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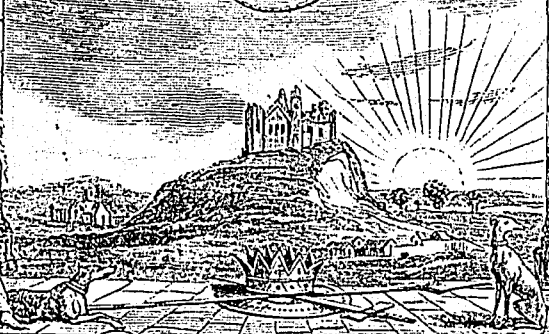
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THE HARP



VOLUME III

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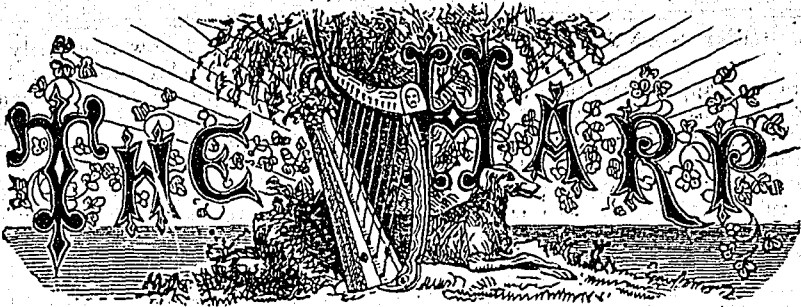
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SELF-GOVERNMENT.

What wonderful words these are! What hidden meaning is conveyed in them! Do we all understand what is meant by those two words? I am afraid some of us do not; we do not think of the great responsibility entailed upon each of us, which is to govern ourselves so that we be a pleasure to those around us, instead of a burden. But instead of thinking of this great responsibility, how many of us go through this life only thinking of our own selfish aims and ends. How many times do we allow our temper to get the best of us. If, when we are angry, we would only think a few moments before we speak, we would surely see that what we are going to say will hurt the feelings of some one whom we are addressing. Besides, it never does any one any good to become angry and lose all self control. Who ever heard of a man's doing good or furthering his project by getting angry? Remember that "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

We have, no doubt, all of us been advised, when we feel "out of sorts," to count ten before speaking; if we are angry, count fifty; but if very angry, not to speak at all; if we only would follow this advice, how much better we should all feel for it! It would save much confusion, trouble and discomfort! What is the use getting angry and making every one feel uncomfortable? Why not keep calm and cool? For then we could all accomplish much more. Another reason why we should use self-

control is that every time we frown and wrinkle our foreheads, there is a faint mark traced there, which, if we persist in losing our temper and thereby wrinkling our foreheads until they look like so many gutters, will grow deeper and deeper, until finally we look old before our time. Let all, who wish to remain youthful in their looks, remember this, and also that there is no greater inducement to prolong good looks than an even, quiet and placid temper. Just as a stream of water, continually dropping on a stone, will, in due time, wear it away, so sulks, frowns and violent exhibitions of temper, will wear out the good looks of the prettiest face.

Then, again, a man who shows self-government will gain much more respect from the people than he who is forever flying into a passion and getting angry at the least little thing. Ten to one, if we would just stop and analyze the cause of our anger, we would find out that it was but a trifle that caused it, and something which was too contemptible for us to spend upon it so much of our time and spirits.

Then let us be careful, and try to avoid getting cross and sulky; for life is far too short for us to indulge in angry feelings at frivolous trifles. And besides, we will feel so much better for not giving way to our passions, even if we do have to fight hard before we conquer; and then the next time, the victory will be gained so much easier, and how much we will have done; for there is an undeniable truth in the quotation from "Proverbs" which says "He that ruleth his spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city."

GENIUS AND SUCCESS.

There is, apparently, such a close connection between genius and success, that many think that success cannot be attained without genius; that in order to accomplish anything great, to raise himself to eminence in any position, a man must possess more than ordinary talents.

The idea that genius makes the man prevails to such an extent that we everywhere meet with those, especially the young, who think that some men are successful, and others unsuccessful, because some are gifted with superior talents; that such men as Franklin and Dr. Johnson have accomplished more than their fellow men because Heaven has bestowed upon them greater intellectual power. But such a supposition is not confirmed by the lives of great men of either the past or present. On the contrary, history is full of the names of those who have been the "architects of their own greatness;" full of the names of men who, possessing no more than ordinary intellect, have raised themselves by their own exertions to place and distinction, and whose actions have ennobled and elevated their fellowmen.

Newton, when asked the cause of his success, replied: "If I have accomplished anything worthy of notice, it is due to labor and perseverance." So it has been with all the world's eminent men. All, with the exception of a very limited number, have been men who owe their success in life not so much to their natural abilities as to their own unwearyed, untiring, persevering exertions.

The difference of men's talents is not the cause of difference of their success. If it were, why should men who have precisely the same opportunities be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destruction? It is true there is a very great difference in men's natural talent; but this difference is very often in favor of the unsuccessful.

How often do we see issuing from the walls of the same college or university, from the same class, even from the bosom of the same family, two young men; one a genius of the highest order, and the other possessing no more than ordi-

nary talents! And how frequently do we see the genius sinking until he is lost in obscurity; while, on the other hand, we see him to whom had been given but a limited talent rising, by his own exertions, slowly but surely, until at length he reaches a position of eminence, an "ornament to his family and a blessing to his country."

Genius is by no means undesirable; but it should not be considered the element of success; for, unused or unexerted, is like the moth that fluttered about the candle until scorched to death. Genius, when possessed, should be of that great and magnanimous kind which finds pleasure in deep, profound investigation, and which is invigorated rather than weakened by long continued exertion.

If you would be successful, if you would achieve anything worth living for, do not idly dream of future greatness, nor lament the difficulties which surround you; but labor—labor earnestly and perseveringly. Remember that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen and historians—men of the most brilliant and imposing talents—have labored almost incessantly, and the only reason that they have accomplished more and have been superior to other men is that they have labored with greater earnestness.

It is true that there are a few instances to the contrary; but, generally speaking, the life of every truly great man has been a life of incessant labor. Our lives are not as "chessmen, moved by an unseen hand in a game," but full of reality; and if we would be successful in any great undertaking, we must work. To those just beginning life, I would say, if you aspire to eminence and distinction; if you would render your life useful to your fellow men and pleasant to yourself, do not pursue your calling or profession with merely an unimpassioned predilection; but, after you have chosen that calling which you intend to make the main object of your life, cling to it firmly, bring to bear upon it all the strength and energy of which your mental and physical powers are capable, and—it matters little whether you possess genius or not—you will succeed.

ABOUT FOOLS I

As Cicero, a wise man, has written without preface or excuse "Concerning wisdom," we a foolish man may be allowed the same privilege "Concerning folly." If our writing thereon be folly, then will our writing be folly's best exemplar; and if therein be any wisdom, then will it be that grain of wit which is found in every folly.

Although the Sacred Writings assure us that "all men are fools," the trouble is that very few have sufficient wit to know it, and *these* few are the philosophers. This is evidently the Pagan idea as well as the Jewish. When Mercury, one day looking down from Olympus, saw the Athenians enjoying themselves in their holiday gear, eating sweet melons, singing till they were hoarse, and dancing until they were weary, he, in his mischief, and laughing at their folly, proposed to Jupiter to send a shower to spoil their finery.

"Thou hast lived to little purpose in decent society," returned the thunderer, "if *that* be thy idea of sport. Nevertheless, there is a grain of wisdom in thy folly, which may be taken advantage of. God tell you priest, who slumbers there by our temple, to announce to the people, that a shower is about to descend, but that it will wet *none but fools!*" Taking a small thunderbolt with him under his arm, Mercury hid him on his errand to the priest,—and exploding the bolt in his ear, announced his message. The servant of the gods thus aroused from his slumbers, and thus admonished, announced to the people, in due form, the coming shower and its exclusive partiality for fools. A philosopher, close by, hearing the announcement, hastily covered his head and hurriedly hid to his dwelling. None of the rest prepared to avoid the tempest. Each man waited, expecting to see his neighbour drenched, and each man there was in two minutes wet to the skin. It is evident, that whatever they thought of themselves, the shower at least, took them for fools.

When the shower was over the philosopher walked out into the marketplace. The thoroughly soaked fools, observing his dry condition, and out of humour at the want of discrimination

evinced by the shower, called him *fool*, pelted him with sticks and stones, plucked his beard, and behaved generally in such a way as to vindicate long before the wet was dried from their garments, the estimate the shower had formed of them. Bruised, battered, and torn, the philosopher still kept his wits. The fools could not touch *that*. "Oh, ungracious asses," said he, "have patience and I will prove to you that I am not as big a fool as I look." Bending back his head and turning the palms of his hands upwards to the skies he prayed, "Oh, wise Father of the witty as of the witless, send down upon me a special shower. Wet me even as these fools are wet, and enable me thus to live a fool amongst fools."

It is on record that the philosopher's prayer was heard. the shower came, wetting him so thoroughly and with such a peculiar influence, that if it made him a fool, it made him also the wittiest fool on record. "We have spoiled that poor fellow's coat," remarked Juno, "but we have made his fortune."

As became every well-ordered court, the Olympian gods had their joker. Whether he too had been in a shower, is not attested. Momus, the son of Night, was the first who undertook to bandy jokes and sharp sayings for the amusement of the Olympians. When Minerva had finished the house of which she was so justly proud, the Olympian fool at once detected a blemish which had escaped the sharper eye of the Goddess of Wisdom.

"Had I turned house builder," said Momus, "I would have had a moveable mansion." "Why so? you intellectual ass!" asked the lady, who was as sharp-tongued as she was wise.

"Because," answered Momus, "I could then get away from bad neighbours and the vicinity of ladies who affect '*blue stockings*.'"

Venus, who had just left her toilette, and who happened to be passing by at the time of this altercation, asked Sir Critic, if he could detect a flaw in her attire and general *get-up*. Momus, shading his eyes with his hands as though dazzled with her beauty, replied, "You are right, Miss Urania—you are not to be looked at without blinking."

But then, before you came along, I thought I heard your foot-fall upon the clouds; and a heavy-heeled beauty, you know, is not a vessel without a flaw."

All the ladies present, *except Venus*, thought Momus the most accurate of critics.

"And now, Sir Critic," said Vulcan, "what think you of my man here which I have made of clay?"

Momus, looking for a moment at the clay figure, turned upon his heel with a sneer, saying, "My man should have a window in his chest, that I might see not only his ailments, but his thoughts."

Here our Olympian critic showed his folly, since, however much he might like to look in at his neighbour's window, he would hardly have liked his neighbour to look in at his.

Momus was kicked out of heaven for his tricks of the tongue. With a mask in one hand, and a small carved figure in the other, he fell to the earth. "You see I came from the skies," said he to the astonished crowds that witnessed his arrival, "and am therefore worthy of welcome and worship." He forgot to tell them he had been kicked out.

It is worthy of notice, that his successor, as purveyor of jokes and sharp sayings to their celestial majesties, Vulcan to wit,—was also kicked out of heaven, and thenceforth set himself to the honest labour of a blacksmith to gain him a living.

This custom of the Olympic gods of ill-using their jesters is not to their credit. When Stone one time, jester to King James I., had given offence to one of the bogus lords of James' court, by calling him a fool, his royal master ordered him to be whipt. Poor Stone, as the lash was applied, cried out, "I might have called my Lord of Salisbury fool often enough before he would have had me whipt." Had the gentlemen of Olympus been as true-born gentlemen as my Lord of Salisbury, Momus and Vulcan might have called them fools by the hour, without their taking offence. But then the gentlemen of Olympus were *not* gentlemen.

Though I have appeared to draw a distinction between fools and philosophers, the distinction is not always apparent. When Anaximenes taught that the stars are the heads of bright nails

driven into the solid concave of the sky, it is difficult to determine whether he is more Fool or Philosopher. His doctrine, however, was at least on a par with our own Darwin's. In both cases, the line of demarkation is hard to be determined. As it is, however, a matter of little amount, we will leave it exactly where we found it.

Whilst we are on the subject of philosopher-fools or witty philosophers, we may mention a ruse of the other Anaximenes the pupil of Diogenes, who was living in the city of Lampsacus when Alexander besieged it. The authorities, unable to hold out any longer, sent Anaximenes to make terms with the besiegers. As soon as Alexander saw the philosopher approaching, guessing his errand, he cried out in a fit of rage, "I refuse beforehand what you are about to ask." "Then," said the ready philosopher with a smile, "my request is, that you destroy Lampsacus, make its inhabitants slaves, and put me their ambassador to death." Lampsacus was saved by the ready wit of a philosopher-fool.

When King Antigonos caught the Rhodian poet Antagoras cooking fish, he asked him, if he thought that Homer ever condescended to cook dinners, whilst he was commemorating the deeds of Agamemnon. "I don't know," said the Rhodian, "but I strongly suspect that had he ever done so, Agamemnon would have been too wise a King to trouble his head about it." It was a churlish answer, if a witty one withal.

I do not know whether I ought to include certain answers of the Lacedaemonians in a treatise "About Fools." As they have so little folly in them, and relate to long sermons, they ought to be appropriate.

When certain Samians, who had been expelled by Polycrates sought and had obtained an audience of the magistrates at Sparta, they spoke long and eloquently, as became them, of their wrongs. After hearing them patiently to the end, the Spartan magnates unaccustomed to, or at least disapproving of a waste of words, gave them for answer, that the beginning of their discourse was forgotten, and the end not understood; and thus terminated the interview. At a second interview the Samians,

having taken in the situation, brought with them an empty bread-basket, and contented themselves with remarking, that it contained no bread. Even this was too much for our laconic Lacedæmonians, who replied, that the information was unnecessary. The empty bread-basket, however, obtained from them that assistance, which long winded, and perhaps, equally empty orations had failed to procure.

If brevity is the soul of wit, our Lacedæmonian friends cultivated it certainly in the highest degree. A certain Spartan was sent to Tissaphernes, the Persian satrap, to induce him to prefer the alliance of Sparta to that of Athens. The Spartan spoke but little; but when he found the Athenians preferring their suit with great pomp and profusion of words, he drew two lines, one straight and the other very crooked, and pointing them out to Tissaphernes, said "Choose." It was a novel way of pleading a cause, and would succeed but indifferently with those amongst whom the length of a sermon is deemed a criterion of excellence. But Sparta had made up her mind somewhat pronouncedly upon the subject of wordy harangues, and was determined, that no Siren song should be heard within her battlements. Hence as Sextus Empiricus tells us, when a certain Spartan youth had been abroad in order to perfect himself in the art of speaking the Ephori condemned him on his return to be banished for "having conceived the design of *deluding his countrymen*." If this law were applied to our barristers, politicians and tongue waggors generally the country, however much it might suffer in the quantity, would gain in the quality of its inhabitants.

It is a remarkable fact, that the men we moderns call "fools," the ancients called "philosophers." When Diogenes told Alexander to get out of his sunshine, he was only exercising in those ancient days that prerogative which, in more modern times, is granted to the Court Jester. And yet Diogenes *pere* is "a philosopher," whilst Diogenes *filis* is a "fool." Alas! how words do change their meaning.

This habit which the ancient philosophers had of playing the surly fool is markedly exemplified in the answer of the philosopher Demochares to King

Philip of Macedon. Demochares had been sent as ambassador to Philip, who asked him what he could do most to gratify the Athenians. "The most gratifying thing you could do," replied the philosopher, "would be to hang yourself." Philip shewed as much philosophy in not resenting the insult, as the philosopher shewed folly in offering it. Demochares was sent home to the Athenians with his head upon his shoulder,—Philip wisely concluding that the best punishment that could be inflicted upon them for sending a mannerless ambassador, would be not to deprive them of him.

There was a keen wit and a brevity which would have done good to the soul of the most laconic Spartan that ever lived, in the answer of the tyrant Dionysius, who, in reply to the flatterer Damocles, made him sit down upon his throne with a naked sword suspended by a hair over his head. The bread-basket of the Samians was not more expressive. What Damocles thought after this experiment about royalty may be better imagined than expressed.

The peculiarities of certain generals in the Northern Army (U. S.) are not without their prototype amongst the ancients. General Butler and his spoons are only a reproduction in modern times of the *achievements* of certain Athenian warriors in the days of Aristophanes, since that outspoken satirist makes one of the women in his "Lysistrata," thus cry out to the audience; "By Jove, I saw a man with long hair a commander of cavalry, on horseback, who was pouring into his brazen helmet a lot of pease-soup, which he had just bought (without paying for?) from an old woman. I saw also a Thracian with shield and javelin like Tereus. He went up to the woman, who sold figs, and frightening her away with his arms, took up her ripe figs, and began swallowing them."

