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YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the mighty billows, laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them as they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey up the mountain steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley as the multitudes go by—  
You can chant in happy measures as they slowly pass along,  
Though they may forget the singer, they will not forget the song.

If you cannot in the conflict prove yourself a warrior true,  
If, when fire and smoke are thickest, there's no work for you to do—  
When the battle-field is silent, you can go with gentle tread,  
You can bear away the wounded, you can cover up the dead.

If you cannot in the harvest garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain both ripe and golden, which the careless reaper leaves,  
You can glean among the briars growing rank against the wall,  
And it may be that the shadows hide the heaviest wheat of all.

If you have not gold and silver ever ready at command,  
If you cannot toward the needy reach an ever-open hand,  
You can visit the afflicted—o'er the erring you can weep—  
You can be a true disciple sitting at the Master's feet.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting for some nobler work to do,  
For your Heavenly Father's glory, ever earnest ever true.  
Go and toil in My vineyard—work in patience and in prayer,  
If you want a field of labor you can find it anywhere.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,  
DEAN OF LIMERICK,

Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

ABOUT two o'clock there was some abatement though not much; and he started on his nefarious journey. He was not personally a wicked man. He was not a cruel man either. But the spirit of revenge had taken hold on him; and woe to the man whom such a spirit seizes. Such a man has no will but one: reason has no light to see unless the glare of his revenge; and death and shame and even damnation are defied or ignored in the presence of that deity! Such people are possessed of a devil.

It still rained, as we have been saying and still the lightning gave notice of the power, as it often does, of the justice of God. But on went the murderer, growing more excited, at every step, and his heart hardening more in hate. He is within a quarter of a mile of the Crag, when he hears a step rapidly approaching behind him. The first idea was that he had been discovered—the

next was to fire: "dead men tell no tales."

He stopped!

"Who's that?"

"Who's that? What a hurry you're in! Wasn't I to meet you on the road? and 'tis hunting you I am."

Quirk was now reassured. It was the decreed companion.

They arrived at the court-yard. Sure enough a light steals through a window, looking towards the south. A ladder lies by the wall. All things have been arranged with diabolical accuracy. It looks like doom.

The house dog commences to bark, and from a bark commences a dismal howl—that cry so like the "keene" of a mute beast, who wants to wail out his sorrow by a grave.

"Catch that dog and choke him, or I'll fire!"

"Hush! do you want to send for the Peelers?"

The dog, somehow, seems to get careless. The ladder is laid to the wall beside the window. Steadily the murderer mounts, step by step. He thinks, in spite of himself, of the many men he saw ascending the steps of the gallows. He thinks of his uncle in the pauper's garb; and the cabin in ruins; and the family scattered over the world. Death is trodden out of view.

At last he has reached his vantage ground. All is still. He looks in at the window and plainly sees the bed and its occupier. Giffard D'Alton is on his left side. His head is turned somewhat downward and towards his pillow. The assassin has a plain and perfect mark, as well as a perfect aim! He collects himself for the deadly assault, and stands like a marble pillar. He seems to move the piece by hair-breaths. The rifle went off, but the ball glanced off the eave of the house.

At the moment of firing, a shot is heard. Quirk is struck by a ball from some one nearly in front of him, as he stood turned half round on the ladder; and he dropped to the ground a lifeless corpse!

Giffard D'Alton's hour had not yet come!

One second after the fall of the unfortunate man his companion appeared by his side; but only to snatch the rifle

from the stiffening grasp of Quirk, and then to take the ladder quietly from the window, and lay it flat on the opposite side of the yard. The man was then off in the thick darkness.

Having secreted the rifle, the same fellow made his way to the "right-hand man" and gave him the full particulars of the failure.

"'Tis no failure after all," replied the able coadjutor of Mr. Charles Baring. "We'll hang the man that killed our brother! We will!"

In half-an-hour afterwards the police were at the Crag, and in possession of the dead body. Quirk was well known to them; but why he came there, or who fired the fatal shot was a mystery.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

HOW THE POLICE DISCUSSED THE DEATH OF QUIRK—THE WITCHES OF THE GLEN ONCE MORE.

THE morning broke upon the whole country-side in a state of feverish excitement. As we have said the murdered man was well known to the police, and not at all of unblemished character. What brought him to Mr. Giffard D'Alton's house? Why did he seek access to D'Alton's yard; and why was he shot down on the premises? These were all questions which could only be answered by conjecture. But one thing was clear—a foul deed had been done, and justice should energetically pursue the assassin.

We may say, without disparaging the officials of the day, that the "energy" was sometimes stimulated by motives hardly akin to justice, and that many an honest man suffered by such zeal. "We have obtained five-and-twenty convictions," might be the boast of a Crown Solicitor or even of Mr. Attorney-General himself; and it would really appear that the administration, and even the bench, from time to time, measured the success of justice by the number found "guilty" more than by the merits of their trials; and every one who knows the history of the last half century is aware that hundreds fell victims to the activity which pursued its singular ends by questionable means—and enjoyed the rewards of public servants while they were a persecution and a plague.

There was one who seemed to feel the whole thing keenly; and on whom the ultimate effect was likely to be terrible. Giffard D'Alton came to his court-yard before the policemen had removed the body; and he recognised the man whose life he had poisoned. It was strange that the day before the murder he had sent a messenger to the uncle of Quirk informing the old man that he, Giffard D'Alton, was inclined to "consider him." And, in fact, Mr. D'Alton had been speaking to Father Aylmer and Father Ned about Quirk and others to whom he intended to do some justice. The unfortunate man was now tempted to conclude that all things were too late—even the time of doing justice had passed. He sighed deeply as he contemplated the pale face of the dead man; and then returned to his room without addressing a word to any one.

But Giffard D'Alton saw the ladder in the yard; and he had a dreamy memory of a figure outlined on his window panes while he dozed; and he came to the conclusion that the unfortunate man came to his death while seeking to kill another; and went to judgment a red-handed and hopeless murderer. Giffard D'Alton did not pause to examine much who it was that shot his assailant, but he could not help feeling that the deed had been done in his defence. Another feeling, and a sad one, began to lie heavily upon the old man's soul—he saw that he was destined by some one or by some number to end his days by violence, and, perhaps, without preparation.

The two clergymen and James the Pilgrim met on the same road and same errand. The priest were going to console and support poor old D'Alton, and James the Pilgrim was on his rounds among the neighbors, but specially bound, in present circumstances to visit the Crag. He began recently to have a few words with old Giffard D'Alton, too; and he was a man likely to be very useful in any contingency like the present.

Father Aylmer greeted James with his genial "*Dhia ghuith!*" and James added, as usual, the name of "Mary" in his reply, "*Dhia agus Mhuire ghuith.*" We believe that we have mentioned

already how our people, in reply, always increase the number of sources from which the prayed-for blessings are besought. "God and Mary to you!" answered James.

"We are glad to meet you, James. We just spoke of you."

"God bless you, sir," answered James; but this time in the English language.

"You have heard of the doings at the Crag?"

"Ochone! sad, sad doings, Father!"

"Well, James, what is your view?"

"Bad members, sir, bad members."

"True," Father Ned interposed; "but James, what brought Quirk on the ground?"

"Well, Father," James replied, "one would rather not say anything just now, you know."

"Quite right, James; but what of Mr. Meldon and Amy?"

"Mr. Seymour, sir, has been good enough to write to me, and has given me an account of all that has gone on."

"Come, James, who is Mr. Leyton Seymour? Who is he?" asked Father Ned.

"Mr. Seymour, Father? He is the son of the greatest friend I have met in life. His father was the man who set me free."

"Do you mean the poor scholar?"

"Oh, no, sir. The Hon. John Leyton Seymour was the governor; and it was he that went to all the trouble when he had been told my story, and ordered a good store out of his own money to bring me home."

"He is Leyton Seymour's father, then?"

"Yes, Father."

"And now, James, regarding the murder?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know? Is it not a fact that Quirk was one of Baring's followers?"

"Many say so."

"And Quirk was shot in old Mr. D'Alton's courtyard?"

"Yes, Father."

"What brought him there?"

"That will come out, father, I suppose; but your question is still the real one, you know—who shot him?"

"Well?"

"Well, I cannot now guess; but the

man who *did not* shoot him will soon be in gaol."

"What!" Father Aylmer impetuously exclaimed.

"I mean, sir," James again answered, "the man who *didn't* shoot Quirk will soon be in gaol."

"Come!" cried Father Ned. Come, I know."

"Father?" answered the Pilgrim.

"Crichawn will be arrested," cried Father Ned.

"You have it, sir. The man most hated by Charles Baring—except, may be, Mr. Seymour—is the man for the gallows, and——"

"Dead men tell no tales?" said the curate.

"You have it, again," answered the Pilgrim.

Father Ned Power now assumed look and tone of great solemnity. He took James the Pilgrim by the hand.

"James Feehan," said Father Ned, "you can solve this mystery. Stop," he continued, seeing James the Pilgrim putting up his hands in a kind of deprecation. The good and the bad trust *you* James. The good value you, and the bad themselves trust you—because they believe you will never betray a man, and can nearly always give him good advice. Come; *you* can solve the mystery."

"James!" Father Aylmer said, while the tears flowed down his cheeks; "James, Crichawn is good—oh, so good—oh, so good!—to be sure, poor Mr. D'Alton was hard upon Paddy Hayes; and Crichawn loved his brother; but, you know, James!"

"Oh, sir, I believe Crichawn to be as innocent as you are; and with the help of God and holy Mary he'll put down his enemies; but there is not a hand's turn of Charles Baring for years that Crichawn doesn't know; and Charles Baring's life is no life until Crichawn is out of the way."

By this time the party had arrived at the Crag, and John the butler, and Nelly Nurse, and Maureen Bour a deaf girl, and the coachman, all came to bid them welcome. They were all in dreadful excitement; and Nelly Nurse wrung her hands, and moaned, and declared the poor master would never get over

the whole thing, and thanked God that dear Miss Amy was out of the way.

"Woll, John?" Father Aylmer asked, "are we to see your master?"

"Oh, his honor is waiting for you. He expected you."

They turned towards the staircase.

Nelly touched Father Ned on the shoulder.

Having got a corner where Father Ned saw he was expected to present himself, Nelly Nurse, in awfully grave accents, warned him. "See, Father Ned, see! Mind that *Maureen Bour*. She is Master Charles's servant. She spent half the morning in his room; an' she's not half so deaf as she pretends to be. If you see her near ye up stairs remember what I said."

"All right, Nelly," answered Father Ned.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton was in his bedroom. He was unable to go down stairs. But even the old man's room had undergone wonderful changes—it looked fresh and refined, if not rich and magnificent; and the clergyman saw at once the changes and surroundings of old D'Alton, of Crag.

The old man rose from the chair as the clergymen entered the room, and walked as quickly as he could towards Father Aylmer. Evidently he labored under intense feeling. He placed his hands on the old pastor's shoulders, looked into his eyes, and for one moment seemed petrified—or stunned. He then gave a loud groan.

"Oh, Father Aylmer!—Father Aylmer!—I told you that God would not forgive me in this world, and that I should give life for life. I must die—must die!"

"Oh, Mr. D'Alton! think better of God's mercy, even in this world. Has he not sent me—your old friend, and Father Ned here? and James——"

"Is James here?" anxiously inquired the old man.

"He is sitting in the hall," answered Father Ned. "But, Mr. D'Alton, what is your view? Why——"

Old Giffard D'Alton's senses were quick. He turned towards the door which opened on his room and pointing to it by signs, bade Father Ned examine the apartment. Father Ned was not

slow, and there, shure enough, he found *Maureen Bour* most suspiciously crouching near the door. The girl did not await complaint or interrogatory, but ran headlong down stairs, leaving *Father Ned* master of the field.

On his return he found *Father Aylmer* in whispering conversation endeavoring to allay the old man's fears and to tranquilize his conscience. But over and over the old man cried "Too late! too late! the cup of iniquity has flown over!"

"Well, I am astonished—astonished—"

"*Father Aylmer*, I am not despairing of God's mercy in eternity. I believe He will accept my deep contrition, and, when I offer my life for my hardness of heart, God will have pity! Oh, He will. But temporal reward I cannot expect, I do not expect—why should I? Amy I have lost; *Henry* I have lost, lost!" he said, bitterly, "and I have gained the curse of the people and a hundred thousand pounds! Nay, do not stop me, sir. I am to die."

"In God's holy name change this frame of mind. We shall immediately have our Amy, and maybe even *Henry*."

"That is not kind now, old friend! That is not kind—to speak of such hopes! Hush!" he said "the most damning temporal judgment of all is that; hush—listen! The man who hired an assassin to murder me will possess all I have! May it—"

"The Inspector of police, sir!" said *John*, at the door.

"Show the gentleman up, *John*."

And there came a man of very sharp visage, dark hair, thin long nose, and small, dark eyes flanking the same. The Inspector made a stiff but not ungraceful bow.

"Welcome, Mr. *Sibthorpe*. I have expected you."

Mr. *Sibthorpe* looked at the two clergymen.

"Make yourself easy regarding my friends, the clergymen," continued old *Giffard D'Alton*. "They are deeply interested in all that concerns my family, and will give you all the assistance in their power."

Mr. *Sibthorpe* bowed again.

"You received the Coroner's summons, sir?"

"Yes, Mr. *Sibthorpe*."

"Are there any witnesses whom you would suggest as likely to give information?"

"Do you know *James Fechan*, called *James the Pilgrim*?"

"Certainly."

"Well, he knows everything and everyone, and he is an honest Irishman. Do you know *Crichawn*—I mean *Thomas Hayes*, Mr. *Meldon's* man?"

"Perfectly well."

"Summon him by all means. Have you not suspicions, Mr. *Sibthorpe*? Is it fair to ask you?"

"I am quite ready to reply that I have suspicions; but a police officer cannot at some stage of a case reveal his impressions even to worthy people like you and the clergy. You saw nothing, Mr. *D'Alton*. Of course, what you say to me is confidential, and you depend upon the clergymen, you say."

"I trust your professional zeal and honor, Mr. Inspector."

"Give him your impressions," said *Father Aylmer*. After all, they are only impressions, and have no use unless the single one of opening to the Inspector a possible road."

"Then Mr. Inspector *Sibthorpe*," answered old *D'Alton*, "I will suggest to you to find by every means whether the dead man had had any arms?"

"Arms, sir?"

"Arms. My impression is that he was on these promises prepared to commit murder—to murder me. I think I saw the form of a man and a gun on my window panes. I was asking myself whether I was dreaming, when the form disappeared, and immediately a report of a gun followed."

"Of a gun?"

"Certainly—not of a pistol."

"The man, according to your view, was on the ladder taking aim?"

"I think so."

"Then comes the mystery. Who fired the shot which in this supposition saved your life?"

"That I dare not say: though I feel certain—that to save my life the deed has been done."

"You have had some differences with the *Hayeses*."

"A long time ago. They have been more than amicably set aside."

"You have no suspicion that they would league with the assassin."

"They would not—impossible."

"Would any of them be found to defend you?"

"Ah," said Father Ned, "one sees where such question as that lead; and I think Mr. D'Alton is hardly prepared to answer them."

"Your nephew has some evidence of importance," remarked the Inspector.

"He was not on the premises at all."

"Oh, nevertheless—but I beg your pardon. I want to further the ends of justice by bringing guilt to condign punishment; and nothing shall be left undone to explain the mysterious death of Quirk."

"The police Inspector withdrew, and the clergymen and old Mr. D'Alton closed around a small table.

Father Ned was the first of the little group in Giffard D'Alton's room to break the silence.

"This inquest will end in nothing," was his remark. "They are making up a case, and will say nothing till the whole plan has been completed.

"Plan?" asked Father Aylmer.

"Plan," repeated Father Ned. "Did you remark the observation about Charles Baring?"

"Yes—certainly."

"And the question about the Hayeses and their feelings?"

"Yes."

"And that although Mr. Baring was not on the premises that night, he had 'important information'?"

"True," said D'Alton.

"You have Baring and the Hayeses, and *Maureen Bour* brought into this thing by some one, and occupying the Inspector's mind; that is the shadow of a plan."

Old D'Alton seemed to awaken. He struck his thigh with his right hand, and commenced to say and repeat, "I see."

"The verdict," continued Father Ned, "will be an open one. The victim will be put off his guard, and when they have the whole conspiracy shaped and coherent, they will try to hang an innocent man."

"Crichawn!" cried Father Aylmer.

"Crichawn!" echoed Giffard D'Alton; "surely——"

"Well, we shall see; we shall see."

As regards "the open verdict," Father Ned was right. The patent facts, and only the patent facts, came out at the inquest. The mystery was wrapped up in the following finding:—

"We find that James Quirk came by his death from a gun-shot wound, inflicted by some person unknown, but who was on the premises of Mr. D'Alton of Crag, on the morning of the 30th of October, 1848."

That same night Crichawn found himself in the familiar quarters of *Shivawn na Chomhairle*, quietly sitting by the peat fire, and indulging in what O'Connell used to call the poor man's luxury—a smoke of the pipe. The younger of the female occupants was busily engaged at the flax wheel, while the elder kept industriously knitting, and the company was completed by a man whom they called Liam (or William.)

They had been talking of the inquest, and of the attack upon old Mr. D'Alton.

"Well, *bhean a tigh*, who killed Quirk?" asked Crichawn addressing Shivawn.

The old woman was true to the Celtic tongue, and allowed all around her to indulge the bad taste of speaking the Saxon. She answered:—

"Oh, you know too much to come for knowledge to *Shivawn na Chomhairle*, and I am certain the knowledge is between yourself and Liam there, at any rate."

"Maybe," Liam replied, "it was the man that got the pison from Shivawn."

"Pison!" exclaimed the young Pithoness; "my mother never had an ounce of pison in her life."

"And what did that man get that made his way straight to the Crag some time ago in the dark of the morning?"

"He got pounded starch," was the answer.

"Arrah, didn't Tom here go to Nolly up at the house, and nearly frighten her to death by telling her to watch Charles—that he bought a lot of pison from *Shivawn na Chomhairle* to kill the old master. Didn't you?" he demanded turning to Crichawn.

"I did," was Crichawn's answer.

"And did you think I gave pison to—"

that scapegrace, or to any one else?" half shrieked Shivawn.

"No, indeed," answered Crichawn; "I only wanted some one to be able to prove the murdering heart he had in 'im, an' that made me put Nelly on the watch. She can now prove that he wished to murder the poor old uncle."

