words, by bestowing mercy on his suppliant!" said the young Christian, coming forward from behind the silken arras on the wall, where he had retired at the entrance of the Governor. "I have dared to love your daughter, the priceless gem of Cadiz—wilt thou deny me the boon I crave?"

Achmet Hassan was greatly surprised. But his noble heart triumphed; and, turning to Zoraida, he met her blushing face, which told its own story.

"Thou returnest this young Christian's love, I see, my daughter. "Well, be it so! Thou shalt have no barrier put between thy hearts; and, henceforth, let the Moor and Christian dwell in peace together!" and he joined their hands.

And thus Raynard Gonsalvo won Zoraida, the beautiful Gem of Cadiz.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

JOHNSON AND ADDISON.—Dr. Johnson attained the age of thirty before he was known. Was this misfortune? Byron was emblazoned by fame before twenty-six; and for what? Childe Harold, &c.....I do not depreciate these valuable productions; but what are they compared with the Moral, Classical and Philological writings of Dr. Johnson? Yet, the poor man was often without bread, and lived in a small garret. It is a singular truth, that penury has almost always been the satellite of genius. Indeed I am inclined to believe, that on the principle of universal sympathy, there is a connection between a hungry stomach and the

"organs" of intellect! These require some strong stimulants; and hunger for food, and hunger for fame, are among the strongest. Like "Art and Genius," they must go together, it seems, or not at all.

"*Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice,*"
HORACE.

Johnson may be considered the "great bear" of the constellation of literature, Addison (I speak it reverently) porcupine, or the dog star. Johnson, bear-like, tramples down and squeezes to death the bad, *virtutis vere custos, rigid usque satelles*. Addison fawns about them, and licks them into good behavior, convinced, that *ridiculum acri plerumque sceat res*. With regard to their diction, Johnson is like the Amazon, thundering down, agitated by rugged rocks, and foaming beneath overhanging trees to merge itself in the immensity of ocean. Addison is like the canals of Egypt, whose banks are ornamented with gay and smiling cottages, uniformly beautiful.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND BONAPARTE:—I have not read the history of the French revolution, or of Napoleon Bonaparte, with the scrupulous attention to details, which, perhaps, would be requisite, proposing to dispute at large on the one or the other; but, I believe, that the subject is resolvable into a pretty clear simple, did we bear two questions in view. 1st. Was the revolution necessary, and were the means employed in bringing it about and pursuing it, the best that might have been employed. 2nd. Could Bonaparte have acted, or have been expected to act, differently than he did.

To the first question, the answer seems to be, that revolutions generally, indeed always, lead men, or rather men are led by them. Of twenty proceedings, nineteen are the effect of chance (that is to say, an unforeseen incident). That a change was necessary in the French constitution, no man will deny: that the means adopted to effect this change were violent, is equally evident—but that more lenient measures would have done the thing better, or would have done it at all, is what none but a child, utterly ignorant of man, would assert. *The reign of triumphant passions*

was established! Let a man transport himself, for a moment, to the theatre of the French revolution; be present in spirit, at one of those tremendous scenes, in the great drama, where all "the passions stood personified."

Black as night—fierce as ten furies—
Terrible as hell.

When anger, jealousy, despair, every passion that spreads desolation in the habitations of man, had each its countenance in the presence of a *Danton*, *Orleans*, *Robespierre*, and the National Assembly—with a rabble shouting imprecations without, and tumultuous *Frenchmen* wrangling within, at the trial of a prince supposed to be the cause of the calamities; in a country the seat of civil war, and invaded from without; and lastly, in the midst of a nation agitated by a sea of tempest, raging as the abyss of Tartarus is painted to us—place yourself in this situation, and I ask you, how would you act? You know not? But these men knew, for they did act, and pre-eminently Bonaparte; and though the subject was tragic, they acted the acts and scenes throughout, and like a good tragedy, however bloody the scene, the French revolution ended "happily," as the phrase is, in the *National Concordat*, effected by *Napoleon Bonaparte*.

