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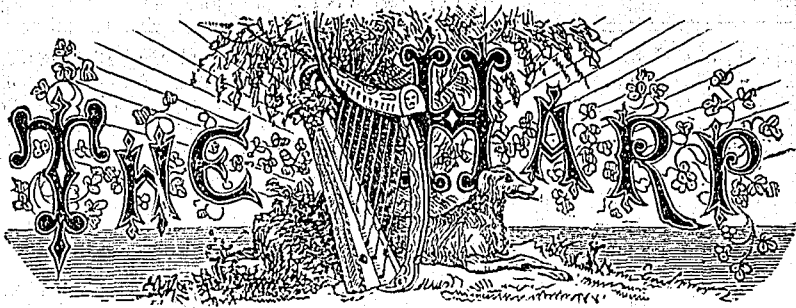
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GILLIES & CALLAHAN, }  
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MONTREAL, APRIL, 1878.

{ Terms in Advance:  
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

EASTER.

Mute nature is bursting her fetters of gloom,  
And south winds arraying the plain in soft bloom,  
While the rose tinted cloud and azure-hued sky,  
Smile down as if beauty were born not to die,  
All hearts are exulting, the Easter-bells ring,  
Proclaiming the dogma of life's endless spring.

Drear Calvary's darkness forever has fled;  
The Jesus we mourned for, no longer is dead;  
The fruit of His Passion in splendor appears,  
And turns into joy the full fount of our tears,  
Yes, Mary has seen Him, and Magdalen's love  
Is blest, all His faithful disciple's above.

She has heard that loved voice, and the sepulchre dim  
Is vacant and alone with no traces of Him;  
While the angels that guarded the portals have told,  
The tidings that never thro' time shall grow old  
Immortal, impassible, agile His feet,  
Are hallowing earth, where the spring zephyrs meet.

Oh, the charm of the air! Oh, the bliss of the sod  
That throbs to the touch of a crucified God!  
The sacred humanity, ever adored,  
Disenthralled from the tomb, to His children restored.

Ah, the delicate crimson, in mid-ether wrought,  
From His Five Sacred Wounds has its purest ray caught.

Even the finely traced brown of the trees in the wood,  
Recalls the sharp Thorns that were steeped in His Blood,  
Oh, beautiful Easter! Oh, precious delight!  
That keeps ever sacred His passion in sight!  
And weaves through our joys, gentle griefs that subdue  
Our passions and render us earnest and true.

EVELEEN'S VICTORY;

OR,

Ireland in the Days of Cromwell.

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

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

It was a merry breakfast party on the convent greensward. The mirth was chastened, truly, but it is wonderful to see how elastic human nature is, and how it can at times throw off the weight of care and apprehension. Gerald's face was radiant as he flitted about doing one after another of Bride's imperious behests; for, in truth, she loved to try the patience of her knight. During the memorable journey to Drogheda, on Mary's wedding day, Gerald had made great progress in Bride's good graces, while he had surrendered his own heart completely into her keeping. He pleaded his cause ere he left the town, and, though rejected, did not go away in a very hopeless mood.

When the Abbess wrote to say Eveleen's clothing would take place on the Feast of our Lady of the Angels, and invited her family to be present, Sir Luke said it was impossible any one could go; but Gerald was so urgent to be allowed to escort Mary, that his arguments prevailed and the journey was made; and when Gerald again quitted Drogheda he bore the troth-plight of the fair and wilful Bride O'Sullivan.

On the present occasion Mary could not come, but she wrote loving words of congratulation to her sister, and told her

how she longed to show her her little son, some three months old, the most beautiful, intelligent, and precocious of infants. She told her how happy she was in her marriage, and that Henry was the "truest and most fond husband that ever had wife." The chief, also wrote a few words to his "little Eveleen," now so great, he said, espoused to the mightiest of Kings. After reading these letters with over-flowing eyes, Eveleen glided about among the guests saying a bright word of thanks to each and all, who had done their best to grace her bridal day.

"Give some wise advice to Kathleen," called out Bride, pointing to her cousin, a fair, modest-looking maiden, with large, soft, dreamy grey eyes; "she doth wed Hugh Maguire before the month is out," and then, while Eveleen, sitting down, gave her tender sympathy to Kathleen's hopes and fears, Bride ran off.

"Mother Abbess, what folly are they making you believe. The convent is an unsafe place—tush. No place so safe as Drogheda. Was not the City impregnable when besieged? If war draws near us, you need move no further than within the walls, and at our house you know I have often told you shall have chapel, refectory cells, and chapter-room, if you *must* scold the nuns."

"No; I shall depute that office to you, child, when we come," said the Abbess looking fondly at her. "If you put on a stern face, 'twill frighten the greatest culprit among us."

"How fare the nuns at Galway and Wexford?" inquired Sir Luke.

"Our last news from both places was good," replied the Abbess. "At Wexford they still mourn the loss of Sister Marianna. And no wonder; we shall not see her like again on earth, unless—"

Her eyes wandered to where, in the distance, sat Eveleen, talking to Kathleen.

"Yes," said the bishop; "she reminds me of Sister Marianna."

"I made my noviceship with that dear sister," replied the Abbess, "and never since have I seen a soul so athirst, with the love of God, till Sister Clare of Jesus did set her foot within our poor walls. Our oldest sisters have been astonished at her fervour. God grant her perseverance to the end!"

"And now," said the Bishop, rising, let us give God thanks, and make an end; the happiest days on earth must come to a close. I must travel on to-day, and discharge myself from Father Galway's service."

There was much laughing, and then the party broke up and gradually dispersed, Sir Luke, Gerald, and Bride lingering long behind the rest.

\* \* \* \*

Towards the close of the autumn of that same year, when the leaves began to fall from the trees, and the wind to whistle and moan through the streets of the city, the slight, fair figure of Mary O'Neill, accompanied by an elderly woman-servant, might be seen treading her way through some of the narrow and tortuous streets of Dublin. Underneath her cloak was a basket, empty now, for its contents had gone to gladden many a heart, and Mary, at the end of an afternoon spent in loving deeds of charity, was wending her way home.

The dwelling chosen by Lady Elizabeth and herself was a very humble one; it was situated in a nest of poor, tumble-down looking streets in the neighbourhood of the Liffey. They had chosen it purposely in a poor and crowded neighbourhood, not only because it was cheap, and their means were lavished on others, leaving themselves poor, but because they thought they were less liable to notice and suspicion. For herself Lady Elizabeth had no fear; as a Countess of Kildare and sister of Lord Westmeath, the King's party would not dare to molest her, and Mary was supposed to be her humble companion.

But the home was a rendezvous for priests and Catholics. Strange were the disguises doffed and donned in the little parlor of that poor dwelling. Almost daily, Mass was said there, to the intense consolation of the inmates. As Bid- dy McQuin was plodding along by the side of her mistress, her eyes, keen though they were not young, were attracted by a man who appeared to her to recognize her young lady in a very marked and unpleasant manner, and who seemed to be inclined to dog her steps. At first Bid- dy hold her tongue, not liking to alarm Mary; but when she became convinced they were followed by the stranger, the danger of betraying their

abode flashed on her mind, and drawing near to her lady she whispered a brief warning. Mary turned her head and gave a glance at the persecutor; that glance brought the colour into her cheek.

She made one of those mighty efforts which, in timid, shrinking natures such as hers, are heroic, stood still and waited for her foe to come up to her. The man approached. Biddy stood close to her mistress with the air of one who knew herself to be a body-guard, and intended to defend her charge to the death.

"What would you of me, sir?" said Mary, trying to steady her voice; then suddenly, "Heaven have mercy!—'tis Roger!"

"Yes, Mary O'Neill," with a scornful emphasis on her name, "it is Roger!"

"Oh, then I need not fear," said Mary, smiling, "I am safe with you. Will you escort me home, and will you come and see Lady Elizabeth?"

"Not I," said Roger, sullenly, "I want none of your old hags."

"Roger! how can you speak so of one noble, loving, and good?"

"A plague on your goodness, Mary! Much it ever did for me! Your goodness, as you term it, has darkened my life for aye. So," with an indescribable sneer, "Eveleen is *professed*, I hear?"

"She is," said Mary, whose inward trembling was beginning almost to overcome her; "and she prays for you Roger."

"Curses, on her prayers!" cried he furiously, "I want them not. She stamped out faith and hope from my heart long ago."

"Oh, Roger, hush! let us speak of something else. What think you of the state of matters, of our cause. You are aide-de-camp to Colonel Preston, are you not?—and, how, comes it you can walk about undisguised in the streets of Dublin?"

"Oh," said Roger, with a sardonic grin on his face, "we soldiers have to run all sorts of risks, you know. As to our prospects, whenever the fools whom you, I suppose, call the supreme council, condescend to come to their senses and treat with Inehiquin, we shall have peace; but I imagine they will go on till they have lost every man and spent every penny. Believe you that these

foreign negotiations will come to anything? I tell you, no."

"I will not despair at your words Roger. God will protect his own. But here we are now—this is my home; will you not come in?"

He shook his head, and then, with a touch of the old courtesy which his passion had obscured, took off his hat, bent to kiss her hand, and was gone.

"Holy Mary, guard us from harm!" ejaculated Biddy, crossing herself, and then, "Madam Mary, dear, why ever did you walk along with the like of him? He'll betray us, sure as the sun is in the heavens."

"No fear of that, Biddy," said Mary, drying her eyes. "He and I have played together as children. He goes the wrong road, poor fellow, but he will not harm me or be untrue to his own people: he is a Catholic, Biddy."

"And sure then, I'd say he had a deal more to do with the old enemy than the Pope," muttered Biddy to herself; "but there, it's no good thinking. If they kill us all they must, and we've just got to bear it."

#### CHAPTER THE TENTH.

"You are late, my Mary," said Lady Elizabeth as she entered, "and here is Father Fitzsymons to welcome you."

"Mary ran forward to greet a priest who was standing by the window trying to catch the last gleam of the fast departing day to say his office. Father Fitzsymons was one of the most celebrated characters among the Irish Catholics of that period.\* He was a tall spare man of an exceedingly robust constitution and unflagging energy. His few and scanty white hairs was the only evidence of old age. The fire of his eye, the clearness of his voice, gave him the appearance of being twenty years younger than he really was, while a fund of natural cheerfulness which his habitual spirit of self-sacrifice had heightened and sanctified, made him the joy and support of all his persecuted brethren.

He closed his book and blessed Mary as she knelt before him, asked the reason of her pale cheeks, and listened with in-

\*Father Henry Fitzsymons, of the society of Jesus, was born in Dublin, 1567. All the incidents recorded of this priest's life in our story are strictly historical.

terest to the account of her meeting with Roger.

"His wild passion will wear out betimes," observed he; "let us pray for him, poor fellow—the near kinsman of our gallant Sir Alexander—God rest his soul—it cannot be that he should prove false to us."

"The Father is going to preach to-night here, Mary," said Lady Elizabeth.

"We have been ever so busy in your absence, clearing the stables. 'Tis the largest place we have, and the back entrance is so handy; and it seems a good many are coming, for," quoth the Father, "poor folk, they say 'tis over long since anyone ministered to them of the word of God."

"How wonderful, Father," said Mary, "is the faith of our people. I have been to-day amidst scenes of such misery. Men worn by poverty, women with sore sicknesses, tempted on all sides, and yet resisting bravely under death."

"It is the work of God and his Saints," answered Father Fitzsymons; "the blessing of St. Patrick rests ever on the land, and I methink me that neither fire or sword nor yet English gold shall make them sell their birthright; albeit you know my child, I am the advocate of the Saxons."

"Yes, Father," said Lady Elizabeth, "we know how dear are your converts to you; have you had the happiness of reconciling any lately?"

"Yes, God be for ever praised," answered the priest, with a beaming smile, which lit up his whole countenance, "I am afraid to mention the names of the last even here, for the proverb saith walls have their ears."

"Methinks if it get wind I run a pretty chance of having a taste of prison life again."

"Oh, Father! I hope not," said Lady Elizabeth, looking alarmed. "You—or, rather, we—had enough of that before, when for five long years you were imprisoned, and we had no news of you. I believe you did not mind it, but we did!"

"No, verily," said Father Fitzsymons, laughing; "'twas a good long retreat for me. 'Tis easy to make a Dublin prison into a Manresa."

"I so often think, Father, of the days

before you were imprisoned. Mary, can you imagine the days when the Father actually had High Mass said in Dublin?"

"Is it possible?" answered Mary, in astonishment.

"It was so indeed; High Mass, with beautiful music, the first time for forty years that such a thing had been known in this city; and then, Mary, we had a sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and well do I remember our meetings, and the exhortations we used to receive. Oh, Father, how that band are scattered now. Your Henry, dear mother Mary, was ever by my side in those days."

"Not a few of those dear souls," remarked the Father, have gone to serve in the heavenly court. Ah, well, children! when we all meet there, how little shall we reek of the storms and billows we have passed through. But a truce with my tongue. I must go and prepare my discourse, or I shall talk such nonsense none of you will understand me."

"Well, Father," said Mary, as she went to open the door for him, "we should only be in the disposition of our good Biddy. We asked her what she thought of Father Nugent's last discourse, and she said it were mighty grand; it was not for the likes of her to understand it."

Laughing merrily, Father Fitzsymons betook himself to Lady Elizabeth's private oratory.

Night fell, and stealthily creeping along the unlighted streets a number of persons made their way by a little back door which led into a long stable in the outer yard of Lady Elizabeth's house. Every available space was filled, and the atmosphere was oppressive. Indeed, none of the modern church-goers would have been able to endure it; but to those who were not, like us, accustomed to hear so many sermons, that instead of attending to them we only criticise, they who for many months had not heard the voice of a priest, were ready to undergo any inconvenience to receive words of strength and encouragement in God's service. Father Fitzsymons stood on a table in the midst of the people, and, with a face glowing with divine love, spoke in powerful words to his faithful and afflicted flock. He was

one of the greatest preachers of his day, and was never more eloquent than when speaking in his native tongue.

"Come, follow Me," were the brief words of his text.

Lady Elizabeth had often heard him before, but never had she listened to such burning words as fell from his lips that night. It was a memorable sermon; many hearts were touched; those half wavering whether to accept the cross or no, then and there took it up never to lay it down in life; sacrifices were resolved upon, and hearts were given for aye to their Creator.

Lady Elizabeth and Mary were seated near the door, and became aware there was some confusion in the yard. Almost before they had given their attention to it, there was a loud shout, a sudden flashing of torches, the sound of a struggle between men.

"The soldiers are upon us," was the cry.

A terrible scene ensued. The crowd surged about, women screamed, and sleeping babies who had come with their mothers woke up and began to cry.

A rush was made to induce Father Fitzsymons to fly. He was at first unwilling, but the agony painted on the faces around him, wrung a consent from him. While he was being hastily disguised in peasant's clothes, great efforts were made to keep back the soldiery, who had made good their entrance by Lady Elizabeth's house. They were not easily conquered, and made such rapid progress into the yard as seemed to cut off all prospect of the Father's escape.

A tall form, evidently the officer in command, towered in their midst, and the wild glare of the torches the men held revealed the faces of the whole party in its lurid light.

Mary looked to see what manner of man it was, and as she gazed her cheek blanched; close beside her was Bidly hushing in her arms the little Owen, Mary's pride and darling.

Calm, though deadly pale, Mary took her child in her arms, and advanced towards the officer; the excited crowd instantly made a passage for her. She barred the advance of the soldiers, and confronting the officer said, "Roger, go back!"

"Out of the way, Mary," he cried furiously; "I war not with women; I seek only the pestilent misleaders of woman. Stand back, girl, and let me on!"

Pale as some marble statue stood the heroic girl. She stretched forth her baby boy: "If you advance, Roger, 'tis through his body and mine. My foolish trust in you, my indiscreet words have brought you hither, and I and my child shall pay the forfeit."

A pang of shame for a moment passed through his heart; for a moment his good angel patiently waiting by his side got a chance, and whispered in his ear, "Forbear." He wavered, and his men, already moved themselves, fell back, and when, recovering himself, he turned round on them fiercely, he saw they had lost heart. Murmurs arose, "I love not killing in the dark," "Let's get the women and babies out of the way first."

"You are a fool, Mary," said Roger, turning on her scornfully. "However, for old acquaintance sake, I give you and your friends one more chance; I withdraw my men now, but to-morrow we shall visit and search this place, and it shall no longer afford harbour to rebels, or be the meeting-place for seditious speeches." So saying, he turned on his heel, and was gone.

When he was out of sight, Mary fell insensible into Lady Elizabeth's arms. Meanwhile, under the cover of night, Father Fitzsymons had escaped.

#### CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

When the frightened crowd had dispersed and the house was quiet, a hurried council was held in Lady Elizabeth's sitting-room. Mary had recovered from her fainting, and was lying on a couch pale and trembling, but able to listen, and understand what was going on. More than one priest was there, for several of them had come longing to hear one of Father Fitzsymons' celebrated and but too rare discourses. Among them was Father Robert Nugent, a relative of Lady Elizabeth, and Superior of the Jesuits in Ireland. It was decided that it was useless for Lady Elizabeth to remain in Dublin, since her home, wherever it was, would be watched and suspected, and fears were entertained

for the safety of the little Owen. I was therefore resolved that the two ladies, Biddy and the child should fly at once.