All their eyes opened wide as they saw the prudence and forecast of Crichawn.

"You'll be taken," said Liam.

"I know that."

"Better get out of the way for a while."

"Not for a minit. I promised Mr. Meldon to keep near ould Mr. D'Alton, and I'll never quit him if I was to die by his side."

"Does'nt that look like shooting Quirk?"

Crichawn smiled a knowing smile, and Liam fully returned it.

"The ball that killed Quirk was found?" asked Crichawn.

"The police have it," answered Liam. "It kem from a small bore—a very small bore—an' 'tis a rifle ball."

"Does any wan know anything o' the gun?" continued Crichawn.

"The gun," answered Liam, was taken by force from the man that fired the shot. No wan knows who tuk it."

Crichawn gazed at the speaker with a look of admiration and affection. "Gonnies," continued Liam, "'twas a great night for stealing guns, entirely. Quirk had a gun in his hands when he was brought down; and that gun got off some way, too"

The old woman flung down the knitting and the young woman stopped her spinning wheel.

"*Lamh Dhe!*" she exclaimed. "The hand of God!"

"You know the owner of the guns?" said the young woman, emphatically.

"They both belong to wan man," was the answer.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE MYSTERY OF THE TWO "HENRY DALTONS"—THE ARREST OF CRICHAWN.

MR. MELDON was kept perfectly well informed of everything going on at the Crag, and everything going on at his own home, and we may surmise that his

mind was much disturbed by the facts and rumors which had recently reached him from Tipperary. Mr. Leyton Seymour shared his knowledge, and of course sympathized with his feelings; but both gentlemen determined to be strictly reticent on the subject until necessity compelled them to reveal what had happened; and hence Amy and Alice were quite ignorant of what had happened.

When events had developed themselves as we have read them in the last chapter, Mr. Meldon became for the first time really agitated, and he determined on going over to Ireland at once. It would make great complications, and go far to mar some expectations and plans; but whatever the consequences, he made up his mind he would and should exercise all his power to save Crichawn, and to comfort the old man at the Crag. Certainly he had letters constantly from Crichawn and the two clergymen, and all were of opinion that Mr. Meldon could do nothing at Slieve-na-mon equal to the injury to be inflicted, and the impetus his arrival would give to the hostility of Baring and his associates. But no arguments would have retained him if Father Power had not given him a surprise one day by a most enigmatical letter, which was as follows:—

"FETHARD, Tuesday.

"My Dear Sir,—An extraordinary man came here from Kilkenny a few days ago. He seems to have a kind of second sight, for his ability in discovering things is like magic. He says his name is McNaughton, but it is evidently assumed, and I am sure he is a detective sent to work up the case of Quirk's murder; he evidently does not trust the police. The old man at the Crag is much improved, quite out of danger now and Father Aylmer is as strong as ever. It was a great mercy that Miss D'Alton was not at home, and it is a great mercy that she remains away and in ignorance. Her father, she will find a changed man, in fact an old saint. The surroundings now would be too much for any woman. We expect Father John Hayes home in ten days, and he brings with him a namesake of Miss D'Alton regarding which namesake there is a great



romance. Praying remembrance to all around you, I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"EDWARD POWER."

Here were surprises enough for one day certain. Mr. Seymour had also that morning received a letter from Father Hayes; but had not returned to Brompton up to the time which found his friend perusing the morning's correspondence. On his return, both gentlemen agreed that the communication of the news from Ireland would be yet premature; and therefore the ladies continued to be kept in ignorance. We ought to have said that by a happy coincidence the old Count D'Alton had signified his intention of coming to London, about the very time the American clergyman and his charge were now apparently due, and in eight or nine days more at the farthest the interesting reunion of Count D'Alton and his grand-daughter, and the no less interesting meeting of Father John Hayes and his sister Ally might be expected to take place. The time did not seem so long as generally such time seems to be, when waiting the look of what we love; because every one had engagements which filled the heart or the mind, or both. One change of programme had, however, been adopted. Mr. Seymour made up his mind that Father John Hayes should be his godfather, and the day of his reception into the Church was therefore made to await the priest's coming.

The gentlemen came in one day about one o'clock in the afternoon to proceed with the ladies to the British Museum, where some new works of art and some curiosities had lately arrived and created a sensation. They were not astonished to find engaging the ladies in conversation a gentleman between seventy and eighty years of age, and of most dignified appearance. His hair was quite white, and it fell nearly to his shoulders. His brow was heavy and of the same color as his hair; while he had a clear gray eye and firmly set mouth and chin. He was rather under the middle size, but was so refined and symmetrical that he looked above it. The company were conversing in French.

Mr. Meldon advanced to the group who sat in a circular recess which contained a large window. Immediately

after bowing to the stranger, Count D'Alton, for it was he, rose and with a grace which was perfectly noble, thanked both the gentlemen for the wonderful benevolence which had induced them to take so much pains in his case, and the wonderful blessing they were likely to confer on his childless old age.

"You must have suffered much, M. le Comte," remarked Mr. Meldon, "and I hope God is going to reward you much."

"Only the justice of heaven which punished me can ever know what I have endured. Ah, young lady," he continued, seeing tears flowing down Clara's cheek, "you pity an old man, and pity is divine."

"Alas! sir, I wish I could make you happy and tranquil!" Clara said.

"Well, tranquil I may become; but memory will always come to crush out happiness. Do you know that I was hard, cruel, and unjust?"

"But you were acting according to your opinion," said Mr. Seymour.

"My opinion! Yes, I was, but the opinion was one begotten of pride, and pride blinded me to the examination of the case. I have been cruel. You know," said he turning to the two gentlemen, "I turned my son away because he married beneath him?"

"Yes," answered both together.

"Well, had I waited to examine I might have found that, in birth and connections, his wife, Euphrasia St. Laurence was his equal, though she had little fortune at the time of her marriage. She has fallen in for a large estate within the last half score years, and her daughter will be wealthy."

"Things will yet grow bright, sir," observed Mr. Meldon.

"Hardly," the Count replied with a sad smile. "The day that brought the letter from the clergyman who prepared him—a letter containing the authentication of Henry D'Alton's death as a private soldier, I felt my heart crushed and no joy can grow there!"

"My God, sir, what was the regiment?" cried Amy D'Alton.

"The 30th, my fair child," answered the Count.

"Oh, sir! oh, sir!"—and Amy for a moment lost consciousness.

"What is the matter?" demanded the

Count, greatly moved by the scene; "what is the matter?"

Mr. Meldon turned to Amy greatly moved himself; and to the astonishment of Clara, her father's eyes were filled with tears, and he touched Amy's forehead with his lips.

"The fact is, M. le Comte, this is a namesake of yours."

Amy had suddenly brightened, and was trying to laugh at her own weakness. She turned imploringly to Mr. Meldon.

"Do not disturb yourself, Amy. The Count will soon understand that there is some pleasure as well as pain in your excitement just now. M. le Comte," he said, turning to the Count, "it is curious that Miss D'Alton had a brother, 'Henry D'Alton,' too; still more singular that he was reported to be a private soldier in that same regiment; and most singular of all that the certificate of his death, taken from the regimental records came to his father's hands, and tallies exactly with the date of your son's demise. These facts have all been ascertained by Father Hayes, in the course of his enquiries; but that there must have been some confusion of identity in the case is evident from the tenor of the letters contained in a packet given to him by an old Indian who had been the protector of the young girl whom he is now bringing home with him. She was known as the adopted daughter of an Indian, and was called Noemi; but the letters and certain memoranda, which the Indian had received from the dying mother of the girl—then a mere infant—disclosed the fact that her Christian name was Euphrasia, that she was the daughter of Henry D'Alton and his wife Euphrasia St. Laurence, and that the family of her father was noble and wealthy, but estranged from her parents up to the time of their deaths."

Count D'Alton vehemently clasped his hands.

"Stop sir! stop sir! Oh, I beg your pardon! Surely you will not censure me,—I know you will not; but have you the originals of all the letters, of which you sent me copies?"

They saw at once the agony produced by a possibility.

"Alas! sir, I do not blame you in the

least," said Meldon, and unlocking a desk, he placed a packet before the old man. "There, M. le Comte, there they are; open the packet, M. le Comte; no ceremony."

The old man opened the packet, and the very first letter which he encountered was in his own hand-writing—the letter disinheriting his son, Henry D'Alton. Count D'Alton gave a shriek.

"All hope gone!" he cried; no hope remaining!"

For a moment—but only for a moment—he had forgotten that the fact of his son's identity had been perfectly fixed; and the poor old mind had been carried away by the mere possibility that all the documents might not be originals. It was only for a moment. The old man, in a few minutes, rose from his chair; and, gracefully moving across to Amy, he took her by the hand.

"Pardon me, my child," he said: "common sense forsook me for a moment I ought to be thankful for the hope of having near my pillow, in my dying day, some one like you. For a moment I lost my senses. Ah! Miss D'Alton!—stop," he said suddenly. "If my son be not alive, may not your brother be alive?"

"Oh, M. le Comte, God bless you for that word! I longed to hear someone say it. I have never seen my brother Henry; and I have had no sister, and, until lately, no friend; but the old people say that Henry was very noble and very wise; and that papa had never been so hard-hearted had he not been deceived."

"We must try then to trace the second Henry D'Alton," the old Count said, enthusiastically. "We must try more; and, I do declare, I shall rejoice in discovering your Henry nearly as much as if I found my own alive! We shall try Mr. Meldon. It is worth while."

"Certainly, M. le Comte, it must be worth while."

"Ah! Mr. Meldon! Mr. Seymour!" the poor girl wept out.

"Amy, my child," Mr. Meldon answered, "is there anything I would not do to make you happy? Is there?"

"Ah, no, sir, pardon me."

"Well," Mr. Seymour said, somewhat

quizzically, "think you I can be indifferent?"

Amy smiled a sweet smile that spoke a volume of confidence.

"The *Times*, sir," said the waiter, entering and approaching the group. Mr. Seymour glanced over the paper, and saw that the *Hibernia* in which Father Hayes had taken passage, had been telegraphed, and was expected the next day at Liverpool.

Now, indeed, Count D'Alton's heart beat, and his countenance began to burn; and Ally Hayes began to pray; and all and everyone of those in the hotel had as much exciting expectation as engrosses most people, in a fairly long life. But each of them endeavored to assure and console the other; and by the time they retired for the night the anticipations of all were dreams of bliss worth enjoying and being thankful for.

Next day found all our friends on the way to Liverpool; and nearly all their hearts were beating, or, at all events, very much under the influence of an excitement seldom felt even during a lifetime. Conversation was not active; indeed, it never can be active where an engrossing anticipation fills up the soul. The heart masters the imagination then, and the volatile dreamer is obliged to rest tranquil or go in the direction of the affections.

Count D'Alton, on the arrival of the party in Liverpool, at once proposed to charter a river steamer and to meet the inward bound vessel some miles away. The confusion of landing would be great, he remarked, and the delicious moment of meeting their friends would be half spoiled in the noise and bustle when they touched shore. Mr. Seymour quite agreed; but he thought the *Hibernia* was a very fast vessel and one that would not be induced to engage a stoppage in mid-river, particularly at that time of the year and in such dangerous water. Having tried at the proper office, they found Mr. Seymour was right, and were obliged to take their chances at the docks.

No ship ever came in fast enough for expectancy; and Clara and Ally Hayes were quite sure "something" must have happened. Even Amy, generally so philosophical, manifested in her bril-

liant eyes and heightened color that her heart and hopes were very busy.

"I see her," cried a gentleman.

"See the *Hibernia*, sir?" demanded Mr. Meldon.

"Yes, sir."

"My glass is an excellent one, and I think the build of that vessel is different from that of the *Hibernia*. I know that gallant vessel well."

"You are right, sir. By-the-bye there is a vessel further away in the offing and gaining fast upon the one mistaken by me."

"That is the '*Hibernia*,' sir."

"You await some passengers, sir; may I inquire?"

"We do; two friends."

"Our firm claims a small enclosure near the ship—at her hull in fact, and I will cheerfully give your party the possession of it, if you will except."

"Thankfully," replied Mr. Meldon; and all the party joined him in returning thanks for such an unexpected favor. Mr. Meldon said that likely Father John Hayes and his charge would be on the quarter deck and therefore would at once become visible to the watchers.

Everything has its end, pleasure and anxiety, just alike. In fact, every state and frame of mind is a little life of birth, growth, and departure. The noble ship soon began to show her majestic poop and to spread her yards like arms of welcome or of wooing, as she swept up the river. Soon the masts and funnel became more defined. She then presented herself in all her life and beauty and seemed to bow to the capital of commercial England and to the crowd. She is up nearly abreast of Birkenhead. She seems to feel her way, to the right, as if treading for the deep water. She pauses—proceeds—approaches and snugs herself and stands still amid enthusiastic cheers.

The "*Hibernia*" has arrived.

Sure enough our friends have a full view of the quarter-deck. Not there, however, but up high on the poop, the captain stands giving orders, and beside him is a beautiful stranger attired in a travelling dress of drab, and at her left hand side is a clergyman some thirty years of age.

The Count D'Alton sprang off the

ground. His breast heaved convulsively; and he really had been in great danger only for the watchfulness of Mr. Meldon and Mr. Seymour, which was incessant.

"There she is!" he cried; "there she is!" but the cry was a smothered one.

"They are coming down!" said Mr. Seymour. "Upon my honor, Count," he said, "the lady's eyes are fixed upon you. Look! look how she glides! Why, the priest cannot keep up with her!"

And Mr. Seymour was quite correct. Straight—straight towards the group the fair girl made; turning hither and thither for a moment, as she might, and Father Hayes followed her amazed, and not much minded. She succeeded, having got down the gangway to the landing-stage; the direction she took showed Father John Hayes his sister Ally, and his best friends. The "Indian queen" made straight for the Count. She stood before him, and kneeling at his feet, she pronounced in her low, sweet, loving tones, "My sader, my sader! here is your Noemi," and she embraced Count D'Alton's knees.

Nor was the meeting between Father Hayes and his sister and friends less warm and affectionate, though differing in some of the emotions it evoked. And when, that evening, the whole party returned to London, the joy of all was as unalloyed as can be hoped for in this uncertain world.

We may feel sure that now the "great day of Mr. Seymour's reception into the Church came as soon as practicable, the day of a new life and new hopes to him, and, indeed, we may say to all.

The officiating clergyman awaited the large and happy circle of worshippers, and met them so early as eight o'clock a. m. The church in which the ceremony took place was much frequented; and hence a private chapel was selected for the ceremonial. Thither they were led from the gate by the sexton, and the seven—that is Mr. Seymour, Mr. Meldon the Count, Amy, Clara, Noemi, and Ally Hayes—were conveniently seated on priedious around the altar. The Sacrament of Baptism so impressive in the case of a convert—was so unconferred; and the joyous party returned to their hotel. (Concluded in our next.)

## CANADIAN ESSAYS.

## EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

UNDER the title of *Education* we have a wide field before us—and owing to the existing state of affairs in certain of the European countries and owing to the influence, more or less, such state may have upon our country—in this essay we will, apparently, leave aside the question of education in Canada, and speak of it from a certain stand-point in its application to the world at large. We know already what education is,—we have seen the distinction between *education* and *instruction*,—we have referred to it in the home circle, in speaking of home influence,—we have referred to it in colleges, both mental and physical education,—we have spoken of divers sources of education, for example of libraries and of lectures,—now we desire to speak of a certain political fact which, at this moment is taking place in Europe, and we wish to treat of it from the Education point of view. Truly, it does not directly refer to Canada; but certainly it does refer to the world, to Christianity at large, and Canada, being a Christian country, it necessarily is applicable here.

Without further preface—we refer to the expulsion of the Jesuits from France. And before beginning we would have it understood that we are not asked or authorized by that Order or any member of it to speak of them, or to defend them. Neither do we do so because they are Jesuits, but because they form an Order—portion of whose duties is—to educate and to instruct. Upon the principle we laid down in our first Essay on Education—that every one in Canada is free to express his own ideas and sentiments upon any subject of such a nature—we now proceed to the developement of the argument which we desire to lay before the public.

As is generally known, the Jesuits are expelled by the French Government from France,—they are obliged to close their houses of education, consequently forced to seek elsewhere for a source of livelihood. Our proposi-

tion is: that the forcing of the Jesuits (or any other Order of men or women) to close their houses of education, is an act of simple *tyranny*, and an *infringement* on the rights of the subject. This we hold, we can prove, not from a religious point—for such people as the leaders to-day in France believe not in religious argument,—but from a worldly point of view. And we will here add, that if our arguments and conclusions are not just, we alone are to be blamed, for we take them from no other source, than from that, which appears to us, the one of common sense.

A Protestant Irish orator—Charles Phillips—once said,—that “France’s revolutions and irreligious inaugurations sprung from an impure source—they did all in the sacred name of Liberty, though in their deluge of human blood, they left not one mountain-top for the ark of Liberty to rest upon.”

Even so is it in the present case. In the name of *freedom* they order such, and such schools to close, such and such men to separate and to leave the soil. ‘But it matters not, if for a moment their impiety seems to prosper, that victory pants after their insanguined banners, that their insatiate eagle, as he soars against the sun, seems but to re-plume his strength and renew his vision,—’tis but for a moment, and in the very banquet of their triumph the Almighty’s vengeance will blaze upon the wall and the diadem fall from the brow of the idolator.”

Not only does the French Government strike at the Order of the Jesuits and the liberty of education, but it strikes hard and deep at the liberty of every French subject. The question may, from a religious stand-point, be called one of the State *versus* the Church; but it is truly a question of the State *versus* the Subject. It is the State *infringing* on the liberties of the parent, of the father, of the mother, of the son, of the daughter, of the *man*.

The father has a son, and over that son he has full control, a right coming from God Himself, a right that no human organization is free to destroy. The father, necessarily loves that son, far more than ever the State can love him. The father has at heart the interests and welfare of that son, far more

deeply and truly than can ever have the State. The father desires the education of that son, far more sincerely than can the State desire it. And the father believes that by sending his son to such and such a school he will learn the more and come out a better man. He has a perfect right, a true and undisputed right to send his son to that school; to chose for his son the instructor or instructors he sees fit. The father says to himself—“if I send my son to the Jesuits he will be well instructed, well educated, and will be made a good and useful man.” Acting upon that idea, he consequently sends his son to the Jesuits. The State steps in and says: “we do not like the Jesuits, consequently you shall not send your son to them—and if you send him, and they attempt to instruct him, we will break their Order, we will exile them, we will force you to take your son from under their care by forcing them to fly the country and we will, thus, oblige you to have your son educated as we desire and as we think fit.” Thus speaks the State. The father continues to send his son to the Jesuits:—They continue to instruct him. The State is exasperated and orders the Jesuits to leave, and thus commands the son to go home, and orders the father to seek another means of education for his child.