There is a singular short sightedness, or narrowness of mind, in condemning a great man, thus inconsiderately. There are so many circumstances to be known, so many unapparent causes necessary to be unravelled to understand even their simplest action, that none but a fool-hardy pedant, would pronounce such opinions as these: *Napoleon* was a very bad man, no philanthropist—"the leaders of the French revolution were blood-thirsty vagabonds." In one sense, this may be true, but what is good for one man, will kill another; what would have done well in the English revolution might not, would not do in the French revolution. Circumstances change, and man is the child of circumstances.

With regard to Bonaparte this is certain; that there never was, and probably never will be his equal, *dans la science de guerre*; that there never can be his superior in point of good fortune, or misfortune. These two positions are

established by his virtues on the one hand, and the tale of his miseries on the other. What remains to complete the character of the great man? Nothing. Talk not of virtue. All talents derive their exercise from the propensities which we have in common with the brute creation, and these are, for the most, greater in proportion to the former. That Bonaparte used and abused the latter, in expanding the springs of his gigantic intellect, may be granted; but let him "That is not guilty, throw the first stone." Candidly speaking, there are many in "lower" situations, and with fewer temptations, surpassing Bonaparte in "wickedness," and in a goodly "whitened sepulchre," albeit. But we "think we have a good conscience."

STOP AND THINK.

Thinking has much more to do with success in every department of life than we have ever imagined. No great work has ever been accomplished without thought, and we are safe in saying no great work will ever be done without it. One great reason of want of success is a hurried way of working without thought. Some farmers labor hard in the same way every year, still they do not seem to better themselves or their condition, while a neighbor without half the hard labor succeeds in everything he undertakes. They say he is lucky—all that he touches prospers. I wish I were as fortunate, etc. This great difference between men in their prosperity is often the result of thought. One thinks well before every action, and thus nothing is done in vain; nothing in a foolish manner. Every action is the result of thought.

But above all, in a Christian life thought and meditation are most essential. This has been the constant and continual teaching of the Church. Our Saviour tells us that if a man is to build a house he will first sit down and count the cost, to see if he is able to go on with it, lest after having commenced he shall not be able to finish. The Church recommends meditation daily as a sure means of an increase of grace. She also recommends retreats often—at least once a year—that we may, for the

time being, forget the world and consider our state in the spiritual life. If we can only impress this upon our minds in such a way that we shall often meditate upon our exact condition before God, we shall certainly progress in the spiritual life. What does it mean to make progress in a spiritual life? It means to fill the position which God himself has prepared for us here. It means to live for the end of our existence. It means to live a perfect life. It means to practice all the virtues in our power. It means to allow God to take possession of His own image and perfect us in a true growth. In a word, it means all that is good to be accomplished here on earth. This desirable object can be attained through the grace which God so lavishly bestows upon us. But it is very necessary that we intelligently and of our own free will accept this grace. We cannot do this intelligently without making it a work of the understanding, and consequently a subject of thoughtful meditation. A good meditation on any of the truths of our holy religion, or any of the mysteries of faith, be it only of a few minutes duration, in the morning, and a prayerful examination of conscience in the evening, are among the greatest works which, on our part, are to be done to live as good Christians. Next to the reception of the Sacraments and Mass comes meditation. But meditation comes with all these as well as our other duties. Stop and think.—*Catholic Citizen.*

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

VELOCITIES.

CHAPTER II.

HOW CAN THE VELOCITY OF THE ELECTRIC CURRENT BE ASCERTAINED?

In order to illustrate how the velocity of the electric current can be actually measured, we must first introduce the following:—

Whenever a wire is to be magnetized by an electric machine, at the moment it touches the machine a bright spark is seen at the end of the wire. The same spark is seen also at the other end of the wire if touching another appara-

tus. Let us call the first spark the "entrance spark," the other the "exit spark." If a wire, many miles in extent, is put up, and led back to where the beginning of the wire is, both sparks may be seen by the same observer.