In another of his comedies Aristophanes is so hard upon the lawyers and politicians, as to lead us to suspect, that these two classes of men have in all ages been "much of a muchness."

"Now then," asks one of the actors, "tell us: from what class do the lawyers come?"

"From the blackguards."

"Very good! And the public speakers?"

"Oh! from the blackguards also."

"And now look; which class most abounds in the audience?"

"I am looking."

"Well! what do you see?"

"By all the gods, I see more blackguards than anything else."

This undoubtedly was severe jesting, even though it were true withal. Nor was he less severe *and just*, doubtless, to the fair sex of those days, whose foibles appear to have been pretty much, what they are now-a-days. "Amongst all the ladies of the present day," says an actor in another play, "you would seek in vain for a Penelope. They are Phœdras, every one of them."

As we have several examples on record where downright earnest looks very like jesting, and as two of these cases are of women, we will give them here under the head of "Female Fools."

When Intaphernes had cut off the ears and noses of the porter and Major-Domo of Darius' palace, he and his whole family were condemned to death. The wife of Intaphernes, seeing them bound and prepared for execution, presented herself before the royal palace with loud demonstrations of grief. Darius moved by her importunity, sent a messenger to announce to her, "Woman! King Darius offers you the liberty of any individual of your family whom you may choose." She, after some deliberation with herself chose *her brother*. This choice greatly astonished the King, who sent a second messenger to ask her: "The King desires to know why you have thought proper to pass over your children and your husband, and to save your brother?" Her answer partakes so much of jesting that we have deemed it worthy of insertion in our treatise "About Fools," "O King, she replied if it please the deity I may have another husband; and if I be deprived of these children I may have others; but as my parents are both dead it is certain that I can have no other brother." There is about this choice so much astute calculation that one is led to suspect that this good Persian woman had more *head* than *heart*, more *wit* than *affection*, more *reason* than *common sense*. But as "her answer," we are told, "appeared to

Darius very judicious," we, mere laics, have no right to murmur.

Nor ought we indeed to call it in question, when we consider, that the same idea is embodied by Sophocles in the *Antigone*. Caught in the act of burying her brother, who had been slain by Eteocles, and whose burial their uncle Creon had forbidden, *Antigone*, is herself condemned to be buried alive. In her grief she thus apostrophises her lifeless brother—

And thus my Polynices, for my care
Of thee I am rewarded, and the good
Alone shall praise me; for a hundred dead,
Nor had I been a mother, for my children
Would I have dared to violate the laws.
Another husband and another child
Might soothe the affection; but my parents dead,
A brother's loss could never be repair'd.

To be continued.

GREEN ERIN.

Green Erin—Green Erin! thy harp's thrilling numbers

Awaken to melody's fingers no more:
No bard can arouse the sweet spirit that slumbers,

The spirit that fired thy heroes of yore.
No more shall the beal-fires thy mountains illumine,

Thy chieftains no more their high festivals hold:
To the sway of the Briton thy children are doomed,

Their beautiful "Sunburst" they no longer unfold.

Through thy palaces old the breezes are sweeping,

And sadly when fanning thy lone abbey's gray,
A requiem breathe for the kings 'neath them sleeping,

For exiles who wander in lands far away.
Oh, where are thy chieftains whose names are the brightest,

Whose deeds are the bravest on history's page!

And where are the minstrels whose tones were the lightest

For youth's sunny days and the sweetest for age!

Gone—gone as the shadows when twilight's embrace

Have hid the fair sun in her dew-drooping breast;

Where honor resided there is naught but disgrace,

And bigotry's minions thy valleys infest.
Bright Emerald Island? though tyrants oppress thee,

And curb thy free soul with the chains of the slave,

Still where is the freeman refuses to bless thee
Green Isle of the ocean!—pure gem of the wave.

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD ON
O'CONNELL.

If the Catholics of Ireland are grateful, the Catholics of England also are grateful to O'Connell. Had they been left to themselves in their isolation like grapes left in the vineyard after the vintage has been gathered and crushed in the wine press, the Catholics of England might still be suffering in the chill and blighting atmosphere of legal proscription. Had they been left to themselves, they had been powerless to break down the massive wall of civil disabilities which had been built up around them during three centuries, for the purpose of shutting them out for ever from their just and inalienable rights. But they profited by the power and skill of O'Connell, entered through the breach which he forced, and obtained the emancipation which he won. They are still duly grateful to him and his countrymen, without whose efforts their own would have been fruitless. At the time when O'Connell began life twenty-four penal laws were in force; by the time of his death, and chiefly through his instrumentality, they had been nearly all either repealed or reduced to a dead letter. But dearer to his heart than civil liberty was the religious liberty of the Catholic Church. His whole career was in complete agreement with the dictum of our own great Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Anselm, that "God loves nothing better on earth than the liberty of His Church." Rather than jeopardise this liberty, rather than barter the discipline of the Church by granting to a non-Catholic State any power whatever in the nomination of Catholic bishops, O'Connell declared himself ready to forego emancipation altogether, and to suffer persecution for centuries. "Let us be emancipated," he cried, "as our forefathers desired, that is, as Catholics, or not at all." For years he stood out almost alone against the veto in opposition to large numbers of the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of both islands. "Fear nothing," he said, "yield nothing; with patience and perseverance you shall win your civil liberty, and this without sacrificing a particle of the religion of your

forefathers." It is gratifying to mention that the history of the period records that the Catholics of Manchester were true to the highest line; they sought the advice of the immortal Milner, who fought almost single-handed the battle in England against the veto which O'Connell fought in Ireland; they petitioned Parliament and publicly declared themselves unwilling to accept any other than "unqualified emancipation." O'Connell's love of liberty was no mere sentiment. It was rooted in his soul with his Faith and grew out of his religion. The people, he again and again declared, are to be regenerated and set free not by philosophy but by Religion; and he ever steadily refused to hold communication with Republicans and others who placed liberty on any other basis than that of Religion. "Men of Clare, he exclaimed, "you are aware that RELIGION IS THE SOLE FOUNDATION OF ALL LIBERTY. You have triumphed because the accents of those lips which have just achieved the freedom of our country had previously ascended in prayer to the throne of God." "Wherever," says a contemporary observer, "Catholic rights were to be asserted, Catholic wrongs redressed, or Catholic character vindicated, there, in the first rank, and often alone, was to be found O'Connell, the intrepid and incorruptible defender of his country's rights." After the first years of O'Connell's public life were passed, we behold him during the whole of the remainder of his active and untiring career leading the life of a devout and practical Catholic. It is well that men engrossed in the excitement of public life or absorbed in the pursuit of professional or private business should remember that the most active and exciting occupations are compatible with practical faith and piety, and that without these, their lives, otherwise however brilliant, will be esteemed as failures by God and by His Church. During this busy period of his life, every morning when possible, O'Connell used to be present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; for many years he was a weekly communicant; and such was his zeal and love for the Blessed Sacrament that he wrote a tract or treatise in its defence. His love of our Blessed

Mother was one of the most tender and childlike kind. He had placed the great work of Catholic emancipation under her special protection; and every public undertaking in which he engaged he consecrated, together with himself and all his efforts, to "the same Immaculate Virgin, whom he delighted to call "the Destroyer of all heresies," and "the Mother of the people." He was particularly attached to the *Angelus*, the *Memorare*, the Litany of Loretto, and the Rosary. He was in the constant habit of meditation, and in his latter years no book was dearer to him than St. Alphonso's *Preparation for Death*. His own copy of it was found thumbed and marked on nearly every page. Perhaps there are no meditation books better adapted to the wants, to the mind and heart of the English and Irish people than those various, simple, practical and tender meditations which were composed for the people by that great modern Doctor of the Church, St. Alphonso de Liguori. But no man is a practical Catholic who is not a faithful and obedient child of the Holy See. Hence we may expect to find this characteristic also in O'Connell's life; and it is not hard to find. When on one occasion some of those, who spent their lives in trying to blacken his name and impugn the purity of his motives, questioned his loyalty to the Vicar of Christ, he wrote at once these memorable words: "I venerate in every respect the authority of the Holy See. I trust indeed (for I know myself) that there is not in the Church a single individual who pays to the Apostolic Chair more sincerely and cordially than I do that submission in the largest acceptance of the word, which the Catholic Church requires from her children. I have never uttered, and hope never will utter, one word inconsistent with the most implicit obedience to it. My heart is attached to the Centre of Unity, with the most ardent desire of never departing from it in thought, word, or action. And should it happen that I err in the opinions I may express, I I hope they may be interpreted according to my avowed sentiments, for MY SUBMISSION TO THE AUTHORITY OF THE CHURCH IS COMPLETE ENTIRE, AND UNIVERSAL." In perfect con-

formity with this profession were the pathetic words of his last will and testament—"My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, and my soul to Heaven." Closely allied to this, his love for the Vicar of Christ, or rather springing out of it, as waters from their natural fountain head, was his respect and love for the Clergy. "He was not one of those who boasted of his loyalty to the Holy See in order to cover an attitude of disobedience to bishops and disregard for priests. He often had to suffer at the hands of members of the clergy, but even then he worshipped their office, revered their authority, and was always associated with them. "I believe," he wrote to a friend "there exists few men who are further than I am from the thought of abusing or calumniating the Priests of the Most High. You have always known the secret sentiments of veneration with which a priest inspires me. You might laugh at me, perhaps, were I to tell you that I carry almost to superstition this respect for the sacred office; but the fact is, that on this subject I am not master of myself. I have never known a single person to prosper in this world who had treated the ministers of the altar in an unbecoming manner. On such even in this world, there hangs a curse." He was always happy to have a priest by his side, and on the most public occasions, when others would have temporised, he showed no sign of human respect, but declared that he felt strengthened and honoured by the presence of the priest of God. O'Connell entertained an intense horror of all secret societies. It is true that in his youth he had been a Freemason, but, as he afterwards told the world, as soon as he learned that Freemasonry was condemned by the Church, he entirely renounced all further connection with it. Again and again he denounced "the criminality and the folly" of engaging in any secret association. "These societies," he said, "are especially condemned by your clergy—your beloved, your intelligent, laborious, and pious clergy. You cannot, possibly disobey their voice, or neglect their counsels. You ought to know well that they have no other interest but yours—no other object in view than your temporal and

eternal happiness." He held that secret societies were engines invented by Satan, that they are not blessed by God, and cannot be beneficial to mankind. His belief on the other hand, in the power of *candour and truth* was a part of his very nature; no rebuff, no delay, no disappointment could destroy or even shake this conviction. "Candour and truth," he said, "have in them a reviving principle and returning again and again to the contest they must ultimately prevail. I rely, therefore, on the force of the truth as the means of overcoming English prejudice." The rights of political and popular agitation is inherent in every form of truly popular government, that is, in Governments in which, like our own, the people made their own laws. It has its recognised and proper place and influence. Its constitutional limits are thoroughly understood amongst us from the growth and tradition of long experience: and O'Connell never exceeded them. But very different from the spirit of popular agitation must be the spirit and bearing of the Catholic layman, though ever so able and influential a statesman, in his attitude towards the government of the Church. Her constitution and form of government are of Divine origin and institution, and were symbolised by her Founder under the perfect image of the shepherd and his flock. Her laws and discipline are formed not upon the popular vote, but by divinely commissioned pastors whose office is to "guide," to "feed," to "govern," to "set in order," and to "watch as having to give an account of your souls." Consequently popular agitation and intrusion into the government of the Church would be, to say the least, as abnormal and unhealthy a condition in Catholic laymen as an apathetic renunciation of the right of popular agitation in politics would be in citizens under a civil form of government which is based on the suffrages of the people. It would be a sign of spiritual disease and a proof of the decay of faith. O'Connell did not, like some ill-instructed Catholics confound the two systems of the spiritual and civil governments. He knew his place under each. The Divine and the human orders required of him that fulfilment of distinct duties,

duties differing in kind and character. He cheerfully and boldly accepted the obligations of each, and the spectacle was a frequent one of the great political agitator, the popular leader, whose struggles for liberty shook the very Empire, becoming at once obedient and docile as any lamb of the flock, in whatever pertained to the jurisdiction and decision of his bishop. The champion of freedom the liberator of his people, gloried in calling himself, as in truth he was, "a faithful and obedient child of mother Church." While versed in all the arts of political organisation and justifiably pushing constitutional agitation to its utmost limits in search of liberty and justice, he uncompromisingly condemned and denounced rebellion and the use of physical force. "The man," he used to say, "who resorts to physical force for redress is undeserving of liberty;" "he who violates the law is a traitor to his country;" "He who preaches insurrection is laying a snare to entrap you. Shun him, arrest him, give him up;" "Every hope of Ireland's liberty will perish on the day she resorts to physical force;" and again, he used to exclaim, "submit, but petition; obey but demand justice; be loyal subjects, but renounce not the rights of man;" and again, "nothing can be politically right which is morally wrong." It was thus that O'Connell taught his countrymen and the world that true liberty must be planted in law and religion; any other, though it bear the name of liberty, is but license and must end in anarchy and self destruction. Lastly, while so many thousands of my flock have undertaken for the love of God and of their immortal souls to form themselves into a Crusade of prayer and mortification against the prevalent vice of intemperance it will interest many of them if I point out that on occasion, of the famous Waterford and Clare elections when thousands and thousands of their countrymen came together to meet and listen to and support O'Connell, he urged upon one and all of them to take a total abstinence pledge; and it is recorded that they not only took it but faithfully kept it during the whole of those elections. And now, to conclude these brief references to O'Connell's life

and character. If any stranger to the history of Catholics in this empire were to ask why a Catholic Bishop in England alludes thus pointedly to, and dwells in detail upon the memory of the great Irish Champion of our liberties, I would answer him that it is not so much because more than half of my flock is of Irish birth, as because the whole of my flock is a debtor to the career of O'Connell. I would tell him that it is good for us all to dwell upon the memory of the great Catholic champions who have been known and loved in our own day, so that the practical lessons which their lives contain may be recognised and learnt by the living, and handed down to their children, and the reason of the hearty recognition with which his memory has been everywhere acknowledged by Catholics, may be gathered from words addressed years ago to O'Connell himself in the name of the Catholics of France, by the then illustrious Count de Montalembert. O'Connell's public career had closed: he was journeying to Rome to throw himself at the feet of the Vicar of Our Lord, and to pray at the shrine of the Apostles before he died. As he passed through Paris, a deputation from the Catholic Committee waited upon him and addressed him through their leader in the following words:—

"We are come to tender to you the affectionate and respectful homage we owe to the man of the age, who has done most for the dignity and liberty of mankind, and especially for the political instruction of Catholic nations. We admire in you the man who has accomplished the noblest achievement that can be given to man to conceive in this world—the man, who, without shedding a drop of blood, has reconquered the nationality of his country and the political rights of eight millions of Catholics. You are the man not only of one nation, you are the man of all Christendom. Your glory is not only Irish,—it is Catholic. Wherever Catholics begin anew to practice civic virtues, and devote themselves to the conquest of their legislative rights, after God, it is your work. Wherever religion tends to emancipate itself from the thralldom in which several generations of sophists and bigots have placed it, to you, after God, it is indebted."

I will not comment on these words, or draw out the fullness of their meaning. The theme may be left to others. Rather than this, I will leave you with the brief but pregnant words spoken by Pius IX. in an audience which has been reported. They will best describe the Sovereign Pontiff's appreciation of the life and career of Daniel O'Connell. The Holy Father called him the great champion of the Church—the father of his country—the glory of the Christian world; and his Holiness added that he "desired that his career should be celebrated and made known to the world, because it had ever been open in the face of Heaven, had ever stood firm for legality and had nothing to hide; and it was this with his unshaken fidelity and reverence for Religion that had secured his triumphs."

CURRAN'S REPLY TO JUDGE ROBINSON.

At a time when Curran was only just rising into notice, and while he was yet a poor and struggling man, Judge Robinson, it is said, ventured upon a sneering joke which, small though it was, but for Curran's ready wit and scathing eloquence, might have done him irreparable injury. Speaking of some opinion of counsel on the opposite side, Curran said he had consulted all his books, and could not find a case in which the principle in dispute was thus established. "That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered the judge, "but I suspect your law library is rather limited." Curran eyed the heartless toady for a moment, and then broke forth with his noble retaliation. "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me more conspicuous would only made me the more universally and notoriously contemptible

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

One of the Kings of Scanderoon
 A jester had—a bold buffoon
 Who with his tricks inopportune
 Would daily tease and vex and pester
 The King and Court; and yet this jester
 Who said and did, what wise men dared not,
 For King, or slave, or courtier cared not;
 But all the faster played his pranks
 By all the fewer were their thanks.

But *even* wit has bounds, you know,
 'Yond which it is not safe to go;
 Especially when wit lets fly
 Its barbed arrows at royalty.
 So found at last at Scanderoon
 The haughty Sultan's bold buffoon.