At first glance, we can see that it is an act of injustice and wickedness towards the order of men, who devote their days and nights to the great cause of education. But, on second thought, we also see it is an act of real tyranny with regard to father and son. Consequently an act of tyranny against the subject—consequently there arises the question of, not only the State and Church, but also of the State against the individual—the subject. St. John Chrysostom says that “God seems to have associated man to Himself in the work of creation.” Thereby the great saint refers to the parent, to the duties of the father with regard to the child. The education of the youth, the cultivating and preparing the mind of the child is a species of continued creation. It is the moulding of the mind into one shape or the other. It is the making, for society, a good and useful or a

dangerous and hurtful member. That is a mighty work. It may seem, at first, of little importance whether such and such a child is well educated and well instructed or not. But consider that the child of to-day will be the man of to-morrow, and the generation of to-day is slowly making way for the generation of to-morrow. If the child is poorly and badly educated he will turn out a useless and dead branch of the great tree of society; if, on the other hand, he is properly trained he will become a source of life to the social circle in which he moves.

It is so for the aggregate of young persons, if they are well educated and sent to good and proper schools where that education is to be had, they will come forth a new and glorious generation. While, if their earlier days are neglected, the coming generation must be a feeble copy of the present one. It is the nation that is on the board. It is the country's future that is at stake.

If the next generation is an educated, religious, good one, the country will be happy and its prosperity and honor and glory will be secured. If the next generation is un-educated, un-instructed, wild, careless and irreligious, the country's future will be of small account.

The parent is, therefore, not only making a man of his child, creating in him good and noble principles, but is doing more; he is building up his portion of the country's future, contributing his quota to the coming nationality.

And when the State steps in and prevents the free action of the parent with regard to his child's education, it becomes a question of the State against the State, the representatives of the Nation cutting the Nation's throat.

Again, says St. John Chrysostom—"You have as many accounts to render as you have souls to care for; and you have as many souls to care for as you have children." That is a responsibility to which the father must look, and for which the State cares but little. It is a great load upon the shoulders of the man, and the injustice is the greater, the heavier that weight is rendered. Above all this action of the French Government involves a question of State against the Church; but it also

comprises a question of the State against the subject, and of the State against the State itself. And the spring and origin of all this is the fact that the source, the means and the end of all education, of all prosperity, of all good is ignored. Upon the present and upon human potency they rely, and the foundation is unsafe.

One Saturday evening, in a church situated in one of the suburbs of Paris, a large number of daily laborers were collected. They had come there to listen to addresses delivered by lay men upon the questions of religion. This kind of reunion of the workmen was almost a custom there. Unnecessary to mention, that as little respect was paid to the temple of God, as would be had for a common public hall. Portion of them kept on their hats, others were chewing and talking, and often cursing. Such was the audience, inattentive, quarrelsome, communistic, when a layman named Remond Bruyère, stepped forward to address them. At first his voice could not be heard above the tumult. But his exordium was a master-piece. He began: "Gentlemen, in Paris the workman is not respected!" A pause ensued and a little more silence was obtained. He continued—"in France the workman is despised, is scoffed at, is hated." By this time all were still. The words touched them home. Again he begins:—"Why have we so many misfortunes, so many troubles, so many reverses? Because the workman is cut off from our society—he is not loved, he is not respected!" These words, seemingly communistic, raised their spirits, and soon every hat was off and every sound hushed. Once more continued the orator: "If we would be happy, if we would see France glorious, if we would see our people happy, and our nation free, let us respect, honor and *serve the workman!*" At these words they began to cheer. "Stop," cried the speaker—"do not applaud me. I speak not of you, I speak of the workman,—the One who created all and still sustains all,—the One who drew from chaotic confusion our great earth, the One who spanned the firmament with a galaxy of stars,—the One who commanded the light to come forth and the sun to rise and sink. He

is despised, hated, derided, now as of old in Judea. If we would be happy and successful as a people, as a nation, as a race, we must love, respect and serve the Workman!"

Such was the exordium of that address. And many, when it was over, "who came to scoff, remained to pray." Such were the sentiments of one, whose name is not destined to rank with those of France's orators, but whose reward must certainly be proportioned thereto, in the world beyond. We have given, in a few words this extract, for two purposes—firstly to shew that the missing link in the nation's glory is the want of respect and love for the Great Workman—secondly to have occasion to mention a name which deserves more fame than it can ever receive.

The ignoring of God, is the stumbling-block. It is the source of these troubles, now taking place. It is the origin of the expulsion of the Jesuits from France. It is the spring of that injustice of the State towards the subject. It is the cause of that suicidal conduct of the State itself. It is the first and greatest of all the nation's misfortunes. It has already been the cause of many a dark and bloody day for France—let her beware that it does not become the cause of future troubles and sorrows. We see with regret, in the pages of her history and in the columns of her present press, the results, the dire effects of this awful cause. Knowing them, it behoves us to look around and see that every avenue to our own Canadian country may be strongly closed against them. From this source arose the spirit of Europe's *Illumini*. The Carbonari of Italy, the Communist of France, the Socialist of Germany, the Nihilist of Russia, one and all work upon that evil principle. We do not require them here. We need no off-shoot of Illuminism in this fair country. We are too happy and too fortunate to desire a change so radical in our society. It is the duty of every well-meaning citizen to labor all he can to prevent the march of such ideas and principles in Canada.

Then to return to the subject, glanced at in our last essay, we would repeat that no more powerful means could be procured to spread abroad noble,

patriotic sentiments and ideas than the encouragement of lecturo-rooms, and good lecturers.

It is full time that Canada should commence to establish a literature of her own. She is large enough now, to have a literary name and a literary rank amongst the peoples. And if the idea is evil and false which desires to chase God from society, so is the one injurious which, carrying people to the other extreme, lead them to imagine that they have only to be pious and devoted and all will go well, even without any exertion on their part. Truer than some may, at first, think is the old saying, that Croston Croker has woven into a ballad,—"*Put your trust in God, my boys, but keep your powder dry.*"

Canada has been the home of the exile, the refuge of the persecuted. Let us see that she may never change her role, and from the friend become the enemy of the good and noble! Let it never be said of her, in future years, that she expelled any Order of faithful and devoted subjects from her shores. Let it never be said that she expelled God from her society!

#### THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

HAVING determined to publish a series of short biographies of eminent Irishmen, sons of Irish emigrants who have figured conspicuously in old Canada or the New Dominion we thought it appropriate to place amongst the foremost one of the most brilliant and versatile, one whose sad and tragic end contributes to make his career all the more memorable, the late lamented Thomas D'Arcy McGee. To have been intimate with the subject of this short sketch, was to have enjoyed the society of one of those rare children of genius, whose name and works belong to all time and the effect of whose labors mark, not only the days in which they lived, but constitute a rich and valuable inheritance for posterity. McGee, orator, poet, statesman and historian, has identified the Irish name, with the new Canadian Nationality as Carroll of Carrollton identified it with the declaration of American independence. His glowing oratory



THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

flashing into futurity, first made the people of Canada dream of what was soon to be realized, a grand confederation, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the happy home of a brave and free people, to be counted by millions. The career of D'Arcy McGee was a most chequered and eventful one; his biography has already been written by the graceful and fertile pen of Mrs. Sadlier, accompanying her publication of his poems; we shall therefore merely touch on the important points of his life. He was born at Carlingford, County Louth, Ireland, on the 13th of April, 1825. He first emigrated to America in 1842 and gave evidence of his great powers as an orator and writer, at the early age of 17 years. Having settled in the City of Boston, he became associated with that staunch friend of the Irish race, the *Boston Pilot*, where his contributions attracted so much attention, that he was offered and accept-

ed the chief Editorship of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. His next step was to become associated with Duffy, Davis, Mitchel and Reilly in editing the *Dublin Nation*, the organ of the Young Ireland party. Duffy's appreciation of McGee's abilities was exceedingly high, he said, "he could do more things like a master than the best amongst us since Davis" this was certainly enviable testimony, considering the galaxy of talent by which Duffy was surrounded. After the collapse of the '48 movement McGee escaped to America. As a Journalist on this continent his success was not very marked; great as his literary abilities were, he knew nothing of business management, and from this cause as well as certain editorial imprudences, his various newspaper ventures, the *New York Nation*, the *American Celt*, and the *New Era* had brilliant but brief existences. As a public lecturer on literary or historical subjects, McGee



was probably unrivalled in the New World and it is much to be regretted that no complete edition of his great efforts has as yet been offered to the public. His career in Canada may be briefly told. He sat for many years as representative of Montreal West in the parliament of the United Canadas and for one Session under the McDonald-Dorion administration he held the office of President of the Council; and subsequently that of Minister of Immigration, Agriculture and Statistics in the McDonald-Cartier cabinet, in the parliament of the Dominion. In our legislative Halls the eloquence of the most gifted statesman paled before that of the great Irish representative. When it became whispered about that McGee was to address the house on any important topic of debate, no seat was vacant in the chamber, and eager crowds elbowed themselves into the galleries. When he arose to speak no sound interrupted his usually unostentatious opening sentences, but as he warmed to his subject cheer after cheer would rend the air, his bitterest political foes bowing down with the multitude before his commanding genius. His humor was contagious, his wit sparkling, his invective terrible; but the spirit of patriotism he seemed to infuse into his every utterance was the most effective of his weapons, and won the hearts, after he had convinced the reason, of his hearers. Apart from McGee's great Confederation speeches, his lectures, poems, his principal works are his "History of Ireland" pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Tabaret president of the Ottawa University as the most interesting work on that subject yet written, "Gallery of Irish writers in the 17th century," "History of the Irish settlers in North America," "Life and Times of O'Connell" and "Life of Dr. Magin."

McGee's popularity amongst his fellow-countrymen in Canada was unbounded, until the breaking out of the Fenian movement. Having himself in the mournful days of '48, passed through the fiery ordeal, he felt compelled to warn his fellow-countrymen against lending an attentive ear to those who would seduce them from their allegiance. The unmeasured terms, in which he inveighed against Fenianism and its promoters accused against him a feeling which cul-

minated in his assassination. At the still hour of midnight on the 7th of April, 1868, he fell at the door of his hotel, his mighty brain shattered, by the bullet of an assassin. The Dominion authorities ordered a public funeral for the murdered statesman, and generously provided for his widow and orphans. The Bar of Lower Canada of which he was a member met and passed appropriate resolutions of condolence. The Rev. M. J. O'Farrell delivered his funeral oration in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, a master-piece of Irish eloquence, and the late Archbishop Connolly offered up requiem services in the cathedral of Halifax. Poor McGee lies interred in the family vault on the mountain side, in the Catholic Cemetery of Côte des Neiges on the outskirts of the city whose inhabitants his silvery tongue had so often charmed. He had his faults, but the greatest of them he had conquered long before his sad end. He was a true Irishman, a true and loyal citizen of Canada, his adopted country; but above and beyond all a true son of the Catholic Church. His admirers to-day are legion the enemies of his memory few. The prophetic words of a gifted writer, Mr. P. J. Malone, in the *Irish National Magazine* of 1873, are now almost verified. "His works and ideas have in them the power to propagate themselves, and when the apparent inconsistency of his course shall have been forgotten and explained away, our children will build monuments to the prophet whom their fathers assisted to stone."

J. J. C.

#### CHIT-CHAT.

—MORE ROPE!—Mr. Faraday in his "Essay on the Mind of Fishes" asks us to believe that fishes are great admirers of female beauty (he means womanly beauty not fish beauty) because a flock of blennies in his aquarium once followed the motions of some young school-girls whom he was showing round, and stared through the glass partition with "such interest and unmistakable admiration and amazement, that some of my fair companions actually blushed"!!!

This is melancholy stuff; and in the interests of true science is most deeply to be deplored. Have our educated

men (save the mark!) gone clean demoted in their senseless desire to overthrow revelation, that they must thus throw overboard all mental decency, and give to the world as science such miserable trash? Where has the Englishman's world-renowned commonsense gone to, that he will buy and read such folly? Better; far better no science at all than such science as this! Better—far better no books at all, than such bosh! But we perhaps ought not to be angry at these men. Unconsciously they are doing God's work. A little more rope and they will have hanged themselves. A little more such bosh, and the world will begin to see the hoof beneath the lion's skin, and then—well then we pity his ass-ships hide. John Bull when roused is not an amiable animal. We suspect, that even though an angel were to tickle his nose during the pleasant dreams of his post prandial nap, he would resent it. But when at length his crass brain discovers that his pleasant and flattering dreams of "advanced science" "modern progress" "intellectual activity" have been only so much ass braying we dread the explosion.

The worst is—that true science will suffer by all this. False science will bring true science into disrepute. A reaction will set in, and the world be thrown back centuries. Science may well pray Save me from my friends.

—Listen to this from one of our London Society papers:

"I shall not live to see it, but fifty years will not elapse before smoking is permitted everywhere. Smoking carriages will be no more needed on railroads than reading carriages. A person, whether in church, or in a law court, or in a drawing room, will no more ask permission to smoke than to breathe. No one accustomed to the smell of tobacco objects to it, for it becomes imperceptible. Everyone, consequently, should bring up their children in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, so as to accustom them to it from their earliest childhood. If I were blessed with daughters I should seek out an Irish nurse for them, and insist upon her smoking every day in the nursery a certain amount of the strongest tobacco from a short clay pipe. In after years,

my daughters would not render themselves objectionable to the male sex in general, and their father in particular, by declaring that they could not endure the odour of a cigar or a cigarette."

We hope, on the contrary, fifty years will not elapse before smoking will be reckoned amongst the things that are not. If we are to level up towards the angels and not down towards the pigs, it will be so. We cannot understand this tobacco crave. "It is an amusement." We cannot think so. To our mind nothing can be an amusement which carries with it a "crave." Gambling is not an amusement. As soon as it becomes a desire of gain it begins to be a necessity, and all necessities are tyrannies. But even supposing it an amusement, it is surely an amusement of a very doubtful character. Society sees this in the case of opium (God only knows how long). We despise the Chinese opium eater as no better than a brute. Why then not the smoker also. His crime is only different in degree, not in kind. "Tobacco crave" is only a deluted form of "opium crave." Both are craves and therefore tyrannies. Nor need we go as far as opium to shew the folly of smoking. Most men despise the tobacco chewer. And yet tobacco chewing is only another form of the tobacco crave. "But tobacco chewing is filthy—tobacco smoking is not." Softly friend! is not this begging the question? To you tobacco chewing is filthy. To most men tobacco smoking is as filthy as tobacco chewing to you. To the tobacco chewer his habit is as little filthy as yours; and the pigs only know how long you will be content with smoking and will not turn to chewing. Besides the same arguments drawn from expediency in favour of smoking hold good for chewing, since chewing is only a quicker mode of arriving at the tobacco effects. You cannot therefore blame the chower whilst yourself a smoker. Let him who is guiltless cast the first stone.

We cannot understand any intelligent man, deliberately putting himself under the tyranny of tobacco. We have always thought that slavery of any kind was disgraceful. So much so is this the case, that Almighty God gave us free will lest we should be slaves to Him.

Only brutes are slaves. "But I am no "slave to tobacco—I can give it up at "any moment." You can; can you? Then you are one in a thousand; for the millions of dollars spent every day in the world in the indulgence of this ridiculous habit prove you such. But can you give it up without an effort? for if you cannot, then are you a slave to the extent of that effort; and though it may be a noble act to make that effort, it is hardly a rational one to make yourself a slave in order to fight for freedom. No; we cannot understand any rational man hugging these tobacco chains. Of course from a Protestant stand point we see no objection to smoking in church, any more than in any other place. A Protestant church is merely a meeting house. Where it is looked upon as anything higher, it is by virtue of some lingering sentiment of Popery in the Protestant breast that it is there not by virtue of Protestant principles. Why not smoke there then as well as any where else. But then this desire to smoke in church proves the crave, and the crave proves the slavery, and the slavery proves a levelling down not up.

—Our school children are being over-worked. Professor Treichler lecturing before the German Association of Naturalists and Physicians sounds the warning note that headache in schools is decidedly increasing; so much so indeed, that in some schools, and notably in those of Nuremberg, one third of the scholars suffer from it. This he believes to be the result of over-brain-work, caused, as well by the study of too many subjects; as by the tendency to demand night-work. The brain is taxed when its cells are exhausted. The same complaint is beginning to be heard from the English schools, and should be looked to in time. "All work" says the old proverb, "and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." This over-brain-work will result in making dunces of one half of our men and women. It does not of course hurt the quick, whose brains are equal to any exertion; it does not hurt the dull, whose brains will not be exerted, but it does hurt those boys and girls, whose boundless ambition urges them to fulfil demands beyond their strength. Methodism with its "emotional drunk-

eness" is fast deteriorating the physique of Anglo-Saxondom; it will be to be regretted if State Schoolism steps in to perfect the work.

—The student of French history hears much of the courage and soldierly qualities of Bertrand du Guosclin. Though brave and fearless he was no beauty. If we are to believe the picture drawn of him by his contemporary-Cavelier, (doubtless an ancestor of our La Salle) nature had certainly not made the most of his physique. "I believe says Cavelier, "that there was not a child so ugly from Rennes to Dinant. He was flat nosed, and dark skinned, unmannerly and slovenly; for which his father and mother hated him so much, that they were often wishing in their hearts that he were dead or drowned in the running waters; they called him "lad," "elown" and "brawler."

Here is the original French—

Mais l'enfant d'ont je di et dont je vois parlant  
Je croi qu'il n'ot si lait de Resnes a Disnant  
Camus estoit, et noirs, malotru, et massant;  
Li père et la mère si le hevient tant  
Que souvent en leurs cuers aloient desirant  
Que fust mors, ou noiez en une eave corant  
Garçon, nisce et coquart laloient appellant.  
(Cuvier, vol. I, p. 5.)