Now it is evident that the exit spark appears after the entrance spark just as much later as the time it took the electric current to run from one end of the wire to the other end. But in spite of all efforts made to see whether the exit spark actually appears later, the human eye has not been able to detect the difference. The cause of this is partly owing to the long duration of the impression upon the retina, which leads us to the belief that we see objects much longer than we really do; partly, the immense rapidity with which the exit spark follows the entrance spark. From these two causes, we are tempted to believe both sparks to appear at the same moment.

By an ingenious and excellent means, however, this defect in our eye has been greatly diminished. It is well worth the trouble to read a description of the experiment attentively. The truly remarkable way in which it was tried will please all who read it.

In order to measure the velocity of the electric current, the ends of a very long wire are placed one above the other. If, now, one makes the observation with the naked eye, both sparks will be found to stand in a vertical line, one above the other, as the points of a colon, thus (:).

But he who wishes to measure the velocity of the electric current does not look upon the sparks with the naked eye, but into a small mirror, which, by a clock-work, is made to revolve upon an upright axis with exceedingly great rapidity. Thus he can see both sparks in the mirror. If the apparatus be a good one, it will be observed that the sparks, as seen by the aid of the mirror, do not stand in a vertical line one above another, but obliquely, thus (:).

Whence does this come?

The reason of it is, that after the appearance of the entrance spark it takes a short time before the exit spark appears. During this short time the mirror moves, though but little, and in it

the exit spark is seen as if it had moved aside from the entrance spark.

Hence it is through the movement of the mirror that the time, which is necessary for electricity to go through the circuit of the wire, is ascertained. A little reflection will readily convince the reader that the time may be precisely calculated, provided three things be known, viz: the length of the wire, and the angular distance of the two sparks as seen in the mirror. Thus: Suppose the wire to be 1,000 miles long, and suppose the mirror is made to revolve 100,000 times in a second. Now, if the electrical current traversed these 1,000 miles of wire during *one* revolution of the mirror, then it follows that the current must move 1,000 miles in the 100 part of a second, or, 100,000 miles in a second.

It is found, however, that the mirror does not revolve an entire circle, or 360 degrees, while the current is passing over 1,000 miles of wire, but we find that the mirror turns through 144 degrees very nearly; therefore, the electric current must travel more than 100,000 miles a second. How much more? Just as many times 100,000 miles, as 144 degrees are contained in 360 degrees (the entire circle); viz., two and a half times. Hence the current travels 250,000 miles in a second.

EDUCATION.

"A child is born.—Now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
When passion's gust and sorrow's tempest
shake it,
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,
For soon the gathering hand of death will
break it
From its weak stem of life,—and it shall
lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swell'd one pleasure, or subdued one
pain,
O, who shall say that it has lived in vain,
However fugitive its breathing hour?
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever
tasted,
And scattered truth is never, never
wasted."

JOHN BOWING.

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

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the literal meaning of the word "Composition?"
2. What are the materials we have to deal with in writing?
3. What is the first thing to be done before commencing to write?
4. Give an illustration from the necessity of collecting materials before beginning to construct.
5. State the reasons why many young people fail in their compositions.
6. How should you set about treating a composition, having the subject "a tree" given you to write on?
7. What do you mean by the word "style?"
8. Enumerate its four general qualities.
9. Enumerate the requisites of "Clearness."

THE BARON'S SON.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the groves of these trees which are about as old as itself. About forty years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall simply call Baron. The Baron had an only son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion, that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the old Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood, on which the Baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen Him.

The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took occasion first to show him a beautiful picture which hung on the wall.

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

Then the Baron went with the visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plants.

"Who has the ordering of the garden?" said the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman. "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron took him into the village, and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all the poor children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in this house looked so happy and innocent that the French gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron:

"What a happy man you are to have such a good son."

"How do you know I have a good son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be both clever and good if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No; I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do; and please now draw near this window, and tell me what you observe from thence."

"Why, I see the sun travelling through the sky and shedding its glories over one of the greatest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods; and I see pasture grounds, and orchards, and vineyards, and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields; and many thatched cottages here and there."

"And do you see anything to be admired in all this? Is there anything pleasant or lovely or cheerful in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think that I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?" said the gentleman somewhat angrily. "that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?"