There was scant time for preparations; but, indeed, little time was needed, for the possessions of the two ladies were very few.

You are not the first mother, my child, who has had to fly by night with her infant," said Father Nugent, as he beheld Mary's pale face, and saw her carefully wrapping up her little one. Her lip quivered as she strove to answer.

"Rest on that thought, my child," continued Father Nugent; "unite your sorrows with those of that young Mother whose joys and sorrows were so strangely mingled together, and she will watch over you and your boy."

At first it was proposed that the ladies should make their way back to Kilkenny, but Lady Elizabeth's anxiety about Father Fitzsymons prevented this.

He had been her life-long friend, and she could not bear to go any distance without learning his fate, besides, as she said—and no one could contradict her—it was most probable this last peril, this sudden flight in most inclement weather into a desolate country, would go far to break down his vigorous health, and she wished to be at hand to succour him. A few miles from Dublin, then, was as far as Lady Elizabeth would consent to go. There was a large farm-house she knew of whose owners could be trusted, and thither she and Mary turned their steps.

They reached it in safety; were hospitably received, for the farmer's wife had been an old servant of Lady Elizabeth, and there they rested for a short time anxiously expecting news.

Their lives at Kilkenny and Dublin had been busy ones. Incessant had been the calls on their charity, so that their actual intercourse with each other had been hurried.

Now, for the first time, Mary had leisure to watch her friend, and she observed with surprise the great pallor of her complexion, and a way she had of putting her hand on her side, as though to still some sudden pain. But the sweet peace which dwelt on her face seemed but to deepen, and she devoted her time to

writing and setting to rights a small packet of papers she had brought with her.

After a few days a faithful messenger brought them news. Father Fitzsymons was hidden securely in an old desolate hut in the midst of a morass, some seven miles from the spot where they were living.

The ladies determined to go and see him. Lady Elizabeth had an earnest wish to consult him on a point of importance, and Mary was eager to go with her. They made part of the journey in a rough peasant car, and when at last the jolting became unbearable as the car sank more and more deeply into a morass, the ladies insisted on alighting, and, guided by a bare-footed and bright-eyed lad whose descendants are to be found in the Ireland of our day, wended their way to their destination.

It was a wild spot; for miles round stretched the dusky bog land; there was no sign of human habitation, the trees were scant and leafless, the cold winter wind penetrated beneath their warm cloaks, birds uttering a mournful cry flew across the dark and lowering sky.

They toiled on, and at last discerned in the distance two figures. Here their guide bade them pause till he had held a parley with those "scouts," faithful guardians of their loved and honoured Father. Low bowed the men when they found who the new visitors were; and the ladies passed on till they began to discern figure after figure, and then a mass of mud and wood, raised a few feet from the ground, which formed the hut of Father Fitzsymons.

A few paces more, and both paused. Even to their eyes, used as they were to scenes of peril and heroism, devotion and faith, the picture before them was striking: Outside the hut sat the priest, hearing the confessions of one after another who knelt at his feet while an eager group were waiting their turn.

Old men and young maidens, and matrons, the little child in his innocence, and the strong man in his warfare, one by one they drew near to hear the consoling words, "Thy sins are forgiven; go in peace."

The two ladies seated themselves on a heap of stones till the priest had dis-

missed his penitents. When he had finished, he beckoned them towards him, saying with his bright smile:

"I never expected you could have found me out here, children. What are you fretting about now?" as he saw the tears slowly trickling from Lady Elizabeth's eyes.

"Father," she answered in a broken voice, "this will really kill you."

"And what then?" he replied, "is death such a great misfortune that you should weep? Strange beings that we are," continued he, as he led them towards the hut, "we sigh and moan over

it. Its only furniture was a bundle of straw for a bed, a small table, and two or three stools; there was a fire-place, but no fire was within it. The same aperture which let in light and air also admitted wind and rain. A shudder ran through her at the thought of the bitter cold of those inclement nights, and at this instant Father Fitzsymons caught hold of the door-post to support himself during a fit of coughing which seemed to rend his frame. When it was over he only laughed merrily, and declared it was the "smoke of the last fire" he had lit.



THE PROSCRIBED CONFESSORIAL.

the ills of life, yet wish not to be free."

"Ah, child, when in the early dawn of this, my solitude, I come forth from my hut, to make my morning meditation, and hear the song of the wakening birds, such a longing cometh over me 'to flee away and be at rest,' that I chide myself for laziness."

They had reached the door of the hut, and, Lady Elizabeth looked anxiously around it. It was so low, no man of

ordinary height could stand upright in it. "It so nearly smothered me," he remarked, "that I never have had courage to light another."

"But, Father, how long is this to go on?" said Lady Elizabeth, in a pleading tone.

"Oh, the spring will soon be here," rejoined the Father; "the weeks fly along, and I am really doing some good. The people come to me from miles round:



they stand in the greatest need of a priest. I am convinced that the lot of many of us will be to hide ourselves in holes and caves, that we may avoid our persecutors and succour the people. It is my firm conviction that if the priesthood stand firm and make up their minds to suffer, we shall preserve the faith of these people, let England do her worst against us."

"Father," said Lady Elizabeth, "you do not think very hopefully of our success."

The priest shook his head: "Child, a nation cannot learn in a moment how to govern itself any more than a man. A sudden opportunity has fallen in our way, a golden one, did we but know how to use it; but it has come too suddenly, we are not prepared. We are not a united body: factions and jealousies divide us, and while we dispute and discuss, the time slips on. If once the Lord Protector, as they term him, sets his foot here, we are lost—I mean for this generation at least."

"The Nuncio," said Mary, enquiringly.

"My Lord Nuncio is, as is said in Holy Writ, 'a true man,' but he understandeth not our people. Verily, we are hard to understand: hating the common foe, and yet not willing to make common cause against him; wary in many things, and yet most prudent in others; brave as a lion in actual fight, yet easily cowed by threats. Who can wonder the Nuncio is secretly perplexed, and pursues a course of action, we see to be unadvisable."

Mary now left the priest and Lady Elizabeth together for private conversation, while she went in search of the barefooted lad, who had borne sundry packets with him from the cart of such trifling articles for the Father's use, as their own poverty and the difficulty of transit had enabled them to bring.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE CURSE OF MONTROSE.

Several years have elapsed since I first visited the county of Sutherland, by far the most desolate and uninhabited district in the British Isles. Circumstances, over which the power of man had little control, have thinned its once populous glens, and driven the

hardy mountaineer to seek some more genial climate where the fertility of the soil is such as may yield a better recompense to his labor. The gentry, also, of whom there were formerly many—cadets and vassals of the ancient house of Mackay—have dwindled away. One by one, their possessions have fallen from them, and now, with a few trivial exceptions, the whole of this extensive country, its wilderness and forests, its mountains, lakes and rivers, belong to that noble family who wear the ducal coronet of Sutherland.

Few are the travellers, even at the present day, who have explored the remote wilds of this singular country. Not that any great degree of courage is required for the task, for "there be no lions in the path;" and the hand of the Highlander grasps not at the dirk so readily as it did of yore; but the refinement of modern taste leads the generality of tourists to prefer the shelter of a comfortable inn to a couch of straw or heather in a shepherd's bothy, and the shimmering variety of the flesh-pots of Egypt to a three weeks' browse upon salmon and salted ham. Moreover, stage coaches are there unknown, yet for the sportsman or the painter Sutherland has abundant charms. Every one of its lakes and rivers abounds in trout and salmon; grouse and ptarmigan swarm on the hills, and often on the top of some precipice you may descry a noble deer—a stag of ten—gazing down the valley. Then stop and look your fill. Another foot-fall, and the apparition has disappeared, silent and swift as the shadow of a passing cloud. To the painter its savage scenery affords the noblest study. Far nearer than Alps or Apennines are those materials to be found, from which Salvator Rosa drew his inspiration and his fame.

I belong rather to the class of sportsmen than to that of painters, and I have no shame in confessing that my first visit to Sutherland was made with more reference to the prospective contents of my game-bag and pannier, than my sketch-book. I had sojourned for several days amidst the dreary solitudes of Edderachylis, and was now proceeding slowly on my journey homeward, with my old white pony, the venerable Pantagruel, who had rather more than

reached his grand climacteric, and a stalwart son of the mountains, Alister Macdonald by name, *right cunning*, as Dominic Samson would have said, in the pastimes appertaining unto the fields.

One fine morning early, we had left the little inn of *Skyle Skow*, and after several hours' hard walking over the moors, during which Pantagruel's burden was increased by the desirable appendage of several brace of grouse, we reached the brow of the last hill which separated us from the magnificent valley of Assynt. It was early in the day, nor had the long train of clouds yet ascended from the mountain tops. But the scene below—the winding glen, which terminated the large expanse of waters—the low pasture lands, spotted with herds of cattle—and the surface of the lake itself, waveless and smooth as crystal, except where shattered by the leap of the trout or the plunge of the cormorant and diver, combined to form such a picture of calm and placid beauty, that methought there but wanted the chime of the village bells to make a Sabbath of the day.

Near the termination of the lake, a peninsula projected a considerable distance into the water, and on it there stood the ruin of a castle, or some other ancient building, of considerable size, which once might have been the residence of some powerful chieftain. This was an irresistible temptation to one who in his youth had been inoculated with the antiquarian virus; so, leaving Pantagruel and my dogs to the care of Alister, I descended toward the lake in search of some one qualified to do the honors of the place. Nor was I long in attaining my wish, for close beside the old ruin I found an elderly man, whom I judged by his semi-clerical appearance to be the schoolmaster of the parish, stretched at length on the sward, with his fishing-rod lying idly beside him, and surveying the glassy surface of the lake, whereon there stirred not a breath of wind, with an air of sullen resignation. Him, therefore, I accosted, and I soon found to my great joy that I had lighted on the best possible guide and interpreter.

With one memorable exception in his youth, he, like the old man of Verona,

whom Claudian so beautifully describes, had never wandered beyond the limits of his native country, and, therefore, was his memory stored with many a tale and legend, handed down for centuries from father to son, but which now, from the gradual change of the population, were falling fast into oblivion, and remembered only by a few old men like himself, who knew nothing of the world beyond their solitary glens, and whose records of history were the gray cairn on the mountain top, or the broken wall of the castle, fast sinking into oblivion.

So much was I delighted with the beauty of the place, that a far less temptation than that of hearing the old man pour forth his antiquated lore would have induced me to linger out the day without proceeding further. I, therefore, by signal dismissed Alister from his watch, and along with my companion wandered by the shore of the lake, and held much converse on the scenery that lay around us. Many a marvellous tale did he tell of the raids and forays of the old Sutherlands and Mackays, but one in particular struck me as so remarkable, connected as it was with the history of Scotland, that I shortly afterward committed it to paper, and, although, doubtless, much of its interest arose from the presence of the scene where it was acted, still it may possess some attraction to the reader, as a true story of one of the most gallant leaders whom Scotland ever produced.

Two centuries ago, said my informant, that castle and the country for many a mile round it belonged to a powerful family, the Macleods of Assynt. It was not then a ruin, although you can scarcely now trace its former extent, except by the green mounds, so much of it has fallen to the ground and been covered over by the accumulated growth of years. But the central tower or keep still remains comparatively entire, though it looks not now so proudly as it did of yore, before the Macleod became a traitor to his country and king.

These were the times of the great revolution, and of the civil wars which followed; the royalist party, although almost annihilated, as I have heard, in

England, was still strong in this kingdom, for a kingdom it was then. Many of the northern nobility and great chiefs refused to acknowledge the power of Parliament, and among these, the most distinguished was James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. For a long time he had maintained the contest with his hereditary enemy, Argyle, and, so long as the northern Highlanders under his command were opposed to the western clans, victory was doubtful, and alternated from side to side. But the discipline of the parliamentary levies under Generals Leslie and Strachan at last prevailed over the stubborn and untrained courage of the clans, and the last great battle fought at Invercarron put an end to the hopes of the royalists, and scattered the forces of Montrose. His standard with the well known motto of Queen Mary: "Judge, and avenge my cause, O Lord!" was that day found on the field, together with his cloak and star, and the garter of his knightly order, but whether he had fallen or escaped none could tell. The strictest search was made for him, but no other trace could be found. Therefore, least he should have fled, he was declared by open proclamation a traitor and an enemy to the Commonwealth, and a price was set upon his head.

Some days after the battle, a stranger presented himself at the gates of Assynt, and asked to be shown into the presence of the laird. He was dressed in mean clothing, but his air and demeanor were not those of a peasant, and his voice, though sweet, had a commanding tone, which did not correspond with the general poverty of his appearance. He was ushered into the great hall, where Macleod was sitting at table with his family and retainers. The chieftain glanced his eye on the stranger for a moment, as if to discover his clan by the chequer of his plaid, and then, motioning him to a seat at the lower end of the apartment, resumed his meal in sullen silence. It was, indeed, a perilous time for the Macleod. At the commencement of the war, he, in common with the other northern chiefs, had raised his clan, and taken field, as a matter of course, along with the royalist party; but, as soon as fortune seemed to incline to the other side,

he took advantage of a casual quarrel with a neighboring chieftain, and retired altogether from the conflict.

Still he had not taken the new oath of allegiance, and, his former conduct having been well known, he had much to apprehend from the vengeance of the Parliament, and more from the cupidity of a rival branch of his own family, who had marched under the banner of Argyle.

When the banquet was ended, the chief turned to his guest and said,—

"I see by your tartan that you are a Mackenzie. Come you from the Lewis?"

"I came last from Invercarron," replied the stranger.

"Then you can give us tidings of the battle," said Macleod, eagerly. "We have heard that Leslie gained the day, and also that the Mackays passed yesterday by Loch Naver, on the way to their own country, but I have seen none that were at Invercarron."

"I was there," replied the stranger, sadly, "and would to God that I had lost my eye-sight before I witnessed such a day! The best hearts in the Highlands were struck down by the southern horsemen, like deer at the driving of the Tinchel."

"And the Marquis?" asked Macleod; "know you what has become of him? Was he slain, or taken, or has his good fortune not yet deserted him?"

"Slain he was not, nor taken prisoner, if report say true. He was the last man who left the field. I saw him, when all the others were gone, dash through the ranks of the enemy, with none beside him save O'Brien and Hector Mackenzie of Conan; and, though the troopers spared not for stab or spur, he distanced them all, and rode toward Torridon. Hector was not so fortunate. He was shot dead on the spot."

"And where wert thou to have seen all this?"

"Not far from the side of Montrose. As near to him there, as you were, Macleod, at Inverlochy."

"So, we have met before then?" said the Macleod, doubtfully, for he did not much relish this allusion to his former conduct in the war. "I remember no Mackenzie like thee, and yet I think I have seen that face before."

"Perhaps this token may quicken your memory," said the other, undoing from his plaid a broach, which he handed to an old clansman, who carried it to his chief.

Macleod sprung up, as if he had seen an adder.

"Out of the hall, all of ye," cried he, hastily, "and leave us alone!"

So his family and retainers rose up and went out in haste, wondering much who the stranger might be, and what the token was, which had worked such an effect on their gloomy chieftain. They sat down in the outer apartment, and for a time there came no sound from within, save that Macleod drew bolt and bar after them.

In a little time, they heard voices apparently in high debate, and, to their astonishment, the voice of the stranger seemed the loudest and most imperative, which Macleod seemed rather to expostulate against some proposal which the other was forcing upon him. Then the stranger was heard to stamp on the floor, and both appeared to pace the hall hurriedly and in silence. Again the dispute commenced, and at last the stranger's voice alone was heard. Shortly afterward, Macleod entered the room where the rest of the family were sitting. He seemed unusually agitated, and there was a deep flush on his countenance, and a sternness in his eye, which betokened unwonted emotion, but what the cause of it might be none were hardy enough to enquire.

"The stranger abides with me to-night," said he; "see that the best chamber be got ready. He will take his evening meal alone. To-morrow he sets forward. Lachlan!" and he signed to his henchman, a strong, athletic man, who had followed his master in many a field and foray, and was possessed more of his confidence than any one else could boast. Followed by this man, Macleod left the castle. They tarried some time without, and the chieftain returned alone. He was again closeted with his guest, who did not appear to the family that evening, but retired early to rest. The family and servants shortly afterwards dispersed.

But the secret was not confined to Macleod alone. The old servant, who had carried the broach, recognized the

badge, which he had often remarked before on the bosom of the bravest of the brave, on that of Montrose himself. This discovery, however, he studiously concealed from every member of the household, and he determined, moreover, to keep a strict watch over the motions of his master, whose fidelity to the royal cause he had long learned to distrust.

When, therefore, he saw Macleod leave the castle, accompanied only by his henchman, he stole up to the battlements, and observed that Lachlan, after receiving apparently minute directions from the chieftain, mounted the favorite horse of Macleod, and rode off to the eastward, sedulously keeping the covert of a natural wood as a screen between him and the house. The clansman then descended, and, mixing with the rest of the family, conversed of the stranger, as if he were as ignorant as the others. So the night wore on.

But the old man could not sleep. Strange misgivings crossed his mind as to the henchman's errand. The royalist forces had all retired toward the north, and the south and east country were entirely occupied by the troops of Leslie.

"Alas!" thought the old man, "if such treachery stain the honor of the house which I have served for three-score years, it were better for me that I were in my grave!"