—The Tudor doctrine of "the divine right of Kings" was unknown to the Catholic Ages of Faith. When the populace of Paris in 1380 rose up against the regal exactions which pressed so heavily on France and indeed upon all Europe about the time of the accession of Charles VI, the young king sent the duke of Anjou, and his new chancellor, Miles de Dormans, Bishop of Beauvais to promise that their grievances should be redressed. The chancellor's speech on the occasion, contains doctrines, which under Elizabeth of England and the Protestant reformation would have lost him his head. "The peaceful exercise of government," says the chancellor, "has always been the 'best security for the prosperity of a 'country, and I believe that no one is ignorant how grateful and acceptable to God is the power, which is devoid of pride, and which raises not its head with arrogance over the people; while

all the strength of a government consists in the regular obedience of the subjects. *For though kings may deny it a hundred times, it is nevertheless by the will of the people that they reign,* and it is the strength of their people which makes them formidable; and as the sweat of the subject gives royalty its glory, so the vigilance of kings ought to provide for the welfare of the subjects, etc."

"These are brave words; and from a Catholic Bishop withal! Had a reformed Bishop dared to utter them within a Tudor's hearing, Tudor blood would have run hot and heavy, and if that Tudor had happened to be Elizabeth of England—(she who like Yankee Butler stole the spoons) we should have had oaths and threats of "unfrocking" enough and to spare.

—"The Church of Rome is the enemy of civil liberty" says your modern liberal.

"The first principles of popular government were first "enuniated in England by the Mendicant Friars" says historian Groen in his history of the English people, (p. 265.)

H. B.

#### DANGERS OF THE NON-CATHOLIC PRESS.

THE editors of magazines, reviews and other periodicals, says the London *Tablet*, seldom allow religious considerations to hamper them much, either in the selection or the treatment of the subjects they are accustomed to handle so slipantly. On the contrary, they invite and encourage what they are pleased to call free discussion, and offer their pages as a public arena for every comer who has any pretensions to skill or dexterity in the use of his pen; and, what is more, flatter themselves that they are thus adopting the wisest means of moulding and forming, elevating and ennobling the national mind and character. The consequence is as lamentable as it is natural. Great and fundamental truths which have been long since incontrovertibly settled, and momentous facts upon which the whole world has sat in judgment and passed

sentence are again and again brought into court, made to submit to a fresh trial and to undergo another cross-examination. Even the primary dogmas of our faith, which Christ, directly or through the mouth of the Church, has placed, once and forever, beyond all controversy, and which therefore enjoy a more than mathematical certainty, are again made the plaything of finite minds, and the target for unskilled pigmies to aim their harmless bolts at. These periodicals, filled as they are with erroneous opinions, false doctrine and fallacious arguments, are calculated to do an immense deal of harm unless great caution and determination be observed in their use. If all those who perused them were theologians, logicians and men well versed in the teaching of the schools, it would matter little. Such as these are accustomed to the wiles and foibles of error; they can, as with a single glance of the eye, detect the misstatement and expose the fallacy; they can tear the miserable rags off the most skillfully-dressed scarecrow, at once make known the deception. But such readers are the exception. The majority are made up of those who have little leisure, and far less inclination, to range through the vast fields of theological and patriotic lore, or to acquaint themselves with even as much of it as would render them competent to discuss, argue and hold their own against the specious, insidious and misleading, though covert, attacks of the unscrupulous, the incredulous and the skeptical.

Men of the world, even such as pass for fair scholars, are seldom theologians. However much they may feel at home on matters of worldly interest, they soon find themselves out of their depths when plunged into the turbulent ocean of religious discussion. When this is true of the highly educated, of the doctor, the lawyer and the politician, what shall we say of the ignorant, the superficial and the ill-instructed? of those who are more impressed by manner and style than by argument, who lend a readier ear to the sweet cadence of rounded periods and to harmonious phraseology than to the truths they should adorn; who prefer what is new to what is true; and, in a word, are

more easily captivated by the ever varying kaleidroscope of error than the changeless sun of justice? The danger to such minds is unquestionably great in the extreme. Their faith runs risks of being, if not utterly quenched, at least shaken and weakened, by arguments which they fail to recognize as mere sophisms, and proofs which their unpracticed eyes cannot see have nothing but an imaginary basis to stand upon. Such reading also engenders a spirit of criticism, which is one of the great characteristics of the day, and unfits one for the exercise of that ready obedience to, and natural dependence on, ecclesiastical authority commanded by God, which is our highest glory, and it is our only real security. We are influenced, in spite of ourselves, by the example and opinions of others, whether they reach us through books or no. We cannot mark the light, easy way in which the most momentous subjects are treated, nor listen to the crude off hand judgments passed upon them, without being somewhat affected. And if month after month we continue to familiarize ourselves with such views and judgments, and grow up in such a vitiated atmosphere, we shall naturally imbibe something of their spirit, and find our faith gradually growing dull. The general tone of our minds, the tenor of our thoughts, our very mode of looking at things, will all be tinged with the same spirit. A great responsibility indeed falls upon those who receive such journals both in regard to themselves and toward those in whose hands they may allow them to fall. They constitute one of the greatest, because one of the least appreciated, dangers of the age. A roaring lion in the first ages of the Church, the devil now assumes the form of an insidious serpent, corrupting with its poison all the wells of knowledge, that those who drink may perish: "Serpent qui veneno suo corrumpt aquas terre ut bibentes homines moriantur."

**THE RIGHT PATH.**—Bring back into the right way him who has gone astray. Correct the errors of mankind where you can, and inspire them with a love of virtue. Restore the lost sheep to the fold.

## NANO NAGLE.

BY FRANCIS J. SULLIVAN.

HEROISM has always in the past commanded, and will forever command, the admiration of mankind. Its influence is appreciated long after the noble heart, which throbbled with heroic feeling, has ceased to beat. With justice and right was it born; with justice and right will it die. Tyranny is its constant foe, amelioration of the condition of men its cherished hope, patriotism its firm ally. It knows no limit of time, or race, or sex. In the hour of a nation's peril, the fire of heroism burns with redoubled lustre. At such a time woman experiences this feeling more than man. More impassioned by nature, and superior in soul, heroism with her becomes in fact supernatural, is intensified by enthusiasm, and softened by pity.

History records, on her bright pages, miracles of patriotism performed by woman, when inspired by religious fervor. When desperation compels the most valiant to yield, then, oh! then, do we behold in her the brightest example of Christian heroism. What is necessary to constitute Christian heroism? It unites all the elements of heroism, contempt of danger, devotion to a noble cause, confidence in overcoming obstacles, but crowns all these with a constant and overwhelming charity.

The battle of Christian heroism is not confined to the "tented field," and to the scenes of human misery. Its greatest trophies have been won in the cause of education. The genius of Burke has immortalized the name of Howard; a nation's gratitude has encircled the brow of Florence Nightingale with a crown of unfading glory. These heroic souls, imbued with the spirit of true Christian philanthropy, braved danger and disease to soothe the pangs of suffering humanity. Shall no chaplet of unfading flowers be wreathed for the champions of civilization, who ministered to the mind of a people, and thereby saved its mental and moral life? Happy, oh! happy is the nation that can claim one of these apostles of education as her own. Among these fortunate nations we may rank Ireland.

She can point with pride to one of her children, as a bright exemplar of Christian heroism.

In a small cometary near Douglas street, in the city of Cork, may be seen a green grave. The sun shines on it with a calm and mellow light. The breeze toys with the flowers that bloom around. A memorial slab near by records the acts and virtues of a Christian heroine. It is the grave of Nano Nagle. Spirit of Nano Nagle! I call on thee for aid. Assist me in the task that I have undertaken. Grant that my words may not fade away as pyramids of summer clouds, driven along the face of heaven by the wind; or be forgotten like the withered leaves that fall unnoticed to the ground, but rouse as they may descend upon my hearers' hearts, and be appreciated as are the refreshing dews by the thirsty and grateful fields of earth.

It has been said "the path of glory lead but to the grave." This, alas! is true of human glory; but the divine glory of a Christian heroine can never die. Time, which has buried in oblivion the deeds of others, has preserved Nano Nagle's for the admiration of posterity. She needs no statues to commemorate, with their "white eloquence, her career. Day by day, living monuments to her memory are continually erected in the hearts of every pupil of the Presentation Schools.

The Keltic cross near the grave of Nano Nagle, is a beautiful emblem of the destiny in her order. Its arms represent the faith of her children; its circle the diffusion of her ideas throughout the globe. That she merited the great title of Christian heroine is evident from a brief consideration of her life, character and works.

Born near Mallow, in Ireland, in the year of 1728, of wealthy parents, she received, in France, an education that made her an ornament to the highest classes of society. She entered with great zest into fashionable life, and quaffed with delight the cup of enjoyment, until an incident occurred, which, slight in itself, was fraught with great consequences to herself and to her country. Returning one morning from a scene of Parisian festivity, she beheld at that early hour a number of poor peo-

ple standing on the steps of a church waiting for the doors to be opened. This sight made a deep impression upon her sensitive nature. The gay thoughts of fashion disappeared as, in the beautiful words of my gifted friend, "Marie,"

"She saw the lowly band that knelt beside  
the Temple's gate—  
She saw the meek and humble ones 'their  
mattin feast await;'  
And lo! the Master seemed amid His chosen  
flock to stand,  
With dust upon His battered robe, and  
blood drops on His hand.  
'Behold' He cried, 'the picture pure, the  
lesson traced for thee!  
Thus only seek thou Wisdom's gate, thus  
early wait for Me!'"

The misery of her unfortunate country vividly presented itself. Stripped of nationality and of education, she beheld the noble Keltic race clinging with desperation to faith and fatherland. She perceived that unless a Deborah or a Judith, or a Joan of Arc, drew the consecrated sword and defended the honor of her native land, the people would sink beneath the weight of their sorrows. Knowing that it was a crime to teach a Catholic child his duty to God and man; understanding that an attempt to educate the Irish people would expose her to the full penalty of English law, she nevertheless decided to become the Mother of Irish education. Her heroic determination is clearly shown by considering that two paths lay before her. The first would lead to fashionable ease and all the enjoyments of the world. The second would bring her face to face with despotism, with penal laws, and with the horrid forms of poverty, ignorance and disease. Casting off all thoughts of comfort, she made choice of the latter, which conducted her into the midst of the sufferings of the most patient and oppressed of all peoples—the Irish race. What grandeur and breadth of soul! The world was abandoned by her to its gaiety, its deceit, and its delusive glory, for the thorny path that leads to Paradise. She in truth realized that:

"This world is all a fleeting show  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—,  
There's nothing true but Heaven!"

And false the light on glory's plume  
As fading hues of even;  
And love and hope and beauty's bloom,  
Are blossoms gathered from the tomb,  
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!  
From wave to wave we're driven;  
And fancy's flush, and reason's ray,  
Serve but to light the troubled way,  
There's nothing calm but Heaven!"

Having chosen her mode of life, she entered zealously into all its duties. The education of the poor was her dearest wish. To gather their little children together, to instruct them, and to watch the budding of their intellectual growth, became her daily avocation. The anger and interference of friends, and the threats of a hostile government, did not deter her from this great work. To the accomplishment of her Christian undertaking she devoted her brilliant intellect, her physical energy, and her great wealth.

Let us pause again to admire this heroine's unflinching zeal for the education of the poor and lowly. She first established and endowed the Ursuline Order in Ireland. Finding that the crying want of her country still remained, she, in the year 1776, in honor of the Presentation of the Saviour in the Temple, founded the Presentation Order, the object of which is to educate the poor. She consecrated herself and her disciples to the noblest of all the works of charity. Nobly have her daughters performed their task. Starting in the obscurity of a small city of Ireland, the Presentation Nun has become known wherever the language of man is heard. Her very name is synonymous with charity. Oh, charity! friend of the fatherless, comforter of the afflicted! On thy starry brow is stamped the sign-manual of the Omnipotent; on thy cheek is the smile of Heaven; in thy hand is the balsam of life. Child of Christianity! in the quivering light that gleams in thy glowing features are seen the emblems of Peace, Joy and Hope! Thy softening and refining influence is divinely sweeter on the great ocean of life, as it ebbs and flows and beats upon the shores of time, than the silvery notes of music which, rippling o'er the moonlight waves, ravish the delighted soul

of man. Angolic Charity! What pleasant memories dost thou not bring with thee! What delicate flowers dost thou not plant in our hearts! What poems, filled with jeweled thoughts, dost thou not whisper in our ears! Alas! how can I do thee justice? To speak of thee I should possess the tongue of a seraph! To paint thy beauties, my pencils should be tipped with the unfading hues of Heaven!

The character of Nano Nagle explains the wonderful success that attended her efforts. Among her noble qualities she possessed a perseverance unexampled, and an enthusiasm unconquerable, a humility and self-denial equalled by few. The light of wisdom dawned upon her path and every obstacle was overcome. The pen of the poet, alone can truly depict her traits of character. In her we behold—

"A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;  
A perfect, woman, nobly planned  
To warm, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit, still and bright,  
With something of an angel light."

Her character seems to have been inherited by her daughters. Who has not observed the unspeakable charm of their manner? Who has not contrasted the cares and anxieties of the people of the world with the calmness and sweetness of the nun? Her presence is sunlight; her absence gloom; when she speaks the buds of refined sentiment spring forth and blossom in our heart; as she departs from our sight, a twilight of noble aspirations lingers round, and kisses, with its golden lips, the hills and valleys of our souls. Delighted with the good, the true, and the beautiful, we exclaim:

"Oh, what a pure and sacred thing  
Is beauty curtained from the sight  
Of the gross world, illumining  
One only mansion with her light?  
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,  
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,  
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie  
Hid in more chaste obscurity.  
A soul, too, more than half divine,  
Where, through some shades of earthly  
feeling,  
Religion's softened glances shine,  
Like light through summer foliage steal-  
ing;

Shedding a glow of such mild hue,  
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,  
As makes the very darkness there  
More beautiful than light elsewhere."

The labors of Nano Nagle to-day excite our surprise and admiration. Her work in the cause of education will scarcely be appreciated unless we recall the peculiar circumstances in which the Irish people were placed. Catholic emancipation was not granted until the 13th of April, 1829. Prior to that great event, education could only be purchased by apostasy. The Irish race, loving their faith before all things, rejected this vile condition. The result was that the people grew up ignorant of popular learning. Nano Nagle delivered them out of this house of bondage by her educational system. What was the education she taught? It was the development of all the faculties of the mind—intellectual, effective and moral. The intellect received knowledge, the heart and will religion and grace. Each faculty was polished to the brilliancy of a gem. No moral Frankenstein threw a dark shadow on her schools. For thirty years had she devoted herself to her great task. At length, wearied by her burthen, she laid down by the wayside of life, and her pure spirit winged its way to heaven. Her cloak fell on worthy successors; her daughters have made her name co-extensive with the world.

It may be asked why was such a revolution created by her teaching? Why did the Irish people grasp so easily the truths she indicated? 'Tis true the Irish nation was plunged in the depths of enforced misery and ignorance, but it still possessed, as its redeeming virtue, a civilization that is repudiated to-day—the civilization of principle, of unbending honor, and inflexible integrity. Immortal civilization! How often hast thou been spat upon; thy noble brow crowned with thorns; thy glorious form scourged at the pillar, crucified on Calvary, and finally laid in the tomb of ignominy; but, thank God! thou type of the Almighty Power! amid the trembling of tyrants, again and again has thou cast off the cerements of the grave and flashed forth in all the splendors of a magnificent resurrection!

Her labors were not exclusively confined to education. She ministered to the wants of old age; the sick and the hunger-stricken were soothed in their distress. Neither the inclemency of the weather, nor the lateness of the hour, deterred her from the path of duty. Profanity and impurity fled at her approach. Her fallen sister, however, received from her sweet words of consolation. The last hours of the dying were cheered by her tender and hopeful expressions. No frightful malady, no danger checked this Christian heroine in her heroic undertaking. Her religious life was, in belief, one continuous act of charity. Perchance to many "a mute, inglorious" Dante she was a Beatrice, whose vision lifted his soul from the abyss of hell, along the terraces of purgatory, even unto the jasper pavements of Paradise.

Finally, when we reflect on the time in which she lived, the obstacles she encountered, and the great results of her labors, it must be conceded that her praises will forever be sounded in the litany of Christian heroines.

Thus lived a Christian Heroine. Oh! may her spirit inspire us to follow in the same noble path of philanthropy; may the undimmed glory of her career shine brightly from age to age, until time shall be no more.

#### ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN ON THE IRISH FAMINE.

At a meeting held in Australia to raise money for the relief of the suffering in Ireland, the Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Archbishop of Sydney, said:—

We are all made of the same paste—human nature is much the same all the world over. Such being the case, it crosses my mind that those thoughts which had the effect of urging me to double my subscription, might not be without their influence with others, and that, possibly, I might speak effectually to my resolution by simply, and with all simplicity, bringing out before you as briefly as I can, what those thoughts were. The first image that presented itself before my mind in thinking of Ireland was that of the great Daniel O'Connell. Those two thoughts are in-



separable. I saw before me that king of men and tribune of the people standing in all the majesty of his manly strength and beauty; his very physique bearing witness to the vigor of his brain and the power of his large and tender heart. I could see him standing before me, strong as a tower that "stands four square to every wind that blows." I asked myself, How did that strong man come to die? I found that he died of a broken heart. He was struck down by the great Irish famine of 1846-47.