What was his crime is not recorded;
 Nor how 'twas said; nor how 'twas worded;
 Whether 'twas sneer, or epigram,
 Or jibe, or lying cablegram,
 Or whether 'twas an inuendo,
 Or slur, or base insinundo,
 None knew;—his sin was an occult one;
 But record tells us, that the Sultan,
 When they had bound him to a dado
 Himself applied the bastinado;
 His royal hands removed the brogues
 And with them soundly beat the rogue's
 Defenceless soles. "Presumptuous slave!
 "Catiff! and scoundrel! arrant knave!
 "Thy doom is sealed. I'll stop thy breath.
 "I'll have thee done to certain death.
 "But though thou'lt die—now! no replying;
 "I'll leave to thee the mode of dying."
 Thus spoke the Sultan out of breath,
 Thus spoke the Sultan vowing death.

Then spoke the Sultan's bold buffoon,
 The jester pert of Scanderoon:
 "Thy will be done; most royal master.
 "No sentence sure was ever juster.
 "Since thou hast let me choose my death
 "My exit shall be—want of breath.
 "Your outraged feelings to assuage
 "I'll die, so please you,—*of old age.*"
 JOBOKOS.

HIGHWAY FOR FREEDOM.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

"My suffering country SHALL be freed,
And shine with ten fold glory!"
So spake the gallant Winkelreid,
Renowned in German story.
"No tyrant, even of kingly grade,
Shall cross or darken my way!"
Out flashed his blade, and so he made
For Freedom's course a highway!

We want a man like this, with power
To rouse the world by one word;
We want the chief to meet the hour,
And march the masses onward.
But chief or none, through blood and fire,
My Fatherland lies thy way!
The men must fight who dares desire
For Freedom's course a highway!

Ah! I can but idly gaze
Around in grief and wonder;
The people's will alone can raise,
The People's shout of thunder,
Too long, my friends, you faint for fear,
In secret crypt and by-way;
At last be Men! Stand forth and, clear
For Freedom's course a highway!

You intersect wood, sea, and lawn,
With roads for monster wagons,
Wherein you speed like lightning, drawn
By fiery iron wagons.
So do! Such work is good, no doubt;
But why not seek some high way
For Mind as well? Path also out
For Freedom's course a highway!

Yes! up! and let your weapons be
Sharp steel and self-reliance!
Why waste your burning energy
In void and vain defiance.
And phrases fierce and fugitive?
'Tis deeds, not words, that I weigh—
Your swords and guns alone can give
To Freedom's course a highway.

THE O'DONNELLS

OR

GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.,

Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"
"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"
"Sarsfield; or, The Last Great Struggle
for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NOW AN IRISH AGENT FULFILLS HIS PROMISE—RUIN OF THE O'DONNELL'S.—
MESSRS. BURKEM AND PEMBERT PLOT
TOGETHER—DEATH OF BESSY O'DON-
NELL.

The day of sale arrived. Mr. Ellis
and the auctioneer were early on the

ground. There were a good many po-
lice, too, and bailiffs in attendance.
These were too indispensable to an Irish
agent in the discharge of his duties to
be left behind; though, in truth, to a
keen observer, they boded no good to
the poor O'Donnells.

Mr. O'Donnell, stooped and feeble,
and leaning upon the arm of his son,
came out to meet the agent.

"I'm sorry, Mr. O'Donnell," said the
latter blandly, "to see you reduced to
this—to see your stock and effects going
to be sold for rent."

"Welcome be the will of God, sir.
We can't help these things."

"I think, Mr. O'Donnell, I and my
men had better buy the stock; we can
sell them back to your son. With exe-
cutions hanging over you, it would not
be safe for him to buy them now."

"Sure they couldn't touch them if
his; there's nothing against him."

"Certainly not; but people would
look upon it as a sham, and, perhaps,
distrain again; where, if I buy them
and remove them to my land for a few
days, they are my property; no one
will dare interfere with them; your son
can buy them back again, you under-
stand."

"What will I do, Frank?" said the
old man, in doubt.

"Really I don't know, father," said
Frank.

"Do as ye please," said Mr. Ellis.
"If you doubt me, I will withdraw the
execution altogether, if you choose."

"God help us!" muttered Mr. O'Don-
nell.

"Well, what shall I do?" said Mr.
Ellis.

"As you please, sir. I know that
you or his lordship, whose father I once
saved from death, would not injure me
or my poor family."

"As to that, Mr. O'Donnell, I have
come here at your own wish. If you
choose, I'll go home and leave things as
they are; if not, allow me to take the
safest course, as I mean to do."

"Do, Mr. Ellis; protect me and my
family, and God bless you."

The sale proceeded; as the neighbors
understood that it was to protect Mr.
O'Donnell, they did not bid; so Mr.
Ellis and his men bought up the whole
at about one-third of their real value.

They then removed them to Mr. Ellis's place.

A few days after the sale, Frank called at Mr. Ellis's; he was shown into the office.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Ellis, "what can I do for you?"

"My father sent me, sir, to arrange about the sale."

"Your father himself must come; we cannot treat with you about them," said Mr. Ellis, resuming his occupation.

"He's very feeble; couldn't I manage the business? Besides, my father wishes to give up the management of the business altogether."

"Can't help it; he must come. What's the widow Shea's last payment?" this was addressed to Hugh Pembert.

"Twenty pounds, sir; there is a year's rent due besides."

"Haven't you got your answer, sir?" said Mr. Ellis, with all the arrogance of office, raising his head from the account to Frank, who stood still all the time.

Frank clenched his hands and teeth, and bitter thoughts burned his heart; but he mastered his passion, and merely bowed and left.

"The devil is in that fellow's eye," said Mr. Ellis.

"He is dangerous when crossed," said Hugh Pembert; "and Burkem tells me he has joined these clubs; so if he gets ahead, I suppose he'll treat us to a bonfire in our own houses."

"Bad scran to the lie in it," said Burkem. "Shure they had a meetin' at Mrs. Butler's, and they made him captain. He vowed that he'd kill all the Protestants in the country. The Rover was in it too, and he went off with Masther Frank—you may be sure for no good."

"It is important to know all this," said Mr. Ellis. "As a magistrate, I cannot connive at it."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Pembert; "but then, you have no witness except Burkem, whom it would not do to bring forward publicly. It is better let things go on a little; Burkem will not be suspected, and we can watch our own time."

"Well, I believe you're right, Hugh."

"There are others, too, that oughtn't to join them," said Burkem.

"Who are they?" said Mr. Ellis.

"Och, it's not worth namin' them. I don't like to injure any one."

"As a magistrate, I command you to name them, Burkem," said Mr. Ellis, sitting back with a very dignified air.

"I don't like, sir," said he, scratching his head with well assumed diffidence.

"Name them, sir," said Mr. Ellis, sternly.

"There are many of the tenants, sir; but the leader is James Cormack; he's to be a sargeant under Misther Frank."

"Good God! what an ungrateful set they are," said Mr. Ellis. "Watch them well, Burkem, and you shall be well paid. I want to see his lordship at one o'clock. I will inform him of the state of things, and what a character this young O'Donnell is, lest he should extend any mercy to them; and you, Hugh, have that notice to quit made out, for I know they'll come in the evening; and you, Burkem, serve old O'Donnell with it when they leave the office."

"I'd rather not, sir; it's better for me to keep on terms with them, the way I can know everything that's passin'. Couldn't Splane do it, your honor?"

"Well, well, let him," and Mr. Ellis left the office.

As soon as Mr. Ellis was gone, Hugh Pembert threw his pen from him, and fixing his hands under his coat tails, turned his back to the fire.

"I tell you what, Burkem," said he, "we are on the high road to fortune, if we take advantage of it."

"And why the devil shouldn't we," said Burkem.

"Look, Burkem," said he, and he placed his hand upon his shoulder, "my uncle will soon turn Mary Cormack out of the house, for reasons of his own."

"Are you sure of that, sir?" said Burkem.

"As sure as that you and I are standing here, answered Pembert. "I overheard a conversation between them the other morning. If you please, she wanted him to marry her, and cried sorely on the head of it; so she's sure to march. Waal, when she's agone, her hot-headed brothers will be looking for revenge, I ken. Perhaps they'd kill this foolish old uncle of mine. No matter; whoever does it, it will be left at their door. The government will offer

a large reward; you could get that; besides, I wad be your friend, for I will fall in for this place; for this swaddling old chiel will pick Lizzie off our hands some day or other. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"I think I can trust you, Burkem. I have always found you a loyal chiel, and you know it wouldn't be safe for you to peach. Here is five pounds as an earnest of favor."

"Before God, I swear to be thrie!" said Burkem, as he buttoned up the note.

"It will be your interest to be. You must keep on the best terms with the Cormacks and this young O'Donnell."

"I'd rather have nothin' to do with O'Donnell, sir. They reared a brother of mine, and sent him to America; but I hate the Cormacks. I have sworn to see James die on the gallows."

"Very good, very good! Waal, as you like. We must get the Cormacks out of the work; hunt Mary home; supply them with arms, so that we can swear to them afterwards, and if this ould carl should be killed, shure there's no other one to do it."

"That's thrie, sir, that's thrie. I'll have revenge."

"Considering that I'll come in for the property, I wouldn't mind adding one hundred pounds to the reward, to any one that would get me into possession soon."

"I understand you, sir," said Burkem, with a wink.

"I dunna ken what I said," said Hugh Pembert.

"Not much, sir, not much; just iv a certain jintleman forgot drawing his breath some night, you would give one hundred pounds to whoever brought you the news first; besides the government would give a few hundred more, and shure there is no one to do that but certain jintlemen I have sworn to see hanging on the gallows. Isn't that it, sir, isn't it?" said he, with a demoniac look.

"Waal, waal, something that way, but bide your time. Fools only half do their business."

"Ha, ha, ha! I half do it, indeed. No, I'll lay my snares well. James Cormack, I swore I'd have blood for blood,

and I will; I will, by heaven, I will, even if I should be damned for it."

"Waal, waal, that'll do now. Let us look to business, bide a wee; we can speak mair another time."

They did speak more about it, and the artful wob was woven that was to bring one man—and that man an uncle to the arch plotter—to a sudden and unprovided death; that was to send a wronged girl adrift upon the wide world, and to bring two innocent men to the gallows. We loathe to follow their holish plotting, but we will show forth its fruits.

It was evening before Mr. Ellis returned. He had prejudiced the mind of Lord Clearall against the unfortunate O'Donnells. He told him that the old man was a reckless swindler, that had collected the people's money into his bank and now had closed. In order to screen himself from the law, he got his stock and things seized upon. As to the son, he was the leader of secret societies and Ribbonmen; the sooner he could be got rid of the better. Mr. Ellis found the O'Donnells waiting for him in the office. The careworn, haggard appearance of Mr. O'Donnell would have made an impression upon the heart of a man of less stern stuff than Mr. Ellis; but Mr. Ellis's heart was long since closed against the softer feelings of humanity.

"I'm sorry, Mr. O'Donnell, to put you to the trouble of coming, for you don't appear well," said Mr. Ellis, in his usual bland manner.

"Indeed, I'm not, sir; for besides the trouble caused by the ruinous state of my affairs, I have domestic afflictions. I have a darling child dying fast," and the old man wiped his eyes.

"Bad enough, Mr. O'Donnell—but to business. Your lease is out; there is a year and a half's rent due, while the sale of your stock scarcely covers the half year."

"But, sir, there is a year of it a running gale that is due time immemorial. Since the first of my ancestors took the place it was never looked for. It was due on the whole estate."

"That may be, sir; but, then, we can't allow it to run any longer. I had better give you a receipt for the half

year, which the price of your stock covers."

"The price of my stock! Why, aren't you going to give them to my son, as you promised?"

"Yes, if he pays for them."

"Good heaven, do I hear him right!" exclaimed Mr. O'Donnell, as he raised his eyes.

"Mr. O'Donnell, I am sorry to say that my orders are to keep the stock to meet your rent. You know they were sold by fair auction."

"Didn't you tell me that you'd befriend me, and that you'd give them back to my son again?"

"I think I have befriended you in putting to meet your rent what might go for nothing; and as to the stock, I'll return them if your son pays the selling price of them."

"You know well that we couldn't do it, and that the stock were sold for one-third of their value," groaned Mr. O'Donnell.

"I can't help it; it was a fair open auction; I must obey orders; and more than that, I must tell you that his lordship has ordered me to clear the estate, now that it's out of lease."

"Good God, we are ruined, beggared—beggared forever!" groaned Mr. O'Donnell, clasping his hands.

"Sir," said Frank, "can you reconcile it with your conscience or duty to entrap us this way, to sell our stock for half nothing, under pretence of protecting us, and then keep them yourself. I tell you it is a robbery, sir, it is——" Frank stopped, choked with passion and indignation.

"Well," said Mr. Ellis, calmly, "go on, my young man."

"Don't, don't, Frank," said the father. "Oh, Mr. Ellis, have pity on us; deal fair with us, and God will bless you. I'll go to his lordship and tell him all. I once saved his father's life. Sure he can't forget it. He won't ruin myself and my darling family; he won't bring these grey hairs to a pauper's grave. Oh! no, he won't do it, Mr. Ellis; he won't; I'll go to him."

"I'm acting by his orders," said Mr. Ellis, unmoved.

"No, no, it can't be; he don't know all, all I'm suffering! Poverty staring me in the face—my sweet, darling child

dying. "O God! O God!" and the old man bent his head, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks.

"Let us be done with this fooling," said Mr. Ellis, sternly—"Splane."

"Here, sir."

"Give that paper to Mr. O'Donnell."

"What's this?" said Mr. O'Donnell, as he took the paper.

"A notice to quit," replied Mr. Ellis.

"Have pity on me! have pity on my grey hairs and dying child. See, I throw myself upon my knees before you."

"No, father, recollect you are an O'Donnell," said Frank, stopping him, and his eyes glared, and his breast heaved with passion.

"You're right, boy, you're right. But sure he won't do it; sure you won't, Mr. Ellis. But what's this? I feel dizzy," and he raised his hand to his head, and then fell upon the floor.

"Is he dead?" said Mr. Ellis, pushing over to feel his pulse.

"Robber! murderer! keep off; his blood be upon you," said Frank, as he struck Mr. Ellis a fierce blow, that sent him reeling against the table, until he fell at the other side.

"Father, father dear, speak to me," said he, tenderly, leaning over him. "He breathes; he's not dead, thank God, thank God!"

"Frank, where are we?" said the old man, recovering himself.

"Here, sir; here."

"Tell me, is it a dream, Frank? Was I dreaming?"

"You're better, father, aren't you?" said Frank, avoiding the question.

"Yes, Frank, yes; let us go home. There is no mercy in his heart," said he, looking about, and recalling his interview with Mr. Ellis. "No, he has no mercy—God forgive him; but God will judge him!"

Mr. Pembert thought it prudent to get away from the fiery wrath of Frank's arm; so he hastily bore Mr. Ellis into the drawing-room.

Frank helped his father to the car which some of the servants, through compassion, got ready for him. Though weak and faint, Mr. O'Donnell would not rest until he went to Lord Clearall's, for he expected his lordship would see justice done him. Again he was doomed

to disappointment, for his lordship refused seeing him; and when he sent up his message, his answer was that he did not meddle in the management of his property; he left it all to Mr. Ellis. He got a sheet of paper and stated his case, and reminded his lordship of how he saved his father's life. The note was returned with the remark that "he had nothing to do for him; Mr. Ellis wouldn't wrong him."

With heavy hearts they returned to their once happy home, but now miserable indeed. Not only was poverty staring them in the face, but death, too, seemed to triumph in their wretchedness.

Mrs. O'Donnell and Kate were anxiously awaiting their arrival; they read the tale of their disaster in their faces. Mr. O'Donnell seemed years older since he left that room a few hours before. So ghastly and feeble did he look that Mrs. O'Donnell ran to support him.

"You're sick, my love. What's the matter? Has the journey injured you?"

"Oh, no, no. I'm sick, indeed. How is Bessy, poor child?"

"Something better. You had better go to bed."

"No, love, no; I can't bear it!"

"Bear what? tell us all," said Mrs. O'Donnell.

"Come here"—and he took her by the hand—"we are old now, sinking into the grave; we were lately rich and happy, dispensing blessings around us; we hoped to leave a nice inheritance to our children; but now we are ruined, we are beggars, beggars! He has robbed us; yes, it is robbery; who says it's not? Our stock and effects were valued at nearly five hundred pounds, and because he promised to return them, no one bid against him. Now he has given me a receipt for one hundred and fifty pounds—half a year's rent for five hundred pounds worth—is not this robbery? But the law protects him in his robbery of us; and the law will transport a poor man for stealing a sheep to keep himself and his family from starving, as it did to Ned Curren, who lived for days upon grass and turnip-tops; but, then, when one of his family died of hunger, he stole a sheep from Mr. Ellis, and he got him transported, though he now robs us of over three hundred pounds.