Toward morning he heard some one pass the door of the room where he lay, and his practiced ear recognized the tread of his chieftain. Scarcely had the sound died away, ere he started up and hastening to the battlements, looked forth into the valley.

The sun had not yet risen, but the rosy clouds streaked the east announced his early coming; a heavy breeze swept along the surface of the lake, and the air was clear and cold. Suddenly there came down the glen, at a furious pace, as if hard pressed by the huntsmen, three noble deer. They raced along the greensward by the margin of the lake, until within two bowshots of the castle, when they halted, and, looking fixedly behind, seemed to take a new alarm, and held on their course toward the mountains of Loch Inver.

The watcher gazed anxiously upon

the glen, and still he could discover nothing. He then peered over the battlements, and there he saw Macleod in the act of affixing a flag to the signal-post in the yard beneath. Next moment it was hoisted, and, as if in answer to the summons, a numerous body of horsemen wheeled out from the woods, and came at full speed down the meadow. Swift as thought, the old man rushed from the battlements, and burst into the apartment of the stranger.

"Rise up, rise up, Lord Marquis," cried he, "the enemy is at hand! Hasten, for the love of God!—it may not yet be too late!"

The marquis sprang from the couch on which he had thrown himself without even taking off his clothes, so familiar had he become with the present danger.

"Where and who are they that seek me?" asked he.

The servant pointed to the window. The rays of the sun now risen above the mountain ridge flashed on the helmits and corsclets of Leslie's troopers, as they rode hastily round the lake.

"Where is Macleod?" cried the marquis. "Let the gates be instantly secured. Or, hold—is there no secret hiding place in the tower? Perchance they will but search the place and pass onward."

"Trust not to the Macleod," answered the clansman. "Woe is me that I should say it! but it is he who has brought the soldiers hither. Yonder is his henchman riding at their head. Down, down, my lord, if you would save yourself! There is a boat behind the outer wall. Could we but reach it, I can carry you across the lake to a spot where no horseman can follow."

"The foul villain!" cried Montrose. "By Heaven, he has hoisted the very flag of the rebels which he took from them with his own hands at Inverlochy! Down then, in the name of God, old man! They shall not find James Graham unprepared."

But the prey was already in the toils. Fearful of some such alarm, the wily Macleod had secured the door of the turret stair, which now presented an insuperable obstacle to escape. Strung almost to frenzy by the imminence of his danger, the marquis dashed his

powerful frame against the stout oak, till panel and bar cracked and clattered, but in vain. Now the trumpets of the cavalry sounded close to the gates—the heavy tramp of the horsemen's boots in the hall announced that the last hope of escape was extinguished. The door was thrown wide open, and before it stood a body of troopers with their weapons pointed into the air.

"James Graham, Marquis of Montrose," said an officer, stepping forward, "in the name of the supreme Court of Parliament, whose commission I bear, I summon you to surrender yourself my prisoner, to answer high charge of treason and misdemeanor against the Commonwealth. Yield yourself, therefore, peaceably, and force us not to use violence."

"Major Beattie," replied the other—"for I think you are he—I surrender not to the servants of an usurping body. You and those who sent you are the traitors, and not I; nor will I yield my weapons even now until they are wrung by violence from my grasp."

"Be it so, then," said Beattie, "and your blood be on your own head! Soldiers, do your duty! Take him, alive or dead!"

Two of the troopers and the henchman rushed into the stair. One of the soldiers instantly fell, run through the body, by the marquis; but before he could extricate his weapon the Highlander sprung upon him, and, holding down his arms, endeavored to throw him prostrate on the stair. But the intention of the miscreant were frustrated. The old clansman, who stood close behind, drew his dirk, and stuck it into the body of the assailant, who uttered a deep curse and fell. The other soldier, in the meantime, had seized the marquis by the collar, but now let go his hold, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, discharged it with fatal effect at the devoted servant. Others of the troopers then came up, and the marquis was secured after a desperate struggle, in the course of which he was severely but not dangerously wounded.

As they led him through the hall, he turned to Macleod, who had taken no share in the conflict, but stood with his arms folded. His share of the work of treachery was discharged.

"MacLeod!" said the marquis; but the Highlander kept his eye fixed on the ground. "You have done well," continued Montrose. "I came a fugitive to your door, and I leave it a prisoner. I have drank of your cup; I have slept under your roof; you have fought under my banner; and you have sold me to my enemies. Mark my words, chief of Assynt—they are the words of a man whose hours are numbered, and they will not fall to the ground. Henceforth, the curse of him thou hast betrayed shall be on thee and thine. Thy name shall be to all true Scotsmen odious as the name of the false Monteith. The canker in the stem shall wither the branch. Thou hast lands and houses—the last of thy race shall be landless and houseless; nor shall the doom depart from thy lineage, until the grave has closed over the last MacLeod of Assynt. Fare thee well, dark and perilous traitor! our roads lie asunder—mine is to the scaffold, thine, not less surely, to eternal infamy!"

It seemed as if MacLeod would have answered, but the words died away on his lips. Conscience-stricken, he hastened to his chamber, without even glancing at the cavalcade, which now took its departure, nor did he issue thence till more than one day had gone by. When he appeared again, the cloud was gathered on his brow even deeper than before. Whether he repented or not God alone knoweth, but never afterward was he known to pronounce the name of his victim.

Years passed away ere the curse fell upon his head. Perhaps he thought after a time that the words of the marquis were but the ravings of passion, the wish of an injured man rather than the invocation of an ancient accuser. But the blow came at last. His only daughter fell a victim to a painful and lingering disease. Of three hopeful sons two perished in one day; the eldest was slain in a casual quarrel with a gentleman of the house of Mackay, and the younger was drowned in a storm returning from the Hebrides. One alone remained, and ere long he, by contracting a low and imprudent marriage, alienated the affections not only of his father, but of all his kindred and clan. Old MacLeod died broken hearted; few

lamented him, for the tale of his treachery was caught up, and passed from mouth to mouth like contagion, and even those who bore no good will to royalty shrank from his approach as from the infectious presence of a loathsome leper.

Down to the period of his death, the estates of Assynt remained unencumbered, but the next chieftain was a wild and reckless prodigal, and made sad havoc with the property. Shunned by the gentry, as much on account of his low and profligate habits as for the taint which clung to his name, he associated only with those whose company was feared by the timid and avoided by the good; and his lands, meanwhile, went to wreck and ruin. What was strange enough, considering parentage, he became a fierce and furious Jacobite, and, by supporting the cause of the then exiled Stuarts with a fidelity that might have done honor to a better man, he put the finishing stroke to the misfortunes of the family. His lands were confiscated, and passed away to the Mackenzies.

He too died, and left an only son. This man, had he lived a generation earlier, might have still redeemed the honor of his name, for I have been told that a better or more honorable gentleman was not to be found in the country. But what could he do? House and lands were no longer his. The clan were scattered and broken, for they joined the Macleods of the Isles in the rebellion of 1745, and few returned to their native glen. Ashamed, it might be, to serve in an humble office, when he should have commanded as a chief, he took no part in that unfortunate expedition, but remained at home, the tenant of a little steading, scarcely better than a cottage, and there he devoted himself to the education of his only daughter.

There was not a sweeter or a more beautiful girl in Scotland than that last scion of an ancient house. Many gentlemen, distinguished for their family and wealth, sought her marriage, but she would listen to none of their proposals, for her hand and heart were already engaged to a brave young soldier, one of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, poor indeed in everything except reputation

and hope. To better his fortunes, he followed Wolfe, to America; and long and wearily did Mary Macleod wait for the return of her lover. He never came back. He fell, carrying the colors at the head of his regiment to the assault of Quebec.

It was a sad day when the news came to the country, and still sadder were the hearts of all a week afterward, when they were told that bonny Mary Macleod was dead. The whole neighborhood for miles around came to her funeral, and I have heard the old people say what a piteous sight it was to see her father laying the head of his only child, the last of his race, in the grave. While the ceremony proceeded, he said nothing, nor shed a tear, but stood gazing on the spot where the coffin had been laid, like one bereft of sense and motion. But, when all was over, and the turf had been rolled over her, and while the crowd yet lingered in the churchyard, anxious to offer him consolation, and yet fearful to intrude on the privacy of his sorrows, he lifted up his eyes, and looked on the lake and the mountains that stretched beyond it, and the deserted though still stately castle, and he saw that they were no longer his. He looked upon the bystanders; but there was not one of the blood and lineage of Macleod, not one clansman who owned him as his chief.

He looked once more at the mound of earth which covered the lifeless body of her who was dearer to him than anything on earth or in heaven; he turned to pass to his now desolate home, but his strength failed him, and he sunk senseless on the ground.

Not many days afterward, they laid him by his daughter's side, and, ere the mourners departed, the old pastor of the parish motioned them to silence, and said—

"Take ye this to heart, my people, for the Lord our God is a jealous God, and visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation."

"And here," said my companion, as we passed through the churchyard on our way homeward, "here, in these graves, where the headstones are almost sunk into the turf, lies buried the 'Curse of Montrose.'"

## WANDERINGS BY THE RIVER MAIG, COUNTY OF LIMERICK.

After the Maig meanders from Brucee, the first place of any importance from its source, through the beautiful valley of Howardstown, it gently flows to Athlaccia, a parish that contains and possesses a very handsome church, with a tower and spire, which have been lately built. Near the church is the Dawn, otherwise called the "Morning Star," a river that discharges itself into the Maig. A great portion of this parish is a dead flat, consisting of very poor wet grounds, presenting to the view a joyless, dreary waste, as far as the river Maig, without a tree or bush except at Castle Ivers. The peasantry in general are poor, and in winter they, as well as the people of the neighboring parish suffer much from want of fuel. In the churchyard is the burying place of the Webbs, and also some of the ancient and renowned families of the Lacy's. Near Athlaccia, Lacy of Bruff and Lucy of Ballingarry, once fought a desperate battle, in which Lacy of Ballingarry was killed. A mile to the north of the church is Talleboy Castle, now called Castle Ivers, the seat of Robert Ivers, Esq. Here is made the best cider in Munster, particularly that kind called "Kekagee."

A good liquor, by improving time,  
Equal to what the happiest vintage bears.

During the siege of Limerick some militia dragoons were defeated at Athlaccia, by the Irish garrison of New-castle, who at the same time burnt Ballingarry and Brucee. The most important object are the ruins of the noble castle of Rathcannon, situated on a lofty eminence, which appears to have been formerly a strong fortification; and commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country. Not far from Rathcannon is an insulated hill called in Irish "Cnoc-tuadh," from a battle said to have been fought there with battle-axes, between the Danes and the Irish. Adjoining the hill of Rathcannon, to the west, is a deep morass, in which there has been found an enormous pair of moose deer horns, and now in the possession of Arch-deacon Maunsell, of Limerick. The high grounds of Rathcannon are some

of the best pasture lands of Ireland. The Maig, winding from Rathcannon, next enters Croom, a town, and a thriving one, situated on the Maig, over which there is a handsome bridge. It is adorned with a fine Catholic chapel in the form of a cross, and is remarkable for its Castle built by the O'Donovans of Kerry. The house of Henry Lyons, Esq., at Croom, commands the finest view down the river to Cahirass, which is situated about a mile from Croom. Its finely wooded park and plantations belong to Sir David Roche, Bart., a descendant of the house of Fermoy. There was once a chapel of ease here belonging to the Carbery family, whose property it was. The chaplain falling desperately in love with the daughter of Lord Carbery, and being disappointed, hanged himself in the chapel, which soon afterward went to decay. The unfortunate lover composed a song beginning with:

“At the court of Cahirass, there dwells a fair maiden,”

which is still recollected and sung by the country people. Sir David Roche has built a wonderful flour mill here.

In Carrigeen, in the vicinity of Cahirass, are the ruins of a round tower, adjoining an old church, which has not been noticed by Lewich in his catalogue; it is still fifty feet high, and is entirely solid for sixteen feet, where there is placed an arched doorway, composed of a reddish grit stone; four small windows at different heights face the four points of the compass; in the interior are three resting places for the beams of the different floors. This tower is built on a solid rock; from the foundations to the door is composed of very large stones, some of them measuring from four to five feet long, and of proportionate breadth and thickness, it is fifteen feet in diameter at the base. At about four yards distance on the south side is a church, fifty feet long by twenty-five broad, built with the same kind of stone, and from every appearance, both seem to have been erected at the same time; the doors and windows of the church are also constructed of large square blocks of red grit; the entire was surrounded by a strong wall, parts of which still remain. In the south parts of this parish are the

ruins of Dunkit, a house, belonging to the Parker family, near which is one of the highest Danish forts in the country, and a mile to the west is Clorane, a fine house built by the late Henry Hunt, Esq. The ground here is a dead flat, overflowed generally by the Commogue. Between Croom and Cahirass, a little to the east, is Tory Hill, on which the Earls of Desmond and Kerry encamped in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from which they were spectators of the famous battles fought near the Abbey of Munster-Nenag, between the Irish commanded by Sir James Fitzgerald, the Earl's brother and the English forces under Malby. The south side of this hill is very steep, and of rugged appearance, covered with large loose rocks and bushwood; it was called Tory Hill from the Rapparees secreting themselves in it in times of danger. Proceeding from Cahirass, we next arrive at Adare. In every age praises have been bestowed by bards on this renowned and memorable spot. Adare is the spot where that memorable poet, Gerald Griffin, so very often rendered famous in song. We cannot refrain from quoting a few of his lines here:

“Oh, sweet Adare! Oh lovely vale!  
Oh soft retreat of sylvan splendor!  
Nor summer sun, nor morning gale,  
E'er hailed a scene more softly tender  
How shall I tell the thousand charms  
Within thy verdant bosom dwelling?  
Where lulled in nature's fostering arms,  
Soft peace abides and joy excelling?”

The most part of the country about the town is inhabited by Palatines, who highly cultivate the land, and are very industrious, sober, well-conducted people. Their houses and farms have every appearance of neatness and comfort, and they have of late intermarried with the natives. The town is a very handsome one, situated on the Maig, over which there is a fine old bridge of fourteen arches; the river communicates with the Shannon, and is navigable for small boats. Adare is rich in monastic antiquities; one of its old abbays has been lately converted into one of the finest Catholic churches in Ireland. A house was founded here on the south side of the town, for Friars of the Order of the Holy Trinity for the redemption of Christian captives in the reign of King Edward I., by John, Earl



of Kildare. Some large and very perfect ruins of this friary still remain; the steeple resembles a castle, and is supported by a plain arch with four diagonal ogives meeting in the centre, and stairs leading to the battlements; the nave and choir are small and plain, without anything remarkable; in the rear are several other ruins. The entrance to the friary was by a low gate on the west side, which is still standing. There are various other friaries and antiquities.

The Augustian Friary, called also the Black Abbey, was founded on the south side of the river, by John, Earl of Kildare, son to Earl Thomas, who died in the year 1215. A great part of this friary still remains in good preservation; the steeple, similar to that of the Trinitarians, is supported on an arch, the choir is large, with stalls, etc.; and the nave answerable hereto, with a lateral aisle. On the south side, to the north of the steeple, are some cloisters, with Gothic windows, within which, on three sides of the square, are corridors, and on most of the windows are escutcheons, with the English and saltire crosses, generally ranged alternately. The workmanship is simple and elegant, the principal parts being of hewn limestone, which appears so fresh as to give it, on the whole, a modern, yet striking, appearance. Adjoining the cloisters are several apartments, which seem to be much more ancient than the other parts of the building. The house of the Gray Friars was founded in the east of the town, in the year 1465, by Thomas, Earl of Kildare, and Joan, his wife, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Desmond. The church of the friary, built at the sole expense of the Earl and Countess, was consecrated on the 29th of September, 1464, when the noble founders presented it with two silver chalices and a bell, which cost ten pounds. Thomas the Earl, dying in the year 1478, and his Countess in the year 1486, they were both buried in the choir. The Earl of Desmond had a strong castle in Adare, which very much incommoded the English settlers in those parts. "In 1570," says an old writer, "John of Desmond, with 450 men, horse and foot, besieged the castle, so that the garrison dared not show a head, till their victuals

failed them, and then necessity whetted their courage, and made their swords as sharp as their stomachs, so that Sir John was forced to retire." The English had but one small cot, which would hold about eight men, and by the help of it 120 men of the garrison were wafted over the river into the Knight of Glen's country, and, being unexpected there, did some execution; however, they staid so long that the Knight of Glen and Sir John collected thirty horse and four hundred foot, some Irish and some Spanish, and coming up with them a smart skirmish for eight hours ensued, when the English were forced to retreat into Adar. Captain Carew commanded in this expedition. In 1581, Desmond and Lord Kerry put the garrison of Adare to the sword. Adare is memorable also as being the spot near which Carroll Moore O'Daly composed the song called "Eilin a Ruin." It is here, then, that, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his softened strain the very soul of pensive melody.