"His enpierced breast

Sharp sorrows did in thousand pieces rive"

at the sight of the people he loved with such fierce tenderness wasting away in thousands through starvation and disease. I thought it a wonderful thing to contemplate so sturdy a man, one so fearless, being prostrated, and wholly broken down by the sorrows of his people. Then I asked myself how came it that O'Connell was so overcome by the great calamity of the famine of 1846-7? And I answered myself: because he had an intimate knowledge of the peasantry of Ireland, and therefore he loved them passionately; and because he had witnessed with his eyes the appalling sufferings of those he loved. Could I, I thought, only get some knowledge of that people, something like what he had, could I but fix my eyes on their distress, then I should be able to weep with him, and love them and assist them all I could. I then thought over in my mind all I knew of that wonderful people, especially of the peasantry. I remember their singular generosity of character, their courage, their humanity. I remember what Curran said: "The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity or convenience—in savage nations of the first, in polished of the latter—but the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of the posted and ledgered courtesies as in other countries; it springs like all his qualities, his faults, his virtues directly from the heart. The heart of the Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable." So much for Irishmen in general, and from long personal experience, I can vouch for its truth. But what about the peasant class in particular? I remember a pas-

sage from Gilos, who had an intimate knowledge of this remarkable class. He says: "The peasant in Ireland exercises a peculiar and sacred order of hospitality strange to the nobility and wealthy. Such hospitality is mentioned in the Gospel—hospitality, which recounts amongst its guests, the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and which has its reward in heaven. These classes in Ireland had not merely a share in the humble man's feast; they had also their pittance out of his scarcity. Daily he divided with some of them his food, and nightly he shared with some of them his roof. None more than the humble Irish seemed to keep constantly in mind that Christ was supplicant in each person of the destitute; and well did their treatment of the destitute anticipate that last address: 'I was hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me.'" How beautiful, how surpassingly touching, I thought within myself is not all this! And then I remembered reading in some speech of John Bright's that the Irish in America alone, during the space of sixteen short years, I think it was 1848 and 1864, sent back over the waters to their friends and relatives at home thirteen million pounds sterling! Their bravery and humanity are equal to their generosity. I am speaking still principally of the peasant class. I chanced, only two days ago, to look into the history of the Siege of Limerick; and I came across one fact of gallantry, humanity, and daring which I do not think could be equalled in the annals of military warfare. A breach had been burst in the walls of the city. An attack was made. But the garrison repulsed the attack with such impetuosity that the enemy retreated and were followed to their camp. In the melee the English hospital was set on fire. What did these Irish soldiers do, these soldiers who had been drawn from the peasant class of their country? They forgot the enemy; they rushed in among the flames, and did not desist till every wounded Englishman and Brandenburger had been carried away from danger, and had been put in a place of safety until they had effectually extinguished the flames which were raging in the

building. Having done that, they fought their way back into their stronghold. When I had thought over all these I began to realize how it was that O'Connell loved his people with such passionate attachment. Their generosity, self-forgetfulness, courage, humanity, their love of poetry, of song; the dark shadow thrown across their history, the beauty of their fatherland, brought to my mind the words of the poet:

"What flood reflects a shore so sweet  
As Shannon great or pastoral Ban?  
Or who a friend or foe could meet  
So generous as an Irishman?"

Now, surely, it is but natural to feel very keenly when such a race as this is suffering acutely for no fault of their own. One's very love and admiration makes one feel all the more vehemently for them. I will not weary or sadden you, ladies and gentlemen, by a long account of the sorrows of the Irish people, but the effect would not be complete if I did not ask you to bear with me whilst I tell you some other thoughts that passed through my mind. I will select three of them. I remembered then, in studying the poet Spencer one passage in his prose works which I have never forgotten. He had been presented with 3000 acres of land, part of the Desmond property, which had been confiscated. This was in the sixteenth century. Spencer, who himself, if we may believe Ben Jonson, died from lack of bread, visited his estate, and describes the peasants thus: "Out of every corner of the woods and glynis they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death—they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves—they ate the dead carrion; happy when they could find them; yea, and one another soon after; insomuch the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves." What could possibly be more frightful than that picture? I turned from it. I remembered the famine of 1739, 1741 and 1742, of which history says little. In 1744, 400,000 Irishmen are said to have perished from want. One small village buried 500. For a time they subsisted on grass, docks and nettles. "I have seen," says an eyewitness, "the laborer endeavoring to work at his spade, but fainting for want

of food, and forced to quit it. I have seen the aged father eating grass like a beast, and in the anguish of his soul wishing for his dissolution. I have seen the helpless orphan exposed on the dunghill, and none to take him in for fear of infection; and I have seen the hungry infant sucking at the breast of the already expired parent. The famine of 1847 afforded me similar pictures of heart-rending distress. I recalled the efforts of the people in 1846 to make good the losses of the previous year. I remembered the fierce energy with which they worked. I recollect the blasting of their hopes, when in one single night the green crop over hill and in the fertile valley was shrivelled and blackened by the universal blight. The population were literally driven into their graves. Their former energy had turned to a stolid, silent despair. It was a common sight to see the cotter and his family sitting on the fence of their little holding, looking silently and with a vacant stare upon the black crop of blighted promise, which they had worked hard to plant, but which was rotten in the earth. You might address them, and they would not speak to you. You might try to cheer them, but it was too late. They felt their hour had come, and that they had to follow others to the grave. One might crawl away at night, and rest in some doorway out of the moonlight; on opening the door in the morning the servant, or master of the house, found a corpse. The spirit had departed to its everlasting rest. Others would lie down to a dream of feasting and fulness, and wake up to starve and to die. It seemed as if the peasant world of Ireland, that noble race was absolutely coming to an end." These were some of the thoughts which passed through my mind, some of the pictures which presented themselves. But what have they to do with the present distress? I found they had much to do with it. For I remembered, first, that all famines are much the same in their aspects of distress, and that, when I thought how much the Irish people had suffered in the past, I feel all the more moved to assist them in their present necessity. Secondly I could in some way measure the present exigency by the exigencies of former times;

and I came to the conclusion that the present position of the Irish people at home calls more loudly than ever for our prompt assistance. Thank God, we do not know what famine is here; but we do know what flood is. Add our own floods to that of Irish famine—to starvation from hunger and starvation from cold, wet and exposure, and you have a picture of the present distress. Add what you know yourselves to what I have described, and you will then be able, in part at least, to grasp the necessities, the crying wants of the present case. Your worship, ladies and gentlemen, let not a great peasantry perish; no one can replace them; or, in the sweet words of one of Ireland's sweetest poets:—

“ Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;  
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made,  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied.”

#### THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

ONCE, not many years ago, two officers of the army were travelling through the beautiful valley of the Colville River among the Spokans and Cour D'Alenes, some two days journey from the mission of St. Ignatius.

One of these officers was a Protestant and a Mason, the other a Catholic.

The ties of a common profession and service had long since, spite the diversity of faith, made them friends, and often the Protestant had dwelt upon the beauties of masonry, the great social power of the order, and the usefulness of being able in any moment of danger to call, by an unseen sign, a friend to your aid.

One day, after travelling till nearly the day's journey was completed, it was discovered by the Protestant officer that he had left his coat behind at the house at which they stopped the night before, and his loss annoyed him greatly.

Particularly did he inveigh against the wild and uncivilized country through which they were passing, where no man could understand English, and by whom a message could be sent back for the lost garment.

At this junction our Catholic friend

remarked that any Indian we might meet could do, as they were mostly Christians. But, though the Mason laid but little stress upon their Christianity, his puzzle was how to know the Christian from the pagan.

To this the Catholic replied, that if the Mason had a grip and pass-word so did he, the Catholic, have an infallible sign by which, even in this wild land, he could detect the Christian, and in fine, he would take upon himself the task of recovering the coat.

In a short time there came to the stream where the party were resting three or four mounted Indians, who, with the stolidity of their character, surveyed them without emotion.

Our Catholic friend, at length, in a loud tone, called one of the Indians to him, who approached slowly and with evident reluctance. Asking his friend to watch the countenance of the Indian, the Catholic made the sign of the cross upon his forehead and breast. At once the impassibility of the Indian vanished and, with a cry of surprise to his companions, he advanced rapidly, signing himself also with the sign of the crucified One.

Extending his hand, he assumed a seat by the side of his friends, and then, opening his buckskin shirt, exposed the scapular and miraculous medal he wore. Our Catholic did the same, and, without knowing a word of each other's language these two Catholics were able, by signs and the universal brotherhood of the Church, to know and feel each other friends.

To write a note to the man at whose house the travellers had stopped the night before was short work. To explain by signs what was wanted was not so easy, but finally the Indian understood and accepted the errand.

It was then past noon, the distance thirty miles, yet this Catholic Indian reached again the party before setting out the next morning, and with the coat.

This incident, trifling as it is, is the index of all such meetings in these Western wilds, wherever a Catholic may be travelling. If he desires to find a friend even among those who are not converted the sign of the cross is the surest passport.

(Written for THE HARP.)

## A SAILOR'S YARN.

You may tell me what you like  
 Never man with marlinspike  
 Ever did a braver thing for dear old France  
 Than that Croisic sailor lad  
 Who no sounding title had  
 Though he saved the Frenchman's fleet upon  
 the Rance.

You've seen oft upon the blue  
 A shoal of sharks pursue  
 A frightened school of porpoise—*c'est sa vogue*,  
 So 'twas with the ships of France  
 Off St. Malo on the Rance  
 When the English bent the Frenchmen at  
 La Hogue.

The Frenchmen fled apace,  
 With the victors in full chase,  
 First and foremost in his flag-ship Damfre-  
 ville,  
 Then came both great and small,  
 Twenty-two good ships in all,  
 And they followed helter-skelter with a  
 will.

'Twas a brave and even race  
 As each good ship kept its place  
 A-shaking out each stern-sail to the breeze:  
 He that fights and runs away;  
 Lives to fight another day  
 You may call it a defeat, mate! if you please.

Then from off his highest stick  
 The brave Damfre' signal'd quick  
 Send us pilots—save the honor of old France,  
 Send us pilots skilled—and quick,  
 Men who know to play the trick  
 Of guiding ships amidst the shallows of the  
 Rance.

Then the pilots of the place  
 No braver hardier race!  
 Put them out from off the shore and leapt  
 aboard  
 "The shoals can scarce be past  
 When the tide is running fast  
 At the ebb tide every shoal becomes a ford."

Damfre' heard; and spake he low;  
 "This will be a heavy blow  
 To lose these brave old ships of gallant  
 France,  
 But France must meet her fate!  
 Signal each man not to wait  
 But to ground and burn his ship upon the  
 Rance."

Then spake Hervé Riel,  
 "I know the channel well  
 What mockery and treason have we here?  
 Talk to me of being shoaled?  
 Are ye bought with English gold?  
 I can lead you safe, my Masters, never fear.

"Morn and evening, night and day  
 I have piloted your bay  
 And tho' you're brave and stirling men, my  
 Maloins!  
 I, a simple Croisickese  
 Will lead you in with ease  
 If I do not, cut me off then in my teens.

"Burn the fleet and ruin France!  
 Why, you're speaking in a trance.  
 That were worse by far than fifty hapless  
 Rogues  
 I will lead you safe and sound  
 Not a keel shall touch the ground  
 If I fail you, call Les Riels arrant rogues—

"Only let me lead the line,  
 Make the others follow mine,  
 No keel need touch the bottom as I said,  
 Give the biggest ship to steer,  
 Get that biggest one all clear,  
 The others will have nothing then to dread."

"Not a minute then to wait  
 Steer us in both small and great,  
 Take the helm, lead the van," cries Damfre-  
 ville,  
 "Capt'ns give the sailor place,  
 He is admiral for a space,  
 Follow Capt'ns one and all with a will."

See that honest Breton face,  
 As Hervé Riel takes his place  
 Watching keenly every trembling of the  
 sails,  
 See the big ship gives a bound,  
 Clears the entry like a hound,  
 Breton eye and hand at rudder never fails.

Safely through each shoal and rock  
 The French vessels like a flock  
 Of wild geese through the bracken of the  
 brooks  
 Follow every turn and twist  
 Of the Bretons skillful wrist  
 "You may let go now your sturdy anchor  
 flukes.

The port is lost and won  
 E'er the setting of the sun,  
 Won so bravely for the vessels of old France,  
 For though the English tars  
 Are tough as Norway spars  
 They dare not enter 'neath the guns upon the  
 Rance.

H. B.

TRIALS.—The sorest trials and the  
 severest ordeals may be borne with  
 equanimity, and even beget a noble de-  
 termination to triumph over obstacles  
 that at the first blush appear insur-  
 mountable. For, after all, man is greater  
 than circumstances, and is able, if in-  
 spired by right principles, and prompted  
 to the exercise of zealous endeavours, to  
 mould them at will.

## THE POPE IN FICTION.

WHEN political fictions are going the round of the Press, and when hasty forecasts of the future are being hinted on all sides, it is quite natural that a large share of the fictions and the forecasts should centre round the most exalted and most important personage in Europe; and by all evidence that personage is no other than the Pontiff at the Vatican—the one man whose words and acts are watched by the unbelieving world, as if they were the words of an oracle and the acts of some superhuman power that can afford to appear weak while it is hiding its time. Among all the crooked views and false reports with which the special correspondents are wont to create for their readers a fictional Leo XIII., there is one view, says the *London Register*, which deserves special notice because it is being put forward in our own daily Press in a most plausible manner; and by constant repetition, as we all know, the most glaringly false theory begins to insinuate itself as a truth. We are not going to dwell upon the fallacy—long ago acknowledged as such even by the enemies of the Church—that Leo the Thirteenth does not follow in the footsteps of Pius the Ninth. When the fury of the storm has exhausted itself in some of the countries of Europe, the present Pontiff makes use of diplomatic means to bring about peace, just as Pius the Ninth did before the persecution had risen to its height, rendering negotiation impossible; but had there been for one moment or in one word a change of front towards the Quirinal there would be no need to seek for the act of surrender; it would have been the byword of the world long ago. The friends of Italian Unity know but too well that "*Non Possumus*" was not the word of one man, but of an immortal dynasty. They may reason plausibly to prove that but for the ever meddling Intransigenti Cardinals, Rome would have ere now sought conciliation in every quarter at all costs; but in the same breath the truth leaks out, and they acknowledge that the Papacy is the most permanently important element to be reckoned with in forecasting the future of Italy, perhaps of Europe.

But the grand fiction of the day does not regard the policy of the Popes. It is the old fiction brought to light first in the Turin Parliament years before the taking of Rome—the fiction that the spiritual power of the Pope would be greater if his temporal power were swept away. Yourself made use of this falsehood; it was the argument of the men who wanted Rome for the capital of the new kingdom, and yet know that Italy had a conscience that might rebel against the sacrilego. Again and again it is repeated, and in the English Press it is brought forward from time to time, and every possible change is rung upon the unsound theory. There was never any thing more obviously untrue, or more clearly framed to suit a purpose. But this constant reiteration may possibly at last imperil the common sense of some amongst us. A man may deceive himself, and, by persistent repetition, come to believe that his own fancies are facts, just as old George the Fourth came at last to believe that he had been at Waterloo and led a cavalry charge. Much more may the bold assertions of other men delude us unless we assume the attitude of perpetually being on our guard against believing because the multitude speak. It is our fate to be always told that the world knows more of the affairs of the Church than does the Church herself; yet the multitude are but the outside strangers, and we, the few, are of the household knowing alone its secrets and its needs.

We are told, then, that the spiritual power of the Pope was never so great, and that the reason is because his influence over souls is not hampered and debased by the cares of a temporal kingdom. There is some truth here as well as the falsehood. The fact is true; the reason given is false. Never, indeed, was the empire over souls so wide; never, perhaps, in all the history of the nineteen centuries was the loyalty to Rome so close, or, as one might say, so individual, an allegiance. The well-known prophecy regarding Pius the Ninth was undoubtedly fulfilled—he lived to see the exaltation of the Church. But, let it be remembered, it is the exaltation of suffering; it is the loyalty of martyrdom; it is the strength that has risen to endure persecution

When men say the influence of the Pope is greater, he is more revered, because he is not a temporal prince, we answer—the greatness and the influence are the result of the sufferings of the Church not of the work of those who have made her suffer. It is only a proof of her vitality that wholesale robbery of her temporal goods has enriched her spiritual kingdom; but who can tell how multiplied her strength and glory would have been if, from 1870 to 1879, Pius the Ninth and Leo the Thirteenth had been free to govern, and Eternal Rome, the centre of Christendom, free to dispense her treasures of wisdom and of blessing among the nations? This is a side of the picture that is forgotten. Both the last and the present Pontiff, however they may be represented in the fiction of the Protestant Press, have had but one voice to declare that the temporal power is necessary to the free government of the Church. Therefore, if the spiritual power has grown strong and fruitful under persecution, it does not palliate the crime of the persecutor; but it suggests what would have been the fruitfulness of those nine years had the Christian world been ruled with that safeguard of freedom which successive Popes have declared to be "necessary."

"Yellow Ford"), where glorious Red Hugh O'Neill overthrew Elizabeth's best general? Does Sir Robert forget magnificent Bonburb, where the truly historic Owen Roe O'Neill shivered to splinters the army of Munroe? Does Sir Robert forget the Boyne, where Irish valor was well proved on both sides, and Derry (for, like my political master, O'Connell, whose praises of George Walker often I heard, I write in no party or sectarian spirit), and Athlone, and Aughrim, and last (and greatest of all), Limerick, from whose historic walls the brave men of that famous city (and brave women, too), hurled the myrmidons of the Dutch usurper? Some of these battles were, I freely admit, Irish defeats. But even the defeat of a brave army is "military history." Greece honored the memory of Leonidas, though Thermopylae was, after a gallant struggle, a defeat; as much as she honored those who conquered at Marathon and Salamis. Rome paid public honors to the man who, after hard fighting, lost Cannæ, because "he did not despair of the Republic." The Saxons of England treasured the memory of those who were beaten at Hastings. Scotland honors those who were defeated at Flodden, Killiecrankie and Culloden, as much as she does those who drove the "Sassenach" before them at Bannockburn and at Prestonpans; and she has erected a statue at Stirling to Wallace, who (though a prisoner of war) was brutally murdered in cold blood in London by an English king, whom Scott truly called a "felon."

#### IRELAND'S MILITARY GLORY.

SIR ROBERT STEWART in one of his lectures on Irish music, having stated that Ireland had "no military history," Mr. James Burke, Barrister, in a letter to a Dublin newspaper, combats Sir Robert's assertion. We extract some passages of Mr. Burke's letter:

No military history? Does our distinguished fellow-countryman, Sir Robert Stewart, forget Clontarf, the "Marathon of Ireland," where the Danes were gallantly repulsed by the army of Brian Borohme, and received a blow from which, in Ireland, they never recovered, though about the same time the Danes held, by successful invasion, the throne of England? Does Sir Robert forget Beal-an-altha-Buic (the famous

But Sir Robert Stewart was right in one thing. We ought to honor the memory of our great men more than we do. It is no excuse that England has not honored her greatest men. There is not in any street in all London a statue to Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Dryden, Pope or Byron. Scotland gives us a better example. Stand on the Calton Hill and you can survey memorials of Burns, Scott and a glorious array of intellectual giants. We have improved, it is true. Grattan, Burke, Goldsmith, Moore (in a sort of a way), O'Brien, O'Connell (Royal Exchange and Glasnevin) are before us. But where is that great Dublin man, the most brilliant genius that Ireland; or perhaps,

any other country, ever produced—  
Richard Brinsley Sheridan—

The orator, dramatist, minstrel who ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was  
master of all?