O God! O God! is Thy justice sleeping? We would kill the highwayman, and here is this robber living and glorying in his robbery. There was a time—but, no, God forgive me—I don't know what I'm saying. Let us leave him to God!"

Mrs. O'Donnell sank into a chair beside her husband, and Kate bent her beautiful head upon her hands. Frank stood looking out of the window, his arms crossed upon his breast, his teeth clenched.

"Father," said he, turning to the old man as he concluded, "you're right, death is too good for such a demon. He has brought ruin and misery upon us. He's a robber, and he shall die—death, death to him; the robber shall die!" he muttered between his teeth.

"Who speaks of death?" said the old man, awakening from his reverie—"who speaks of death, Frank? No, no, boy, you would not kill any one, you would not; you would not aully the name of O'Donnell. No, no; leave him to God! He's a robber, though; than God will punish him! No, God forgive him, have mercy upon him!" and the old man sank into his reverie once more.

Mrs. O'Donnell looked at her son; there was a stern determination in that fierce look and that glaring eye. She went over to him and embraced him.

"Frank, my child!" said she, taking his hand, "promise your poor heart-broken mother that you will not injure Mr. Ellis, or have him injured."

"He's a robber, mother—a robber and a murderer!"

"Even so; leave him to God, my child. Though God's vengeance sleepeth, it is sure. Leave him to God."

"He has shown mercy to us, hasn't he, mother?" sneered Frank. "The mercy he has given he'll get!"

"Come here, Kate; come here, for I fear evil has taken possession of your brother's heart."

Kate went over and put her arm about his neck and kissed him. "O Frank, Frank! do as mother asks you."

"Do, boy," resumed his mother. "I have never asked a request of you before. I have borne and suckled you; I love you as my first-born; I'd rather see you in your grave—see Bessy and Kate and that poor man there—all in

one grave, than have you called a murderer. I have not long to live, I fear; but were your hand stained with blood, I would not live one week; so now promise me that you will not touch him. O God Almighty, soften his heart!"

The tears began to flow from Frank's dry eyes at this pathetic appeal; he stooped down, and raising his mother, said—

"I promise you, mother, that while you live I will not bring dishonor upon you. I will not touch him—I leave him to God."

"O God! I thank Thee—Thou hast heard my prayer!" exclaimed his mother.

Day after day little Bessy was sinking slowly and softly to the grave.

It was May, and the soft rays of the morning's sun came floating through the windows of Bessy's room. The little birds were singing and chirping in the garden without, filling the apartment with their sweet music.

Bessy lay still upon her little bed, her eyes intently fixed upon a large crucifix that hung at her feet. The sun shone upon the crucifix, and seemed to surround it with a halo of heavenly glory.

A celestial joy seemed to illumine Bessy's calm features.

The priest heard her last confession, and then administered to her the Holy Sacrament. He then knelt and prayed a considerable time beside her. Bessy all this time lay still wrapt in prayer.

"Now, my child," said the priest, "resign yourself into the hands of God, and trust His mercy, for He is good and merciful, indeed."

"I do, Father. 'Into Thy hands, O Lord! I commit my spirit: Lord Jesus, receive my soul.'" she murmured.

The priest then read the prayers for a departing soul, which were responded to by the family.

Oh, there is hope in this inspiring prayer. When the soul is trembling upon the verge of eternity, how sweet to hear the consoling words—

"No one hath hoped in the Lord, and hath been confounded.

"Thé Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?"

"In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped; may I not be confounded forever.

"Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit

my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, Thou God of truth."

The priest took his departure, promising to call in the evening. Her mother and Kate sat beside the bed all day.

"Dear Kate, will you read out of Father Faber's 'All for Jesus?' There are some beautiful passages in it."

"Yes, Bessy, dear!" and Kate brought the book and read the following beautiful passage:—

"All this goes to the salvation of a soul. To be saved it has to be God's child, God's brother, and to participate in God's nature. Now, see what is involved in being saved. Look at that soul yonder, that has just been judged: Jesus has this instant spoken; the sound of his sweet words has hardly died away; they that mourn have scarcely yet closed the eyes of the deserted body. Yet the judgment has come and gone—all is over. It was swift, but merciful—more than merciful; there is no word to say what it was—it must be imagined. One day, please God, we shall experience it. The soul must be very strong to bear what it is feeling now; God must support it, or it will fall back into nothingness. Life is over. How short it has been."

"It has, indeed; it has, indeed; it is vanity," said Bessy. "Read some of Liguori's 'Preparation for Death.'" Kate read:—

"I accept with joy, death, and the pains I shall have to suffer until my last breath; give me strength to bear them with perfect conformity to Thy will; I offer them all to Thy glory, uniting them with the pains which Thou didst endure in Thy passion. Eternal Father, I sacrifice to Thee my life and my entire being; I entreat Thee to accept this my sacrifice, through the merits of the great sacrifice of Himself, which Jesus, Thy Son, offered to Thee on the cross."

"That will do, Kate; that will do."

Thus did this bright May day pass away in the chamber of death. The sun had now sank in the west, and the light was fast fading in the room.

"Papa," said Bessy, as the old man entered the room, supported by a servant; with bursting heart he clung to his darling child, her on whom he doted and felt so proud of—"papa, don't fret for me; I'm going to heaven, and

I'll watch over you, and pray for you."
 "God help me! my heart is breaking,"
 he exclaimed, as he was borne from the
 room.

The moonbeams now played through
 the open widdow, and a flood of golden
 light danced around the papored walls.
 Bessy's head was heavy, her cheeks wore
 ashy pale, and the light was fast fading
 from her eyes. She sweet child! was dying.

Her little hand was clasped in Kate's,
 and her head rested upon her mother's
 lap; her golden ringlets, damp with
 the dews of death, fell heavily down.
 Her blue eyes closed, and her lips
 moved as if in prayer; she clasped her
 hands and seemed to sleep; but no, she
 was but communing with the angels, for
 a sweet smile played around her mouth,
 and she said:—"O mamma, I have seen
 so lovely a sight. Look at these golden-
 winged angels floating about; they are
 beckoning me away. Oh, how bright
 heaven must be"—and she smiled, as if
 it were open before her.

"Kiss me, mamma, darling; and
 Kate, sister sweet; and Frank, dear;
 poor dear papa, where is he? God
 comfort him. Do not weep; sure you
 don't grudge me to God?"

"No, darling, no."

"We shall meet again. Farewell,
 mamma; kiss me again. That will do
 —lay me down. How sweet that music."

They laid her back; she stretched
 out her little hands and closed her eyes,
 and angels sealed them and bore her
 pure spirit away.

There she lay, pale, pale as alabaster,
 and a sweet angelic smile seemed to play
 upon her lips, as if her gentle spirit yet
 hovered around its earthly prison. She
 looked beautiful in death—so beautiful,
 indeed, that one might exclaim—

"How sweet, how calm she sleeps,
 —can this be death?"

The moonbeams floated again with a
 dim and shadowy light, casting gloomy
 shadows around, for there were wet eyes
 and sorrowing hearts in the chamber of
 death; but a pure spirit had forsaken
 its earthly tenement and fled to the bos-
 om of its God.

To be continued.

BLACKY LESS.—A negro lately died.
 The neighbors said he was a blackamoor.
 We contend that he was not a blacky
 more, but a blacky less.

GENEVRE'S RESCUE.

BY DENIS HOLLAND.

I.

The Goths and Vandals were deso-
 lating Europe with fire and sword, and
 threatened the sack of the capital of the
 world. The fair plains of sunny Italy
 were reddened with the blood of her
 people. The rulers of Rome, needing
 all their resources to stem the barbaric
 torrent that surged up to their very
 gates, had withdrawn their legions from
 Britain, leaving the degenerate natives
 to the mercy of daring and valorous foes.

The Caledonian and the Piet came
 down from their hills and crossed the
 famous Roman wall, now a defence they
 despised, for there were no longer valiant
 hearts to man it. These fierce barbaric
 warriors spread desolation through the
 fields and homesteads of the unhappy
 Britons made degenerate by Roman
 luxury, giving up to the flames the
 beautiful towns and cities which the
 conquering legionaries had built.

At that time Saxon, and Angle, and
 Jute, fierce and warlike tribes, lined the
 opposite European coast from Batavia
 to the Baltic. To these, in an unfortu-
 nate hour, the hapless Britons sued for
 aid in their misery, promising them rich
 possessions. The strangers came, but
 only to be conquerors and masters. The
 Caledonians and Picts were driven back
 to their hills; but the Britons soon found
 themselves at the mercy of worse and
 more treacherous foes, with hearths and
 homes desolated, and the fetters of op-
 pression fastened on their limbs. Their
 lands became the prize of the conqueror,
 and their children his slaves.

The strangers gazed with delight on
 the rich plains of Kent, with its winding
 rivers.

"Soldiers," said their leader, waving
 his sword at the prospect stretched out
 before him, "this is a land worth fight-
 ing for."

But the Britons did not succumb with-
 out a blow; and when they were beaten,
 many resolved not to be the slaves and
 thralls of their treacherous guests, went
 into exile to Armorica, now called Brit-
 tany. Others, fighting bravely, retreated
 to the mountain fastnesses of Wales,
 where they recovered the ancient bravery

of their race, and stoutly maintained their independent nationality against all odds for many a long century.

II.

Ages passed away, and still the Briton—or Cwmry—and the Sassenach fought bitterly.

A gallant little band of warriors, hard pressed, were slowly retreating to the western hills, led on by a youth of noble and heroic mien.

They were pursued by overwhelming odds, and they were encumbered by the presence, in their midst, of women, aged men, and young children. But they battled stoutly and retreated inch by inch, dealing many an effective blow at the pursuing enemy.

This noble young leader fought with superhuman energy, and performed prodigies of valour, charging on the serried ranks of the foe again and again, and each time striking down a "Sassenach" warrior. And when night came and brought with it the safety of the hills, it was with a sigh of relief he flung himself at length on the heather.

"We are safe from the treacherous foe for this night," he said, "and tomorrow we shall be beyond his reach in the fastnesses of our western mountains."

As he spoke he took his helmet from his heated and throbbing brow, and laid it on the turf beside him.

A fair girl, with a goblet of some refreshing beverage in her hand, approached and tendered it to him.

A maiden of singular beauty, brown hair and gray eyes, with graceful form and queenly bearing. She was richly dressed, and her ample cloak was fastened at her throat by a golden arrow. There were ornaments of gold on her wrists, and round her brows was a golden fillet from which her shining tresses hung down to her waist.

The youth glanced at her with a look of passionate admiration, and took the goblet from her hand.

"Here, most noble Arthur," she said, "take this: you need it after your day's toil."

"Ah! noble Genovre," he said, "you are a most welcome cup-bearer. From

hands like yours this is a celestial draught."

And he quaffed it to the bottom.

"I owe you much, noble champion of your race," she answered with an entrancing smile and a voice that was music itself. "Are you not the preserver of my life and honour. Have you not twice rescued me from the hands of that detested Sassenach chief, than to be whose wife, his thrall, the worst death were preferable?"

"It has been my happy fortune, fair Genovre," he said, taking her hand and pressing it to his lips; "and when we are safe in our mountain home—safe and free as the eagles that soar above it—where the Sassenach foe dare not track us, may I not der. and this dear hand as my guerdon?"

The maiden drooped her eyes, and a roseate blush suffused her face, as she softly answered:

"Am I not all your own, Prince of the Cwmry?"

The youth seized the hand again and kissed it passionately.

"You are my soul's idol, beautiful Genovre," he said.

III.

It was night—black with the mountain mists. A party of Sassenach warriors sat round their camp fires. At the fire which blazed in front of his tent sat their chief with a couple of subordinate officers.

He was a man of gigantic stature; and the blaze of the fire, falling on his form, revealed a countenance of repulsive expression.

"A murrain on that accursed Welsh churl and his breed," he was saying; "he has baffled me again. I would give a cantred of land to have him and that haughty wench in my power. Next time, I shall take no foolish gentle courses with her. I will break her stubborn spirit to my will or kill her in the process."

"It may be done, noble Yarl," said a low-browed villainous-looking man who reclined opposite the chief, in an accent foreign to the tongue he spoke. "You know I have a grudge against this Prince Arthur Ap Ithel, which I long to gratify. Else why am I, one of the

"Cwmry, in the service of a Sassenach Yarl?"

"Yes, good Howel," replied the Yarl contemptuously, "you are an arrant knave and traitor to your liege lord. But what care I for that? If you can put this prince of yours and the girl in my power again, you shall be nobly rewarded."

The other's eyes sparkled; but he paused awhile and said thoughtfully:

"I know not how it may be with Arthur, the son of Ithel, for he is strong, and valiant, and cunning, and dangerous. But I think I could put the maiden in your hands, noble Yarl. I know the paths and by-ways of these mountains; for wasn't I born here? And, if you give me Hereward here and another stout fellow to help me, I think I could track the maiden down and carry her off. She loves to ride alone about the hills at times on one of our strong, sure-footed mountain horses; and at such a time we may come on her track. If I succeed, I shall look for my reward."

"Do what you promise," said the Saxon lord; "and you shall be well rewarded."

"To-morrow morning, then, at day-break," said the traitor, "we shall set out in pursuit of the track of the prince and his followers; and it will go hard if I do not succeed in capturing the maiden. Through her shall I strike at the son of Ithel for my deep revenge."

"Be it so, then," said the chief, rising. "I will in to my tent and take rest. Be you ready with Hereward and whomsoever else you choose to start at day-dawn. When your work is done, dog," he muttered as he lay down, "your reward shall be a halter."

The other two men drew their rough mantles round them, and both lay down at full length beside the fire.

IV.

Out in the free mountain air, the Lady Genevra rode on her stout and sure-footed pony. Her spirits were elastic; her heart was at rest; and she had no thought of coming danger.

"Ah!" she murmured with a smile, "the free fresh air of the mountains for Arthur and me——"

But the next moment strong hands were laid on her bridle, and, looking

down, the maiden, to her terror and astonishment, beheld three trident-looking armed men standing at either side of her horse.

"Lady," said one in her own tongue, "do not shriek out or you will come to harm. You are straight to come with us."

"Ha!" cried the brave girl, striving to urge on her horse in vain; "I know you, Howel, the traitor to your prince. Vile wretch, why are you here? Know you not that your life is forfeit?"

"I am here for revenge," replied the ruffian sulkily. "I have a deep grudge to gratify, and now mean to do so. You will come with us to the stout Saxon Yarl Kentigern, who waits to receive you in his bower."

The maiden grew pale at the sound of that detested name and trembled in every limb. She tried to raise her voice, but the ruffian suddenly pulled her down towards him, and placed his huge hand on her mouth.

"Quick! Hereward," he cried to his companion. "Fling your cloak over her head."

It was done; and the fainting girl was borne away incapable of resistance.

The Yarl Kentigern was standing in front of his tent, with frowning brow and folded arms, when he beheld a *cortege* approaching, three mounted men with a muffled form on horseback between them. He recognized the party instantly.

"By the hammer of Tor," he cried with ferocious joy, "I have my revenge at last. The proud and insolent Genevra is mine again. She shall not escape this time. Ha! I'll curb her proud spirit."

The rough mantle that almost smothered her was removed from the maiden's head."

"So! lady," he cried, with a grim exultation, you're caught in the toils again. You are mine now—my slave, my thrall."

Her native strength and courage returned at this outrage; and her eye flashed fiercely.

"I can die by my own hand first," she cried, drawing a small dagger from her girdle. But he sprang forward in time to wrest it from her hand.

"Take her into the tent and guard

her," he said, "we will hold high revel to-night."

V.

A solitary hunter, a retainer of the Welsh Prince, had been eye-witness of the outrage on the lady Genevra; but, as he was only one man (and an old one) against three lusty warriors, fully armed, he dared not interfere; but, when the villains, with their prisoner, had disappeared from sight, he hurried away to convey the news of the crime to his lord.

Arthur grew pale with rage and fear, as he listened to the old man's brief but terrible story. His beautiful betrothed in the den of the tiger again.

"Yes," the old man said, "two of the men were Sassenach warriors; but in the third I recognised one whom I have known since he was a boy, the disgrace of our tribe, the traitor Howel."

"Heaven! My bitterest enemy. A vile wretch who has repaid all my favours to him with the base crime of ingratitude—who has forsworn his birth-right, betrayed his people, and become the tool of the accursed Sassenach. Would he were within reach of my arm; he should die the death of a dog. But I will save my beloved or perish. If my people love me, now is the time to show it."

The clansmen were summoned, and came instantly at the call of their young chief.

"Yes," was the cry that broke from every stalwart throat—"we will die for our lady or save her—we will die for the bride of our prince."