Adare is a spot which is, perhaps, unequalled in its situation, and almost unrivaled in its picturesque beauties; here the sublime and beautiful are united, and the lovers of nature may revel in scenery congenial to their various tastes; here are assembled the foaming cascade, the rushing torrent, the boiling flood, the craggy rock, the gently swelling lawn, the frowning cliff, the retiring vale, the noble mansion and the peaceful cottage embosomed in woods; here is the spot for those who love to study or enjoy nature, where the poet, the philosopher and sportsman may alike find food for the mind and body. Adare is now the property of the Earl of Dunraven, whose fine mansion and noble demesne augment by contrast, the attractions of this celebrated spot, where, amidst a highly variegated and picturesque display of wood and water, the ruins of ancient abbeys and castles are seen nodding their heads over the silent stream; while extensive vistas through aged trees and shaded walks, where many a bard and many a hero trod, give a peculiar interest to the surrounding scenery. Here the Maig

unites with the Shannon, and flows in a majestic volume to the sea; passing by the ruins of Carrigaholt and the island of Inniscattery.



PATRICK SARSFIELD, EARL OF LUCAN.

THOMAS DE "SARSFIELD," who arrived in Ireland in 1172, is said to be the first who brought this surname into Ireland. In the outlawries of 1642 appears the name of Peter Sarsfield, of Tully, county of Kildare. His son Patrick had two sons, William, of Lucan, who married Marie, sister of the Duke of Monmouth; and Patrick, the hero of Limerick. This latter was highly accomplished, and in personal appearance of a tall and manly figure; he had been an ensign in France in Monmouth's regiment, and a lieutenant of the guards in England. When James came over to Ireland he ranked as a brigadier-general, and by his own influence had embodied a noble body of horse; soon after which, by the death of his elder brother William, he succeeded to the family estates, then considered of the value of 2,000*l.* per annum.

In the Parliament of 1689 sat Dominick Sarsfield, Viscount Kilmallock, of the Peers. He had a regiment of infantry in his service; while, in others of this list, James Sarsfield was an ensign in Colonel Thomas Butler's, as was Joseph Sarsfield in Colonel Charles O'Brien's, in which Ignatius Sarsfield was a

captain. This Ignatius was the son of Patrick Sarsfield, of Limerick, theretofore governor of Clare; his decendants, of kindred collateral to Colonel Patrick, bore the title of the Counts of Sarsfield in the French army,

Early in the Irish campaign, after Mountcashel's defeat before Enniskillen, Sarsfield, then a young captain, beloved of the soldiery, was stationed with some troops at Sligo, for the defence of Connaught from the Ulster adherent of William; a position which he held until directed to remove, to maintain Athlone against the meditated attack of Lieutenant-General James Douglas. The announcement of his approach effected the object, General Douglas retiring to rejoin his King. It is said of Sarsfield that, even after King William had passed the Boyne, he implored James, before he left the hill of Dunora, to strike another blow for empire. At the first siege of Limerick, while Major-General Boisseleau had the command of a garrison, the Duke of Berwick and Colonel Sarsfield were next under him. The latter, pending the siege (on 12th August), surprised, at Kelly-na-Mona, a convoy that was conducting to the

besiegers provisions and ammunition. This gallant achievement is fully detailed by Story, the chaplain of King William. He spiked their cannon and blew up their ammunition; and the army re-entered Limerick amidst the triumphant shouts of his fellow-soldiers, thenceforth more than ever their idol. Encouraged by his daring exploit, those who were wavering before abandoned all thoughts of capitulation. On the 30th August, King William directed his last assault upon the city; left 2,000 regular troops killed in the trenches, and in five days after embarked himself from Waterford to England.

When the Duke of Tyrconnel went to France, Sarsfield was one of those whom he put in commission to direct the inexperienced Duke of Berwick, to whom, as before mentioned, he had entrusted the command of the army. Soon afterwards the Duke and he attacked the Castle of Birr, the family residence of Sir Lawrence Parsons, ancestor of the present Earl of Rosse; the principal design, however, of this movement was to break down the bridge of Banagher; but the attempt was found too hazardous at that time, not only as the enemy was very strong on the other side, but as it was defended by a castle and another work which commanded it on two sides, and the project was consequently abandoned.

Tyrconnel, when he returned from France, brought with him a patent from King James, creating Sarsfield Earl of Lucan, Viscount of Tully, and Baron of Rosberry, titles which King William's chaplain, Story, seems willing to concede to him, even after the conclusion of the campaign. "Lord Lucan," he says, "for so we may venture to call Lieut.-gen. Sarsfield, since the Articles of Limerick do it." King James then also constituted Sarsfield a colonel of his Life Guards; and commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland; the last appointment proved, however, soon but titular, as in May, 1691, the Marquis de St. Ruth landed, a foreigner placed over his head by the French King. Yet no jealousy at this step induced him to abate his zeal for the cause he had espoused; and when, on Tyrconnel's death, D'Usson, the senior officer, assumed the command of Limerick,

Sarsfield attended to all the details, superintended the repair of the fortifications, the providing of ammunition and stores, watched the motions and defeated the designs of the peace party. His vigilance and activity admitted of no relaxation; his ardour inspired the troops with confidence. At the battle of Aughrim he had been placed by St. Ruth at the left wing of the Irish army, with positive instructions not to stir from that position until he received St. Ruth's orders, an injunction which held him inactive until the death of that commander closed the contest, the more effectually as Sarsfield, though second in command, was wholly ignorant of the plans of his commander; the officers of the Irish army waited for orders, but none was there to give them.

Sarsfield, after long opposing the capitulation of Limerick, excited much astonishment by ultimately joining those who advocated it. O'Conor, in his "Military Memoirs," defends Sarsfield's motives in a manner that leaves without stain the memory of this truly illustrious Irishman: At a very advanced state of the siege, his constancy gave way, he apprehended probably that some of the gates or works would be betrayed to the enemy; that the whole garrison would be involved in the horrors of a town taken by storm, and that no terms could in that case be made for the religion or the nation. Overpowered by such considerations, he ultimately acquiesced in the wishes of the majority. The treaty that he sought proposed indemnity for the past, free liberty of worship, security of titles and estates, admission to all employments, civil and military, and equal rights with the Protestants in all the corporations. Such was the treaty of Limerick, but it was basely violated.

On the surrender of Limerick, Sarsfield sedulously urged the removal of many of his old comrades to France, with a sanguine hope of such aid from King Louis as would secure their triumphant return. "The Irish officers," says Harris, "went on board with the best of their forces, on the 22nd of December, 1691, and with them Sarsfield embarked to seek a fortune in a strange country, when he might have remained an ornament to his own." He landed in due

course at Brest, with 4,500 of the expatriated Irish, while a remainder of 19,059 men and officers arrived in France about the same time, in three other divisions, all of whom King James reviewed and regimented. On Sarsfield's arrival in France, the king appointed him to the command of the second troop of Irish Horse Guards, that of the first having been committed to the Duke of Berwick. During the short interval that he outlived the Stuart dynasty, he addressed various letters (offered for sale in the Southwell collections some years since), signed by himself as Earl of Lucan, to De Ginkle, Earl of Athlone, in which he set forth the displeasure of Louis XIV. by reason that "the capitulation of Limerick had not been punctually performed," and requiring that the delay to so doing should be removed with all imaginable despatch. These communications passed in the year 1692. In the following year he fell on the field of battle. "This year," (1693), says O'Connor, "is memorable in the annals of the Irish Brigade, for the death of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. He had been instrumental in bringing over a great part of the Irish army to the service of France, and had the command of the troops destined for the invasion of England. After the destruction of the French fleet of La Hogue, the Irish troops marched to Alsace; and Sarsfield, at the close of 1692, was ordered to join the French army in Flanders, under the Duke of Luxembourg; in 1693, he was killed in the battle of Landen, at the head of a French division. He fell leading on the charge of strangers; his contemporaries long deplored the loss of this gallant officer, and his memory is still cherished with enthusiastic admiration in his native country. Sarsfield possessed admirable qualifications: Brave, patient, vigilant, rapid, indefatigable, ardent, adventurous, and enterprising; the foremost in the encounter, the last to retreat; he harassed his enemy by sudden, unexpected, and generally irresistible attacks; inspiring his troops with the same ardour and contempt of danger with which his own soul was animated. His valour prolonged the contest in Ireland; and if he had but

possessed a corresponding degree of military skill, might materially have altered the issue of the contest." "Patrick Sarsfield," writes a more recent biographer, "may be quoted as a type of loyalty and patriotic devotion. In the annals of Irish history he stands as a parallel to Pierre du Terrail, Chevalier de Bayard, in those of France, and may be equally accounted, *sans peur et sans reproche*. In his public actions firm and consistent, in his private character amiable and unblemished; attached, by religious conviction and hereditary reverence for the rights of kings, to the fallen house of Stuart, he drew a sharp sword in their cause."

## GALILEO AND POPE URBAN.

## II.

We have seen that the greatest lights of the age, Bacon, Burton, Tycho Brahe, Riccioli, Ramus the Huguenot, Thomas Lydiate, Gilbert, Milton, Alexander Rosse, equally with Pope Urban rejected the new philosophy—we have seen that the whole world, Protestant as well as Catholic, at that time, was of a like opinion—we have seen that when Galileo advanced his theory so contrary to all preconceived notions, he himself could give no *valid* proofs of its truth—nay, that the very arguments on which he most relied for its verification were futile and erroneous. Let us now advance a step further and we shall see that not only were Galileo's arguments erroneous, but that the true proofs were not discovered until long after Galileo and his supposed implacable enemy, Urban, were in their graves—nay more; that one of those arguments at least (and that not the least important), is not yet fully demonstrated, nor can it be at the soonest until the observations of the last transit of Venus, in 1874, are made known.

The three great theories on which the present theory of the Solar System is founded are:—

1st. Newton's splendid theory of gravitation.

2nd. His equally ingenious theory in explanation of the shortened pendulum.

3rd. The theory of the velocity and aberration of light.

And here we would point out, at the

risk of being deemed retrograde, that these are after all only *theories*, i. e. speculative explanations of given phenomena. To use rather unparliamentary language, one may call a man a fool when he refuses to accept a mathematical demonstration of a problem. *Not so with a theory.* A *theory* can never amount to a demonstration, any more than circumstantial evidence can ever amount to a proof.

These things require to be taken into consideration in our estimate of the men who refused to accept the theory of Galileo. He was proving a theory by other theories, (prove nothing by nothing and nothing remains.) What wonder then if Bacon and Urban hesitated to receive them? And if we consider that Urban had a deep reverence for the Sacred Scriptures, (against which these theories appeared to run counter) restraining him, his case is more excusable still.

Chronologically the three theories are posterior to Galileo's time. The first two were framed by Newton (that celebrated Lancashire man) who was born on the day the Florentine astronomer died. Both theories were as badly received in the 17th and 18th centuries as Galileo's had been in the 16th and 17th. This is important because it shows that the very arguments on which Galileo's theory was founded, were still unaccepted a century after Urban's death. And yet Urban, in his grave, is blamed for not having blindly accepted, when alive, what learned astronomers, centuries after his death, refused to receive.

The third theory—first suspected by Roemer, a Danish astronomer, in 1672, that is, *thirty years* after Galileo's death, has not yet been fully demonstrated, nor can it hope to be at the soonest before the calculations of the last transit of Venus (now nearly four years ago,) are given to the world. Sir John Herschel, whose name should never be pronounced with covered head, gives it *another century.* His words are:—

"So extensive is this problem, and so intricate and difficult the purely mathematical inquiries on which it rests, that another century may yet be required to go through the task of verifying them."

And yet Pope Urban is expected to have done all *these sums* in a day! Well,

how exacting some people *can be!*

As further, illustrative of the uncertainty of astronomical science, even in our present age, we must bear in mind a fact that has occurred within the last few years. Mr. Stone, Astronomer Royal and successor to the celebrated Sir John Herschel, has discovered, through the increased accuracy of his instruments, that there is an error of 4 millions of miles in our estimate of the distance of the earth from the sun. In the middle of the last century astronomers told us we were 82 millions of miles from the sun. After the first transit of Venus, in 1763, they changed their figures, and we were then to be 95 millions of miles distant. Now we are again told that we are only 91 millions, and that there has consequently been a *small error* of 4 millions in former calculations.\* Now, it so happens that this *little error* bears a very important part in the Galileo-Pope Urban controversy. It was on the supposition that we were 82 and 95 millions of miles from the sun that the calculations which were supposed to confirm Galileo's theory are founded. But where does this error leave these calculations? Well, any school-boy knows that it must knock it into a cocked hat. From all this it is evident that there is a certain uncertainty of astronomical science even in this 19th century of ours. And yet Urban, in 1633, is accused of ignorance and bigotry for not accepting as true a problem which, according to Sir John Herschel, will in all probability require another half century to be verified; and which, if this uncertainty of science be not removed, may be very far from correct even then. Without waiting, however, for either of these contingencies, would it not be as well to absolve Pope Urban forthwith from all blame for not having accepted, as fully demonstrated in the 16th century, a problem which is still unproved in the 19th?

But did not Pope Urban condemn Galileo's doctrines as heretical? Did he not put him to the torture? And did he not keep him immured in prison?

1st. Was Galileo ever put to the torture?

\*Since this was in print it has been authoritatively declared that we are to consider ourselves, until further orders as between 92 & 93 millions of miles from the sun.

We think not; and for this reason we think not. In the first place—what necessity was there to torture him? He denied nothing. He recanted *before* he was asked; and *more* than he was asked. His trial commenced on the 12th April, 1633, when the most spacious and pleasant apartments in the Fiscal of the Inquisition were assigned him. "Galileo," says Mr. Drinkwater, "was treated with unusual consideration."

Sir David Brewster states that during the whole trial Galileo was treated with the most marked indulgence.

On the 22nd April, the commission declared themselves ready to begin the investigation, but Galileo asked a delay on account of ill health. This was granted. On the 30th April, he declared himself ready and opened the proceedings, not by defending his system, but by *reading a recantation*. Here the matter ended for the day, but Galileo voluntarily returned and reopened it by reading a fuller and more sweeping recantation. What need therefore of torture? We do not flog a willing horse.

In the second place, the story itself will not hold together. We are asked to believe that an old man of 70 years after having undergone any amount of hardships and imprisonment, suffered *torture on the rack* on the 21st June, and on the next day, after kneeling an hour on his knees in a penitential shirt to hear his sentence, this same old man was able to jump to his feet; to stamp furiously on the floor, and to shout at the top of his voice, "But it does move." No, it is impossible to believe that this old man of 70, who, on June 24th, was conducted by Niccolini from the Fiscal of the Inquisition to the Villa Medici, and who, on the 6th July, was able to walk four miles without inconvenience, had had all his old bones drawn out of their sockets by the rack on the 21st June.

1st. Lord Brougham, after a careful examination of the case, with all the acumen of a most talented jurist, says:

"The supposition of Galileo having been tortured is entirely disproved by Galileo's own account of the lenity with which he was treated."

2nd. The German Protestant, Von Reumont, says:—"Those who undertake to accuse the Inquisition on this point are forced to have recourse to *fiction*."

3rd. Biot dismisses the matter thus:—"There is here such a conjunction of improbabilities as to exclude all reasonable possibility of such a suspicion."

4th. The French *feullitonists* on the Ponsard drama sum up the affair in these concise terms:—"Thus, then, Galileo was not put to the torture. Of that we now have the *fullest certainty*."

Did not Pope Urban condemn Galileo's doctrines as heretical? No, on the contrary Pope Urban persistently refused to sign the decree of the Inquisition; and Galileo was set at liberty three days after the termination of his trial.

Did not the Church, through the Inquisition, condemn Galileo's assertion as heretical? Again, no; for the Inquisition forms no part of the Church.

Did not the Inquisition condemn Galileo's theory as heretical? To this question we must again answer no.

It is very evident from the whole history of this controversy that Galileo did not content himself with the purely astronomical question. He would insist upon dragging in both the political and religious element. To understand this, it is necessary to know Galileo in his true colors. The *Edinburgh Review* speaks of Galileo as in connection with a political party, unfriendly "to religion as to the Papal government." A kind of Garibaldian party, we may suppose, that thought to gain its political end by first destroying the influence of the clergy. The *North British Review*, Nov. 1860, refers to these men, Sarpi, (Fra Paolo), Antonio de Dominis, &c., as that band of *sceptics* who hounded Galileo on to his ruin. Here, then, it is evident the matter assumes a *political* as well as a *religious* aspect, and a political and a religious aspect of the very worst kind, wherein men seek to obtain power by first dethroning God.

That the Inquisition had no intention of condemning the purely astronomical question is sufficiently proved by *this fact*. Galileo was far from being the discoverer of our present Solar System. Two learned and eminent churchmen had long before propounded it. The great theologian, Richard of St. Victor, (of whose scientific attainments Dr. Whewell speaks in the highest praise), had long before asserted it. Cardinal

Cusa, (commonly called Nicholas the Cusan), who, in 1436, at the Council of Basle, proposed the reform of our calendar which enlightened England so long refused to accept, had already written "the sun is at rest, the world moves." Add to these, Celius Calcagnini—(1479), Novara the preceptor of Copernicus, Copernicus himself, Jerome of Tallvia, whose papers are said to have fallen into the hands of Copernicus, and Leonardi da Vinci—all these men, long before Galileo was born, had broached this theory. Now if this doctrine were heresy in Galileo, why had it not been so in Richard of St. Victor? in Cardinal Cusa? in Calius Calcagnini? in Novara? in Copernicus? in Jerome of Tallvia? and in Leonardi da Vinci? If these men could broach this doctrine and remain unheeded by the Inquisition—pray why could not Galileo do the same? The answer is obvious. They had kept away from politics and had treated the purely astronomical part of the question.