I shall not occupy your space by dwelling on the military history of Irishmen abroad, though that is part of the military history of every nation. I shall not take you to Sarsfield at Landon, to Montgomery at Quebec, to Fontenoy, to Wellington at the Peninsula and Waterloo, or to the countless fields in every quarter of the globe where Ireland has written splendid chapters of military history.

#### AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

"IRELAND IS TO-DAY ENGLAND'S HUMILIATION, BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN THE SPHERE OF ENGLAND'S GREATEST SINS."

THE *London Freeman*, the principal organ of the Baptist denomination in England, says of the Irish question:

The land agitation, has once more brought Ireland to the front and reminds us that we have a Western question fully as complicated and difficult of solution as the Eastern, and pressing more urgently for settlement, because it touches matters nearer home and affects a people who for five centuries have been bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and married to us for better or worse—generally, alas! for worse.

Charles Dickens, in his story of "Bleak House," has held up to ridicule the philanthropic women who spend all their time in collecting blankets and shoes for the aborigines of Africa while their own children are tumbling about half-clothed in gutters and squalling for bread; and a wiser man has satirized the same folly in the sententious proverb, "The fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth." Our rulers, during the last five years, have been furnishing a fresh illustration of the proverb. Their eyes have been wandering over the whole earth in search of adventures, while the exigencies of home have been forgotten.

It is well, perhaps, that something should happen to recall their scattered energies to the care of their own children. Continental nations are somewhat amused by our anxiety to reform corrupt governments and settle unruly peoples while we have Ireland on our hands quite as discontented, more disloyal, and almost as miserable as the Turks themselves. They forget that it is the natural tendency of nations, as well as individuals, to "see the mote in their brother's eye, while they have no suspicion of the beam that is in their own eye." When conscience is disturbed by our own ill-doings it finds relief in protesting against the ill-doings of others.

But it is not the present Government alone [this article was written immediately preceding the late elections in Great Britain] that is answerable for the neglect of Ireland. The whole English nation will sooner or later have to plead guilty to the charge. The truth is we have grown weary of the Irish question. For three hundred years it has been the nightmare of Parliaments, the anguish of philanthropists, and the despair of statesmen, and we have come to regard it as insoluble. "When you cannot solve a problem," says Dr. Carpenter in his "Mental Physiology," "the best thing is to sleep over it." The English nation has obeyed this recipe, concerning Ireland, too literally. We have been too content to sleep over it, only now and then stirred to spasmodic action when some fiercer agitation or more piercing cries have compelled us to wakefulness. Physicists tell us that the same monotonous sound repeated in our ears for a certain length of time would produce no more effect upon us than silence. So it has happened with the story of the "wrongs of Ireland." We have become familiarized with it that we have ceased to notice, or, if we notice, it is to regard it as a stale joke, or to stop our ears from it as from the cries of a contentious woman. We have come to the conclusion that we shall never be able to satisfy the Irish. We have disestablished the Irish Church *without disendowing it*, we have given them an infinitesimal instalment of land-law reform, and we are surprised that they are not overwhelmed with grati-

tude. We stand aghast like the well-fed Mr. Bumble when the half-starved Olivér Twist dared to ask for more. Ireland is a sort of Cerberus with fifty mouths, and when we have thrown a sop to one there are forty-nine still hissing and clamoring to be supplied. We are quite sure that the people are incorrigibly thankless, that their discontent is a chronic disease, that the grievances of Ireland are like the peat of its own bogs, rising to the surface again almost as fast as the upper layers are removed, that the Irish patriot is a rabid demagogue trading on imaginary wrongs, that priests and jesuits are the secret contrivers of disaffection, that the Celt is naturally an unruly and pugnacious animal which no reasonable Government can control, and that Ireland must be held down with a strong hand and the first sparks of sedition trampled out with iron heel. So we settle the difficulty, or rather dismiss it from our minds.

Has our reader gone through the terrible indictment of English misgovernment and English cruelty contained in Fronde's history of "The English in Ireland?" Has he considered the effect which centuries of suffering are likely to have produced on a susceptible people's mind? Has he tried to make allowance for that inheritance of hatred which is the only possession that their English masters have never been able to wrest from the Irish peasantry? Has he tried to realize the feelings of a nation whose memory is laden with stories of intolerable wrong? Does he think that a few homœopathic doses of just dealing will suddenly heal this long accumulation of disease? *Ireland is to-day England's humiliation, because it has been the sphere of England's greatest sins.* And swift, spasmodic moods of repentance and partial acts of long delayed justice are not able suddenly to undo life long wrongs.

It is the one great moral lesson which George Eliot has set herself to teach this generation, that the worst consequence of wrong-doing is that it puts insuperable difficulties in the way of doing right, and that Nemesis follows on for years, though a changed heart has removed the ground of offence and bitter repentance has besought its favor with tears. We are proving this with regard

to the Irish, and, if we could keep it more constantly in mind, it would, perhaps, make us more lenient and charitable in our view of their discontent. But let us not flatter ourselves that we have at length done justice to Ireland, and that its present complaints arise only from the memory of ancient wrongs. Let our reader visit the western parts of the island, where the present agitation has its centre, and he will speedily be disabused of that fancy. He will find hundreds of square miles of fertile land lying almost barren, towns like Galway and Westport literally tumbling to pieces, able-bodied laborers standing idle all day with miserable rags on their backs and gaunt famine in their faces, crowds of women and children on the verge of starvation, unroofed cabins hardly fit for pigs, where human beings are cowering for shelter, with the rain and snow drifting and filtering down upon them, and general beggary and squalor and wretchedness the like of which no other country in Europe, not even excepting Turkey, can show—and my lords and gentlemen the natural protectors of these people, the owners of the land, the drainers of its produce, unseparated for years on their estates, and spending all that they can squeeze out of the soil in the shape of rent on the luxurious and often riotous living of foreign cities. Is it surprising that the Irish peasantry should be a little sceptical about the rights of property, and should fail to understand the grace of meek submission? Is it surprising that they cannot realize the beneficence of the law which protects these gentlemen in the neglect of every duty, and can do nothing for the crowd except to keep a posse of armed constables in every village to overawe them?

We do not hint at any interference with the rights of property, for we know that in the long run such interference would produce more miseries than it would remove, but we demand that our statesmen shall take up the Irish land question, not with tender and gingerly hands as heretofore, but with a determination to make some radical change and to recognize tenants' rights as well as landlords' privileges. And we plead still more for the uprising of a moral sentiment which shall inflict its scorpion



lashes upon the dainty gentlemen who are draining the life-blood of Ireland to supply their own luxuries, who have retained all the privileges of the ancient feudalism and abandoned all its duties, whose only calling in life is to receive rent, whose only notion of law is that it shall protect them in their merciless exactions, who are aliens in race, in religion, and in sympathy from the people by whose toil they live, and who never try to compensate for these drawbacks by a single act of justice, beneficence, or charity.

We plead for a partial transfer of our indignation from misguided Irish agitators to the self-indulgent, God-forgetting men whose greed and ill-gained luxuries and heedlessness of human sufferings have made the agitation possible and almost necessary. We rejoice to think that the spirit of the age is protesting more and more loudly against the men who have inherited wealth and leisure, and yet do so little good to the world that the best service they could render it would be to relieve it of their presence as quickly as possible. This growing moral sentiment will eventually do more for Ireland than any change of laws. Let there go forth from Parliament and press and pulpit an indignant outcry against the aristocratic trees which simply consume the produce of the soil to deck themselves in ornamental leaves, and bring forth no fruit. They have cumbered the ground long enough. It were well if they could be shamed into fruit-bearing. We are willing to protect their rights, but we demand of them a remembrance of their duties. In the growing urgency of this demand, in the uprising of an indignant sentiment that will insist upon it, we find the hope of Ireland and also the hope of sufferers nearer home.

#### A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

DEDICATED TO THE FRENCH CANADIAN  
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This instrument of religious discord will soon be without the power of doing mischief. The "saints" have quarrelled among themselves; the cloven foot has not been sufficiently concealed under the role of external sanctity;

and though the deficiency in the annual subscription does not this year exceed a couple of thousand dollars, we shall have a much greater falling off by and by. Some of our city papers contained not long since, a pretty full exposé of the "holy humbug," and said enough, heaven knows, to fill Christians with horror at the monstrous blasphemies sanctioned by this society—by men who are perpetually railing at Popery, yet who prove, in their own case, that the very means resorted to in the Catholic Church, for preserving the fidelity of the sacred text, are absolutely necessary and essential. A writer in the *Quarterly* which has fallen into our hands said much about translations: As his sense of smell was keen, and that of hearing and seeing acute, I wonder how he could overlook the observations of the Abbé Dubois, who exposed the doings of the "holy ones" in the East. He has conclusively demonstrated that Protestant Missionaries have prevented the spread of Christianity in Asia, that they have rendered it problematical whether there be any chance of converting the natives under present circumstances; and this melancholy state of things is in a great measure owing to the mis-translations of the Bible circulated in Hindostan. In fact, the Bible Societies' versions serve (as will be shown hereafter,) the Bramans as jest-books, when they want literary amusement. Speaking of the Canada translation, the first chapter of which he translates, the Abbé says, "I have been so thoroughly disgusted in going through the translation of the first chapter, that I beg you will excuse me the trouble of translating the three others; for I cannot disguise to you, that, as a sincere believer in the divine origin of our Holy Scriptures, I cannot help experiencing the most distressing feelings of indignation, when I see those sublime books, the sacred voice of God himself, so basely, so shamefully, so sacrilegiously defaced, debased, and perverted, and held out, under such a shape, to the very enemies of our holy religion, as the pure word of God.

"If one of the many proofs of our holy books being of divine origin be derived from their intrinsic worth, from their noble, inimitable, and majestic

simplicity, there is, alas! on the other hand, but too much reason to fear that the Hindoos will form a directly opposite judgment on the subject, when they behold the ludicrous, vulgar, and almost unintelligible style of the versions at present circulated among them; and that even the most reasonable and best disposed, in beholding our Holy Scriptures under such a contemptible shape, so far from looking upon them as the Word of God, will, on the contrary, be strongly impelled to consider them as forgeries of some obscure, ignorant, and illiterate individual, and of course a downright imposture."

## THE CANADA TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

The above extract from the Abbé Dubois, respects this translation. I now subjoin a specimen, as given literally, by this Oriental Scholar, for the benefit and instruction of the distinguished pillars of the French Canadian Missionary Society, to whose members I have dedicated the following translation as a

## LITERARY CURIOSITY.

I shall select a few verses from the Translation of the Book of GENESIS:

"1. In the beginning God created the earth and the air.\*

"2. But the earth was *uneven* and empty, and there was darkness *over water*; but God's soul † was, *roaming with delight ‡* on water.

"3. Next God said, Let *brightness §* be made! Then *brightness* was made.

4. God seeing that *brightness* was good, he separated *brightness* from *obscurity*. ||

"5. God gave to *brightness* the name of day, and to *obscurity* the name of night; and *whereas* in this manner the evening and the morning came to pass, it was the first day.

"6. Next God said, Let the orb of space ¶ be made in the midst of water, and let it be separated from this water, and from that water." \*\*

\* \* \* \* \*

"25. Next God said, Let us create a man *similar to us, and having our form!* Let him command the *aquatic insects* of the sea; the *birds* that fly in the air; the *beasts* having life; all earth and the *insects* that move on the earth.

"26. In this manner God created a man *having his form*. He created him *having the figure of God*. † † Moreover, he created him male and female."

"*Ex uno disce omnes*," says the Abbé. "The other chapters are equally incorrect, and abundant in errors. Besides that, the style is quite ludicrous; and there is no Hindoo scholar who can keep a serious countenance in perusing such a performance. The words in *italics* are those whose meaning materially differs from that of the text."

W. McK.

\* "Air is the literal meaning of the word *accossa*, and conveys to the mind a quite different idea from that of the heaven (coelum) of Scripture, which ought to be translated by the word *para-loca*."

† "This expression, *Dewer-attma*, literally, God's soul, is different from the *spirit* (spiritus) of Scripture, and must convey to a man, unacquainted with the Scriptural style, the idea of a corporeal being, composed of a soul and a body."

‡ "Such is the literal meaning of the compound verb, *lol-ahrvodoo*, to roam or wander with delight (as a spirited horse would when let loose.)"

§ "The literal meaning of the word *bilakoo* is *brightness*, in French *clarté*, different from the *light* (lux) of Scripture, which should be translated by the word *pracassaa*."

|| "Kallia literally means *obscurity*, and differs from the *darkness* (tenebrae) of Scripture, which ought to be translated by the word *antecara*."

¶ "Such is the meaning of the word *vissalamandala*, different from the *firmament* of Scripture, which ought to be translated by the word *gagana*."

\*\* "The meaning of the text is entirely changed in this phrase."

† † "Blasphemous expressions."

GOOD ACTIONS.—If a man has a right to be proud of anything it is a good action done as it ought to be, without any cold suggestions of interest lurking at the bottom of it.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.—One ought to love society if he wishes to enjoy solitude. It is a social nature that solitude works upon with the most various power. If one is misanthropic, and betakes him to loneliness that he may get away from hateful things, solitude is a silent emptiness to him.—*Zimmerman*.

## ANGELUS DOMINI.

BY LAVINIA RATHERST.

Author of "Forty Hours' Devotion," &amp;c.

Wavelets of harmony,  
 Circlets of sound,  
 Vibrations of melody  
 Liquid and round;  
 Ripplets so holy,  
 Beautiful chimes,  
 Angelus Domini  
 Matin bell rhymes.

Seraphic intonings,  
 Breathing of prayer,  
 Rustle of Angels' wings  
 Filling the air,—  
 Purer than lullaby  
 Right from the sea,  
 Angelus Domini  
 Avé to Thee!

Avé Maria,  
 Maiden so true!  
 Listen, dear sinner,  
 She's pleading for you!  
 A sad Miserere,  
 The bells seem to wail,  
 Angelus Domini  
 Her prayers must avail.

"Gratia plena"  
 Seems floating thro' space,  
 Fit Alleluia  
 To virginal grace;  
 "Tower of Ivory,"  
 "Mystical Rose,"  
 Angelus Domini,  
 Pray for our woes!

Back thro' dim ages  
 The mem'ry sweeps,  
 Sin and death rages,  
 Mortality weeps;  
 No Angel of beauty,  
 No "mother most chaste,"  
 Angelus Domini,  
 The world was a waste!

No Gloria Patri,  
 No star in the East,  
 No Mother of pity  
 For even the least;  
 No stable so holy,  
 No manger of straw,  
 Angelus Domini  
 Man an outlaw!

No Christ in agony,  
 No cruel thorn  
 No lone Gethsemani  
 No Saviour born,  
 No blood on Calvary,  
 No crucified Lord,  
 Angelus Domini  
 Nor Incarnate Word.

No five sacred wounds  
 So willing to bleed,  
 Strict justice abounds,  
 No Jesus to plead—  
 No Mater Dei,  
 No way of the Cross,  
 Angelus Domini  
 Think of the loss!

Then peel out your tragedy  
 All the year round!  
 Angelus Domini,  
 A Redeemer is found!  
 Ripplets so holy,  
 Beautiful chimes  
 Angelus Domini  
 Vesper bell rhymes.

Richmond, Va.

## SELF-PRAISE.

CONCEITED people may be divided into two classes—the offensive and the non-offensive. There are people who have a very good opinion of themselves, but they manifest it in such a way as is far from making them disagreeable. Perhaps they talk a little too much about themselves and their wonderful performances, and still the listener is interested and attracted rather than repelled. The man who has done nothing that is worth doing becomes tedious when he talks of himself, but if one has made a great invention, or discovered anything wonderful, or explored any rare line of study, or accomplished a grand success in the line of practical business, we like to hear all about the matter, and just how he did it, and what personal results it has brought to him.

What looks like self-conceit may be after all, only the overflow of animal spirits. One who is perfectly sound in mind and body may be expected to carry his head a little higher than other people, and walk with a somewhat more pretentious tread. Sidney Smith has said that he thought Christians in general were not as grateful as they ought to be for the gift of personal vanity. We presume that he had in mind the natural exuberance which makes a man satisfied with himself and everything about him. Who does not prefer the society of such persons rather than those who show their conceit by never seeming to be satisfied with anything?

There are forms of conceit of which we have nothing extenuating to say. The worst of these appears in the habit

of habitually depreciating others. In doing this the detractor is all the while proclaiming to the world, "I am not as other men are. Just look at me! I have never fallen as those people have." Perhaps not *outwardly*. Some people are never content to hear any allusion to the good deeds or the bright sayings of others without calling attention to some corresponding exploit of their own. Conceited people will also manage by a certain adroitness, to give such a twist to conversation as will enable them to bring in some reminder of their own prowess,—oblivious of the fact that they have told the same story to the same people a dozen times before.

One of the most trivial ways in which people show their conceit, is by constantly alluding to the high and mighty people they have met, and repeating what "My Lord" this and "My Lord" that said on the occasion. This trying to shine by reflected light is poor business. Nobody whose opinion is of any consequence thinks any the more highly of a man because he happens to be acquainted with men higher up in the social ladder than himself. The conceit of office is something very annoying to the friends of the official. If you forget to address the man by his title, he is offended. His feelings are also liable to be wounded if you fail at proper intervals to indicate your consciousness of being in the presence of an official. A small man in a big place makes a great deal of noise because he rattles about awfully, and if he tries to fill the big place by inflating himself, the consequence may be disastrous.

We have already alluded to that form of conceit which shows itself in the habit of depreciating others. The same weakness is sometimes manifested amongst professional men, and authors, who fall into the habit of speaking slightly of others in the same line as themselves. As a general rule the very ablest thinkers and writers are most lenient to their inferiors. If they know themselves to be superior, they make no show of it. It is not likely that Shakspeare lorded it over his fellow players, or that Newton ever set himself up as an object of adoration.

Conceit does not always exhibit itself in the form of garrulity,—a vain person

may be very reticent, and expect a corresponding reserve on the part of others, on the ground that he is too sacred a person to be talked about like the man who always lifted his hat when he heard his own name mentioned. This to be sure, is rather the conceit of pride than of vanity; the French monarch who once said "I am the State," probably cared very little for the good opinion of his subjects.

The conceit of humility is always repulsive and disgusting. When a man ostentatiously proclaims himself to be a worm, you may be very sure that he will turn if he happens to be trodden upon; and when one depreciates himself it is usually with the expectation of being praised in return. This is what is called "fishing for a compliment." It is not well for a man to affect to be any better than he is, neither is it well for him to pretend to be any worse than he is.