They instantly flew to arms; and the pursuit began.

"Night is coming on," said their leader. "These dull Sassenach swine carouse heavily; and if you can surprise them in their drunken revels, victory is ours."

This speech was responded to with a loud joyous cry from the mountaineers; and the little army hurried on its way.

Night fell upon them; and they could see the blaze of the Saxon camp-fires in the distance.

Swiftly and silently they pushed through, nearer and nearer to the unsuspecting foe.

A sound of feet was heard in the brushwood, and the rustle of a woman's

robe. A start of wonder, a cry of joy, and the next moment Genevra was clasped in the arms of her surprised and delighted lover.

"How was this miraculous escape effected, dearest?" he asked.

"I was confined in the chief's tent," she breathlessly answered; "but not watched, for the whole camp is plunged in a drunken carouse; and thus I managed to escape."

"Now heaven be blessed for this!" cried Arthur. "My men, the hour of retribution has come. Heaven has delivered these Sassenach dogs into our hands. Upon them, and spare not a man."

With a wild ringing cry, the mountaineers dashed into the camp of the revellers and fell upon them; and immediately a massacre took place. The Saxons were too much surprised and too drunk to make an effective resistance, and they were speedily cut to pieces. Their leader was slain in front of his own tent by the young Prince's sword.

A search was made for the traitor Howel among the slain, and he was found near the body of his master; and he being wounded, not dead, they hung him from the nearest tree.

Of the happy wedding of Prince Arthur and the beautiful Genevra we need say little: how the rich viands were consumed, and the luscious mead quaffed to the health of the bride; how the merry dance circled; and how the gray-haired bards, who had learned their art in Ireland, made the air alive with music.

NO INQUIRY WITHOUT ITS USE.

It seems to be a necessary condition of human science that we should learn many apparently useless things in order to become acquainted with those which are of service; and as it is impossible, antecedently to experience, to know the value of our acquisitions, the only way in which mankind can secure all the advantages of knowledge is to prosecute their inquiries in every possible direction. There can be no greater impediment to the progress of science than a perpetual and anxious reference at every step to *palpable* utility. Assured that the general result will be beneficial, it is

not wise to be too solicitous as to the immediate value of every individual effort. Nor is it to be forgotten that trivial and apparently useless acquisitions are often the necessary *preparatives* to important discoveries. The labors of the antiquary, the verbal critic, the collator of mouldering manuscripts, the describer of microscopic objects (labors which may appear to many out of all proportion to the value of the result), may be preparing the way for the achievements of some splendid genius, who may combine the o minute details into a magnificent system, or evolve from a multitude of particulars collected with painful toil, some general principle destined to illuminate the career of future ages. To no one, perhaps are the labors of his predecessors, even when they are apparently trifling or unsuccessful, of more service than to the metaphysician; and he who is well acquainted with the science, can scarcely fail to perceive that many of *its inquiries are gradually converging to important results*. Unallied as they may appear to present utility, it is not hazarding much to assert, that the world must hereafter be indebted to them for the extirpation of many mischievous errors, and the correction of a great part of those loose and ill-founded opinions by which society is now pervaded.

NOBLE CONDUCT.

M. Dugar, provost of the merchants, in the city of Lyons, was a man remarkable for the strict and impartial administration of justice. The bakers flattered themselves that they could prevail upon him to be their friend, at the expense of the public. They waited upon him in a body, and begged leave to raise the price of bread. He told them that he would examine their petition, and give them an answer very soon; before they left the room, they contrived slyly to drop a purse of two hundred louis d'ors on the table. They soon called upon the magistrate for an answer; not in the least doubting but the money had effectually pleaded their cause. "Gentlemen," said M. Dugar, "I have weighed your reasons in the balance of justice, and I find them light. I do not think the people ought to suffer under a pretence of the dearness of corn, which I know to be ill-

founded. As to the purse of money which you left with me, I am certain that I have made such a generous and noble use of it as you yourselves intended; I have distributed it among the poor objects of charity in our hospitals; as you are *opulent enough* to make such *large donations*, I cannot possibly think that you can incur any loss in your business, and I therefore shall continue the price of bread as it was before I received your petition."

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE DOCTOR.

Sir Walter Scott was once in a small English town, where his servant fell sick, and he was under the necessity of sending for a doctor. There were two in the town, one who had been long established, and one a new-comer. The latter gentleman was fortunately found at home, and lost no time in obeying Sir Walter's summons, who, looking up when he entered, saw before him a grave, sagacious-looking man, attired in black, with a shovel hat, in whom, to his utter astonishment, he recognized a Scottish blacksmith, who had formerly practiced with considerable success as a veterinary operator in the neighborhood of Ashiestiel.

"How in all the world!" exclaimed Sir Walter, "came you here? Can it be possible that this is John Taudie?"

"In truth it is, your honor—just that, exactly."

"Well, let us hear. You were a horse doctor before; now it seems you are a man doctor. How do you get on?"

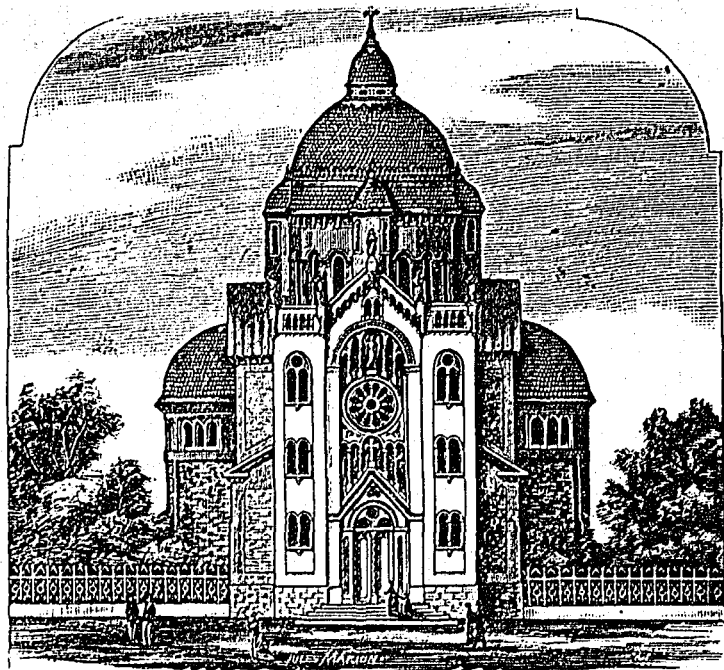
"On? Just extraordinary well; for your honor maun ken that my practice is very sure and orthodox! I depend entirely upon twa simples."

"And what may their names be? Perhaps it's a secret?"

"I'll tell your honor" (in a low tone) "my twa simples are just laudamy and calamy."

"Simples, with a vengeance?" replied Sir Walter. "But, John, do you never happen to kill any of your patients?"

"Kill? Oh, ay. May be sae. Whiles they dee and whiles no; but its the will o' Providence. Onyhoo, your honor, it will be very lang before it makes up for Flodden."



OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

We give in this number a sketch of the new Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, corner of St. Denis and St. Catherine streets. We know what interest is taken in the construction of this edifice, and, after having visited it, we can assure our readers, that when finished it will be a gem, a miniature basilica. The principal dome, resting on smaller cupolas, towers above the surrounding buildings, and will present a still more imposing appearance when it will be ornamented by the many decorations which is to crown the *facade*. From different parts of the city, particularly from the end of St. Denis and St. Catherine streets, the building charms the eye by its delicate proportions, and forms a graceful contrast to the spires and towers of other churches. The frontage has an individual character, showing to advantage the white marble facings, which later on will be improved by the chisel of the sculptor. The dimensions of the edifice are large enough to allow of its assuming a heavy and even an imposing ornamentation. The church consists of two parts,

first the basement, which is already used as a chapel, and the sanctuary, which is 120 feet long by 100 feet wide, at the galleries, 45 feet wide, and 50 feet in height at the aisles. The dome gradually increases from 30 to 120 feet in height. All these dimensions correspond one with the other, and are perfectly correct according to architectural rules. A pretty enclosure above the main entrance is destined to receive the organ. Ten pillars support the inner walls, and are ornamented with beautiful paintings. The arcades, the side walls, the porch and the interior of the tower, are all encrusted with heavy gilding, which serves both to enhance the beauty of the different portions of the church, and to mark more clearly the outlines of the building.

At the end of the sanctuary is a sort of large illuminated alcove where, as if in a grotto, will be seen the miraculous apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes. Immediately on entering the church, this lovely shrine will be the principal object in sight. On the side walls will be produced the principal facts relating

to the Immaculate Conception, the most touching proofs of Mary Immaculate's love for her children. Finally, the story of Lourdes and its miracles, the illustrious mountain, the new cathedral, the feast of the Pilgrims and the Coronation of the Virgin, will be represented in all the beauty which painting gives to such subjects. Such is an imperfect description of the magnificent temple which Catholic piety in America, is preparing for the Mother of God in the centre of Montreal city. The work is to be finished at the close of the present year, but already has the Virgin Mother shown her predilection for her shrine. Crowds of devotees visit it daily, and by her sweet influence, Mary encourages and hears the prayers of her worshippers, seeming thus, to hasten by her mercy, the day of the dedication.

We congratulate the Rev. Mr. Lenoir S. S.; with whom originated the pious idea of building the church, and Mr. Bourassa, who is at once the architect and superintendent of the works.

IRISH WIT OF THE FIRST WATER

The following appeared in an American paper some time ago, but is no doubt new to readers of THE HARP.

A NOVEL CONTROVERSY.

A gentleman in whose word I have the greatest confidence, entertained me a few evenings ago with an account of a "controversy" that took place in his presence lately in one of the city cars. Many of the points made are excellent, but I have my doubts as to their originality; however, if they afford either amusement or instruction, I shall feel sufficiently paid for noting them.

"As I was returning home from my office lately," said my friend, "a gentleman whom I afterwards knew to be an Irish Catholic, came into the rather crowded car where I was, and managed to secure a seat directly opposite a modest-looking man who wore a white necktie. The modest-looking man, it seems, was very humorous; for no sooner had the gentleman taken his seat, than he asked in a rather loud voice, "If he heard the news?" "No, sir," said the gentleman, "what is it; has anything strange happened?" "Yes, sir," said the other; "and it is really frightful. The

bottom has fallen out of Purgatory, and all the Catholics have dropped into hell." "I am very sorry, indeed," said the Catholic; "I pity the poor Protestants underneath; they must have been ground to powder."

The dispute was now fairly open, and the passengers became interested as to what should come next. "You are a minister of the Gospel, ain't you?" said the Catholic. "Yes, sir, I am at your service; what can I do to oblige you?" "I would like to know," said the Catholic, "why you have no altars in your churches?" "I presume you are an Irishman," said the minister, "so I will answer your question after your own fashion—that is, by asking another. The corruptions of Papery, are, of course, known; why do you have such costly pictures, or why do your clergy use such costly vestments of gold and silver?" "Do you forget," said the Catholic, "that the older the house the more grand and precious are its treasures and furniture? But, my dear sir, would you be good enough to tell me where your church was before the reformation?" "I answer you in your own style again," said the minister, "Where was your face before it was washed?" "If I had made that remark," said the other, "it would have some meaning; but coming from you it is fifteen hundred years behind the times; for when the Catholic Church after her work of converting the nations of Europe, found that a few sores had been collecting on her face, she took a little of the medicine that Christ had left to her, and purified her countenance of all disease. Your friend Dean Swift has told the truth somewhat plainer by remarking; that when the Pope cleared his garden, he threw the weeds over the fence. Perhaps your reverence can understand his meaning."

The passengers by this time had become all attention; the conductor even left the platform to listen to the debate; and it was noticed that two old ladies who had come to their getting-off place, preferred a longer ride, in order to follow the drift of the controversy. So far the Catholic had the first question. The minister thought it was now his time, and he led off with what he considered a puzzler. "Why don't you eat

ment on Friday," said he; "it is as good on that as on other days, you must be a fool to think it is not." "Well," said the other "I have no objection whatever to meat. I like it on Friday as well as on Thursday; and I tell you what it is, if I had the making of my own religion, too, as you had, I would have put meat in it for every day in the week." The audience was delighted with the quickness of the answer; but the minister put in a very nice question on the same subject, which for a few seconds seemed to puzzle his opponent. "Your answer," said he, "may satisfy yourself and those that think as you do; but you contradict your principles by your actions. You drink milk on Friday and milk comes from the cow; and may you not as well eat the meat as drink the milk, as they are both of the same substance?"

"Were you a baby?" said the Catholic. "That needs no answer," said the other. "And you drank your mother's milk as often as you pleased?" "Certainly I did," said he. "Well, then," said the Catholic with a humorous smile, "is that any reason you'd eat her?"

The laugh that followed this remark could be heard half a square off, and though many in the car did not sympathize with the Catholic's principles, his humor and argument were so capital that he became a general favorite.

"You superstitious Papist!" said the now pretty angry minister, "you have no mind of your own. You are led by the nose by your church, and believe in things which you have never seen." "Well," said the Catholic, "I could say a great deal of that very thing about yourself. There is this difference, however, I am led by the church which Christ founded, and I believe what she teaches; but you are led by every apostate, priest or monk she has kicked out of her fold for their pride and disobedience, and as to believing in things I have never seen, I am not equal to yourself, for you believe you have brains and common sense, though neither you nor anybody else has ever seen them." "But," said the minister, "you believe in absurdities; you believe in the Sacrifice of the Mass. You believe the priest can forgive your sins. You believe the Saints can hear you. You believe that the devil is a person. Why, sir, this is non-

sense. All these in the estimation of sensible men are foolish, they are exploded; show me the devil and I'll give you fifty dollars." "Don't get so excited, my dear friend," said the Catholic, "what you may call nonsense, I believe on the word of God, and on the word of his Church. I believe them to be truths revealed by God. And as to your further objection about believing what I don't see, especially with reference to the devil, keep your money, wait a while, don't change your life or your creed, and take my word for it, you'll see him for nothing."

The minister by this time was pretty well satisfied with the argument. He had more than he wanted, but thought he would make another effort, and try by it to carry the sympathies of the audience.

"Your church is opposed to natural freedom," said he, "she is unchristian in her doctrines. She admits the truth of no sect whatever, and sends every man to hell that don't belong to her Communion. I want you to tell this audience plainly, do you believe there is no salvation outside the Catholic Church?" "Yes," said the other, "I believe it. There is but one God, consequently there is but one true religion. That religion was prefigured by the Ark; and as those who were saved from the Deluge had to get into that Ark, so those who want to be saved when they die, must in this life belong to the church which Christ our Lord has founded." All then who don't belong to it will go to hell?" said the minister. "If you say so," said the other, "let it be so, especially as you can't find any other place for them."

"Now, sir, I want to press this matter further, and show those people here how uncharitable you and your church are. I want no evasive answer to my question. Do you believe that I will go to hell when I die?" "Oh, my dear sir," said the Catholic, "no; there is nothing further from my thought, I never imagined such a thing." "Well," said the minister, "what peculiar thing is it, or what qualification do I possess that will exempt me from the lot and fate of others?" "Invincible Ignorance!" said the Catholic, jumping from his seat and getting off the car, his

smiling countenance beaming with satisfaction.

The clapping of hands, the hearty laugh and shouts of approbation that followed were joined in by all the passengers. The minister got off by the front platform. As he did so, a gentleman near me remarked that invincible ignorance was a mighty mean way to be saved by, and he'd venture to bet that the modest-looking man with the white neck-tie would have felt better had he never heard that the bottom had fallen out of Purgatory.

A LITTLE BIT OF ROMANCE FROM HISTORY.

Audin, in his "Life of Henry VIII," speaking of the noble Surrey, poet and philosopher, says:

"The women remembered his beauty and his youth, the soldiers his courage, the literati his poetical talents, artists his passion for paintings and statues. Never again, said they, would he see that cottage which he had built at Norwich, the first attempt at Grecian architecture in England, a purely Italian dwelling, embellished by the pupils of Petro d' Udine, after the walls of the Vatican. What was now to become of Churchyard, the poet laureate, whom he had taken into his service, and Adrian Junius, the great physician, whose talents he had so generously rewarded? The nymph Geraldine had now lost her knight and bard. He would see her no more with the magic mirror of Cornelius Agrippa, lying carelessly on a carpet of flowers, and reciting the poet's verses. How many beautiful songs had he commenced which death was now to interrupt! More than one young maiden repeated, with tearful eyes, that sonnet in which Surrey imitated and surpassed his master, Petrarch."

The sonnet alluded to, in pastoral beauty, breaths the spirit of Shenstone, and is as follows:

The soote season, that bud and blooms forth brings
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale:
The nightingale with feathers new she sings,
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
Summer is come, for every spray now springs:
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale:
The buck in bracke his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale:
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale:
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bane;
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

TITLES OF THE POPE.