"Well, then," said the Baron, "if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of His handiwork as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose that you have not the use of your senses."

HOW TO GROW.

ONCE I read of a lively, fun loving little fellow who was standing in the garden, with his feet buried in the soil and his hand clasping a tall sunflower. His face was aglow with delight; and when his mother said, "Willie, dear, what pleases you so much?" he replied, "Mamma, I'm going to be a man; I've planted myself to grow."

Willie seemed to think he was a plant and could draw food for growth from the soil. In this he was mistaken, as you know. Boys grow into men by means of food taken into their mouth, but to be real noble men, they must eat something more than bread and meat. They must eat facts.

"Oh! how can we do that?" exclaims some wee Willie.

"By thinking of them, my dear boy. Reading is the spoon with which you get the facts into your head. By thinking, you get to know what the facts really signify. Now, just as the bread, meat, vegetables and fruit you put into your mouth, makes the body grow, so the facts you think about make your mind grow. Be a reader and a thinker."

After all, genius gives most, if not all its energies, to the first success.

A philosopher was asked from whom he received his first lesson in wisdom. He replied, "From the blind who never take a step until they have first felt the ground in front of them."

F A C E T I Æ .

A worn-out parent has named his first baby Macbeth, because he has "murdered sleep."

A musician wants to know how to strike a bee flat, and at the same time avoid being stung by its demisemiquaver

Mrs. Brown says her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot into it.

An advocate of cremation urged as one great point in its favor "that it would save a dead person from being buried alive."

Wanted, a barber who will admit that he ever cut a man while shaving him, and a bachelor who is not looking for a rich widow.

A western editor says one hug is worth a dozen love-letters, and they cannot be introduced as evidence in a breach of promise suit either.

Said he, as he stole one, "I seal my love with a kiss." And she, suiting the action to the word, replied, "I seal mine with whacks."

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as "her treasurer."

"Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest," said Mrs. Partington; "it seems to be an occurrence every night for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

"Charles, dear," she murmured, as they strolled along the other evening, and gazed upward at the bejewelled firmament, "which is Venus and which is Adonis?"

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the patient.

Young farmer: "Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton? Miss Gusherton: "Oh! really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean that as a declaration, you must speak to mamma!

There is one thing which can always be found, and that is—fault.

A very brilliant piano player can work up "Home Sweet Home," so artistically that in the bang and confusion of the playing it cannot be distinguished from "Moses in Egypt."

A good joke is told at the expense of a Jamaica Plains (Mass.) sexton who procured the communion wine for his church. When he made his last purchase he also bought some whiskey for himself. The two demijohns got mixed and on the following Sunday the communicants received whiskey instead of wine, some of the sisters being considerably choked by the strong liquid.

When General Hancock takes up the *Cincinnati Commercial* and reads the following from the Rev. Joseph Cook, he will wish that he had never been born:— "He is one of those ungettable preponderosities of luminiferous political firmament that causes the homogeneity of infinitudinal bioplasticity to yield before the cachination of the imperishable portion of the palpable corporosity at its prototype."

There was once two rival storekeepers in Lincolnshire, England, one of whom had the store of the place and whose establishment was of earlier origin than that of his competitor. When the latter arrived on the scene, the first man put up a sign announcing his as the original store. Not to be outdone the other announced his as the old original store. Then a brisk competition sprang up in the way of signs addressed to passers-by. At length, weary of the constant warfare, which involved time and thought, the more reasonable man of the two returned to his old quiet ways, and, in explanation of the cessation of hostilities, inserted in his window a card bearing the latin words: "*Mens conscia recti*" (a mind conscious of being right.) This was too much for his neighbor. He regarded it as another blow of the adversary, but said to himself, "I can beat that," and the next day in his window appeared a sign in bolder letters than those used by his competitor, bearing the announcement:—"*Men's and women's conscia recti for sale.*" That was the last of the warfare.