The enemies of the Papacy, in order to make good their point, and to meet this obvious objection, are forced to have recourse to a very violent supposition, that of *personal* enmity on the part of Urban. But facts are against them. It was a truly Christian mode surely of showing that enmity—1st, to refuse to sign the decree of the Inquisition, by which signature it could alone become binding—2nd, to set his enemy at liberty—3rd, and to continue in 1633 a pension already granted in 1624. All praise to Pope Urban if such was his Christian enmity.

H. B.

REFLECTION.—It is remarked as a little singular by a student of Biblical paintings that all patriarchs are represented as being bald. It should be remembered, however, that most of them married young.

SHARP.—A very young miss addressed her paternal ancestor at the breakfast table on Sunday morning. "Pappy, I want a new hat and a pair of new shoes."—"Is'pose so. What don't you want?" remarked the paternal.—"Well," answered the quick-witted little miss, "I don't want any cigar."

MASTER AND PUPIL.  
A DIALOGUE, No. 1.

PUPIL.—You tell me that in order "to see God" I must love Him with my *whole heart*. But is this possible? Living as we do, surrounded by creatures, deafened by the din of the world, how can we make all our thoughts, words and actions tend to God so as to love Him with our *whole heart*? To do so we must leave the care of our families, of our business, of our studies; we must leave aside all work, and betaking ourselves to the Church, we must kneel ever at the foot of the altar, shut out from all distracting thoughts and cares.

MASTER.—Oh! would to God you could do so! Would to God you had the courage to run to the cloister, to forsake the world, and to give yourself up entirely to God. But you cannot do so, and thank God you are not obliged to do it. St. Bonaventure tells us that there are two ways of loving God with our *whole heart*. One, the more perfect, wherein the soul has no thought but in God, no breath but what breathes in and with and through God. The other less perfect, but yet very acceptable to God, consists in loving creatures for God, that is, in such a manner that God always has the first place in our hearts. The first love is the love of the angels and saints in heaven. But to have this love in its integrity, one must be in heaven; one must be in the society of the angels and saints; one must burn as they burn; one must be removed from earth as they are removed. It is on this account that God does *not* oblige all to this love. To some, indeed, he has given a foretaste of it, but those some are very few. But *from all* he exacts that second and less perfect love, which loves God above all things, and which whilst it loves creatures, yet loves them with no criminal love. God requires of each one that he shall be prepared, at all times, to give up all created things the first moment He asks. He does not indeed forbid you to love creatures, but he forbids you to love them more than Him. "Whosoever," He says, "shall love father and mother more than me is not worthy of me."

Nor is this demand of our love unreasonable. For how is it possible that

the Christian, who believes that God is his *first beginning* and his *last end* can help but love Him? How is it possible that the Christian, whose faith teaches him that God is infinitely beautiful and infinitely wise and infinitely bountiful, can refuse Him his love? Test this matter by your love for creatures. Which of us, when we see a thing of beauty, but is drawn to it as by an irresistible but unseen and mysterious power? Which of us, when we see a thing of goodness, but feels this same attraction? Which of us, when we see a thing of knowledge, a learned book, nay, even a skillful machine, but feel drawn to it by a feeling of awe and reverence? But if with creatures—how much more with God? A thing of beauty attracts us as with an irresistible power; God is infinite beauty. A thing of Goodness has the same power of attraction; God is infinite goodness. A thing of learning fills us with awe; God is infinite wisdom, is wisdom itself. As much then as God is beautiful above all human beauty, as much as he is good and bountiful above all human goodness and bounty, as much as he is wise above all human wisdom, so ought our love and reverence to be for Him above that of creatures.

And yet, alas! how rare indeed is this love—this love so reasonable and so beautiful! Do those love God, think you, with this love of the whole soul, in whom self-love and vanity and pride reign? Do those love God, think you, with the love of the whole heart, who love vile creatures more than God? Do those love God, think you, with the love of the whole mind, whose constant thoughts are how to increase their store? Oh! God of infinite beauty and goodness and wisdom, alas! how vilely you are treated by the sons of men! You are put in contrast with a sordid interest, a frivolous honor, a false pleasure. Although we are drawn irresistibly to everything of earthly beauty, you, Beauty itself, are unknown or at least unloved. Although we cannot help but admire and love bounty in man, you Infinite Bounty are little thought of. Although we feel awe and reverence for all human learning, for you, Infinite Wisdom and Knowledge and Understanding, we feel little reverence. "He

who loveth not," says St. John, "remaineth in death." Surely the heart of man which loves not such a God is indeed dead to all feelings of divine Charity.

PUPIL.—But how can we know that we love God?

MASTER.—Ah! thank God, there is an infallible test by which we may learn whether we *have* or *have not* this so necessary love. Jesus Christ gave it when he said, "If you love me keep my commandments." And again, "If any man love me, he will keep my word." And again, "He that loveth me *not* keepeth not my word." And again, "He that hath commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me."

Here then is the sure test—the keeping the commandments of God, as unfolded to us in the teaching of Jesus Christ. It is not long fasting and long prayers; it is not long pilgrimages or visiting the sick or giving alms. These are all very good in their way and very powerful with God in their own place, but they are of no avail whatsoever without first the keeping of the Commandments. It is true, as you have often been told, that prayer is all powerful with God, that visiting the sick, and pilgrimages undertaken for the honor of God, are very pleasing to Him. I do not wish to depreciate these holy practices; but neither would I wish you to deceive yourself. Nor prayer, nor visiting the sick, nor alms, nor pilgrimages will avail you aught, if you keep not the commandments. Prayer may indeed help you to keep the commandments; alms deeds may dispose God to increase his grace for the observing of the law, but they will avail you nothing unless His law is kept. "If you love me keep my commandments."

PUPIL.—Alas! Master, if this is the mark of a true Christian—if this is the test of true Charity, how few true Christians there are! How little true Charity is to be found in the world!

MASTER.—Yes, indeed, yes; for how many are there, think you, who keep the commandments? How many are there, think you, who fulfil strictly the precepts of the law and the gospel?

PUPIL.—Alas! few, very few.

MASTER.—I do not speak of the lesser transgressions of the law, into which



even the just man falls seven times a day, but of those grievous crimes of cursing, swearing, blaspheming, and quarrels, and dissensions, and envy, and stealing, and lies, and detraction, and a thousand others—how few, alas! there are who avoid these things? So true is it that though many are called, few, indeed, very few, are chosen. We look with horror and dismay on the apostle Judas, because he thought more of thirty pieces of silver than he did of his Saviour. But which of us, my dear Pupil, but sells his Saviour every time he prefers his own passions and desires to the law of God? Which of us but is a Judas every time he sins mortally? Had Judas loved money less and Jesus more, he never would have betrayed the world's Redeemer with that horrid kiss. If we love earthly things less and God more, we shall have that charity which covers a multitude of sins, because it renders sin any more impossible in us.

H. B.

### THE PURITANS IN IRELAND;

OR,

### THE TWO HONORIAS.

By AUBREY DE VERE.

When the accession of Elizabeth put the final stroke to the destruction of the Church in England, and all the religious institutions, which had been partially restored during Mary's life, were again swept away—it was found possible to proceed with the same severity in Ireland, where the old faith was too firmly fixed in the hearts of the people, to place it in the power of their rulers to root it out of the land as ruthlessly as they had been able to do in England. Many religious houses even still survived during the reigns of James and Charles, and were not finally suppressed until the bloody persecution of Cromwell; and it was under the shadow of these houses that three heroic women, of whom we are about to speak, lived during many years, although they were not actually members of the religious community.

Honorias Burke was the daughter of Richard Burke, an Irish gentleman of noble birth; and was brought up in the

strictest attachment to the ancient faith during the troublous times succeeding the English Reformation. At fourteen, she consecrated herself to God by vow, and received the habit of the third order of St. Dominic from the hands of Father Thaddeus O'Dowd, the Provincial of the Order. She had a friend, who also wore the Dominican habit, named Honorias Magnan; and together they arranged a plan for retiring, with one servant, to a little cottage attached to the Dominican convent, which was at that time fixed at Burrishoole, County Mayo. Accordingly, they all three took up their abode in the cottage, where they continued to live for many years in the undisturbed exercise of devotion and works of charity. They seemed to have attempted a close imitation of their patroness and mother, St. Catherine of Sienna; and it was probably with the idea of following her footsteps the more perfectly that they chose a life which left them a greater liberty to exercise their charity towards others, in preference to inclosing themselves in the convent under whose protection they lived. Of Honorias Burke, it is said that the purity of her life was such that her confessors bore testimony to her never having committed a mortal sin. They all undertook the most heroic labors of charity, and specially during a famine which desolated Ireland during the latter end of Elizabeth's reign; when crowds of miserable beings assembled at their cottage door, and were kept alive by their means alone for many weeks. Poor themselves, they had but little to give, but their charity never failed; and it is said their Divine Spouse sent an angel to them, under the form of a pilgrim, who brought them the food which they distributed among the starving people. This might have been but the popular way of explaining the abundance of charity which seemed to have something marvelous, coming as it did from the hands of those whose own life was one of the strictest poverty; yet we are assured that many supernatural graces were shown them, and that they were ordinarily looked on as special objects of the Divine love and favor. Thus they continued to live until that persecution under the usurper Cromwell, which is probably hardly equalled in cruelty and

atrocities by any to be found in the pages of history.

The Convent of Burrishool did not escape in the general attack made on the Irish Catholics. The nuns were, some of them, put to death, and the rest were driven out of their house, and the two Honorias and their faithful servant fled for refuge to a little uninhabited island in a neighboring lake, which bore the name of the Isle of Saints. Here they concealed themselves in the thick woods for some days; but their reputation was too widely extended for them to be overlooked by the persecutors. Diligent search was made for them until the place of their retreat was discovered, and all three were seized. They were instantly stripped, bound to a tree, and cruelly scourged. Sister Honoria Magaen, the youngest of the three, fearing lest some worse insults might follow, prayed her Divine Spouse to protect her in this extremity, even at the cost of her life, and her prayer was heard; for in some extraordinary way she was enabled to escape from the hands of the soldiers, and again took refuge in the woods, where she concealed herself in the hollow of a tree. It was the month of February, and intensely cold; she was covered with wounds from the stripes she received, and without a particle of clothing, and very soon hunger and exhaustion, combined with the loss of blood, put an end to her life.

Sister Honoria Burke, however, remained in the hands of the soldiers, who, after inflicting unheard-of tortures on her, threw her into the boat in which they had crossed the lake, as if she had been a bundle of sticks, and this so violently that three of her ribs were broken with the fall. They then pushed off from the island, and rowed over with her to the opposite shore; but when they were landed, and were about to lift her out after them, they found her half dead from the injuries she had received; and not thinking it worth while to trouble themselves with her any further, they again threw her on the bank, and left her there to perish. The servant, who saw that life was not extinct, sat down by her side, and tried to staunch her wounds and restore her to consciousness; and when Honoria came to herself and found the soldiers were gone

away, she begged her companion to try if she could not manage to carry her to the convent church, which was not far from the spot where they were. The servant, in spite of her wounds, summoned strength enough to do as she wished, and laid her before the altar of our Lady, to whom she had always been particularly devout; then she left her in order to go in search of Sister Honoria Magaen, in hopes she might still find her alive. After some time she did indeed find her hidden in the hollow tree, but she was quite dead. So she took the body on her shoulders and carried it to the church; and there she found that in her absence Sister Honoria Burke had also expired. She was in a kneeling posture, her head and body quite erect, and her hands folded in the attitude of prayer; and if we consider her exhausted state from the loss of blood, and the agony of her broken bones, there was certainly something more than natural in the manner and posture which she had supported her body in the hour of death. The faithful servant, whose name has not been preserved in the account left us of these circumstances, took both bodies and buried them with her own hands in one grave. Their death took place in the year 1653; and the events are recorded in the acts of the general chapter held at Rome in 1656.

As a pendant to that "picture," we give the following passage in "The Life of the Bishop of Killala," (Meehan's translation), Duffy, Dublin:—

He then proceeded, by short marches, to Galway; and finally entered the city about eventide, in disguise. Here he remained safe for a long time, protected by his friends; but a rumor was soon spread that he was concealed in the city, whereupon the soldiers of the garrison expended and squandered much time searching for him. They had been certified by informers of the houses which was wont to frequent, and then searched their inmost recesses; but as the search was instituted, generally speaking, about three days after the Bishop had retired thence, they did not arrest him. So keen, however, was their pursuit of him, that he was obliged to take refuge in the topmost stories of the houses, aneath the tiles, and this, too, at

mid-winter, without a spark of fire. Sometimes he was forced to go out on the roof, and while his pursuers were gaining on him, to descend into a neighboring house by the dormant-window. For, as most of the houses in Galway are connected, a person can safely walk on the roofs, and thus pass from one house to another; and, as the interior walls support the roof, parapets rise on the outside, under which it is easy to find shelter.

Nor was it only dread of forfeiting all their substance, should the Bishop be arrested under any man's roof-tree, that it made it more difficult for him to find a refuge in the houses of certain parties; for, along with the three scourges of God—famine, plague and war, there was another, which some called the fourth scourge, to wit, the weekly exaction of the soldiers' pay, which was extorted with incredible atrocity, each Saturday, bugles sounding and drums beating. On these occasions the soldiers entered the various houses, and, pointing their muskets to the breasts of men and women, threatened them with instant death if the sum demanded was not immediately given. Should it have so happened that the continual payment of these pensions had exhausted the means of the people, bed, bedding, sheets, table-cloths, dishes, and every description of furniture, nay, the very garments of the women, torn off their persons, were carried to the market-place and sold for a small sum; so much so that each recurring Saturday bore a resemblance to the day of judgment, and the clangor of the trumpet smote the people with terror, almost equal to that of doomsday.

But let me return, to my subject. Since the Bishop was more fortunate in affecting his escape than those harpies in their pursuit, they began to lust after his property; whereon they proceeded to the residence of Mark Kirwan, in which the Bishop was wont to stop. In the house they only found young children and servants, together with the mother, who superintended their education; for the father and his son were then in prison. Having ransacked the whole house, the soldiers entered an inner room, where they saw some glittering rays of light, and in this recess

they discovered a wooden tabernacle, ornamented with gilded mouldings and wooden candlesticks, likewise gilt, which the Bishop meant to be placed in some church; all these sacred objects did the soldiers drag out of the house, nor could they be induced by supplication or money to restore them; they subsequently tore them all to pieces and scattered many relics deposited in the tabernacle.

So ardently did these soldiers persevere in tracking the Bishop, that on a certain night they burst open the doors of a house in which he was actually concealed; they thought they would have found some of the peasantry here (the latter were forbidden under most grievous penalty to bide for even one night in the city), but had they entered the inner apartments of the house they must, beyond doubt, have come upon their prey. While staying in the hall, they were told that the peasantry were elsewhere in the neighborhood, so they sped thither, and, arresting the people, carried them to prison; and thus did the Bishop escape this eminent danger. Well might he echo the saying of the Psalmist: "In the day of evils Ho protected me in the depths of his tabernacle." The same circumstance effected the escape of the chaplain, who had gone a few doors off to hear the confession of a woman smitten with the plague, which raged in Galway in the month of January. The chaplain was not infected by the contagion, but the woman died.

At length, after the Bishop had eluded the various snares set for him, he was joyously received by a certain friend who was not very rich. Little did this man care for the loss of his property, which was inconsiderable, but greatly was he concerned for the safety of his Prolate. Here, in mid-winter, on the floor, right under the roof, without a fire, was he obliged to lurk as long as his health permitted, nor did he descend to the lower chamber till nighttime when he required sleep. Owing to this irksome sedentary habit and unhealthy position, together with all his former sufferings, he was seized with a most grievous malady, and compelled to betake him to his bed, nor could he much longer escape the soldiers, who

licentiously visited every house; wherefore, to protect him from their ruffianly assaults, he was advised by some friends to surrender himself to the Governor, who, seeing that the virulence of his disease was killing him, forbade the soldiers give to him any trouble, as soon as some of the richer citizens had entered into security for his appearance at the Governor's court, provided he survived. While he was thus circumstanced, he bestowed upon the poor, with whom the city abounded, nearly all the supplies furnished him by his friends. Having recovered his wonted health, contrary to every one's expectation, he returned to his old custom of conciliating dissidents; for at that time a great concourse of men, engaged in litigation, sought him to put an end to their animosities.

In the June following, John De Burgo, Archbishop of Tuam, who was arrested on the 11th day of the preceding March, together with the Bishop of Killala, and many other ecclesiastics, dispersed through the various houses, being summoned by the Governor, immediately surrendered themselves, and were not committed, but driven into custody at Galway; all of them, indeed, were treated as though they were galley-slaves, marched in bodies, surrounded by soldiers, drums beating and bugles sounding. The foremost of all was the Bishop of Killala, (for the Archbishop was not yet brought in from the country), and all of them were thus led to jail. A great accession of priests were added to the number of those already in custody; and, owing to a wise regulation in favor of the caterers, they were locked up in houses hired for the occasion at the cost of the prisoners. All the time that the Bishop of Killala was in jail passed not idly, but was expended in doing good to men of every class. In the first place he got into debt, in order to relieve the necessities of prisoners who languished in want; secondly, he assuaged old animosities which manifested themselves among the prisoners, and willingly did he hear the confessions of parties visiting the jail.