So much has been said of the supremacy of the Pope, that it is very difficult to add anything new, but perhaps the readers of the HARP will not be displeased to see a passage of St. Francis de Sales, where the various remarkable titles given to the Sovereign Pontiff and to his see, by the Church in ancient times, are collected. This work of the holy Bishop is worthy of being introduced, not only, because it interests the curiosity, but also because it furnishes matter for grave reflections, which we leave to the reader. They are as follows:—

Most Holy Bishop of the Catholic Church—Council of Soissons, of 300 Bishops.

Most Holy and Blessed Patriarch—Ibid, t. vii., Council.

Most Blessed Lord—St. Augustine, Ep. 95.

Universal Patriarch—St. Leo, P., Ep. 62. Chief of the Church in the World—Innoc. ad P. P. Concil. Milevit.

The Bishop elevated to the Apostolic eminence—St. Cyprian. Ep. 3, 12.

Father of Fathers—Council of Chalcedon, Sess. iii.

Sovereign Pontiff of Bishops—Id., in pref.

Sovereign Priest—Council of Chalcedon, Sess. xvi.

Prince of Priests—Stephen, Bishop of Carthage.

Prefect of the House of God and Guardian of the Lord's Vineyard—Council of Carthage, Ep. to Damasus.

Vicar of Jesus Christ, Confirmer of the Faith of Christians—St. Jerome, pref. in Evang. ad Damasum

High-Priest—Valentinian, and all antiquity with him.

The Sovereign Pontiff—Council of Chalcedon, in Epist. ad Theodos. Imper.

The Prince of Bishops—Ibid.

The Heir of the Apostles—St. Bern., lib. de Consid.

Abraham by the Patriarchate—St. Ambrose, in 1 Tim iii.

Melchisedech by ordination—Council of Chalcedon, Epist. ad Leonem.

Moses by authority—St. Bernard, Epist. 190.

Samuel by jurisdiction—Id. ib. et in lib. de Consider.

Peter by power—Ibid.

Christ by unction—Ibid.

The Shepherd of the Fold of Jesus Christ—Id. lib. ii. de Consider.

Key-Bearer of the House of God—Id. ibid. c. viii.

The Shepherd of all Shephards—Ibid.

The Pontiff called to the plenitude of power—Ibid.

St. Peter was the Mouth of Jesus Christ St. Chrysost Hom. ii., in Div. serm.

The Mouth and Head of the Apostleship—Orig, Hom. Iv, in Matth.

The Cathedra and Principal Church—St. Cypr., Ep. Iv. ad Cornel.

The Source of Sacerdotal Unity—Id. Epist. ii., 2.

The Bond of Unity—Id. ibid. iv. 2.

The Church where resides the chief power (*potentier principalitus*)—Id. Ibid. iii. 8.

The Church the Root and Mother of all the others—St. Anaclæt. Papa, Epist, ad omnes Episc. et Fideles.

The See on which our Lord has built the Universal Church—St. Damasus, Epist. ad Univ. Episcop.

The Cardinal Point and Head of all the Churches—St. Marcellinus, R. Epist. ad Episc. Antioch.

The Refuge of Bishops—Conc. Alex., Epist. ad Felic. P.

The Supreme Apostolic See.—St Athanasius.

The Presiding Church—Emperor Justin in lib. viii., Cod. de Sum. Trinit.

The Supreme See which cannot be judged by any other—St. Leo, in Nat. SS. Apost.

The Church set over and preferred to all the others—Victor d'Utiq., in lib. de Perfect.

The First of all the Sees—St. Prosper, in lib. de Ingrat.

The Apostolic Fountain—St. Ignatius, Epist. ad Rom. in Subscript.

The most secure Citadel of all Catholic Communion—Council of Rome under St. Gelasius.

GRATITUDE.—A country editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says:—"It is such kindness as these that brings tears to our eyes."

FATHER BURKE ON DRUNKENNESS.

A Retreat was lately conducted in Cork by the renowned Dominican on which occasion he discoursed on the terrible vice of Drunkenness, as follows:—

There were two consequences of drunkenness, two sins, that should make the vice of intemperance to be avoided. The first of those dangers, or sins, regarded Almighty God himself, and the second regarded the person of the man. Experience taught them that the man who got drunk, or even half drunk—for there was a state of drunkenness, that was not exactly intoxication, and yet was not sobriety—and in that state a man was capable of committing more sin than if he was violently drunk. The first sin a man was in danger of falling into while in that state was the sin of blasphemy. The first sin a man was in danger of was blasphemy. Every day he met men of good faith, and not without good Christian piety, who would say that they had cursed—that they had blasphemed the name of God. Ask them why had they done that, and the answer was, "I had a drop taken." He never heard an excuse so often given for sin as "I had a drop taken." What did it mean? It simply meant that "I had the devil in me." The manner of drinking now was not what it used to be. He remembered, himself, when any decent, respectable man would be ashamed of his life to be seen before his dinner taking a glass of whiskey. He remembered the time a respectable tradesman or laborer would be ashamed of his life to have a smell of drink upon him in the middle of the day or morning. If they did drink it was after dinner. Now-a-days things were changed, and a man commenced in the morning. In the morning early the great monarch of iniquity sat on his throne. The great demon of drunkenness called together his satellites, and they went on what was vulgarly called tippling all day long. He did not speak a word against the men, many of them good, God-fearing men, that were engaged in the liquor-trade; but he would say this, that any man who had a liquor store and who opened before the proper hour for sales underhand and promoted

drunkenness in that way, that man was opening the Temple of the demon of Drunkenness, and he was guilty of sin. He would say that any man in this trade who would hand over his counter drink to a person that had already the sign of drink, and so make him drunk was guilty of a grievous sin. We cannot degrade our fellow man so directly without degrading ourselves and offending Almighty God. When a man was under the influence of drink his passions were excited, and if he were vexed, the first word he uttered was some outrageous curse or oath against Almighty God. The rev. gentleman dwelt with great force upon the grievousness of outraging the name of God. There was nothing in Heaven or earth for which God had so great a regard as his own name. It was a name that the Hebrews of old were scarcely permitted to use in prayer; and yet the half-drunken man, with blood-shot eyes and shaking hands, used it on every occasion. Father Burke referred to the poisonous effects of alcohol, and drew a vivid picture of the results of drinking, and the terrible death of the drunkard. He then spoke of the penalty of sin—namely, Death. There was something far more terrible than death—namely the judgment of Almighty God. "It is decreed for all men to die, and after death, Judgment." They read in the history of his own Dominican Order that St. Louis when dying turned to his companion and said, "I am afraid to die—can you save me—can you put away death?" The priest said to him, "Why are you afraid to die—you have been always working for God." "Oh," said the dying saint, "it is not of death I am afraid, but of the judgment of Almighty God." He did not know whether any amongst them had ever been present at the death of a fellow-creature, but he, as a priest, had often witnessed such a scene. After picturing the death scene, he proceeded—As the soul goes forth and the sorrowing family are still asking themselves whether the dead man has yet breathed his last, a scene the most awful that can be imagined is taking place in the midst of them. The soul stands face to face with Jesus Christ, who has given His heart's blood for our salvation. In return for that blood the

Son of God obtained for us all the graces, all the helps that now surround us, in order that we might sanctify our souls! Every word of instruction that we hear; every Sacrament that is there waiting for us, every good impulse that we feel within us, every victory over temptation, every good thought that comes into our mind, everything that can help us to save our souls—every single one of these things has been purchased for us by the blood of Jesus Christ. Now, when God comes to Judgment, He comes to demand an account for the blood which He shed for the soul, and he comes, my brothers, and remember—we must meet Him—he comes without Mercy, and with only Justice—without Mercy. Now, as long as we are in this world the Divine Saviour is all mercy; He is only too glad to be merciful; He is waiting for us; He is calling us. He says to us in His own Divine words—"Come to Me—come to Me, all you who are burdened and heavy laden, and I will refresh and relieve you." But, at the hour of Judgment, Christ our Lord loses sight of His mercy, and He only remembers His Justice. He comes no longer in the interests of the soul; but He comes in the interests of His Eternal Father, to demand that that Father's Justice be carried out. What is the consequence? In that hour—that dreadful, terrible hour before us all—the Son of God will take an account of every single thought, word and action. How fearful to think! We are always thinking, often speaking, always doing something, and, we have the Word of God for it, that every single word—even the idle word—that passes our lips we shall have to give an account of before the Judgment Seat of God! For every thought of our minds, for every affection or desire of our hearts, we shall have to give an account. Hear the words of the Scripture. Ecclesiastes says to the young man—the young, foolish, thoughtless, self-enjoying man—"Thou, O young man, walkest in the joys of thy heart and the light of thine eyes; but remember that for all those things the Lord thy God will call thee to Judgment." "Oh, God, who can stand it?" says the Royal Prophet. In the space occupied by an instantaneous act of the memory every thought, word

and action of the forty, fifty or sixty years of our life is recalled—the words we have spoken of folly, of profane jests, of sudden and quick anger, of irreligion, the words of hatred, or of contempt for others, spoken, and no sooner spoken than forgotten, perhaps not even remembered when we were preparing for our monthly confession;—those words will come back;—we shall hear them ringing in our ears. Jesus Christ our Lord will listen to them, and will hear them also. The foolish acts of our youth—the unguarded glance that led us into evil thoughts and sin—the wild follies that we are ashamed to think of now—these wild youthful follies will stand out in all their nakedness, in all their folly, in all their sin, and call upon Christ our Lord and say, “Look at us; this is the soul by whom we were committed.” Turning to the soul these sins of life will say, “Do you know us? We are the words which you spoke; we are the thoughts that you thought; we are the things that you did; we will remain with you.” “And their word shall follow them,” said the Lord. My brothers, I ask you to reflect, when that just and terrible Judge passes in review all our thoughts and words and actions, then will come the tremendous question: “Son of man, why did you commit such and such a sin?” What excuse will we have to make? Shall we say to our Lord: “Have pity on me, oh! God; I acknowledge these sins of mine; I acknowledge these are my foolish thoughts, words and acts; have pity on me, oh! God, for I did not know anything better when I committed them.” Christ our Lord will answer “Thou liest! Don’t say you knew not better; you knew well you were offending God and destroying your own soul; you knew it well; I did not put you in the world in the midst of savages, in the midst of heretics, but I re-created you in a Catholic land; and I made you a child of My own Church; I placed you where you had abundance of instruction; and therefore do not tell Me that you knew no better.” We will, perhaps, say, “Ah, I knew it was wrong, but I had not the grace to resist temptation.” Christ our Lord will say “Thou liest! I came down from Heaven and shed My blood on the

cross to obtain grace for you, and that grace you had if you only chose to use it. You had My Sacraments; you had My priests; you had Myself upon the altar to purify and strengthen you; I gave you grace; therefore don’t tell me you had no grace.” Shall we say in the hour of our Judgment: Lord, I deny that these thoughts, or these words, or these actions were mine, I deny it.” Christ our Lord will answer “Thou liest! For I am witness against thee, as well as thy Judge. I was looking at you when you were thinking and speaking these things—My eye was never off you.” And, my brothers, if we find that our case is going against us; if we find that our sins are too strong for us—that they are there—that we can’t deny them—that we must take them with all their consequences,—oh, then think of the terrible interview, the last parting between Jesus Christ and the soul! Oh! think of that awful moment, when standing alone in the presence of our God we shall watch the face of God, to gather from his countenance, whether there is any hope left for us. If we see a cloud of anger overspreading the face of God; if we see the spirit of condemnation coming upon Him; if we see Him raising His right hand not to bless, but raising it in the threatening of His fury; if we see the mouth of Jesus Christ opening to pronounce the words, “Go! thou accursed sinner—begone into eternal flames,” where shall we turn? Shall we appeal to Him and say, “Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.” He will answer, “I was merciful to you for many long years; there is no mercy now; the time of mercy is past; the reign of Justice is begun.” Shall we cry out to the Mother of God, “Mary, Mother of Mercy, save me!” Oh! great as she is, and high as she is, Mary must be silent, and stand aside and tremble when her Son is angry with the sinner. Shall we cry to the angels and saints of God to save us; no; they are all trembling with fear—Heaven itself trembles before the face of an angry God. No; there is only one issue left—to take our last look at Him who died upon the Cross—to say to him “Oh after I long thought and hoped that I might enjoy thee, forever in Heaven, now I must set my face on Hell, and

there, among the devils, thy enemies, blaspheme Thy name for Eternity." Down into the nether Hell, never to see God, and never to see one glimpse of the face of Jesus Christ, never again to behold the light, never again to know one moment's peace of soul or body—down into the nether Hell must the sinner go who is found wanting in the hour of his judgment.

Now all this is before us. We must die—we cannot escape death; after death comes Judgment. You may well ask me, then, "where is the use of your telling us all this if there is no escape—if there is no remedy—you only want to drive us to despair." No, there is just one way of escaping from the Judgment of God; there is just one excuse, and only one, that the Lord will accept in the hour of His Judgment; and blessed shall we be if we are able to speak that word. What is that? It is, my brothers, the simple fact—I ask you to remember it for your own consolation—that our Lord must judge every thought, word and action of every man among us, but He never judges the same thing twice, and if He pronounces judgment once, He never goes back on that judgment again. Now, Christ or Lord, is constantly judging us, but the tribunal in which He judges us is that of Mercy Confession. We all go to confession from time to time, I believe some of you once a month, according to rule; some of you, perhaps, once a week, some of you, perhaps, every two or three days. Every time we go to confession, we call upon the Son of God to judge us. Don't you remember the words we use; although the priest is there, and though we confess to him, still in reality it is to Almighty God; we begin our confession with these words:—"I confess to Almighty God, &c." We tell God our thoughts, words and actions, and we accuse ourselves—we don't wait for the devil to accuse us—we don't wait for the Angel of Death to accuse us—we say "Lord, I accuse myself of this;" and He judges us, and the only sentence He passes in that Tribunal is a sentence of acquittal. But whatever passes under the eye of God in the confessional is never judged by Him in the hour of death. The only refuge, therefore, we have—the only safe guard is the confes-

sional. When Christ at the hour of Judgment says—"Oh, son of man, the devil, thine enemy, accuses thee of such an act of impurity at such a time, of such a sin of drunkenness on such a day," if we are able to say to God, "I admit that sin; I admit I am guilty of it; but remember, O, Christ! I put that sin before you; I put it at your feet in the confessional; this isn't the first time that You saw it; this isn't the first time You have heard of it; this isn't the first time that I accused myself of it; I laid that sin before You." Our Lord turns to the devil and says, "Begone! that sin has been judged already; that which God blots out in His mercy He never recalls in His Judgment."

Oh, Lord of Mercy! who gives this escape and safeguard to every poor sinner in the Sacrament of Penance, I pray that you, my brothers, will avail yourselves fervently and religiously of this escape from the consequences of God's Judgment; for thus and thus only can we escape from it.

LIFE'S DEATH, LOVE'S LIFE.

By ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.

Who lives in love, loves least to live,
And long delays doth rue;
If Him we love by whom we live,
To whom all love is due.

Who for our love did choose to live,
And was content to die,
Who loved our love more than His life,
And love with life did buy.

Let us in life, yea, with our life,
Requite His loving love;
For best we live, when best we love,
If love our life remove.

Where love is not, life hateful is,
Their grounds do not agree:
Love where it loves, life where it lives,
Desireth most it be.

And love is not where it lives,
Nor liveth where it loves:
Love hateth life that holds it back,
And death it most approves.

For seldom is he won in life
Whom love doth most desire,
If won in love, yet not enjoyed
Till mortal life expire.

Life out of earth, hath no abode,
In earth love hath no place;
Love settled hath her joys in heaven,
In life all her grace.

Mourn, therefore, no true lover's death;
Life only him, annoys;
And when he taketh leave of life,
Then love begins his joys.

PERSECUTION — ANCIENT AND
MODERN.

Catholics who obey the commands of God, and who follow the precepts of the Church, may truly be said to be in the world but not of it. To them the world presents a spectacle at once at variance with the proclaimed laws of God and antagonistic to the Infalible teachings of His visible Spouse on earth. To the world in its boasted enlightenment the practical Catholic is a fool. Wise in its own conceit, and blinded by pride, the world cannot conceive any respect for those who are bound by the ties of religion to the throne of God: Priests are accounted "foolish" because they deny themselves the attraction and amusements of the world in order to serve God in purity, poverty, and holiness of life. Sisters of every Order are looked upon as "very foolish" because they cast behind them the vanities of pride and the follies of fashion in order to serve God—and through Him the poor sick and the orphan—in poverty, chastity, and piety. Thus it is that the mammon-worshipping world looks upon those who separate themselves from the foibles and follies of life in order to point out to the world the narrow way that leads to eternal happiness. In this way the ecclesiastics of the Church and the Religious of her communities may well be called the self-immolated martyrs of the present age. The skeptical world sneers at their purity and frowns on their piety, whilst they by precept and example preach as St. Paul did "Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Gentiles foolishness." "But," adds the Apostle, "to them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ is the power of God and the Wisdom of God."