"And the devil did grin, for his darling sin  
Is pride that apes humility."

We are likely to be judged according to our merit, and not according to our pretensions, whether they assume the form of self-praise or self-blame.

Let us all try to be as good and as great as we can, and then forget all about ourselves in helping others to be good and great.

#### LITERARY MISCELLANY.

SELF-ASSERTING GENIUS.—A great writer has said that "a child should be treated as a live tree, and helped to grow, not as dry, dead timber, which is to be carved into this or that shape, and to have certain molding grooved upon it." This is true enough, but the difficulty is to find out what is the kind of tree. It is said that when Dr. Watts was a child he was exceedingly fond of verse-making. His father, a stern and rather straight-laced schoolmaster, was very much annoyed at this, and did all in his power to keep the boy from indulging his taste. According to the well-known story, on one occasion he threatened to flog him severely next time he found him making rhymes, upon which little Isaac fell upon his knees exclaiming:

"O, father, do some pity take,  
And I will no verses make."

Yet the son followed his bent, and has come to be regarded now as one of the first of English hymn-writers. Numberless instances might be given of the same sort of thing—fathers and mothers failing utterly to discover their children's peculiar bent. Kepler, the astronomer, was brought up as a waiter in a German public house; Shakspeare is supposed to have been a wool-comber or a scrivener's clerk; Ben Jonson was a mason and worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn; Lord Clive, one of the greatest warriors and statesmen that England can boast, was a clerk; Inigo Jones, the architect, was a carpenter; Turner, the greatest of English landscape painters, was a barber; Hugh Miller, the geologist, was a bricklayer; Captain Cook, the celebrated navigator, was apprenticed to a haberdasher; Bewick, the father of wood-engraving, was a coal miner; Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, was educated especially for a musician; Faraday, the philosopher, was apprenticed to a bookbinder; Jeromy Taylor, the poetical divine, was a barber, as was also Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, and Cowper, the poet, was brought up to the law, but hated the profession with a perfect hatred, and never, when he could help it, opened a book that bore upon it.

**THE WEALTH OF JOB.**—"This man was greatest of all the men of the East." Job 1: 2. At this distance of time, supposed to be 3,000 years since he existed, it is difficult to estimate Job's wealth; as some items are given it may be attempted, although the relative value of money at the extremes of 3,000 years leaves us at a loss to calculate the precise amount.

1. The extent of land he owned may be found from the support his stock needed: 7,000 sheep would require a range of as many acres; 3,000 camels would need five acres each; 1,000 yoke of oxen an equal range of five acres with the camels; 500 asses about two acres each; and his household, which was "very great," 2,000; in all 30,000 acres. The value of this amount, at \$5 per acre, \$150,000.

2. The cost of Job's cattle—7,000 sheep at \$2 each; 3,000 camels at probably \$50; 1,000 oxen at \$10 each, and

500 asses at the same price. This would equal about \$175,000.

3. To tend such vast herds, according to the customs of the East, the numbers must have been large. Abraham, contemporary with Job, could muster in his own family retinue 318 trained men in arms. As many more must have remained at home to attend his flocks, etc., when the patriarch went in pursuit of the invaders of Lot's territory. Job may have had 300; the pay and support, \$20,000.

4. The necessary houses for living and shelter and the fold could not be less than \$25,000

The whole value of the above would be \$370,000.

**THE MISSION OF SHAKSPEARE.**—Most surely Shakspeare is the poet of humanity! The value of his influence rests on the entireness of his power; on the enlargement of soul to be gained from his aptitude; on the judgment to be learned from the diversities of experience into which he carries us; on the candor of opinion to be drawn from his equity; on the tolerance of thought to be cultivated in his calmness; on the charity of heart to be imbibed from the fullness of his humanity.

We are told that there are those who read Shakspeare, who are yet small of soul, rash in judgment and poor in all the charities—those who laugh at his comedy, and weep at his tragedy, who are, notwithstanding, grim in their families and insensible to the misery which they cause. We can only observe, that Shakspeare did not make these people so, that it is a power greater than Shakspeare's which can make them otherwise.

For all such, we will not wish a little more taste; but simply "a little more grace."

**BILLIONS AND TRILLIONS.**—The ocean (say the Cyclopaedia Britannica) contains 290,000,000 cubic miles of water. Each cubic mile contains 5,431,776,000 cubic yards. Therefore, in round numbers, the ocean contains 5,400x300 billion or 1,620,000 billion cubic yards. Therefore 1,620,000 cubic yards is one-billionth part of the ocean. Now, 162,000x10 yards represents a pond 30 feet deep and about 33 acres in superficial area, or to put it another way,

a pond 1,629 yards long and 100 yards wide. Roughly, if the Serpentine, were 30 feet deep, it would be about a billionth part of the ocean. The Cyclopaedia Britannica also tells me that a millimetre cube contains 5,000,000 blood-corpuscles. If so, a square metre of the thickness of one millimetre must contain 5,000,000x1,000,000 or five billion blood corpuscles; and a cubic metre would contain 5,000 billions of them. Neglecting the difference between metres and yards, the ocean would contain 1,620,000 billionx5,000 billion, or 8,100,000,000 billion billion, or eight thousand one hundred million trillions of blood corpuscles. How much blood there is in an average man I do not know, but certainly much more than would cover a square metre to the depth of a millimetre, so there must be in each of our veins a good many billions of blood corpuscles.

THE SIZE OF THE GLOBE.—Its size has been determined within a very few miles, in what appears to us now a very simple manner. In the first place, every section of the earth bounded approximately by a circle, and mathematicians divide all circles into 360 degrees. Hence, if we can measure accurately the 1/360th part of this great circle, and if, when we have got measure out into miles, we multiply it by 360, we get the circumference of the earth, that is to say, the whole distance around it. Then by dividing this result by something a little over 3 (3.1416, the ratio of the circumference of the circle to his diameter), we find out how far it is from one side of the earth to the other. This gives us the diameter of the earth. As a result of a long series of observations, it has been found that a degree measures as near as possible on the average 69½ miles. It can be stated in inches, but it is near enough for me to give as a first statement of result that it is about 69½ miles: and if you take the trouble to multiply 69½ miles, the average length of one degree, by 360 degrees, the number of degrees that there are all around the earth, you will find that the circumference is something like 25,000 miles, and therefore that the diameter of the earth is something like 8,000 miles. Mark well the words "on the average." In truth, the earth is

flattened at the poles, so that the length of the degree varies from the pole to the equator; and hence the diameter in the equatorial plane is in excess of the diameter from pole to pole. These two diameters, expressed in feet, are as follows: Equatorial, 41,848,380; solar, 41,708,710.

EMERALD ISLE.—When, and by whom, was the epithet first applied to Ireland? It was long since applied to the isle of St. Helena. ALPHA.

This epithet, as applied to Ireland, was used first by Dr. William Drennan author of *Glendaloch and other poems*, who was born in Belfast on the 23rd of May, 1754, and died in the same town on the 5th of February, 1820. It occurs in his delightful poem, entitled "Erin" commencing

"When Erin first rose from the dark-swell-  
ing flood,  
God bless'd the green island, He saw it was  
good;  
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled, it shone,  
In the ring of this world the most precious  
stone?"

"In her sun, in her soil, in her station,  
thrice blest  
With back turn'd to Britain, her face to the  
West,  
Erin proudly stands insular, on the steep  
shore,  
And strikes her high harp to the ocean's  
deep roar.

"Arm of Erin! prove strong; be as gentle as  
brave,  
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save:  
Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to  
defile  
The cause of the men of the Emerald Isle.

"Their bosoms heave high for the worthy  
and brave,  
But no coward shall rest on that soft-swell-  
ing wave;  
Men of Erin! awake, make haste to be blest!  
Rise, Arch of the ocean, rise, Queen of the  
West!"

To the words, the Emerald Isle, Dr. Drennan has added the following note:

"It may appear puerile to lay claim to a priority of application in the use of an epithet, but poets, like bees, have a very strong sense of propriety, and both are of that irritable kind as to be extremely jealous of any one who robs them of their hoarded sweets. The sublime epithet which Milton used in his poem of the Nativity, written at fifteen years of age (his thunder clapping

hands'), would have been claimed by him as his own, even after he had finished the *Paradise Lost*. And Gray would prosecute as a literary poacher the hand that would presume to break into his orchard and appropriate a single epithet in that line, the most beautifully descriptive which ever was written "The breezy-call of incense breathing mora!"

On such authority, a poetaster reclaims the original use of an epithet—The Emerald Isle—is a party song written without the rancour of party, in the year 179-. From the frequent use made of the term since that time, he fondly hopes that it would gradually become associated with the name of his country, as descriptive of its natural beauty and its inestimable value.

William Drennan was a member of the Speculating Society of Edinburgh, and Dr. Drummond furnished the following biographical notice of him for *The History of the Society*, 4to. 1845, p. 123: "Drennan was one of the first and most zealous promoters of the Society of United Irishmen, and author of the well-known Test of the Union. His music also poured forth strains which extorted for their poetry the praises even of those who dissented from their political sentiments. The song of "Erin to Her Own Tune" was on its first publication sung and resung in every corner of the land, and it still continues to enjoy the admiration of its readers. He had the glory of first designating his country as the Emerald Isle—an appellation which will be permanent as it is beautiful and appropriate! He wrote some hymns of such excellence as to cause a regret that they are not more numerous; and in some lighter kinds of poetry showed much of the playful wit and ingenuity of Goldsmith. Though deeply engaged in the political transactions of Ireland, he did not neglect the more tranquil and elegant studies of polite literature. He took a prominent part in the establishment of the Belfast Academical Institution, and published a volume of *Fugitive Pieces* in 1815, and in 1817 a translation of the *Elections* of Sophocles.

Dr. Drennan's epithet will probably remind some of our readers of the clever lines in the *Rejected Address*, in imitation of Tom Moore's gallant verses.

"Bloom, Theatre, bloom, in the roseate  
blushes  
Of beauty illumined by a love breathing  
smile  
And flourish, ye pillars, as green as the  
rushes  
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald  
Isle!

"For dear is the Emerald Isle of the ocean,  
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the  
wave,  
Whose sons unaccustom'd to rebel commotion,  
Tho' joyous are sober, tho' peaceful are  
brave."

INTERESTING STATISTICS OF THE  
GLOBE.—There are on the globe 1,288,000,000 souls, of which 360,000,000 are the Caucasian race, 552,000,000 are of the Mongolian race, 190,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race, 176,000,000 are of the Malay race, and 1,000,000 are of the Indo-American race. There are 2,642 languages spoken, and 1,000 different religions. The yearly mortality of the globe is 33,333,333 persons. This is at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3,730 per hour, 62 per minute. So each pulsation of the heart marks the decrease of some human creature. The average of human life is 33 years. One-fourth of the population dies at or before the age of seven years. One-half at or before 17 years. Among 10,000 persons one arrives at the age of 100 years; one in 500 attains the age of 90; and one in 100 lives to the age of 60. Married men live longer than single ones. In 1,000 persons 98 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December, than in any other month of the year. One-eighth of the whole population is military. Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 4,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 43 are priests, orators or public speakers, 30 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 are soldiers or military employes, 29 are advocates or engineers, 27 are professors, and 24 are doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of that of others die the soonest.

Most persons who write ill, do so because they aim of writing better than they can, by which means they acquire a formal and unnatural style. Whereas to write well, we must write easily and naturally.

## IRISH KATHLEEN ;

OR,  
TRUSTED AND TRUE.

KATHLEEN, is it possible that you are crying again? Did I not tell you that I would discharge you if I found you indulging in that foolish whimpering any more?

Poor Kathleen O'Neil had been dusting the elegantly furnished drawing-room, and she stood before an exquisite painting of one of the blue, sparkling Irish lakes set in gold-green shores—with a sky beyond like liquid amber—stood with her apron to her eyes and her ruddy cheeks deluged with tears.

"I couldn't help it, ma'am," she sobbed, "but it puts me in mind of home."

"Home!" scornfully echoed Mrs. Arnott. "Your home! A shanty in a bog. It isn't likely you ever saw such a spot as that."

"Deed did I, then ma'am," answered Kathleen, "and many a time. For we lived beyant them same green shores when—"

"There, that will do," said Mrs. Arnott, coldly; "I don't care to hear about any reminiscences."

Kathleen did not understand the five-syllabled word, but her quick nature comprehended the sarcastic tone. The tears were dried in their fount—the scarlet spot glowed on her cheek.

"She looks down on me as if I was a dog!" Kathleen thought to herself. "An' sure it's the same flesh and blood God has given us both. How would she like it, I wonder, to be in a strange land, and niver a kind word spoken to? Oh, but if I could see mother, and little Honora, and Teddy, that's but a baby yet; but it's the blue sea rolls between us, and it's all alone that I am!"

Poor Kathleen! the sense of desolation came upon her with sickening power just then as she stood before the sweet Irish lake, with wet splashes on her cheek; and Mrs. Arnott's cold, hard voice sounding in her ears.

"It's a great pity to be obliged to do with these wild, untutored Irish."

Kathleen was just bringing up the tray, and Mrs. Arnott's words sounded distinctly in her ears as she paused on the top step for breath.

"Of course, my dear," said Mrs. Arnott sympathetically, "they are bad, thoroughly bad, the whole lot of them. I'd send them all back to their native country if it lay in my power."

"I wish they were at the bottom of the sea," said Mrs. Arnott, "and then perhaps we would have a chance to employ Swedes, or Chinese, or somebody that would at least earn their bread. Is that you Kathleen? Why don't you bring in the ice-water at once, instead of standing there?"

Kathleen obeyed; but the dreary homesick feeling that thrilled thro' her pulse can hardly be described.

"If I was at home again, she thought, "where the poorest and meanest have a kind word for each other! They scorn and hate here; and sure, I have tried to do my best, but the lady has a heart of stone, and even the little children in the nursery, with their French maid, make fun of Irish Kathleen."

And the lone exile wept herself to sleep on her solitary pillow that night. It was a mere closet of a room, without light or ventilation, that she occupied. Mrs. Arnott thought it was good enough for Kathleen! The bed was hard, insufficiently provided with clothing, but as Mrs. Arnott carelessly observed, 'twas no doubt a great deal better than she was accustomed to at home. And she had just paid a large sum for draping her drawing room windows with lace and brocatelle—so, of course, there was nothing left for such a trifle as the comfort of her servants.

"Is Kathleen sick, mama?" little Julia Arnott asked one day. "She cries so much and looks so white."

Mr. Arnott, a stout built, good natured man of forty or thereabouts, glanced up from his paper.

"What does the child mean, Lucretia?" he asked. "I hope you look a little after your girls."

"Of course I do," she said, sharply. "Kathleen is a silent, sullen thing and I shall discharge her next month. Natalia has a sister who wants the place."

"Has she any friends in the country—Kathleen I mean?"

"Not that I know of."

"Seems to me I wouldn't discharge



her then. It would be rather hard, unless she is guilty of some fault."

Mrs. Arnott bit her lip.

"Gentlemen understand nothing of the management of a household," she said tartly. "These girls have not our sensitive natures, either. They are quite used to knocking around the world. Are you going down town now?"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd stop and ask Dr. Hart to stop here this morning; little Clarence is feverish."

"Anything serious?"

"I hope not," the mother answered, "but I always like to take these things in time."

Dr. Hart leaned over Clarence's little crib. He involuntarily uttered the name of some malignant type of fever, just then raging in the city.

"I wish that you had sent for me before. I fear that it is too late to secure the exemption of your other little ones. But with constant care we may save the little fellow. You have a good nurse?"

"An excellent one. I can trust Natalia as I would myself."

"You are fortunate," said the doctor. He had scarcely closed the door, when Natalia came to her mistress.

"My month expires to-morrow, madam, will you pay me my wages, and let me take my departure at once?"

"But, Natalia, the baby is sick,—"

"One's first duty is to one's own; I would not risk the infection for twice what you pay me."

And Natalia packed her trunk and departed without coming to the nursery to bid little Clarence good-bye.

The cook was next to give warning. Matilda, the laundress, took herself off without any preliminary ceremony.

"I am going too," said the seamstress.

"Mrs. Arnott wouldn't have lifted her finger if we'd been dying, and I believe in doing to others as they do to me."

And almost before she knew it, the stricken mother was left alone by the bedside of her suffering baby. Neighbors crossed on the other side of the street like the priests and levites of old; friends contented themselves by sending in to inquire: even hired nurses avoided the malignant fever.

"Is there no one to help me?" she moaned, wringing her white jeweled hands together. "Have all pity and womanly sympathy died out of the world?"

A slight noise caused her to turn, and Kathleen O'Neil was at her side, busy arranging the table.

"I thought you, too, had gone, Kath'een!" she said.

"Sure, ma'am, what should I be going for!" asked Kathleen, simply, "and the bits of children sick, and you in sore trouble? I nursed the little brothers and sisters at home, and know just what needs to be done."

And she took little Clarence in her arms with a soft tenderness that went to the mother's heart.

"Are you not afraid Kathleen?"

"What should I be afraid of, madam? Isn't God's sky over us all, whether it's the green banks of Ireland or the church steeple of this great confusing city? Oh, madam, He'll not take that bonny baby from us."

All Mrs. Arnott's children had the fever—last of all she was prostrated by it—and Kathleen watched over every one, faithful, true and tender.

"Kathleen," Mrs. Arnott said the first day she sat up, the Irish girl arranging the pillows about her wasted form, "oh, Kathleen, I don't deserve this."

"Sure, ma'am, if we all had our deserts in this world, it's a sorry place it would be, I'm thinking, laughed Kathleen."

"But, Kathleen, I was cruel to you—so perfectly heartless!"

"We won't talk of it, ma'am, dear," said Kathleen evasively.

"But, say just once that you forgive me?" pleaded the lady once so haughty.

"I forgive you, ma'am, as free as the sunshine," Kathleen answered softly.

"And you'll stay with me always, and be my friend, Kathleen?"

"If God wills it, ma'am."

And Mrs. Arnott put her lips to kiss the fresh, cool cheeks of Irish Kathleen.

The years that passed since then, have made men and women of the little people that Kathleen nursed through the fever, and strangers who visit Mrs. Arnott scarcely know what to make of the plump, comely, middle-aged woman

who moves about the house apparently as much at home in it as the mistress herself—who is consulted about everything, that is trusted with all secrets.

"Is she housekeeper, or a relation?" some one once asked.