Nay, more; he frequently administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the children who presented themselves at a window in the rear of the prison.

At the altar he frequently celebrated the holy mysteries, and proved himself a living light of virtue. To the priesthood he bestowed copies of Cardinal Toloto's work, that they might not spend time in idleness, but consume it in study, and, by holding frequent disputations on the subject matter of the book, sow the seeds of its doctrine more deeply in their souls.

#### ON MEDITATION.

Perhaps there never has been a period in which meditation was, at the same time, so rare and so necessary as now; and the causes which make it so rare are precisely those which make it so necessary.

Man, distracted by every thing around him, pours himself out upon a thousand objects, to not one of which he can permanently attach himself. His life evaporates through every sense. Scarcely has he gained some darling object by dint of application and labour, when he sees himself deprived of it either by men or by the circumstances in the midst of which he lives. Wherever he goes he leaves some part of his substance, without ever being able to amass or treasure up any thing. Experience, that science of life which can turn even the faults of the past to the profit of the future, and which teaches what use we ought to make of men and things,—experience is very hard to get in these days, because we live so fast, and because too many objects pass before our eyes to allow us time to examine them well. Moreover, taken unawares as we are at every instant, and forced to expend in detail the little that we gain, we cannot, without the greatest difficulty, turn our observation on things to account, even supposing we had time to observe accurately. There is an old saying: "Those who run must read." But reading is not the only thing that we have to do on the gallop. We think, we look, we love, we live, at railway speed. If we meet a friend on our way, whether in our daily walk or in the journey of life, a nod of the head is the only token of friendship or of sympathy; we have time to bestow on him. Just like two vessels meeting at sea, they exchange signals, and pass forward on their respective courses. In

this perpetual movement, every thing floats by as in a mist; and we see objects so cursorily that for us they have neither form nor colour.

In former times men went through the different degrees and stages of life with something like method. The interior life, family life, public life, succeeded one another with constant regularity, and they compensated each other mutually; so that a man was never too long alone, nor ever too long a time out of doors; but meditation, friendship, and active pursuits spread over his days the charm of an agreeable variety, and they came, each in turn, to fill up and engage his time. The meditations of the mind were not dry and arid, because they were refreshed by the sweet affections of the heart; and the calm happiness of domestic life did not enervate the will, because action exercised it continually.

How different is it nowadays! A man can scarcely snatch a few moments to pass with himself. The instant he wishes to recollect himself, the world, with its pretended duties and its factitious properties, comes knocking at the door of his heart, and draws him away, who knows whither?

If, in order to escape the distractions that besiege him, he wishes to live far away from the world, and to withdraw from intercourse with society, then he finds that he is left entirely to his own resources, isolated, deprived of that strength which association with our brethren imparts to us, and left without defence against the multitudinous dangers of solitude.

Domesticity scarcely now exists for a young man, for generally the main purpose of parents is not how to bring up their children in the fear of God, by a solid and Christian education, but how to preserve or to increase their fortune; and hence children are handed over early to be instructed by strangers and their father seated amongst them to advise, to instruct, and to guide, becomes a scarce apparition in their young lives. Or worse even than this: so ardent is the desire to be gaining, that the raw untaught boy is drawn away from even such instruction as he gets,—before his principles are founded, his career marked out, or his mind formed,—and sent

to some office or some trade, that from his precocious efforts the family purse may be recruited with a few additional shillings per week.

Every thing tends nowadays to enfeeble the soul by spreading it over too great a number of objects. At the very earliest age, education begins to sap it, on account of the infinite number of things which we must *seem* to know something of, and over each of which the mind can skim but very lightly: for if we wished to go deeply into any one of them, no time would be left to bestow upon the others. In this tumult and anarchy of learning, the youth loses himself.

He next enters into the world, the bustle of which soon completes the destructive work. We cannot prevent ourselves from feeling a deep sentiment of compassion for poor human nature, when we remember to what an extent the world has been able to attach to its most senseless usages, to its vanities, and to its miseries, such a sovereign importance. Its power, or rather its tyranny, over its slaves, is one of the most inexplicable enigmas for a man who loves to account for the reasons of things. It is only too true that the world has discovered how to take entire possession of man, to make itself the capital affair of his life, to establish a multitude of arbitrary laws, which it changes at its caprice and to which all men submit themselves with an inconceivable docility. At a time when men dispute all titles and all rights; it never enters into any one's thoughts to refuse the world that absolute power which it arrogates to itself and which it exercises so tyrannically.

What will become of you, young man, with every sense thus scattered abroad by science, by the world, and by business? What will become of the native; the primitive vigour of your character, and of the energy of your will? One thing only can save you, and that is *reflection, meditation*; this only can rescue your intelligence, your heart, and your life from complete and universal destruction. Unless you sometimes retire within yourself to meditate on the vanity of the pleasures to which the world condemns your days, the end of it will be that this world and those

pleasures will engulf you and destroy you. Unless you endeavor, from time to time, to take up the thread of your thoughts, which so many distractions continually break, you will lose it altogether, and you will become more estranged from yourself than the mere animal which has no consciousness of its instincts or of its acts.

To meditate is to draw back to ourselves, and to turn again upon our souls, all those rays of intelligence which had been shed abroad upon outward things, and which diverged through all the senses. It is to take an account of our actions, and to acquire a perception of our most secret thoughts and our most hidden instincts. It is to stop ourselves for a moment in our career of life, in order to look at that portion of the road we have already gone over, and that which still remains to be traversed. It is to question the past for the profit of the future; to remember the first so as to provide for the second; to reckon and to put in order the treasures gained by experience, just as a man in business takes an account each evening of the various transactions of the past day.

#### THE MISSIONER.

The missioner student just newly ordained  
Permission to visit his friends has obtained.  
To greet him his kindred and friends will  
unite,

But the heart of the mother exults with  
delight;

Her memory will bring her far back to the  
joy

That fill'd her young heart when she first  
saw her boy,

And pleasure of dandling his yet tiny frame,  
Long, long ere he ventured to lip her fond  
name;

And many small incidents, follies and fears  
She'll fondly recall of his juvenile years,  
When forward betimes she indulged his  
young whim

And all her affections were centered in him.

In manhood she sees him progressing in  
grace,

The chosen of Him who had no resting  
place;

The arbiter here of His power and will—  
Oh, may he with wisdom that office fulfill;

He's now 'mid the hills where he first  
breath'd the air—

He's now 'mong his own native valleys so  
fair;

Each boyish retreat shall he visit mean-  
while—

The copse and the pathway that leads to the  
stile;

The crag and the brook and the hawthorn  
shade,

With the seat 'neath its boughs he in infancy  
made;

The highland's bleak summit and low  
mossy peak,

And the glens and the groves and each favor'd  
retreat,

The pool where his limbs oft in youth did he  
lave

And lastly of all his dear ancestors' grave.  
These scenes from his infancy up to old age

Shall be fresh, shall be green upon mem'ry's  
page;

And how distant soever his footsteps may  
roam,

His thoughts shall revert to his dear native  
home.

Relieved from his studies and while he is here  
His kindest attention his kindred shall share;

But awhile and his mission he goes to pur-  
sue,

He turns to his God and he bids them adieu.

Undaunted by danger, unshaken by fear,  
He parts from his friends without shedding a

tear;

And hastens away to a far foreign land,  
With the gospel of peace and the cross in  
his hand.

Like an angel of light he goes forth to illum-  
e Whole regions envelop'd in heathenish

gloom;

Regardless of labor, of heat or of cold,  
Regardless of riches, of silver or gold,

Regardless of glory, of honor or fame,  
Regardless of gaining an eminent name;

Preferring to teach in the name of the Lord,  
Than all the delights that this world can

afford;

And using his talents, his tongue and his  
pen

For the glory of God and salvation of men,  
May God in His wisdom the missioner guard,  
And crown his deserts with a blissful reward.

NEW READING.—When a young man from Oxford or Cambridge is asked if he will always love her thus he does not answer, "Will a duck swim?" Science has taken the place of poetry, and he replies, "Will evolution from the unconditioned working in proto-plasm by accretion and absorption produce the organic cell?"

THE BEST FRIEND.—At a dinner of a provincial law society once, the president called upon the senior solicitor present to give a toast the person whom he considered the best friend of the profession.—"Thou," responded the sly old fox, "I'll give you the man who makes his own will."

## THE THIRTEEN LEOS.

In lamentation and in expectation passed the Church her thirteen days of widowhood. Anguished in her grief, but consoled in her faith, she resembled Israel of old, awaiting in tears and with sighs the "fullness of time." And, as the promise of the Redeemer to come of a Woman to "crush the serpent's head," did sustain the "chosen people" throughout their strange vicissitudes of four thousand years, even so, that Redeemer's promise to remain with His Church for all time, was now the *sursum corda* of her millions of children in our bitter bereavement. Mourning the death of Pius, the best of Fathers and the greatest of Pontiffs—feeling that we should never look upon his like again. we knew that another "Christ by unction," another "Peter by power," would succeed him; and we waited, as holy Simeon did, for our "Consolation," and not less ardent than he in our desires, we were favored as he in their fulfilment. Thanks be to God! "Because my eyes have seen Thy Salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples; a Light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the Glory of Thy people Israel."

Leo XIII. is the successor of Pius IX. He sits in the Chair of Peter, undisputed Head of the Church of Christ, "the Bishop elevated to the Apostolic Eminence." The Cardinal Gioachino Pecci was the choice of the Conclave, as expressed by the third ballot, on Wednesday, February 20, after a session of only forty hours. Descended from a patrician family, he was born at Carpineto, in the Papal States, on March 2, 1810. His studies, begun in the Roman College, were continued in the Ecclesiastical Academy, reserved for the education of noble youths intending to embrace a clerical career. After following the usual curriculum in law, science, and theology, he was ordained priest in his twenty-fifth year, being then tall, slender, handsome, full of energy, and inspired with the spirit of true piety and love of souls. Soon he attracted the notice, and obtained favor in the eyes, of Gregory XVI, gloriously reigning, who called him to the Vatican, and made him Prelate of the Papal Household, and afterwards one of his private

secretaries. The Province of Benevento, within the Papal Dominions but near to the borders of the Kingdom of Naples, where highway robbery was carried on almost without restraint, was at this time infested with brigands and disturbed by bands of smugglers, whom the nobles, in their quest for gold, were disposed rather to protect than to punish. Pope Gregory determined to put an end to these disorders and reform the civil administration. Satisfied that Monsignore Pecci, notwithstanding his youth, was gifted with excellent administrative abilities, that he was cool, firm, and brave, he appointed him Delegate at Benevento to restore the reign of law and order. At once he began active measures against the lawless, organized a force of mounted police, drove the robbers and smugglers from their caves and hiding places to the castles of their protectors, which he stormed and captured if they resisted, and taking the guilty prisoners, he put the ringleaders to death. Within a few months the Province was rid entirely of brigands and plunderers, the nobles submitted to authority, and the young Delegate received the thanks of the Pope and of the King of Naples as well. Having succeeded so well in that difficult field, he was sent on a somewhat similar mission to Spoleto and Perugia, where, owing to his zeal, courage, and tact, peace, contentment and happiness were established. In 1843, being then only in his thirty-third year, the Holy Father raised him in the hierarchy by appointing him Archbishop of the nominal See of Damietta, and advanced him in the civil administration by sending him as Nuncio to the Belgian Court at Brussels. His office there was a most delicate one, requiring the finest diplomacy—to protect the interests of the Catholic subjects of a Protestant King. The Archbishop was equal to the task, and performed it to the satisfaction of both Courts. But his health failing him, owing to the climate and possibly to the cares of office, he asked to be recalled. The King, Leopold, learned this with regret which he publicly expressed. He conferred upon the retiring Nuncio the grandest decoration in his gift, and gave him a sealed packet to present himself to the Pope. This contained a letter to His Holiness,

asking him, as a personal favor to the King, to elevate the illustrious bearer to the Cardinalate. Leaving Brussels, he did not return immediately to Rome, but made a tour in Europe to recruit his wasted strength. Meanwhile events had transpired in Perugia that suggested to the Holy Father the appointment of Monseigneur Pecci to that See. He bowed to the will of the Pope, and on his return entered his bishopric. This was in 1846, the last year of Gregory's reign. In Perugia he encouraged study amongst the clergy, founded a Theological Seminary under the patronage of the great Doctor of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas, and held frequent synods, at which he presided in person, to stimulate his disciples in the pursuit of ecclesiastical science and virtues. Pius IX created him Cardinal in the Consistory of Dec. 19, 1853. In a newspaper sketch of his life, widely published of late, it is stated that Gregory XVI, before his death, had created him Cardinal *in petto*, but that through the jealous influence of Antonelli over Pius IX, the publication was not made until 1853. This is absurdly false. Had Gioachino Pecci been created Cardinal *in petto* by Gregory, Pius would not have held the publication back. If urged by Antonelli to do this wrong he would have repelled it, as he did other advances against Truth, Right and Justice with the motto of his whole life—*Non possumus!* But that Antonelli did not, through jealousy or any other motive, influence Pius IX in this matter, is evident from the fact that he had no influence whatever with him until he became one of his Council, as Prime Minister in 1848, and the new Pope had already held several Consistories, and bestowed several hats of his own will. During the revolution, Cardinal Pecci experienced many trials. His Theological Seminary was seized by the minions of Victor Emmanuel and confiscated to the State. He bore this and other injuries with dignity and resignation. Gathering the students into his own house, he continued their instruction under difficulties, and with sacrifices, but with success. We have the authority of the London *Times* for it, that he always refused to hold personal intercourse with the officials of the Government of "United

Italy." This, we suppose, is why he was hailed as a *Liberal Pope* upon his accession to the Chair vacated by Pius IX. There is another little story going the rounds, "that on the death of Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda, in 1874, many of Cardinal Pecci's friends and admirers desired to see him advanced to that important position in the administration of the Church. But some influence—(probably that terrible Antonelli again?)—operated against him. His name having been mentioned one day to the late Pope, in connection with the office, by an English Bishop, who was his friend, and admired his ability, piety and learning, the Pope answered good humoredly: 'Yes, as you say, he is an excellent Bishop; let him continue in discharge of his diocese.' " This is a nice bit of anecdote, and *suggestive* of many things, and we shall believe it when the "English Bishop" aforesaid shall have vouched for its accuracy. Last year, in September, Cardinal Pecci was appointed *Camertengo* or Chamberlain of the Sacred College, a position requiring his permanent residence in Rome. In virtue of this office, he became, on the death of Pius IX, head of the Sacred College, and one of the three Cardinals forming the executive (*interregnum*) of the Government of the Church, and was honored with the attributes of a *quasi* sovereign.

This being a brief, is necessarily an imperfect, outline of the life of Gioachino Pecci, who, as Leo XIII, was crowned, *privately*, because a *prisoner*, in the Sistine Chapel, on Sunday, March 3. The name he has assumed, *Leo*, or *lion*, signifies strength, courage and energy, and the Church, indeed the world at large, calls for a Sovereign Pontiff endowed with these qualities. The enemies of God, of Revelation, of Religion, are the enemies of Society, of the State, of authority in any form, monarchical or republican. But the Church must fight them *alone*, and God grant that Leo, her Head, may be a *lion* indeed, in character as in name!