There is one feature, however, in Christian faith which the world cannot fail to admire, and that is the constancy and fidelity with which the Priests, the Religious, and the Faithful in the Catholic Church cling to the Faith handed down to them from the Apostolic age. Everywhere the same courage seems to animate the Christian heart for which persecution has no terrors that can make it quail, and even death itself is welcomed if it only comes in the form

of the martyr's crown. The words of Lactantius are as true in our days as they were centuries ago, when he tells us that "Christians have conquered the world not by slaying but by being slain." What a beautiful parallel do we not find for this idea in the crucifixion of our Divine Redeemer, whose omnipotent triumph over the world, was won by His death on calvary! God died to save men—and Christian martyrs die in order to save the faith of God. Thus it is that "the blood of the martyrs becomes the seed of the Church," seed from which springs the enduring flower of Faith whose perfume is wafted into every clime, borne along the breeze of nature, wafted from the vault of Heaven.

Catholic faith demands of its disciples that they cling tenaciously to the cross. The world, on the contrary, sells us by its so-called scientists and sages that Christianity is dead, that its mission did well enough in the "dark ages," that modern enlightenment has discovered new means by which we can lay aside the asceticism of Christianity and revel in the joys of life. That in a word, God is only "the great unknown," creed an incumbrance, and the happiness or misery of a future state the mere creations of churchmen. It is thus in their ignorant pride and pompous presumption that the "scientists" of modern days destroy at one fell swoop of the atheistical pens the sublime and heaven-given Faith of God and seek to undermine all belief in Christianity, its promised rewards and threatened punishments. With the views of these "new lights" every enemy of the Catholic Church is in full accord. They behold in her the only obstacle to the fulfilment of their hopes and the accomplishment of their designs. She alone possesses the shield of defence, the armor of Faith and the courage to oppose their demoniacal designs, hence their assaults are levelled at her devoted head with the malice of Satan seeking to overthrow the power of God on earth.

NOT ENOUGH.—A soldier telling his mother of the horrible fire at the battle of Chickamauga, was asked by her why he didn't get behind a tree.—"Tree," said he, "there wasn't enough for the officers."



THE EARL OF DUFFERIN.

His Excellency The Right Honorable Sir Frederick Temple, Earl of Dufferin, Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of Saint Patrick, and Knight Commander of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath.

Lord Dufferin has "wealthy blood" in his veins, for he comes from a family on both sides that almost luxuriates in the dowry of genius. He is a descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the distinguished author, orator, and statesman. He was born 21 June, 1826. Educated at Eton College and Christ Church, Oxford. Married 23 October, 1862, Harriet Georgina, eldest daughter of Archibald Rowan Hamilton, Esq., of Killyleagh Castle, County Down, by whom he has had several children. Succeeded as 5th Baron Dufferin and Clandeboy, in the Peerage of Ireland, on the death of his father, 21 July, 1841.

Created Baron Clandeboy of the United Kingdom, 1850; and Earl of Dufferin and Viscount Clandeboy (both of the United Kingdom), 1870. His Lordship, we may mention, is senior heir-general of the Hamiltons, Earls of Clanbrassill. Was a Lord in Waiting to the Queen, from 1849 to 1852, and from 1854 to 1858; attached to Earl Russell's special mission to Vienna, Feb., 1855; British Commissioner in Syria, 1860; Under Secretary of State for India from 1864 to 1866, and for War, from 1866 to following year; and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Paymaster-General, from 1868 to 1872. Appointed Lord Lieutenant of the County Down, 1864; and Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, 22 May, 1872. Is Honorary Colonel of the North Down Rifles.

The Blackwoods, represented by the



THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

noble house of Dufferin, are of Scotch extraction, and can be traced in the public records of Scotland to a very early period. One branch migrated to France, one of which was the celebrated Adam Blackwood, Privy-Councillor to Mary Queen of Scots, and Senator of the Presidial Court of Poitiers. He died, leaving ample proofs of his talents as a civilian, a poet, and a divine, and was then interred with great pomp under a marble monument, inscribed with a long epitaph, styling himself "*Nobilis Scotus, inclityerum majorum Caledonia notus.*" The male line of the French Blackwoods became extinct in 1766. John Blackwood, who may be said to have been the progenitor of the Irish branch of the family, born in Scot-

land in 1591, became possessed of considerable property in Ireland, which he settled on his son. The first baronet was Sir Robert Blackwood, of Ballyleidy, created in 1763, who married a sister of the Earl of Miltown. The third baron, Sir James, inherited the peerage in 1808, at the decease of his mother, Dorcas, created Baroness Dufferin and Clандeboye. The fourth baron was Price, a captain in the Royal Navy, who married, 4th of July, 1825, Helen Selina, daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq., son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The only issue of the marriage was the present Lord Dufferin, who, *par parenthese*, we may mention, is distinguished as an author, having given to the public, among other distinguished liter-

ary contributions, that pleasing volume, "Letters from High Latitudes," published in 1857 by John Murray.

As was predicted at his appointment, Lord Dufferin has proved to be one of the most popular and able representatives of the British Crown that ever was entrusted with administrative power over a free people.

SCIENTIFIC INFIDELITY.

It is a curious speculation, what Protestantism may come to should it survive to the end of this century. Its most respectable representative, the Church of England, may be supposed to be fully developed. We do not see what new phases the Establishment can assume beyond those which it has already assumed. From transcendental Puseyism to baldest Calvinism is a leap of considerable magnitude; and the huge space between them is crowded to inconvenience by innumerable and indeclinable sects. The newest school, perhaps, in Anglicanism is that which joins Indifferentism with what is eulogized as "Scientific Infidelity." This school has a moral significance, quite distinct from any that has gone before. Up to thirty years ago it was regarded as high-principled that a man should profess something and adhere to it. A clergyman or a layman would have been accounted to be disreputable who should have professed that he believed in nothing in particular. A High Churchman was pardoned by the most extreme Evangelical, provided only he was thought to be sincere; while Evangelicals were respected by High Churchmen if only they seemed convinced in their minds. These days have passed away. There is an animosity between parties which shows that modern controversy has become a mental, not a spiritual struggle. The extreme bitterness of the Anglican newspapers in their treatment of the opinions of their disidents proves that religion has been relegated to the sphere of partisanship, and has lost its first motive—spirituality. This fierce quarrel is curiously blended with a profound and yet heritable indifference. The two qualities are inseparable. In the proportion of the humanizing of religious considerations must grow the dis-

respect for religion. The more you make doctrine debatable ground, the more you degrade it in value. If you assert that the Sacraments, Holy Orders, Church Authority, are "open questions" as to sphere and degree, you assert that they are inferior to the intellect which may judge them, since each person can make a "Church" for himself. But it is totally impossible for the mind to adore *that* which is the result of its own excogitation. Vanity may be tickled and interest may be excited in the making good an hypothesis of one's own; but as to adoring one's own home made religion, the thing is quite out of the question. Hence, Indifferentism becomes the inevitable product of continued and angry polemics. The earnestness is expended on quarrel, the indifference is kept for religion. And probably the Protestants who have least religion in this country are those who fight most over its doctrines.

But the new element which has come recently into the struggle, and which threatens to be the most fatal of all, is what is called Scientific Infidelity. This deceit has a special excuse. Obviously, not one man in twenty thousand can become a real scientist; for the time and the study which are requisite for the task are outside the reach of the masses. Hence, a man can fall back on the impossibility of being a scientist, as an excuse for not being a Christian. The greatest intellect are at issue on the very *principia* of philosophy—and without philosophy there is no utilizing science; what hope, then, remains for the average disputant that he can adjust all these matters for himself? "The scientists say that they doubt Christianity, and the scientists are, of course, learned men; therefore, I, who am not a learned man, will doubt without further investigation." This is the argument of the Indifferentists. Many thousands of young men, and many thousands of matured, who have never read Aristotle or Plato, Bacon, Newton, or Mrs. Somerville, seek repose in the haven of Indifferentism from the obligation of trying to save their souls. This new sect is making such way in the Church of England, that a great portion of the clergy, as well as, of the laity, are fatally sub-

jugated by it. And its special danger to Protestants—for it should have none whatever to Catholics—is, that in Protestantism there is no divine authority to resist its devouring force. In the Catholic Church there is both supernatural authority and profound, scientific apprehension; but Protestantism, being the negation of divine authority, is like a warrior without shield or sword. There is no science of theology in Protestantism, because the groundwork of faith is disputed; the first principle of Protestantism being private judgment—that is, the right of being a heretic. Consequently, a Protestant, rejecting all divine teaching—save that which he approves for himself, and creating his own doctrines out of his own reading of the Bible—which doctrines he may change from day to day—has no one more authoritative than himself to trust to when resisting the attacks of unbelief. He cannot say with the Catholic, "The Church being divine, and your science being but human, I prefer to be taught by the Church," because he begins by asserting that the Church is only fallible, and that it requires to be kept right by himself. He has his opinions on science—both equally fallacious because human; whereas, the Catholic has the certainty of divine faith, and can afford therefore to luxuriate in opinion.

It is curious that the birth of "Scientific Infidelity" (which is really unscientific impiety) should be coeval with the birth of Indifferentism in its most callous yet resolute form; but it is, nevertheless, true that this era of science is the era of sloth. We have given the reason already. Superficial young men and superficial old men coax themselves into self admiration, and think to show their superiority to Catholic Christians by knowing little and caring still less. It is perfectly laughable to hear the folly that is talked in drawing rooms and in cozy smoking-rooms, after dinner, by men who have a smattering of hand-books of science, but who know nothing of Catholic truth. It is useless to argue with such men upon principles about which they are as ignorant as children. They fancy they know everything; and knowing really nothing, what is the use of combatting their folly? The calamitous part is that the evil must

spread, because there is no (Protestant) antidote. Men will not hear the Church, which could place them right on foundations, but persist in building castles in the air. Indifferentism is the moral side to their ignorance. And the young catch up the watchwords of the aged; and babble folly with senile assurance. It is easy to see what this must lead to. The prospects of Protestantism are national indifference, plus a certain superficial false rationalism. It is more than twenty years ago since the greatest of English thinkers foretold this last phase of English Protestantism, and pointed to the elimination of mere doctrinal controversy, and the opening of "scientific" impiety. The prophecy has been exactly fulfilled. Protestants have almost ceased to care about doctrines, and have merged such small matters, in greater. In no country in the world is open Infidelity so brandished as in Protestant England; probably because the ignorance of Catholic truth, makes Protestants more presumptuous in their folly. The Ritualists have foreseen the impending destruction, and have tried to create a little Church of their own. They say that there must certainly be supernatural authority—but that each "priest" must impersonate it in himself. *L'Église c'est moi* is their motto. The English have seen through this delusion. They know that there is one Church, and they know that there are many sects; and they are quite honest enough to laugh at the shams. But they stop short at the bare recognition. Here is the evil which must ruin them. The disbelief in divine authority can only be heightened by such parodies as Puseyism and Ritualism; for the logical mind knows that if the Church be divine, all these modern little sects are excommunicated. Hence, the experiment of Puseyism and Ritualism has hastened onward the birth of Infidelity. English Protestantism has now reached that last stage when it has no choice between the Church and unbelief. Everything has been tried that could be tried, and each remedy has but increased the disease. Protestantism is now a chaos of opinions, in which the sentiment of Christianity struggles vainly with the fact that there is no divine authority to teach. It is the highest illustration

which the history of heresy has ever shown of the impossibility of making the human to be divine. Arianism merely touched one point of the Catholic faith, and the Greek Church has disputed but two. Anglicanism has knocked Christianity all to pieces, and has built a new "Church" out of the ruins. The house of cards toppled over from the first. To reconstruct it is always to knock it down. And now that "science" has laid siege to the *debris*, the whole pretence has become matter of jest. Where will the impiety end? Either Protestants must come into the Church, or must return to Paganism, minus its gods.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

(Continued.)

Q. Who were the principal leaders of the movement in favor of free trade, and a free parliament for Ireland?

Q. Henry Grattan, the duke of Leinster, the earl of Charlemont, Henry Flood, and several others. Grattan moved, and carried through the House of Commons, in 1782, a declaration of rights exactly identified in matter, and nearly so in words, with the resolution of the Dublin Volunteers, already quoted.

Q. Where did the Volunteer convention meet?

A. At Dungannon, in February, 1782; and the bold and determined tone adopted by that body, encouraged the patriots in parliament, and overawed the court party into acquiescence.

Q. How did the parliament testify its gratitude to Grattan for his triumphant exertions to obtain legislative independence in Ireland?

A. The house of Commons voted him a grant of £50,000.

Q. What was the next money vote of the Irish Commons?

A. They voted £100,000 to raise seamen for the service of England; thus giving a proof of the readiness of Ireland to assist the sister country, when exempt from the operation of British injustice.

Q. Of what religion were the leaders of the glorious movement of 1779-82?

A. They were Protestants; some of

them were descendants of the Cromwellian settlers; and their conduct demonstrates that the Protestant heart can warm to the cause of Irish freedom and prosperity, when uninfluenced by the visionary fears conjured up by designing bigots.

Q. What was the result of the commercial and constitutional victory obtained by the patriots?

A. Increase of trade, manufacture, and general prosperity, to an extent unparalleled in the annals of any other nation within so short a period.

Q. Did the Catholics obtain any relaxation of their grievances?

A. Yes; in 1782 the penal laws regarding property were all repealed, and the Catholics were placed on a level with Protestants as far as regarded the acquisition of land in freehold, or in absolute fee.

Q. What great fault existed in the constitution of the Irish parliament?

A. The great number of small boroughs, which were under the absolute influence of private individuals, and entirely beyond the control of the people. The members nominated by these boroughs at the dictation of their several patrons, composed fully two-thirds of the house, and were necessarily more liable to be corrupted by the court, than genuine representatives of the people could have been.

Q. Were any efforts made to procure a reform of the parliament?

A. Yes; in 1783, Mr. Flood introduced a bill for that purpose into the Commons; but it was rejected through a copious application of court influence.

Q. What instance of English perfidy was established in 1785?

A. The Irish Commons had granted the minister new taxes to the amount of £140,000, on the faith of his conceding to Ireland certain commercial advantages, known as "the eleven propositions." The minister took the taxes, but instead of conceding "the eleven propositions," he introduced a code of "twenty propositions," injurious to Irish commerce, which had been suggested by the leading English merchants.

Q. What was the fate of the twenty English propositions?

A. They encountered a powerful resis-

tance in the Irish House of Commons. The government were only able to muster a majority of nineteen in a very crowded house; and as there appeared every likelihood that this small support would be discontinued, the court withdrew the obnoxious measure, and the people exhibited their delight by extraordinary rejoicings and illuminations.

Q. What remarkable event occurred in 1789?

A. The king became insane; and the British and Irish parliaments concurred in appointing the Prince of Wales Regent during his majesty's incapacity. The British parliament fettered the Regent in the exercise of the royal authority, but the Irish legislature invested him with unlimited powers. The king, however, un-expectedly recovered, and resumed the exercise of the executive functions.

Q. How did successive administrations in Ireland thenceforward employ themselves?

A. In augmented efforts to corrupt the members of the Irish legislature.

Q. To what cause do you attribute the amount of success that attended those efforts of corruption?

A. To the fact that the Irish parliament was unreformed—that it was not sufficiently under the wholesome control of the people.

Q. In what year was the elective franchise conceded to the Catholics?

A. In 1793.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Reign of George the Third, continued.

Q. What was the greatest crime the English government ever committed against Ireland?

A. The destruction of the Irish parliament, by the measure called the Legislative Union.

Q. How did the government achieve that measure?

A. By goading a large portion of the people in Ireland into a premature rebellion, at the expense of a vast effusion of blood; and then by taking advantage of the national weakness, confusion, and terror thus created to overawe the people with 137,000 soldiers, and to bribe a majority of the members of parliament to vote for the Union.

Q. What steps were taken to goad the people to take up arms?

A. In 1795 their hopes were excited by the arrival of a popular and liberal nobleman, Earl Fitz-William, who came here as viceroy, with full powers, as was currently believed, to carry emancipation. After a few months, however, he was suddenly recalled, and a totally opposite policy was pursued under the auspices of his successor, Earl Camden.

Q. State some of the cruelties practised on the Catholics at that period?

A. "A persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty, then raged in the country. Neither age nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence, could excite mercy. The only crime with which the wretched objects were charged was the profession of the Roman Catholic faith. A lawless banditti constituted themselves judges of this new delinquency, and the sentence they pronounced was equally concise and terrible. It was nothing less than confiscation of property and immediate banishment."