Mrs. Arnott replied, "She is my true and trusted friend, Kathleen O'Neil."

#### THE LAWYER AND THE THIEF.

SOME time ago, while a lawyer was attending court in an interior county, he was applied to by a singular specimen of humanity, charged with grand larceny, to defend him. The lawyer very naturally inquired what crime he was accused of. The party accused replied that somebody had been mean enough to charge him with stealing 150 dollars in bills, and got him indicted.

"Are you guilty?" asked the lawyer.

"That's none of your business," replied the accused. "They say that makes no difference with you; whether a man is guilty or not, you will contrive to dig him out in some way. So don't talk any more about guilt till you hear what the jury says."

"Well, what about the pay?" says the lawyer.

"You just hold on till the trial is over; give K——(the complainant) fits on the cross-examination, and that other fellow he has got to back him up, and you'll have no trouble about the pay."

The trial commenced, and proved to be a somewhat protracted and exciting one. The District Attorney proved that the money in question was composed of two fifty-dollar bills on a certain bank, and the remainder all in ten dollar bills, all of which were wrapped up in a piece of oil-silk. The jury after listening to the counsel in the case and receiving the charge of the judge, retired, and soon returned with a verdict of not guilty. The accused who was greatly elevated over the result of the trial and the efforts of his counsel, invited the latter into one of the vacant jury rooms. As soon as they were alone, he slapped his counsel on the shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Free as water, ain't I? What's the use of trying a man for stealing when

you're around? Now I suppose you want your pay?"

"Yes, have you got anything to pay with?" said the lawyer.

"Lend me your knife and we'll see about that."

The lawyer slightly startled at such a proposition, rather reluctantly complied.

The accused immediately commenced ripping and cutting away at the waist band of his pantaloons, and soon produced the roll of bills for the stealing of which he had just been tried, wrapped up in the identical piece of oil-silk described by the witness for the prosecution, and throwing it down on the table before the astonished lawyer, exclaimed:

"There, take your pay out of that; I guess there is enough there to pay you tolerably well."

"Why, you villain! you stole that money after all," said the lawyer. "Do you expect I can take any of that money?"

"Stole that money! Why, what are you talking about? Didn't them twelve men upstairs there just say I didn't steal it? What's the use of your trying to raise a question of conscience, after twelve respectable men have given their opinion upon the subject? Take your pay out of that, and ask no questions. Don't be modest in taking; I got it easy enough, and you've worked hard enough for it."

The chap didn't have much left after the lawyer had satisfied his "conscience" in the premises.

#### FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

##### LIGHT AND DISTANCE.

##### CHAPTER II.

##### ILLUMINATION OF THE PLANETS BY THE SUN.

It was demonstrated above, that it is impossible to illuminate large distances by a single light. Yet we must acknowledge that nature herself does this, and that the sun is the only light which shines throughout the solar system; for the light which is seen in the planets is but received and reflected from the sun.

This is sufficient reason for us to believe, that there are not on every planet

creatures as we see them on our earth; but that, on the contrary, each celestial body may be inhabited by creatures organized according to the distance of the planet from the sun; that is, adapted to the degree of light produced there by the sun.

For the natural sciences teach us, that solar light is subject to the same laws as our artificial light: it decreases as the distance increases. The planets more remote from the sun are illuminated less than those nearer to it. The ratio in which this light decreases, is precisely the same as that of the terrestrial light illustrated above, viz., according to the square of the distance. In other words, when the distance is double, the intensity of the light is one-fourth as great; when three times, one-ninth as great; when four times more remote, one-sixteenth as strong, etc.; in short, at every distance as much weaker as the distance multiplied by itself.

Presently we shall see that the planets are illuminated in inverse proportion to their distance from the sun. From this alone we come to the conclusion, that on every planet the living beings must necessarily be differently constituted.

The name of the planet nearest to the sun is Mercury. It is about two and a half times nearer to the sun than our earth, therefore it receives nearly seven times as much light, we can scarcely conceive such an intensity of light and all the consequences resulting from it. If instead of one sun we should happen to have three, there is no doubt that we should go blind; but seven suns, that is seven times the light of our brightest days, we could not endure, even if our eyes were closed; the more so, as our eye-lids, when firmly closed, do not protect us from the sun's light entirely. This is a proof of our assertion, that the living beings on the planet Mercury must be differently organised from us.

Venus, the third planet, is one and a third times nearer to the sun than we are. The light of that planet, therefore, is nearly twice as bright as ours. But inasmuch as even this would be unbearable for us, the creatures on this planet must likewise be different from us.

The fourth planet is the earth we inhabit. The intensity of the sunlight in

bright summer days is well known to us from experience, although no one has as yet been successful in measuring its degree as precisely as has been done with heat by the thermometer. It is true that in modern times a certain Mr. Schell, in Berlin, proposed to measure light accurately, in a way that elicited the approbation of naturalists, especially of Alexander von Humboldt. However, the experiments proposed by Schell, and other scientists following in his wake have not yet been properly carried out, though they are useful to photographers. Therefore we do not know, up to the present time, whether there is any difference in the light of two cloudless summer days; just as little are we able to determine how much the moon's light is weaker than the sun's.

The fourth planet's name is Mars; its distance from the sun is one and a half times our distance from the sun. There the sun's light is about half as strong as with us. Now, although we often have days which are half as bright as others, it is yet very doubtful whether we could live on Mars; for light does not act upon our eyes only, but on our whole body and its health. It is likely that the very want of light there, would prove fatal to us.

The twenty-four newly discovered planets have days that are nearly six times darker than ours. The daylight on these planets is probably as it was with the inhabitants of Europe during the great eclipse of the sun in July, 1851. This light was very interesting for a few minutes, when contrasted with the ordinary every day light, but if it were to continue it would certainly make us melancholy.

Far worse yet fare the remoter planets. On the planet of Jupiter it is as much as thirty times darker than with us. On Saturn, eighty times. On Uranus, even three hundred times; and upon the last of the planets, Neptune, discovered in 1845, light is nine hundred times more feeble than upon our globe.

Although it is true that all of the remoter planets have many moons or satellites, yet it must not be forgotten that the moons themselves are but very feebly illuminated; that their light benefits during the night only, and even

then only lovers and night revellers. Such is the plain but incontrovertible statement of the light and heat affecting the universe and our existence; laid down by philosophers, for our acceptance, and for the instruction and guidance of future scientists.

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

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Explain what is meant by a Roland for an Oliver?
2. Give the derivation of the word Cabal?
3. How much nearer are we to the sun in winter than in summer?
4. Does the earth travel faster in summer or in winter? Explain.
5. What do you mean by the hydrostatic paradox?
6. How am I to know whether a suspected \$5.00 gold piece; be a counterfeit or not?
7. Who wrote under the following *nom de plume*? Miles O'Reilly; Father Prout; Dr. Syntax; Tom Brown; Funny Fern?
8. Whence came the original inhabitants of Ireland?
9. By whom and in what year was the Council of Kells convened?
10. What was the ancient form of government in Ireland?
11. Who was the first Ard-ri of Ireland?
12. What great Irishman was surnamed *Solivagus*, and for what was he distinguished?

#### MUST DO MORE FOR MY MOTHER.

"Is there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as with a glowing cheek he stood before the president.

"There is none," was the reply. Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me," was the answer. "I only thought that I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in

the manner, and honest determination in the countenance of the lad which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said "it would be useless to try without friends." Then recollecting himself, he made an apology for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not stay at school for another year or two, and then enter into business life.

"I have no time," was the instant reply, "but I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have had a place already," said the president. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," replied the boy quietly.

"Yes, but you wish to leave it. What is the matter."

For an instant the child hesitated, then he replied.

"I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success everywhere! The sank into the heart of the listener, recalling to his memory the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice:

"My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in this bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your evidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother?"

Tears filled his eyes, as he replied:

"My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and mother and I are left alone to help each other; but she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you."

So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine to the busy world he had so tramplingly entered.

## ONLY A BABY.

TO A LITTLE ONE JUST A WEEK OLD.

Only a baby,  
 'Thout any hair,  
 'Cept just a little  
 Fuz here and there.

Only a baby,  
 Name you have none,  
 Barefooted and dimpled,  
 Sweet little one.

Only a baby,  
 Teeth none at all;  
 What are you good for,  
 Only to squall?

Only a baby,  
 Just a week old—  
 What are you here for,  
 You little scold?

BABY'S REPLY.

Only a baby!  
 What should I be?  
 Lots o' big folks  
 Been little like me.

Ain't dot any hair!  
 'Es, I have, too;  
 S'pos'n I hadn't,  
 Dess it tood drow.

Not any teeth—  
 Wouldn't have one;  
 Don't dit my dinner  
 Gnawin' a bone.

What am I here for?  
 'At's pretty mean;  
 Who's dot a better right  
 'Tever you've seen?

What am I dood for,  
 Did you say?  
 Eber so many sings  
 Ebery day.

'Tourse I squall sometimes,  
 Sometimes I bawl;  
 Zey dassn't spant me,  
 'Taus I'm so small.

Only a baby!  
 'Es, sir, 'at's so;  
 'N if you only tood,  
 You'd be one, too.

'At's all I've to say;  
 You're mos' too old;  
 Dess I'll det into bed,  
 Toes dittin' told.

## WONDERFUL CALCULATING BOY.

WHEN Bidder was 10 years old he answered in two minutes the following question: What is the interest of £4,444 for 4,444 days at  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum? The answer is £2,434 16s  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. A few months later, when he was not

11 years old, he was asked, how long would a cistern 1 mile cube be filling if receiving from a river 120 gallons per minute without intermission? In two minutes he gave the correct answer, 14,300 years, 285 days, 12 hours, and 46 minutes. A year later he divided correctly, in less than a minute, 468,502, 413,563 by 6,076. This has been tried with pen and paper, and, after getting an incorrect result in one and a quarter minutes, the mathematician went through the sum again, with correct result (51,629,838 and 5,875 over), in about the same time. At 12 years of age he answered, in less than a minute, the question, If a distance of  $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches is passed over in 1 second of time, how many inches will be passed over in 365 days 5 hours, 48 minutes, 55 seconds? Much more surprising, however, was his success, when 13 years old, in solving the question, What is the cube root of 897,339,273,974,002,153? He obtained the answer in two and one-half minutes, viz., 964,537. It is thought that not one arithmetician in a thousand would get out this answer correctly, at a first trial, in less than a quarter of an hour. No date is given to the following case: "The question was put by Sir William Herschel, at Slough, near Windsor, to Master Bidder, and answered in one minute: Light travels from the sun to the earth in 8 minutes, and, the sun being 98,000,000 of miles off (of course this is quite wrong, but sixty years ago it was near enough to the accepted value), if light would take 6 years and 4 months, travelling at the same rate, from the nearest fixed star, how far is that star from the earth, reckoning 365 days and 6 hours to each year, and 28 days to each month?" The correct answer was quickly given to this pleasing question, viz., 40,633,740,000,000 miles. On one occasion, we learn, the proposer of a question was not satisfied with Bidder's answer. The boy said the answer was correct, and requested the proposer to work his sum over again. During the operation Bidder said he felt certain he was right, for he had worked the question in another way, and before the proposer found that he was wrong and Bidder right the boy told the company that he had calculated the question by a third method.

## F A C E T I Æ.

Never blow down a lamp chimney to extinguish the flame, for it is quite liable to return the compliment and blow you up.

Never tell a secret to a woman. Why? Because if you can't keep it to yourself, why expect that she will be able to keep it to herself?

Some one says you must always climb stairs while inspiring or drawing in the air, never while respiring. In summer one may sometimes be allowed to go up perspiring.

A lady writes an indignant note to a contemporary in which she expresses a belief that editors never go to Heaven. We thought that everybody knew that journalists never went anywhere. They don't get the chance. They just sit up nights thinking how to do good, until the tops of their heads wear holes through their hair.

A company of scapegraces meeting a pious old man named Samson, one of them exclaimed, "Ah, now we're safe. We'll take Samson along with us, and then, should we be set upon by a thousand Philistines, he'll slay them all." "My young friend," quietly responded the old man, "to do that, I should have to borrow your jaw-bone!"

In a discussion about the discovery of the North and South Poles, a man who had become disgusted with public tight-rope performances burst in with the exclamation, "When they do discover the long sought poles some lunatic will be slinging a rope from one of them to the other and trundling a wheelbarrow over it."

The other day a young man from the rural districts came to town with a load of wood and a pair of oxen, and in the course of his wanderings he came across a fire hydrant that had been opened to clear out the pipes. He stared at the gushing water in dead silence for a moment, and then gave the alarm by shrieking, "Gosh all hemlock! Here's a hitching-post sprung a leak worse than a sugar-maple."

Jones fears that the lexicographers, Johnson and Walker, owe the excellence of their dictionary to the use of stimulants. Jones is so literal. These views came from seeing in the title page of that work: "Johnson and Walker. Improved by Todd."

Southern Lord (staying at Highland castle) — "Thank you so much. I—aw—weally enjoy your music. I think of having a piper at my own place."

Sandy the piper—"An' fat kin' o' a piper would your lordship be needin'?"

Lord—"Oh, certainly, a good piper like yourself, Sandy." Sandy (sniffing) — "Och! Intoe! Ye micht easily fin' a lord like your lordship, but it's nae sac easy to fin' a piper like me whatever!"

And row eggs are being counterfeited and the manufacture of the bogus fruit carried on extensively. In appearance it resembles the natural egg, and defies detection. The only way by which the hens can protect themselves against this infringement of their patent is for each one to have a private trade mark, and label every egg, "None genuine unless bearing our stamp and signature."

"Pa," observed a boy to his father, "what does Mr. Pitkins and Julia find to talk about in the parlor by themselves, four hours a night every night in the week?" The old gentleman pulled a splint out of the broom, and slowly prodding his teeth with it, replied: "I got a hunk of meat yesterday, an' we had it boiled for dinner, didn't we?"

"Yes," "An' had it cold for supper?"

"Yes." "An' your ma hashed it up for breakfast this morning, didn't she?" "Yes." "An' to-day I got another hunk which is on the same road, ain't it?" "Yes." "Well, that is the way with Pitkins an' your sister Julia."

A lawyer, who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying: "I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel." Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued: "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries?"

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in June.
1	Tues	Bank of Ireland established, 1783. Newtownbarry taken by the insurgents, 1798. Electric telegraph laid down between Holyhead and Dublin, 1852.
2	Wed	Battle of Ridgeway: rout of the "Queen's Own" Canadian Volunteers by the American "Penians," 1866.
3	Thurs	ST. KEVIN. Lord Edward Fitzgerald died in Prison of his Wounds, 1798.
4	Fri	The battle of Castle Lyons, 1643. English under Colonel Walpole defeated, and the Colonel slain, by the Wexford Insurgents, 1798. Monster Meeting at Drogheda, 1843.
5	Sat	Battle of New Ross, 1798. Act for the endowment of Maynooth College passed, 1795.
6	Sun	ST. JARLATH, Patron of Tuam. Battle of Benburb; glorious victory of the Irish, 1646.
7	Mon	ST. COLMAN, Patron of Dromore. The Battle of Antrim; United Irish led by Henry Joy McCracken, 1798.
8	Tues	Rev. James Quigly executed, 1798. Monster meeting at Kilkenny, 300,000 persons present, 1843.
9	Wed	ST. COLEMBKILLE died at Iona, 597. Battle of Arklow and death of Father Murphy, 1798.
10	Thurs	Return of the "Fenian" expedition from Canada, 1866.
11	Fri	A Synod of Irish Bishops opened in Dublin, 1660. Monster meeting at Mallow, O'Connell's "Defiance," 1843.
12	Sat	Gerald Griffin, died, 1840.
13	Sun	Battle of Clones, 1643. Dr. Esmonde hung on Carlisle Bridge, 1798.
14	Mon	King William III. landed at Carrickfergus, 1690. Battle of Ballinahinch, 1798.
15	Tues	Right Rev. Dr. Doyle ("J.K.L.") died, 1854. Monster meeting at Clare, 1843.
16	Wed	Twenty persons killed in the Four Courts, Dublin, by the falling of a chimney which had taken fire, 1721.
17	Thurs	William Smith O'Brien, the illustrious Irish patriot, died at Bangor, in Wales, 1864.
18	Fri	The O'Sullivan's Castle of Dunboy, in Bearhaven, after a gallant defence, taken by the English and the garrison executed, 1602. Battle of Athlone, 1690.
19	Sat	The City of Dublin Proclaimed under Crime and Outrage Act, 1848. Second reading of Church Bill carried in House of Lords; majority 33. 1869.
20	Sun	Baltimore sacked by Corsairs, 1631. Wolfe Tone born, 1763. Battle of Fook's Mill. United Irish victories, 1798.
21	Mon	Defeat of the Irish forces near Lough Swilly, under Heber MacMahon, 1650. Williamites beaten at Donegal, 1689. Battle of Vinegar Hill, 1798.
22	Tues	Molyneaux's "Case of Ireland" ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, 1698.
23	Wed	ST. REMOLD martyred, 775. Smith O'Brien's funeral procession in Dublin, 1864.
24	Thurs	NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. Henry VIII. assumes the title "Lord of Ireland," 1540.
25	Fri	Synod at Dublin dispersed by government, 1660. Monster meeting at Galway, 1843.
26	Sat	Massacre of the United Irishmen at Carnew, 1798.
27	Sun	Bagenal Harvey, leader of the "United Irishmen," hanged, 1798. Banquet in Dublin to welcome the Hon. C. G. Duffy, 1865.
28	Mon	Bridge of Athlone valiantly defended by the Irish against an overwhelming force of Williamites, 1691. John H. Coleclough hanged, 1798.
29	Tues	The Most Rev. Doctor Cullen enthroned Archbishop of Dublin, 1852.
30	Wed	Rev. Mr. Morgan hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, for being a priest, and having come into England, 1640. Athlone taken, 1691.

**HAPPINESS OF MARRIAGE.**—The happiness of the married life depends upon a power of making small sacrifices with readiness and cheerfulness. Few persons are ever called upon to make great sacrifices or to confer great favours; but affection is kept alive and happiness secured by keeping up a constant warfare against little selfishness.

**LOVE NOT THE WORLD.**—A strong love to the world and to the things of the world may be called the basest and most sordid of passions. The minister, or even the man in whom you discover it, you may safely mark down as one who loves neither God nor man. Neither devotion nor humanity can reside in the same breast with avarice.