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in August.
1	Sun	Midland Great Western Railway, Ireland, opened, 1851
2	Mon	Battle of Rathmines, 1648. Last Session of the Irish Parliament closed, 1800. Renewal of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, 1866.
3	Tues	Hugh O'Neill married to the sister of Sir Henry Bagnal, 1591. Thomas Francis Meagher born, 1823. Queen's visit to Ireland, 1849.
4	Wed	Arrest of Smith O'Brien at Thurles, 1848.
5	Thurs	O'Connell's remains entombed at Glasnevin, 1847. Committal of William Smith O'Brien to Kilmainham Jail, 1848.
6	Fri	Daniel O'Connell born, 1775. Edward Walsh, the poet, died, 1850. Monster Repeal Meeting at Balinglass, upwards of 150,000 persons present.
7	Sat	Irish Reform Bill passed, 1832.
8	Sun	The first stone of Custom House, North Wall, Dublin, laid, 1781. First stone of the O'Connell Monument laid in Dublin; great public procession, 1864.
9	Mon	St. FELIMIDH, Patron of Kilmore. Battle of Ardnocher, 3,500 of the English slain. Prince of Orange appeared before Limerick, 1690.
10	Tues	Great battle and glorious victory of the Irish forces at Beal-an-ath-abuidhe, 1598. The Irish Tenant League Association formed, 1851.
11	Wed	William III. opens trenches before Limerick, 1690.
12	Thurs	St. MUREDACH, Patron of Kihala. Suicide of Lord Castlereagh, 1822. T. F. Meagher, Patrick O'Donohoe, and Maurice Leyne committed to Kilmainham for high treason, 1848.
13	Fri	Schomberg landed at Bangor, in the county Down, with 10,000 Dutch invaders to help the Protestant rebels in the north of Ireland, 1689.
14	Sat	St. FAUCHAN, Patron of Ross and Kiltinora. Oliver Cromwell landed near Dublin, 1649. English camp surprised and cannon blown up by Sarafield, 1690.
15	Sun	ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. O'Donnell routed the English forces at Sligo, 1599. Oliver Cromwell reached Dublin, 1649. Monster Repeal meeting held at Tara, 1843.
16	Mon	The son and heir of Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, assassinated at Brussels, 1617.
17	Tues	Dr. Cane of Kilkenny, died, 1858. George IV. entered Dublin, 1821.
18	Wed	Reynolds, the '98 informer, died, 1836.
19	Thurs	Great meeting in the Rotundo, Dublin, to protest against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 1851.
20	Fri	Great public demonstration in honor of Cardinal Cullen, in Dublin, 1866.
21	Sat	The Castle of Ardmore, county Waterford, yielded, on condition of mercy, nevertheless one hundred and forty men were put to the sword, 1642.
22	Sun	The Danes routed at Clonmel by Niall Glendubh, Monarch of Ireland, 916.
23	Mon	St. EOGHAN, Patron of Derry. French landed at Kihala, 1798.
24	Tues	Most Rev. Dr. French died, 1618. Napper Tandy died, 1803.
25	Wed	Consecration of new church, Ballinasloe, by Archbishop of Tuam; Sermon by Cardinal Wiseman, 1858.
26	Thurs	Irish Parliament held at Castle Dermot, in the county Kildare, 1499.
27	Fri	The English driven from the walls of Limerick; the Irish women fighting in the breach, 1690. Carrickfergus surrendered on articles, 1689. "Races of Castlebar;" flight of the English, 1798.
28	Sat	St. AUGUSTINE.
29	Sun	Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and Prince of Wales, arrived to see the Dublin exhibition, 1853.
30	Mon	St. FIAORE. Siege of Limerick, under William III., raised, 1690.
31	Tues	Henry Joy M'Cracken born, 1767.

Whatever a young man at first applies himself to, is commonly his delight afterwards.

What's the use of love in this world? The answer is "answerless." What's the use of heaven in the next?

Every man has his first success, but every man has not the first success—of genius.

A SCOLO'S EPITAPH.

"Ci-git ma femme! oh? qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos, et pour le mien!"

TRANSLATION.

Beneath this stone my wife doth lie,
Her tongue's at rest—and so am I.

In walking down a fashionable street,
how many men *lie* without speaking—
and women too.