Q. Whose words have you now repeated?

A. The words of Lord Gosford, a Protestant nobleman, in his address to the magistracy of Armagh, printed in the *Dublin Journal*, 5th January, 1796.

Q. Does lord Gosford say that any of the armed Orange perpetrators of that persecution were punished for their crimes?

A. No; on the contrary, he expressly says, in the same address, "These horrors are now acting with impunity."

Q. What other particulars of cruelty against the Catholic people are stated by lord Moira?

A. Lord Moira, in his speech in the British House of Lords, on the 22nd of November, 1797, uses these words: "I have known a man, in order to extort confession of a supposed crime, or that of some neighbour, picketed till he actually fainted; picketed a second time till he fainted again; and when he came to himself, picketed a third time till he once more fainted, and all this upon mere suspicion."

Q. Does lord Moira state any other particulars?

A. Yes; he says that "men had been

taken and hung up, till they were half dead, and afterwards threatened with a repetition of this treatment, unless they made a confession of their imputed guilt."

Q. What important fact does lord Moira add?

A. He expressly says that "these were not particular acts of cruelty, but formed part of the system."

Q. What was the outrage at Carnow?

A. Twenty-eight men were brought out and deliberately murdered by the Orange yeomen and a party of the Antrim militia, on the 25th of May, 1798.

Q. How many men were shot without trial at Dunlavin?

A. Thirty-four.

Q. What tortures were familiarly practised by the yeomanry and soldiery against the people?

A. Whipping, half-hanging, picketing; the hair of some of the victims was cut in the form of a cross on the crowns of their heads, and the hollow thus formed strewn with gunpowder, which was set fire to, and the process repeated till the sufferers fainted; there was also the torture of the pitchcap, which consisted in applying a cap smeared with hot pitch to the shorn head of a "croppy," and dragging it forcibly off when the pitch hardened. The flesh was thus torn from the victim's head, and blinding was added to his other sufferings, as the melted pitch streamed down his forehead into his eyes. The cabins of the peasantry were burned, their sons tortured or murdered, and their daughters, in many instances, brutally violated by the armed demons whom the English government poured into the country.

Q. When did the people of Ireland, thus goaded to rise against the government, take the field against their oppressors?

A. The Kildare and Carlow peasantry commenced the insurrection on the 23rd of May, 1798.

Q. How were they armed?

A. Wretchedly. Bad guns and pikes were their only weapons, and they had little or no discipline. Engagements took place with the royalists at Naas, Kilkullen, Carlow (at all which towns the insurgents were defeated), Oulart Hill (where the insurgents were vic-

torious), Enniscorthy and Wexford (both which towns were taken by the insurgents), Nowtownbarry and New Ross.

Q. Did the insurgents sully their cause with cruelties?

A. Unhappily some of them committed outrages, in the heat and turmoil of warfare, which we cannot regard without horror; such, for instance, as the burning of a number of royalist Catholics and Protestants in the barn of Scullabogue, in the county of Wexford.

Q. What excuse was pleaded by the perpetrators of that detestable crime?

A. The massacres committed by the yeomanry at Carnow and Dunlavin. Horrible as was the conduct of the insurgents in the instance alluded to, it must, however, be owned, that a crime committed during the exasperation of a provoked rebellion, falls far short, in point of demoniac atrocity, of the systematic outrages on property, liberty, and life, which the government had deliberately sanctioned and encouraged by impunity for years; and which, in fact, had at last stung the maddened people to resist their tyrants.

Q. At what other places were there engagements between the insurgents and the royalists?

A. At Arklow, where the royalists, under colonel Skerrett, gained a victory; at Ballynahinch, where the rebels gained advantages by their valour, which they lost by their total want of discipline; and at Vinegar Hill, where they were totally routed by the superior numbers, arms, and discipline of the royal forces.

Q. Could the government have prevented the hideous and sanguinary outrages, and the awful waste of human life, which marked the civil war of 1798? Did they possess sufficient information of the rebel plans to enable them to avert the explosion of the rebellion?

A. Yes; they had in their pay a spy named Maguan who was a colonel of United Irishmen. He gave the government constant and minute information of every plan and movement contemplated by the insurgents for fully thirteen months before the insurrection exploded; so that at any moment during those thirteen months, that is to say, from April, 1797, until May, 1798

the government could have crushed the rebellion with the utmost ease, by the simple act of arresting the leaders.

Q. Who were the leaders?

A. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the duke of Loinster; Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, a Protestant gentleman of ancient family and good estate; Arthur O'Connor, of Connorville, county of Cork; Neilson, M'Nevin, and a long list of others, being about forty-five in all, of whom nearly the entire were Protestants.

Q. Why did not the government quietly crush the rebellion in its infancy, or rather prevent its explosion, and thus avert the horrible destruction of human life?

A. Because its object was to carry the Legislative Union; and that could not be done unless the country was first thoroughly exhausted by the paralyzing influences of terror and mutual distrust among its inhabitants, and thereby rendered incapable of resisting the destruction of its parliament.

Q. Did the gentry and people make any efforts to preserve their parliament?

A. They did. Their efforts were astonishing, when we reflect that the country was under martial law, and was occupied by an adverse army 137,000 strong. They signed petitions against the Union, to the number of 707,000 signatures; whilst all the signatures the government could obtain in favour of the measure amounted to no more than about 3,000, though schools were canvassed for the names of their pupils, and jails raked for the names of criminals.

Q. Was the Irish constitution of 1782, which the Union was meant to destroy, productive of benefits to Ireland?

A. Of the very highest benefits. Notwithstanding many drawbacks, the country's progress in prosperity was astonishing, while that constitution lasted.

Q. How does Mr. Plunket, afterwards lord chancellor of Ireland, describe the progress of Ireland from 1782 to 1800?

A. "Her revenues, her trade, her manufactures, thriving beyond the hope or the example of any other country of her extent."

Q. How is our progress, under a free

constitution, described by Mr. Jebb, then M.P. for Callan, and afterwards a judge for the King's Bench?

A. In a pamphlet published in 1798, Mr. Jebb says: "In the course of fifteen years, our commerce, our agriculture, and our manufactures, have swelled to an amount that the most sanguine friends of Ireland would not have dared to prognosticate."

Q. How was our progress described by the Right Hon. John Foster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons?

A. He says: "It (the constitution of 1782) not only secured; but absolutely showered down upon you, more blessings, more trade, more affluence, than ever fell to your lot in double the space of time that has elapsed since its attainment." In truth, every man, friend or foe, was compelled, by the palpable facts, to make the same declaration.

Q. The persons whose testimony you have now quoted, were opponents of the Union. Can you cite from any friend of the Union an admission that Ireland prospered under her own constitution?

A. Yes; lord Clare said, in 1798, speaking of the period since 1782: "There is not a nation in the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and manufactures, with the same rapidity in the same period."

Q. What was the source of that prosperity?

A. The Irish constitution established in 1782. For it is clear that a native parliament, attached to the country by the fact of residence, and whose interests must ordinarily be identical with the interests of Ireland, is infinitely better suited to promote the prosperity of the kingdom than an assembly of strangers, whose feelings towards Ireland are often jealous, often hostile, often apathetic; and whose notion of Union consists mainly in taking Irish money for British purposes.

Q. When was the question of Union first brought before the Irish parliament?

A. In 1799. It was rejected that year by a majority of the Irish House of Commons.

Q. What was the conduct of Pitt,

and his Irish colleague, Castlereagh, on this defeat?

A. They redoubled their efforts to bribe the Irish members during the recess; peerages, bishoprics, seats on the bench, commands in the army and navy, were familiarly given in exchange for votes for the Union; one million and a-half sterling was distributed in money bribes. There was in the lower house a vast preponderance of borough members, who were peculiarly accessible to the tempter; of these there were no less than 116 placemen and pensioners in immediate dependence on the government. Several members who could not bring themselves to vote for the destruction of their native legislature, yet vacated their seats for the admission of Englishmen and Scotchmen, who readily voted away a parliament, in the continuance of which they had no sort of interest.

Q. When did the act of national degradation and disaster, the Legislative Union, receive the sanction of the bribed parliament?

A. In 1800; and it came into operation on the 1st of January, 1801.

Q. What members particularly distinguished themselves in opposition to it?

A. Grattan, Plunket, Bushe, Saurin, Foster (the Speaker), Ponsonby, and Jebb.

Q. What was the motive which stimulated the English government to commit so enormous a crime against Ireland, as the destruction, by such means, of the Irish parliament?

A. In the words of Charles Kendal Bushe, the motive of the government was "an intolerance of Irish prosperity." They hated Ireland with intense fierceness, from ancient national prejudice. Pitt also had his own peculiar quarrel with the Irish parliament, from its opposition to his views on the regency question in 1789; and the growth of Ireland in happiness, in greatness, in prosperity, in domestic harmony, and consequent strength, was altogether insupportable to our jealous English foes; who, accordingly, were reckless in the means they used to deprive this country of the power, which self-legislation alone can afford, of fully protecting its

own interests and unfolding its own resources.

Q. What have been the consequences of the Union.

A. The destruction of numerous branches of Irish trade and manufactures; an enormous increase in the drain of absentee rents, which now exceed four millions a year; the drain of surplus taxes to the amount of between one and two millions annually; an enormous emigration of the Irish people from the country, which is thus despoiled of the resources that ought to support them at home; the alienation from Ireland of the affections of the gentry, whom intercourse with dominant England infects with a contempt for their native land; the scornful refusal of Irish rights; all which evils are the natural consequences of our being governed by a foreign parliament, whose members regard with apathy at best, and too often with contemptuous hostility, the country thus surrendered to their control.

Q. What is the duty of all Irishmen with regard to the Union?

A. To get rid of it as fast as they can—by all legal, peaceful, and constitutional means.

Q. What was the principal measure affecting Ireland passed by the imperial parliament during the rest of the reign of George the Third?

A. Chiefly insurrection acts and suspensions of the Habeas Corpus, to put down the disturbances to which oppression incited the people.

Q. Was there any fiscal measure passed?

A. Yes; the Irish exchequer was consolidated with that of England in 1816.

Q. What was the result of this consolidation?

A. To give the English minister more complete control over the taxation of Ireland, and in general over all her fiscal resources.

To be continued.

PETRIFIED.—They have a petrified woman in Islington. She was petrified with astonishment at her husband's bringing her home a new dress which she had not asked for.

FACETIÆ.

SLANDER.—One day, when Mrs. Par-
ington heard the minister say there
would be a nave in the new church, she
observed that "she knew well who the
party was."

STUFFING.—A stingy man, who pre-
tended to be very fond of his horse, but
kept him nearly starved, said to a friend,
"You don't know how much we all
think of that horse. I shall have him
stuffed, so as to preserve him, when he
dies."—"You'd better stuff him now,"
returned the friend, "so as to preserve
him living."

LITERAL.—As an early morning train
stopped at a station on the Great West-
ern Railway, an old gentleman with a
cheerful countenance stepped out on the
platform, and inhaling the fresh air,
enthusiastically exclaimed, "Isn't this
invigorating?"—"No, sir; it is Swind-
on," replied the conscientious guard.—
The cheerful old gentleman went back
to his seat.

FILIAL AFFECTION.—A malicious youth
hung a set steel-trap over the strap
with which his papa sometimes saluted
him. The worthy man soon had occa-
sion to go to the strap, and it required
the united efforts of his wife, the cook,
and his eldest daughter to release his
hand from the vengeful clasp of the trap.
It so far suggested the real author that
the boy now looks as if a cupping ma-
chine had been applied to every avail-
able portion of his tender frame.

HANNAH.—There is a station on the
Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago
Railroad called Hannah, in honor of a
deceased citizen of Wayne. A train
stopped there the other day, and the
brakesman, after the manner of his class
thrust his head inside the door, and
called out "Hannah" loud and long. A
young lady, probably endowed with
the poetic appellation of Hannah, sup-
posing that he was addressing her, and
shocked at his familiarity on so short an
acquaintance, frowned like a thunder-
cloud, and retorted, "Shut your mouth!"
He shut it.

A CAUTION TO HOUSEWIVES.—The
following of course, happened in Paris:
—A servant entered her mistress's
apartments crying and sobbing, "Ma-
dame! oh, madame!"—"What is the

matter, Françoise?"—"Madame I have
stuck a fork into my finger."—"Oh,
that's nothing, Françoise; you will not
feel it to-morrow."—"I should not be
afraid, madame, if I was sure the fork
was silver."—"You may, then, be per-
fectly easy; the fork is—all our forks
are silver."—"Oh! then I don't feel
alarmed; but I was dreadfully frighten-
ed, for I thought the fork was plated."
The next morning Françoise disappear-
ed, taking all the forks with her.

CURIOS TRANSLATION.—Dr. X.—had
a feast, and among other things, and
very unprofessional, seeing it is made
of enlarged and diseased livers, a *pate
de foie gras*. A day or two after, when
he wished to order something for lunch,
the cook mildly suggested, "Yes, sir,
there is almost the whole of that *paddy's
photograph* that you had the other day."

A NEW OBJECTION.—An elderly gen-
tleman called at a lodging-house, and
asked of the servant who opened the
door, "Have you a room to let?"—"Yes,"
she replied; "but—" "But
what?" asked the gentleman—"You
are over sixty, aren't you?" asked the
girl—"Yes," he answered, "I am
sixty-five."—"I thought so," said the
girl; "you can't have the room, as my
misses don't want any funerals from her
house."

A FEARFUL MESS.—That was a fear-
ful mess in which a paper involved two
of its advertisements. The overseer,
somehow or other, in placing the type
in the form, got an obituary notice mix-
ed up with a menagerie advertisement,
so the following appalling paragraph
met the eye of the reader:—"Died—
on the 12th instant, William H. hyena
and the baby elephant, M'Manus, at the
age of six comic mules whose loss is our
gain. Professor Johnson, who enters
the dens of lions, afflictions sore long
time placed his head in the mouth of the
ferocious physicians were in vain, and
the performing monkeys will join him
on the other shore with the gun, which
comes from the deserts of Africa, where
the funeral takes place at four o'clock,
and the friends of the family are invited.
Admission one shilling, children to pro-
ceed to Blackwood Cemetery. Nuts
for sale on the ground. Gone, but not
forgotten.

EILLEEN ALLANNA.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by E. S. MARBLE.

Music by J. R. THOMAS

Andantino.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G minor, starting with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and a half note G. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and a half note G.

The vocal entry begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The melody starts with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and a half note G. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. The lyrics are: 1. Eil - leen Al - lan-na Eil - leen As - thoro, 2. Eil - leen Al - lan-na Eil - leen As - thore The. The piano part includes a *dim.* marking.

The vocal entry continues with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. The melody starts with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and a half note G. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. The lyrics are: Light of my soul and its Queen ev - er - more, It seems years have linger'd since o - cean's blue wa - ters wash by the shore Of that dear land of shamrock where. The piano part includes *poco rit.* and *a tempo* markings.

The vocal entry continues with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. The melody starts with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and a half note G. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. The lyrics are: last we did part, Eil - leen Al - lan-na, The pride of my heart! thou dost a - bide. Wait - ing the day when I'll call thee my bride! The piano part includes a *dim.* marking.

Oh darling lov'd one, your dear smile I miss; My lips seem to cling to that
 God bless you, darling, I know you are true, True to the boy who would

sweet part - ing kiss! Ma - your - neen, thy sweet face I
 die now for y. u; My heart is now bleeding to its.

see at the door, Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Augus Asthore.
 in - ner - most core, Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Augus Asthore.

cres. *dim.*

* CHORUS.

SOPRANO.
 Faith - ful I'll be to the Col - leen I a - dore,
 Soon I'll be back to the Col - leen I a - dore,

ALTO.

TENOR.
 Faith - ful I'll be to the Col - leen I a - dore,
 Soon I'll be back to the Col - leen I a - dore,

BASS.

PIANO

cres. *p* *cres.*

Eilleen Al-lan-na Au-gus As-thore, Faithful I'll be to the
 Eilleen Al-lan-na Au-gus As-thore, Soon I'll be back to the

cres. *p* *cres.*

Eilleen Al-lan-na, Au-gus As-thore, Faithful I'll be to the
 Eilleen Al-lan-na, Au-gus As-thore, Soon I'll be back to the

cres. *dim.*

Col-leen I a-dore Eil-leen Al-lan-na, Au-gus As-thore.
 Col-leen I a-dore, Eil-leen Al-lan-na, Au-gus As-thore.

cres. *dim.*

Col-leen I a-dore Eil-leen Al-lan-na, Aug-gus As-thore.
 Col-leen I a-dore Eil-leen Al-lan-na, Au-gus As-thore.

cres. *dim.*