Of his predecessors in the Papacy bearing the same name, five were so remarkable for holiness of character as to merit to be inscribed in the Calendar of Saints, one had bestowed upon him the title of *Great*, and it was the lot of



all to live in troublous times. St. Leo I, or the Great, succeeding St. Sixtus III, began his Pontificate on Sept. 1, 439. At this time the West especially suffered from the repeated inroads of the barbarians. Africa was in the hands of Genseric. Spain and Gaul were invaded by the Suevi, the Goths, Alani, Burgundians and Franks. Attila, having ravaged Illyria, Pannonia, and Thrace, turned back upon the West, sending terror before him, and leaving general devastation and ruin behind. There were Arians, Manicheans, Priscilliantests, Pelagians and Nestorians warring against Christianity and Civilization. Ascending the throne, and casting a glance over the world, Leo found matter enough to awaken all his care and zeal. He was a Pontiff specially prepared by God for the times. In him every quality of the great man was united with the deep humility and eminent virtues which make the saints. He was equal to the task before him; began it immediately, and with tireless activity continued it. To the heretics he gave first attention; restored the churches ravaged by the Arian Vandals; severely punished the horrible abominations committed by the Manicheans in their mysteries; and required all persons suspected of Pelagianism to give an open and written abjuration of the heresy. While thus engaged with old heresies, Eutyches, a Religious, in combating the heresy of Nestorius, which divided the Persons in Jesus Christ, fell into an error no less repugnant to the Doctrine of the Incarnation, asserting that there was but one Nature in Our Lord—the Divinity. He was arraigned before a Particular Council at Constantinople in 448, and condemned, deposed, and excommunicated, all of which acts St. Leo approved. Eutyches refused to submit, and found a protector in Dioscorus, Bishop of Alexandria. The Emperor, Theodosius, being friendly to the latter, called a Council to debate the question. At this Council, which is known in history as the *Latrocinale of Ephesus*, the Papal Legates were given only second place, contrary to all precedent and canon law. The Emperor ordered the Fathers to absolve Eutyches. St. Flavian, Patriarch of Constantinople, and others protested against this. Armed troops surrounded the church, and

threatened violence, and from threats came to blows and wounds. The absolution of Eutyches was pronounced, a sentence of deposition passed against those Bishops who had dissented, and even one of excommunication against the Pope himself. But Leo, of course, condemned all the acts of the *Latrocinale*, and declared all its sentences null and void. Theodosius died in 450, and was succeeded by Marcian, a truly good Emperor, who really desired the pacification of the Church. A general Council was convened at Chalcedon, on October 8, 451, under the presidency of the Papal Legates, at which a Profession of Faith was drawn up in opposition to Eutycheanism. Whilst St. Leo thus brought back peace and unity of Faith in the East, he had checked in the West the devastating course of the King of the Huns, Attila, the "*Mower of Men*," the "*Scourge of God*." Crossing the Rhine at the head of five hundred thousand barbarians, Attila pushed on through the provinces of Gaul. This was in 451. At Troyes he was met by the holy Bishop Lupus, and induced to spare that city. The prayers of St. Genevieve saved Paris. On the plains of Chalons, near Orleans, the first armed resistance was offered to this "*Scourge*" by the combined armies of Rome, under Aëtius, and Theodoric, King of the Visigoths. Attila, defeated in this bloody battle, recrossed the Rhine in flight, but only to re-appear in the following year more formidable than ever. He carried fire and sword across rivers, over hills and plains, and through cities, until he reached Mantua, near the Capital, where he halted. All human means of resistance had failed, and the last hour of the Empire seemed at hand. But Leo, the "*Guardian of the Lord's Vineyard*," succeeded in warding off the threatened ruin. As the Ambassador of Heaven, a herald of peace, he presented himself before Attila. The barbarian was awed by the majestic bearing of the Pontiff, and conquered by his heavenly speech,—the Sword surrendered to the Gospel—the Hun retired from Italy. Two years later, in 455, came the Vandals under Genseric, at the beck of Eudoxia, widow of the murdered Emperor Valentinian. His murderer and successor, Max-

imus, cowardly fled at their approach, leaving a terrified populace behind. Again Leo went out to meet the savage host, and shield the city from its fury. Rome was doomed. Genseric himself, if he willed, could not restrain his furious and plunder-thirsty followers. All the holy Pontiff could succeed in obtaining was a promise to respect the lives and honor of the citizens, and to spare the public monuments. To these great deeds of the glorious Pontificate of St. Leo I, we must join his labors in the closet—the immense collection he has left of solutions of theological discussions and cases of conscience, and admirable expositions of the highest mysteries of Christian philosophy. He was the first Pope who accredited apostolic nuncios to foreign courts to represent the authority of the Holy See, and guard the great interests of Religion. It was he who abolished the custom, followed in some churches, of reading aloud the sins of those who were subjected to canonical penance, and decided that they should be confined to a private confession, made to a priest duly approved and authorized to hear them. Leo the Great died on April 11, 461.

After a lapse of two hundred and twenty-one years, we find another Leo occupying the "First of all the Sees." There was an *inter-regnum* of seven months between the death of St. Agatho, Pope, and the election of St. Leo, II, Aug. 17, 682. This Pope was a Neapolitan by birth, and reigned only ten months. He was occupied in the important and responsible work of examining, before confirmation, the acts of the Sixth General Council of the Church. This was held at Constantinople, on Nov. 7, 680, to condemn the heresy of the Monothelites, attacking the Mystery of the Incarnation, in that it asserted that in Jesus Christ there is but one will and one operation. St. Leo II, having examined these acts, found that they were in accordance with the instructions of the Apostolic See, and agreed with the decisions of the five former ecumenical councils, and he confirmed them accordingly. During his Pontificate, he regulated the ceremony of the *Pax*, or *kiss of peace* at Mass, and the *Asperges*, or *the sprinkling of the people with holy water*. He was much at-

tached to the Gregorian chant, and made several improvements in the manner of singing sacred hymns.

The Third Leo was the first Pope crowned with the triple crown, representing the threefold royalty of the episcopacy, the Pontifical primacy, and the temporal sovereignty. From the days of St. Gregory II (731) there had existed a *real Sovereignty*, called *Provisional*, but *undisputed*, West or East, which was confirmed by Pepin the Short, and solemnly proclaimed by Charlemagne to the world as part and parcel of the public law of nations. Pepin bestowed upon the Holy See, as the territory of its Civil Princedom, twenty-two cities, chiefly situated within a space of forty leagues along the shores of the Adriatic. Charlemagne carried on and crowned the work of his royal father with much more ample gift, securing to the Popes several provinces and duchies. It was over this Kingdom, as temporal sovereign, Leo III was placed when elected to the "Presiding See" of the whole world. His accession, on Dec. 26, 795 was hailed with universal joy. There were Judases, however, in the sanctuary. Two priests planned his assassination; while riding through the streets, a band of mercenaries attacked him, and cut out his tongue and gouged his eyes; then threw him into a dungeon to die, as they thought. The report of this sacrilegious outrage spread horror and indignation throughout the city. The Pope was quickly rescued, and carried to Spoleto, where he miraculously recovered the use of his eyes and tongue—a fact attested by all contemporary writers. Shortly afterwards, on Dec. 25, 800, took place, with all the pomp the Church and the State could contribute, the coronation by the Pope of Charlemagne, as Emperor of the new Roman Empire in the West. Charlemagne's counsel and sword, his voice and treasury were ever at the service of the Church, and he died, as a Christian King should die, on January 20, 814. Leo survived him only two years. During his Pontificate there was a long and warm discussion about the expression *Filioque* in the Creed, which holds against the Greeks that in the Blessed Trinity the Holy Ghost proceeds from the *Son* as well as from the *Father*.

The Pope's prudence in dealing with this matter warded off the threatened Greek schism for a time. He restored the feast of the Assumption which had fallen into desuetude. In the fervor of his piety (he is honored as a Saint) he used to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice as often as eight or nine times a day, the number of daily masses being, at that time, left to the devotion of the priests and faithful. It was only in the eleventh century that the present practice was established by Alexander II.

"The hopes excited by the reign of Charlemagne," says a modern author, "were soon blighted by the weakness of his successors, the abuses of the feudal system, and the renewed inroads of the Normans, Saracens, and barbarians into all parts of Europe. Society was thrown back into the barbarism from which it had just emerged, and nothing can be more lamentable than the picture of the disorders to which the world was exposed from the reign of Charlemagne to the Pontificate of St. Gregory VII,"—in the latter part of the eleventh century. Ecclesiastical discipline was almost entirely unheeded. Priests no longer received the respect due to their dignity, and too many of them did not care to preserve it. The earnestness they should have brought to the service of God was not unfrequently given to the pursuit of worldly gain. Political divisions in every province, instigated by unscrupulous pretenders, gave rise to endless struggles. Wars of succession decimated the ranks of the people, and left no barrier to check the fierce rush of uncivilized hordes. It was in such times that St. Leo IV was raised by Providence to be the saviour of Rome and Italy. Elected on January 30, 847, before the obsequies of his predecessor, St. Sergius II, were over, he was not consecrated until two months later, owing to difficulties with the Court of Lothaire I. In the month of August of the preceding year, the Saracens had ascended the Tiber, and pillaged the churches of St. Peter and Paul—not yet enclosed within the city defences,—and put out to sea with their plunder. In order to protect these basilicas from new outrages, St. Leo resolved to join them to ancient Rome by means of a new city surrounded by ramparts. He

used the Church's wealth to raise walls, build towers, and stretch chains across the Tiber. He armed a force of militia, and visited their posts in person. Scorning these defensive preparations, the Saracens in 849 landed at Ostia. Meeting a spirited resistance, they fled to their ships; a terrific storm scattered them with destruction to many, and the Eternal City was forever freed from Mussulman profanation. Not so successful because of intestine strifes, was Spain against Moorish domination, where bloody persecutions were incessantly renewed for over sixty years. Gaul and Germany suffered from the inroads of the Normans, who were as pitiless and savage as the rocks and borges of their own chilly homes. In the midst of these bloody scenes, and whilst the Church was disturbed by the heretical teachings about Predestination of Gotescale, a Saxon monk, St. Leo IV. slept in the Lord, July 17. 855.

The rapid succession of Popes during the tenth century has given rise to the suspicion, that more than one of them fell victims to the ambition of wicked men, and the violent party spirit of the age. From the year 900 until 956 there were no less than thirteen Pontiffs. Of these, three bore the name of Leo. Leo V. ascended the throne, Oct. 8, 903; and held it less than two months, being deposed by a priest named Christopher, and thrown into a dungeon, where he died of privations and grief. Leo VI. was elected July 6, 928, and died Jan. 20 of the following year, under suspicious circumstances. Leo VII, who began his rule, February 14, 936, although suffered to hold it for a longer time, was also carried off by premature death on Aug. 23, 939. He is described by a contemporary as lofty in his views, prudent in resolve and execution, and possessed of the faculty of winning the heart by the grace and mildness of his words.

The tenth century also produced Leo VIII, an anti-pope. An able reviewer says that "the fiercest trial, perhaps, through which the Papacy had to pass, was that of schism raising up rival claimants to the Tiara. Most of these heresies were of short duration. The different anti-popes, whom the violence of unprincipled emperors or kings set

up at various times previous to the fourteenth century, continued in their unhallowed rebellion for a very brief period; they were soon deserted by their followers, and after a short career of mischief, the world knew them no more." Leo VIII was the creature of the Emperor Otho the Great, then at war with John XII, lawful Pope, who sought to expel the Germans from Italy. This John in his youth was a debauchee. Elected in 956, whilst Italy was torn by domestic strifes, he, it is charged, looked upon his new dignity only as a means of more fully indulging his licentious passions. But, be this true or false, he was *lawful Pope*, and any one seeking to dethrone him incurred anathema. Now Otho, with pure intention no doubt, determined upon his deposition, and to it was urged by the German bishops, ill-versed in the knowledge of canon-law. Being in possession of Rome, he assembled a Pseudo-Council in St. Peter's, which resulted in a decree of deposition and expulsion against John XII, and the election of Leo VIII, 963. But the lawful Pope regaining Rome, held another Council which annulled the acts of the last. John XII. died shortly afterwards, and the Romans, regardless of Otho and the anti-pope, on May 19, 964, raised to the vacant See Benedict V, a man of learning and virtue. The Emperor besieged Rome, and banished Benedict to Hamburg. Not long did Leo enjoy his illegitimate success. He died in April, 965, and Benedict V also died July 5, of the same year, in exile.

"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith!" This dark night of the Church was nigh spent. The dawn of a brighter period of the glory of the mediæval ages, came with Sylvester II, A. D. 999, who rescued the Papacy from the degradation of the tenth century. A new impulse had been given to Religion, when Bruno, Bishop of Toul, on the death of Damasus II, Feb'y, 12, 1049, was crowned as Leo IX. The very day following, the holy and laborious Pontiff began to reform many abuses. In a series of disciplinary canons, he anathematized the odious crime of simony, and regulated severe punishments for clerical incontinency. He made a personal visit through Italy, Germany and France, in order to see that these canons

were enforced, and much needed reforms carried out. While thus engaged, everywhere meeting with success, he was grieved to learn of the schism of the Greek Church, started by the Patriarch of Constantinople, Michael Cœrularius, notorious for his pride, ambition, love of display, and restless spirit. This schism was promptly met, but without avail, and we behold the consequences to-day in the wretched condition of the Greek Church, reduced to a purely political existence. St. Leo IX died April 19, 1054. During his reign, and under his patronage, began the public life of Hildebrand, afterwards St. Gregory VII, of immortal fame.

Passing over the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—ages of Faith, of Sanctity, of the Crusaders, of Religious Orders, and Christian Science, Art and Architecture,—passing over the Great Schism of the West, the disorders, factions and intrigues which followed in its wake, and the decline of faith and morals in the fifteenth century, we come to the Pontificate of Leo X, begun on March 4, 1513. The seventeenth General Council of the Church, convened by Julius II, in 1512, and interrupted by his death, was yet assembled. Presided over by the new Pope, it ordained that no one should thereafter be admitted to the ministry of the altar, who had not made a serious study of the Sacred Scriptures and the Fathers, and who did not live in the constant practice of piety and chastity. As the art of printing, but lately discovered, had materially lowered the cost of book-publishing, and facilitated the diffusion of licentious and sacrilegious writings, as well as useful and virtuous works, the Council wisely decreed that, for all future time, no one should print, or cause to be printed, any book whatever, until it should have been first carefully examined, approved and signed in Rome by the Papal Vicar, and in the various dioceses by the bishop or some competent person of his appointment. This was a remote preparation for the establishment of the tribunal of the *Index*, definitively constituted by the Council of Trent. It also condemned certain Pagan errors on the nature of the soul, which the exclusive study of Latin and Greek authors, mostly tainted with Platonism, had introduced. In 1517

was published an agreement between the Holy See and France—a settlement of the difficulties which had so long divided them—known as the Concordat of Leo X. But the prominent and controlling feature of this reign is Protestantism. "Like a clap of thunder," says Balmes, "it attracted, at once, the attention of all Europe; on one side it spread alarm, and on the other excited the most lively sympathy: it grew so rapidly, that its adversaries had not time to strangle it in its cradle. Scarcely had it begun to exist, and already all hope of stopping, or even restraining it, was gone; when, emboldened by being treated with respect and consideration, it became every day more daring; if exasperated by rigor, it openly resisted measures of coercion, or redoubled and concentrated its forces, to make more vigorous attacks. Discussions, the profound investigations and scientific methods which were used in combating it, contributed to develop the spirit of inquiry, and served to propagate its ideas." The occasion of the rise of Protestantism is well known. Leo X granted certain Indulgences to all the faithful who should contribute, by their alms, towards the completion of St. Peter's, and for an expedition against the Turks which he hoped to carry out. The Dominicans were intrusted to preach these Indulgences in Germany, and the Augustinians, claiming that privilege, felt offended. Their claim was warmly advocated by one of their Order, Martin Luther, a young man of intemperate character, proud, passionate, audacious, eloquent and captivating in discourse, and whose faith had already begun to waver. He vehemently denounced the agents appointed to promulgate the Indulgences, and then attacked the doctrine itself of Indulgences, using always violent, and frequently indecent, language. The Pope advised, remonstrated, warned, threatened and condemned; but Luther, too proud to retract, and encouraged by restless spirits in palace and hovel alike, denied all dogmatic authority in the Church, making every individual a judge in matters of faith. This led him to abolish Holy Orders and reject the priesthood; to deny the Primacy of the Pope; to deny free-will, and that any co-opera-

tion on our part with grace is necessary for sanctification; to deny the efficacy of the sacraments; to reject the Mass, Celibacy, and the Invocation of the Saints. These ideas of liberty and independence in religion were gradually transferred into politics, so that the Reformation is not to be viewed as a purely theological dispute, but as a political and social revolution as well. It was not the work of one man, although Luther gave it its first name. And it was not the dogmatic question raised, but the cupidity of rival princes, and the spirit of insubordination growing up amongst the people, which the new doctrines fostered, that swelled the ranks of the so-called Reformers. One of the numerous apologists who arose against Luther, was Henry VIII of England, in an admirable work, which won for him, from the Pope, the title of "Defender of the Faith," which he was afterwards to forfeit by his own scandalous defection. In the heat of these troubles, and amidst the struggles between Francis I of France and Charles V of Austria, Leo X died at the premature age of forty-four years, in the ninth month of the ninth year of his pontificate. He gave his name to a whole age; the world speaks of the age of Leo X as it does of that of Louis XIV, Augustus and Pericles. He was the patron of letters, art and science, and surrounded his throne with all the grandeur of genius, the splendor of art and the glories of literature.

The Eleventh Leo, who was Cardinal Octavian de Medici before election, merely appeared upon the Apostolic Chair, occupying it only from April 1, 1605 to the 27th of the same month.

We find the next Pope of this name in our own century. Although broken down by infirmities and labors in many offices, rather than by the weight of his sixty-three years, Cardinal Della Genga, because of his remarkable administrative abilities, amiable qualities, pure morals and sincere piety, was found worthy to succeed the Pontiff who had conquered the Conqueror of nations—the saintly Pius VII. Elected Sept. 20, 1823, he had to struggle throughout his whole reign, against *Liberalism*, which is nothing else than Protestantism, or *Private Interpretation*, carried out to its

legitimate conclusions—the surrender of *Law* and *Right* to *Will* and *Might*. The struggle is not yet over, but grows fiercer every day. As a temporal ruler, he re-organized the government, promoted education and encouraged literature; sought the suppression of *professional* mendicancy and brigandage, and the overthrow of secret societies. He also repeatedly condemned those insidious institutions known as "Bible Societies." On Feb. 10, 1829, the year of "Catholic Emancipation," he departed this life in peace, wept by the whole Catholic world.

And now a Leo XIII is Vicar of Christ on earth, the Visible Head of His Church, the Two Hundred and Sixty-Second Successor of St. Peter, and a worthy successor of Pius the Great. Let us pray that his Civil Princedom may be restored, and that his reign may be long, happy and glorious—that he may flourish like the palm-tree, and grow up like the Cedar of Libanus in the house of the Lord, and be a light in heaven to the view of all nations!

W. J. M.

#### CHIT CHAT.

It is refreshing to stumble on a *new* fable. Everybody, or at least everybody who is anybody, knows how charmingly La Fontaine has told the tale of "The Grasshopper and the Ant." But here we have it under a new aspect and the new name of

##### THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

Once upon a time there was a lazy Ant, who in summer time, instead of laying up a store, stood idle and listened to the song of the Grasshopper in the long grass. The Grasshopper, kind, easygoing soul, being in luck, because it was summer, shared with the Ant his belongings, under a "promise to pay next harvest." We, the undersigned, promise to pay, &c. Many a wiser head has been taken in by a similar devise. Harvest time came, and no Ant. Winter time came, and our Grasshopper was beginning to feel the pangs of hunger. "We, the undersigned," had forgotten to pay, so she set out to the residence of the Ant, who, idle as ever, had nevertheless just administered to the will of his wealthy uncle, the cornfactor. Reminded of his "promise to pay," how

did he answer? "Connais pas, Madame la Cigale." "I am not acquainted with Madam the Grasshopper." "Times are hard and coin is dear. Bonjour," and he slammed the door in the Grasshopper's face.

Whatever good qualities Oliver Cromwell possessed, (and if we are to believe our anti-monarchy men, he was possessed of *many*), he certainly was not one of your temperance-folk. When the time came for signing King Charles' death warrant, Cromwell, whose general demeanor was that of one stimulated with strong drink, had evidently fortified his nerves for the event beyond all the restraints of caution. After affixing his signature to the warrant, he smeared the ink over Henry Marten's face, who immediately returned the compliment. And this warrant, thus signed by a drunken boor, sent one of England's truest kings to the scaffold, and paved the way for the drunken boor's elevation to England's throne. What strange pranks men do play in the sight of high heaven.

Royalty, after all, is only a new name for a very old thing. It is only human nature with a crown on. The affection of Ann of Denmark, (James' Danish Queen), and her brother was very great. His second visit to England had no object but the pleasure of seeing his sister and giving her a pleasant surprise. He arrived in Yarmouth roads, July 19, 1614, accompanied by his lord admiral and lord chancellor. He landed privately, travelled with post horses to Ipswich, and slept at Brentwood. Thus incognito, he arrived at an inn in London, where he dined; hence he travelled in a hackney coach and bent his course to Somerset House, where he entered his royal sister's presence chamber before any of her household were aware of his arrival in England. His royal sister was not in the apartment at the time, as she was dining privately in the gallery. The King of Denmark mingled, unknown, with the courtiers, until Cardel, the dancer, after looking him earnestly in the face, said to one of the by-standers: "The stranger gentleman, close by, has the greatest resemblance to the King of Denmark, of any one I ever saw. The

by-stander, a French gentleman in waiting on the Queen, who had seen the King on his previous visit to England, immediately recognised him, and hurried to his royal mistress to apprise her of her royal brother's arrival. The Queen treated the news as an idle fancy. The King, meanwhile, entered the gallery, and raising his hand in token of silence, approached his sister's chair, threw his arms around her and gave her a kiss; "whereby," says the quaint chronicler, "she learned the verity of that she had before treated as falsehood." The Queen, in her great joy, gave the best jewel she wore that day to the fortunate Frenchman who brought her the glad tidings of her brother's arrival, and instantly sent off a post with news to King James, who was then absent on a distant progress.

MORAL. 1st.—Royalty is only human nature in its best clothes.

2nd.—The inventor or discoverer does not always reap the harvest. The Frenchman got the jewel, the dancer deserved it.

As the Poet allows us to speak laughingly of a serious subject, we may perhaps be allowed to speak seriously on a comic one. Most people are aware that from time to time there arise amongst us new songs that spread through the community like a prairie fire. Who has not heard of "I wish I was in Dixie," "Eh! Boys, carry me 'long," "Old dog Tray," and a thousand others. But how few there are who know their *secret* history. A trial which took place a few years ago in England has lifted the curtain, and given to the public a short peep, which to the student of human nature may not be uninteresting. Anyway it is a subject which the lovers of the curious may carefully note down in their scrap-book.

Amongst the comic song fraternity, the song "Slap bang! here we are again" is valued at from 5,000 to 10,000 dollars; (probably 2,000 times as much as was ever given for the best sermon extant). Not indeed that we would wish our readers to suppose that the 10,000 dollars go into the pocket of either the author of the words or the composer of the music. Such a fact would be the ruin of us, since we should

all be struck forthwith with the comic song composition mania. The poet's fee is the modest and highly professional one of a *guinea*. Such faith is placed, however, in some ultimate production of the bard, that he receives the 21 shillings for every song he brings, even though many of them are never even set to music. Thus fed and fed the poet goes on until Apollo, having finished his nod, he, by some happy chance, hits upon a "Champagne Charley," or a "Popsey Wopsey."

A really comic song—one of those which, from time to time, so mysteriously touches the heart of a nation—a lyric of true power, such as "Tommy make room for your Unele," will sell from 70,000 to 90,000 copies. "Passing the time away," in conjunction with "The poor little Sweep," "Flirting with Nell," and "I can't make it out, can you?" have reached 110,000 copies, and would therefore realize a price far above what Dr. Lingard received for his immortal History of England, or what the most divine preacher ever got for his two hours sermons of three months of sundays.

In the youthful days of Prince Charles, (afterwards Charles I.), Sir Robert Carey was Master of the Robes to the young Prince. As he was not a man of any great culture, it was thought advisable to replace him by Sir William Fullarton, a man of enlarged mind and great learning. But the removal of Sir Robert was a delicate matter. As Sir Robert was known, however, to be avaricious, a device was hit upon to offer him the choice of retaining his post of Master of the Robes, or accepting the more lucrative one of Surveyor of the Revenue. Sir Robert's estimate of himself disappointed the intriguers. "He would retain his post," he said, for if there was one thing in which he excelled, it was in knowing how to make good clothes.

MORAL.—Some men are tailors by inclination, some are born tailors, and others have tailoring thrust upon them.

The Prince's mind might have been better fitted by Sir William Fullarton—but then Sir Robert Carey's *cutting* must have been (if we are able to believe himself), nonexceptional. H. B.



REV. FATHER STAFFORD.

We give this month a life-like portrait of that great and good Priest, Father Stafford of Lindsay:—the Father Matthew of Canada. No Priest in Ontario (or perhaps indeed in the Dominion) deserves more to be brought before the public than Father Stafford. His name is a household word in every homestead in Ontario; it is only right then that every householder should possess his portrait.

Father Stafford was born 1st March, 1832, at Drummond, Co. Lanark, Ontario. His early education was entrusted to that worthy Scotchman, at present County Attorney for Carleton, W. R. Lee, Esq. Subsequently he attended Perth High School for two years, passed one year at Chambly, and six years at St. Therese. Having thus finished his secular education, he entered upon a Theological course of four years under



V. G. McDonell, at Regiopolis College, Kingston. Whilst here he was appointed to attend the Catholic convicts at the Kingston Penitentiary, and had thus a splendid opportunity of viewing, in all its intensity, the hideous results of whiskey drinking. After his ordination he was appointed Rector of Regiopolis College, and taught there Logic and Theology. Soon after his ordination, his health failed and he was sent by Bishop Horan to Cuba. He also spent a winter in South Carolina amongst the slaves to study there the workings of slavery. During this leave of absence he also visited Ireland, England and France. On his return to Canada, restored to health, he was appointed to the Mission of Wolfe Island, and during a seven years' ministration on that Island, met daily proofs of the beneficial results of Father Foley's zealous labors in the cause of Total Abstinence. Father Stafford's mind is essentially a methodical and administrative one, and is especially strong on Statistics and Educational matters. It was on this account that he was frequently selected by his bishop to contribute articles to the *True Witness* Newspaper of Montreal, as occasion might require. These contributions brought him to the notice of the late and universally regretted Mr. Clerk, editor of that paper, by whom he was highly respected and esteemed. In 1868, on the removal of the Rev. Jas. Farrelly, Father Stafford was appointed to Lindsay, where his career has been one of singular brilliancy and enterprise. The Convent of Lindsay is only one of the results of his zealous labors, and will be a monument to his clerical worth which will speak, with trumpet tongue, to generations yet unborn. But it will be to the elevating effects of Father Stafford's missionary labors, that after ages in Lindsay, will point with the greatest pride and satisfaction. If Father Stafford's mind is essentially an administrative one—his disposition is essentially a conciliatory one. Like all men of large frame, he is singularly merciful, and has an inborn tact for the government of rival factions, and for the allaying of local jealousies; hence peace follows his footsteps wherever he goes, whilst enmity, spite and strife hide their diminished heads at the

first sound of his footfall. As a speaker he is peculiarly powerful; his manner calm and collected; his action earnest without excitement; his enunciation clear and distinct; his elocution faultless; to all which a most commanding physique lends an additional power and charm. Father Stafford's style is one peculiarly *his own*, partaking as it does of his own robustness of mind and body. If he has a fault, it is one which, in a public speaker, is "almost a virtue," and arises from his contempt for conventionalities, and his overpowering desire to convince his audience; when he speaks he is inclined to repeat each idea under various phrases; but a fault which arises from thorough honesty of purpose should be accepted as an excellency rather than be viewed as a blemish.

That a man possessed of so many good qualities should find enemies amongst the envious and malicious was only to be expected. Father Stafford, since his appointment to Lindsay, has been the constant target of malicious anonymous letters, both private and public. And here his robustness of disposition came into play. When many urged him to reply to certain disgraceful anonymous letters, which, through grave editorial mismanagement, found their way a short time ago into the Catholic press, he calmly replied: the insult offered by an anonymous maligner is always offered to the *public* not to the *maligned*.

Take him altogether, Father Stafford is a giant in intellect, a giant in energy, as he is a giant in body.

No person who has once yielded up the government of his mind, and given loose rein to his desires and passions, can tell how far they may carry him.

The value of any possession, is to be chiefly estimated, by the relief which it can bring us, in the time of our greatest need.

Tranquility of mind is always most likely to be attained, when the business of the world is tempered with thoughtful and serious retreat.

Some people have softening of the brain, but the world suffers more from those who have hardening of the heart.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

**THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.**—Being a Plain Exposition and Vindication of the Church Founded by Our Lord Jesus Christ. By Rt. Rev. James Gibbons, D. D., Bishop of Richmond, and Administrator-Apostolic of North Carolina, (now Archbishop of Baltimore.)

This is an excellent Compendium of Catholic Doctrine, being a series of *plain* Instructions on the Dogmas and Sacraments of the Church—what Catholics are taught, showing what they are not taught, to believe and practice,—a lucid explanation of religious ceremonies, and a complete refutation of the conventicle's charges about Rome's opposition to the Bible, to Civil and Religious Liberty, etc., etc. It is gratifying to learn that this invaluable little book has reached its 7th edition which makes a total issue of 37 thousand copies, although that is not half the figure it should have attained by this time. Sold at 90 cents in cloth, and 45 cents in paper, how few Catholic parents—*bound to bring up* their children in the way *they should go*—can plead want of means as an excuse for not providing themselves with a copy? It may be had in Montreal at Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier's store.

**THE CATHOLIC WORLD**,—a Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science. Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal. Terms:—\$4.50 per annum; single copies, 45 cents.

Undoubtedly, the best published of its kind in the English language, this or the other side of the Atlantic, but, like all really good publications, not sufficiently appreciated. The price in this case again is within the reach of thousands; it is the *taste or will* on their part that is wanting.

A new candidate for the patronage of our people is the *Catholic Herald*, a Weekly paper, edited and published by Michael Walsh, 25 Beekman Street, New York. Large in dimensions, handsome in appearance, and its editorial and news columns well stocked with the *right kind* of reading matter, it already

occupies a foremost place in the ranks, which we hope it will retain during a long life.

The Toronto *Tribune* presents its paid-up subscribers with two crayon-lithograph portraits—one of Our Holy Father Leo XIII., the other of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate. We have been favored with a copy of the latter, and find it a correct and neatly executed likeness of Monseigneur Conroy, and have much pleasure in recommending it as a most appropriate parlor ornament for every Catholic household in Canada, where the distinguished Prelate has labored with such wonderful success. To the publishers of the *Tribune* we offer our hearty congratulations, and hope their paper will receive that support it deserves from the Catholic community. It does not claim to be *polemical*, but, in our opinion, it is far more *religious* in spirit and tone, than if "run" on "*polemical not political*"—"measure for measure—full to the brim" principles. As a family newspaper, it cannot be surpassed, and to the laboring classes it supplies information of special interest from the pen of Mr. Peter O'Leary, the well-known workingman's friend, who has been engaged as a regular correspondent.

**LIVES OF POPE PIUS IX., and LEO XIII.** Illustrated. New York: J. A. McGee, Publisher, 7 Barclay Street.

The sketch of our late Holy Father is graphically written, and reliable; that of the present Pope, hastily prepared, is open to objection.

**AN IMPOSITION.**—A medical student, who got very much overcome one evening, told his father next day that he was "suffering from cephalalgia, induced by the ductility of a glandiferous stopper placed in the mouth of a vitreous vessel containing distilled grain." The old man gave him an order for a new suit of clothes, to still further encourage him in his studies.

**HINTS UNNECESSARY.**—A countryman got mad because a waiter handed him a napkin the other day. He said he know'd when to use a handkercher without havin' no hints thrown out.

# Nobody's Darling but Mine.

Words by JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

*Gravioso.*



The piano introduction for the first system consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, starting with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, quarter notes C-D, and quarter notes E-F. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

1. No - bo - dy's dar - ling but mine, love, No - bo - dy loves you like me,.....  
2. No - bo - dy's dar - ling but mine, love, Tru - ly I love you the best.....



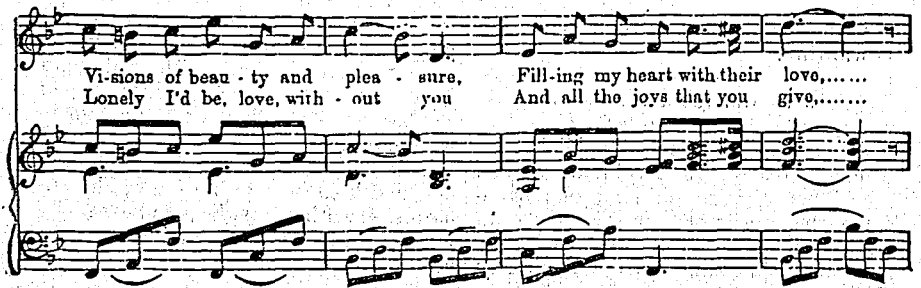
The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues from the introduction. It features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand that support the vocal melody.

In your bright eyes soft - ly shine, love, Vi - sions de - lightful to see,.....  
While your sweet arms 'round me twine, love, Earth is a ha - ven of rest.....



The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues. The right hand plays chords that follow the vocal melody, while the left hand maintains a consistent rhythmic pattern.

Vi - sions of beau - ty and plea - sure, Fill - ing my heart with their love,.....  
Lonely I'd be, love, with - out you And all the joys that you give,.....



The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line continues. The right hand plays chords that support the vocal melody, and the left hand provides a steady bass line.

Bring-ing me joys with-out mea - sure, Beaming like bright stars a - bove.  
 Sure - ly I nev - er could doubt you, Pride of my heart while I live.

CHORUS.

No - bo - dy loves you like me, love, Fond-ly and tru - ly I'm thine.....

Prom-ise you ev - er will be, love, No - bo - dy's dar-ling but mine.....

1st and 2d time.  $\sqrt{3d}$  and end.

8. Nobody's darling but mine, love,  
 Surely I love you alone,  
 And my heart ever will pine, love,  
 'Till I may call you my own!  
 Beautiful fairy like vision,  
 Bright star of hope, softly shine,  
 Make my path one bright elysian,  
 Nobody's darling but mine.

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

Bénzine and common clay will clean marble.

Castor Oil is an excellent thing to soften leather.

Lemon Juice and Glycerine will remove tan and freckles.

If you are buying carpets for durability choose small figures.

Lunar Caustic, carefully applied, so as not to touch the skin, will destroy warts.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

Never allow drinking water to be drawn from a cistern supplying a water closet.

A wall of soft burned bricks built up within a cistern makes an excellent filter.

**SLICED TONGUE.**—Cut a dressed tongue into slices, and warm them between two plates in the oven, or in gravy. Then glaze the tongue, and serve it upon tomato sauce, spinach, or mashed turnip.

Water containing lime compounds—very common in country wells—may be rendered fit for use, for many purposes in the arts, by the addition of a little chloride of ammonium.

**CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.**—Take a small piece of butter and a little beeswax, dissolve by putting them in a gallipot on the hob, and mix well together; spread on a small piece of linen, and bind round the chilblain. This is a most excellent remedy, and will cure the worst chilblains in one or two applications.

**MATTHEW GAHAN,**  
**PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM-FITTER,**

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## LIST OF BOOKS.

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- "Union with Our Lord Jesus Christ in His Principal Mysteries," for all seasons of the year, by the Rev. Fr. John Baptist Saint Jure, S. J. . . . . 1.00
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